

Shinpu wa Yoru no Hanayome
(The Father is the Vampire's Bride)

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「汝病める時も、健やかなる時も。愛を捧げこの者の花嫁になることを誓いますか?」
清らかで美しい神父の聖良は、神に身を捧げていながら、間もなく結婚してしまう友人に密かな恋心を抱き続けていた。その穢れた背徳の血にひかれるように、ある嵐の晩、黒尽くめのヴァンパイア、ジンが雷鳴とともに姿を現した…! 「神の前で、俺の腕の中に堕ちてくるがいい」と、何も知らない無垢な身体に楔を打ち込み、聖良を禁忌の闇に墮としていく。彼の真の狙いとは!? 禁断の逢瀬が甘美な夜を導くエロティック・ロマンス堂々登場!

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*"I want you to fall into sin in my arms, in front of God."
And he ran his hand over the white skin lewdly.*



illustration EIRI ASATO

Chapter 1

The echo of a stake being hammered down bounced off a ridge as it sounded from a small hill.

“Are you alright? We should go back.”

As Sera diffidently spoke to him from behind, the sitting man who'd repaired the broken boarding turned around. “You're right, a storm seems to be coming. I'm glad we fixed it up beforehand.”

It was evening, after the sun had set, and the sky was filled with heavy rain clouds. Ueno Toshiki's forehead was lightly stained with sweat. For some time, as an unpaid trainee, on his days off he'd come to the church where Sera worked.

(Oh!)

The look in Toshiki's slanted eyes and kind face made Sera's heart beat under the cross on his chest. A gust of wind fluttered the hem of Sera's robe, and white dogwood blossoms fell on his shoulders. Pale blue light streamed from the canopy of flowering branches and poured over him.

Seeing the spring storm strip the trees of their blossoms hurt him deeply.

The white of the flowers contrasted with his deep red lips and black eyes. Sera was lovely to look at, standing there amongst the swirling petals; he seemed more pure than the snow-white flowers, and he was as beautiful as the dogwood blossoms.

“Sera, there are petals on your shoulder.” Toshiki brushed the fallen leaves off Sera's shoulder, and his fingers unintentionally passed over the nape of Sera's neck.

“Ah!”

Sera's skin started to tingle where Toshiki's fingers had touched, and he shrugged his shoulders nervously. His cheeks, as smooth as porcelain, burned red.

“I... I'm sorry.”

“Ne—never mind.”

Surprised at his reaction, Toshiki pulled his hand back hastily.

“Thank you.”

Sera folded his hands over his chest to cover his thundering heart. "God keep you," he said, grateful for Toshiki's attendance.

Watching Sera, Toshiki narrowed his eyes as though looking at something dazzling.

Sera felt acutely embarrassed every time he felt Toshiki's hot gaze.

The sound of rolling thunder echoed in the distance. Shrugging his shoulders, Toshiki suggested, "The priest is in the hospital, so you're alone here tonight, right? And there are still some parts of this church that need to be repaired. Should I stay with you tonight?"

Calling it a historical building had a nice ring to it, but the walls were crumbling in places, and the dilapidated green house and leaky roof still needed a lot of attention.

Toshiki was quiet, helpful and kind. Sera trusted him unconditionally, and the children who came to the church loved and respected him too.

Having no relatives, Sera had originally only wanted to have an older brother in Toshiki. But those feelings had changed.

"No, please go ahead and go home..." He paused, "...to the woman you have to protect." Though his heart hurt merely saying it.

"Your fiancée is waiting for you at home." His fiancée, the woman who wanted Toshiki's love all to herself. Sera knitted his pretty brows...and lowered...his large eyes. He had heard about the engagement from Toshiki.

"I see..." Toshiki scratched his head, embarrassed. He looked ashamed and happy at the same time.

Every time Sera saw that look on Toshiki's face, his heart hurt painfully. Toshiki would be married soon. In Sera's presence. With his benediction.

He himself would have to declare Toshiki's marriage to the woman. A sharp stab of pain spread through his chest. Before Sera's very eyes, Toshiki would smile and seal his marriage with a kiss.

After he'd seen Toshiki off, Sera went back to the chapel. When he knelt down in front of the altar, his robe poured onto the floor behind him.

In the beginning, Sera hadn't realized the true character of his feelings for Toshiki, since he'd never felt that way for anyone else until now. He was shocked the evening when he realized how he really felt.

To clear his mind, he folded his hands on his chest and started praying. He didn't want anyone to see him now, with his sad and desperate face.

"Please forgive me." He confessed to the figure on the altar in front of him, that even though he served God, he'd thought of someone else.

That he'd broken a taboo.

That he loved that man, even though he'd devoted himself to God. He was bursting...with love.

And yet, that man had a girl. On top of that, he would become her husband soon. His love was hopeless.

He wasn't supposed to expect anything to come of it, and he couldn't forgive himself that he'd fallen in love.

(My feelings would only bother him.)

A stabbing pain ran through his heart at the thought of his feelings getting in the way of Toshiki's love. In front of his very nose, Toshiki would declare himself to be her man, and Sera would bear witness to the union of the happy pair of lovers. When he closed his eyes, an image of Toshiki and that woman went through his mind, and he had to fight back the tears.

He often felt like crying, but he desperately stifled the tears. Even though he hadn't in the past.

Even now he could remember when they'd met. Toshiki had come to the church for the first time on the day after a storm. The panes of the old windows had been broken, and when he'd ordered replacements, Toshiki, who worked at the glazier's shop, had come to take care of it.

Even though only two windows had been ordered, Toshiki had secretly replaced the other cracked windows without cost, as well. He hadn't been able to stand how run-down Sera's church looked. When Sera had tried to save some money and do repairs himself, he'd hurt his hand hammering, and Toshiki had taken the trouble to drive him to the hospital. Even now Sera could remember how warm Toshiki's fingers were as he pulled out the nail to check his injury.

"It's because you tried something you aren't experienced at." Toshiki had said with a sour smile, and he'd been really worried about him.

Every time the kind and reliable man came to him, he was so happy. Sera didn't intend to tell him about his feelings. He'd be happy if Toshiki would let him be at his side.

If only he came, if only he could see him. That was enough for him.

"I'm going to get married soon. Could you let us hold our marriage in your church?"

That was the moment Sera had understood his feelings.

(.....)

Every time he remembered that, his heart hurt... beyond endurance.

And what's more, Toshiki had told him that he'd been introduced to his fiancée at a meeting arranged by his boss just the other day.

And here Sera had met Toshiki before Toshiki had met his fiancée. That woman, who had showed up later, had stolen Toshiki's heart. But he had to bear it, since he was here to pray for other peoples' happiness.

And yet...

Even though he kneeled in front of the altar, he was still thinking... about him. And his own neck...which Toshiki had touched. His snow white skin blushed as if he'd applied rouge, and he still felt Toshiki's warmth there.

Just a chance, accidental touch caused his body to burn so much he couldn't stand it. He could hardly bear his hot and excited body. He wanted to see him again. He could hardly wait for the days Toshiki came, and he couldn't calm his feelings.

"....."

Nevertheless, he shook his head to get rid of them. He bowed his head down low and pressed his folded fingers against his mouth.

He was truly a charming sight, with his eyes cast down and eyelashes casting shadows on his cheeks.

Only when he prayed could he devote himself to the service of the public...

Praying there, Sera looked so graceful, pure and serene, that one would hesitate to even talk to him. He seemed like a bride being sacrificed to God. His body was covered in a long robe that trailed to the ground, and yet you could still make out how slender he was. Delicate, white fingers peeked out from his sleeves, and a fine, coquettish necklace suited the slim neck that rose from his tight collar. A silver cross hung at the end of the necklace. His hair poured just past his neck, and his stark black robe contrasted bewitchingly with his pure white skin.

A priest devoted to God wasn't allowed to wear flashy jewels, but it was this simple outfit that brought out Sera's beauty.

"....."

Sera slowly raised his eyes and gazed at the figure that looked down on him from the altar. Priests weren't allowed to get married or have love affairs. He'd chosen this path knowing that, wanting to help out the priest who'd taken him in, an orphan without a family. Since birth, it'd been a given that Sera would become a priest.

He'd been found by the priest on a holy night, at the foot of the very cypress whose branches had swayed in the wind behind Toshiki's back.

Even today Sera didn't know who his parents were, or what their reasons were. He was grateful to the priest, who'd named him after the day he'd been found and raised him. (*Note: Sera = holy + good*)

Growing up under the care of the charitable priest, Sera had naturally started living his life for others. The happiness of others was more important to him than his own happiness. Sera, who was so full of kindness, was looked up to by all the people who came to the church.

He was a pure and unsullied being who lived on his desire to serve God, and he always had a happy, calm smile on his pretty face. He was loved by everybody, but he, in turn, was all alone.

There wasn't anybody who really loved him, and there wasn't anybody he could really love, either.

Once in a while it'd happened that he'd been bantered at for looking like a doll.

The words of his college classmates rang out...

"He's kind, but he's kind to everybody."

"Being nice to everyone is just as good as being cold. Sometimes I think that he won't open his mind."

He couldn't find any real friends since he couldn't open his heart. It was because he was afraid of being abandoned. He was afraid of being hated, and that the same thing that happened with his parents could happen again.

That was it.

That's why he'd done everything to be liked...

But they'd often given him a wide berth.

There wasn't anyone he could really rely on...

No matter how lonely he felt.

As for someone to stay with him on a stormy night...

The only one he wanted was with his fiancée.

Even though everyone liked Sera and he was the centre of attention, he was always isolated; and even though he preached that human beings can't live alone, he of all people was tormented by loneliness. Would he be alone as he was now for the rest of his life?

There was no way he'd be able to stand living in isolation any longer.

Though the storm season has passed, a peal of thunder rumbled across the sky.

"Ah!"

Sera clapped his hands over his ears, startled at its intensity. It was a terrible sound which announced the coming lightning strike.

His heartbeat sounded in his ears.

Tonight of all nights he was by himself in this church. The priest wasn't there, either.

On nights like this he felt so forlorn and desolated that he couldn't bear it anymore. Sorrowfully, Sera got up. The hem of his robe rustled gently.

"I need to hold out!"

He was the only one who could protect the church now. He wanted to be brave, since there was no one to protect him. He had to do everything by himself.

Sera felt helpless.

He wanted to fulfil his position as a priest, someone who others could turn to for help, and someone with willpower and bravery. But when he was alone like he was now, he just wished he could protect his small and fragile body.

"I'll go... and get holy water."

Feeling that the immoral thoughts were on the point of torturing him again, Sera turned away from the altar. There was a spring that spilled water into Sera's church. They drew it, blessed it, and used it as holy water.

When Sera opened the impressive wooden door, an endless darkness opened up before him. He lit a candle and walked down the spiral staircase that led to the cellar.

Clack, clack... Each step echoed off the stone walls as he descended the stairs. His fingers, which held the cup to take the water, were shaking.

In the cellar there was a little room surrounded by stone walls, and in its centre there was a small spring. Overhead there was a small window to let in the light. Rain fell into the room from it. It seemed that it had started raining right after Toshiki had gone home.

"I wonder if he got home safely," Sera murmured to himself, while looking up to the window. He was worried about Toshiki.

"Stay with me."

He'd almost used those words to keep him from going home. He'd reached out for the hem of Toshiki's jacket, but just before he grabbed it, his reason had told him to stop.

"He's with his fiancée now."

With the one he had to protect. A defenceless woman needed to be protected.

He wasn't anyone who had to be protected. He was there to listen to people's sorrow and to watch over them.

(But, what about my own sorrow?)

There wasn't anyone he could confide in; Sera had no shoulder to cry on. He could only pray like he always did. The one that he wished was by his side when he really needed help wasn't there. He had no one.

