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**Voices Carry**

by London9Calling

**Summary**

Luhan, an average college student, walks into a supernatural nightclub, a place protected from human view by powerful magic. Things get exponentially more complicated from there.

**Notes**

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter One

It was Minseok’s favorite moment, the highlight of his nightly routine. The moment before he pushed open the heavy side door, entering a reality that eschewed the concept of peace and quiet. The moment when there was a stillness in the air, occasionally pierced by the muffled sounds of the bass heavy music Joy insisted on playing.

The dimmest of lights flickered overhead, the bulb protected by a metal cage so vandals didn't smash it like they did the half dozen lights before it. The smells, the mildly putrid taste of the city lingered around the place, accompanying the sounds of night that only an urban jungle could provide. For some reason, Minseok realized long ago, it was at this moment everything was right.

The seconds before he stepped foot in Club Pandora – his nightclub – there was an unsaid agreement being made. A decision to continue his existence as is, to embrace the community, to play host to its madness, MC to its every whim, to be the mediator to its disputes. It was his moment not to run away – to marvel at his continued existence while simultaneously embracing himself for what he was. A monster among monsters.

A monster with a kick ass, top notch nightclub, no less.

Minseok pushed open the door. Letting his favorite moment fade he stepped inside, his black motorcycle boots thudding on the concrete floor of the back hall. He let the door slam behind him, indicating that the owner had arrived.

Minseok stalked down the hall, past the walls of peeling band posters – advertising groups that were no longer touring, some no longer living. Punk bands, new wave, large and once colorful psychedelic posters from the 60s, the rare leftover from the 50s – now faded and barely hanging on.

Thirteen concrete steps took him up to the heavy, reinforced black door – sporting a handful of dents from some of the most memorable of the club’s past events. He didn’t need to knock or take out a key, Joy (and her mother before her) had seen to that. The door didn’t open for everyone. For Minseok it was the lightest push that sent it flying.

A couple steps inside and he was in his office, a spacious and private room that offered a one-sided view of the club interior. Most nights he would find his office deserted when he arrived, as it should be. This night, however, it was very much occupied.

Minseok stopped at the threshold, glaring at the sight of his progeny perched on the lap of a man. Her long black hair shielded part of her face as she straddled the stranger. Her pale, delicate hands were on his shoulders, firetruck red nails digging into his dress shirt.

On Minseok’s oversized mahogany desk sat another intruder. Kyungsoo swung his legs back and forth, watching the scene before him. He wore a bored expression, not particularly interested in what was going on in front of his eyes.

Neither intruder turned to say hello, but they knew Minseok had arrived.

“I told her not to but she wouldn’t listen,” Kyungsoo reported dryly.

Minseok sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. He couldn’t have a headache, it was impossible, but he vaguely remembered what it felt like when he was alive. This, this would be a headache.
A strangled gasp was heard from under the veil of hair. The woman threw her head back, her black locks swinging as the man under her collapsed to the side, going limp. Minseok pursed his lips.

The young woman pushed her unruly hair back and looked over at Minseok, offering a sweet smile. “Hi Dad. Sorry, but your couch is way better for this than any of the booths.”

She climbed off the unconscious human, a man that bore the same outfit as a thousand other salarymen, a ring on his finger – probably pictures of a few kids in his wallet. Boring haircut. Boring life.

“Yeri, how many times have I told you not to use my office for feeding?” Minseok asked through gritted teeth.

“Five hundred and thirty two times?” Yeri blinked cutely. “Thirty three times if you are going to say it again.”

“Out.” Minseok pointed at the door leading to the club interior, putting on his sternest expression.

Yeri skipped towards the door, but Minseok wasn’t going to let her go without cleaning up her mess. “Take him with you. He stinks like cheap liquor.”

Like any daughter being scolded by her father Yeri shot him a mildly annoyed look, but complied. She picked up the unconscious man with ease, carrying him over her shoulder like he was a rag doll.

Minseok groaned. He walked to the large one-way window, annoyed at how his night was starting.

“And why are you here?”

“Guess,” Kyungsoo answered, hopping off the edge of the desk and sidling up to the club owner.

Minseok scanned the club interior. It was packed, like usual. There weren’t many supernatural clubs in Seoul and even fewer that were decent, even less that could be considered good. When Minseok had started the place decades before he had ensured a wide range of refreshments to suit the tastes of whatever supernatural being might wander into his club. Coupled with a sleek interior that melded the architecture of old with the abstract stylings of the modern era, his club was the must-go place for a long list of otherworldly beings.

He spotted the two people he was looking for sitting at the bar, a grim reaper and an incubus. They were sitting side by side, likely lost in commiseration. Minseok watched as Baekhyun’s wide brimmed black hat knocked into Chanyeol’s head when he turned to say something, forcing the other to lean back awkwardly.

