

Starting to know me

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Rod isn't exactly the 'cool' kid in school. Hes the kind of guy that always listens to Mommy and Daddy. But after the accident, will he stay that way? Then Rod is kidnaped and lead to a new life, is it for the best? Or is his future destined to go up in f

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1 - The begining

Alright..... Here is the intro..... WOO the real story will like start next chapter.... You will love it! PREPARE TO CRY YOUR EYES OUT!

This chap. is Rated: G

Rod's long black hair swayed happily as he walked home from school. He had just gotten his report card, straight A's again! He knew his parents would be thrilled. Rod was 15 and had been getting straight A's in school since he was 8. His parents were always encouraging and loved their son dearly. Their entire lives centered around him. Since academics were always pushed on him, Rod had never gotten involved in sports. He always had his nose in a book, he seemed to have a deep desire to know everything about everything. Despite his intelligence, Rod never raised his hand to answer a question in class, but if he was called on, he always had the right answer. Rod was shy, and didn't talk much. Rod always dressed nice, and never wore baggy clothes. On occasion he would wear a tee-shirt, but under his parents influence, he would rather 'dress to impress'. But under all the books, sweater vests and ties, Rod was actually a pretty cute guy. He was a cat, had black hair and bright red eyes. There was a sideways red diamond between his eyes. He had bangs, but they were cut to stay out of his eyes. His mother cut his hair, and everyone could tell. Most of the kids in school thought of him as a nerd, so he didn't really have any friends. It was just him, his parents, his studies, and his drum set. Rod needed a way to vent his emotions, so he started playing the drums at an early age. His parents wanted him to learn to play a more 'peaceful' instrument, but Rod rebelled and claimed the drums were his life, and it made him happy. His parents, being so kind-hearted towards their son, allowed it. Taking up drumming was actually one of the few decisions he made for himself. Over the years, Rod actually became quite good. Rod wanted to take band in school, so he could practice there, but his parents forced him to take business economics instead. So, no one in school knew Rod could do anything other than study. So there he was, Rod Bryant, the band geek that never joined the band, the loser that had never had a girlfriend, the straight A student that always did what mommy and daddy told him to. He just wasn't exactly what you would picture as 'cool'. But little did Rod know, that his life was about to change forever....

Thank you for reading! **Hugs** I love you guys! Woo yep, What will happen next?! You'll see ^^

2 - The Accident

Chapter 2.... Here we go! Grab your tissues, and take a seat!

Chapter 2 is Rated: PG for language and violence

Rod turned the corner down Pitt Street, homeward bound. He approached the house and noticed the car was missing from the driveway "Mom and Dad must have gone out shopping," he thought. Rod unlocked the door and got an early start on his homework. He knew his parents would want to go out and celebrate when they got home, and he didn't know how late it would be when they got back.

Rod finished off his homework and even did some that was due the day after next. He glanced at the clock and realized that it was already 6:30. It was getting late, and Rod was starting to get worried. He decided to try and call his mother. "850-8765," he whispered to himself as he dialed the number. The phone rang at least 7 times with no answer. Finally the voice of a strange man came over the phone. "Hello?," the man seemed confused. Rod felt his stomach churn "Who is this!?" he demanded "Who is this?!", the man asked back. "Why the hell did you answer the phone!??? Where the frack is Trish?!" "Trish?" There was a long pause... "What's your relation to her?" "Why does it matter? You still shouldn't be answering her phone!" "Listen kid, I don't have time to argue with you, just answer my question, and if you have the right answer to mine, I'll tell you the answer to yours ok?" Rod paused "She is my mother" there was a small gasp on the other end of the phone, followed by a long silence. "So where is she!?" Rod was getting frustrated. "Hey... kid" the tone in the mans voice seemed sympathetic " I can't give this information out over the phone. But I'll send someone over to talk to you, 1163 Pitt Street right?" Rod felt his heartbeat fasten "What's going on? How do you know my Address?!" The man's voice was soft and slow " This will all make since soon... just try to stay calm I have to get off the phone and back to work now, goodbye I hope everything works out for you." "No! Wait! Tell me what's going on! Please! Jus..." the line went dead, the strange man had hung up.

Rod felt tears form in his eyes. A million thoughts raced through his head, "Who was that man? Where were his parents? Why did he hope everything worked out for him?" Rod's head was pounding and he began to hyperventilate. Rod sat down on the couch to try and calm down.

After a few minutes, which seemed like hours, had passed, there was a knock at the door. Rod wiped his eyes and answered it. A young woman in a light blue work uniform stood before him. On her chest was a symbol from the local hospital. Rod figured she was a nurse. "Are you the son of Trish and Ryan Bryant?" she asked him plainly. Rod tried to speak, but the words got caught in his throat so he just nodded. She hugged him "You might want to sit down honey" Rod stepped aside and allowed her in the house; they took a seat on the couch. She looked at him as if he was a puppy that had been abandoned and left out in the rain. "This isn't going to be easy for me to say. And its going to be even harder on

you, but please just.” she sighed and began to explain to Rod...

* * *

Trish and Ryan were on their way home from the supermarket. Ryan was trying to focus on the road and Trish was as excited as a schoolgirl. “Honey! Rod is getting his report card at school today” Ryan smiled and laughed “I don't know why you always get so excited, he always gets A s, its never anything different” “ I know! But I'm just so proud of him, our sweet little boy” Ryan leaned over and kissed his wife on the cheek “He only turned out so great, because he has such a wonderful mother” Trish blushed “That may be true, but he certainly got his good looks from his father” They laughed. Suddenly a car on the other side of the road swerved and was headed straight for them. “Oh dear God! Ryan Look Out!” Trish shouted. Ryan turned the wheel as fast as he could, but it was too late. The other car smashed into theirs, head on. The hood of the car popped open and the front window shattered. Glass flew everywhere. The airbags deployed, but it still wasn't enough. There was blood.... And fire... and then it all went quiet.... There was no sound... no more screams.... No terror... just silence.....

* * *

“ Their necks were broken on impact, they didn't suffer, and I promise you... I'm so sorry Rod” She placed her hand on his shoulder. His voice quivered “So... your telling me.... That my parents.... My parents are...” “I'm so sorry Rod, there was nothing we could do” “ my parents are... dead” Rod stared blankly at the floor. He thought it was a dream. No, this was no dream, it was a horrible nightmare. And he wished he would wake up... any second he would wake up, his mother would be making breakfast, and his father would be reading the paper. They would smile and tell him good morning. But.... He knew it was real. The terrible pain he felt in his heart could never happen in a dream. From here on out he would be on his own. He would never see his mother smile again. His father would never tell him how proud he was of him, or tell him anything at all for that matter, ever again. They were gone..... they were gone.....

~End of Chapter 3~

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Hey guess what!? This turned out to be exactly 3 pages. I bet you all hate me now... you're probably all like “ Why the frack! What the Hell! You sick, sick dog!” but.... Its sad I know... his life will get better I promise. Heh, tell me what you think.... Wanna know something.... I wrote this whole thing listening to “Saying Sorry” by Hawthorn Hights. Yep that's right, I've been listening to the same song over and over again for like the last 2 hours...

## 3 - Last Time

Wooo here we go.... Chapter 3.... I'm dieing on the inside... T.T

Chapter 3 is Rated: G, (warnings) language.

Rod flipped through a magazine. It had been a week since his parents' death. They had been cremated and he attended their small funeral. Not many people came, Rod had never met his grandparents and there was no way to get in touch with them. Rod didn't have friends to attend. A few of his parent's friends heard of it and came. Rod didn't really know anyone there. His parents never really spoke of the people they associated with at work. It wouldn't have mattered if he did know them, because in his mind, he was alone.

Rod didn't shed one tear at the funeral. He didn't even speak. Its not that he didn't want too, he had a million words running through his mind, but none would come out. Rod watched in silence as his parent's ashes were buried in the jars he had picked out.

He had been staying in a small room in the police station. Since he wasn't even 16, the legal age to get approval to live alone, he couldn't stay at his house. He hadn't been to school since the incident. Going to school hadn't even crossed his mind. Not much of anything had crossed his mind. He often seemed to stare off into space blankly. Rod's living conditions weren't bad. He had a twin size bed, a shower, toilet, sink and a small desk. It certainly wasn't a life of luxury, but it was fine. But of coarse, he couldn't stay there forever.

The police were very kind to Rod, and tried to make him smile. All of their attempts failed, but they tried their best. Rod didn't have any close relatives. Telling him he was going to have to go live in an orphanage for a year or so wasn't the easiest thing to do. Rod didn't even blink when they told him, it didn't seem to have an effect him at all. They told him he would be able to go home and gather a few small things he wished to take with him. Everything else was to be given to the Salvation Army or auctioned off.

Rod closed the magazine and tossed it on the desk as two policemen entered his room. They escorted him to a van, and dropped him off in front of his house. They told him they would be back in 2 and half hours to pick him up. This would be the last time Rod would be able to step into this house and call it `his'. He needed to gather his things along with them memories, or he would never see them again.

It was a quarter after 6 as Rod took the first step into the house. Everything was as he had left it. He went in the kitchen and opened the refrigerator door. He dare not eat anything, considering everything had been in there for a week, probably longer. His mother had always been on a diet. Though there was no need for it. Thoughts of his mother ran through his head as he scanned the many 'low carb.' and 'low cal.' Yogurts and soft drinks. He closed the door.

Rod noticed a Pink note attached to the door with a heart shaped magnet it read:

*Dear Rodney,*

*I hope you had a wonderful day at school. Your father and I have gone to the store to pick up groceries. We will be home as soon as we can. We love you honey!*

*~Love Mom*

*P.S. I baked a pie this morning, it's in the stove. It's your favorite, strawberry! Feel free to help yourself to a slice!*

Rod opened the stove, sure enough, there was a pie. "Let the police clean it up," Rod thought.

Rod walked through the living room and ascended the stairs, reached his room and shuffled through his closet. He pulled out a suitcase. He had been told he would be supplied with clothes and bathroom supplies, so he just needed to retrieve things he wanted to keep. Rod stood up gazed at his surroundings. He wanted to remember everything, just as it was.

The next hour and a half consisted of Rod going through old photo albums and other little things that held memories. Rod had to stand on his tiptoes to reach some things in the top of closets. His suitcase was overstuffed and he wished he had more space. He decided to take one last look around the house, then down to the basement.

Slowly he descended the 23 stairs, sliding his hand down the rail as he went. His heart rate went up as his drum set came into eyesight. He felt a fire of eagerness burn inside him. A small smile crept across his face as he walked over to it. His hand softly touched the face of the snare drum. He tapped his middle and forefinger to make a soft rapid beat. Looking up at the posters on the wall, he came to a stop. All his favorite bands, his parents never liked rock music and wouldn't let him put posters up in his room but the basement was the one place he could really express himself. It was the only place in the house where no sound could get in or out. Rod remembered all the hours he had spent listening over and over to the same songs to learn their drum beat. He had even created and written a few of his own tabs, with lyrics to go with them. But they were hardly what you would consider songs, since they had no guitar or bass. An immense desk was placed in the corner. On it was a computer, and tons of printed copies of drum tabs and songs. A huge stereo was on a small file cabinet. 10 C.D. Disk changer, loud enough to make you deaf. Rod had bought it with his own money 2 years ago. C.D.s cluttered the shelves of an old bookstand.

Rod shuffled through the papers on the desk, folding and placing a few in his pocket. Most of the ones he took were the ones he had written, songs and drum tabs. Rod searched and found what he was

looking for. His Type B drums sticks. He liked type B better, because they were bigger and had a deeper tone than type A. Rod looked at the clock and realized it was eight o' clock. Drum sticks in hand; Rod raced up the stairs and closed the basement door. The police officers would arrive soon, so Rod decided to head outside. He looked around the house one last time, then walked out the front door.

Rod took a seat on the sidewalk. It was cold outside, cold enough to see your breath. Suddenly Rod felt himself begin to choke back tears. It was at that very moment that he realized everything that had happened in the last week. Seven days ago, he was a straight A student with loving and supportive parents. Now he hadn't even attended school in a week and no one in the world cared about him in the slightest. By this time tears were streaming down his face. All this time, he had not cried once. Reality had finally sunk into him, and everything was coming out. He tried, but there was no way to stop him from crying. Rod brought his knees to his chest and wrapped his arms around them. There he sat, on the sidewalk in the cold, crying his eyes out with a suitcase of old photo albums and trinkets next to him. "Why me?" Rod whispered to himself. "What have I done? Did I do something wrong? What have I done.... To deserve... this?"

Down the road came an old light blue ford pick-up truck. The paint was crappy, it looked like someone tried to paint it themselves, like how you would paint a wall. The truck slowed to a stop as it reached Rod. Rod looked up and wiped his eyes. Out of the car stepped a tall bat. His attire consisted of a Black hoodie with blue jeans and sneakers. The bat was white, with light brown on the tips of his ears and bangs. Strangely, he was covered in piercings. 5 in each ear, 3 in each eyebrow and one on his lip, were what Rod could see. A cigarette hung from the left corner of his mouth. Hands in his pockets, he walked to stand about five feet from Rod. His aquamarine eyes glistened as the light from the streetlight shown on them. His gaze was directed directly at Rod. "What are you doing here", he asked in a deep calm voice. Rod stared at him in disbelief. Was this actually happening? Did some stranger just come out of nowhere and start talking to him? Rod swallowed a lump in his throat and took a deep breath. The bat stared, awaiting an answer. "I, I'm waiting for someone" Rod stuttered. "Who?" The other asked flatly. "Why the hell dose this guy even care? Just leave me alone." Was all Rod could think. "Ummm... some policemen." "Why are policemen coming here to get you?" Rod's eyes darted to the ground. "I'm not going to jail or anything... I guess, they are coming to... take me to a new home." "You mean like a foster home?" "not... exactly" The bat looked at the house behind Rod. "An orphanage?" Rod lowered his head back to his knees and sighed heavily, "I suppose so.."

The bats ears perked up as if he were listening for something. "Do you want to go to that hell hole?" Rod looked at him as if he were crazy, "Of coarse not" Just then the police car turned down the street. "Then lets go," Suddenly the bat flung Rod's suitcase into the back of his truck, grabbed hold of his arm, and pulled Rod to the truck. He pulled open the passenger's side door and shoved Rod in. Then went around and got in the driver's side. He turned on the truck and started to drive. As they went passed the police car, the bat pushed Rod's head down and told him to duck. All Rod could think was "What the hell have I gotten myself into!?"

Guess what!? This chapter made it all the way to just barely 6 pages! WOOO! Well Rod has been kidnapped, how is that for a twist? You weren't expecting that were you? No? That's what I thought. LOL. Who is this mysterious bat? DUN DUN DUN everything will be reviled in chapter 4! Thanks for reading everyone. I'll get started on the 4th chapter soon.

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention, all the description about the drums, I know that cause I play the drums, lol sorry if I confused you on some of the details.

## 4 - Why I did It

Chapter 4... here we come, how is everyone out there doing? You know I love you right? I'm not just saying that, if you like this story enough to read all the way to chapter 4, then of course I love you. I mean, you take your precious time just to read my story! Think of all the things your passing up to read this, you could be at a party, hanging with friends, jacking off, and smoking pot. LOL you guys get the point... "Drugs are bad... just because I said that doesn't mean your allowed to do them!" Or my love will last for you no longer..... Anyway, I'll quit my ranting, and we will get on with the show!

Chapter 4 is rated: PG for language and that whole jacking off / pot smoking thing I did in my little intro (above)

Rod attempted to lift the door handle, hopping for an escape. "You gonna jump out of a moving vehicle? You dumbass, that'll hurt you more than I would" The bat stated, keeping his eyes on the road. Rod stared at him in disbelief; he didn't fully understand what was going on. The past week had been so hectic, with his parent's death and all, and now, to top it all off, he was being kidnapped. They road in silence, Rod breathed deeply, eyes darting around from paranoia. The bat seemed perfectly calm, but there was a strange uneasiness about him.

The drive lasted about twenty minutes, but to Rod, it felt like hours. Hours, of nervousness, fear and stress. He felt sick to his stomach. The bat pulled into a dark parking space in the back of a park's lot. There were no other cars, why would people come to a park at 8:30 on a freezing night? They were surrounded by darkness. Trees blocked their view of a small lake. Through the trees, you could see the moonlight shining on the water. On a normal night scenery would be calming, but Rod could only think of all the horror movies he had seen. The murderer would take the victim to a wooded area, Beat, Rape, Murder and dismember them, then bury a few parts of the body and chuck the rest in the lake. There it would be eaten by hungry animals, who just so happened to be standing in the water as fresh meat floated past them. Rod's eyes were wide as thoughts such as this ran through his head.

He turned the car off, took a huff of his cigarette then put it out in the truck's ashtray. For a moment they just sat in the stillness of the night. Rod was terrified. He wanted to make a run for it, but since his kidnapper was sitting right next to him, Rod would surly be grabbed and pulled back. The bat looked at him with tormented eyes. Rod had expected him to look as if he were ready to kill. "I'm sorry," The bat muttered. "I'm sorry I did that, you know? Just dragging you off the street like that, but..." He cut his words off short and looked down at his hands. He took a deep breath of air, "Ok, lets try to start over," He looked back up and Rod and forced a small smile to his lips "My name, is Vincent, call me Vince." He extended his hand to Rod, who took it and shook slightly, pulling back quickly. Rod swallowed "My.. My name is Rod." "Short for Rodney?" "... yeah.." "Well Rod, calm down, I'm not gonna kill you, I promise." Somehow these words weren't reassuring to him. "Your probably confused about all this

aren't you? Here, I'll try to explain the best I can.” The smile disappeared from Vince's face. “ You see, I couldn't let you go to that orphanage. It's terrible. It really, really is. They don't care about you at all; to the people that work there you are just another snot-nosed brat that takes up space and food. The kids there are nice, for the most part I guess.” Rod looked even more confused than before. Vince noticed the strange look upon the cat's face. “Ok, I'll go back further. Seven years ago, when I was nine, I went to go live there. Its no fun, its' like living at school, with the principal as your parent. If you act up, no matter what age you are, you get swatted. Everyone is on a strict schedule; you do what they say, when they say. On school nights, if you are not in bed by nine, they make you go to bed at eight every night for a week. On weekends the bedtime is eleven.” Vince stopped and stared at the blank expression of the cat's face. “Ok, look, you have to live there to understand.” He paused for a moment “Well, if you can do the math, I'm sixteen. How did I get out of the orphanage when I'm not eighteen yet? About a week ago, the orphanage got a call that they would be getting another boy... but there was a problem, the age group he was in, didn't have enough beds. So they looked through the files, and I bet you'll never guess who had been there the longest. Yeah, me. So they talked to me about it, and they decided since I was sixteen, I could get a permit to drive and legally be allowed to live on my own. They ordered the papers, they signed them, I signed them, they got them approved, they found me an apartment, paid for the first six months of rent, and to top it all off, they even got me this shooty piece of junk to drive to the damn place. I guess they were eager to get rid of me, but I'm sure as hell glad I'm free. For the first time in seven years I am allowed to have an opinion and make my own decisions. And that's why I decided to pick you up. After I saw you there, with your knees to your chest and that suitcase next to you, something told me to stop. Something made me get out of that car; something made me shove you in my car. I just don't know.... I feel like I'm making a big mistake... but at the same time, I know I did something right. Listen... do you understand me at all?”

