



A Long Time No See

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A Damon and Pythias short story

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A Damon and Pythias
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I handed the red wine over and looked at the customer properly. There was something different about him. It wasn't just that he was tall with slicked back white

blonde hair which was unusual in a goth bar but he drew every eye toward him, including mine.

His pale skin, dark makeup, tail coat and cravat said he was a romantic goth. I smiled. I couldn't help it, original goths as I called them had always been a favourite of mine and I still favoured that look when I was in the club. Though I have to admit that's also because I've

been running this place for fifteen years and long Victorian skirts are more flattering than short flouncy ones.

He caught my eye and smiled. I couldn't help it, I smiled back. Even though he was too young he was certainly attractive.

I handed him his change but before I could turn away he stopped me, "It's quiet tonight and I'm new here, do you mind

if I talk to you for a bit?”

He was right it was quiet and Sue, or Morgana as she preferred, had finally arrived for her shift, “Sure, why not.”

I grabbed myself a quick spritzer and sat on the stool next to him. He smiled but he looked suddenly shy as though wondering what to say. “Can you tell me about this place?”

“What do you want to know?”

We've been going about fifteen years now, the oldest Goth club in London.”

He took a deep breath. “This is going to sound really odd, but I'm looking for someone I haven't seen in a very long time and I had hoped you might have seen him.”

I was suddenly swept back to the deepest pair of brown eyes I'd ever seen, to the strongest

jawline with just the hint of a dimple in his chin and gorgeous full lips and I felt my heart speed up just remembering Paul.

I jerked back to the present. He'd obviously noticed my trip down memory lane. "Sorry, you reminded me of someone. He was searching for someone too, it had been a long time," I smiled to myself at exactly how

long it had been, “but he swore he would never give up.”

“I know how he feels.”

“So who are you looking for? Do you have a photo? We’ve had a few missing kids here but we usually direct them to Centrepont.”

He grimaced, “No I don’t. He’s about my age, six foot, pale, dark curly hair, dark eyes. He used to hang around bars at night so I

was hoping he'd come here.”

“To be honest that could be anyone.”

“I know. I have tried drawing him but I never seem to be able to do him justice.”

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“Well if you show me one of the drawings I might have a better idea.” I grinned, “This is a goth club and you've just described nearly all of our male

customers.”

He shrugged. “Well I’m guessing he’d probably be hanging around with the sanguinarians. So I was hoping you could point them out to me.”

“They’re a secretive lot, they tend to keep themselves to themselves.” I had another flashback of Paul introducing himself to them. They’d only believed him when he showed

his fangs, little did they know they were real. “You have to have a good introduction these days, they’re that worried about diseases.”

He grinned, “Oh I have one of those,” he said as he flashed his fangs at me.

I gasped aloud. I’d only ever seen fangs that looked like that once before. “Damon?”

If anything he became paler and

after a long moment he
whispered, “How did you
know?”

“Because I think I know the
man you’re looking for.” I said
quietly.

I thought he was going to fall off
the bar stool. “Never, never in
all this time have I been so
close.” He held my hand like a
drowning man clutching a
lifebelt and although he only

used a fraction of his strength it was still painful. “What is he like now? Please... please... tell me... tell me everything... I need to know!” He was desperate for news, not that I blamed him, but this could take a while. I don’t know why I said it but, “Look we can’t talk here, come back to mine. It’s ok, it’s safe for you.”

I left Morgana to shut the pub.

I’ve never walked out on the pub

before, but something about this man was calling to me as Paul had done so long ago. Like Paul he was attentive and slightly old fashioned and I would have been safe in even the darkest alley with him to protect me. Although we couldn't talk in front of the taxi driver he held my hand as though he never wanted to let go of me and I knew he was afraid his only contact with Paul would

disappear like a mirage.

I opened the door to the flat and pushed the button for the light tight blinds, they snapped solidly down over the big windows.

“What?”

I gestured to the sofa and grinned, “This was Paul’s flat. Paul was the name he was using when I met him. Pythias was a bit too unusual to get away

with.”

“So you do know him?”

“Yea, I know him. He told me about you and how you became like this.”

All of a sudden I saw his shoulders shaking and he collapsed onto the sofa. I realised that being so close after so long when he wasn't really expecting it had overwhelmed him and I rushed over to hold

him. Before I knew it he was crying on my shoulder.

I held him close. He was overcome, much as I imagine Paul would be if he were to come back and find Damon here. But being this close to him was doing something to me that I hadn't felt since Paul.

All I wanted was for him to kiss me and I think he felt it too. When he recovered enough to

look at me he moved closer but caught himself. I handed him a tissue instead; vampire tears tend to be tinged with blood.

He laughed and when his eyes lit up it was my turn to fight the urge to kiss him.

But he wiped his cheeks and patted my hand. “Would you mind telling me about him?” He paused. “It’s been so long...”

“I know, he said the same.”

Damon's wry smile made me pause and squeeze his hand. "I met him at the bar too. I'd only just started up then so I was working there every night, trying to scrape up enough to cover the rent every week."

