

Chapter 1: Paths Collide

“Watz up gaiz itz chris from halofollower, heer 2 bring u sum halo e3 newz”

Chris paused and turned off his microphone. He knew what he was doing was misleading, there was no such thing as Halo. 343i simply had nothing new to announce this year. His ravenous fanbase, however, thought otherwise; they were too stupid to look at other news sources. And if he didn't make this video, how else would he make money? Currently, Halo was dry with content, and he didn't know how to play Halo Wars 2 at all.

I've survived on making clickbait in the past, nothing's stopping me now he thought to himself. Chris sighed as the thought of making even more shitty “content” ate at his already worn soul.

As if I even have a soul at this point he mused as he turned on the microphone to record a new wave of shitty “content”.

A high pitch screech rang through the night as Spiteful gave one final effort into an intense, powerful thrust inside the barrel of his life-sized Nornfang model. He slumped in his chair and the Legendary REQ fell to the ground, oozing with his juices. He looked up hazily, smiling at the latest picture one of his many e-girls sent to him.

Life was great for Stuart. He got a new car that he fucked 5 times a day, his channel was raking in money, and e-girls wouldn't stop sending him fully clothed pictures of themselves. He thought about his channel growth, and all of his original content that he made with all of his legendary skills with the skillful use of Legendary REQ weapons like his trusty Nornfang. It just couldn't get any better.

Still, people hated on his success. *They're just jealous* he angrily thought, his mood and originally ecstatic expression souring. Who could possibly hate the completely perfect Spiteful? His content is so original and amazing, and not repetitious at all. But that damn ricer, Zandrill, catalyzed a movement against him. Thinking about Zanny, he quickly looked up his channel stats and saw that the brown menace was still growing in popularity at Spiteful's expense. Compared to him, Zanny was skyrocketing. Stuart's fist banged on the table, knocking over his paper-mache Nornfang model he made in primary school.

That fucker, he's growing faster than I am he growled to himself, kicking his life-sized Nornfang across the room. Then, an idea popped into his head.

He works for HaloFollower. Maybe, if I can grab HaloFollower's audience, I can ruin his channel...

Spiteful picked up his Nornfang-patterned briefs from the floor and began to type up a script for Halo E3 news, making sure to give it a shitty clickbaity title.

Chris' pasty white fist smashed his desk, leaving a dent where it struck. Earlier that morning, he woke up, diamond-hard at the thought of all the views and ad revenue he would get from his shitty "content". Now, he couldn't believe what he saw on the monitor he bought with his pyramid scheme money. 3 views, all from his mom, dog, and friend's cat's nephew's owner's adopted grandparent-in-law.

HaloFollower spent all night meticulously copying and pasting bright red circles, arrows, and question marks onto his thumbnail; it took him an hour to think of the most appropriate and clickbaity title. His pride, his joy, his *baby* was left to die in the wastes of YouTube, totally

unnoticed and ignored. At the thought of this, he screeched in rage, tore off his Master Chief pajamas, and started thrashing on the floor like a dying fish until he blacked out.

An hour later, he woke up at the sound of his phone going off. It was his “content” slave sending him a message. Through bloodshot eyes, Chris read the text out loud.

“Spitful is steeling mai veiwez? Wat the fuk is a zpitful?”

Whoever this “Spitful” fellow thinks he is Chris though, he’s gonna get it.

Spiteful slumped behind his car, exhausted from his efforts. Just the other night, he turned its exhaust pipe into a model of a Nornfang barrel, and has been furiously fucking it ever since. As he crawled over into his home to lie down on the couch, Spiteful heard one of the most beautiful and majestic sounds to have graced planet Earth in its billions of years of existence: his beatboxing. He got a text from someone special. He cursed to himself, realizing that he left his pants in his car. Stuart quickly got up, brushed the dirt off his scrotum, and jogged back to his car to retrieve his pants.

As he walked back inside his house, Spiteful read all of the texts he got. They were from his e-girls, commenting on how wet they were getting from his new video. It was perfect; low quality “content”, even lower than usual and with little effort, with a shitty, click-inducing title, along with red circles, arrows, and question marks in the thumbnail. And who could forget his shoddily cropped Spartan that painfully stuck out from the mysterious, yet Halo-esque background in the thumbnail? And, to top it all off, the video was just 4 seconds over 10 minutes, just for the extra ad revenue. Spiteful remembered how painful it was to come up with those extra 4 seconds just to grab that extra money. He smiled at his dastardly deed, but it quickly disappeared. His lackluster effort felt undeserved.