Rod seemed overwhelmed “So, I was the kid that was going to take your place? But, if I don't go there....where am I... where am I supposed to go?” Vince was silent and thought, “hey, kid... I know it may seem weird, but, I want you to come stay with me.” Rod looked at him as if he were crazy. Vince felt the need to defend himself, “Look, I know you don't know me and all, but you either stay with me, or plan your life out in hell for the next few years.” Rod spoke softly, almost in a whisper, “where.... Where is your new apartment?” “Its in Maryland, about a hundred miles from here, it's one bedroom, but you'll still get more space than if you lived in the rat trap. Only one person is supposed to stay there, but the whole apartment complex is so big, the landlord won't even notice.” Rod stared into the other's deep aquamarine eyes. He could see sincerity in them, for some reason Rod trusted this white bat. “The cops would be looking for me, they would find me” Rod pointed out “Don't worry about that, when the orphanage gets your birth papers, we can destroy them, it will be like you never existed, well here anyway. The workers don't even care, one less kid, means one less mouth to feed and one less @\$\$ to kick. I can get in.” Rod questioned, “How do I know you're not making all this stuff up?” Vince opened the car door and stepped out. “I guess you'll just have to go for it and hope I'm not lying.” He put a cigarette to his lips and lit it. Rod got out of the car to stretch. He could have made a break for it, and gotten away into the woods, but he chose to stay. Vince stared up at the moon, “So have you made your decision?” Rod didn't answer at first. Vince turned around to look at him. Rod looked back at him “Yeah, I think... I think I'm going to go Maryland, with you.” Vince looked into the bed of the truck at Rod's suitcase. “This isn't everything you wanted to keep, when we go back to destroy those papers, we will make a stop by your house.” After saying that, Vince took another huff of his cigarette and turned back around and leaned against the truck. Rod watched him standing there, his body illuminated by the moonlight. A feeling of hope and easiness filled Rod and a smile crept across his face. This was the beginning of a beautiful end.....

I made it to 5 pages, not bad, not bad. Hmm you guys like? More details about Vince's past will be revealed in later chapters. I don't know where I heard that last line from, but it just seemed to fit there, so yeah. ^. ~ I finished a chapter in one shot for once... ehhhh 2 hours of hard work... but it was fun. XP

## 5 - Goodbye Old Friends, Hello New Life

OMG Chapter 5! I can't believe you people are still reading! I love you all with a passion! I wish I could just freak each and every one of you... ok maybe that would be a bit much, I wouldn't go that far... but you get my point. UGG My gum tastes like plastic... hmmm... don't ask.....

Chapter 5 is Rated: PG for lang. and sexual scenes

Vince was driving the car back the way they had come from. Rod was riding silently in the passenger's seat. "I need to pick up my stuff, then we will get yours." Vince said, with no emotion "While we are there, I'll get your papers, you can do whatever you want with them." Rod seemed puzzled "What happens when the cops start looking for me?" "I was thinking about that, I thought we could just lay low for a while. But we are both going to have to enroll in school, so I was thinking maybe if I get all this paperwork done soon, I could become your legal guardian. I'll be 16, but I'll be able to do things 18-year-olds can. When you're 18, you can adopt so, wouldn't that work?" Rod's mind was boggled "I've known you for maybe an hour and a half... and you want to adopt me?" "Well, what else are we supposed to do? Hide from the cops? Make them think you were murdered or committed suicide or something like that? If we chose to follow through with one of those, you can never leave the house and you have to drop out of school." Rod's eyes grew wide "I guess we'll try what you first said" "Yeah, see I know what the hell I'm talking about, now all you have to do is stay quiet and not let anyone see you until I get custody." Rod replied with a simple, "Ok."

They past Rod's house and continued onward. Minutes passed and Rod wanted dearly to strike up a conversation. "Hey Vince?" "What?" he said coldly. "Umm I was just thinking, maybe we should get to know each other a little more, well since we are going to be living together and all I just think..." Vince cut him off "Are you afraid I'm just some psycho?" "No No! Its not that I just..." Vince cut him off again "You want me to tell you about myself? I have nothing to tell, what you see is all I am, not much more." "That's not what I meant," Rod protested. Vince was silent. Rod sighed deeply "never mind." The black cat stared out the window. It ate at his mind that he had no idea who Vince really was. Rod gathered the facts in his head. Vince was a White bat with light brown on the tips of his ears and bangs. He had lots of piercings and smoked. He lived in an orphanage and offered Rod to come live with him in a new apartment. Rod thought deeper, but that was all. Was he really on his way to live with someone he barely knew? Or, was this all just some weird dream?

Just then Vince slammed on the breaks. Rod felt his heart stop. His body jerked forward, if it hadn't been for the seatbelt he would have gone through the windshield. Eyes wide, Rod slowly turned his gaze to Vince. "Are you crazy?!" Vince kept his eyes forward "You would have rather me run this red light, with that cop sitting next to us?" Rod looked out the window on the left side. Sure enough, there as plain as day was a car marked with the 'sheriff' symbol on the side. "Didn't you see that earlier?" Rod asked, still a little shook-up. Vince pushed Rod against the seat as hard as he could with his left hand, never taking his eyes off the road. "Be careful, they may be looking for you." Rod took the hint and sunk in his chair,

trying to hide. Rod felt his heart begin to beat again and under his breath he muttered, "Well, this certainly isn't a dream." Vince's left ear twitched slightly at this comment. "You heard me?" Rod asked in a whisper. "With ears like these, I can hear the blood running through your veins" Rod's eyes grew wide "You didn't have to put it like that..." "What the hell did you want me to say? I can hear the fairies buzzing through the air?" "I don't know, your comment was just, morbid." "But it wasn't a lie"

Vince released his grip on Rod. "It's gone" Rod sat back up in his seat and stretched his back. "We are almost there, while I'm inside I need you to stay down." "Ok" Rod agreed without hesitation. Rod gazed at the three-story building they were approaching. It was made of brick and reminded him of a hospital. There was a playground in the back and the entire area was fenced in with a chain wire fence. The shutters of the windows were tattered and torn. A few windows were broken. Almost all the lights were off; just a few on the top floor were on. Vince parked the car and got out. Rod watched him walk up the sidewalk and into the front door. Remembering he had to hide, Rod once again sunk into the chair. It was then that he realized how tired he was. It was almost midnight. In the truck alone, it was quiet. Rod felt alone and cold. He closed his eyes and fell into a soft sleep.

Vince walked down the front hallway and was greeted by the orphanage owner. He liked the kids to refer to him as 'Headmaster'. Vince stared at him with empty eyes as he began to complain. "Just who do you think you are? Just strolling in here after midnight, you damn well know what time curfew is!" "I'm just here to pick up some stuff," Vince protested "I don't care, hurry up and don't wake anyone else up!" "Yes Headmaster." Vince said sarcastically as he flew up the first flight of stairs.

Upon reaching the third floor, Vince opened the door to his room to find his old roommates still awake. The lights were off, but they were using flashlights. As the door opened all three of them shined their lights on Vince. Vince winced at the light and covered his eyes. "It's just me guys, chill out" The lights backed off of him as Vince flipped on the light switch. "I knew you'd be back," a gray wolf about two years younger than Vince stated with enthusiasm. "Yeah but not for long, sorry Matthew," Vince said sympathetically. Vince always tried to be nice to Matthew, since he was the youngest of the four of them. Not to mention Matthew had been abandoned and started living in the orphanage when he was just a baby. Matthew always seemed to look up to Vince. A black bat around the age of 17 stood up from his bed. "I can't believe you get to leave and I don't." "You'll be out of here next year Ace, quit complaining," Vince shot back. Ace lit up a cigarette and took a brown bag, with a bottle of beer in it, out from under his bed. As he drank the other boy spoke up, "Your killing yourself" "Shut-up Landon!" Ace snapped angrily. Landon was 15 he was the quiet one. He always looked out for the other three boys and tried to keep them out of trouble. He was a brown mongoose that wore glasses. Despite his good looks, he had very low self-esteem. He leaned against the wall and brought his legs to his chest. He wrapped his arms around his legs and rested his chin on his knees. He sighed and watched Vince. There were no smiles among them. "I can't believe your leaving!," Matthew pouted. Vince rummaged through the closet and said nothing. Ace was angry "That's it? One week, we are closer than brothers and the next you just leave? After everything us four have been through together? You make me sick!" Vince stopped, stood up and shot him a cold stare. Landon spoke in Vince's defense, "Come on Ace, we are all going to leave sooner or later, besides," he shifted his attention to Vince "You'll keep in touch with us, right?" Vince smiled warmly, "Of course I will." A big smile spread across Matthew's face. Ace snorted and plopped back down on his bed. Vince tossed his packed suitcase onto his bed. He then pulled a cased bass out of the closet along with an amplifier. He strapped the bass to his back and picked up the amp by its handle. "Well, I guess I need to be going." "No!" Matthew stood up on his bed and outstretched his arms for a hug. Standing up on the bed made Matthew the same height as Vince.

Vince smiled and embraced him. "I'll miss you, be sure to call us often, okay?" "I promise." Matthew quickly planted a kiss on Vince's cheek and released him. Ace was lying on his side, turned facing the wall, "I hope that new kid doesn't turn out to be a douche bag." Vince looked around "Hey, can you guys keep a secret?" All three of them faced him with curious looks on their faces. "That new kid... won't be showing up here at all, don't tell anyone or I'll get my @\$\$ thrown in jail." "What the frack are you talking about?!" Ace demanded. Vince shushed him "I found the kid sitting on the sidewalk after I picked up my truck, I picked him up and I'm gonna take him to Maryland with me." Landon's eyes grew wide; "You mean he is outside, in your truck, right now?" "Yeah" Vince said. "His parents died, and you all know how bad it is here, besides, I'd probably get lonely living alone. I would take you guys with me, but that would be way to obvious, headmaster would know." "We understand, don't worry," Landon agreed. "We'll keep our mouths shut, don't worry about it." Ace assured him. "Thanks guys, well I guess I'll see you later." "We'll miss you Vince" Landon stated sadly. "Yeah, I'll miss that tight @\$\$," Ace said with a smile. Vince laughed. He picked up his bags and bid them all farewell then walked out the bedroom door and shut it behind him.

Upon closing the door, he was tackled by 4 girls around the same age as him and his friends were. "Oh my God! I had to see it to believe it, you're really leaving Vince?!" one of them shouted "Shhhh be quite ladies, you'll wake everyone up!" he hushed them "Vince noooo! You can't go" "Ohhh we'll miss you soooo much!" Three of them hugged him tightly as one of them backed away with tears in her eyes. It was Roxanne, Vince's ex-girlfriend. She was a magenta hedgehog with long wavy hair. They dated for almost five years and broke up only a few months ago. They had gone through and done everything together. Through the good times and the bad. They never truly loved each other, but they were as close as they could get. Vince looked at her sorrowfully. The other three girls retreated. They took the hint and knew their friend needed some time alone to talk to him "Take care of yourself Vince! We will miss you." And with that they went back into their bedroom down the hall. Vince dropped his luggage and embraced her tightly. Tears were streaming down her face but she tried to hold them back. "Its ok, you can cry." Vince comforted her. She cried into his chest and held him with all her strength. "I can't believe you really won't be here anymore." Vince was silent. She looked up at him, wiping the tears off her face. "I promise to keep in touch with you alright?" He forced a small smile to his lips. She nodded and breathed deeply trying to calm herself. "I'll never forget you" she managed to whisper. "I won't forget you either" She smirked "Heh, of course you won't forget the girl that stole your virginity." "No, it's the other way around! I stole *yours*," He protested. She played "I believe you are mistaken" "Ok, ok, we stole *each others*" He closed "Yeah I guess you're right" She laughed, "Neither of us knew what the hell we were doing." He joined her laughter and kissed her on the forehead. "Well I really need to get going, it's late." "Yeah, I know, its just so hard to see you go." She sighed. Vince said goodbye and she watched him as he walked down the stairs and out the front door.

Vince walked to the truck and peered into the window. There he saw Rod slumped into the seat, arms folded across his chest, fur ruffled, fast asleep. Vince violently dropped his suitcase into the back of the truck, which made a loud thumping sound. Vince watched in amusement as the black cat's eyes shot open and practically jumped out of his seat. Vince smirked when Rod's attention turned to him. Rod sighed in relief when he realized it was just Vince. "Don't do that!" he whined, rubbing his eyes. Vince gently placed the rest of his belongings in the bed of the truck. Rod could hear him through the window, "You sit tight, I need to go back and get your papers." Rod watched him walk up to the building, and then slumped back into the seat.

Vince trotted to the side of the building. He looked around and took flight. He soared up to the third floor

and knocked on the window of his roommates. The blinds were quickly pulled back and the window was opened by Ace, who seemed angered. "Shouldn't you have gotten them before you walked out the first time? Did you plan on waking me up? Or was it that you actually just forgot?!" Vince seemed confused "I haven't asked for anything yet..." Landon and Matthew were cuddling on Landon's bed. Matthew jumped up, walked over to his bed, lifted the pillow and pulled out a brown envelope. "Here", he said as he handed the packet to Vince. Vince was extremely puzzled "But how, I, you, what?!" Landon stood and stretched "Its his birth papers and stuff, you need them right? We picked them up and looked them over today, we wanted to know what to expect when the kid got here." Vince seemed pleased "You guys saved me a lot of trouble." "Take care of little Rodney" Landon said sarcastically. Ace laughed, "Heh, with that kid not here, it just means more food for the rest of us..... But one less person for orgies." "I'm sorry guys" Vince blushed and scratched the back of his head. "Now go on get your @\$@ out of here, it's late." Ace grumbled. "Guys..... You can all stay as bi as you want... but try to cut down or I fear... I fear you may all turn completely gay!" Ace slammed the window "I love you guys, take care!" Vince shouted then flew back down to the truck.

Rod was awake this time. Vince got in and began to drive. "Next stop, your house." He tossed the packet he had been given to Rod. Rod opened it and examined its contents. Nothing too interesting... birth papers and official things. Vince lit up a cigarette and drove, starting at the road before him. Rod looked at him for the longest time, then turned back to the side window.

There ya go guys, chapter 5 is complete, yep... The ending of this chapter is so weak, but I guess I'm not focused cause Sarah is here and all... plus I'm hyper hmm chapter 6 will probably be short. This chapter is like 8 pages long X\_X.

## 6 - Lets just get the shit and get out

Hello..... Chapter 6.... Wooo, I should be writing up a report right now...but oh, well I'll get it done.

Chapter 6 Rated : PG for lots of swearing lol

Vince pulled into the driveway of Rod's house. Lucky for them, Rod's front yard was densely covered in trees, so the truck could not be seen easily. "How are we supposed to get in?" Rod asked. "You don't have a key to your own house?" Rod defended himself "It's not technically mine anymore and they changed the locks a week ago" Vince was angered. "Fine.... We will just get in through a window or something." He stepped out of the truck and slammed the door. He began to walk around to the back of the house and Rod followed after him. Vince's eyes scanned the walls of the house, looking for an easy way to break in without being seen by the neighbors. Vince walked up onto the deck in the back yard and peered into the glass door. He leaned his head to see the sidewall, just as he figured, a security lock. Entering through a door would screw them over completely. It would have to be a window. One upstairs would be best. Vince looked up and spotted a fairly large window on the second story of the house. Actually, it was a huge window, bigger than most doors. Vince went up to Rod and causally picked him up, his shoulders leaning on one arm, his legs draped across the other. Rod seemed surprised, and when they took flight he began to panic. He clenched tightly to Vince, wrapping his arms around his neck, holding on for dear life. "Cut it out, your choking me" Rod loosened his grip but tightly shut his eyes. Vince sighed heavily at the poor cat "You dumb @\$\$, you're this afraid of heights?" They stopped at the window and Vince ordered Rod to open it. Rod looked at him strangely. "What the hell are you waiting for? Open the window." "Its locked" "Duh, its locked, we are breaking into a house, do you expect the doors and windows to just burst open for us? You're a cat use your claws." Rod didn't understand what he meant. Vince was growing impatient. "Stick your claw into the slot between the window, the lock is there, push it back and open the window." Rod did as Vince said and sure enough, the window opened "How did you..." Rod was cut off "I've broken into and out of many windows before, this kind is the easiest, since you can just push it open."

Vince stepped down and dropped Rod to the floor. Rod shot him a dirty look and stood up. Vince looked around the room "Fancy." "This was my parents room," Rod said sadly as he walked into the hallway. Vince followed him. "Nice house" "Yeah." Rod wasn't in the mood to talk, although Vince strangely seemed to be trying to start a conversation. Vince was annoyed that the cat didn't want to talk, "Grab all the shoot you want and lets go."

Rod was in his room, filling a gym bag with all the little things he wanted to take before, but didn't have room for. Vince was amazed and was really excited about everything in Rod's room. "Holy shoot, this is one huge @\$ \$ TV.! What is this? 26"? The TV. I shared with the guys was like one fourth the size of this! Is that a laptop?! Damn kid, your fracking rich!" Rod looked at him as if he was from another world. Here, the same guy that was being such an anti-social asshole was in his room goggling over his stuff, like a schoolgirl would over a hot jock. "Umm, its just stuff, its no big deal." Rod stated as if Vince were

stupid. "Maybe its just stuff to you, but I never got luxuries like that," Vince snapped back, offended by the way Rod stated his last comment. "Sorry," Rod muttered. "Sorry for what, your comment or that I never had any expensive electronics? Don't feel bad that I wasn't a little rich boy like you, you dog." Rod could tell Vince was pissed, "I didn't mean anything negative by it." Vince lit up a cigarette and crossed his arms. "Hurry up." Rod zipped up the gym bag "I want to go down to the basement and get some C.D.'s then we'll go." Vince went through the door and flew down the stairs silently. Rod stomped after him.

Rod opened the basement door and flipped on the light switch, he descended the stairs with Vince right behind him. "Oh My frackin' God!" Vince exclaimed "You have everything down here!" He stared at the racks full of C.D. "You really are a little rich boy!" "Not anymore," Rod sighed. Vince noticed the drum set in the center of the room, "You play" "Yeah" "Are you any good?" "I guess so" "How long have you been playing?" "A couple of years." Vince examined the drum set, you could tell it had been used, the faces of the drums where beaten and tattered, but still in good condition. The red coating was shiny like it had been recently dusted. Vince picked up the drumsticks and pointed them at Rod. "Let me hear you play." Rod shrugged and took the sticks. The intro to the song he played was slow, but picked up to a fast beat. It showed he had skill and actually knew what he was doing. He finished the song. Vince nodded in approval. "Ok great, help me get this upstairs." Rod's jaw dropped "You've got to be kidding me." "Your leaving, and were are taking as much shoot as we can, the stuff we don't use, we can sell. What time is it?" Rod looked at a clock on the wall. "About 3 a.m." "Perfect, that gives us about three and a half hours."

Vince was serious when he said they were taking as much stuff as they could. The next three and a half hours were spent carrying things up stairs, getting them safely out the window and into the truck. They took the drum set complete with cymbals and sticks, a TV, almost all of Rod's C.D.'s a computer, the coffee pot, posters off the walls of the basement, a digital camera and charger, a microwave and various other small objects, mostly electronics. By the time they were done and were seated in the car on their way to their new home in Maryland, Rod found himself buried up to his chest in things that wouldn't fit in the back. "Uhhh Vince?" "What" "Don't you think people might find it suspicious that we have a ton of stuff piled up in the back?" "That's why we are going to take the highway, you need to stop worrying and asking so many questions, I always have a plan for everything."

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I know I know, there really wasn't much to this chapter, but you have to understand this part was necessary! Really, I plan to use those electronics in later chapters! And they are gonna need the band posters to decorate the walls of their apartment! See everything has a point, I'm not just gonna feed you a bunch of shoot! I promise! This chapter is only about 3 and a half pages long T.T yeah... but how much more can I say about a house and prettyful expensive stuff, the house isn't gonna mean anything later... so there really isn't a need to explain it in detail.... So yeah I guess I'm done ranting now... its shower time! WOO!