Whenever he was caught by sorrowful thoughts it was because he'd thought about Toshiki's fiancée. He didn't want to see him by her side, happily smiling. And he knew that he had to wish for their best luck as a priest and that he'd be the witness over the union.

"I'll have to be present, in this mental state of mine."

He couldn't do that. He wasn't supposed to think something like this. How could something else have stolen his heart even though he'd devoted his body to God?

Zing...!

"Ah, my cross..."

As if it wanted to condemn Sera's immorality, the necklace, where the cross hung at his chest, had ripped apart. It glided away from Sera and fell with a rattle to the wet floor.

He looked down at the floor and searched for it, but he couldn't find it. It was as if it was telling him that it wasn't suitable for the man that he was now.

"It's like the wailing of the storm could drive the evil thoughts away from me."

As if the pure rain had washed them away from him. Cold fog had surrounded Sera while praying, and he trembled all over.

On a night like this... he couldn't help but feel small and powerless. He wished someone was by his side.

...he hoped for it from the bottom of his heart.

"Stay with me."

But Sera himself had sent that man home.

"Toshiki-san..."

He cast his thick-lashed eyes down, and his pale white checks shined. Even in the dimly-lit cellar, the proper atmosphere around Sera didn't disappear. He looked like a neat flower, and the darkness only enhanced it all the more.

"That's not something a priest should say."

When someone suddenly spoke to him from behind, Sera raised his head with a jerk. No one was supposed to be here, so what was happening?

(Who was that?)

"Ah...!"

There was a flash of lightning. When he turned his head a large silhouette loomed up in the sudden gleam of light.

A tall man with a forceful presence...



He was probably one of the faithful that visited the church.

Strong lips, jet-black eyes, a clear cut face...

(What a man...)

Sera couldn't turn away his eyes. The man's well-proportioned body was dressed in an elegant, raven-black cape. The double-breasted jacket, which was visible through the cape, was tailored to his broad chest amazingly well.

He'd probably put on that cape, whose fine quality you could see at first sight, to shelter himself from the rain.

In contrast to his strong, masculine looks, his movements as he shook out the cape, rustling it with a practised hand, were extremely graceful.

You could sense a power and severity within him that seemed to be able to force anybody around him to fall down on their knees automatically.

His beautiful face was almost too perfect for this world.

The man before him possessed an incredible attraction. He was beautiful, but at the same time Sera felt overwhelmed by that much glory.

This man couldn't possibly be from this world. Sera couldn't even imagine that he was human.

The dark, piercing eyes, which could enchant you with a single glance, looked down upon him.

"...ah..."

Just as the dark eyes fixed him, a shock flashed through him like a gunshot.

Without paying attention to Sera's big eyes, which stared at him, the man got closer. The nearer he got the more Sera shuddered.

He'd never felt it before, a feeling like this.

(Why?)

Who the heck was this...? What was he? The man before his eyes.

Before he knew it, Sera wanted to step back, but it was as if his feet were pinned down to the floor.

"What were you praying for?" The man reached out to touch Sera's tear-stained cheek with his fingers.

“Ah...!”

Surprisingly vehement, Sera shrunk back. The man’s raised hand made him notice that his eyes had been filled with tears for the first time. He’d whisked away from the fingers that were stretched out to wipe off his tears... without even knowing.

He rejected the extended arm. He resisted the man before his eyes with every part of his body. For the first time Sera found himself compelled to turn someone down that brusquely.

“You...”

For an instant the man showed signs of surprise. What was it... that had flashed in his eyes for a moment? Before Sera could get to the bottom of the feeling, it was gone. Somehow he felt like a bitter tone had mixed with the voice that talked to him.

His face pale, Sera folded his arms around his trembling body to protect himself from the man before his eyes.

At that moment there was thunder. A glint of light flashed...

The pale light was shining on the profile of the strange man. His face hidden in the shadows was strongly appealing.

(.....!)

A sudden impulse went through Sera. He knew that he was in danger. He shouldn’t get close to this man, he was frightened by him beyond all words. He felt like he wasn’t standing face to face with a human being.

It was his intuition.

For the first time he wanted to run away from someone at the first meeting without any word exchanged.

“.....”

On impulse Sera turned around. Turning his back to the man, he was ready to run for the stairs that led upwards.

From behind a hand reached out for Sera and grabbed his wrist.

“Eek...!”

From his throat came a panicked scream. Regardless, the man put his arm around Sera’s waist from behind and drew him close to his chest without mercy.

“Wha... what are you doing...?”

The man pressed Sera against his chest hard enough to keep him from running away. His lips drew near Sera’s earlobe. “Toshiki? Is that the name of your beloved?” He fixed his eyes on him to search Sera’s heart.

Sera’s cheeks blushed deep red. The man had heard his murmur from before.

Keeping Sera in his arms, the man pressed his well-formed face against the nape of Sera’s neck from behind. It was the spot where Toshiki had touched him a short while ago.

“Ah...”

“It hurts you when you’re touched here? Are you in love with that man?”

Hot shivers ran over Sera’s skin, slowly but steadily. He let out a groan, mixed with a hint of lust. In this painfully tight embrace, he couldn’t even deny it out of fear.

The man, who held Sera’s slender body in his arms, blew from his nose ironically, and then he passed his fingers down Sera’s spine. His fingers groped Sera’s chest from behind and he sucked the nape of his neck sharply.

“Ah...”

At that moment Sera let out a high scream. His skin felt as if it were moving. He’d never before felt this feeling that vibrated through him slowly and steadily.

As if he felt encouraged by Sera’s reaction, the man let his fingers wander over Sera’s body in a self-confident, almost haughty attitude. “Thinking about that man makes your body ache, doesn’t it?”

“.....”

At a loss for words, Sera’s face froze.

“Didn’t you want to be embraced by him... like this?”

Did he want to be embraced?

“If you become mine I’ll grant you all your wishes.”

All his wishes.

In a confident manner, to the point of being arrogant, he whispered his sweet seduction.

What the heck was this man talking about?

"Become yours?"

"Yes. If you give me your blood like this and become my manservant."

(Manservant...?)

What on earth was he suggesting?

"Don't you understand?"

He lifted up the soft hair that fell onto the nape of Sera's neck and pressed his lips down on the bare skin. "Becoming mine is easy. You have to give me your blood of your own free will..."

His blood...?

He felt something sharp at his neck, something like teeth, but as sharp as blades.

"That's all it takes, and I'll take care of all the things you desire."

If he let this man drink his blood he could get his hands on anything he wanted.

His blood? No way!

"Stop it!"

He felt a chill creep over him, and a strained yell escaped him. Like a cornered rat in its last moment, by a strength that surprised even him, he broke the man's grip.

Because of his movement, the man relaxed his hold for a moment. The moment when he let go, Sera was in danger of going down on the spot, but by a final effort he kept himself on his feet.

(I don't want this...!)

He turned his back to the man and ran off desperately. Without looking back, he dashed up the stairs as fast as his legs could carry him. He was stumbling and only moving by instinct, but then a ray of light let him know that he'd be up the stairs soon.

When he could see again, he saw the familiar inside of the church. He'd arrived above ground.

He left the church, and regardless of the rain that soaked him, he ran for his home behind it, and tightly locked the door from the inside.

Nervously, he peered out of the window, but in the inner yard... there wasn't anyone.

(What the heck was that?)

When he'd made sure that there weren't any footsteps that followed him, his knees failed him.

"...ah..."

He broke down there and then.

He couldn't sense anyone here aside from him.

What on earth had just happened?

That man in the empty cellar had the power to tie you up with just a single gaze. He was sure that the teeth, which had threatened to bore into the nape of his neck, had felt sharp and keen-edged on his skin.

Surrounded by silence, one could even think that the incident in the cellar had been a dream...

"Huff, huff..."

He was breathing hard, and his heart was throbbing hard enough to break. His shoulders trembling, Sera hugged his arms around himself. His legs were shaking and he couldn't get up.

His black robe was soaked and dampened his skin. The drops on Sera's checks came from the rain. Or did they?

All he could feel on his freezing, wet body was the warmth of his arms wrapped around him. Drops ran down his hair and mixed with tears that dripped down.

In the rolling thunder, soaking-wet and dirty, Sera sat in that spot and refused to move.

The next morning, the sun shining in tickled Sera's cheek, and he opened his eyes wide with a start.

"Oh... I..."

Blinking, since what he saw wasn't his room, Sera finally realized that he'd fallen asleep while leaning against the front door. Last night he seemed to have covered himself with a blanket, sat down on his heels while watching the door, and then fallen asleep before he knew it.

He touched the nape of his neck fearfully, but he didn't feel any pain or wound, either.

...the world around him hadn't changed, and neither had he.

"Was all that yesterday a dream?"

Maybe it was a daydream which had showed him his impure desires. Every time he felt these impure feelings his tormented heart hurt. It was entirely his fault.

(.....)

He felt like crying because of this sin. Since even thinking about it... was unforgivable.

His blood and that feeling of sharp teeth at the nape of his neck... Sera totally denied the hallucinations which he had derived from them.

"Ah...!"

When he tried to stand up, he went down again right away.

"H, huh... I..."

His legs, which he'd been sitting on the entire night, felt numb and senseless.

"Ugh...!"

At that moment a cat mewed at his feet in protest.

"Huh? Wh, what?!"

"Grrrr!"

A cat with a smooth coat of silver fur furiously hissed at Sera when he stepped on her.

"S—sorry."

When Sera apologized to her, the cat hastily jumped away and sat down a small distance from him.

Sera lived with the priest in a small house behind the church, but the priest wasn't there at the moment. There were many cats which visited the church frequently, but none had ever found their way into the house. The one with the silver fur hadn't been among those cats until now.

"Are you hungry? I'll give you something to eat as an apology."

The priest always had milk prepared for the cats that visited him often.

"Wait a minute."

After he'd made sure that his legs had recovered from the numbness, Sera got up. He went to the kitchen, took out cat-milk from the stock, and poured it into a bowl close to his feet. The cat didn't want to drink for a while. With eyes that seemed to say that she wasn't interested in plain food, she looked up to Sera.

"Sorry. ...this is everything I have."

After Sera's honest apology to her, the cat resigned herself and started to drink.

"Is it good?"

When he earnestly asked the milk-licking cat, she wagged her tail as if Sera's question bothered her.

Sera didn't have much appetite, but when he got ready to prepare something for himself and opened the fridge, he noticed that it was almost empty. It wasn't new to him that his life was hard, but Sera, who luckily wasn't hungry and decided to skip breakfast, sighed softly.

In a church, you were mainly dependent on the donations of the faithful for your living, but unless there were some extremely rich people among them, it wasn't an existence in which you could make much money.

So the real living conditions were hard. But the priest, who'd raised him as a substitute for his parents, was in the hospital at the moment. It was hard to pay for extraordinary burdens like hospital expenses and church repairs from their small budget.



Sera did everything within his meagre power, but sometimes he found it difficult.

"I need to hold out..."

Every time he felt swamped with anguish and loneliness he encouraged himself, since there wasn't anyone else... to cheer him up. Sera had been as considerate as an adult ever since he'd been little. He'd never showed anyone that he'd felt lonely.

Maybe it was like this because he had no family. Even when the priest had had to go to a different monastery on an official trip, Sera had always seen him off with a smile on his face. Even if he'd been sick and in pain.

"You're alright, so I can leave you alone assured." The priest had always praised him like that.

Actually, Sera never had been a person of robust health. Of all times, once when the priest was gone Sera had become feverish and had been in awful pain. He'd been all alone and there hadn't been anyone to make food for him.

...and even when he'd become delirious, he'd held out.

