I literally worked the graveyard shift at the city cemetery. My career involved digging graves and tending to tombstones, as well as maintaining the enclosed mausoleums belonging to rich families as old as the bones buried inside. Sometimes I also needed to remove the moss from angel sculptures dotting the morbid landscape. Even if I felt it gave personality to the environment.

The work often took its toll on unprepared new hires, as I’d seen over the years. According to my first boss, “Kids today don’t appreciate the dead anymore, David.”

It didn’t bother me though. In some ways, it made me nocturnal. I hardly slept at all at night and felt more alive when the sun went down. Even so, plenty of people asked me what would compel a man like me in his prime—aged thirty, tall, handsome, well-built, with blue eyes, full lips, and blonde, wavy hair—would want to be a cemetery groundskeeper. Women (and men) wondered why I eagerly worked such a job. The kind of job that nobody thought would ever be worthwhile. Well…there existed one other legitimate reason, which I discovered once more at our private spot.

Deep in the center of the cemetery, within a circular line of undying cedar trees, an ancient building stood. It dated back all the way back to the 18th century. A family tomb made of aged marble, proudly standing as the oldest mausoleum of the gothic cemetery. Above its opened doors and the Greco-Roman pillars between was an engraved name.

D’Amboise. Not only the same name as the cemetery and plenty of old locations in the city, but a name that warmed my heart during lonely nights.

However, my attention immediately focused on what lay along the stone steps of the mausoleum: The most beautiful man in the world, relaxing without a stitch of archaic clothing, and smiling at me with a wry grin that revealed toothy fangs.

To describe the younger man would be like comparing one of Leonardo da Vinci’s male drawings. Pale yet perfect skin as white as fresh snow and black as long and wavy as a siren’s, with piercing ruby eyes that glowed against the moonlight. The only blemishes on his skin were peppery freckles on his handsome cheeks, as well as two bite marks I could not see on the inside of his left wrist. He liked to hide llama from view whatever he could, as if they were something to be ashamed of.

“Good evening to you, Monsieur Tybalt D’Amboise,” I greeted, covering my own ‘shameful’ erection tenting through my jeans. “I trust that the nap was satisfactory?”

The naked twink—well, more like the three-hundred-year-old man, trapped in a twenty-year old’s body—giggled at my question.

 “I very much did, Monsieur Groundskeeper,” he replied.

As Tybalt approached, wrapping his slender arms around my waist and pressing his erection to my clothed own, I already bit down on my lower lip. Hard enough to make me wince yet not cry out in pain. My immortal angel sniffed the air as soon as I drew blood, licking his own lips at what pulsed from the self-inflicted wound on mine. He was thirsty for it. That sweet coppery liquid that coursed through me and gave nourishment to my lover.

“Has it really been several months, David?” He asked, then packed my lips to suckle on the drops of red leaking from the bite. Those ruby eyes glowed a little brighter. “Mmm, yes, it has been. Merde, I slept in for a little too long. How long have you been waiting for me to wake up.”

“Two weeks, and four days.” I glanced down at my wristwatch, to see that midnight had already struck. “Make those five days. Too long, either way.”

“I apologize, my love.” Tybalt leaned up closer to me, smiling. “Let me make it up to you.”

His cold lips connected with mine. “All is forgiven,” I said as soon as I momentarily parted, then kissed him again.

Autumn wind blew in between the tree branches and bathed us in chilly gusts of midnight air. Tybalt hardly noticed it and neither did I, despite being still human. I was distracted by the younger man in my arms. Holding me close as I let him suck on my bite, the vampire moaned against my lips, then pressed harder until his longer tongue pushed through my defenses. My tongue lashed out against his, and we danced orally while our hands roamed all over each other. My index fingers and thumbs fondled Tybalt’s nude flanks, his body cool to the touch yet incredible, like a male beauty preserved forever in amber and ambrosia. His supple skin felt so smooth on my calloused hands, and he giggled when I groped each of his buttocks midway through our intense kissing.

Soon enough, my vampiric lover pulled away to graze his fangs all over my neck. He inhaled my musky scent as if it smelt of cinnamon. His immaculate, yet firm fingers undid my clothing until the buttons on my pants popped off and they fell to the ground. Before he could go as far as ripping apart my work shirt, I hurriedly pushed it above my head, and discarded it with my underwear too. Suddenly, my hairy, well-built form shivered at the lack of protection from autumn weather.

“Come,” Tybalt requested, giggling as his hands gently groped my glutes before letting go. “The inside is warmer...”