7 - Rest Stop

WOW You guys, can you believe it!? Chapter 7 and your eyeballs haven't melted out of your heads yet. Lol, hey did you know that today (April 20) is National Pot Smoking day? Well it is! And 4:20 p.m. is the national pot smoking time. Yep..... how do I know this? Heh heh I have a lot of pothead friends. Yep.... Lol

Chapter 7 is rated: PG-13ish for Violence, lang. and some sexual content, (but not much)

The sun was beginning to rise in the distance. Vince had been driving all night, his head was pounding and he felt faint. Rod was blissfully sleeping in the passengers seat, under all the extra luggage. Vince was grinding his teeth, trying to keep his eyes open. He hadn't slept in about two days. "Man... why is it taking so long to get there?" He asked no one in particular. He looked to the right and noticed a large sign that read: Rest stop, Next Right 2 miles. "Thank God!" Vince moaned. Rod's eyes fluttered open and he stretched his arms. He rubbed his eyes and asked with a yawn, "What's going on?" Vince sped up the car and quickly turned into the rest stop. He parked the car and turned to Rod. Rod squinted his eyes "Hey Vince, are you all right? you don't look so good" It wasn't just that he looked tired, Vince's fangs were bulging. He couldn't even close his mouth all the way. Vince quickly covered his mouth with his hand and turned away from Rod. "I'm fine...." He stepped out of the car and walked towards the bathroom. Rod followed once he uncovered himself from the luggage.

Rod raced to catch up with Vince. He walked alongside him staring him with concern. "Are you sure your alright?" Vince didn't reply, and kept his hand over his mouth. Rod opened the door to the restroom for him. There were a few men in there, but it was a large room and was nowhere near crowded. Vince propped his hand against the wall to keep his balance at the urinal. He closed his eyes and let out a deep yawn. Rod took the urinal two down from Vince. Rod tried to focus on the wall in front of him. Vince noticed a fly buzzing around room. Vince was so tired, he was drained of most self-control, his face followed the fly, eyes fixed on it. Rod noticed Vince's unusual behavior and stared at him strangely. Vince noticed Rod's gaze and stared him in the eyes for a long awkward moment. Rod's eyes darted away and Vince zipped up his pants and went to wash his hands. Rod did the same not long afterwards. Then Vince splashed water on his face to try and wake himself up. He sighed and opened his eyes widely. From what Rod could see, Vince was poking his eyes out, but in fact, he was taking his contacts out. Vince pulled out his contact case from his pocket and placed them safely inside. Then he swiftly put on a pair of glasses and brushed his bangs over them. Rod smiled at him, "I didn't know you wore glasses." Vince didn't buy into the enthusiasm "well, now you do." Rod's smile vanished as Vince turned and walked out of the bathroom. Rod trotted quietly behind him.

"You hungry?" Vince asked "Sorta" Rod replied hesitantly. "Well there's a McDonalds over there, get me a salad, and you can get whatever you want off the dollar menu." He handed Rod a five-dollar bill.

Rod took the money "What do you want to drink?" "I don't care," Vince muttered as he walked off to a table. Rod stood in line, but kept looking back at Vince. His head was down on the table and he was breathing deeply. Rod knew something was wrong, "Maybe he is just over tired?" He thought.

A group of teenage girls in tank tops and short shorts came laughing and giggling loudly into the restaurant. Vince lifted his head and watched them. They were shouting and were overly excited for reasons that were unknown to everyone around them. Rod placed his order and leaned against the counter, keeping an eye on Vince who continued to stare at the girls. If Vince wasn't so drained he would have gone over and talked to them.

They kept glancing at Vince, whispering to each other then giggling. Vince sat up and smiled at them. This caused the girls to squeal loudly, and one of them started to approach him. She leaned on the table and pushed her chest out, "Hey there cutie, my names Bethy, what's yours?" Vince smirked at her, but his smile quickly vanished and changed to a look of disgust. He tightly shut his eyes and huddled over, grabbing his stomach. "Hey! Are you ok?!" Bethy reached her hand out to him to touch his back and possibly comfort him. Vince glanced at her from the corner of his eye and swiftly took hold of her arm and pulled her towards him. "HEY!" She shouted, surprised and appalled. Vince quickly and violently bore his fangs into her wrist. She screamed withdrew her arm, cupping her wrist with her other hand. A police officer noticed the girls cry and came to her aid. The girl's friends were also rushing over. Vince stood up, eyes full of terror, he was even more startled than she was. "Get away from me you freak!" Her arm was bleeding, dripping to the floor. Blood was smeared across Vince's mouth and the cop was approaching at an alarming speed. Vince stood as still as a sculpture. Rod grabbed the bag of food and ran to Vince. "I'm so sorry!" Vince pleaded as he noticed Rod's arrival to the incident. Vince wiped his mouth, took hold of Rod's arm and ran. He wanted to avoid the cop, if he was asked questions, the reason Rod was missing from the orphanage may be revealed and their plans would be ruined.

"Vince what in the world is happening?!" Rod exasperated. Vince didn't answer; he flung Rod into the truck, quickly got in and turned it on. The police was just then exiting the building when Vince punched the gas. They sped out of the rest stop and on to the highway. Thankfully the policeman did not chase after them, but instead went back inside the rest stop to help the girl. Vince slowed the truck down to the speed limit and began to calm down. Rod had just finished repositioning himself among the many objects that cluttered the passenger's side of the truck. Rod stared at Vince as if he was a maniac. "What the hell was that all about!?" Vince didn't answer. "Why was that girl bleeding!? You bit her?!" Vince remained silent. "What the hell is going on, answer me god damn it!" Vince wrinkled his nose and sneered at Rod "I'm a vampire bat ok?! I can't help it, its been over a day since I had any blood and I feel like I'm gonna die! It was just instincts it wasn't my fault!" Vince quickly turned his attention back to the road. Rod was shocked. Not only was he on his way to a new life with a stranger, the stranger was a blood thirsty killer! Rod's eyes were wide and his stare never left Vince. Vince began to feel extremely uncomfortable. "Quit staring at me like that." Vince said calmly while keeping his eyes fixed on the road ahead of them. Rod turned his attention out the window.

A pang of terror ran through Rod's body. Terrible thoughts were running through his head "What if he attacks me like he did that girl!? He'll drain my blood then chop my body up and keep the parts in jars.... Just like in the movies! Oh My God! I'm gonna be murdered and no one will ever know! He did get my birth papers...." He gasped quietly to himself. "Maybe that really is what he has been plan all along. My brain is gonna be stuck in a freezer until this crazy bastard has a craving for cat brains!" Rod looked as if he could piss his pants any moment. Vince wanted to say something to calm the cat down, "Uh, its not

that big of a deal, I just need to get a couple of cups of blood in my system and I'll be fine, I..." Vince extended his hand to touch Rod on the shoulder to assure him he was safe. Rod panicked "Get away from me you cannibal!" "What the hell!?" "Your gonna drain my blood, chop my body up and keep me in jars! WAHHH" "WHAT THE frack ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?!" "Stop the truck! I don't wanna die!" Rod grabbed the wheel and turned to the right. "What are you doing? Your gonna make us crash!" Vince struggled to get Rod away from the wheel. The truck swerved left and right on the road. Luckily there were hardly any other cars around. Vince slammed on the breaks. Rod flung the door open and took off down the street. "What the frack is this kid's problem?" Vince said as he rushed after him. Vince caught up to him and wrapped his arms around him, restraining him from movement. Rod started to kick Vince, "Let me go, please! You can have all my stuff just don't kill me!" Vince pulled him to the ground and held him until he ran out of energy and laid still. They stood up, but Vince kept a grip on Rod's arm to make sure he didn't try to run away again. "Kid.... WHAT THE frack!? Who told you I was gonna eat you?" "You tried to kill that girl!" "No I didn't I already told you, it was just the blood, and if you had shut up and calmed down I could have drove to a store and bought a gallon of blood by now, then I wouldn't feel like I was dieing inside anymore. You have no idea what its like to be a freak." Vince turned his face away and began walking back to the truck, pulling Rod behind him. "I'm still not convinced that you're not going to kill me." "Well if you really don't want to come with me, I can leave you out here, 50 miles from any civilization, where you could get shot or murdered or raped or killed by wild animals." "I think I'll take my chances with you," Rod sighed

The got back in the truck and continued towards their destination. "If you pull another stunt like that, I really will leave you out here, got it?" "Yeah" Rod sighed and leaned his head on his hand and stared out the window. "Hey Vince?" "What?" "I'm sorry." Vince sighed, "Don't worry about it, I don't blame you. Its not everyday you meet a vampire. There aren't many around anymore." "Hey, your right, I never noticed that before, I didn't even know vampire bats, well the anthrop animal kind anyways, even existed. Why is that?" "Vampire bats are becoming extinct." "Really!? That's amazing! In today's society, wow, how are they becoming extinct?" "Regular people don't typically like us, you know they think that we're killers and shoot, which isn't true, I blame Hollywood for all those Vampire movies that depicts vampires biting their victims and turning them into `creatures of the night' that's all bullshoot, it pisses me off. But anyway, yeah there are a lot of hate crimes and suicides due to the verbal and psychical abuse, yeah life sucks." Rod stared at Vince in amazement "What?" "That is the most you've said to me since we met," He cupped his head in his hands "I think I'm overdosing on your voice." Vince's aquamarine eyes lingered at Rod as a smile formed across him frowning lips. Rod looked into the eyes before him with his small crimson ones. Rod felt a calming sensation fall over him.

Yep I shall cut you off with six pages, you've had enough for now! Come back in a few days for about 6 more pages of my wonderful ecstasy. ^.^ This chapter certainly was an emotional roller coaster. You went from being happy, to scared, to sad, to worried, to laughing and everything in between! WOO lol

8 - Our New Home

Chapter 8& OMG& woo, did you miss me! I know you did XP. Man, your gonna love this chapter, at least I hope you do. It took me a lot of time, so you better!

Chapter 8 is Rated: PG-PG13, for language (always T.T) and talk of God (not bad!) (but, I don t want to offend anyone)

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They arrived at the apartment complex in mid-morning. Vince had stopped by the store and purchased a gallon of blood as soon as they entered town. After drinking a few cups, he had calmed down and felt better. He warned Rod to stay out of site, he could only get a one-person apartment, and if anyone discovered two people were living there, they would both get kicked out. Lucky for them, the landlord hardly ever came around and the neighbors didn t care they were there. The morning was spent carrying their possessions to the second floor and to their apartment. Vince was content with his new living arrangements, but Rod thought differently this place is really small, he groaned. It s a one person apartment, its not supposed to be huge like your old house, rich boy. Rod heaved a deep sigh as he dropped the last suitcase to the floor.

Now that everything is here, we get all the fun of unpacking and decorating, Vince stated sarcastically. Lets set up the bed and crash for a while first, I m beat, Vince yawned. Rod was confused, The bed? Yeah, the bed, the place we are going to sleep. There is only one? Yeah, one twin size bed for the two of us, or is that not enough room for you? Spoiled Brat. Vince cut open a box with a razor and pulled out a bunch of pieces. He looked angry, You know what, I m gonna take a smoke break. He stepped out and left Rod alone to put the bed together. Rod sighed At least with him out of here, I ll be able to put the bed together correctly without having to worry about it falling apart.

An hour past, Rod finished the bed and Vince had taped some posters to the walls and smoked a couple of cigarettes. It s done! Rod shouted proudly. Finally! Vince threw his body onto the mattress and stretched out. Go grab the pillows, I put them by the front door. Rod did as he was told and returned with two pillows, he handed one to Vince, who took it, placed it under his head and rolled onto his side violently. Rod smiled at his actions and plopped his pillow next to Vince. Rod wasn t tired, considering he had slept almost the entire way there. So he took it upon himself to fix up and decorate the apartment. He even hooked up and wired the TV. This cold little place actually looks inviting now that it s decorated, Rod smiled.

In one of Vince s boxes he found a trash bag full of clothes. He folded and stacked every article of clothing, as he did for his own. Most of Vince s clothes were black and long sleeved. There were a few colors here and there and some white undershirts but that was it. It was very unlike his own. Rod s wardrobe consisted of nice collard dress shirts in soft light colors. They re since of style seemed almost completely opposite. Rod held up one of Vince s shirts and pressed it against him. He looked in a long mirror that he had earlier placed on the wall. He smiled at the sight of himself in the normal clothes all the kids at school wore. He had always secretly wished he was just like all the other kids, with friends and he even wished he got normal grades, a C or two here and there, not always As . He sighed and folded the shirt back up and placed it back into the pile.

Four hours had passed and Rod was beginning to get bored. He had completed all the tasks he could think of and Vince was still asleep. Rod entered the bedroom and Vince remained in his deep slumber. Rod sat on the bed next to him and gazed at his sleeping face. Vince was entangled in blankets and Rod wondered how he had ever managed to get into such a strange position. Still, the innocent angelic expression across the dreaming creature s face was priceless. *He looks like a completely different*

*person in his sleep*, Rod thought. Vince's hair even looked different. Earlier it was straight, now his hair was wavy curled at the end. Rod was puzzled. *Maybe he straightens his hair?* Rod softly brushed a lock of hair away from Vince's face, which was responded by Vince twitching his nose.

Vince's eyes fluttered open halfway and he sat up and stretched. His angelic look had not left him as of yet. He rubbed his eyes and faced Rod. "What time is it?", He asked with a yawn. Rod glanced at the clock on the wall. "It's about 5:30 now. I slept all day," Vince said as if it were news as he stood up and walked out of the room. It was only then Rod noticed Vince was only wearing boxers and a long-sleeved undershirt. Vince's clothes were in a lump on the floor next to the bed. "He must have gotten hot under the covers with all those clothes on," Rod thought.

Rod followed after him. Vince was in the kitchen, making coffee with a cigarette hanging from the side of his mouth. "Where did you put my bass?" "It's in the corner of the living room." "Kay." Other than that Vince didn't speak. The look of innocence had disappeared from his face. Rod sat at the table silently as he watched Vince look through the drawers and cabinets of the kitchen to discover where everything had been placed.

Vince sipped his coffee casually, as Rod nervously played with his fingers and tried not to stare at Vince. "Stupid kid," Vince muttered with his cup to his mouth. Rod decided to change the subject, "I folded your laundry for you. Thanks." An awkward silence fell upon them. Vince flicked the ashes of his cigarette into an ashtray that was on the table. Vince looked around the room, "Looks like you gave this place a woman's touch, Momma's boy." Rod ignored his comment, got up and went to sit on the couch in the living room. Vince finished his cigarette and went to join him. He put his coffee mug on the coffee table then laid on the couch, placing his head on Rod's lap. He looked up at the blushing cat. "Where is the remote?" Rod reached to the end table for the remote and handed it to Vince. Vince channel hopped and stopped on VH1 to watch music videos. Rod said nothing, but examined the creature before him. Now that he wasn't wearing layer upon layer of clothes, Rod could see what Vince really looked like. He was chubby. He wasn't really big, he just had some baby fat. Vince had a large body frame, unlike Rod's who was always small. Vince was relaxed and at ease. His wings were folded and pulled in tightly so he could lay flat on his back. Rod had never been around a bat before or any creature with wings for that matter.

Hey wh.. SHHH Vince cut him off and silenced him. His eyes were fixated closely on the T.V., which was now playing Miss Murder By the band, AFI. It finished and Vince quickly turned his head to look straight up at Rod. Rod tensed up and felt a nervousness fall over him as Vince's piercing eyes shot at him. What day is it? He demanded. Uhhh Saturday& shoot& that means we have to start school the day after tomorrow damnit! Vince stood up angrily, unfolded his wings and stretched them out widely. Rod's eyes grew wide Whoa, he muttered. Vince relaxed and looked over his shoulder at him. Now what? it's a Saturday night and we have nothing to do. We don't even have anything to do tomorrow except sit around here and wait for Monday. Vince groaned. What about church? Rod asked shyly. What about it? Tomorrow is Sunday, we should go to church. I haven't gone to church since I was nine years old. Well, maybe you should start going again. What has God ever done for me? Vince was angered. Rod gasped slightly and paused. He gave you life and he gave you your health. My mother gave me life, and I have health because I take care of myself. He gave you the earth in which you live on. What proof do you have of that? Haven't you read the Bible? Of course I have, but I still question it. A silence fell upon them. Vince spoke up, You don't have to go to church to be a good person. You don't even have to go to church to be a good Christian. But for me, religion hasn't brought any happiness and it isn't really a big matter in my life. Rod defended himself, I know that, but I enjoy church and I haven't missed one Sunday since the day I was born. Vince directed his eyes away from Rod and his voice grew quiet, How can you say that after&. After your parents died, after God took them from you. He left you alone, how can you still be so loyal to God after all that has happened to you? Rod swallowed a lump in his throat, I did think about that, but then I realized that God must have taken them for a reason, just like when you picked me up off the sidewalk, it had to be for a reason right? Something is going to happen, something is meant to happen. God wouldn't have let such a tragedy fall upon me for no reason. I haven't wronged him. There has to be a reason. Vince smiled and started laughing. Rod was confused, *Has he gone insane?!* So that's what keeps the smile on your face kid? You think all this happened for a reason? Well what if the reason God did this to you was to make you suffer, and see if you would still stay loyal to him. Maybe that's it eh? Vince continued to chuckle under his breath. That's not true! Rod stood up he could take this mockery no longer God wouldn't make me suffer just because he wanted to. I'm a good person! Vince stopped laughing Ok, Ok, whatever kid, as long as you're happy it doesn't matter to me what you believe. Rod crossed his arms and heaved back onto the couch. So, do we get to go to church tomorrow? Rod muttered angrily. Vince raised an eyebrow and a smile was on his face, Fine, look I'll make you a deal I'll find a nice church to drop you off at tomorrow, and while you are praising the lord, I'll go out and try to find a job, ok? Rod wasn't overjoyed but pleased, Ok, I guess that's better than nothing, you can come along with me some other time. If that ever happens, you'll be dragging my lifeless body in there. Well that was a bit harsh.

Yeah, whatever, I'm starving do we have anything to eat? Vince opened the

fridge and found that other than the jug of blood he had bought earlier, it was completely empty. His

mouth dropped open and an exasperated noise escaped him. Now what?! Rod perked up, There was a complementary basket of pasta stuff that came with the apartment. He pulled it out of the oven.

Wait& first of all, why did you put a basket with hard pasta wrapped in plastic in the oven? Ummm it was just a place to put it. Ok, well the oven isn t a good place to store things, trust me. And secondly, why haven t you started cooking yet? Rod was stubborn, What makes you think I know how to cook? You are a momma s boy of coarse you know how to cook, plus you just have that personality, you know the housewife kind of thing where you just naturally know how to cook and clean. Landon was sorta like that to a degree. Rod grunted You stereotype&. Yeah, yeah start cooking kid.

Vince was right, Rod turned out to be a great cook, and he had everything prepared in less than twenty minutes. Vince finished his plate and leaned back in satisfaction, I told you that you could cook. Rod took their plates up, cleaned them off and put them in the dishwasher. I told you your like a housewife Shut-up, if I don t clean up after you, I doubt you will. Hmmm that is true.

Its getting late I think I m gonna go crash so I won t be wiped for the job hunt tomorrow. Alright, goodnight Vince. Yeah goodnight kid, and I will leave space for you on the bed so you don t have to freak out and sleep on the couch or whatever. Vince turned into the bedroom and shut the door behind him.

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The End&&. Of Chapter 8 XP Yes, very cute, very cute. I finally got around to finishing this chapter, I edited, cut and added lots to this chap. And it turned out better than I thought it would. I know at least 1 or maybe even 2 people out there are enjoying this, and that my friends is why I write. I promise chapter 9 will be up very shortly! Cause I m on summer break and have free time to write at night! ^.^ And& has anyone noticed Rod has sorta been checking Vince out? >.> (lol) Oh and BTW for any one that doesn t know AFI stands for A Fire Inside, they are and awesome band and you should love them&. Now go buy their Cds!

9 - Am I a freak?

Chapter 9&. You know what that means! .> The next chapter has 2 digits! YEP! I m warning you now this is a very heavy intense chapter. Now without further hesitation, the show will go on!

Rod finished tidying the kitchen and noticed how late it had gotten. Holy Cow! Its almost midnight, and I have to wake up early! Rod quickly brushed his teeth and changed into his pajamas. He slowly opened the bedroom door and peered in on his slumbering companion. From the window the moon shown, dimly lighting the room. Rod swallowed and entered, closing the door behind him. He neared the bed and looked down on the vampire. Innocently he lay, happy in his dream world. *He looks so content and pleased in his sleep,* Rod thought.