Far from having someone to place a damp cloth on his forehead, he'd only been worried about being a burden to someone if he'd said that he'd been sick. He'd never caused trouble to anyone, since he thought of others first.

The priest would recover and he'd be able to welcome him with a smile, since the only one who could protect this place was him. He'd do it to reward the priest who'd put him up and even let him study theology, even at the expense of his own happiness.

Sera served the people who frequented the church with the priest, all the while holding down his painfully stinging and lonely heart.

He left the cat behind where she was, and went to the church to see how matters stood after the storm last night.

"Ah..."

He frowned when he saw the snapped off flowers at the entrance. The strong wind had broken off the heads of the flowers in the flower bed as well as the heads of the flowers in full bloom in the garden.

"Poor things." As he said that, Sera put an overturned pot back to its place.

The stained glass pane above the altar in the church seemed to have loosened, too. The hinges of the front door grated, and the rain had left puddles inside the church. The rain water, which had gathered on the roof last night, had dripped down on the confessional.

When he thought about their future prospects at this horrible sight, Sera automatically hung his head. In their present situation there wasn't enough money to pay for the repairs. He couldn't do anything about it but to ask an unpaid trainee like Toshiki.

Since he couldn't do anything about it, Sera brought himself to at least wipe off the rain-wet chairs and to mop up the floor. By the time the church was in shape to welcome people again it was getting dark already. The rain clouds hadn't gone away all day and there was storm in the air.

"Next I'll take care of the garden."

So he could greet the few faithful with pretty flowers.

"It's in pretty bad condition."

Sera shook the dirt off of the hem of his robe and started to get up, when someone called to him from the entrance. The moment he saw the people he knitted his pretty brows.

"Are all the flowers ruined? That's too bad." Even though the man offered his sympathies, there was no sign of pity in his voice.

Several men in suits were standing in the door. You could hardly call them pleasant-looking, and they weren't suited to be churchgoers.

"What can I do for you?" Sera's usually soft voice carried a surprising sharpness.

"You've had time enough to think the matter over, haven't you?" Without waiting for a greeting, the man impudently walked straight into the church.

"You must have gotten an answer. It won't change no matter how often you come here." Desperately keeping down the impulse to flee, Sera rejected the man's offer.

Because of Sera's firm attitude, which didn't fit his delicate and graceful appearance, one of the men raised his eyebrows.

"Please go now!"

"Even though you've got a sweet face, you're pretty demanding, aren't you?" His voice sounded mocking. You could see that these men were

common salaried men, but the sharpness in their eyes couldn't wipe out the traces of arrogance.

Sera doubled up his fists at his chest. These men, that owned the land around the church, were estate agents. They'd come to the church often since the other day, and they'd started to ask the priest and Sera to sell this land. They waited until the evening, when they wouldn't be seen by many people, to come here like now.

One of the faithful, who'd seen these men, had informed Sera that the place where the church was located seemed to be in an excellent location, and a certain firm was in the middle of working out a scheme to develop it. These guys had bought up all the plots of land, raised the prices and made enormous profits by reselling them to that firm. They made no scruples of doing anything to attain money.

With a meanness, which had confirmed those words, they'd visited to put him under pressure and make life miserable for him.

"There's nothing more to talk about."

"We presented you with very good terms, didn't we? And you can reconstruct the church elsewhere, too." In a disgusted tone, the man reproached Sera for his demand.

"You'd be better off if you managed it in our good graces." Threatening sharpness mixed with his words bit by bit.

Sera, who wasn't immune to the dirty tricks of these men, who were experienced in threatening people, started to tremble. The priest, who had had to go through the same kind of thing, had collapsed in an anxiety attack. Sera was alone now.

"Hinoki* Sera-San, right? If the cypress in the inner yard, that big tree over there, burned down, it would be painful for you, wouldn't it?"
(*His name means Japanese cypress)

When they threatened to destroy the tree that was dear to him without mercy, Sera caught his breath.

"Not to mention if the church burned down, right?"

"Are you trying to threaten me?"

"Nothing is farther from my intention." Even as he denied it, the man laughed deeply.

Sera secretly bit his lips. He was the only one who could protect this place which the priest, who'd found him and raised him, set great value on. Sera had resisted them all by himself. But...

They'd spread rumours that there was a suspect going in and out of the church, and so the faithful had begun to avoid the church right away. They'd lost one after another. That's why they were in such a bad situation now.

"It seems like this church is damaged everywhere. Don't you have to pay many expenses for repair and support? The priest had probably never thought about money, but unlike God, we people can't live without it, can we?"

In concert with these mean words the men exchanged smiling glances.

"You should face the facts. I wonder how someone like you could make a living if he runs out of money?"

"Huh...?"

While Sera looked at him in bewilderment, the man let his eyes wander over Sera's smooth skin. Cold shivers ran down Sera's spine.

"Will you stop putting me off already? Be honest, you're quite powerless by yourself." On the instructions of their leader the men surrounded Sera.

Sensing something wrong in the air, Sera, who had nobody to turn to for help, flinched.

"Ah...!"

The man reached out to touch Sera's arm.

(Somebody, help me...)

He silently called for help, even though he knew that nobody would come to save him this far from the city. Help... never showed up for him. Not even if he was in bed with a fever, or if he was encircled by men with evil eyes like now.

"Father... please take my confession."

A voice that didn't belong to any of the men in the room rang through the church. Sera turned towards the voice in surprise. To him, it was as if the Savoir had appeared before him for the first time. But it seemed to stir him deeply, this voice...

(Ah...!)

Standing in the entrance was the man he'd met in the cellar of the chapel last night.

Shinpu wa Yoru no Hanayome
(The Father is the Vampire's Bride)

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Chapter 2

"Several people ganging up on a single man isn't fair." The man had suddenly changed his tone. He narrowed his jet-black eyes, which were pointed at the men as if mocking them.

The cat with the silver coat of fur prowled around his legs.

"....."

Sera instantly turned pale. He wasn't supposed to feel this relieved. The help that had showed up for him, for the first time, only made him all the more afraid. *He* wasn't any help for him.

The incident last night hadn't been a dream, after all.

The men of the estate agency also seemed to feel the apprehension, one that froze them into place. "Wh... who are you?" The man's voice sounded different, as if the overbearing manner he'd displayed until now had never existed.

"Who am I? I said that I came here to confess, didn't I? I'm a pious worshipper. Can't you even figure out that?"

"What?!"

Since the man kept mocking them, the realtors had grown angry. They'd lost interest in Sera; they now encircled the man who'd reappeared.

With a condescending air, as if it was beneath his dignity to associate with ordinary people, the man introduced himself.

"My name is Jin Oscar Fahrenheit. I'm a prodigal aristocrat who travels the world as I like. I was on my way to meet my bride when I felt drawn towards this place."

To meet his bride? Sera wondered if he might have misheard about the manservant.

"And who are you?" The men he addressed exchanged glances.

"You aren't up to anything good, are you? The baseness shows on your face, I'll tell you." Even though he faced several strange men, Jin didn't seem intimidated.

"...you are a nuisance."

"You...!" Because of the words Jin disdainfully said, one of the men hoisted his fist up. But...

"O...ow...!! A, aaah...!" The man who tried to attack Jin uttered a desperate scream as his arm was twisted behind his back.

"Did you think people like you could defeat me?"

The men's faces flushed in light of Jin's scorn. They then rushed at him together, seeing that he was still fighting with the man who had attacked him.

At that moment, they were all catapulted to the door of the church by a single blow that hit them like an invisible wall. Sera, a witness to Jin's power, widened his eyes.

That was beyond a mere human's power. He wasn't...

"Ugh..." The men, who had fallen in a pile, uttered sorry squeals.

"Get out!" Jin told them frigidly. He gazed contemptuously at the men who were writhing with pain. His eyes...were so cold that the air inside the church instantly froze ...

"We'll go... For today..." The men, who couldn't possibly have turned any paler, looked as if they couldn't say any more. But still they dashed out of the church with that final parting shot. They'd looked pathetic.

"Hinoka Sera, right?" The eyes, which had gazed derisively at those men, turned towards Sera.

Sera leapt up, startled. For him, who'd just witnessed Jin's enormous power, even being merely looked at was intimidating.

"It doesn't help matters much, allowing people like them go in and out." It wasn't like Sera had invited them, now was it?

Ignoring the fact that Sera was shrinking away, Jin strode towards him.

It hadn't been a dream, after all. Last night the man hadn't followed him. Sera trembled... He'd felt the same horrible anxiety last night.

Even though Sera's expression had frozen in defence, Jin kept walking towards him.

Sera had been afraid of that perfect masculine, arrogant demeanour. Seeing Jin's power had only increased his fear.

Why was he so afraid of him? He was nice to everybody and tried to help everyone so he wouldn't be rejected, but in front of this man he couldn't behave normally at all.

Last night, Jin hadn't followed him. That was why Sera had hoped that he wouldn't come anymore. But his wish had been crushed.

Sera preached to everyone that they should treat everybody equally and love each other the same, but this man was the first person he couldn't accept. Sera couldn't stop the anxiety and unease that tormented him.

"Did you think you could escape me?"

He couldn't escape. If Jin became serious, he certainly couldn't. As if driving his prey into a corner, Jin drew closer.

Sera, whose slender body quivered under his robe, looked so helpless and lovely that anybody looking on would feel sorry for him. But on this occasion he was sure that this man wouldn't let him flee.

"Ah..."

Jin grabbed both his arms and looked him straight in the face. "Are you afraid of me?" Jin, who looked down at Sera, raised an eyebrow.

The dark eyes watching him glinted golden. When the imposing, strangely coloured eyes settled upon him, Sera couldn't move; it was as if his feet were pinned down to the floor.

When the man smiled at Sera's timid reaction, something flashed at the corner of his opened mouth that hadn't been there before. The thing flashing in his mouth vanished the moment Sera noticed it.

(Ah...!)

He wasn't... a human being, after all.

"Ah...!" Jin embraced Sera.

(No way...it couldn't be...)

"Vampire..."

Last night he'd walked into the trap of a being whose existence he'd never acknowledged. The true face of his anxiety...

When Sera named him, the man sniffed in annoyance. "We only bear... a slightly different power than humans. But I guess you'll never admit that."

"...!!" A shudder ran down Sera's spine.

He couldn't believe it. This was an evil being that existed by drinking the blood of others. Was the man in front of his eyes really a vampire?

His beastlike wildness, that overwhelming power, and everything else... made it impossible to doubt it. They said that the people whose blood had been drained dry withered away. This... vampire would take away his vitality and suck up his life. Sera had no doubt about that.

Now that Jin had demonstrated his supernatural power, the meaning of this overpowering feeling that he'd felt from the beginning, the meaning of this sharp anxiety that seized him only when Jin was near, now he understood it. Had he rejected him because of that?

"...Really...?"

When Sera asked him, because he didn't want to believe it, Jin's fingers bored into his arms. "Should I convince you?" When Jin fixed him with his eyes, Sera's head started spinning. The man caught his body right away as he slumped down.

Jin would suck his body dry. Jin held his body in his arms and Sera couldn't even struggle. Stealing someone's vigour with a glance was something crushing, beyond a human's power...

He felt the fear of death as if he'd roused a snarling beast.

"...why are you here...?" Why had he turned up before him? With profound bewilderment, Sera looked up to the face above him.

...he really couldn't comprehend, and while he kept trembling...

(...huh...?) He felt something bitter glimmer in Jin's eyes.

"Um..." He didn't know what had caused that look on Jin's face.

"...I was on my way searching for a new manservant with good blood, but I'd never imagined coming across prey like yourself."

Prey.

The word made Sera shudder. Jin wasn't searching for a bride, but for a manservant? But he'd just said that he'd come here to search for a bride.