“You’re hiding,” Minseok remarked. Kyungsoo was the resident ghost of Club Pandora, a guardian spirit was the closest thing Minseok could reconcile his existence to. He was bound to the place, which meant if he wanted to hide from any of the patrons he had limited places to do so. It wasn’t unusual for Kyungsoo to make himself scarce when Chanyeol and Baekhyun showed up, the two less than secretive with their affections towards the spirit.

“Yeah. And you’re late,” Kyungsoo replied.

Minseok glanced at his watch, the diamond studded designer model that Yeri and Sehun had bought him for his birthday. It was five past eight, the usual time he arrived at the club. “No I’m not.”
“Did you forget Yifan is coming tonight?” Kyungsoo asked.

Minseok swore under his breath.

“Don’t worry, he’s not here yet. But Sehun was looking for you. Oh, and I think Junmyeon is on the verge of another breakdown so tread lightly,” Kyungsoo warned.

“Thanks,” Minseok responded. “I better get down there.”

“Yeah. Did I mention Sehun challenged Jongin to a dance off?”

“Shit.” Minseok shucked off his leather jacket and tossed it on his desk. It was another exciting night at Pandora, as to be expected.

Minseok hurried his steps as he walked through the short hall that bordered Sehun and Junmyeon’s small offices. He slowed down when he descended the circular metal staircase that led to the heart of the club. He had learned long ago it wasn’t a good sign if the owner showed up panicked.

When he stepped onto the main floor he felt it— that familiar buzz of different energies melding into one. It was unique to this place, sourced by the diverse but often hidden crowd. Club Pandora’s design was discretion. Deep booths with low lighting, alcoves where patrons could see but not be seen. Even the dance floor was built so it was only front and center to some, the strobing floor and DJ booth completely unseen by portions of the club. It was what made Minseok’s office view so important – he was the only person who could see everything.

He found Sehun on the dance floor, eyes locked with Jongin. Behind them Joy, the resident witch, was playing dance music that Minseok vaguely identified as coming from the 1980s.

“Come on puppy. You afraid?” Sehun drawled, egging Jongin on. Sehun cut a dashing figure on the dance floor despite his obnoxious behavior. His hair was prematurely grey, just like the day Minseok had turned him. He was young, broad shouldered, long legs. Far too good looking considering the amount of trouble he caused.

Jongin was a match for Sehun in terms of looks. Dark haired, sleepy eyed, he had a way of moving that screamed grace, coordination, and naïve sex appeal. At Sehun’s challenge Jongin shook his head, but anyone could see that the shapeshifter was battling a case of nerves.

“Sehun!” Minseok called his progeny. Joy scratched the record, intensifying the beat. Minseok had little doubt she did it on purpose, wanting the challenge to progress, eager for the excitement and potential disaster.

“Don’t try to stop me, gramps.” Sehun walked to Jongin, pushing him away in challenge.

Minseok saw Jongin’s eyes flicker a pale blue, which meant that even if Minseok moved it was too late.

The cracking of bones, the ripping of flesh – Minseok had heard it all before. Still, it was something that he never became used to. Watching a shapeshifter turn was a jarring experience, akin to watching a vampire feed off life energy – there was something about it that was so… unnatural, even to those who long ago gave up a natural life.

Sehun stepped back, or more accurately ran back, stumbling off the dance floor to stand next to his creator. Minseok watched while Jongin’s body rearranged itself, a full thirty seconds of uncomfortable and unnatural shuffling that ended with his final form.
Sehun cackled, doubling over at the sight of his once formidable opponent. Minseok gave him a dirty look, but it did little to silence his mirth.

Minseok groaned as he walked across the dance floor and scooped up Jongin with one hand and his torn clothes with the other. The small apricot poodle nuzzled into his arm, hiding his face, embarrassed.

“A puppy! He’s a puppy! I knew it!” Sehun guffawed.

“I’m docking you a month’s pay,” Minseok announced, giving his progeny a stern look. “Embarrassing patrons is not the work of a good manager.”

Sehun stopped laughing, instantly sobering at the threat of losing money. “But Junmyeon’s the manager, I’m not the manager.”

“You created the manager because you were too lazy and incompetent to do it yourself,” Minseok reminded him, earning a frown from Sehun. He held out the small poodle, who wiggled in resistance. “Get Joy to make him to shift again, and if you fuck this up I’ll do worse than hold your pay.”

Sehun took the squirming dog in silence, scared into compliance.

Minseok threw Jongin’s shredded clothes over Sehun’s shoulder, rolling his eyes at the fact both of his children were acting up in one night. First Yeri, now Sehun. Seriously.