Rod made his way under the covers, trying his best not to waken Vince. He turned his back to the bat and faced the still cold room before him. Rod collected his thoughts and took a moment to pray. He then closed his eyes and his mind drifted, entering sleep.

Suddenly Rod s eyes shot open as he felt an arm wrap around him. Vince?! Rod stuttered. Rod was pulled closer to him; Vince nuzzled the back of Rod s neck then rested his cold nose upon it. Vince muttered a few non-understandable words, then stopped and fell back into the peaceful sleep he had been in. Rod s face grew warm *How am I going to get out of this!?* Rod swallowed and attempted to lift Vince s arm and release himself from his grasp, but it was no use. He was trapped in Vince s arms. Rod

began to breath deeper. He felt the older male s lips kiss the back of his neck. Rod yelped and jumped off of the bed and onto the floor, waking Vince in the process. Vince sat up and rubbed his eyes Ace? He opened his eyes to see Rod blushing madly in a panic heap on the floor. Oh! Rod! I, I don t know what just happened, but I. What the HELL Man!? Rod was hysteric. Vince s eyes grew sad and pink shown in his face. He lowered his head, I didn t mean to& I m sorry. Rod suddenly felt guilty, Hey hey! Please don t be sad! Everything is fine! See! Rod smiled widely to show Vince he wasn t angry. Vince wiped his eyes with the back of his shelve. Rod crawled onto the bed and looked up at Vince, You ok? Vince stuttered, Yeah, I, I guess so. He stood, I m going to sleep on the couch, you can have the bed. No Vince its really ok, I& Vince walked out of the room but left the door open. Rod sighed and lay down. As he fell asleep he could hear a soft crying from the living room.

Rod rose from the bed as the first beam of sunlight shown through the window. He yawned and stretched then proceeded into the bathroom. Time for a nice shower, he said happily to himself. He undressed and entered the shower, closing the glass slide-door behind him. Not even five minutes later the bathroom door slammed open and Vince stormed in. Rod gasped and attempted to cover himself. Vince casually began to brush his teeth. He looked up into the mirror to see Rod panicking behind him. What s your problem? Vince asked with a mouthful of toothpaste. He spat into the sink and rinsed. Rod s face was bright red, Uhhh Vince& Oh yeah, I forgot, you are an only child. I m used to sharing a room and bathroom with three other guys so this is normal for me. This is actually saving us time, so you re just going to have to get used to sharing the bathroom at the same time. Just pretend like I m not here. Rod tried to keep his back turned to Vince as much as possible. Vince continued to do all his morning routines, straighten hair, style hair, deodorant, and body spray.

Eleven o clock was nearing. Hurry up sunshine or you ll be late for church! Vince shouted sarcastically from the kitchen where he was mixing a cup of coffee and blood for himself. He drank it down and grabbed the truck keys. Rod came trotting out of the bedroom, dressed nicely in a collared button-up shirt with a sweater-vest and slacks. While Vince sported jeans and a light pink hoodie.

After church Rod waited happily on a bench near the parking lot, waiting for Vince to arrive and pick him up. Twenty minutes passed before the light-blue pick-up truck rolled up to the black cat. Rod blissfully got in and they drove off. Any luck with the job hunt? Yeah actually, and I m sorry it took so long, I had to fill out some forms. Its ok. Rod noticed Vince was in a perkier mood than usual. Soooo where are you working? Don t laugh, McDonalds. Its hard for a 16 year old with no real job experience to get a good paying job, but hey we ll have food to eat and a roof over our heads. Rod smiled at him. So, how was your church experience? It was good, the preacher is really nice, he welcomed me to the church

himself. That's nice I'm glad you had fun. Rod was starting to feel uncomfortable, Vince are you feeling alright? I'm fine why do you ask? Well this is the nicest you've been to me since we met. Yeah, I was just thinking. You kind of remind me of this kid I used to live with. He was always in a happy-go-lucky mood and had an innocent personality. Like you in a way. That's nice, what was his name? Oh, his name was Matthew. A gray wolf, green eyes, really good kid.

They pulled up in front of a grocery store. We need food if you haven't noticed, Vince joked. Rod grabbed a cart and they began filling it with all kinds of things from waffles to oranges. In the corner of the dairy section were gallon jugs of blood. Here is a little info about vampire bats for you my boy. Sheep blood is the best stuff you can buy, and it tastes the best, but! It is like \$10 a gallon, which sucks @\$\$\$. So I always get stuck buying this shoot, He plopped a jug of dark red blood into the cart. Cow blood, cheapest stuff you can buy, only \$4 a gallon, tastes like shoot, but blood is necessary for the growing vampire. Pig's blood is also available but it is really high in fat and sodium and it's not all that much better tasting than cow blood. Rod seemed surprised That's actually pretty interesting. Really wow, most people don't give a shoot. The average adult vampire bat needs 2 cups of blood a day. Isn't that wonderful? Rod smiled that's just great. You know, I've never lived with or been friends with a cat before, enlighten me. Umm well, cats like fish and milk. I guess. Sushi is good. There really isn't much to cats. Vince was actually interested, Do cats really purr when you scratch them under the chin? Rod blushed, I'll never tell! Then I guess I'll just have to find out for myself! Vince scratched Rod under the chin and he began to purr almost instantly. His tail wagged slowly and peacefully as he drew himself closer to Vince and cuddled to his chest. Vince stopped and Rod quickly jumped away from him. Now aren't you just so fluffy and adorable? Rod noticed that people around them were starting to stare and whisper among themselves. Uhh Vince lets move on to the bathroom and beauty section. Good I need razors. You shave? Yep

When they reached the bathroom and beauty section Vince began to browse the women's razors. Wait a minute, I thought you shaved your face! Are you kidding me, do I really look like the kind of guy that would have facial hair? I'm so glad I don't have chest hair either, that's just nasty. I shave my legs and my pits. Body hair is gross. Rod was stunned Oh yeah, and I lost my eyeliner, go pick out me some, I wear jet black. Are you kidding me!?! I'm not going to do that, girls wear make-up! Not boys! And the boys that do wear make up are homos! I wear make-up and I'm a boy. Dose that make me a homo? Vince seemed irritated. Rod didn't know how to answer; he didn't mean to offend him. That's not what I meant, your really cool and Just stop, you can wait here, I'll save you the embarrassment. Rod felt a drop in the pit of his stomach as he watched Vince walk off. I really didn't mean to offend him, he whispered to himself and looked down at his shoes.

On the way home Rod still felt the need to apologize, I really didn't mean what I said Vince, I know your not used to living with a freak. You're not a freak! You're different and that's what makes you so cool. Vince was surprised You think I'm cool? Rod's mood brightened at the cheerful tone in Vince's voice. Yeah your totally awesome! Vince smiled Well its good to know you don't hate me. Of course not, I don't hate you, you haven't done anything wrong. Oh, I thought, Vince saddened Never mind. Lets try to stay in a happy mood. Yeah. Rod agreed. A silence fell over them and Rod stared out the window. Hey Vince? What's up? Last night& When you woke up& who is Ace? Vince's smile turned to a frown and he lit up a cigarette. No one, don't ask, he snapped. Rod felt a chill go up his spine, Sorry.

After carrying all the groceries into the apartment, Vince locked himself in the bathroom. Rod put all the food away by himself. He sighed deeply and stood outside of bathroom door. He knocked on the door, Vince I'm really sorry I didn't mean to make you upset, honest! There was no answer Vince come on just talk to me. Rod tried the handle but of course it was locked. He shook the handle and surprisingly the door swung open. There, sitting on the back of the toilet seat was a shocked Vince. He was in his boxers, a razor blade in his right hand; both his arms and thighs were covered in streams blood. A pile of bloodied toilet paper was overflowing the trashcan. Rod quickly slammed the door and ran out to the balcony.

About ten minutes later Vince joined him. Rod tried not to make contact. They stood staring into the sunset for a long while. Rod I. He stopped unable to get the words to come out. Rod smiled slightly, That's the first time you've said my name since we got here. Vince sat on the floor and put his head in his hands. Rod sat across from him. He knew Vince wanted to discuss sometime and he didn't want to rush him, so Rod was silent. Look, I'm sorry you had to see that. The last few days, they have just been really tough on me. Mentally I mean. And that. That's just how I get it out, ya know? Vince wiped tears from his eyes. He didn't want Rod to see him cry so he kept his eyes on ground. Your so dumb, Rod snapped, What if you messed up and cut a vein, what then? Who would die! I can't tell you how mean times I've heard that one, listen I've been cutting myself since I was thirteen. I'm not gonna screw up. Rod stared at him in disgust. You need help, find yourself a hobby or something. Rod stood up and walked back inside to ease his mind with television. Vince stayed outside till the sun had disappeared completely.

When Vince finally went inside he found Rod huddled in a ball, sleeping peacefully on the couch. Vince smiled and leaned over to brush a lock of hair away from Rod's nose. As he did so, a drop of blood

dripped onto the younger male's face. Vince drew his hand back in panic. He quickly examined the back of his forearm to discover it was completely soaked in blood. shoot! Vince's cry awoken Rod. Oh My God! Vince's eyes were wide and he quickly took off his shirt. Rod brought bandages to him, Hurry, you need to apply pressure to the wound or it won't stop bleeding! Rod I feel a little dizzy. Vince stumbled backwards and fell; the wall is the only thing that kept him in an up-right position. Try to keep your arm above your heart! I can't Vince's words were drained and he closed his eyes. Rod shook him You can't go to sleep damnit! You're not allowed to die on me! Rod had tears in his eyes. He kept Vince's arm on the table and bandaged it himself. He did all he could to keep Vince awake and talking. Vince can you hear me?! You're going to be okay! Okay?! Vince would mutter back to him quietly, Okaaay.

The madness continued until Rod had bandaged Vince and cleaned up all the blood. He washed his hands and face and brought a cold wet washcloth to Vince. Are you feeling better? Vince was now lying on the couch with his arm resting on the back of it. Rod wiped a speck of blood off Vince's face. You only did that because you need me. You need someone to make money and pay bills and hide you. Vince was still weary from the whole incident. That's not true! I did it because you're a good person. And I wasn't about to just let you die. Vince you've got to be kidding me. How can you say that I'm a good person? I'm a terrible person. No you're not. You helped me and you didn't even know me, you the best& you're the only friend I've ever had.

And this chapter comes to an end, isn't the ending so sweet? I know you just wanna eat them up! XP This chapter had some big emotional scenes. I like this one the best thus far, how bout you? And you know what, this chapter had more pages than my usual chapters. Yep this one has 7, the others typically have 6. You got extra! WOO!

10 - School & Work

Chapter 10&. Two digits& wow& it s a-flippin-mazing. Things are really starting to pick up in this story if I do say so myself, but I bet you re thinking Just go ahead and have them frack already! WELL&.. not yet, sorry. ^. ~

Chapter 10 is rated: PG-13 (for language and sexual content (not really bad))

Vince sipped his blood and coffee as he waited for Rod. Rod blissfully walked into the kitchen. He was dressed nicely, as usual. Can t you dress like a normal kid? Rod was puzzled, I ve always dressed like this. No wonder I m your only friend. They paused in thought. Rod, do you want friends like me? What do you mean? I mean freak friends like me, with the black and the make-up and the cutting and what not. Well sure, your cool Alright then we still have fifteen minutes before we have to leave for the bus so we have got to move fast.

Five minutes later Rod was dressed in a deep purple fishnet long-sleeved shirt. Over top of that, was a black T-shirt that had purple spider webs across the front. You can keep the pants, they re black so they blend. Vince took out a collar with chains around it that looked like lace. This is my gift to you. Never lose it. He strapped it around Rod s neck then stood back to look at him. You look so cute! Rod blushed and went into the bathroom to look at himself in the mirror. He smiled widely, Wow! This is so cool! He threw his arms around Vince s waist, Thank you so much! Vince tried not to smile and act

un-phased. He hugged him back a little, Okay that s enough. Get off me! There is one last finishing touch. What s that? Well let me ask you, are you man enough to ware eye-liner?

The gothic duo walked side-by-side to the bus stop. Great we get to rot in hell for seven hours, lucky us. Are you kidding school is fun! Vince looked at him as if he were an alien, If you keep up that attitude only gothic-nerds are gonna like you, good luck trying to find some of them. Honestly Rod, this year is going to suck. For all the other kids, school started over a month ago, which means they all already have their own little groups of friends. We will be lucky if we can make any friends. Actually I don t give a shoot they can all go frack themselves. Rod was still enthusiastic At least we will have each other! Vince took a long drag on his cigarette, Well I don t know about you, but I haven t had sex in over 5 days and it s driving me crazy. Hopefully I can find a dog or two. Rod was annoyed, You sick-o.

At the bus stop, none of the other kids talked to them. On the bus none of the other kids talked to them. All during the school day, people only talked to them when they had to. After sixth period Vince decided to take a smoke break. He casually walked around the side of the school to a narrow ally. There were a few other kids there, talking amongst themselves.

One person approached him. She was a cat. Her long purple hair had bangs that faded into pink at the tips. Striking light blue eyes stared Vince down. She had on a long dark purple skirt with a matching long-sleeved top. A cigarette rested lightly between her lips. She stared at him for a long time, making him feel awkward. Finally she took the cigarette out of her mouth and said something; You re that new guy that was with that black cat this morning, right? Yeah, what of it. You guys are cool, there aren t many people with my sense of style around here. What s your name? What s it to you? I m just curious. And I want to get to know that guy that was with you. Vince sighed, My name is Vince, his is Rod. Well then my name is Kitty! Nice to meet you Vince! There was a disturbing cheerfulness in the tone of her voice. I m in ninth grade, fourteen years old. What about you? And Rod? I m in the eleventh grade, sixteen years old. Rod is in tenth grade, fifteen years old. And what are you a stalker? No, like I said before, I m just curious. Gosh Vince are you always so tense? Lighten up! She threw her arms in the air and twirled around. *What a nutcase*, Vince thought. Soooo did you guys just move here? Yeah. Okay. What kind of music do you like? Rock, mostly emo rock, what else is worth listening to? She clapped, That s true! Suddenly the bell rang for seventh period. I should get going, I can skip too many classes! Bye Vince I hope we can talk again soon! She then took off running. Vince watched her until she disappeared around the corner of the ally, What a psychopathic freak.

At the end of the day, Vince waited patiently by the side of the building for Rod to arrive. Rod walked up to Vince slowly with his head lowered. What's wrong with you? Vince was concerned, but tried to act cool about it. Rod didn't answer. You don't have to talk if you don't want to. I think we're just gonna walk home ok?

The walk home was silent and depressing. Rod stared at the ground the whole way. When they arrived home he locked himself in the bathroom. Vince did his homework quietly; he didn't want to intrude on Rod's personal space. *When he is ready to talk about it, he will.* Vince thought. A few minutes passed, then Rod came to join Vince at the table. He promptly began working on math homework. Vince shifted his eyes to look at Rod. He saw bandages on his face and assumed he had gotten in a fight, and had apparently but sadly, lost. Vince remained calm, Be sure to put peroxide on it or it may get infected. I know.

Vince finished his homework and quickly changed his clothes. Rod was confused, What are you doing? I have work remember? Oh yeah! Rod bid him goodbye and watched him leave. While he was alone Rod completed his homework carefully and finished a book that he didn't need to have read for three more weeks. It's always nice to get ahead!

When Vince arrived home, he found Rod sleeping face down in a book on the couch. Vince shouted angrily and punched at the wall. Rod woke up startled, but attempted to calm the furious bat down. Vince! Calm down it's ok! What happened?! Vince sighed deeply and breathed in calming himself. Lets just say& I need to start job hunting again. Already? What happened?! I don't want to talk about it.

~Flashback at McDonald's~

A rather large man was ordering food from Vince's register. What's good here?! Vince was already annoyed by the man's screaming children that were bickering in the background, Well sir, personally I hate it all. Hey you can't talk to me like that! His children had knocked over a table and gotten into the ketchup dispenser. They were completely covered in ketchup, and proceeded to stomp in it and throw it at one another. One of the children slipped and landed on the leg of the table they had knocked, it snapped in half. Vince groaned, You're going to have to pay for that sir. The man was enraged, First you're a rude little asshole, now you're trying to tell me I am going to have to pay for something that was clearly not my fault!? What is wrong with you, you fucking punk?! Vince gritted his teeth, Sir it is your fault, you should have been watching your children. And if you wouldn't mind please keep your language clean, there are young children here, other than yours. I'll say shoot and fuck as much as I fucking want to you little dog! I want to speak with your damned manager!

When the manager appeared the man explained what had happened. I was trying to decide what to order so I asked this young man's opinion on what was good. He replied quite rudely and basically told me everything was terrible. He started using very foul language and it startled my little girl. Therefore she stepped back and accidentally knocked over the table, which caused a chain reaction where the ketchup dispenser fell over onto the table and snapped the leg in half. My little girl slipped on ketchup and desperately grabbed onto her brother's arm to keep herself up, only to drag him down with her in the process. The manager looked at Vince, Well Vince what do you have to say about all this? Vince's mouth was open in disbelief, That was bull-shit! He wasn't watching his kids! The manager was outraged How dare you use that type of language in my restaurant and how dare you lie to me! But I'm not lying! Vince I'm sorry, but here the customer is always right, I'm going to have to let you go. And your paycheck for today should just about cover the damages.

Moments later Vince found himself outside the restaurant, with a cigarette hanging from his mouth. Dammit. Now how am I going to pay the bills. We hardly have any money to eat.

~Back to reality~

Vince threw himself onto the couch. Rod was concerned, It'll all be ok, and maybe you should try a job that doesn't involve working with people directly. Vince looked at Rod with tears in his eyes, I'm a failure. I can't do anything. Rod instinctively threw his arms around Vince and held him tight. You're not a failure! Don't talk like that, things like this happen! Vince embraced him back and whispered, You're so much alike, but so different, it drives me crazy. What? Vince pulled back, Nothing! It's nothing just shut up and leave me alone. He crossed his arms and turned away from Rod. They were silent for quite some time, then Rod spoke up softly You know, if you need someone to talk to, I'll listen, really I will. I won't judge you, I promise. I just, I just want you to be happy. Vince's eyes widened and he quickly stood up, his voice was cracking as if he were about to burst into tears, I need to be alone. He dashed off to the bedroom, once again leaving Rod alone and confused. Rod bit his lip as thoughts of the white vampire filled his head, *I really just want him to be happy. Happy with, me.* Rod gasped to himself, *What am I thinking!?* He shook his head and breathed in deeply. He raised his hands to his face to cup his cheeks. As he held his face, for some odd reason he noticed he was warm, *Am I blushing!?* *Why! No! Stop! Stop! Uggggh! I need to just, just stop!*

His eyes shifted to the door where Vince was most likely crying on the other side. Rod quietly and softly tiptoed over and pressed his ear to the door. He could faintly hear the soft sobbing of the older male. Rod's hand slowly slid down and gripped the handle of the door. He turned it ever so slowly, surprised that it was actually unlocked. He pushed the door open then silently slipped inside and stood over Vince. Rod attempted to speak, but no words would come out. So he lay next to the saddened creature and looked at the back of his head. Vince turned, his lonely watered eyes met burning concerned ones. A small smile crossed Rod's face as he brushed a lock of wavy hair from the face of the being that lay before him. They stared into each other's eyes deeply; reading the other's emotions. Vince closed his eyes slowly leaned in and pressed his soft lips to Rod's.

HAHA! Cliffhanger! Take that! WOOO? Now will Rod accept it? Or will he push Vince away. Is the story finally getting good? I think so! Yeah. I'm so good. I know XD

11 - Rejection and Acceptance

Chapter eleven! 11! Double pocky sticks! Lol yes, pocky yummm. This will be a very yummerful chapter!