"Was this before or after you were a goth hangout?"

"After. He wanted an introduction to the sanguinarians, just like you."

I grinned. “At the time I didn’t know they existed. I’d always liked the music but I just drifted into being a goth club because a friend of a friend wanted to use the upstairs to put on gigs with his band and I needed the money. But they got to be fairly famous and the pub was a hit. It was about a year or so after that when Paul came in.”

I smiled at the memory. “He was

so different from everyone else.
He looked like a Greek god.”

Damon smiled, “They used to say that about me because I was the blonde one, but I kept telling him he was my perfect man.”

“He is, isn’t he, those deep brown eyes with the enormous lashes.”

“It was his mouth that used to get me, the way it turned up at one side and always made me

want to kiss him.”

I giggled. “I know and he looked so spectacular with his long ponytail and the tail coats.”

“He has long hair now?”

“Yea, last time I saw him it was nearly down to his waist.”

Damon sighed, “I always remember him with it curling around his neck.”

I held him close, Paul had told

me so much about Damon that I felt I already knew him.

“Thanks,” he whispered, “I go through the motions but this is the first time in nearly four thousand years that I feel like I’ve been close to finding him.”

“I know he said the same. If he didn’t keep looking for you he said he’d have no reason to go on, but he wasn’t even sure he’d recognise you if he saw you

again. He said the strongest things were fragments, the way your hair felt, the way the light caught your cheekbones, the way he felt waking up next to you.

“He stayed here for five years you know and then he had to leave to look for you. He put it off for as long as he could but he couldn't stay.”

“I know, every time I try and

stay in one place it's as though something just pulls me on and on.”

“That’s exactly what he said. He left me his flat and he bought the bar outright for me. He said I’d never see him again, but he came back about five years later. He said he missed me as much as he missed you.”

“I can see why, you’re so beautiful.”

“Flatterer!” I said secretly pleased. “I was back then, but unlike you I age.”

“You’re ageing well. I’m guessing he gave you his blood?”

“What?”

“Well legend has it that if we feed a human a few drops of blood it can slow their ageing and as long as we keep feeding them they can live for as long as

us.”

“If he did, he didn’t tell me.”

“I don’t suppose he’s going to come back?”

“I don’t know, he never says.”

“And you wait for him?”

“Not exactly, he tells me to find someone permanent, but no one feels...” I paused. I’d only known him one night but somehow Damon *did* make me feel just

like Pythias. But he interrupted my train of thought.

“I don’t understand this either, but somehow you make me feel like it was with him.”

“Oh! That’s what I was thinking.” I whispered.

With that he swooped and pressed his lips to mine.

The whole world stood still!

Our kiss seemed to go on for

ever. I couldn't think of anything other than the feel of his lips on mine. I wanted, no I needed, to touch him and I slid my hands under his coat, but he had too many layers. His fingers were tracing delicate patterns on my shoulders and upper back and when they dipped into the top of my corset I moaned.

But he pulled back, suddenly apologetic. "I'm sorry, I know

this is too sudden but I feel like I can't help myself.”

“It's ok,” I said suddenly certain as I relived the memories. “It was like this with Paul too.

Though he didn't tell me who or what he was for years.”

Damon interrupted, “So how did you find out if he was hiding it?”

I'm not sure if he wanted the distraction from the desire hovering in the air between us

or if he was in a hurry to hear everything he could about Pythias.

I smiled; either way, it was probably best if we at least tried to go slowly.

“He used to come round to my flat after work, or take me to dinner. When I woke in the morning he’d always be gone. Then one day I was burgled. I got back to the flat and they

were inside. They started to hit me, only before I knew what had happened he was there.” I smiled at the memory, “He was more frightening than I’ve ever seen him. He literally picked one of them up in one hand and the other hightailed it out of the door. He was so angry he bit the one he was holding.” I looked at Damon “I don’t know why I wasn’t frightened of him but he was so protective I knew he

wouldn't hurt me.”

Damon smiled softly, “Yea I know that look. He’s like a big fierce bear.”

“That’s it.” I said smiling in agreement, “They’d broken the locks so I couldn’t stay there. He literally picked me up and carried me here.” I grinned. “I don’t know when he realised he’d have to explain; it was either when I saw the blinds or

when I realised there was no food in the kitchen.”

Damon laughed, “He never did think things through if he thought the cause was right.”

“I think he was waiting for me to run away in disgust, but somehow it was still him. So I accepted it.”

“Did he look at you with those liquid brown puppy eyes?”

I smiled. “Yes and with the hint of a tear on the end of his lashes.”

Damon held me close then, and he whispered brokenly, “He hasn’t changed...”

“No I don’t think he has, but to cut a long story short, I never left here. He stayed with me as long as he could. He said he’s never been as happy since Greece, since you. But even so

he eventually had to leave.” It was Damon’s turn to hold me. “I still miss him, but then you know that.”

“Yes I do.” he said ruefully.