"Why did you choose me...?" He'd even gone through the trouble of appearing in the church cellar.

When Sera trembled and asked him timidly, Jin answered cruelly. "Since you called me."

(?!)

He didn't remember calling him. That moment he'd just...

(I'd wished for someone... by my side.)

Since being alone had been too difficult for him.

When he wanted to tell Jin that he hadn't called him, Jin, looking as though he'd swallowed something bitter, repeated his words.

"The scent of your blood called me."

"The scent of my blood?"

The scent of his own blood.

When Sera looked up at him in confusion, Jin's face drew nearer to explain. "I'll tell you what kind of blood tastes best to us. First of all, the blood of virgins. But what's more important is the flavour."

Jin specified with dignity. "The blood of people who have impure thoughts or the blood of people who break taboos is most aromatic. If blood like that moistens our dry throat it gives us even more power."

Sera's face stiffened, shocked.

"Even though you're a priest, you betrayed God to love a man. A virgin priest too. Meeting someone like you doesn't happen often."

Sera's face turned pale.

"The scent of your blood, tainted with impure thoughts, called me."

"Ah..." A soft moan escaped Sera's lips. He himself had called this man, because he'd fallen in love... with Toshiki. He'd only wished somebody would be by his side everyday, because he'd been tormented by his loneliness. But because these feelings weren't allowed, they'd called this man instead...

Sera felt like crying.

"Let me drink your blood until I'm satiated." With a menacing voice, the man's face drew closer. Sera fought weakly, but the difference in strength was too immense.

"I told you yesterday, didn't I?" Jin rolled his eyes and his voice turned gentle again. "That giving me your blood and becoming my manservant wouldn't only be a disadvantage. You could attain anything you desire." The man reminded Sera of the power that he'd demonstrated.

"Maybe you could make the man you love become yours. ...Only, you can't resist me anymore."

Only by giving Jin his blood would he be able to obtain Toshiki.

"That man will kiss you. He'll choose and love you. Don't you wish for that?" Jin whispered his dubious enticement with a sweet voice. "Then, that man will stay by your side... forever..."

Toshiki would be with him. Forever.

(And on a lonely night...?)

He wouldn't have to beg for help anymore.

Even though his words were egoistical, the supercilious tone suited the man before his eyes.

Even if Sera came down with a fever, he wouldn't have to endure the pain on his own anymore. Even if those men from the real estate agency surrounded him, Toshiki'd stand by him. He had only to give his blood to the man in front of him...

"Swear... that you'll become mine."

...and become his.

Jin fixed his feral eyes on Sera. Under his unrelenting look, Sera's body turned hot. He was surprised that he had started to experience desire for this merciless man.

"How about it...?" When he realized that desire, Sera snapped out of it, shocked.

"N... no...!" He shook his head hastily. Even if it becomes painful, something like this was out of the question. Even if he felt like crying, he'd never want to destroy another person's happiness intentionally.

There was no way Sera would ever succumb to this temptation.

"I can't knowingly take away that man's happiness ..." When Sera openly refused him, Jin raised one of his eyebrows.

“Even though your wishes would come true if you became mine?”

“Nonetheless, I...”

“That man wouldn't choose his fiancée, he'd choose you. He'd be with you, no matter what happened.” That was what Sera, who lived on his own, desired most, but...

“I'll never become yours...” Just as he declared his brave decision to not yield to this temptation...

(Huh...?)

Sera opened his eyes wide.

As if saying that he would no longer allow him to turn him down anymore, Jin forced Sera's mouth shut with his own.

“...mmh...” The feeling of Jin's hot lips made him light-headed. It was an untamed, passionate kiss... When Sera's knees failed him, he sagged heavily in Jin's arms as their lips parted...

Jin looked down on him with impassioned eyes. His heated gaze and strong arms held Sera prisoner. When he looked up, the strong and voluptuous lips were in front of his eyes. He'd just touched him with those lips...

“Le-let go of me...” As he wriggled within the tight embrace, trying to push Jin's body away, he'd dug his fingernails into the nape of Jin's neck and left grooves.

“Ah...!” Sera turned pale.

Blood trickled from Jin's neck. He'd rejected him completely... the entire time, from the beginning.

He felt the man... roll his eyes. But it was only for a moment, and the hint of self-derisiveness disappeared almost instantly.

When he saw the dark-red colour, Sera's reason came back.

(How could I hurt someone? What have I...?) Even if he was to be violated, Sera thought of others first. Because of Sera's ashen face, the hurt man gazed at him, worried.

“Do you abhor becoming mine this much?” Jin exercised all his skills.

“...even though your skin glowed when that man, Toshiki, touched you.”

“.....!” When Jin reminded him of his depravity, Sera felt a stinging pain in his chest. But that...

(...was because I loved Toshiki.)

“Don't you like it when I touch you?” When the man in front of his eyes touched him, he felt nothing but fear.

“Then... give me your body while you think about that man.”

“.....!” Jin tried to drive Sera, who'd sworn to never become his, against the wall. Even though he looked calm, Sera caught a glimpse of annoyance on Jin's face.

“Ah...!!” It happened abruptly. He was pulled down to the cold floor.

(Was he angry...?) Why did he go through all this trouble to obtain him?

“I shall make you pay for the sin of raising your hand against me.” Jin would make him regret that he'd resisted him.

“Please go away...!”

As Sera struggled and tried to push the body above him away, Jin ground out frightening words that took away his willpower.

“Do you hate me? I don't mind if your body burns hot with hatred.” Jin laughed, since this was exactly what he wanted.

“Making a determined guy like you swear to become mine will be amusing.” He spoke those egotistical words with a conceited tone.

“Abandon yourself to your lust and give yourself to your desires. And when you come to my feet of your own free will... I'll take your blood.” When Jin had told him that blood tainted with immorality was much more delectable, Sera had been shocked.

Jin's body didn't move. Pleasant stirrings spread from where Jin was touching him. Sera's arms weren't strong enough to push Jin away.

“The more you struggle, the more I will enjoy it.” Despite the distinct difference in strength, Sera didn't stop fighting. His weak resistance drew a deep mocking laugh from Jin.

“Stop it. Please... I... beg you...” Sera sobbed bitterly.

But the man didn't stop.

(Why is he doing this?) Sera couldn't believe it. Why?

"No. I told you I'd make you pay for the sin of raising your hand against me, didn't I?"

"Ah..." Through the silence of the chapel, a place that couldn't possibly be more unsuitable for them... lewd cries rang out... with salacious slurping sounds blended in with them.

Was it because blood becomes even more delicious when you break a taboo in a pious place? Was that why he did something like this?

Sera clenched his eyes because he was on the verge of tears.

"Mmh..." His arms were clasped up above his head. With his arms pressed down to the ground and chest bare, Sera was forced into a shameful pose.

Holding off Sera's resistance, Jin pressed his lips to Sera's chest. He let his sharp tongue fervently lick around Sera's budded nipples. The lustful sound of kisses on skin filled the pious chapel.

Both of Sera's arms were pinned down above his head and his chest was bare.

"Ah... mmh..." Hot moans escaped Sera's wet lips almost without pause. Even though he tried to suppress them, they kept coming incessantly.

(Something like this...) He didn't understand feelings like these.

These feelings, which he'd never felt until now, burned deep inside him. And every time Jin explored Sera's mouth with his tongue, Sera felt a hot and wet thrill blaze through his lower limbs.

"Mh..." Sera compressed his lips. If he didn't hold himself back with all his might, he'd moan even more.

"Don't stifle your voice. It's getting to you, isn't it?"

Sera, who wouldn't just surrender to the feelings Jin summoned within him, clenched his teeth defiantly.

"No... Ah..."

At that moment, a syrupy feeling slowly spread out deep within him and Sera let out a groan.

“What... is this...?” He breathed the question that had arisen inside him. The passion that welled up inside him mystified him even more.

Instead of yielding to lust, he wanted Jin, who looked down at Sera's even more bewildered face, to let him go...

“.....” Sera couldn't understand it. Without knowing the answer, he could only knit his brows in silence.

“You look like you don't have a clue about what's going on. That turns me on... even more.”



“Ah...”

In order to close Sera's confused and tear-soaked eyes, Jin had moved his lips minutely.

“I'll teach you. Your body. Everything... from beginning to end.” Sighing into his ear, Jin whispered in an intimate tone. “...how to kiss wantonly, how to groan when you're caressed by my hand. And then... how to open your legs to seduce a man. And the hunger you can feel when you sleep with a man.”

“I... don't want that.” There was no way he could do that, seducing a man.

Trying not to listen, Sera struggled to get away from under Jin. But since Jin loosely held Sera's most precious part in his hand, he couldn't escape.

“Uh... ah...” As sweet, almost painful ache flooded his lower limbs, Sera's erection lengthened, and under the cloth his reaction could already be seen.

“You're already...hard.”

Sera blushed.

“Hmph...” Jin's grunts filled the room...

When Jin stroked his private parts, Sera felt an incessant, sweet pain welling up inside him. That someone else's touch could give so much pleasure was new for Sera.

“A-ah...” His cheeks flushed crimson with humiliation. How could this possibly be his voice...?

“It seems like you feel pretty good...”

“N... uh.” (No.)

Even though he held Sera's length in front of him, Jin's fingers didn't stop.

“Uh... fuh...”

Pressing his hand against his mouth, Sera tried desperately to stifle his moans.

“Nh... nn...”

But Jin quickly pulled his hand away.

“Let me hear your voice.”

“But...” Sera felt like weeping; he couldn't accept his own reaction.

“...You respond so innocently, I can hardly believe it. You haven't allowed anybody else touch your body, have you?”

“.....”

“I'm right, aren't I?”

Unable to answer, Sera shook his head in denial, but his resistance was feeble.

“How did you grow up so pure?” Jin murmured.

“I guess you were well protected, by... the priest.” Jin said, as if making fun of Sera's childhood.

(N-no...)

Sera's lower limbs throbbed with the heat and pressure of thick, flowing magma, which couldn't be spewed. Jin gently rubbed his groin as Sera desperately tried to hold back his climax.

“Ah...! Aah...!”

But every time he tried to suppress it, giddy lust overcame him.

Since Jin was so practised, Sera's member throbbed excruciatingly, as relentless waves of pleasure made him arch his hips compulsively.

“Your hips wander. They rock as if they are trying to press against my hand.”

“.....” Jin's tormenting words made Sera feel vulgar. But since both his hands were held tight, he couldn't escape. Jin toyed with his body as he pleased.

Premature drops seeping out had left an indecent stain on his robe. Jin's fingers lightly rubbed the spot over where the stain had appeared. He assaulted Sera through his robe.

“Please...stop...” Even though Sera's body showed the sought reaction, Jin continued by starting to undress Sera, who'd started fighting him again.

Jin pushed up his dress hem, took off his pants and let the pitiable thing, which had been penalized to lead a cramped and fettered existence under his clothes, out into the breeze.

“Ah...!”

Slowly, Jin spread Sera's legs wide. “What a beautiful rosy colour. It doesn't show any sign of use.”

Jin looked down at his nakedness. The moment it'd been released from the cloth it'd uncurled itself. Sera could see his lewdly rigid member between his legs. That the spot that had never been seen by anybody before -- as far as he knew -- was unveiled and unprotected made Sera's face burn.

“Lust is one of the seven deadly sins, so you've never even masturbated before, huh?”

When his inexperience was exposed, Sera couldn't endure the strain anymore. He felt faint with disgrace. Sera's scarlet face and tear-filled eyes looked so bewitching that it ignited the vampire's passion.

“Do-don't look at me. Please don't look...” Since Jin enjoyed seeing Sera trembling all over with embarrassment, he reached out for Sera's crotch and took his erection in his bare hand...