What happened? I'm getting all of this love like I deserve for being me, but I feel like something's missing...

He shook the thought out his head. This was no time to think negatively, that's what the haters were for. His video broke 500k views, it was time to celebrate.

"U got hiz Zkype? Gud, now git me hiz gaymurtak!" Chris flung a steel chair at his "content" slave, who ducked behind a pyramid of energy drink cans. He was getting tired of all the delays.

"Y-yes, master! Please, stop!"

HaloFollower growled and he stomped his way back upstairs and locked the metal door leading to the dungeon behind him as the slave whimpered.

Once I sit him down for a little chat, I'll have him by the balls for sure, he mused. It would just be a matter of time before Spiteful would get the righteous fucking he deserves.

Chapter 2: Love at First Spite

Stuart trembled as he reread the e-mail for the fifth time. Chris from HaloFollower personally sent him his regards, congratulating him on the success of his new video.

I've actually done it! he said to himself in disbelief. He expected Chris to send one of his minions to attack him, but that wasn't the case. It never occurred to Spiteful that the Halo media giant would reach out to him like this.

The thought of Chris himself offering him a high position on the HaloFollower team especially never crossed young Stuart's mind.

His heart fluttered at the thought of reaching new heights on YouTube and the Halo community. HaloFollower is the highest standard of quality the community has, and Spiteful was going to join him. All of the respect that came with the name HaloFollower would suddenly be bestowed upon him.

If I become a leading member of HaloFollower, the haters will stop attacking me.

Still, something felt off. The only reason why he made his latest video was to steal HaloFollower's audience. If Stuart made a video on Halo news at E3, then HaloFollower would definitely have made a similar video. Spiteful quickly typed in HaloFollower's name in YouTube and looked at their most recent video. Stuart's normally pink face became white as the inside of his car's tailpipe as he covered his mouth in shock, nearly knocking his crusty Nornfang socks off his desk. It was at 4 views with 3 likes and 100 dislikes.

I don't know what you're playing at, Chris, but I'll bite Spiteful thought nervously as he began typing up his reply.

Chris slowly unstuck his face from a slice of pizza as the vibrating on his chest woke him up. He spent the entire night drowning his sorrows in food, and he must have fallen asleep while eating again. He rubbed the cheese out of his eyes and looked at his phone to see Spiteful's reply. He grinned at the eager acceptance message. Because his "content" slave couldn't find the information he desired, Chris had to do it himself. He stifled a chuckle as he heard the screams coming from his cellar. The slave was being tortured by Chris' fanboys, who, as 12 year olds do, were screeching incoherently.

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. In an hour, he was going to talk face to face with Spiteful. Revenge was on its way.

The webcam light shone a bright blue as Spiteful answered HaloFollower's call. He was ready for any sort of confrontation, but what he was met with was the complete opposite. As soon as he saw Chris, his heart stopped. He blinked and slightly shook his head in an attempt to clear it. A strange, new emotion crept into him, not unlike the feeling he gets whenever creeps into the inboxes of his many e-girls.

Yet, it was different from his normal lust; it was like pure, unadulterated joy. It was just like the first time he used the Nornfang. Throughout the entire meeting, he just nodded and gave simple answers. Stuart wasn't just starstruck, he was in love.

On the other end of the camera, Chris was feeling the same emotions. He'd seen pictures of Spiteful in the past, but actually speaking to him, face to face, was a whole new experience. He choked out his words to Stuart, and before he knew it, the call was over. His heart still racing, Chris closed his laptop and put face in his hands. How could he go through his revenge?

Chapter 3: Plotting

A month has passed since Stuart was recruited by Chris. Both of their subscriber bases doubled after Spiteful joined, and they couldn't be any happier. Over the weeks, Spiteful saw less and less contact with his harem of e-girls, but he didn't care at all. Every couple of days, he would be in a call with Chris, and every time he saw him, his mood would improve immensely. After the success of his E3 Halo video, he decided to stick with its format: videos that were barely over 10 minutes long, either rambling nonsense interlaced with music or beatboxing, and shitty, attention grabbing thumbnails. More haters than ever before started to attack him and claimed that his "content" took a "dive" in "quality", but he didn't care.