We held each other for a long moment. I’m not sure whether we were comforting each other or not but soon we couldn’t help ourselves, we started to kiss and again the kiss seemed to go on for eternity binding us together.

Until eventually Damon pulled back.

“I’m sorry, I feel it’s disloyal to Pythias. I feel like I’m somehow stealing his woman.”

“I know he wouldn’t mind if it’s you. He still loves you so much you know.”

“I know and I love him too, but there is something about you that makes me more content than I’ve been since this all

started.”

“Then don’t resist, let’s live in the moment. Let me get to know you as well. You never know he may even come back while you’re here.”

Damon brightened, “Damn! I hadn’t thought of that, but I do know that even though it’s sudden, I ought to warn you I might be falling in love with you.”

I grinned and did the only sensible thing. I kissed him again.

This time he picked me up and carried me to the bedroom. He was adept at getting me out of my corset. But then like Paul he would have had a lot of practice. Fortunately Paul had taught me well so although his clothes were genuine antiques, I made quick work of the old fashioned

fastenings.

He grinned when we were both naked, I was looking him appreciatively. “Paul said you were a warrior too but...”

He shrugged “We were one of the forerunners of the sacred bands of warriors. We always sparred and battled together. Back then the theory was that if you loved your partner you would keep them safer.”

“You look good on it.” He did as well; hard muscles and very little fat led my eyes down to his rampantly straining cock. Unlike most classical statuary it was beautifully long and thick and I groaned at the thought of him filling me.

By the time I'd dragged my eyes back to his face he'd closed the distance between us and had claimed my mouth with his

own. Hard and demanding, his tongue swooped into my mouth and I was pressing against him, running my hands over as much of him as I could reach.

It didn't take long, we were being pushed by forces we couldn't control and he was soon carrying me to the bed and his cock was teasing my sopping entrance even before he laid me gently down.

He felt so different from Paul in so many ways but he still sparked the same fire within me. I couldn't think, I couldn't talk, all I could do was lift my hips and hope he would slide inside.

He didn't disappoint, as soon as he filled me I couldn't stop myself. I came hard and quick around him. He stilled and smiled at me gently while I

recovered, only when I smiled back at him did he begin moving again.

I kissed him softly and I could feel his fangs. When I licked them he groaned and I could feel him holding back but the thought of him biting me was making hard knots of desire coil inside me and it was my turn to moan into his mouth. He didn't disappoint, as soon as I was

ready to cry out once more I felt his teeth sink into my neck and all I could remember was the world turning into a bright rainbow.

When I came back to myself I was safely wrapped in his arms.

“I’ve never felt anything like that,” his voice was shaky even now.

“Me neither, even with Paul it wasn’t that fast.” I paused,

enjoying feeling him next to me. He had just fed and so he was warm and soft “but it still feels like I belong with you.”

“Honestly, I’ve never felt anything like it, as soon as I saw you I felt as though I was with Pythias again.”

“I can’t believe you showed me your fangs, it took years before Paul showed me. But you were so lucky it was me on the bar

tonight.”

“To be honest, I thought you’d think they were fake. I had no idea you’d recognise them.”

“Well the fake ones look better but aren’t as practical. When Paul finally admitted who he was, I asked him to explain. Tho’ he did ban me from watching Buffy!”

Damon burst out laughing, “I can imagine him saying it. He

was always so earnest.”

“Is that why he decided someone had to do the right thing and stand up to the king?”

Damon sobered, “Yea I guess so. He talked to me before the council meeting. He was so sure he was right and if he only explained everything the king would understand.” Damon grinned, “He nearly pulled it off too, if it wasn’t for that advisor

insisting that the king couldn't be seen to change his mind in the face of a threat from a soldier.”

“So how come you were imprisoned instead?”

“Pythias agreed to be sentenced to death so the king could change his mind. He asked if he could go home to make his will first and they agreed, but only if I would stay in his place. They

knew we were lovers so they thought it was a good test to see if he would leave me to die.”

“Did you really not doubt him. He said his mother set all the horses free so he wouldn’t be able to make it back in time.”

Damon laughed so hard I had to roll away and let him recover in his own time, “So that’s why he was late. Did he say how he got there?”

I grinned. “He said he ran all the way.”

“All the way? Did he tell you how far it was?” I shook my head, “It was about fifteen miles and most of it was uphill. No wonder he looked like death.”

He stopped for a minute thinking about it. “Do you know, I always remember looking up from the block and seeing him with his hair plastered to his

head and sweat stains on his clothes. It was so unlike him that I remember it clearly even now. When the king pardoned us in recognition of Pythias' love and his determination that he wouldn't let me be killed in his stead, I remember the flare of hope that I could hold him again even if we were going to be exiled. I've been hanging onto that ever since."

He stopped and looked at me seriously, “I have run the words of the king over and over in my head since then and I still don’t know why he said them.”

“What did he say exactly, Paul never said.”