“No, ah...!” Feeling the warmth of the hand that held him so directly was much more intense than feeling it through the cloth. The soft, fast and slow, irregular movements of Jin's experienced fingers showed its result.

For Sera, who'd almost reached his climax merely by being caressed through his clothes, the pleasure of being touched -- on his rigid and throbbing member that had already been on the verge of coming -- by Jin's naked hands, was excruciating.

“Ah...” When Jin held his dick and moved his hand up and down, an overwhelming pleasure welled up inside him. The sweet lust that had governed him had turned into an unbearable ache and almost drove him to distraction.

“A-aah! Ah...” Sera hated his own body that kept whimpering like an animal.

Jin's caresses were so sweet... that he couldn't hold his voice back... He felt as if all of his blood had pooled in his belly. When he restrained his climax, his erect member started pulsating painfully.

But still, as if trying to say that they wanted to be caressed even more, his hips pushed against Jin's hand as if begging for release. When the

pleasure that the man's hand had caused him had worked its way through his head, his entire body had started tingling.

"You say that you don't want it, but your body is quite eager." Jin told him to accept his passion.

"You really wanted that man to do something like this to you, didn't you? You act all innocent when you're next to him, but secretly you think about dirty things."

"Sto... stop it...!" Sera didn't want to hear it, these words that brought his sin to light.

Of course, a pair of lovers could cuddle with one another like this without disgrace. But not only were they not lovers, he was only pushed down against the floor in order to satisfy Jin's lust.

Even though he loved Toshiki so very much, he was groaning and writhing under a completely different man.

"Uh..." Sera cried out with anguish, for he'd betrayed his love.

So indifferent to his torment that anybody who saw would shed tears, Jin told Sera, "You were supposed to imagine that you were being held by that man, weren't you?" With these unfeeling words, Sera grew stiff.

He shook his head; he hadn't imagined that because he didn't want to degrade Toshiki.

"You're the one acting as if he couldn't be bothered by lust even though you secretly think otherwise. This is more sinful than showing your desires openly." While telling him that what he did was sin, Jin had pressed his fingertip to the glans of Sera's member. But now, he finally let Sera come.

Inside Sera's belly a sluggish warmth had spread. After he'd pushed himself to his limit, trying to hold back, the climax was even more intense.

"No... A-ah... Ah...!" Arching his body down to the tips of his toes, Sera suffered the bliss that swept over him.

Everything went black.

"Hah, hah... hah..." His shoulders shaking, Sera breathed heavily. With dimmed sight he saw how Jin lapped up his cum as if that was natural.

How could he have poured himself into another man's hand?

“Uh...” Sera began sobbing. “Oh God...” He whimpered like a newborn with the shock Jin had delivered. And when Jin let the fingers, over which Sera’s semen had erupted, wander to his bottom, Sera was even more stunned.

“No...” (I’m scared.)

Sera stiffened as he struggled to free himself from those fingers, but he had no strength left. For Sera, who hadn’t even masturbated until now, Jin’s torment was too much.

“I don’t want this... anymore.”

Stiff, horrified, and not even attempting to hide his wounded heart anymore, Sera could only weep bitterly under Jin.

With a tear-stained face, Sera looked up to Jin.

“I’m sorry... don’t be mad at me.” He lowered his eyes while shedding tears of despair.

As Sera sobbed like a baby, the self-confident man showed signs of bewilderment for some reason. Even though he’d pinned Sera down to the floor so brutally, Jin touched his wet checks hesitantly, perplexed at his reaction.

It was a gentle gesture that should not have aroused any fear, but still Sera shrunk from his touch. The strong sensation that had been able to break his virgin body could not reach his heart.

With slightly trembling shoulders and tightly closed eyes, Sera resisted Jin completely. If Jin kept stimulating his body, he would surely have been able to fulfil his desires. But even if Jin could easily get his body, he would never get his heart. Never.

Sera’d sealed his heart tightly shut.

“...Sera.” With a strained voice, Jin called his name as if waiting for an answer. When Sera’s rigid body kept trembling... Jin let go of his member for the first time.

Instead of the thrust of a hot dick into his body...

“...uh...”

...Jin gave Sera a passionate kiss on the lips.

(Why...?) When Jin’s lips touched him, Sera froze.

(Didn't becoming his mean giving Jin his blood and becoming his manservant? But why is he doing something like this instead, then? Because he wants to make my blood even more impure?) He hadn't agreed to become his manservant despite it all.

(I don't get it...) If he had to be sucked dry and killed, Sera wanted at least to die courageously.

Maybe Jin would plunge his teeth into his flesh violently.

With the fear of anticipation... Sera lost consciousness.

His weak body wrapped into a towel from head to foot, Sera laid curled up on his bed. How long had he been lying there, he wondered. Through a gap in the curtain the already setting sun shone crimson. But still unable to move, Sera hugged his willowy body protectively.

He wanted to believe that it had been a dream. But his chest and skin, which was dappled with scarlet spots that felt uncanny from the constant sucking... wouldn't allow him forget the indecent incident from last night. And no matter how often he took a shower, he couldn't erase the marks on his body.

A vampire had played games with his body last night. The breath that had touched his skin, the muscular body, the big hand that had clutched his member... the strong arms that had sent unbearable feelings of heat throughout his body... And the lips that he'd pressed... on his lips.

He'd overpowered Sera and he'd taken his fill of his body. He'd frightened him and even though Sera had cried and begged, he hadn't spared him at all.

Every time Sera moved around his body felt weird. The towel that covered his body brushed against his chest and gave him a nasty feeling. Without wanting to, a sigh threatened to escape Sera's lips.

He glanced around nervously. After the man had had his fun with Sera's body, he'd let him go. He hadn't drunk his blood. But what he did to him instead made Sera feel even worse.

"I shall make you want me, from the bottom of your heart."

That meant giving himself completely away to the lust and betraying God. But until he swore it... he'd do *that* again...

Jin was probably mad at him. Sera shuddered from head to toe. He hugged his slim arms around himself.

...Since there wasn't anybody else to protect him, he had to bear it alone as he had always done up to now.

Sera was used to the fact that he had to manage everything alone, without being able to ask anyone for help, ever since he was little. When he then remembered the priest's mild-looking face, the telephone on his sideboard rung.

He winced at the unexpected, loud sound. With shaky fingers, he picked up the phone.

"Hello..."

"Sera?"

"Father?"

(Ah...) When he heard the priest's voice, Sera felt like crying for the first time.

"The storm last night was horrible, wasn't it? Did you do well on your own?" When Sera heard the worried words he had to smother his sniffles.

"...yes." Sera answered, slowly.

The priest had always been so nice to him. Sera respected him more than anyone else. The priest had raised him when he'd had no family, and that was why he'd tried to protect the church and to overcome all the difficulties by himself -- the estate agents that had surrounded him because of the plight of the church, the hurt finger he'd gotten while putting the wild garden that the priest had maintained in order, and the sweeping of the dirty floor -- no matter what hard luck he was having.

"But Father, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine. I feel pretty good lately." Hearing this greatly relieved Sera. "Has the storm ruined the flower bed in the garden?"

In the bed that the priest was worried about, he had planted roses that he'd bred carefully. Before he'd been hospitalized their buds had still been firmly closed, but soon they'd be in full bloom. The priest was always looking forward to the day they'd blossom.

“Yes. The storm snapped off a few of the branches, but I think they’ll sprout again if we graft them. I’m surprised too, but they are more robust than we expected.”

“I see.” While they were talking like before, in the good old times... Sera suddenly had an idea.

Maybe the priest knew how to fight off vampires. Restraining his impatience, Sera started to ask... “Um...”

“I couldn’t do it, but I’m sure that you can fulfil your duties on your own... By the way, those men that are after the church... can you manage them?” The estate agents.

The voice inside the phone had a soft sigh mixed in. Sera noticed it. The priest tried to sound cheerful, but he was just anxious not to worry Sera.

Sera hadn’t noticed it earlier, but the priest’s voice sounded dreadfully weak. He swallowed the question he was about to ask. He couldn’t ask, after all, in order to keep from worrying the priest.

“I guess they gave up. They didn’t show up.”

“Really? Thank God.” The priest replied, relieved.

“Think only about getting well, and please come home before the flowers in the flower bed bloom...” To cheer the priest up, Sera said this and hung up the phone, not mentioning his question at all.

After replacing the receiver, Sera looked down upon his body... and he saw that he was still covered with love bites. Sera burst into tears.

That night when he hadn’t wanted to be alone, not only had help not shown up, someone had violated him, too. And he didn’t know when or if the estate agents would come again, either.



How was he supposed to hold up on his own if he was attacked from all sides?

“What should I do...?” He whispered. “Please, protect me...”

Sera sat up in his bed and dried his eyes. Crying alone wasn't any use, since he was the only one who could protect this place. He took the wooden cross of the priest out of the sideboard, since his silver cross had disappeared somewhere during that stormy night.

Gripping the cross firmly, Sera started praying. Even though he had decided to meet any trouble head-on, fear seized him as dusk started to fall.

Kneeling in front of the altar, Sera awaited the coming night.

(I'm all right.)

This time there hung a cross on his chest, unlike last night.

Even though he figured that this was all he needed to protect this place, the closer the night drew the more frightened he became.

“Meow...” Sera's heart leapt. He'd overreacted merely over the meowing of a cat behind his back. At that moment his courage failed him.

Anxiously, he clung to his last hope... that that man wouldn't come anymore. At least not tonight. Or until the priest returned...

He recalled the man that had held him down to the ground last night. Sera'd never seen a man like him before. He was full of masculine power and owned a potent self-confidence that Sera lacked.

Jin had showed him that all too clearly.

And he had an appeal that couldn't possibly be from this world, and made him shiver by merely moving closer... If he wasn't a vampire, Sera would certainly have showed him great admiration and envy.

Since there wasn't anybody aside from the priest that he wanted to turn to for help, and Sera didn't want to involve the priest, he would welcome the night on his own. He couldn't yet accept that the things that had happened had been reality. He wished that it had all happened in a dream.

He didn't want *him* to come.

(...please.) Praying, Sera knelt in front of the altar. Even if that man had played with his body in front of the chapel last night, there wasn't another sanctuary Sera could flee to.

He'd always wanted to at least have someone by his side to protect him, whom he could trust.

On his chest there hung a different cross than the one before, which had hung on the ripped of necklace. Even though Sera knew very little about it, he thought that it might be a vampire's weakness.

This wouldn't be like last night, since he'd been overpowered right after he'd lost his cross last night. Maybe everything would've turned out differently if he'd had it from the beginning.

He wished that Jin would leave him alone. If he'd only lose interest...

With this modest wish in his heart, Sera held onto his meagre strength in the dusky light of sundown. There was still a little time left... until night would fall like a curtain.

Was Jin really a vampire who lived in darkness and drank blood?

(.....) Sera looked up to the window of the church.

While the sun faded, the air in the huge, dilapidated, and heater-less church surrounding Sera became bitterly chilled. His slender shoulders shivered, as his thin robe couldn't warm him.

The environs were still shrouded in the light of twilight.

(Keep staying away.) Thinking that there was still time left before night would finally fall...

"...that you're obediently waiting for me is praiseworthy." Sera started to his feet. When he timorously turned... Jin was standing there.

With audible footsteps he stepped towards Sera. "If you were hoping that I wouldn't come, I have to disappoint you." Jin said, as if making fun of Sera's modest wish.

He... had come, after all.

"Why are you here?"

"I couldn't forget your body." Jin's hot gaze passed over Sera's body.

".....!" Sera stepped back, since he couldn't bear Jin's look anymore. He felt the wood of the altar digging into his back.