Chapter 11 is rated: PG (I can t think of what for, but I know its not G)

Rod s eyes shot open wide. Without thinking, Rod leaned into Vince and returned the kiss then smoothly broke apart. His red fire-like eyes stared into Vince s. Rod was shocked; no words could express the intense emotion he was filled with. Vince smiled widely and pulled Rod closer to him. By now the cat s face had grown red. Vince held Rod as close to him as possible. Rod s head lay softly in the perfect spot on Vince s shoulder. Vince kissed the top of Rod s head and breathed softly into his ear. Rod moved his hand to Vince s chest and gripped his shirt tightly. He wanted this moment to last forever. Vince broke the silence, Rod? Rod was hesitant, Yes? Why did you let me kiss you? Rod blushed and didn t answer. I ve only known you for a few days and to top it off, I m a freak. You let me steal your first kiss. And I don t understand why. You didn t steal it. I gave it to you and even though it has only been a couple of days, I feel like I ve known you forever. You are the only one who ever even acted like they cared about me, other than my parents. Vince sighed, You re the only one I have to care for, or to care for me&. Anymore&. Rod noticed the sadder tone in his voice. He sat up and looked down on the chubby bat with waved hair. *He looks absolutely adorable. Wait. What am I thinking? He just kissed me! I just kissed him! We kissed! Oh My Gosh! This is big and I ve been acting all calm about it. Ok breathe, Rod, breathe. Does this mean he actually really cares about me? UGGG! I don t know! Ok, I just need to calm down and talk.* Rod swallowed, Vince remember, if you ever need to talk about anything, I ll be more than glad to listen. Vince yawned cutely, Thanks, maybe one day I will. Vince rolled onto his side and closed his eyes. Goodnight Rod. Sweet Dreams. Rod smiled, Yeah, you too. Goodnight. Rod lay next to him and curled up into a ball. He twitched his nose and replayed his first kiss over and over in his

mind until he finally drifted to sleep.

When Rod woke he was alone. He found Vince in the kitchen drinking his blood-coffee and smoking a cigarette, as usual. Vince was already dressed and ready for school. Rod poured himself a glass of orange juice and closed the fridge. Vince spoke, About last night, it never happened, got it? Rod just looked at him in question. Vince had no expression on his face, I don't want a relationship like that with you. Rod bit his lip and turned away from him.

Weeks passed. Rod and Vince didn't talk often and there always seemed to be an awkward feeling between them. Rod hadn't smiled since his first kiss. Vince slept on the couch every night. Vince had somehow gotten a job serving drinks at a bar from ten p.m. to two a.m. on weeknights. Neither of them had made any friends at school. Vince hadn't seen Kitty since the first time they met. Vince struggled to maintain his grades at least a C average. Vince had never been good in school but lately his grades had been worse than ever. Rod however was extremely slipping in school. He always seemed to be distracted and no longer made straight A's. He even got a D in math on his progress report. The only thing that kept Rod from just giving up completely was going to church every Sunday.

Rod woke as the first ray of sunlight beamed on him from the window. It was Saturday. He raised an eyebrow as he stepped into the living room to find Vince lying on his stomach on the floor. Vince looked up at him. Rod was a bit annoyed, You never came home last night. Vince seemed drained. It got really hectic at the bar. I wound up working for an extra hour. Then you should have been home around three fifteen. Vince looked at him angrily, What are you my mother? Whatever Rod stepped over him and went into the kitchen. Vince managed to drag himself into the dining room and pull himself up into a chair. He laid his head on the table. Rod began pulling pans out of cabinets, How do you want your eggs? Vince raised his head, You're actually going to cook for me? Rod placed a glass of blood in front of him, If you promise you'll never stay out that late without calling me again. I was worried ya know and a little pissed. Vince smirked, I see, ok fine I'll never make you worry like that again. Man you're like my wife. Heh, and I like my eggs scrambled.

Rod went to make breakfast but listened to Vince as he spoke. I was thinking, now that we have gotten everything settled and our lives seem pretty stable I want to start a band. A band? Yeah, drums, bass,

a few guitars, vocals, you know, the works. And how are you going to get that to work? Well I was hoping you could play drums, I play bass then we just need to find someone to sing and someone to play guitar. We write some songs and have band practice. Maybe we'll go places. Rod laughed slightly as he put two plates of food on the table and sat down. I think you're living in a dream world. Vince took a bite of toast, I think you should try and be positive and confident. Will you play? Rod thought for a moment, Sure. It sounds like fun. I've always wanted to be in a band. That's what I wanted to hear.

That day at school Vince skipped some classes and talked to quite a few ninth graders. He approached a group of normal looking girls, Do any of you know a girl named Kitty? She's a cat and has long purple hair. The girls looked him up and down. One of them spoke up, I have her in my science class next period. Perfect! Could you please tell her to meet me in the ally behind the cafeteria after school? The girl seemed hesitant. Ummm my name is Vince and I just need to talk to her. Okay, I'll let her know. Vince thanked her and ran off.

After school Vince smoked a cigarette and waited for Kitty. He had told Rod to go home without him. Kitty walked up to him casually. She smiled, I never thought you would actually want to talk to me! Vince couldn't help but smile back at her cheery attitude, I wanted to ask you a few questions. Well go ahead, I'm not getting any younger! Well first of all, do you play an instrument? Well in school I play the viola and I sing in chorus. But I've been playing guitar out of school for a few years now. Good, can I hear you play sometime soon? Sure! I can play for you today if you want! My dad picks me up from school, you can come home with me and I can get my guitar and we can go back to your place. Or I could just let you hear me at my house if you hate me or something. Vince laughed at her, I don't hate you and we'll see what happens when we get to your house.

Kitty's father looked at Vince in disgust but took him home along with his daughter anyway. Upon arriving to Kitty's house, Vince could tell she had a lot of money. Three stories, seven bedrooms and five bathrooms, a den and three-door garage. Kitty led him to her room, it was fuzzy and pink. Strangely her closet consisted of dark clothing. Vince expected her wardrobe to consist of preppy miniskirts and halter-tops. Kitty plugged in her guitar, Okay this is something I wrote myself, so don't laugh. She played amazingly. When she finished Vince was pleased, That was beautiful. She smiled widely and jumped up and down, You really liked it? No one has ever really cared that I play guitar! Vince smirked, So I was wondering, do you wanna join my band? She was shocked, Really? You mean a real band that plays together and gets gigs? Um, yeah. I've been waiting for this moment my whole life! I'll take that as a yes. You want to come over to my apartment and meet my drummer? Your drummer? Yeah, Rod. Wait you mean that black cat with the red eyes you were with on the first day of school? That

would be him. Oh My Gosh! This is so Perfect! Yes Yes! Take me home with you! She was obviously overjoyed. We can sneak out with one of my Dad s cars. It s too far to walk.

Vince unlocked the door and Kitty bolted in. Vince shouted, Rod we have company, if you re naked put some clothes on! Rod appeared in the doorway of their bedroom. Kitty immediately ran up to him and threw her arms around him, You re so adorable! Rod was shocked and looked at Vince as if to say, What the hell!? Rod, I d like you to meet our new guitarist and singer. Kitty released Rod and turned to Vince, I m going to sing too? Well you did say you sang in school. She nodded Ok, well now I want to hear you guys play! I want to hear something you wrote, no crap you copied from some famous band, too!

Rod and Vince took turns playing for her. You guys are so fricking good! I m stunned! Vince and Rod glanced at each other with smiles on their faces. Kitty stretched out on the couch. You guys live here alone? Vince answered her Yep. Wow, I can t wait till I can move out. My parents give me everything I want, but I want to be able to make it on my own and just get away, be independent. Rod commented, Heh, no you don t. Trust me. Its not as easy as it looks. She thought, Hmm, maybe you re right. She looked at the clock, Oh my Gosh, it s getting late and I have a ton of homework to get done! Here. She wrote her cell phone number on a slip of paper and handed it to Rod, You guys call me soon so we can practice and hang out and stuff! Bye! She looked back at them as she walked out. They waved her goodbye.

The boys stood in silence taking in all that had just happened. Vince jammed his elbow into Rod s side. Soooooo, do you like her? Rod blushed What?! I don t know what you re talking about, she is just a girl, and she is just our guitarist. That s all! You like her! I do not! Dude, you re totally blushing! Rod covered his face with his hands and turned away, I am not! Vince laughed at him then breathed in deeply, You know she likes you, right? Rod plopped on the couch and answered stubbornly, She does not. Vince sat beside him and started play fighting with him, She does too! Rod fought back with a light punch, I don t know what you re talking about. Vince kicked Rod off of the couch; She has a thing for you man. Rod looked up at him, Whatever.

What a cute ending! Yep. Well its almost four in the morning and my dad will be waking up for work soon
X_X I need to hurry up and go to bed! So bye for now!

12 - The Band, and a New Romance?

Chapter 12, yeah.. Hmmmm what to do what to do. Ten chapters ago I would have never imagined this story would get this interesting, but it has. I have a feeling that this chapter is going to take a few days to finish, cause I m not feeling it right now. Sarah will be angry, but she will just have to wait ^. ~

Two weeks after creating the band, it was time for their first band practice. Rod and Vince were setting up their equipment and making room in the center of the living room. They pushed the couch back and moved the coffee table into the other room. It was late on a Friday evening. Strangely, Kitty s parents agreed to let her stay the night at their apartment. The boys waited patiently for her to arrive.

Half past eight Kitty knocked on the door. Vince answered and she blissfully trotted into the room and set up her guitar and amplifier along side their instruments. Vince sat on the floor next to Rod, First motive of business, write songs and tabs. I think one of us should write tabs, play it then the others follow along. Kitty was calm for once, That should work out best I suppose. We should put lyrics to it last. Rod agreed, Okay now, does anyone have anything we can start with? Kitty picked up her guitar and played a tune. Vince listened for a while then began to play along with her. Last Rod joined in with a perfect beat in the background. Suddenly they all stopped. Kitty shouted, Quick! Before we forget what we just played write it down! They did so.

This happened multiple times that night; they completed four full-length songs within four hours.

Although, they never got around to writing lyrics for any of their songs. The clock neared one and they decided to call it quits for the night. Vince and Rod pulled out the couch into a bed. They relaxed and watched television. Kitty randomly sat up and examined the two boys she had been laying beside. You guys are so awesome! They looked up at her then at each other, smiled and returned their attention to the program they had been watching. Come on guys! Turn off the T.V. and lets all get to know each other better! Vince kept his eyes fixed on the T.V., I don t screw around with people I just met. Kitty gasped, That is not what I meant and you know it! How do I know that s not what you meant, I don t really know what you re like. Well then turn off the T.V. and you can get to know what I m really like. Rod turned off the television to get them to both shut up. Rod sat up and looked at them silently. Vince did the same, Okay now that she has our full attention, what would the pretty little kitty like to say? She glared at him, Very funny, I just thought that if we are going to make this band work, we should know everything about each other. No secrets! That way we won t have that awkward feeling when someone is being mysterious. She waved her fingers in the air as she said this. Vince looked a little disgusted, You want us to have girl talk like chicks? That s so lame. AWWW Come on Guys! Rod yawned and leaned back. Kitty grabbed him by the shirt collar and put her face close to his, Am I boring you? Would you rather sleep than spend time with me? Is that it? You haven t said much at all, all night! Do you hate me!? Rod s eyes grew wide and confused. His voice was a bit timid, Are you bi-polar? Kitty released him and sat back down. She lowered her face and twiddled her thumbs together, I m sorry. I guess I m just a little hyper. I didn t mean to make you angry or scared or anything, honest. Rod and Vince stared at each other in confusion. Kitty began to cry. The boys panicked. Rod was first to comfort her. He got up on his knees and placed his hand on her shoulder. Its okay, we don t hate you! Really, I guess I m just nervous around new people. That s why I haven t been talking much. Why don t you just tell us more about yourself? Rod smiled at her. She looked up with her tear filled eyes then jumped on him, throwing her arms around him. He fell backwards and she landed on top of him. She squealed from excitement. Rod s face turned bright red and he looked to Vince for help. Vince sat on the edge of the bed watching them with a smile on his face, Should I leave you two alone? Rod burst out, NO! Kitty laughed and got off him, Your so cute Rod!

Rod sat backed up, swallowed and took a deep breath. Okay lets try to be serious. Kitty calmed herself quickly, So how did you guys wind up becoming emancipated minors? A silence fell upon them. Vince decided to break it, I got lucky and got out of an orphanage because we were running out of beds and I had better grades than the guy that was older than me. Rod was the one that was going to take my place, but it didn t work out that way. I just so happened to find him and I guess you could say I kidnapped him, but I prefer saying I saved him from three years with the worst headmaster ever. Kitty looked to Rod, Why were you having to go to an orphanage? Rod s words were quiet, My parents died in a car crash. I have no other living relatives that I know of. Kitty s face saddened, Oh& She took him into a comforting embrace, I m so sorry, I didn t mean to bring it up. She pulled away and lifted his chin to look at her. A small smile appeared on her lips, Look at it this way, now you get to live here with an awesome guy like Vince. Your now in a band and can be independent and if you re interested, I ll give you all the love and attention you ll ever need. She bit her lip with the last sentence. A light blush grew on her face as she sat back down. Vince smirked, Well now. She gets right to the point now doesn t she? Kitty giggled. Rod shook his head to get himself to focus. Now, heh heh Kitty? Why don t you share something about you? Oh sure! Ummmm I don t know! Oh! One time I got a piece of sushi stuck

in my throat at a restaurant and my parents were all like Oh My Gosh! So anyway I was choking and gagging and some really nice guy came up to me and did the Heimlich maneuver and the sushi shot right across the room into my boyfriend's eye and it ruined his contacts and contacts are expensive so he took us to court for money so he could buy new ones and to top it all off he got an eye infection. He wasn't a very good boyfriend needless to say, and I dumped his lame @\$\$. He didn't even help me when I was choking. Vince and Rod were stunned. What does that have to do with anything? Vince asked. I don't know. Rod raised an eyebrow at her, Okay...

The three of them had random conversations several times that night. They didn't speak of anything deep or emotional, just casual things such as music and clothes. Around the time the clock struck three they fell to sleep.

Rod slowly opened his eyes to see Vince standing over him with a smirk on his face. A lit cigarette rested between his lips that were curved into an evil smile. Rod blinked a few times in wonder then came to realize why Vince looked as he did. Kitty's body was stretched over his and her face was cuddled softly to his left shoulder. As she lay on him, she purred softly. Rod's eyes grew wide and a blush formed at his cheeks. They remained this way in silence for several moments till Vince began to quietly chuckle under his breath. Rod looked to him for help. The movement of Rod's head woke Kitty. She sat up cutely and stretched her arms. She rubbed her eyes and yawned. What? She asked, looking at the two boys before her. Vince then burst out with laughter as Rod tried to calm himself. What did I just miss? Her voice was cute and innocent. Vince scratched his head and ran his fingers through his messy wavy hair. Nothing, let's find something for breakfast. As Kitty rose to follow Vince to the kitchen Rod noticed that both of them were in their under ware. He looked down to discover that he too had sometime last night, taken his clothes off. His blush grew to a deep red. He brought his hands up to cover his face. He quickly pulled back, for he felt something wet. Upon examining his hands he discovered it was blood, he inspected his face further to find he had a nosebleed. Vince poked his head around the corner to look at Rod Are you bleeding? Rod covered his nose and Vince walked towards him. Yep, here Vince pulled out several tissues from a box on top of the T.V. Press these to your nose and keep your head back. Rod did as he was instructed, I feel so stupid. An evil smile appeared on Vince's face as he leaned in close to Rod. His voice lowered to a whisper, Too much blood rushing from one place to another? Rod bit his lip and tried his hardest to keep his voice hushed, Shut up! I haven't been this embarrassed in my entire life! At least now I know you can get hard. I was starting to wonder since you're so innocent and such. Rod's mouth dropped, I can't believe you just said that. You freak! Why were you wondering? That!? Can you blame me? You never talk about girls or guys or whatever you're in to. You never so much as bring anything sexual into any conversation no matter what. For normal teenage guys, sex is just about all they think about!

Kitty called to them from the dining room, Are you guys ok in there? If your fracking around tell me and I ll come join in! Vince and Rod stopped their argument and stared each other in the eye. Vince began to walk away towards the dining room to Kitty. He took a seat across from her. She was eating cereal with blood instead of milk. Vince looked at her with question. She finished what she was chewing; I guess I should have mentioned it earlier. I m half vampire bat. My father is a cat and my mother is a bat. I know I don t look it; the only thing I got is the fangs. I get screwed out of wings and it sucks @\$\$\$. I want to fly! Vince sipped his coffee, Interesting. Rod s nose stopped bleeding and he had just entered the room and heard her. Vince smiled, You mutt. She pouted. I m just picking gosh calm down and eat your damned cereal. She flicked a co-co pebble at him. Rod sat in silence as the two of them playfully bickered.

Kitty finished her cereal and began packing up her things. Her cheery attitude shown after she was fully awake. You guys are so much fun! Last night was awesome! We need to hang out and have practice more often. But I got stuff to do with family, so I m going to be busy for the rest of the weekend. I have tons of cousins. Uggg family reunions suck. She gave Vince a small hug, but squeezed Rod tightly. They hugged her back and bid her goodbye. We will see you on Monday, take care of yourself. Vince stated nicely. Bye guys! She winked at Rod and shut the door behind her.

That was great wasn t it guys? What a rush! (Literally for Rod, LMAO) yep and this concludes chapter 12. But I have a surprise for you! Its quiz time! Ok its simple, in your comment for this chapter, post the correct answers to these questions. This is just a fun quiz to see if you have been paying attention. If you can post all the correct answers then you get to give me a request! WEEEEEEEEEE ok here we goooooooooo!

[o!]

- How old is Rod?

- Kitty is a mix between what two types of animals?

- Vince is currently working where?

- How did Rod's parents die?

- What are the names of the three boys Vince shared a room with at the orphanage?

- According to Vince, which tastes better; cow or sheep blood?

- What color are Vince's eyes? (This is a hard one, be specific!)

- Kitty plays what instrument?

- What color of eyeliner does Vince wear?

- What do you think of Kitty? (I just want to know your opinion)

[/o]

Well that's it. Go for it! You may have to look back for some answers!

13 - Birthdays

Chapter 13, Hey I m 13! Well one week from today, I will be 14! Weeeee Partay! This is going to be a very big informational chapter I suppose, very nice. It s going to make you go OHHHH I get it now! Yep yep, Are you excited? I know I am! WEEE!

XP Hmm **looks around** I don t know what else to put in this space&. I can t think of what to say. Oh well, lets just move on with the show, intermission time is over!

Chapter 13 is rated: PG-13ish I suppose, for language violence and umm I don t know, its okay.

When Monday arrived Vince and Rod followed their every day routine. Wake up, go to school, come home, do homework then Vince leaves for work. Rod sat on the couch reading a book when he noticed a red blinking light on their answering machine. He stared at it strangely for a bit, then walked over to it. *I didn t even know we had an answering machine.* Rod thought. He clicked the play button and listened

to and electronic voice, You have one missed call. Then a fairly large screen appeared over the answering machine. *This must have been Mom and Dad s. A picture phone, let alone a picture answering machine is really expensive.* When the picture came to the screen there were three boys Rod had never seen before. The youngest one was a gray wolf. He spoke first, Oh My Gosh Vince! You never call us or anything! What

s your problem, man? The oldest one was a bat like Vince, except he was black with brown eyes and wasn't nearly as chubby as Vince. Yeah you penis wrinkle, you think you can just forget about us now that you left? The one between the ages of the other two seemed to be the smartest. He was a brown mongoose. He talked calmly and quietly and was precise in his words. You should at least try to get in touch with us once in a while. We worry about you, ya know? The gray wolf playfully punched the bat, Yeah! Ace especially worries about you. Ace punched him back, but with actual force. Shut up turd for brains. Look Vince what we really called for is to tell you. The wolf cut him off HAPPY BIRTHDAY! The mongoose spoke next, November 23rd only comes around once a year. We care about you Vince. Ace practically pushed the other two out of the picture, You're seventeen now, but in a few days I'll be eighteen and out of this dump too. We can't make this message long, since you're out of state this is long distance but... don't forget about me ok? Ace saddened as he spoke. Keep in touch, call me sometime. He looked down, Happy birthday. The message ended.