“As the Gods are my witness go from here, do not rest. Travel by night for you will not see your homeland in daylight again. Travel in opposite directions for

only if your love stays true will you meet again.'

“Then the statue of Hecate spoke. She said *‘I hear you oh king and I will take these two under my protection, empousa they will become and when they meet again in true love it will be time for their wandering to end.’* I felt as though I had been broken but Pythias looked at me and smiled his confident smile

and I knew I'd see him again. It would only be a few months; after all we only had to travel around the outside of the kingdom until we met up. So that's what I did, but we never met and I began to despair, so I thought what if we're both chasing each other – so I tried staying in one place to see if he would find me.” He looked me in the eyes, “This is the first time I have felt whole since

then.”

I held him tightly then, because even in my limited way I understood. “I think I understand a little.” I replied cautiously. “When Paul isn’t here I don’t feel whole either. I feel as though something were missing from my life and when he comes back I feel better, sort of like when I used to smoke and would crave a cigarette. This

is the first time I've felt whole since he left me too."

* * * *

When he finally had to leave I was inconsolable. Missing the both of them was infinitely worse than missing just Paul. I spent all the time I wasn't working curled up on the sofa. But my grief only lasted a couple of months, one night I heard the

door open and the blinds coming down. The only people with keys were me, Paul and Damon. I looked up when the lounge door opened.

“Paul!” I yelled leaping up off the sofa to be enfolded in his arms.

“I missed you.” He grinned.

“I missed you so too!”

His kiss deepened and he was

just about to carry me to the bedroom when he stopped. His melting chocolate eyes were taking my breath away and it was all I could do to remember to breathe but “What’s up love, you look like you’ve been crying.”

I took a deep breath and suggested he sat on the sofa. It was probably a good thing he’d stopped. I wouldn’t want him to

go into the bedroom without warning.

I kissed him hungrily once more, it was like coming home. Although the wounds from losing Damon were fresh it was as though being close to Pythias was soothing them and making them easier to bear.

“There isn’t much wrong now you’re back.”

I paused but he jumped in. “I

was sure you needed me here.”

“I do, but I wish you’d come earlier.” I suddenly realised I didn’t know how to break this to him.

“Paul, I met a man while you were gone.” I stopped at the look of hurt on his face, “No – I still love you, I always will.”

He kissed me again pouring his whole heart and soul into it. “I know I always told you to find

someone else,” he grinned ruefully, “but I’m not sure I could share you with anyone.”

“Not even with Damon?”

He laughed, “Yes, OK. I could share anything with him, but that’s not very likely is it?”

“You never told me how blue his eyes are and how they swirl when he’s about to kiss you.”

Paul stilled. For a long moment

he said nothing.

“Please don’t tease me about that. Anything but that.” He said it with a deadly quietness that spoke of how much he still missed him.

I carried on steadily. “I met him in the bar. He came in hoping he could find you. He was so lucky Morgana was late for her shift and it was me who served him.” Paul was as still and quiet as

only a vampire can be. I could tell he wasn't sure whether to hope or not. "It's not like it was when we started. It's so rare I have to serve now. I saw him come in and he asked me to tell him about the place. The first thing he did was ask about you, you know." Paul smiled softly hardly daring to believe.

"There was something about him." I paused, not really sure if

it was his mesmerising eyes or the way he felt. “He was drawing every eye to him. I don’t know why there’s just something about him.”

“He always used to do that. Do you know I felt so lucky to be the one he’d chosen. Every time I kissed him or made love to him I was sure it would be the last because he could have his pick of anyone and they all

tried.”

“They still do. And you’re right, it’s almost unbelievable when he turns them down.”

“How did you know it was him?”

“When he flashed his fangs.”

Paul looked disbelieving. “I know, I can’t believe he did it on a first meeting. I asked about it later and he said that he was expecting me to think they were fake, not to call him by name.”

Paul just looked at me his eyes wide, “I thought he was going to fall off the barstool you know. I could tell he was forcing himself not to hold me with all his strength to make sure I didn’t disappear.

“I brought him back here and he spent most of the night just asking about you.” Paul rested his forehead against mine I could tell he was close to tears

so I wrapped my arms around him wanting him to know that in my limited way I understood. “But there was something about him that reminded me of the way I feel when I’m with you. I don’t know if it was because we both missed you so much or what, but he stayed.”

I knew Paul wasn’t asking the question he dreaded hearing the answer to, that Damon wasn’t

here. “I still remember waking up to find he wasn’t a figment of my imagination. He was dead to the world of course but I kept looking at him, the way his blond hair was like a spiky halo,”

Paul interrupted. “Does he still sleep with his mouth slightly open and make those adorable ‘Phut’ noises?”

“Oh yes,” I said smiling. “Of

course, I made sure I was still here when he woke up. Even in that short a space of time I'd forgotten how his eyes were so bright.”

Paul nodded. “You feel like they see into your soul don't you?”

I grinned. “I just loved the fact he ran in here completely naked and stopped in the doorway just there and said ‘You're not a dream!’”