"It was so delicious. The fluid you spurted..." Jin'd driven the frightened Sera to the wall.

Sera didn't want to hear it and put both his hands over his ears. He couldn't believe how shameful a reaction he had showed.

"I won't allow you to forget it. How much more lewdly will you scream under me, hm?" The wild, feral eyes looked straight down at him... Jin smiled as he recalled Sera's reaction. This was too much for Sera.

Jin, who knew that this was horrible for him, held him fixed in place.

"Drinking your fluid is as succulent as drinking blood." Jin hadn't drunk Sera's blood yet. So what the heck...?

"A priest who breaks a taboo... If you suffer, the feeling will make your blood even more fragrant." Jin watched Sera's agony in order to be able to have better blood. Until Sera wanted Jin... himself.

Once he was steeped in moral corruption he'd accept him; Jin would drink his blood and make him his manservant.

Jin kept walking towards him. And Sera shrunk back.

Even though church ought to be the weak point of a vampire, Jin stood in front of Sera more imposingly than anyone else could. This dignified attitude suited him best. It seemed as if he didn't have any weaknesses...

As he steadily regarded Sera, he was so appealing...

But because of the beastlike sharpness that was hidden in his eyes and that seemed to paralyze him, Sera reached out for his chest, seeking for help. He wound the necklace around his fingers and held the cross towards the man. But Jin tore the necklace apart right in front of Sera's eyes.

"Why...?" A dismayed mumble escaped Sera's lips. Was something like this just a childish trick to the man before his eyes? Something smelled disgustingly of burned flesh.

(What was that...? Just now.)

"That is useless." Jin said, guardedly.

He'd appeared when it hadn't been dark yet, and he had revealed no concern when Sera'd held the cross towards him. Did that mean that Sera was completely powerless against him?

He couldn't, no matter what he did, escape... from this man.

"I thought that you were obediently waiting for me, so I wanted to gently enjoy your fluid. But if you struggle against me it will only increase the amount of time I'll have you." He was trying to weaken Sera's determination to fight him.

Jin had grasped Sera's arms and he now forcefully lifted him up. "No..." Jin laid him down upon the altar behind him. Sera's body was caught under Jin. Jin started to take off Sera's clothes...

"In front of God, how can you...?"

Sera's skin, pale as snow-white petals, was exposed to the man's view.

"Then, at least..."

His begging to not continue this here was chocked off right away.

"I want you to fully show him your lewd self." Jin had cornered Sera with a haughty attitude that didn't even fear God. But this demeanour suited the cocksure man in front of his eyes flawlessly.

In order to colour them even darker, so that they wouldn't disappear, Jin pressed his lips upon the red marks that had been caused by the fierce sucking.

Slowly... Sera's body started burning merely from the memory of the pleasures that the man had given him with his lips last night.

"N-no...!" The same nightmare as last night was going to happen to him all over again.

Slurping, Jin slipped his tongue over Sera's chest.

At that moment, a sweet twinge blazed through Sera's lower limbs, a strong feeling of relish that bewitched his senses.

"Hah, a-aah..." When the hand that had caressed his chest, wandered down to his crotch, Sera reached his climax disappointingly quickly.

"Ah...!"

"God didn't appear to save you." Jin said, smiling mockingly, while he looked down at Sera's trembling body.

"I want you to honestly desire me. Then, I'll be gentle with you." Jin had surely made love to him only to drive him into a corner. "Become mine. Of your own will." Jin whispered, while tenderly biting into Sera's earlobe.

Sera was sure that that was all Jin wanted. He didn't want to be stuck with this man's desires.

This man would enjoy his body as he pleased, all so Sera would give him his corrupted blood and become his manservant. Sera didn't want that at all.

He'd never say those words.

...he, who was always obedient and always took orders... Even though he hadn't wanted to be rejected by anyone.

This was the first time that he'd ever made up his mind this firmly.

End – Chapter 2

Shinpu wa Yoru no Hanayome

(The Father is the Vampire's Bride)

Novel by Risai Asuma
Illustrations by Eiri Asato



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「沈める時も、健やかなる時も。愛を捧げこの者の花嫁になることを誓いますか？」
清らかで美しい神父の聖良は、神に身を捧げていながら、問もなく結婚してしまう友人に密かな恋心を抱き続けていた。その穢れた背徳の血にひかれるように、ある嵐の晩、黒尽くめのヴァンパイア、ジーンが雷鳴とともに姿を現した…！「神の前で、俺の腕の中に墮ちてくるがいい」と、何も知らない無垢な身体に楔を打ち込み、聖良を禁忌の闇に墮としていく。彼の真の狙いとは!? 禁断の逢瀬が甘美な夜を導くエロティック・ロマンス堂々登場!

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Chapter 3

Night after night, Sera was haunted by the same nightmare. Night falls the same for everyone, and no one can prevent the sun from setting.

"Ah..."

A wet slurping sounded from his nether regions. Jin had buried his face in Sera's lap, taking pleasure in licking up the overflowing drops of semen. He still didn't seem intent on thrusting his teeth into the young man. Instead, he violated Sera in a much more cruel way.

"Your body is so easy to arouse."

"Nh..."

Sera's loins began to tremble in a tormenting, overwhelming lust. Today, Jin had him on top of his bed. The priest still wasn't back, so there was no one there to hear their voices. Even if he had worn a cross or locked the door, he wouldn't have been able to restrain Jin, just as Jin had told him. After he'd enjoyed his body once, the vampire came every night and forced himself on Sera.

"Your body's become quite used to it."

"Ah! Aa...ah...!"

His chest, where Jin had fondled, had turned indecently red. He had been brought to climax again and again, so he felt a painfully sweet weight within his lower limbs. His slender body sank into the snow-white sheets... and Sera choked back his tears.

"Does it feel so good that you need to cry?"

Every time Jin held him, more and more pressure filled his heart. He was too powerless to fight Jin, anyway.

"Nh."

He assured himself that at least he wouldn't fulfil Jin's greatest wish, for him to desire pleasure himself and do as Jin wanted, and endured the surges of lust that swept over him. The only resistance he could offer was to not give Jin his heart. Since he couldn't fight Jin's strength, this was all he had left... Even though Sera had writhed with pleasure in the end, when Jin had cornered him, he'd showed that he'd reject him no matter what.

"I want you to honestly feel pleasure and have fun, too."

Sera wanted to be saved, by anybody. Unconsciously he stretched out his hand, seeking for help, and turned away from Jin as if he wanted to flee. But even though he wanted to run away, the strength to fight left his body when Jin's caressing hand reached out to him...

He hated his body for this. How could he feel something even though he was taken against his will? When Toshiki had touched him, his skin had felt as if it had been electrified. His heart had quivered. There had been nights when his body had felt so hot that he hadn't been able to sleep. But this man was different. He didn't even like him. Why did he feel something with him...? Could he really be uninhibited, just as Jin said?

'How could I feel something if I sleep with a man that I don't like?'

Every time Sera thought of that, he felt like crying. If Jin took that lewd thing between his legs in his hand, it grew stiff right away and started pulsing and tingling.

"I'll bet that man is holding his fiancée the same way now, too," Jin told Sera, growing impatient at the priest's resistance.

".....!"

It was a natural thing that two lovers would snuggle up to each other. But if it concerned Toshiki, it was another thing entirely. When he imagined those two together, Sera felt a sharp pain inside his chest. Toshiki would gently kiss his fiancée and hold her tenderly in his arms... And Sera, on the other hand, was being violated by another man like this. Toshiki would kiss her gently, wouldn't he? When he thought about his own situation, his heart hurt. Jin took advantage of the fact that Sera envied that woman... and he took Sera again and again. He was indescribably pitiful.

At that moment the phone at his bedside rang. Sera's fevered body stiffened. Of course he'd never think about answering. The answering machine, which he had forgotten to turn off, switched itself on and recorded a message.

"Sera?"

(Toshiki-San?!)

What timing! Sera opened his eyes wide. That the person he'd just thought about would call now...

"...I promised to come tomorrow to change out the rotten legs on that table, but... my fiancée has gotten a fever. I'm sorry, but could we postpone that?"

Toshiki's fiancée had a fever...

"I'll call you again."

After that short message the machine hung up. Sera had listened to the end of the message with a stiff body, lying under Jin. He couldn't move. Toshiki didn't know why Sera couldn't answer the phone. Sera just endured it quietly and rigidly. He just wondered about how long a few sentences could actually be. When the phone hung up, Sera's eyes slowly filled with tears.

(Toshiki-San...)

He was with his fiancée today, and on top of that, he'd cancelled their appointment. That was a matter of course.

Jin sank his lips into Sera's silky thighs.

"Nh..."

Toshiki was happy, and Sera, on the contrary, was being taken by a man against his will. It was too hard, too painful to bear. Jin sucked at places that had never been touched by anyone. On Sera's delicate skin red, flower-like spots appeared right away. Under Jin's eyes he felt a sudden, tremendous craving. He was accused of being immoral and lewd, and he was being driven up against the wall... Jin straightened up and pressed his lips to Sera's chest. While rubbing Sera's member, he teasingly sucked his nipples.

"A, ah..."

Sera was becoming quite accustomed to Jin's caresses. Tears of anger filled his eyes again. It would have been enough for him just to see Toshiki. That's what he'd thought. But he'd wished for more than that, hadn't he? His glowing body had actually longed for indecent things like this, hadn't it? He'd longed for something like this, just as Jin had said. The very thought made Sera miserable. Jin was only helping him satisfy his desires...

"Did you imagine being held by that man? You're getting hotter down here."

Jin held Sera's member tightly.

"Ah...uh..."

"Don't you think he would want to marry someone else, anyway, if he knew about your sensual body?"

Even though Sera resisted, his growing lust had pushed him to the edge.

"It's more like you to obediently spread your legs for a man."

When Sera was on the verge of jerking himself off, Jin pulled his nether parts into his wet mouth yet again.

“Hatred and jealousy... You’re tormented by those feelings, so I’m sure your blood is tasty. Once it becomes even more delicious, I’ll have my fill of it.”
Jin kept running up and down. He sharply sucked Sera’s swollen, ripened cock.

“No... Aah...!”

Sera had lost count of how many times he’d come within Jin’s mouth tonight. His body had become used to the feeling of his climax.

“Say that you want me... Then, I’ll make it easier for you.”

It was his own fault that he had to go through all of this, too. He was violated... because of his first love.

“Le... let me go...”

Tears filled Sera’s eyes. As he began to weep, Jin let him go. Sera entrusted himself to a place where he could escape from his fear, the only place where he could find refuge...

Even when he’d lost consciousness, the tears kept falling, and the fingers that had reached out for his cheeks kept wiping the trickling tears until they ran dry.

After the storm died down, people started visiting the church again.

“Father, um...”

“Please, tell me.”

The man who had come to Sera in the confessional spoke timidly. If you examined the contents of these consultations objectively, it was often irrelevant things. But no matter how irrelevant they might seem, Sera never made light of them.

“The truth is... I...”

Sera listened politely to the confessions of people with all kinds of problems. It made things much easier for them to get the things that depressed them off their chests. Since it was problems that they couldn’t tell anybody, it gave

them a rare feeling of safety to tell them to someone who had to keep them a secret. Because they hadn't been able to visit the church for a while, the stream of visitors seemed to go on and on. In the evening, a young man had showed up to confess. Since there was a partition wall between them, Sera couldn't see what a sad face he made.

"I fell in love with someone else's wife."

The topic gave Sera a start.

"Even though she belongs to someone else, I can't stop desiring her."

He was tormented by the same thing as Sera.

"I'm horrible because I want to make her mine no matter what. I hate her husband."

"....."

"...Father?" he asked, having received no response.

"Ah..."

Sera raised his head with a start.