Rod sat in silence wondering about the message he had just heard. *Ace, where I have I heard that name before?* He shook his head, *That doesn't matter right now. It's Vince's birthday and I didn't even know. Why didn't he tell me!?* Rod spoke to himself, I know! I'll bake him a cake! He won't be home for a few more hours. For the next three hours Rod baked a strawberry cake with cream cheese icing. He attempted to decorate it by drawing a bat on it and writing Happy Birthday in black frosting. On the four corners were black flowers. Rod wiped icing from his cheek and smiled. This cake turned out pretty well if I do it myself! The cake was a reasonable size for two people.

Around two in the morning Rod patiently waited for Vince's arrival. He stood close to the door holding the cake. *He should be home any minute now,* Rod thought. In a short while Vince appeared at the door. He unlocked it and stepped in. He was in surprise as he saw the cake Rod was holding, How did you know it was my birthday? Rod sat the cake down on the kitchen table. A message for you was left on the answering machine, I didn't delete it. Go look! Vince took off his coat and sat on the couch. As the screen came up, Vince smiled longingly. He listened to it intently. When it finished he remained on the couch. Vince brought his legs up to his chest and leaned back. He thought deeply and wiped his eyes. Rod entered the room carrying two pieces of cake. He quickly realized Vince was unhappy and

attempted to cheer him up. Here, he handed him the cake, Eat as much as you want, I hardly ever see you eat. Vince's voice was quiet, I've had too much to think about lately. I didn't realize that I really don't eat much anymore. Well it's your birthday! I want you to be happy! Really! Please cheer up. We have school in the morning and it's already almost three, we need to get to sleep. Vince finished his cake and went off to bed.

Rod followed soon after. He lay down and covered himself. Vince turned to face him, Thank you, for making the cake I mean you didn't have to do that. Rod was cheery, You're welcome, and I wanted to do something for you. After all, it is your birthday. Yeah They fell quiet for a while till Rod spoke again, this time with a more serious tone, Vince, you always look so sad. I feel&. I feel so horrible when I see you that way. I just want you to be happy. If there is anything I can do, please just tell me. Vince looked shocked, Rod, why do you care about me so much? I& I don't know, I guess it's because, I have this new life because of you. Thanks to you I was able to do things I wanted to do not just things I was told to do. I guess I'm starting to realize who I really am, starting to know myself a bit more. But & I don't know. Vince blinked, Oh, Okay well then I'm glad for you. He sighed and rolled over, Goodnight Rod. Yeah, goodnight Vince.

A few days passed. When Vince got home from work on December third he sat on the couch with the phone. Rod was fast asleep in the bedroom. Vince took a deep breath in mental preparation. I can do this. He whispered to himself. He slowly punched in the number and held the phone to his ear. It rang several times before he heard a familiar voice answer. Hello? Vince hesitated; Hi There was a silence. Vince? Is that you? Vince laughed a little and bit his lip, Yeah. It's been a while. Wow, I never thought you would actually call. Well you called me on my birthday, so Happy 18th. I'm glad I was able to catch you before you left the orphanage. So, how has life been without me? Vince smirked, Lonely. No really it's been ok I guess. I have a job serving drinks at a bar and I go to school. That's about it I guess. How is that kid you took with you? Oh Rod? He's fine I guess. He was really lame when I first met him but I can handle him now. He isn't such a little good boy anymore. Well that's good, at least you have one friend. Yeah, now how is life for you without me? The same I guess. The only difference is, you aren't here. Landon is still a bookworm. I am still under suspicion that Matthew is gay. Roxanne still dates tons of people. You know, it's just the usual stuff. And uh, Vince? Yeah? Why didn't you try to call me before? Well when I left, you seemed really mad. And that fight we had when I told you I was leaving. I, I was just scared that you hated me or something. Vince I could never hate you. I love you. I always have and I always will. A tear rolled down Vince's cheek as that was said to him. I love you too Ace, and I always will. Vince smiled. Ace laughed, Will you always? Always. You know what they say, Absence makes the heart grow fonder. I think they are right. Things just haven't been the same without you Vince. I know what you mean. I hate waking up with no one beside me. Vince sighed, I'm depressed all the time and it's all your fault, Ace Craft. Well, Vincent Morall! Life isn't so easy for me either. And don't you have school in the morning? Yeah, but I'm ditching tomorrow. Don't skip too much or you'll fail. I know I know. Hey, aren't you moving tomorrow? Where are you going? I'm not

moving out of state like you did, just a couple blocks away. I m getting even closer to the beach so that s a plus. I guess I m just going to have to work things out. If you adjusted so nicely, then I can too, right? Yeah Ace, you can do anything. Are you mocking me? Well, remember that time you got drunk and thought you could walk on water? It didn t end well. You almost drown. I had to fracking save you. Then there was that other time you thought you were bulletproof and shot yourself in the foot. You were stuck in the hospital for a few days then you had a cast on your foot and couldn t walk for weeks. It was a pain in the @\$\$ for me to have to help you with the wheelchair. Especially because our room was on the third floor and there was no elevator. Ace laughed, Well you shouldn t have let me shoot myself! You know I m a stupid conceded drunk! Hey all that wasn t my fault! Man, we got ourselves into a lot of shoot before didn t we? We sure did. Ace, do you remember when I was fifteen and you got like buried alive? Yeah, I got into a real bad fight, they thought they killed me so they buried me real deep under the pier. It got late and you went out to look for me. You just so happened to run into them and hear them talking about it. Luckily you dug my up before I suffocated. Aren t I just the lucky ducky? Vince laughed, That was the night I realized I loved you, you anal dwelling butt monkey! Uhhggg you have no idea how fracking worried I was. Ha Ha! You love me! You love me too! Shut up! Man we are slow! I know, right!? But you re my slow little vampire Ditto Vince, I m so glad you called. It s really nice to hear your voice again. Yeah, I was really nervous, but I m glad I got to talk to you again. Vince? Do you realize is like five in the morning? Yeah I guess I should get to bed soon, Rod will wake up for school and I have to fake sick. I m just gonna sleep all day. Lucky you, I got to pack in the morning and get out before headmaster kills me. But Vince, I know you get real depressive sometimes and you feel like giving up. You need to have something to believe in and keep you going. We have been over this before and I know the church has wronged you. But that shouldn t stop you from believing. So I ll tell you what my mother always told me. You hate it when I say it but, Tenga fe en dios. I ll try Ace, I ll try. Well I love you Vince, goodnight. I love you too Ace, sleep well.

Rod woke to find Vince shivering beside him. He shook Vince to wake him, Are you ok? Oh, I got in really late last night, and I think I might have come down with something. I feel really sick. Oh, well let me take your temperature. No I just took some medicine not too long ago, my fever is going down. Ok, well you get some rest I ll make you some soup. Ok. Rod got ready for school quickly and cooked for Vince. He made chicken noodle soup, poured a cup of blood and filled a glass of water. He brought it to Vince on a platter. Hey Vince woke at the sound of his voice and sat up, leaning against the wall behind him. I hope you like chicken noodle! He placed the tray on his lap. Don t eat any dairy products it might upset your stomach. Make sure to drink plenty of clear liquids to flush your system. And I don t want you dieing on me, so make sure to drink your blood, ok? Vince was really surprised; You didn t have to do this for me. No, I wanted to. Now I have to get to school, you get better. Try and keep the covers off, if you can, so your body temperature will cool and help the fever go down. Well thank you for breakfast. Don t mention it, bye Vince. Later kid. Rod left for school. Vince was alone in the eerily quiet apartment. He took a drink of blood and swallowed, Wow, I m good at lying

And now Chapter 13 is over! Wow, yeah this was a heavy chapter. So Vince and Ace are in love&. What about Rod? &OOOO here comes the Drama! Vince is too good at lying, bad boy! Oh and by the way, if you re wondering, Tenga fe en dios means have faith in God, in Spanish. Was the telephone conversation too hard to read? I made it to where Vince spoke then Ace then Vince then Ace and so on back in forth& I hope it was ok.

14 - On Christmas

Chapter 14& I will be 14 on Tuesday. I am depressed right now&some jerk flamed one of my pics. >.<
He makes me sad inside, I was in a really good mood today and he freaking ruined it! Uggg I need love&
I feel so alone& anyway; I m here to give you what you want, more to my story that for some odd reason
you keep reading.

Christmas Day. Vince, Kitty and Rod had their first gig at the bar Vince worked at. Bands played there all the time and Vince was somehow able to talk his boss into letting his band play. Everyone has to start somewhere, Vince mumbled under his breath. They were the third band up, and they patiently waited backstage for the second band to finish. Kitty was playing her guitar and singing to go over the song, while Vince tuned his bass. Rod went over the tabs on his practice pads one last time. Vince spoke to them as they practiced, You guys ready? This is what all our effort was for. Kitty looked up and smiled, We got this! Rod finished his warm-up; You should have tuned your bass before we got here Vince. I unlike someone I know, had work. Since I took off for the night, I had to work in the day time. Kitty chimed in, Don t fight boys, we re on winter vacation! And this is our first gig! I m so excited! She squealed, People are actually going to hear us play! This has got to be one of the greatest days of my life! The boys smiled at her then an announcement came on over the intercom. Okay ladies and gentlemen, it s time for our third band of the night! They haven t named their band as of yet, so I guess I will just have to tell you their names. They walked on stage and prepared themselves to perform.

Drummer, Rod Bryant. Bassist, Vince Morall. And the pretty little guitarist, Kitty Kat. She is also the lead vocalist. Kitty then took the mike and spoke to the crowd, Well you all look lovely tonight!, The audience cheered, Tonight we are going to play you a song that we have been working on for a while. It s called My Sorrow . Kitty then began to sing, opening with the chorus, and the boys played along with her.

* * *

You stole my heart from me

Give it back

You took a part of me

Give it back

Take me by the hand

Don't let go

You do it cause you can

But this is my sorrow

I cried in spite of you

But all I really wanted to hear

Is you say,

I love you too

You stole my heart from me

Give it back

You took a part of me

Give it back

Take me by the hand

Don't let go

You do it cause you can

But this is my sorrow

You pushed me around

Abused me

My face in the ground

Used me

You stole my heart from me

Give it back

You took a part of me

Give it back

Take me by the hand

Don't let go

You do it cause you can

But this is my sorrow

The worst is, I let you

I thought if I did

You would say,

I love you too

You stole my heart from me

Give it back

You took a part of me

Give it back

Take me by the hand

Don't let go

You do it cause you can

But this is my sorrow

* * *

They performed beautifully and the audience loved them. The announcer hushed them, That was a great performance! Thank you, Kitty, Rod and Vince for gracing us with that wonderful melody. Next up& The voice was droned out as the three of them left the stage. They exited through the back door carrying their instruments. Vince lit up a cigarette and they walked in silence. Kitty was walking ahead of them but suddenly stopped. She turned to look at them, Did what I think just happened, really happen? Rod answered her, If you think we just performed our first song in front of at least fifty people at a bar on the outskirts of downtown Washington D.C, then yes it really did happen. Vince shouted excitedly, And it was frackin' awesome! He threw a fist into the air and laughed. As he did all this the cigarette that hung from the side of his mouth did not fall. The rush from the whole incident had just sunken in. Kitty and Rod cheered, they jumped up and furiously wrapped their arms around one another without thinking. Rod's face quickly turned bright red and he released the embrace he had on Kitty, though she clung tightly to him. Vince pointed and laughed at him as the snow began to fall. The streets were empty and quiet. Kitty let go of Rod and spun around with her face up to the sky. Vince grabbed her hand and spun with her. The two of them forced Rod to join in. Kitty broke apart and ran ahead of them. Vince spread his wings and flew after her. Rod trotted quickly behind them. Kitty made an announcement as she ran, Come on you guys, lets go back to my house, you can spend Christmas with my family! Its two

in the morning, my parents will be waking up in about three hours. You guys can crash on the couch for a while. Vince agreed with her, Okay, if we hurry we can catch the bus, it will be here any minute.

They neared the bus stop. Rod caught eye of it first, Hurry the bus is already there! They sped up and got there just as the bus began to take off. Vince flew up to and landed on the hood. He leaned in a peered over the edge into the windshield at the driver who immediately slammed on the breaks. Vince was flung forward. He quickly spread his wings to slow himself down. He did a summersault in the air and stopped when his feet landed on the side of a building. He safely brought himself down and hurried over to the bus that was now letting Kitty and Rod on. Don t worry guys, I ll pay for you, Kitty offered. The bus driver had mixed emotions with Vince. She was angry that he had been on the hood, but she was worried that she had hurt him, Oh Gosh, Kid? Are you alright?! Vince put out his cigarette in the ashtray at the front of the bus and smiled at her, Oh I m fine, I ve done that tons of times before. They took seats near the front of the bus. Kitty and Rod sat in front of Vince. Rod was on the inside seat. He yawned and relaxed. Kitty took this as an opportunity and snuggled up to Rod. Rod blushed but didn t push her away. He was freezing and she was quite warm. He let her get close to him. The two of them shut their eyes and fell into a light sleep. Vince watched them from between the seats. He leaned back and sighed. He saddened and stared out the window. Vince was lost in deep thought. *This is the first Christmas I ve spent, alone. I wonder& no.* Vince coughed violently and sat straight up. The bus driver spoke to him, You gettin sick? Why don t you come that this front seat up here and talk to me, your little friends have fallen asleep so that just leaves you and me here on this bus. Vince moved to the front seat. He leaned his arm on the armrest and propped up his face with his hand. The bus driver noticed his melancholy mood, What s bothering you, boy? Vince looked at her as if she were crazy. She spoke again, I know what yer thinkin . This old hag is tryin to get me to tell her my problems, not gonna happen . Well think of it this way, you will probably never see my face again and it looks like you don t have anyone to talk with right now. Vince sighed, What do you want me to say? Well it would be nice if you told me what was going wrong in your life. Well, I don t know where to start. I guess you could say, I m an orphan and this is the first time in I ve been away from my lover on Christmas. The woman chuckled, You mean your boyfriend? Vince blushed, How did you know? Well if it was a girl you would have gone ahead and said girlfriend. And you were too embarrassed to say boyfriend. Don t worry I m not prejudice. I ve raised nine of my own children. Three of them turned out gay and one of them is bisexual. You have nothing to worry about. Vince smiled at her, Is that so? Well I ll let you know I date chicks too. Good for you boy. So what was his name? And I know there is more you need to say. Go ahead and tell me yer life story if ya want Vince twiddled his thumbs together and checked to be sure Rod and Kitty were asleep, Well his name was Ace. We had been best friends since I arrived at the orphanage when I was nine. We did everything together, mostly because we hardly had any other friends. Since we were vampire bats, most of the other kids never wanted to play with us. Ace had an older brother, Asher. Asher was like a big brother to both of us. Ace and I really looked up to him. Asher taught us just about everything we needed to know, how to use a microwave, what people to stay away from, shortcuts in the neighborhood just in case, how to put on makeup, girls. Yeah it was just about everything to us. But& one day Ace and I were walking home from school. It was report card day. I remember cause Ace had gotten an A in physical education and home economics. I know they aren t really important classes, but Ace never aced anything, and he was really excited. He couldn t wait to get home and show Asher. So we took a shortcut and hurried home. We raced up the stairs to Asher s room

and flung open the door. Asher was sitting there alone on the bed, writing a letter in silence. Ace asked him what he was doing, he didn't answer. He finished writing his letter and looked to us. He told us that he loved us and to take care of ourselves. Then he made us promise that we would never do what he was about to do. We, me being ten and Ace being eleven agreed. Ace stepped forward and questioned him. But Asher then opened a drawer beside him and pulled out a pistol. The last thing Asher ever said was that he was sorry, he put the gun in his mouth and pulled the trigger. That was the second time I had watched someone die. At first Ace and I didn't realize what happened. Blood splattered on our clothes and bodies. Ace screamed and ran out the door, I chased after him. He ran down the street and didn't stop till I caught up with him and tackled him to the ground. We were at least five blocks away from the orphanage by then. We sat in an ally and cried until we couldn't cry any more. That day, Ace and I promised that no matter what ever happened we would keep in touch and be friends forever. Let me tell you when we got back home, it wasn't pretty. When I was fourteen, Ace and I got to talking one night and we wound up confessing our love for one another. I dumped my girlfriend the next day. Ace and I dated and were happy until I moved away a few months ago. We fought before I left, but I called him a few weeks ago and he still loves me so& I don't know what's gonna happen, but I just yammered on about stuff you probably didn't want to hear. The bus driver's eyes were wide, but she kept them fixed on the road, Wow kid. You've been through quite a lot to be so young. You said earlier that you were orphaned when you were nine? Oh yeah, my mother had cancer. Oh I see, you poor boy. I'm so sorry. The bus pulled to a stop, This is where we get off, Vince stated. He shook Rod and Kitty to wake them, Guys were at the stop. The drowsily staggered down the steps to the outside world. The bus driver stopped Vince, Kid, here, She pulled a box out of her purse, This was my son's before he went off and got himself killed in the war, I want you to have it. She opened it up to show that it was a gold watch then gestured it to Vince, Ma'am I can't take that. Please, I want you to have it. Vince smiled at her, Okay, I'll take good care of it. He took it and placed it in the case of his bass. I know you will, sonny. He began to walk down the steps but turned, Ma'am, I didn't catch your name. It's Evelyn. Okay, well thank you and have a nice Christmas, Evelyn. He stepped out of the bus, You have a nice Christmas too, Vincent. Vince thought as she shut the doors, Wait a minute! She began to drive off. I never told her my name. He watched the bus drive off. Kitty called to him while she yawned, Vince hurry up you're lagging behind. She and Rod were walking side by side far ahead of Vince. He raced to catch up with them.

When they arrived at Kitty's house there was a giant Christmas tree in the center of the living room. WOW! This place is nice! Rod was astonished. Yeah it's even nicer than your old house Rodney, Vince picked Don't call me that! UGGG I hate that! Kitty plopped herself on the couch and almost instantly fell into a deep slumber. Rod laid on a loveseat to the right of the couch and Vince took the recliner. Vince relaxed and thought of the woman he had met earlier that night. He pulled out the watch and examined it. It was pure gold. He wound it but there was no tick, *The battery must be dead*, he thought. He put it away and looked to Rod who was still awake. Vince hushed his voice to a whisper, Hey, isn't this kinda weird? I mean we just came to her house for Christmas. Do you think we are intruding on family time? I was just thinking the same thing. Hopefully Kitty's parents are friendly like she is and won't be mad. Hey if they are, it was Kitty's idea. Yeah her parent's are pretty lenient though. Remember that time she spent the night at our apartment. And she spent the whole night out with us several times before including tonight. Vince thought, yeah I guess you're right, but we won't

know for sure till morning. Goodnight Rod. Goodnight Vince.

This chapter took up nine pages. Even though the song took up two pages, that's still more than I usually write. This chapter was really dramatic, I know. From here on out this story is dedicated to and is in memory of Asher, no not the Asher from this story, a real Asher. I just named the character after him in memory of him. Asher was the friend of my friend's cousin or something like that. Well my friend was devastated when he committed suicide a couple months ago. (I think back in March) I don't know his last name and I never got the chance to meet him, but I know he was a good person.

15 - Christmas Day

Chapter 15. Well guys, the past few days have been horrible for me. I even cried for like for like two hours on my birthday. Life has been sucking completely. I hope it gets better&

Six o'clock in the morning. Kitty's parents stepped into the living room to find the three teenagers slumbering away. Kitty's mother shouted Merry Christmas! Wake up kids! All three of them sat up abruptly and stared in the adult's direction. Kitty's mother was a vampire bat. She had almost the same fur color as Kitty, her mother's was just a slightly darker purple, and apparently the same hyper-happy personality. Kitty's father was a light blue cat. He had dark blue stripes and magenta colored eyes. He was sipping from a cup of coffee.