Firstly, he was still delivering his highly anticipated and highly regarded Warzone gameplay; who doesn't love seeing someone spawn in power weapons and destroying people? It was a testament to his skill and magnetic, charismatic persona, and anyone who thought otherwise was just a jealous hater. Secondly, he was always talking with Chris. This made it impossible for any haters to put a damper on his mood. Usually, Spiteful would take a break and complain about the haters, and even consider quitting everything. Of course, the sympathy and positive words from everyone would make him decide to stay, it wasn't like he was crying out for attention at all. But now, with Chris' constant attention, Stuart stopped caring about the haters for once.

They never got any attention from girls, they're all just jealous, he thought smugly as he began to slip into his Nornfang pajamas. Normally, he would walk outside to kiss his car good night, but ever since he started speaking to Chris, he stopped. He wasn't the type to cheat, after all. Still, they never talked about being in a relationship together. Stuart was slightly concerned about this. Did Chris share the same feelings? He didn't know, and this thought kept him awake all night long as he tightly held his Nornfang body pillow.

At the HaloFollower headquarters, Chris was feeling ready to turn his professional relationship with Stuart into a personal one. But how would he accomplish this?

Is there any event like E3 where Stuart and I can meet up? His heart fluttered at the thought of actually meeting up with Spiteful in real life, no longer separated by their computer screens. There *was* an event that was going to happen, he realized, an event notable for games like E3. He remembered marking down gaming events in case there was any new Halo information that he needed to swoop down on. Chris double checked the dates on his calendar. Gamescom was on August 22.

Later that night, he called Spiteful to tell him about Gamescom. There was no way Stuart would have said no; if they got along online perfectly fine, there was no reason they wouldn't get along in real life. Plus, Chris needed more employees to cover ground in Gamescom, and Spiteful was the closest one to Germany.

"I don't know about Gamescom, I don't really have the money for it..." said Spiteful nervously.

"dun worry I got u a tikkit tuu, itz a pazz for every day gamezcum is up." replied Chris eagerly. Like the intelligent gentleman he was, he took into consideration the possibility of his love interest in not being able to afford a ticket.

"Well, I suppose so, but I'll have to drive back after a day, I'm not sleeping in my car." Spiteful was nervous about being around his ex for so long and didn't want to spend more time with her than he already had to.

"i got u covered, i booked a hotel ruum for uz."

“Oh, that sounds great.” Spiteful blinked a couple times when he said this. He couldn’t believe his ears, did Chris share his feelings for him? This excited him, and brought a large smile onto his face.

After this, the pair had one of their night long conversations, both of them absolutely enthralled by the presence of the other. In a little over a month, they would finally meet each other in real life. Neither could handle the long wait.

Chapter 4: Gamescum

It was the night before Gamescom, and Chris was pacing back and forth in the hotel room. His precious Stuart hadn't made any contact with him in the past several hours, and he was getting worried. Was he getting any second thoughts? Did he lie? Chris quickly suppressed these thoughts, he didn't need the stress. There had to be a good reason for the lack of communication, Spiteful would never do this to Chris. The leader of HaloFollower sighed as he turned off the lights and went to bed, falling to sleep while watching Spiteful's empty bed.

A frustrated Stuart bit his lower lip and increased his already tight grip on his steering wheel as he drove down the dark road.

Shit, shit, shit! he thought angrily. It was midnight and he was on the road to the convention center. It was a 7 hour drive, so he slept all day so he could get to Gamescom early after driving through the night. While he was blessed in the arcane arts of the REQ system, Spiteful was less fortunate when it came to actual luck.

As soon as he started his trip, he was met with misfortune. It turns out that cars weren't meant to be fucked; he had to clean the tailpipe of all the semen that collected inside of it. That alone took an hour. Spiteful grimaced at the memory of the scent of semen mixed with exhaust.

He swore at his poor luck. He just hit Europe's mainland, and he just noticed that his phone was at 10%. When he tried plugging in his charger, nothing happened.

I've got 6 hours to go until it starts, fuck. I knew I shouldn't have used my charger cable and plasma nades as anal beads. Looks like I've gotta turn off mobile data to save my power.

Hours later, Spiteful pulled up to Gamescom. He parked reasonably close, and stumbled his way to the building, completely exhausted. Although he was used to staying up all night, he wasn't used to driving that night; there were no scrubs to annihilate in Warzone with power weapons on the road. Stumbling slowly to the center, he saw a new, yet familiar sight; someone who also recognized him.