Taking his presented hand, the handsome lad led me up the stone steps and through the opened doors of the family tomb, guiding me down a short corridor. To an outsider, the old mausoleum seemed like one of many throughout cemeteries in the Americas. A testament of old money surviving to the modern day. Nobody expected to find, in the darkness, a furnished room complete with a Queen-sized bed, as well as large bookshelves filled with well-used literature dating all the way back to the influence of Madame de Pompadour in France.

My eyes already adjusted well to the pitch black. Tybalt led me to the bed, then used his inhuman strength to pull me with him, laughing as he pounced on me atop the soft blankets.

“Are you excited, David?” He mused, rubbing his ass against my rejuvenated erection as the red-eyed lad straddled me. “Oh! Hehe, I can feel that you are!”

“Fuck, Tybalt…” I groaned, thrusting upwards and gripping his perfect hips. “Oh, God! I’ve missed this so much! Mmmm, missed you so much…”

My immortal lover leaned down to kiss me, pressing his fangs against my lower mouth. “It won’t be hours until dawn,” he mentioned with lust in his ethereal voice.

I mirrored his grin. “It is also my day off tomorrow, or rather today.”

Tybalt laughed, then roamed his hands through my chest hair. It elicited aroused sighs from me, particularly when his thumbs caressed a nipple—naturally hardened due to the cold earlier. He knew they were sensitive, that teasing them caused me to moan like a woman. The sadistic vampire also knew how much I loved it.

We saved our words for the break of dawn. Until then, our attention dwelled less on the future and more on the present, on each other. Despite how much I changed in the years since we first met, back when I was a late teenager and he was (physically) older, Tybalt hardly changed a day. He remained as beautiful as ever, his undead body cool to the touch and yet warm like molasses as soon as my cock buried itself within his tight depths.

From what he’d mentioned of his past, I wasn’t his first. That honor belong to the bastard that turned him, not long after taking advantage of his naïveté, then biting him in the other form of impulsive hunger. He didn’t intend to drink Tybalt’s blood, but the damage had already been done. Minutes later and the runt of the D’Amboise dynasty had little choice but to immigrate to America. If not to protect his family from vampire hunters, then to make a new life for himself.

I had been one of many mortal lovers over the centuries, but I didn’t care. He still loved me as much as I loved him and showed it in the most erotic way possible.

“Oh, David!” He panted, elegantly rising and lowering himself along my rigid shaft. His back arched with each movement, synchronized with my own. “Oh, God in Heaven! Nnnnnnghahhhh…thaaaaat’s perfect! Ooooooh! Ohhhh, Christ!”

My palms ran up and down the length of his knees and his androgynous upper body, admiring everything. I gripped his sides with each upward push, my balls slapping against his cheeks and my toes curling into the satin sheets he slept in for countless years. They were so soft. Not as soft though as his insides felt. They worked their strength, but not to their fullest extent. Clenching around my cock as a tip brushed repeatedly against his prostate.

Even undead, Tybalt could feel pleasure. It made the vampiric stare down at me with such lust and longing. Did he feel human again whenever we made passionate love? Did it make him feel alive again when I bucked my torso and thrust deeper inside? I imagined that it did.

At some point, Tybalt pinched both of my nipples hard. Jolts of pleasure and delicious discomfort ran through my body and up my shaft, making it even harder than earlier. Listen turn elicited cry from the immortal young man, Who flexed his ass around my pistoning cock head.

“Oh, fuuuuuuck!” I groaned. “Shiiit, Ty-Tybalt, I’m getting…gettin’ close!”

“La vache! La vache! Don’t stop!” Tybalt moaned, then nuzzled my chin before looking at my healing lip wound once more. “Merde! More! More! Mmmmmm!”

We locked wet lips yet again and I fucked harder. My gyrations turned frantic, our rutting loud enough to echo from the mausoleum, and the hint of a blush formed on Tybalt’s face. When I felt him finally stiffen around me, atop me, his back arching as he let out a euphoric moan that carried itself with the autumn wind outside, I too reached my peak. I grasped his hands, squeezed them tightly, and groaned from the torrents of cum flooding his bowels.

Stars and galaxies soared across my vision. The beautiful vampire’s smile acted as my Moon. This was going to be a wonderful reunion.

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As soon as dusk approached the following evening, I emerged with Tybalt from his tomb, the both of us wearing clothes. His belonged more to the 1980s but wouldn’t turn as many heads as the clothes he preferred to wear in private. Either way, Tybalt beamed happily watching the receding sunlight above our heads, then clasped my hand as I lead him to the cemetery entrance. Hopefully, the restaurant would have the sort of spirits he enjoyed.