Rod and Vince glanced quickly at one another, then back at Kitty's mother. You boys can call me Katrina. And my husband is cat man. Kitty's father glared at her, but didn't say a word. I'm just kidding, mister grumpy face here is Leo. We don't like being all proper and using the Mr. and Mrs., terms. It's so nice to finally get to meet you boys in person, Kitty talks about you an awful lot. Come on, let's go in the kitchen and whoop up some breakfast! She took flight and blissfully flew into the kitchen. Leo was tired and slowly followed her. Kitty smiled at Vince and Rod, So what do you guys think of my parents? Vince spoke first, Your mom is super-perky and your dad is obviously not a morning person. Rod's answer was a bit more positive, Your mother seems really nice, and I'm sure your father is too. Kitty laughed at them, I know what your thinking. I'm just like my mom, I know I know you don't have to say it. Vince smirked, So long as you know.

Vince, Rod and Leo sat at the kitchen table while Katrina and Kitty fixed breakfast for all of them. Kitty gave Vince a glass of blood, Here, so you don't die at my house. It's sheep's blood, not that crappy cow blood. He thanked her and she returned to her mother's aid. Leo read the newspaper while Rod and Vince sat in silence. Rod twiddled his thumbs and Vince drank his blood, for the first time in a long time, he enjoyed it. Kitty and her mother were loud and over excited. Even making breakfast was a fun filled activity for them. Kitty, think fast! Her mother would toss something at her and Kitty would attempt to catch it on a plate or a bowl or even in a glass, weather it be toast or juice. Kitty didn't seem to be too coordinated and often missed, the two of them would laugh. Food flew from one side of the kitchen to another. Kitty slipped on spilled orange juice and grabbed the side of her mother's nightgown as she fell, bringing Katrina down with her. The two of them laughed hysterically as they were covered in the sticky mess. During all this Leo just sat at the table, reading the paper. To him, it seemed as if the behavior of his wife and daughter was normal. Rod and Vince watched the two women as if they were on a television show.

After about forty-five minutes of madness, breakfast was served. A feast of eggs, toast, bacon, grits, oatmeal, sausage and fresh fruit sat before them. As they ate, Leo spoke for the first time that morning, So how old are you boys? They stated their ages; Vince was first to speak, seventeen. Then Rod, Fifteen. Her dad continued to talk, So how did you three do at that concert thing last night? Kitty breathed in deeply and began to rant, It was amazing! We came out there and I talked to the crowd and then we started to play and I started to sing and everyone in the audience was really paying attention. Then we finished and the announcer dude was all like WOOO and everyone cheered then we left and at first we didn't realize what happened and we were walking and then we were like OMG That just happened! and like Yeah! and we danced and ran and spun around and then it started snowing then Vince flew and stopped the bus and almost got himself killed, but he didn't even get a scratch on his

which was amazing and then we got on the bus and I fell asleep. Then we came here and I fell asleep again. Then you guys woke us up and we made breakfast. Then you asked us how the concert was and I told you and now we are here in this moment that is new and nothing has happened in it yet, but stuff will happen. Leo blinked and sipped his coffee, I guess that was everything in a nutshell? Kitty smiled, I guess so. I want to hear more from you boys, like do you have a job? Vince spoke, I have a job, he doesn't. Well what do you do? I uh, serve drinks at the bar we played at last night. How long have you been working there? Oh I guess a few months now. That's good, it's good for growing teenagers to learn the value of a dollar and get experience in the real world. Vince smiled, Yeah, I guess so. The real world isn't so nice though. A smile spread across Leo's face, Kitty is going to have it rough when she moves out. She will no longer be so privileged. But back to you boys, it must be rough living on your own, considering you're so young. Vince looked at him, Well I've been fending for myself for most of my life, and it wasn't so hard to adjust to it all. Life is work then school then band time. That's it. Well it looks like you have your priorities. What do you ultimately want to do with your life though? Vince thought for a moment, I want to play my bass in a band. What if that doesn't work out? What is your fall back plan? Vince was silent. Kitty's eyes darted from side to side, OOOO we are having a serious moment. Well I'm making the serious moment be over now! She stood up quickly, It's present time! She darted into the living room and jumped over the couch to the Christmas tree.

A good portion of the morning was spent unwrapping gifts and handing them out to one another. Kitty's parents had even purchased gifts for Vince and Rod. Rod was confused, How did you know we would be here for Christmas? Katrina smiled, Well we knew that show you three were playing at would let out late and we already told Kitty she could bring you two home. We wanted it to all be a big surprise! It's your first Christmas living out on your own! It's needs to be special! Even if you two refused and didn't come over, Leo would have drove her over to your apartment so she could drop the gifts off. It's no fun having a gift less Christmas! Well thank you very much, we really weren't expecting all this. You really didn't have to.. She cut him off, Of course we did! You two boys are our little girl's best friends! Vince and Rod just smiled. Wrapping paper flew through the air, it seemed as if there was an endless amount of gifts under that tree. Kitty's father handed two identical boxes to Vince and Rod, Don't worry I've got the bill covered till you two are eighteen and become responsible adults. They looked at him in confusion, Just go ahead and open them. They did so. Rod's eyes were wide as he looked down at the box that contained his new cell phone. Vince griped his tightly in disbelief, Sir you really didn't have to, you shouldn't have, here I can't accept this, He held the box up to Leo who pushed it back towards Vince. No, I wanted to make life easier on the two of you. I know it can be rough on the two of you. Plus I think I can spare a hundred bucks a month for my daughter's friends. Keep them. Vince looked at him with an unsure look on his face, but then smiled, Thank you very much. Rod chimed in, Yeah we really appreciate it!

After all the presents were exchanged and opened, and after the heaps of wrapping paper were thrown into the garbage can, Kitty, Vince, Rod and Katrina went outside for a snowball fight. Leo decided to stay inside where it is warm, and watch television. Rod's feet sank into about six inches of snow as he stepped onto Kitty's front lawn. He was instantly hit on the side of his face by a flying ball of snow. He looked over to see Kitty laughing and running in the opposite direction. He bent down and grasped a handful of snow. He rolled it as he chased after her. She ran around the car, dodging the soft, cold objects that were hurdling towards her. Katrina snuck up behind her as she ducked down, avoiding a snowball thrown by Rod. Katrina made a direct hit to the back of her daughter's head. Kitty spun around to face her, You played dirty! It's on now sista! She jumped up and took after her mother. Rod ducked behind a tree, trying to avoid the madness.

While all this was taking place, Vince was leaning against the wall next to Kitty's front door, smoking a cigarette. It's too damn cold out here, He muttered to himself. He pulled his new cell phone. He is going

to be paying fifty bucks a month, well a hundred counting Rod. We get it for free man, how lucky can we get? Since I left everything is seeming to work out just fine. He looked into the screen of his phone and his voice lowered to a whisper, Just like you said it would. He sighed and looked over at the three people he was supposed to partaking in a snowball fight with. His face scrunched up at the thought of joining them and being pummeled with soft frozen water. It would melt and soak through his clothing, causing him to become even colder than he already was. He stretched his arms and made his way around the side of the house, to get out of eye-site and ear-shot of everyone. He walked into the backyard to find a pool that had been covered for the winter. There were several beach chairs placed alongside the pool. Vince brushed the snow off one of them and took a seat. He leaned back and twiddled with his phone.

Leo had gone over the phone plan with him earlier. He had unlimited anytime minutes to anywhere in the world. *Kitty s family is fracking rich*, Vince thought. He sighed and poked his lip out. He was hesitating, *I don t have to wait, I can call now and it won t cost anything extra. But&. What if he is busy? I mean it is Christmas; he must have things to do. He is probably out celebrating, I shouldn t call.* He put the phone down on a table that was placed beside him. He stared at it. *But what if he is just sitting around being bored?* Vince continued his battle with his mind. He picked up the phone, *It won t hurt to try&* He typed in the number to the orphanage he used to live at. He waited impatiently as the phone rang. He felt his heart beat faster and his breathing quicken. A voice came over the phone, Hello you have reached Virginia Orphanage, how may I help you? Vince paused, Landon? There was a long pause on the other line. Vince? Vincent Morall? Yeah man, what are you doing answering phones? Oh I m just working in the kitchen. Ya know trying to get Christmas dinner ready. Headmaster is busy with the smaller children, so I m working with the phones. But anyway it s great to hear from you, Merry Christmas. Have you been doing well? Vince smiled, Everything has been going great actually and Merry Christmas to you too. I just wanted to call to check up on everyone and uh talk to um Ace.

Vince& don t you remember? Ace turned eighteen on the third. He moved out. Oh yeah, well can you find me his phone number, please? Vince I m really busy, hold on, I ll put Matthew on the phone, you can get him to look he isn t really doing anything. The phone was silent for a few moments as Landon searched for Matthew. A lighter, more high-pitched voice came over the phone. Oh my gosh, hi! It s been so long since I got to talk to you! Have you been having fun with your new life? Its all been good. Have you been staying out of trouble? Well is not easy to get into trouble with you and Ace gone. Things are so dull; I just want winter break to be over. So I can go back to school and hang out with Max. Max? Who is Max? Oh& he s just a friend from school. Vince laughed, Yeah sure, just a friend , whatever Matthew. Vince could tell Matthew was embarrassed and blushing just by the tone in his voice, What! Really& we, we are just friends that s all! You guys are so mean to me! Its ok Matthew, I was just picking at you. Anyway& I wanted you to look up a phone number for me. Yeah, you wanted your lover-boy s number I got it, chill. Its 872-9555. Happy now? Go call him and have your phone sex. What?! Matthew it s not like that! Matthew laughed, Yeah whatever, I got to go man. I think something in the kitchen just exploded on Landon. Have a Merry Christmas! You too, bye He clicked end and took a deep breath. *Ok, I ve got nothing to loose, here goes nothing.* He typed in the numbers slowly. 8&7&2&-&9&5&5&5& He brought it to his ear and listened to it ring.

CLIFFHANGER! WOOSH! That right&. Well I hope you were amused& I thought it was ok, it wasn t the greatest chapter in the world but hey.. Its ok. Oh yeah, it took me forever to finish this chapter and life is better, I start school on August 25th.. Pray for me! >.<

16 - Enter Nick!

Wow guys, chapter 16& great isn't it? Yeah I finally got around to writing more to this story& I should talk more people into reading it I mean I have 81 fracking fans and only like one of them is reading this story& and only like 2 people are reading my other ones& everyone who is reading this right now, convince your friends to read my story! Apparently you like it if you've made it thus far and it doesn't suck! >.< Yeah& I'm actually in a pretty good mood right now I suppose& ^.^ Dude, I don't even know what's gonna happen next in this story, cool isn't it?

Vince coughed and leaned back in his chair as he listened to the phone ring. He swallowed and waited. No answer, the message came on, it was Ace's voice, Hey you frackers, obviously this is me, I mean do I really need to say, hey this is Ace you called me you butt monkey. Anyway yeah leave me a message and I'll attempt to get back to you& unless I get busy and forget& or if I just don't like you. Vince smiled at Ace's odd humor and waited for it to beep. H, Hey. This is Vince& I just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas. I hope everything is going well for you. Give me a call sometime, bye. He hung up his phone and stood up, noticing that Rod and Kitty were coming to him at a rapid pace. Rod reached him first, Kitty trailing behind him. Hey guys! Lets go watch Christmas specials on T.V.! She took their hands and led them along inside.

Four months later, it was April and the spring weather was pleasant. Rod, Kitty and Vince were lugging their gear to their sixth gig. Kitty trotted along, Another chance to be heard. Hopefully one day we'll get someone in the higher-ups to notice us! Vince replied, Its not just a hopefully, we have to. This is what we are going to do, even if it kills us. We'll, me at least. Rod said nothing, but smiled to himself. Well at least this one is actually at a place where lots of local bands play, its not some off-the-wall thing that we usually do. Kitty almost tripped as she finished her statement, but caught her balance at the last second and went back to her normal pace of walking. Rod commented, Watch your step, and you know lots of people are going to be there, right? Vince attempted to make them calm about the whole situation, Yeah don't be nervous. We have gotten good responses from the crowd at all our other gigs and this one will be even better. Don't be nervous.

The three of them stepped out on stage and the crowd cheered. Kitty took the mic and spoke to the audience. Wow, you guys seem excited. Have you heard of us or something before? Half the crowd cheered. Good, now who is ready to rock! She held the mic up and towards them. Alright lets go! They played a wonderful show and kept the audience entertained.

After the show and talking with a few fans and some of the people backstage, the trio took their leave. They walked the path they had taken to get there. Hey boys, lets go get some coffee. They agreed, Yeah I think I'm gonna faint, its so damn hot on stage. Rod coughed, Then don't wear long-sleeved shirts all the time. Vince snapped back, Shut-up cum ruffle! Rod shot him a dirty look at Kitty laughed at the insult. Just then Vince heard footsteps approaching them, he turned to look. Noticing Vince turn, the others did the same. A yellow-green cat was running up to them. He wore a red tee shirt with a long sleeved white shirt under it. He had baggy black pants with blue and orange, checkered shoes. A black collar with a padlock on it hung around his neck. The boy was short and very skinny. His hair was shaggy and long, bangs fell over his left eye. He was smiling and came to a stop as he reached them.

Hi! Umm I just heard you play and I wanted to tell you how cool you guys are. I didn't get a chance to say it back there when everyone else was basically attacking you. He scratched the back of his head and grinned widely. Kitty was ecstatic Oh my gosh, you guys! We have fans approaching us on the

street now! Yay! She jumped onto Rod in excitement. Vince spoke to the fan, Hey kid, you want to join us for coffee? The cat's ears perked up and he smiled, Yeah! That would be great!

They sat at a round table, the three musicians focusing all their attention on their newfound friend. So tell us about yourself! Umm ok, well my name is Nick. I just moved here not long ago. I'm starting school next week. Oh, what school? Rosewood high. COOL! That's where we all go! What grade are you in? Ninth. Kitty smiled, Yay! Maybe we'll have some classes together. Nick smiled, I'm glad I met you guys, I thought it was gonna be kind of awkward living here. Where did you live before? We'll, I never really stayed in one place too long. We sort of moved around a lot, had a life on the road. Did your parents do that for work or something? Nick stared into his coffee and thought, Yeah, I guess you could say that. For some odd reason a strong negative tension fell over them. Rod tried to break it, Do you have any hobbies? Nick perked up quickly, Yeah! I've been playing guitar since I was five and I write poems and songs and stuff like that. Vince became suddenly completely interested, Oh really? Can you play for us sometime? You bet! I can play today if you want! Kitty unzipped the case for her guitar, Here. Play us something, just set it for acoustic. Nick did so and played a wonderful ingenious melody. The three of them sat, open-mouthed, baffled at amazing skills the kid before them held. Vince managed to speak, I think this calls for a band meeting, Kitty, Rod, outside, now. We'll be right back. Nick tilted his head and watched them walk out of the coffee shop.

Oh my freaking god! That guy is amazing! Kitty was highly impressed, as were Vince and Rod. I don't think we need much discussion on this. Should we ask him to be in the band? Kitty and Rod both answered at the same time, YES! If he will, it will make the band ten times better! No more than that, a hundred times better! Rod agreed. Kitty balled her fists up and spun around, And he is so damn cute too! Vince grabbed her hands and winced his eyes, I know! The two of them were obviously having a moment. Rod rolled his eyes, Let's get back inside before he thinks we ditched him.

Vince stared Nick in the eyes seriously, Alright Nick! We have a proposal for you. Yes? We would like you to join the band, will you? Nick's eyes lit up, Yes! He practically jumped across the table and threw his arms around Vince, You have no idea how long I have dreamed of this day! The day I was actually in a real band! This is the coolest thing ever! Thank you so much! No, thank you! With your talent this band is going to be great! Vince became serious once again, Now Nick, listen this is for real. We aren't trying to be some teenage wannabes we are going to do this for real. This is one hundred percent serious. Are you sure this is what you really want to do with your life? He smiled, Of course it is. The life of a famous musician is what I wanted since the first day I picked up a guitar. If I have nothing else, being able to do what I love and being able to bring enjoyment to other people because of it, is the only thing I need to get by. The others were touched by his speech. Nick looked at his watch, Oh man, I gotta get back. It was really cool meeting you guys, here, He ripped a piece off of a napkin and wrote on it. Take my phone number, call me later! He handed Kitty back her guitar and hugged them all goodbye. Shortly after, Nick was gone the others took their leave. I'm so glad we met him, he is far better than me at the guitar. I'm a little jealous. Rod laughed, Heh heh, don't be. Maybe he can give you some tips, Kitty. Yeah. She took his hand in hers and continued walking. Vince walked ahead of them and lit up a cigarette.

The band was gathered at Vince and Rod's apartment. It was the first band practice with Nick being there. Kitty was going over some tabs with him and writing some new parts out to go along with the stuff they had done for Nick. Music was obviously Nick's passion. He was completely dedicated and truly happy. Vince and Rod sat at the dining room table watching them. Vince took a long drag on his cigarette and looked at Rod who smiled and spoke to him, Looks like we are really starting to get somewhere. Yep. I hope everything works out. I'll do everything in my power to make it that way, believe it. They better get that stuff done soon. We have another gig in a week. Hopefully, Nick will be ready and can play it with us. Rod smiled at him, That would be great. He then fixed his attention back

to Kitty and Nick.

Later that night, long after Kitty and Nick had gone home, Rod and Vince were getting ready for bed. Vince was taking his eyeliner off while Rod was washing his face. They were silent for a while but Vince finally made a comment, Rod, tomorrow s Sunday and your going to church right? So long as you drop me off. Want me to go with you? Rod paused and looked at him in disbelief, Really? Sure, why not? Rod threw his arms around Vince and squeezed tightly, I promise you won t be disappointed! Vince smiled, Yeah, whatever kid. Vince hugged him back and didn t let go for a long time. Rod didn t complain, he buried his face in Vince s chest and closed his eyes. Vince stroked Rod s hair and held him close, Come on, time for bed. He let go and went to lie down. Rod scooted under the covers next to him; he turned his face to look at him and smiled widely. Vince then shifted to his side and pulled Rod to him. Rod blushed and rested his head against Vince s chest. Vince held him close, wrapping his arm around his waist and playing with his hair with the other hand. Rod swallowed, his heartbeat quickened. He breathed in deeply and sighed happily. Vince laughed a little, Are you happy? He asked in a whisper. Rod looked up at him and it took him a while to answer, Yes, I am happy. Vince winked at him, Good. He then kissed his forehead and closed his eyes. Now get some sleep so you can be rested for church in the morning. Oh, ok. Rod and Vince stayed and slept in that position throughout the entire night.

Now wasn t that just such and adorable ending? I think so. I m glad I finally got around to writing more to this. Thanks for reading everyone! Comments make and keep me happy!

17 - The First Time

Chapter 17. Wow man, 17 chapters that's a lot! Alright alright, I must finish this chapter soon so I can make my contest!

Rod sat in the confessional booth at the church as Vince waited outside in the truck. Vince had spent the entire morning at church with Rod and it was time to leave, but Rod needed to get some advice and Vince didn't want to tell him no. Vince wanted today to be a good day, so he didn't even complain once during church.

Rod took a deep breath, he felt nervous, and he had never actually had anything big to say in the confessional booth. The priest comforted him and let him know he would keep everything secret. Now son, what have you to confess? Well, I'm more so looking for advice. Yes, go on. Okay, well I think I might have feelings for my friend. But I don't know if I should, or if I should let them know. Awww, you're falling in love. Oh sweet, what is her name? That's just the thing& What are you talking about? She's not a she, she's a he. You mean to tell me you believe you are falling in love with a boy?! Why that is against God! The priest then got out of his side of the booth and flung Rod's side open. He grabbed Rod by the collar of his shirt, Don't you ever come back here with that demonic thought! Love is for a man and a woman! The others in the church stared with concern as Rod's eyes began to fill with tears. Rod wrestled his way away from the priest's grasp and he ran out of the building. He was chased by a few church members that had realized what they were talking about. Rod quickly got in the truck, Drive! He shouted at Vince, who did so quickly. In the confusion Vince almost hit a few people that chased after Rod, ROD! What the hell is going on!? At this point Rod had his head down and was sobbing softly. Vince managed to get through the crowd of people without harming anyone. He drove back to the apartment, deciding that it was best to wait to ask when he would actually be able to comfort Rod.