"Hi, Chris, it's great to finally meet you." said Spiteful as he groggily extended his hand. To his delighted surprise, Chris instantly grabbed it, gripping it tightly. He nearly fainted from the joy of finally meeting Chris for the first time and actually touching him.

"r u ok, u luuk liek u got no sleip." said Chris with a concerned expression.

"No, my phone's nearly dead, I had to turn off my mobile data. And I got no sleep, I'm exhausted as all hell."

"wel, i have pazzez that lazt 4 te durashin of the evnt, we cn go bak 2 teh hotel and rezt."

Spiteful couldn't believe his ears. He and Chris, together, alone in a room? It was a dream come true. He agreed, and they both left for the hotel.

Chapter 5: Skirmish at Chris' Brownstar

Spent. If there was a word that could perfectly describe how the two were feeling, it was that. Spiteful withdrew his quivering Nornfang from the Rocket Launcher-shaped cavity that was Chris' asshole, shuddering and beatboxing as he occasionally fired off rounds. The battle was so intense, Stuart couldn't control himself. He collapsed backwards, face as red as a Blissful Slumber and gasping for air.

Chris groaned as he felt the unbearably hot rounds splash and pooling up on his back, slowly dripping their sticky, juicy residue from both of his slides. It was a brief but intense match of Warzone Assault, with Spiteful winning when he singlehandedly destroyed Chris' base after penetrating his robust defenses. He felt tears trickling down his face as he struggled to catch his breath, collapsing onto the bed as his hands and knees gave way from underneath him.

Before the Warzone match, Spiteful was sleeping. He, trusting Chris completely, let HaloFollower drive his car to the hotel and help him into the room, where he fell onto the bed. When he woke up a few hours later, he saw Chris staring at him.

“gud murning ztuart, i charched ur fone 4 u.”

“Thanks, I really appreciate it Chris.”

A few minutes passed with the two looking at each other. Finally, Spiteful bit his lip and broke the awkward silence.

“I'm grateful for this, Chris, I really am, but I need to tell you the truth: I made that first video to steal your audience, to try and tear down Zandrill. He hurt my reputation, and I knew he works for you, so...”

Chris quickly got up and sat down next to Stuart, casting a sickly pale hand onto his shoulder. Spiteful felt his heart rate double at the warm sensation of his hand.

“i no.”

He wasn't mad at Stuart, in fact, he was relieved. He thought that Spiteful was just trying to attack his channel, and he took it personally. He told all of this to him. Chris also told him that the only reason he wanted him on the HaloFollower team was to ruin him. Still sitting next to each other, they both stared at the ground for a few minutes, slightly shocked at the circumstances and scheming that led to this very moment.

“You know, I'm taking full responsibility for this, this is all my fault. How can I make it up to you?” asked Spiteful, slightly frightened at what might come next. Everything was going so well with Chris before this very moment, and now he gave him every reason possible to hate him. He was afraid that Chris would kick him out of the room and ban him from HaloFollower, or worse; never talk to him ever again. As these thoughts frantically raced through his head, Chris began to speak up after the short pause.

“nuting much. butt theier iz sumthing u can do 4 me...” he said, who was licking his lips. He turned to face Spiteful and placed a hand on his thigh, slowly and gently moving it upwards.

“Oh...”

Before Chris could come up with a witty reply, Spiteful's lips silenced him.

Chapter 6: HaloSwallower

Although they had passes for the entire 5-day long event that was Gamescom, Spiteful and HaloFollower had other plans for each other. Their unrequited love for each other finally became a reality, and they took every opportunity they could to celebrate and relish in it.

On the first night, which was a particularly feisty and memorable one, Chris took out his throbbing, veiny, and girthy Tartarus' Gavel and showed Stuart something only a true REQ master could possibly hope to accomplish. Spiteful licked his lips at the sight of it, and bent down over the bed. He bit his lip, drawing blood, but he didn't care; he was ready for the Level 9 Legendary REQs.

“netz up on halofollower: TOP 10 WAYZ ON HOW 2 DETZTROY THE ENENEMIE CORR: U WONT BLEIVE WUT CUMS AT NUMBER 4 – FEATURING iSPITEFUL.” screamed Chris.

“What comes at 4?” asked Spiteful.

“ME” roared Chris right before he began subjugating Spiteful's delicate core to a violent and relentless one-man assault. Wave after devastating wave of furious seduction deeply penetrated it until it was finally pulverized into a shattered and tender pulp. Chris gasped as his male lover unleashed a pleased screech into the night, shattering the wine glasses of Mountain Dew they placed on the nightstand.