Paul laughed and it was as though he were finally allowing himself to believe Damon had been here, had touched the things he was touching.

“How long did he stay?” Paul breathed at last.

“Four years. It was blissful. He joined the sanguinarians like you did and helped out at the club, but most of all he made sure I had fun. Even though he

couldn't eat he took me out for dinner, to shows, to art galleries, dancing anywhere and everywhere he could." I looked at Paul, "You never said how much fun he was."

"That's true, I'm the serious responsible one." Paul grinned obviously remembering something and I raised an eyebrow. He started to say something and then stopped. I

kissed him slowly, “It’s ok you can tell me.”

“I was just thinking of the time we were in a tavern, one of the women was trying to sit on his lap but he wasn’t interested. She wouldn’t stop and he didn’t want to cause a scene so he challenged her to a dancing duel. If he won he came home with me, if she won he went with her.”

“I assume he won?”

“It was close,” Paul grinned. “He hadn’t realised she was the tavern’s regular dancer.”

I laughed out loud but then had a flashback to the same thing here.

“What?” he asked gently.

“Damon taught me how to really enjoy the club and it’s not the same without him. Even

Morgana liked him being around. She wanted me to settle down with him, you know I never realised how much she resented you leaving me.”

He was about to say something but I stopped him with a kiss, “I know you wouldn’t go if you didn’t have to.”

I kissed the tear away from the corner of his eye, “You know we used to talk about the way your

tears sparkled on those
impossibly long lashes.”

Paul laughed. “What about his
crooked half smile. It was
almost impossible to disappoint
him when he did that.”

“I know and when he bit his lip
as well, I had real difficulty
resisting him.”

I sighed. “He was dancing when
I first noticed you know. I’d
glanced up from talking to

Morgana to watch him dance, he could get the whole club on its feet and he was a godsend at the start of a slow Friday. He caught me looking and smiled. Then I saw him grimace and I had a feeling of dread. I'd seen that look on your face before. I knew you could resist for a while, but eventually he'd be compelled to leave and I'd have no idea when or if I'd see him next. We got back to the flat and I clung to

him.

I closed my eyes replaying the memory:

“I said ‘It’s happening isn’t it? You’re going to have to leave?’

“He didn’t say anything, I remember him holding me as close as he could. ‘I don’t want to go,’ he whispered raggedly.

“I knew he didn’t I just hoped he was going to come back.

“O Paul, he was so determined, he kept saying, ‘I WILL come back. That’s a promise.’ He spent the whole of the next week loving me, telling me he loved me and promising to come back. But I’d had an idea. I said to him, ‘Damon, I know Paul always said that I couldn’t take his photo, but is it possible?’ He didn’t know. It had never worked before but I was a bit determined.” Paul smiled at me

and kissed me softly, “You see Paul I wanted a photo of him, just the one, to put up in here in case you came back. I can still see his wicked smile when he said ‘If this works there is one condition. I want to see Pythias too.’”

I paused not sure how to say the next bit, “Pythias.” He looked surprised at my use of his true name. “That’s why I stopped you

before we went into the
bedroom. I wanted to warn you.”

“No!” he looked disbelieving, “It
can’t be after all these years.”

He looked at me, his heart in
those big melting eyes, daring
me to let him down gently to tell
him it couldn’t be true.

When he walked into the
bedroom he stopped dead.

Drinking in the picture.

The tears were flowing unashamedly down his face, pink streaks landing on his white tee shirt. He looked at the huge portrait of Damon that was adorning the bedroom wall and he rushed over to it. I've never seen anything like it. The way he ran his fingers over the jawline he obviously knew so well and he looked into his eyes as though he would lose his very soul in them.

I don't know how long he stood there. I had a feeling it was starting to get light before he moved even slightly. He'd been whispering things in what I could only assume was Ancient Greek, “Ποθεινοτέρως ἔχω σοῦ¹”, “Σε φιλῶ²”, “φιλία μου πρὸς σε σου πάντα νικᾷ³.” “Ὁ ἐμὸς κόσμος εἶ⁴.”

I think silent tears had been falling down his face the whole

time. His shirt was soaked and I worried that he had lost so much blood he would need feeding. He turned to me. “I didn’t think it was possible after all these long centuries.”

He came and sat next to me on the bed his melting eyes holding mine effortlessly. “I’m sorry I neglected you.” he said seriously.

“I understand, it must have

come as a shock.”

“You don’t understand,” he held my hands gently, “It is a shock, and if it had happened before I met you I would have been despairing because I’d been so close but I’d still missed him. It was knowing you were here that has helped me to cope. Seeing his face after all this time I know I could never give up on him, but I can’t give you up

either.”

Again he looked deeply into my eyes “Σε φιλῶ”

“Pardon?”

He looked embarrassed for a moment but then he said “I love you.”

I think that was the first time he'd ever admitted that.

“Pythias I love you too.”