Rod lay on the bed and cried into his pillow. Vince sat down beside him and waited for him to collect himself enough to speak. When Rod's crying seemed to become calmer, Vince attempted to find out what was going on. He placed his hand on Rod's back and lay beside him. Tell me what happened. Rod turned to face him, his eyes were still swollen with tears, I can't tell you, he muttered. Why not? I won't make fun of you, I promise. That's not why I can't tell you! I& I don't want to destroy our friendship. Vince stared at him with a concerned face, Whatever it is, I promise I won't think any less of you. Rod shifted his gaze away from Vince's eyes. Vince continued to comfort him, It's alright really, I'll understand. He then pulled Rod closer, much as he had done the night before. Rod snuggled his face into Vince's chest. Vince lifted Rod's chin with his hand to make him look at him. Rod cleared his throat; he knew Vince would force an answer out of him. Well, I was talking to the priest about how I have been feeling lately. And? And I don't know what to think of it& I feel&. I don't know. Yes you do. Tell me. Well& I was talking to him, and it was basically about you, but I didn't use your name. Rod began to tear up again, Vince held him tighter. What did you say about me? Vince asked him in a whisper, he brought himself to eye level with Rod. I don't know& over the last few months I've been thinking and I& I think I have feelings for you that I'm not sure if I should have or not. Vince looked at him seriously, Basically, the priest was upset that you had feelings for a guy? Rod shifted his eyes away from Vince. Don't worry about it Rod, the exact same thing has happened to me a few years back. Rod's attention shot back to Vince's eyes as he said this. Vince quickly pressed his soft lips to Rod's and parted them. Vince was calm and collected, while Rod was tense. Rod was in shock and kept his eyes wide open.

Vince pushed his tongue into Rod's warm mouth and kissed him deeply with incredible skill. Vince was persistent, after a while Rod began to ease up and kiss back to the best of his ability. Vince parted and smiled; he wanted to see Rod's reaction to the whole thing. Rod was stunned, he was blushing madly and his heart was beating faster by the second. Seeing that Rod wasn't upset, Vince pressed their lips together again. While Rod was focused on the kiss, Vince slowly shifted his hands to Rod's waist and tugged at his belt. Rod gasped a bit, but didn't push Vince away as he started to undo his pants. Vince shifted his body on top of Rod's and stopped to stare him in the eyes. At this point, Rod's pants were at his knees and Vince had unzipped his own. Rod's innocent, naive stare was anxious and willing. Vince smiled and realized Rod was afraid, but wanted this even more so than he did. Vince proceeded to unbutton Rod's shirt and take off his own. He wriggled Rod out of his pants. The only thing left to do, was take off the boxers and go. He touched his forehead to Rod's and looked at him questioningly. Rod was panting because his heart was beating so fast, he swallowed and took a deep breath. He nodded his head slightly and shut his eyes tightly. Vince removed what was left of their clothing and bent Rod's legs back. Rod bit his lip and muffled a scream as he felt Vince enter him.

Rod lay on the bed; he was in pain. He was tightly wrapped in the blanket and was in the feeble position. Small groans escaped him. Vince was in his boxers, while Rod was still naked. Vince carried in a hot water bottle and some hot chocolate to Rod, Come on, it didn't hurt that bad, and we only did it three times. He set the cup on the nightstand and handed Rod the water bottle. How would you know!? Rod stated as he placed the water bottle to his stomach. Vince laughed, Seriously, it gets easier and doesn't hurt as much the more often you do it. Rod's eyes were wide, a part of him wanted to ask how he knew that and the other half was afraid to know. Vince smiled and winked at him, Isn't that cute, I was your first time. Rod blushed and covered his face with the blanket. Vince got under the covers with him and pulled him close. Rod cuddled to him, Vince & what does all this mean to you? Vince thought, Well, what does it mean to you? I don't know & Yes you do & what all did you say to the priest again? I & I told him I thought I was falling in love & with & Rod didn't finish the sentence; he merely pressed his body closer to Vince's. Vince gasped slightly; he knew what Rod had said to the priest and why all those people were so angry. However &. Vince didn't want to break Rod's heart.

The following day, Nick was late to band practice. It was his first day at school, maybe he got held up with stuff, Kitty said, trying to come up with a reasonable explanation. Whatever he is late, and he should be on time, Vince was pessimistic as usual. He could have at least called and told us he was going to be late, Rod sighed and stretched out on the couch. Suddenly there was a knock at the door; Kitty opened it to discover Nick standing there. I'm sorry guys, I got caught up with stuff and things you know? Vince was irritated; You are almost forty-five minutes late. I know I know & but hey I wrote some new songs and tabs for everyone! He walked to the center of the living room and dumped out his backpack. He handed everyone the tabs he had written for them and some lyrics. Vince was surprised, This is actually & really good. Yeah its great! Shouted Kitty. Do you play other instruments, Nick? Rod asked. Well sorta, I'm not really good at them cause I haven't practiced but I know the tabs and stuff. Music is just about all I do in my spare time, so I taught myself that stuff. Kitty picked on him, You sure do say stuff a lot. He rolled his eyes. Vince read over the lyrics, This has got to be one of the most depressing, violent songs I've ever read. Burn their flesh and slice their necks, take my knife, take my life geez Nick, what's wrong with you? Nick blushed, I don't know & maybe too much emo music and horror flicks? Kitty pushed Vince playfully, The public loves this kind of stuff, and it doesn't matter where he gets his inspiration, so long as he can keep writing like this! Kitty and Rod became focused on practicing their parts and left Vince and Nick to talk.

You know what, kid? I haven't really gotten a chance to talk with you or anything. Nick smiled, Ask away & Alright first of all when is your birthday? Umm, February 16th, I just turned fourteen this year. I know I'm so young, bleh. Ok, so you lived where before you came here? Umm, I never really stayed

in one place too long. The longest I stayed somewhere was about six months, I believe. I had to take school online and such, I'm glad my life has calmed down though. I was born in Florida, so I guess that's what I'm gonna go with for where I'm from. Why did your family move so often? Business issues. What kind of business requires you to move all the time? Nick was silent, it was as if he was searching for an answer and couldn't think of one. Vince narrowed his eyes, picking up the feeling that Nick was guilty of something he wasn't telling them. At that moment Kitty broke her guitar string, frack! She shouted. Nick hurried to help her, happy to get away from such an awkward conversation. Five weeks later, the band had already done several shows with Nick. It seemed as if the crowd got larger with each show. The four of them had become close friends and spent all their spare time together, in and out of school. They weren't just band mates anymore; they were best friends. Vince still kept his suspicion of Nick, but learned to open up to him. It was hard to not like Nick. He was kind and loveable and was an extremely loyal friend. Nick never did anything to make anyone angry, except show up late from time to time. Nick always seemed depressed aside from the time he was with his friends. Even then he seemed troubled. Every Friday Vince, Kitty, Rod and Nick had a movie night, where they would spend the night over at Rod and Vince's apartment. This Friday, Nick was late, once again. Should we be worried about him? Kitty asked. He is late a lot& its normal, Rod sighed. Vince was irritated; People who are late drive me crazy. Calm down you cranky old vampire! Kitty joked as she turned on the television. It was the news. How boring, the only thing that is ever on the news is who is dieing and what disaster is happening. Lets watch MTV Kitty said. Vince stopped her No, leave it here. He got closer to the television and attempted to listen very carefully. Kitty turned the volume up. What's wrong Vince? Rod was concerned. Vince didn't answer. On the screen a car was being chased down the freeway. Four people were in it. The back window of the car was busted out and two people were hanging out the back of it with machine guns. Vince's eyes widened Wait a minute is that?!

OOOOOOO Cliffhanger! Isn't that wonderful? Do you want another chapter? Do you do you!? Do you!? HAHAHA

18 - Mass Murderer

Chapter 18, yep the contest is underway and its time to write more to this story! (Hopefully the contest will inspire some of my fans to read this story&)

On the screen was a car chase. Vince, Kitty and Rod stared in disbelief as their vocalist hung out the back of a car shooting at the police on television. Kitty finally found the energy to speak. Holy shoot! Its Nick! Vince and Rod just stared, wide eyed and jaw dropped.

Nick was next to a yellow female kitsune; helicopters were following them. The car was being driven; by a light blue hedgehog and a red fox was in the passenger s seat. Nick and the girl ducked as a ray of bullets were shot at them. Nick was bleeding in several places. He shouted something to the hedgehog driving. A bullet hit the tire of their vehicle, causing it to burst. They swerved off the road onto a ditch. They attempted to get out of the car and run off into the woods. The police chased them. The cameraman was now able to get a close up view of them as the police surrounded them and caught them in the mix of the forest. They zoomed in on Nick s face as they tackled him to the ground and stripped him of all weapons he had on him. Blood trickled down his forehead as he squinted and bit his lip. The police gathered them and loaded them into the back of police vehicles. Nick smiled as he sat down and spoke as loud as he could so that the camera would be able to pick up the sound, I m sorry I didn t make it to band practice, guys!

After the cars had driven off reporters began to tell about the past of these criminals. Finally four of the most wanted criminals in this country have been captured ladies and gentlemen. Skyler Hawk, Tiffany Bandana, Jerry Duranga and Nick wall, wanted for robbery, drug abuse, and mass murder. These four were raised to be killers; finally we have put a stop to them. Between the four of them over one thousand lives have been taken. The saddest part is that these four horrible souls are only children; the oldest one is only seventeen. Keep checking with us to find out more on this situation.

Vince didn t say a word. He simply got up and went out onto the balcony to smoke. Rod leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Kitty jumped up, WHAT THE HELL!? NICK IS A MASS MURDERER! Their court trial was on television. Rod, Kitty and Vince made sure to pay close attention to it. Things didn t look good for their green friend. The final decision day came and it was up to the jury and the judge on what would happen to these four guilty souls. The judge spoke, I know each one of you are underage. That is why this case has been so hard to come to an agreement on. However, we have decided, based on how horrible your crimes were, on the punishment you should all receive. This was hard to come to, because you are just children, however mass murder is mass murder no matter how you look at it. You are all sentenced to the death penalty. Terror was in Nick, Skyler, Tiffany and Jerry s eyes as this final statement was made.

A camera was set up outside each of their holding cells. They were together, but in separate rooms, able to talk to one another through the bars. They weren t aware of the camera there, but everyone in America was watching them at all times. Tiffany spoke, I guess this is the final chapter you guys. She was no older than eleven. She had long curly blonde hair with pink at the tips. She had bangs that came right above her eyes. She was a kitsune, and an intelligent one at that. Skyler tried to cheer her up, Maybe we can find a way out of this. We have all those times before. Skyler was a light blue hedgehog; seventeen years of age. He had light violet eyes and was obviously the protector of the other three. Jerry was a red fox with brown eyes, he was twelve years old; he buried his face in his hands. We have never actually been sentenced before, though. Nick sat with his knees to his chest, At least we got to

know what it was like to be normal teenagers for a little while. Tiffany laughed a little, Only for a few months of school. But it was better than nothing I suppose. Skyler groaned, I need a cigarette. Nick, Jerry and Tiffany all replied at the same time Yeahhh.

The day of their execution they stood in a line against the wall, waiting. They were in chains; Tiffany had tears rolling down her cheeks. Skyler attempted to make her smile, Don t worry about it Tiffany, you are only eleven, I m sure you ll make it to heaven, as will Jerry. However, Nick and I are another story. See you in hell, buddy. Nick smirked, It can t be any worse than this.

Suddenly the wall was busted in and several soldiers rushed in killing the executioners, they broke the teenagers chains and handed them guns. Its about fracking time! Skyler shouted. They rushed outside and jumped onto a few hyper powered motorcycles. They sped off; their rescuers went off in the other direction. The four of them were chased and shot at by the military. They drove until they came to an area where the bridge was out. Hold on tight you guys! They picked up the speed and rushed towards the edge. Those who were chasing them came to a stop, They re crazy! Tiffany, Nick, Skyler and Jerry jumped over the crevice and made it safely to the other side. Laughing widely they made their way to safety. On the news they spoke, It seems as if we have lost some of the worlds most horrible killers, again.

That night Vince awoke to a knock on the door. Rod was startled as Vince got out of bed, What is it? Someone is at the door. Vince looked out the peek hole to see Nick standing there in a tattered bright orange prison uniform. Vince lowered his voice to a whisper, Its Nick! Should I open the door? Rod was frightened I& I don t know! Nick knocked again, Come on you guys, open up! Vince unlocked the door, letting the criminal in. Nick stepped in quickly, shutting the door behind him. Vince and Rod backed away from him. Come on you guys, I would never hurt you. Vince spoke, Nick, you are a murderer! You never told us! I wanted to start my life over, but I guess I ll never be able to escape my past, now will I? Nick was bleeding and breathing heavily. Where are the other three? Vince asked. They are around the corner, hiding in the bushes. He looked at Rod, who nodded. Go get them, you guys can stay here for the night. Really? Thanks, that s great!

Nick returned shortly with his friends. Tiffany and Jerry were completely worn out. They cleaned up their cuts and bandaged their wounds. Then Vince showed them to the bed where they retired for the night. Skyler, Nick, Rod and Vince stayed up to talk. Vince lit up a cigarette and offered one to anyone who wanted one. Nick and Skyler took one with no objections. Rod turned it down. Skyler made a comment to him, Kid, everyone is going to die someday. Live it up while you can, don t take shoot from anyone. Do what you want, when you want. You never know when your time will be up. Vince defended Rod a bit, He will someday, give the kid time. Rod shot him a dirty look and rolled his eyes, Anyway, Nick& He left off knowing Nick would know to explain himself for everything that had been happening. Nick bit his lip, Look you guys, I m sorry for not saying anything about all this before. I just wanted things to start over for me, is all. I m sorry that I probably won t make it to see the day our band finally hits the top. I guess you ll have to find a new lead singer. But thanks for everything anyway, I got to live out some of the greatest times of my life with you guys. I just& Vince cut him off and looked to Skyler, Isn t they re anything you guys can do to stop all this? Vince felt most comfortable talking to Skyler because he was older. Skyler took a long drag from his cigarette and let it out slowly, giving himself time to think. The way I see it is, we can either run and start new lives somewhere else, possibly in another country, or we could run back to the old army and go back to killing and robbing and basically our old life. Then there is always the off chance that a miracle will happen and by some twist of events our lives are saved and we are taken off the death penalty and able to lead normal lives here. The four of them thought for a long while, then Nick broke the silence. Hey, I know it s late but do you think Kitty would be able to come over for a bit? I just, want to see her one more time if worst comes to worst. Rod instantly pulled out his cell phone and called her. She answered; her voice was groggy &Hello& Hey Kitty, I know you were

sleeping, but can you come over here, now? We really need you right now. Can't this wait till morning, baby? Kitty, Nick is here. She quickly sounded more awake, I'll be there as soon as I can.

Kitty appeared about a half an hour later. She instantly threw her arms around Nick when she saw him. He winced in pain as she pressed on a few of his wounds, but he hugged her back tightly just as well. She let go and pinched his cheeks as they touched noses, I can't believe all that's been going on! It's crazy! I would have never expected this from you. You never seemed like the type to be able to hurt anything, let alone kill a bunch of people! Nick smiled, I'm glad I don't seem like a killer. Skyler laughed, That's the dangerous part, you would never expect it! Kitty laughed a little, One would think you guys would have a lot more scars considering all that you've been through. Skyler and Nick looked at one another then burst out into laughter, We've just about got everyone fooled on just about everything! Skyler said as he punched Nick hard in the face. Nick picked himself up, still smiling. He kicked Skyler in the chest, throwing him backwards as he said, They don't even know the half of all the shoot we have been through, man! Rod swallowed, What is that supposed to mean? Nick and Skyler were unusually happy, as if they were insane. Sorry guys, I know we seem a bit nuts, but you just don't understand. Nick looked at Skyler with a strange seductive glance, Should we show them? You mean? Yeah& Its kind of creepy, think they can handle it? I don't know, Nick looked to them, You guys wanna see our battle scars? Rod, Kitty and Vince all glanced at one another, a bit nervous.

Sure& Vince stated quietly. Alright. Nick and Skyler shouted simultaneously. Nick turned around and lifted the hair from the back of his neck to show his friends. There was a small metal box, This leads to my central nervous system; Tiffany invented it a few years back. What a little genius she is. Skyler finished explaining it for him, It has every scar or unwanted mark programmed into it to make the illusion on the skin that it isn't there. However, if you pull the disk out of the box, the scars reappear! Skyler sat back in a chair It kind of really hurts to do it and they are your friends, I'm just going to watch. Nick rolled his eyes, Whatever. Here we go. Nick messed with the box for a few seconds then tightened his eyes together and pulled. He bit his bottom lip. A spark came from the back of his neck. Nick was panting. He turned around to face them, See you guys, this is what I really look like. Nick had scars covering his body. Many were on his neck, as though he were strangled. In his left eye there was no pupil. I've been blind in this eye since I was four. It was from an accident with a belt; well not really an accident. My father was just a complete and total bastard. Tears filled Kitty's eyes as she looked at the green cat before her. Nick consoled her, Come on Kitty, don't cry! They don't hurt any more. They did when it happened but I'm ok now. Oh and by the way, my right foot isn't real. He took off his socks and shoes, then lifted up his pants leg to reveal a metal, well crafted foot. And Skyler is missing three fingers on his right hand. Yep, Skyler lifted his glove and flipped them off with a metal finger. These were also crafted by Tiffany, nice yes?

Vince lost interest and flipped on the television to the news. They were still reporting on Nick's case. We still have no clues to where the murderous four have fled to. However we have search teams and tracking dogs out there working on finding them at this very moment. Everyone please keep your doors locked and try to get a good night's sleep. Wait, I'm receiving some information. The reporter pressed her headset closer to her ear, listening intently. She paused for a moment, her eyes widening. New information, it seems as if someone has stood up for the criminals. A small group of spies for the government are attempting to negotiate the sentence for them. Can we get a picture of this Frank? She asked the cameraman. The screen then switched over to a courtroom. At this point Nick and Skyler were sweating and close to the television. Nick felt his heart beat faster as a black female cat appeared on the screen. His mouth dropped and he looked as if he was going to cry. Agent 318. He said softly to himself. She appeared a bit angry, as if she could shoot someone at any given moment. She argued with the judge. This is ridiculous, I have been working on this case for years. They are just children, not even of legal age. They should be sent to a correctional facility, not sentenced to death. Besides, they

are escape artists, how could you really expect them to not get away in a situation like this? They always do. The two of them argued back and forth in a professional manner. The judge finally came to a decision. Look, I will pacify you since you have been so loyal to the government for so long and are a highly respected agent. When we find them, they will be tried again and you will be there for their trial. Do you accept? She smiled and nodded her head, Yes, your honor. The judge then directed his attention to the camera, If you four are out there and listening, I promise, when you come back we will try you again. If you want to get your lives straight, I suggest you do so. The broadcast then went off and it switched to commercials. Vince turned off the television.

Nick leaned back and closed his eyes he gripped his shirt at his heart. He took deep long breaths, She is actually standing up for us. After all these years& Skyler smiled, Are we going to go back? Nick opened one eye, Well, we are sort of off the hook for now. Plus she will be there. Skyler playfully punched him. Rod was curious, What is the story behind that chick? A wide smile spread across Nick's face, Well, she has been after us for about three and a half to four years now. We only know her as agent 318. Skyler added to the statement, And Nick is madly in love with her!

This chapter was almost nine freaking pages long. That's crazy man. But hey, you now understand Nick's dark past! Well, at least part of it. Nice? Want more? Let me know! XP