Every night until the very last night had a similar chain of events: Chris showing Spiteful his REQ collection, and Spiteful would calmly, if tearfully, accept the subsequent decimation of his delicate core. Nighttime would find him on his hands and knees, braving the overwhelming shockwaves that Chris' fleshy Gavel brought unto his core. This would go on for 4 days, up until

the last day they had the hotel room booked for. That night, Stuart decided to break Chris' naughty streak. It was ironic – a Warzone YouTuber getting tired of inane repetition. It was his time to take charge, and he was going to tear through the defenses and pulverize Chris' core.

On the final night, Stuart whipped something out that Chris didn't expect. Instead of the Nornfang he expected, he received another, much different kind of Legendary REQ: a Beam Rifle Delta. Repetition was Stuart's specialty, and mixing it up for once was just as shocking as the sudden appearance of the Covenant sniper rifle. He stumbled backwards, dumbstruck, his mouth agape.

Woah, I never thought I'd see this! The angle at which it tilts, the streaks of bright colors on the dark body of the rif-

Chris' thoughts were cut short as Spiteful took advantage of his open mouth, feeding him the barrel of his Legendary REQ and blocking his air supply. Chris wasn't used to the might of this particular version of the beam rifle, and immediately found himself gagging as a singularity was launched down his throat. Overflowing with Stuart's REQ energy, he had no choice but to swallow the boiling hot plasma, gulping it down all at once. When he was done, Spiteful withdrew his Beam Rifle Delta, waiting to recharge for round two; he didn't destroy the core just yet. He was saving up his power for a mightier finish. Chris looked up at him, coughing, but grinning at the same time in satisfaction, wiping some of the slimy, viscous spunk that was slowly dripping from the corner of his mouth. A few tears were running down his face, and he tasted a hint of blood at the back of his throat, but he didn't care.

Damn, it looks like it'll take some time before Stu sends another shockwave to-

Once again, his thoughts were cut off as Spiteful quickly swapped weapons and spawned in a Whiplash. Chris' eyes widened as he saw the railgun's signature stripes flash across his vision for a split second right before the two ends of the barrel were jammed directly into his mouth. Before he could recover or even react from the sudden strike, Stuart quickly charged up and fired two consecutive shots in rapid successions deep into Chris' oral core. With a loud, wet *POP*, he withdrew his powerful REQ weapon and stood back to watch the aftermath.

So that's why he brought out his Whiplash, he needed to rapid fire without wasting too much energy...

Chris' eyes rolled to the back of his head as he started to faint. Nobody in the history of Halo ever took a beating like this before – Stuart's REQ prowess was absolutely cataclysmic. He smiled as head lolled back, milky white residue overflowing from his mouth, proud of his man's REQ prowess.

Damn, I should've expected it. He uses the same techniques over and over, it's just like his content. Leading with a Legendary, and finishing with a weaker one with as much punch. But I didn't expect this much power...

Chris' vision darkened as his consciousness slowly slipped away. It was obvious that he still wasn't used to his beloved's tactics, and that he needed to start training if he were to ever best him.

"Sleep tight, my little HaloSwallower..." crooned Stuart as he stroked Chris' hair. Their time together was soon going to be over, and he was glad he made this final night memorable. He took his usual position directly behind Chris' quivering and unconscious body and slowly drifted to sleep.

Chapter 7: No ReSpite

“i bot a 1 way tikkit” blurted out Chris the next morning as they got dressed.

Spiteful looked at him, the words not truly registering.

“What?”

“i-i didnt plan on leevng u.”

Tears welled up in Spiteful’s eyes. If there were any doubts that Chris didn’t always love him, they were now gone. He hugged Chris, who kissed him on the cheek.

“Come home with me” said Spiteful as he grabbed Chris’ hand.

“actuohly i haev sumthng 4 u wayting at my plase” replied Chris quickly, “letz go 2 teh ayrport n go bak 2 my hauz.”

“What about my car? I just can’t leave it here.”

“u caer about ur ex?”

“Fair enough.” Chris *did* have a point. Stuart had to let go of his past attachments, including his ex. They were estranged for a while now, and the ride to Germany was an awkward, silent one. Although the car’s departure from his life had left a hole in his heart, the hole had recently been filled up by Chris’ girth.