“I wish I'd told you earlier...” he

tailed off and leant toward me and kissing me slowly, lingeringly as though he didn't feel he deserved me. We made love like that for the rest of the night. Slow caresses giving way to urgent passion but always I felt as though Damon was watching us and holding us safely in his embrace.

Paul couldn't stay long this time. Morgana couldn't resist

telling me “I told you so.” but I didn’t care. I was excited waiting for Damon to come back.

* * * *

I barely had to wait a month. When I heard the key in the door and the blinds go down I stared at the lounge door excitedly and when I saw him I flung myself off the sofa and into his arms.

“I missed you too darling,” He grinned before kissing me as passionately as he knew how.

When I could breathe again I said carefully “Σε φιλω̃”

“I love you too” he said automatically before realising what I’d actually said.

He looked at me those brilliant blue eyes swirling with the depth of his emotion.

“You saw him again didn’t you?”

“He’s only been gone a month – it’s getting so close.”

He held me then for a long time. I could only imagine how he must feel after all this time to be so close but to still not be able to touch his love.

I knew how desperate he was so I didn’t make him wait. “It worked you know.”

He sagged and it took all my strength to hold him, “After all this time to see him again.” He looked serious, “It must be a gift from the goddess. I tried you know when I was away I tried sending you photos of me, but they never worked.”

“We got the postcards though. I thought he was going to spend the whole time in tears. When he saw the scrap book with all

your cards in it.” I tailed off unsure how to describe the intense look on his face that he could touch something Damon had touched and yet he was afraid it would just be a cruel dream.

“All of them?”

“No,” I said carefully, “the ones you sent to Pythias didn’t make it.”

He cursed quietly. “But you got

the rest.”

“Oh yes we got the rest.” I giggled. “You know he wouldn’t go to bed until the postman had been. He lived for mornings and seeing your handwriting on the postcards.”

Damon picked me up and took me to the sofa so that I could carry on telling him about Pythias. “I never knew how sensitive vampire ears were. He

would hear the postman come in to the flats and start waiting by the door.”

“Did he pace?”

I laughed. “I think he wore through two rugs.”

Damon laughed too. “He could never be still before anything important. I used to tease him that he would have been as tall as me if he wasn’t wearing the soles off his feet.”

I smiled. “You do know he’s going to send cards too? In fact he spent half his time cursing that he hadn’t thought of it before.”

Damon laughed, “Well what can I say. I’m not only the pretty one, I’m the clever one too.”

I laughed and kissed him again. “You know your picture worked?”

His eyes widened, “Yes love,

there's one of him in there too.”

He looked at me seriously,
“Before I see it I want you to
know how much I love you and
how much it means that you're
doing this for us.”

I laughed. Pythias felt the same
way but unlike Damon he forgot
to tell me. Damon must have
spotted my train of thought,
“Idiot, I bet he forgot to tell you
until afterward and then worried

that you wouldn't believe him."

I laughed, "Oh Damon,
remember I love you too."

"I do my beautiful, I do and I
don't want to loose you or
Pythias."

When he walked in the bedroom
he stopped dead, there were now
two portraits on my wall,
Pythias' dark eyes were looking
down on him and he spent ages
drinking it in before he dared

move to touch it.

Like Paul the tears were flowing openly down his cheeks, eventually he turned to me and I held him close. “I think he’s more serious than ever.”

“He was but sometimes when he’s reminded of you he can still break out of his shell. He even got Morgana to dance in the club and you have to admit even you’ve never managed that.”

“How did he manage that?”

Damon asked jerked out of his reverie.

I grinned, “He knew he could never persuade her to do anything because she hated him for leaving me.” I shushed him with a small kiss. “I know I have tried to tell her I’m happy with it but she doesn’t believe me.

Anyway he bet Thomas your sanguinarian friend to ask her to

dance and got me to tell her he was betting she'd refuse."

Damon grinned, "Typical politician."

I got distracted then as Damon kissed me and made hot sweet love to me for the rest of the night.

It seemed like the time they could stay with me was getting shorter and shorter. It was only two years before Damon had to

leave.

* * * *

I thought I would never stop crying this time it was so soon that I felt like it wasn't fair on me or on Damon. But it hadn't even been a week before Paul came back again.

Before I knew it he was on the sofa next to me holding and comforting me. I knew he'd

realised that this must mean Damon wasn't here, but he didn't say anything other than whispering “Σε φιλω̃” over and over.

It took me a while to realise what he was saying but when I did it was as though he had poured a balm on my injured heart. “Oh Pythias, I love you too.”

He didn't even talk to me about

Damon he just took me into the bedroom and made long slow love to me.

It was like that the whole time he stayed, he didn't leave a moment where he could convince me he cared about me.

When he had to leave only a year later I was devastated again.

* * * *

I couldn't believe it when Damon turned up less than 24 hours after he had left. Like Pythias, Damon held me until his whispered words of love penetrated and he could distract me with his kisses.

He never said a word about Pythias this time, it was all about me. He wined me and he dined me and he made sure I had a good time.