"I'm sorry... If you choose the wrong path you'll... betray God. Please deepen your faith in God as much as possible, so that you won't succumb to your desires..."

"Sure."

The young man apparently hadn't expected an answer that would have encouraged his feelings.

"I understand. Thank you very much."

You could hear how he stood up from the chair, depressed. The door was opened and closed again and the sound of his steps died away. When Sera left the confessional he heaved a soft sigh. Actually, he wanted to ask someone for advice, too. He could see the man who had visited him last leaving the church. Then his figure was engulfed by the dusk.

Night...

Jin would show up soon, wouldn't he? Sera shouldn't have hope that he wouldn't come anymore. He just couldn't get the vampire out of his mind. "*I came here in search of a man-servant.*" That's what he'd said... that man.

Sera wanted to run away from that man, who didn't only want him as a servant, but also wanted to grab hold of his heart. Every time he thought about Toshiki, that man crossed his mind as well, since he had only appeared because of Sera's feelings for Toshiki. The sorrow of the man who had confessed was the same as his own sorrow. Nevertheless, he'd advised him to suppress his feelings.

What scared Sera was the fact that just by thinking about Jin, his skin started to burn. Unlike his mind, his body had become used to the way Jin caressed him. His skin had become used to it.

Unfortunately, it had become used to it.

He has grown used to how it felt when Jin was with him, too. Today, he still remembered everything. The touch of Jin's hand, how he had trembled, and how Jin's hot breath had passed over his skin. He had been able to convince himself that his skin was used to the caressing. Last night, Jin had done horrible things to his back, too... But for all his resistance, his loins had started quivering bit by bit and his legs had opened up by themselves, as if he'd longed for the caressing hand. Sera remembered how shameless he'd been last night.

"Aah..."

The feeling of a foreign object penetrating him sent a chill down his spine.

"I'll try to find your good spots. I'm going to show you even deeper lust."

Even as Jin worked his way into Sera for the first time, he did not relent from stimulating Sera's private parts.

"Ah...ah...!"

Jin toyed with his privates and his behind without respite. He rubbed over the soft spots inside Sera with the ball of his finger, again and again. A new feeling overtook Sera, which he hadn't felt when Jin had violated only his cock. It was the first time that he felt a foreign object within him, and his sensitive anus quivered when Jin put his finger in to its base, skilfully turning it. With a squishing sound he moved the finger back and forth, and when he jerked it, pins and needles of pleasure pricked Sera's loins.

"Ah... nh..."

Sera's body shivered. When Jin forcefully thrust his finger into that aperture between the two mounds, a lustful thrill ran through Sera's body. His inside, which not even he himself ever had touched, was being attacked by someone else's finger. Nonetheless, the pleasure he felt when he was touched inside was more potent than his fear. The hidden flower of his bowels

ripened to an oozing plumpness, and in the depths of his body he felt pleasure well up, brought forth by Jin's touch.

"Aah..."

This is...

The finger wormed deeper inside him... When Jin pushed Sera's back upwards, a fierce pulsating spread out through his nether regions.

"Ah..."

His hot, erect member started to dribble pre-cum.

"You're relaxing quickly. It's getting to you, isn't it?" Jin enlightened Sera about the sexual feelings he didn't understand.

"No... Why there...?"

His horrible, treacherous body felt something wonderful when a finger was thrust into it. His behind had swallowed the finger greedily, and he writhed with a burgeoning, lustful agony.

"I could make you come just by entering you now."

What did he mean by that? Sera, of course, had no idea about how a man could please another man.

"It really is worth teaching you."

Jin narrowed his eyes and thrust his finger into Sera more vigorously.

"I'll start off slow, to get you used to this."

Sera's anus had turned soft and elastic, and was craving the finger that gave it pleasure. Lascivious sighs spilled forth from his lips, and a steady, consuming fire rose up in his body.

"I'm going to widen you here. I wonder if I should feed in a dildo or something. Then you would get used to it."

"Feed in...?"

"In the Middle Ages men were accustomed to receiving another man in this way."

Sera's eyes opened wide.

"That's right. You use this place to mate." Into the spot where Jin's finger was now, he would put something much thicker.

"Hurry up and get used to it. You're still much too tight for me to enter."

Would he really put it in there? His member... There? The inexperienced Sera couldn't believe all this. He didn't know whether it was possible for him as a man to receive a thing like that.

"You're a bad guy. How can you advise someone about it, knowing that you yourself indulge in lust?"

"Jin..."

The voice that had addressed him as he left the confessional made Sera's face freeze.

"What's wrong? Your cheeks are red. Were you thinking about indecent things at the place where people confess their indecencies?"

When Jin brought his sinfulness to light, his cheeks blushed red, as red as they possibly could.

"You're such a hypocrite."

Jin pressed him to his broad, protective chest, and Sera's body, which still remembered last night, started to tingle. When Jin's lips brushed against Sera's neck he trilled: "Ah."

This is...

How could Jin's mere embrace cause his lips to moan and his skin to shiver? He was terrified by his own reaction.

"Are you still averse to betraying God, even though just my embrace arouses you like this?"

"....."

"Even though things would be easier for you if you told me that you'll become mine?"

Jin's finger crawled down the line of Sera's spine, stroked his skin beneath the robe lewdly, and fondled Sera's behind.

"Ah...!"

When Jin touched him there, Sera wasn't able to suppress his tortured groaning. Jin enjoyed searching out Sera's sensitive spots. He reached beneath the robes, and penetrated the mouth between Sera's cheeks with his finger.

"Uh..."

The feeling that seeped through him made his legs turn to jelly, and to keep himself standing he clung to Jin. It was a sensation he hadn't known until now, a much sweeter pleasure. He was going to fall for Jin. It couldn't go on like this.

"If you start to desire me yourself, I'll be sure to take you gently."

As Jin spoke, Sera let himself sink to the floor. The man was determined to capture not only his body, but his heart as well.

The weather didn't get better even after the storm. The sun was hiding behind heavy clouds and it didn't seem intent upon showing itself for even a little while. Now, after the mass, the faithful disappeared through the chapel's door.

"See you next week, Father."

"Y, yes, see you."

Lead by his mother's hand, the boy waved to him in a familiar way. Those trustful and innocent eyes, which looked at he who was meant to be above doubts, fuelled his guilty conscience. The boy's open gaze lingered upon him, giving Sera a sting. The boy trusted him, but he was not trustworthy. He had abandoned himself to carnal desires with a man...

"You look awfully pale. Are you all right?" Toshiki, who'd spotted Sera, asked, worried. Sera's cheeks blushed red. Even if he saw Toshiki now, he couldn't be as happy about it as he used to be. Toshiki also embraced his fiancée with those arms... Jin had him in his grip, now, and Toshiki belonged to his fiancée. Sera had experience now, too. If Toshiki knew about how he cooed when Jin passionately sucked his skin, he wouldn't be able to look him in the eye so calmly. He was afraid that Toshiki would find out what impure feelings he had for him.

"Y, yeah, I'm fine..."

Sera was getting used to the feeling of bearing up against the weight of the man who buried him beneath his strong body every evening, ever since that

stormy night. The fear of getting used to those amorous games, and the thought that his body would submit to Jin's will, was unbearable. The mere thought of it depressed Sera and his face fell. Feeling a piercing gaze, he raised his head. Toshiki stared at him, shocked.

"Toshiki-san? What's the matter?"

"Huh? Oh..."

Toshiki twitched, as if only just noticing that he was being addressed.

.....?

He looked sceptical, and avoided Sera's eyes as if embarrassed.

'I can't ask the priest for advice,' Sera thought. That's why he turned to Toshiki, seeking help.

"You see... I was just asked by a child..."

In his misery he used this as an excuse.

"Do you know how to safeguard yourself against vampires?"

"Vampires...?" Toshiki echoed, taken aback by the unexpected question.
"What the...?"

Even though he looked surprised, he must have noticed Sera's desperate face.

"That's right."

Toshiki thought about this with a serious face.

"You mean stuff like displaying a cross, splashing them with holy water or ramming a stake into their chests? I heard that holy water burns their skin."

"Holy water..."

Sera hadn't tried that yet.



Sera certainly wouldn't be able to do something so brutal as ramming a stake into Jin's chest while he was being abused by him. Right away he glanced over to the altar where a silver cup with holy water, which was consecrated by the priest, stood. If he stretched out his hand... he could reach it.

"I've learned that from some grotesque movies. But I'm sure you've never watched anything like that."

Right then Toshiki turned his attention to something behind Sera.

"Do you know that man? Could he be waiting for you?"

"What?"

Sera turned around to see what Toshiki meant. There was a tall man standing next to the wall, dressed in a fashionable black suit and looking stunning. Today he wasn't wearing a coat. With folded arms he watched as Sera and Toshiki talked.

'...Jin...!!'

Sera turned pale on the spot.

"He's very attractive... I don't think you could ever forget someone like him, once you've seen him. But I don't think I've ever seen him here before last week. Is he new to the congregation?"

Toshiki, unaware of Sera's feelings, sighed in awe.

'Did he hear what we were just talking about?'

Sera didn't know what kind of punishment awaited him. To think, he had asked someone's advice about how to overcome a strong, terrifying man like Jin.

"...uh..."

Sera's head was swimming and the fear made him nauseous. He was on the verge of collapsing, still with his hand covering his mouth, when Toshiki reached out his hand to support him. He pulled Sera to his chest and held him in his arms. Right in front of Jin's nose.

He heard Toshiki's anxious voice from above.

"Are you all right?"

"...Yeah, I'm fine."

Sera clung to the strong arms that were wrapped around him, supporting him. Toshiki hugged him, and Sera held onto Toshiki's collar. Jin stared daggers at Sera. He was watching them. The glare that he felt at his back alone made Sera's legs turn to jelly. His body trembled with fear, and he latched onto Toshiki tightly.

"I'm going to call a doctor..." Toshiki said in a worried voice.

"I'll take care of everything else."

Jin drew closer and stretched out his arms. Sera didn't want to be handed over to him. But his wish was in vain.

Ah...

Jin's outstretched hands grabbed Sera and pulled him into his arms quickly. He pressed him against the same warm, broad chest that Sera had felt last night. Jin gave the impression that he never wanted to let Sera go again, either. His embrace was much more powerful than Toshiki's. In front of the eyes of the man he loved, he was clasped in the arms of someone else. But he couldn't get away by his own strength. He cursed his own helplessness. At a loss for what to do, Sera tightly shut his eyes, resigning himself to submission.

"We have an appointment now. If he needs a doctor, I'll get him there."

"Is that so...?"

The voice which allowed no protest seemed to frighten Toshiki off for a moment. He didn't doubt Jin's words, either. At an angle that was hidden from Toshiki, Jin's hand wandered to Sera's sensitive cavity. It was a wordless threat. By this he intended to take away Sera's power of resistance.

"I'll make sure he rests. Don't worry."

Maybe Toshiki misunderstood the way Sera lay in Jin's arms, silently and well-behaved, or perhaps he didn't understand that his offer had been rejected, as he reached out his hands for Sera once again... but halfway there he stopped.

"So that's how it is, Sera? I understand."

Even though he was perplexed, he didn't question Jin's words. Sera didn't want to be entrusted to Jin. Inside Toshiki's arms he'd felt strong. But his wish was not granted, since he was wrapped up in Jin's powerful embrace.

There was a big difference between those two. Sera knew that Jin could overpower Toshiki in an enviably self-confident way. He couldn't flee. But...

.....

Held captive in Jin's arms, Sera squeezed his eyes shut. He carried that firm resolution within his heart.

"Shouldn't I help, after all? Maybe we should inform the priest."

Sera raised his head, startled, at Toshiki's offer.