Well, Stuart thought as they walked out of the room, holding hands, *here’s to a new beginning.*

A day after they left the hotel, Chris gleefully carried Stuart into his dimly lit home. Although the plane ride was wonderful, Chris still felt awful. The reason he bought a one way ticket was because he was still planning on enacting revenge on Spiteful. At first, he was going to meet up with him, murder him, dispose of the body, then live off the land and disappear.

But all of his meticulous planning went awry. He couldn't pull it off; when he saw Stuart in the flesh for the first time, he felt immense guilt. The worst thing he'd done before this was misinform the Halo community, provide shitty "content", and pulled off a totally successful pyramid scheme. Not only was there no way he could bring himself to kill, but the love he felt for Stuart also transcended his quest for revenge.

When he told him that he bought a one way ticket the other morning, he was going to confess his true intentions. But once again, he couldn't go through with telling the truth; lying and spreading misinformation was too ingrained in his nature. And now, he thought maybe he could still have his revenge if he lured Spiteful back to his place, where he can easily dispose of him. There were people to cover him back in America, but whenever Chris thought about it, he got cold feet. All he would have to do is lure him to his basement, and he'll get his "content" slave to attack him.

"So, where's the surprise?"

His lover's voice interrupted Chris' thoughts. He started to sweat; he texted his slave beforehand to hide until they came down the steps, but got no response. Will it all go to shit?

"just go downstairs" said Chris, who opened the door to the basement. A light at the bottom illuminated the dark stairwell.

Chris' heart rate intensified when he heard Spiteful's surprised yelp. He nearly jumped down the stairs to see what happened.

This is it! thought Chris as he cleared the final step and ran into the light. *Too bad I need to do this to him, I was really falling for him.*

Chris squinted, his eyes adjusting to the light. He didn't expect what he saw – his content slave was strapped to a table and unconscious, and his 12 year old fans were all sleeping around him on the floor. It looked like they were torturing the slave while he was in Germany.

“Wow, you got Zanny for me? I fucking love it!” exclaimed Spiteful as he flung his arms around Chris in a powerful hug. “Who are these children, though?”

“There mai fanz” said Chris, still in shock from what he saw. *Goddammit, I should've released him from the fangirls.*

“You know how I love my underage e-girls, but... I've grown past the need for them. I have you now.” Spiteful said this as he wrapped Chris' hand in his own.

“You no it.” When he spent time with Spiteful, he felt his literacy levels increasing. Feeling a rush of emotion flooding him at his touch, as well as the need to distract himself from his inner conflict, Chris turned and kissed Spiteful.

“The extra thrust my sword has lets me do *this!*”

Zandrill heard this and woke up to the commotion. His ears were bleeding, but still functional. He slowly opened his eyes and saw an awful sight unfolding in front of him. Chris was nude with his Vorpal Talon, dueling with an equally naked Spiteful and his Prophet's Bane.

Sparks flew and the flashes of light hurt Zanny's eyes. A moment after he woke up, he saw Chris quickly dart behind his lover and thrust his glowing blade directly into his core.

"What the hell?" asked a terrified Zandrill, struggling against his restraints.

Spiteful released an ear-splitting screech as Chris quickly switched his Vorpall Talon for his signature Tartarus' Gavel began to relentlessly demolish Spiteful's core with his mighty shockwaves. The sound of this and the subsequent pleased beatboxing made Zanny black out.

When his head cleared up, he saw Chris and Stuart were lying down next to each other on a mattress on the floor, covered in a blanket. Zanny stayed quiet, pretending to be still be unconscious; they didn't even notice him waking up, they were too engrossed in each other. Though his hearing was still shot, he listened to what was being said.

"So what now?" asked Spiteful. They both knew that they couldn't just keep playing Warzone with each other. Although he was a veteran at it, even Spiteful knew he was going to get tired of it eventually.

"Well, I can take you around the city, show you around."

"I'd like that."

When he heard this, Chris smiled and rested his head on Spiteful's chest, who was beginning to doze off. The notion of spending even more quality time with him was fantastic. Yet, he was still a little worried; just an hour before, he was ready to kill the man. Now, he was intimately linked with him. How long could he handle this conflict? He sighed. Chris didn't know how long he could last, but decided that he would have to adapt, and live with it. He was enjoying himself, after all, and the intense feelings he had for Stuart were completely genuine.

Chris stuffed all of the negative thoughts to the back of his head. Like his lover always said, negativity was for the haters. He'll deal with them another time. For now, he just wanted to be with Stuart.