I tried to talk to him about Paul, but he shushed me “No my love. I love you and I want you to know that. You know I love Paul too. But this is about you, I don’t want to ruin what we have by always talking about him.”

“You know that’s what he said too.” I grinned as Damon smiled ruefully. For all their differences they were so alike.

In six months he was gone. I

had barely had a chance to get used to him being here again.

* * * *

“So you see that’s my story and that’s why I need you to promise to let them both in as soon as they get here,” I carried on explaining earnestly to the nurse, trying desperately to convince her to let them into my hospital room. It must be the

drugs, I would never have told my story to someone otherwise.

“You see, I was expecting Pythias to turn up almost as soon as Damon had left. But he didn’t.

“A week went by and he still didn’t come.

“Somehow I was reminded the whole time of Damon waiting with his head on the executioner’s block and like him

I never lost faith Pythias would come.”

“You must have wondered, even if it was only for a moment.” she asked her concerned brown eyes looking down at me.

“No, I know them so well, if they weren’t here when I needed them, it was only because they couldn’t be and they would both be doing their best to change that.”

“You didn’t doubt even when you were attacked?”

“No of course not, I wished they were there of course, but even though the burglars left me for dead I never doubted it. I just wanted to see them once more before I died. I couldn’t even move to get help. My phone was in the lounge and I was in the bedroom. I remember looking up at the photos of Damon and

Pythias looking down on me and I was sure they would get here in time. Please, please you have to promise. Don't let me die without seeing them.”

“Shh, sleep now,” she said. “I'll make sure they get here.”

Everything went fuzzy and then I could see Damon looking down at me as clearly as if he were really here, his blue eyes tinged with tears and those

impossibly high cheekbones catching the light. He ran his fingers through his hair and I smiled. That's exactly what he always did when he was vexed by something.

Then I thought of Pythias and I imagined he was picking me up and holding me close to him as he always did if he thought I was in trouble. I could almost smell that musky masculine

scent he had and I let myself relax into his embrace.

I frowned. I thought I'd heard Damon shouting my name, there was no need for him to be so upset and I turned to see him yelling, "It's not fair! I can't bear it."

I was turned back to Pythias and it was as though he was forcing me to drink something metallic and gloopy. I tried to spit it out

but he forced me. Then he was crying too and it felt like I was passed to Damon so that he could do the same.

It must have been the drugs that nurse gave me. That was a really weird dream.

I felt a lot better when I woke. I remembered being attacked in the flat but I had no recollection of being taken to hospital. I didn't want to open my eyes. If I

hadn't been taken to hospital I was obviously going to be dying, but that didn't seem to matter. I just wanted to see them both just once more. That was all I could think of so when I finally opened my eyes to see both of them looking down at me and I could feel both my hands being held I couldn't help but smile. I must still be dreaming but it was such a lovely dream.

They both smiled. I was sure this couldn't be real but I whispered, "I wish this were real, you look so much like I imagined you would. If only I could see you together again I could die happy."

"No one is dying my love."

Damon said smiling down at me.

"He's right you know," Pythias grinned. "You aren't going

anywhere.”

“I must be hallucinating.” What a way to die with my subconscious laughing at me.

Damon lifted me and sat me up between them, “Idiot,” he chided affectionately. “You’re perfectly fine and you’re not hallucinating. We **are** both here.”

Pythias put his arms around us both, “Yes, we’re here. You did it

you saved us.”

“What are you talking about?”

They both laughed. “Don’t you get it?” Damon asked, “We’re both here, we’re both together and you did it.”

“I don’t understand. What happened?”

Paul looked at me and then he looked at Damon, “I think I’d better start from the beginning

and tell my part.” He looked back at me. “I was coming back to see you. But I was in Alaska and as soon as I left the house there was an enormous avalanche and it blocked the entrance to my valley. The weather forecast said it would take months to melt. I was sure you needed me so I worked every night for a week until I could clear it.”

“That’s why you weren’t here after Damon left?”

“I came as quickly as I could,” he said sadly.

“I know, I kept thinking of Damon and how he must have felt back in Greece, but I knew you would come.”

“I on the other hand was heading off to the Alps,” Damon said. “I don’t know why but I didn’t want to go too far away.” I

smiled at him, “Then I felt you needed me and I knew I was right, so I turned around and came back as fast as I could.”

Paul interjected, “I think I ran nearly all the way from the airport, I couldn’t find a taxi.”

“I arrived, by taxi,” Damon said grinning affectionately at Pythias, “in time to see someone going into the bedroom. I ran in after him and all I could see was

you on the floor. I barely registered it was Pythias who'd got there before me. You were talking to Hecate, then she put you to sleep and stood in front of us.”

“That wasn't Hecate that was the nurse.”

“You're not in hospital, love,” Paul said, “but she can look like whoever she wants and when she stood in front of us she said

we had a choice. We could break our curse or we could save you.”

Damon jumped in. “We both said ‘you’ without thinking.”

“I only dared look at you then.”