"No." Sera refused.

"What...?"

Sera knew that Toshiki looked at him doubtfully.

"No... I mean... I'm fine now."

He also knew that even Jin looked surprised when he stammered those words.

"Really? Well, then..."

Since Sera persistently refused his offer, Toshiki gave up, turned around and walked away.

'Ah...'

Unconsciously, Sera wanted to hold him back, but he suppressed the impulse. He didn't know what might happen in the presence of the enormous power of the man in front of him. He just didn't want to do anything to endanger Toshiki.

They were left alone in the chapel. The silence was unbearable, and Jin's domineering aura was crushing. The only things you could hear around them were their breathing and the sound of their hearts. Sera's heart beat hard, hard enough that he was afraid he wouldn't be able to hear the man before him.

"Why did you send him home?"

Jin watched as Toshiki's figure grew smaller, and followed him with his eyes.

'No, don't...!'

Sera had grabbed at Jin's arm instinctively, so that he couldn't follow Toshiki and do anything to harm him. With one hand Sera took the jar full of holy water and planted himself in front of Jin, preventing him from stepping forward. He was desperate and his heart pounded harder than ever before.

'I'm sorry...!'

He lifted up the jar and threw it at Jin with rage. He didn't know whether he could achieve anything by doing this, but maybe the holy water would burn Jin's skin. No matter what cruel things were done to him, it was still new to Sera to hurt someone else. In his mind he spoke an apology without meaning to.

Splash...!

Jin's clothes soaked up the holy water bit by bit, small stains appearing where the water had hit. There was no smell of burning... and Jin didn't collapse, either. And then... Jin slowly turned towards Sera.

'Ah...'

His act hadn't been effective, after all.

"Damn... What's gotten into you...?"

With a stunned gasp Jin ran his hand through his hair.

"What are you trying to do by spilling holy water on me? Do you want to kill me?"

Sera had never intended to kill Jin. He only wanted Jin to lose interest in him. He was scared to death of how Jin continually caused him to succumb to lust.

...Jin kept calm. The tall figure drew closer, wavering.

"Did that man put this idea into your head?"

He looked towards the direction where Toshiki had disappeared.

"No...!"

Sera reacted on impulse.

"This has nothing to do with Toshiki-San...!"

Sera snatched at Jin's arm to hold him back. Jin frowned at his desperate look. Sera didn't know what would happen if this powerful man caught Toshiki.

"It's true! So please don't do anything to him...!"

Jin arched one of his eyebrows, guessing that Sera was trying to cover for Toshiki.

"I don't care what happens to me...!"

As always... Even though he wanted to resist Jin, if there was something precious to him to protect, he'd sacrifice himself... He didn't care what happened to him, but he couldn't allow Toshiki to be harmed because of him. He did this in order to protect him. Tears formed in Sera's eyes. Jin did not respond.

"Sending that guy home first, that was because you wanted to protect him, right?"

Even more than resisting Jin, Sera wanted to protect Toshiki. He had the feeling that this upset Jin even more.

"Do you really love that guy that much...?"

Sera would do anything for the man he loved...

"Gn..."

It seemed to Sera that he heard Jin grinding his teeth. He couldn't move.

"Ah...!"

His body, which could do nothing but tremble, was pushed down brutally. The air around Jin froze and a cold shiver ran down Sera's spine.

"I won't wait anymore. I'm going to make you mine completely."

Sera had never heard such a cold voice before. He really... had made him angry, hadn't he? The athletic figure moved upon Sera's frightened body. Like last night, a finger was thrust into his anus, impatiently. Jin jammed it in deeper and turned it, as if to prepare him. Then a throbbing spread out to his privates as well and made his member swell. His back started arching, and his sphincter tightened and gripped the digit tightly.

"Ah, that... hurts...!"

Sera let himself get used to the violation, and endured the harsh fingering. However, the groans that slipped through his lips grew more and more passionate by the moment.

"Aah...!"

With the finger swallowed, Sera climaxed.

Jin looked down at Sera's impure figure. His belly was bespattered with cum.

That voluptuous body stained with white fluid... His anus was glaring-red and had yet to cool off. A red-hot lump pressed against Sera's thigh, hotter than he'd ever felt it before. His legs were forced apart as wide as possible and strong loins pressed against him.

"No... Aah!"

The man's hotly erect member thrust into him. The vehement fierceness made Sera howl.

"Nh, ah, no...! N, no...!"

He shook his head in agony, but Jin just entered him further.

"...Don't make such a disgusted face."

But Sera felt disgusted. The fact that he was taken nonetheless, brought him close to tears.

"You're tight, but it seems you're a quick learner. You're hot and you're drawing me in quickly."

"Ah... ah...! Stop it! Pu-Pull it out!"

"No."

"!"

"I went to the trouble of getting your body used to it. I'm going to have my fill of you."

Jin's fevered member widened the narrow path, pushing, boring into Sera's aching parts. Bit by bit it slipped inside until it reached the innermost parts, and Jin's lower limbs pushed against Sera's.

"...ah..."

Sera squeezed his eyes shut. His body trembled and tears ran from his eyes. Finally his body was going to be subjugated entirely. There wasn't only the undeniable feeling of an alien object, and the pain which was caused by the long, thick thing inside him, but he also felt deep pleasure. Jin fingered his manhood, as if he wanted to urge Sera to become aware of it. When Jin moved his loins, Sera's body rocked as well and that fevered lust welled up deep inside him once again.

"...uh..."

When Jin let his member slowly slide back and forth, Sera's body became inflamed and his anus prickled.

"Ah...nh..."

Eyebrows knitted and breath strained, Sera cried out with relish.

"Oho..."

Jin's eyes, peering down at Sera, narrowed.

"What... was that...?" Sera gasped.

"This is because I took my time getting you used to it. It had a positive effect, I suppose."

At first he'd gotten used to how his heart had beat hard enough to shatter, and now he sure would get used to the feeling of Jin's weight pushing down on him. He was unfazed by the fact that he spread his legs before Jin and that the spot between his legs was exposed to the lecherous eyes. And... now... there was the pleasure that made his body shiver when he took him in.

Jin's lips sucked on his skin.

"Ah..."

Sera flinched. *'I'll make you mine completely.'* That's what Jin had told him. He was going to submit to the man who took away his willpower. Jin would make him his man-servant, by thrusting his teeth into him now... But even as Sera thought this, it didn't seem that Jin intended to drink his blood.

'Why won't he drink my blood?'

Jin's lips slid over Sera's skin, caressing. When he pushed into him, fondling him, Sera's body seemed to glow.

"Somehow, nh... my body... feels strange... ah..."

While his body was rocked, his eyes rolled around aimlessly.

"It feels good here, doesn't it?"

Saying this, Jin's thrusts became even fiercer.

"A, aah..."

The pleasure Sera felt when Jin's manhood rubbed back and forth within his sore flesh was enormous.

"A, ah..."

Saliva dripped from his open mouth.

"Move your hips yourself, too, and try to find your good spots."

"Sto...a, aah..."

"Am I wrong? But it does feel good when I rub here, doesn't it?"

And Jin rocked the slender body.

"Ah!"

Whenever Jin moved his hips, lights flashed before Sera's eyes. Jin reached out his hand to Sera's nether parts. He was hot and hard there.

"I'll make you come under me as often as I please."

"Aah...!"

Jin gave a hard thrust. Every time he shook Sera with him full force, they both groaned aloud. Whenever Jin jammed his cock back and forth and pushed up against him, spasms of pleasure surged through Sera. His body acted strange... it writhed in unbearable agony. What was this feeling...?

"Lift your hips and push against me. Then I can enter you even deeper."

Jin's indecent words sounded like a sweet allurements in Sera's ears.

"I'm going to have you properly."

That there could be even greater pleasure... He only needed to lift his hips in order to feel even better, didn't he?

'No good. I mustn't think about something like this.'

His body, which felt something when it was held by anyone other than his beloved, was so vulgar. In front of the Lord, inside the chapel, he was groaning with lust... His innocent body, which he hadn't even pleased himself... was being defiled by Jin.

"I want you to fall into sin in my arms, in front of God."

And he ran his hand over the white skin lewdly.

"A, ah..."

A squishing sound rang out as Jin's cock moved back and forth, and Sera cried out with pleasure with every powerful thrust. The rosy skin, the smooth lips through which his tongue peered out, and the watery eyes, were all imbued with lust. The naked head of Sera's manhood shimmered, moistened with saliva...

"I'll take care of it. Just leave everything to me. I'm going to make you abandon yourself to the greatest possible pleasure."

Jin's caressing hand crept over the skin that nobody ever had been allowed to touch.

"....."

Jin narrowed his eyes as if seeing something unexpected.

"Aah..."

Sera cried out in a lovely voice. He was a vision of delight. It was strange that the air of neatness around him didn't disappear even as he was violated by another man in this way.

"Ah... ah..."

He panted with lust, his cheeks were flushed, and his hurt expression, and eyes full of tears, were most enchanting. He was like a flower that you wanted to pick just because of its beauty.

"Please...sto...stop it. Let me go..."

Sera sobbed convulsively. He would never let his heart be infected with lust. Even if he abandoned himself, Jin would never have his heart. He would never belong to him. Not even if Jin possessed his body.

"Ah...aah...!"

Jin ejaculated hotly, deep inside him. And the heat made Sera reach his climax, too.

"Ha, ah..."

Sera breathed heavily. Large teardrops coursed down his face. The slightly flushed cheeks and the alluring gleam of his skin, all this appealed to Jin, irresistibly. Even when he pulled his member out of the mouth that was ripened to receive him, it still twitched covetously.

Jin had penetrated him with his manhood, and not only that, he'd also poured forth inside him... Sera covered his face with both his hands. He couldn't bear how God looked down at him from above the altar, reproachingly.

"You aren't appropriate to become God's bride anymore."

Jin didn't only come inside him, he'd also made Sera climax. He'd held, dirtied and violated him. Jin said that while unwinding Sera's body, which had curled up in order to hide itself. He wanted to be able to watch Sera, who was his property now, as much as he pleased. Sera buried his face in his hands to at least hide it from Jin.

"Lord..."

Wallowing in pleasure, he'd climaxed. While asking for forgiveness with tears in his eyes and lying under Jin, he called out the name of a different being. Even if his flower-like, beautiful figure groaned under Jin, he'd never fall into his hands. Sera would never call out Jin's name, not even when Jin took him.

"...I won't let you become God's bride. There's no way I'm going to leave you to him."

Saying those fierce, presumptuous words, he folded Sera into his arms tightly, as tight as possible.

"You aren't God's bride... but mine..."

Somewhere in his mind, a hazy mind, blurred from crying, it seemed to Sera that he'd heard Jin mumbling that.

When Sera came back to senses again, he lay on his bed. He had the slight hope that... that it had all been a dream. But right away he noticed the sweet pain seeping through his nether regions.

(.....)

His body, which he checked diffidently, was covered with red spots. And on top of it... his bruised chest was littered with clearly visible, flower-like marks. The moment he moved he felt a sluggish dullness within his loins. This was proof that a man had thrust into him.

"I..."

He had betrayed God. The picture of himself from yesterday was brought back to his mind for a small moment. How he'd groaned with relish and how waves of pleasure had engulfed him when the man had moved his cock back and forth... *"Say yourself that you want me."* *"Surrender to lust and give me your heart."* *"Swear that you'll become mine."* Then, he'd be corrupted completely and he'd become his...

He could not rid himself of the fear that not only his life but also his heart would belong to Jin. He at least wanted to refuse him his heart... But that was unbearably hard. The fact that he blasphemed, the feeling of immorality and the pain over it saddened his heart. The betrayal, which could never be erased, made Sera cry.

End – Chapter 3