Pythias said staring into

Damon’s luminous blue eyes, “I wanted one last glimpse to take away before I had to lose you forever.”

“Me too. I remember lifting my hand not daring to touch you.

After all this time to finally see you and then to lose you for ever.”

“I know but it would be worse if we lost you too.” Paul said looking at me seriously.

“So what happened then?” I asked.

“Hecate told us we needed to feed you our blood, and we both needed to do it.” Damon said.

I frowned. “I’m sure I heard you yelling it wasn’t fair?”

He grinned. “That was when I thought it wasn’t working and you would die.”

Paul grinned too, “I thought he was actually going to attack the goddess, but at least he listened when she said we had to give you more. Fortunately, it seemed to work.” Paul said kissing me softly.

“Then you slept. The goddess said that we could stay with you until you woke and she would be back for us.” Damon said quietly kissing me too.

“NO!” I yelled. “NO, she can’t take you away. I don’t want to live without you.”

I started to struggle but they held me with their vampire strength.

“It’s too late,” Paul said firmly.

“We agreed the deal with the Goddess.”

“We did.” Damon corroborated.

I was aghast, but “There is one thing I have hoped for since I first met you Pythias and more so since I met Damon too. I want to see you kiss each other.”

They looked at each other in stunned silence. And almost against my will I giggled. “Did you two forget that you had the

whole time I was sleeping to make love?”

Damon looked down suddenly shy, “It didn’t seem right while you were so ill.”

“She’s not ill now Damon my love.”

“No she isn’t, is she?” Damon grinned back.

I watched their hands tentatively reach out, Pythias’

shorter thicker fingers fisted in the back of Damon's blond hair while his longer slender fingers stroked Pythias' wavy dark hair. The contrast was striking and they really did look like demi-gods.

It seemed to take for ever for their mouths to meet; they were staring into each other's eyes, savouring the moment. When their lips finally touched they

were hesitant but I could see them remembering and as the old familiar feelings grew I watched their kiss deepen.

Their breath was speeding up and mine was too, being with one of them was more powerful than anything I had felt before, but being with them both together was starting a fire in my blood that I couldn't hope to contain. I had to force myself

not to moan aloud as I didn't want to spoil the moment for them.

Their hands started to move, to tentatively caress each other, but even without breaking the kiss they both reached for me and held me close to them.

When I put my arms around them I heard them both groan.

Pythias broke the kiss first and he immediately swooped

capturing my lips with his. He tasted of Damon too and the feel of Damon's hands as he stroked us both was intoxicating. I was already pressing into Paul needing him, wanting him, but I needed Damon too and I turned, blindly seeking his lips. When it was his turn to kiss me and Pythias was softly kissing his shoulders I thought he would melt.

I knew then that I wouldn't, I couldn't let her take them from me. Without them my life had no meaning and I wasn't going to let that happen.

They kissed each other again, desperate and hungry, all their centuries of longing finally finding a release. But I heard the door open. No one else had a key so I looked up thinking it might be Hecate coming for

them as she'd promised.

Morgana shut the bedroom door behind her. There was something subtly different about her today, no longer the boring grumpy bar manager from the club she glowed.

Damon and Pythias must have sensed her arrival even through their passion. Their kiss slowed and they broke apart to look at her.

“COME TO ME MY CHILDREN.”

“NO! I won’t let you take them away!”

“HOW CAN YOU STOP ME?” she said coolly. A part of me was unnerved seeing Morgana so self possessed and powerful but I couldn’t give up now.

“They said you were the nurse, You made me tell you my story. Don’t you understand I can’t live without them. They made

my life worth living.” I paused, “I know when you were Morgana you didn’t like them, but I tried to tell you then, I loved them and even the little time they could spend with me made life worthwhile.”

“SO CHOOSE ONE.”

I looked at them both, blonde fun Damon or serious caring Pythias?

It was obvious, there was only

one answer I could possibly give. “It has to be both. They’ve waited four thousand years to have their curse removed. I couldn’t ask one of them to live without the other.”

“YOU WOULD SHARE THEM?”

“They’ve shared me all these years and they’ve always loved each other. Nothing has changed. If you’re going to take them then you have to take me

first.”

Hecate/Morgana smiled, “*THEN LET IT BE SO.*” She looked at me, “*YOU HAVE TAKEN THE BLOOD OF MY CHILDREN, AND SO YOU WILL BE ONE WITH THEM. BUT DAMON AND PYTHIAS, YOU HAVE INDEED MET AGAIN IN TRUE LOVE FOR SHE LOVES YOU AS TRULY AS YOU LOVE HER SO I WILL KEEP MY WORD AND YOUR WANDERING WILL END.*”

With that she faded into the air

and I was left looking at Damon and Pythias and the start of our new life together. I didn't know what the future would bring but when they took it in turns to kiss me I knew it would be with the two men who had brought my life so much meaning.

End

Thank You

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EJ

Notes

[←1] I miss you

[←2] I love you

[←3] My love for you conquers

all

[←4] You are my world