He made it to the bar area with only a few minor occurrences. A goblin was acting rather uncouth with a fairy, an old friend Minseok helped out by gently steering the goblin towards a more acceptable target (hey, a lust demon had needs too). He stopped to say hello to a few fellow vampires he hadn’t seen in awhile. Standard club owner stuff. When he reached the bar he was starting to feel better about things. Then he noticed Junmyeon was nowhere to be found.

“Minseok!” Baekhyun yelled from the end of the bar, his black hat bobbing.

Minseok gave him a little wave.

“Is Kyungsoo around?” Baekhyun shouted, earning a jab to the ribs from Chanyeol.

“Have you seen Kyungsoo?” Chanyeol, a down on his luck incubus, repeated the sentiment, needing to say it for himself lest his rival get an answer before him.

Minseok shook his head. He really needed his resident spirit to figure out his love life sooner rather than later.

Turning his attention back to finding his manager he walked behind the bar. He nodded to the bar tender in greeting, a younger dryad. Help was hard to find these days. More than once he had ended up with Yeri or Sehun bartending when someone called in for their shift.

He pushed open the swinging doors that led to the small kitchen and storage areas. Junmyeon had to be back here somewhere. He wouldn’t stray far if he wanted to hide.

Out of all the vampires Minseok knew, Junmyeon had the hardest time adjusting. He had been
created five years ago when Sehun, frustrated at his new assignment to manage Pandora, decided to find someone to manage it for him.

Junmyeon had attended a top business school and already successfully managed several human clubs. He was perfect – and that perfection ended with him losing his life force to Sehun in a five star hotel room. He became a vampire by convenience. Minseok had punished Sehun harshly for it and promised Junmyeon he wouldn’t ask him to work at Pandora unless he wanted to. Three months later Junmyeon asked for a job, and Minseok couldn’t be happier with him. He was astute, detailed, and extremely competent. But he was also chronically depressed, so young in his vampiric life he had a hard time letting go of the fact he had once been a human.

It helped, Minseok thought, that Junmyeon couldn’t remember being human. None of them could. How they lost their human memories was uncertain, but it was consistent for all vampires. They never remembered how they lived, even if certain skills followed them into their undead lives. They didn’t remember their parents, their friends, or their lover. Call it undead emotional insurance. It saved them grief, to an extent. But they knew, somehow, deep down, that they had once breathed air, once been mortal. Junmyeon couldn’t let it go, not yet.

Minseok found the manager in the back storage room, going over inventory. His shoulders slumped as he counted and recounted bottles. He looked tired, even if a vampire could never be.

“Hey,” Minseok said softly.

Junmyeon turned, straightening his posture. Minseok was well aware that the younger vampire’s feelings towards him consisted of fear mixed with awe. He was, after all, the creator of Junmyeon’s creator – not to mention his employer. “Minseok, how are you?”

“Good.” Minseok leaned against a stack of boxes, crossing his arms against his chest. “Yifan should be here soon.”

“Do you know why he is coming?” Junmyeon asked, going back to counting bottles.

“I’m not sure.” Minseok watched Junmyeon work in silence for a minute or two. “How’s the club?”

“Good, really good.”

Minseok knew he did his best to look cheery. If he had a beating heart, it would hurt at the sight. “Hey, if you ever want to talk, stop in. I should be free later tonight.” Minseok couldn’t offer Junmyeon much, but he could listen.


“No problem.” Minseok considered Junmyeon and his depression to be the least problematic element of Club Pandora if he was being honest.

The atmosphere of the room suddenly changed. Both vampires turned to look towards the door as a wave of energy overcame them. It meant one thing.

“Yifan has arrived,” Minseok muttered, sensing the energy of the old and very powerful vampire.

“Good luck,” Junmyeon smiled.
Luhan slid the lock screen on his phone, then pressed the pause button, silencing the first Korean song he had ever understood the lyrics to. Rising Sun. He was still insanely proud of the day the foreign language made sense.

He looked up at the large neon sign, noticing how cobwebs had collected between the A and the N. Club Pandora, spelled out in glowing purple. He took a deep breath. Remember to annunciate, try to hide your accent. He repeated the advice Yixing had given him in his head. A popular nightclub only hired top of the line bartenders, if his words were thickly accented he didn’t stand a chance. Or so Yixing said. Luhan, quite honestly, had no idea.

What he did know is that he needed a job. Going to college wasn’t cheap. It was even worse he had just paid for a move, relocating with his two brothers to a new country. He was broke and would take any job he could get.

He used to bartend back in Beijing so he had the skills. Maybe not the nightclub, glitzy top of the line bartending skills, but he knew how to pour a drink. Applying at what seemed to be the most popular club in town was a shot in the dark, a dream – but ever since the move he had vowed to be ambitious. This, this was ambitious.

He shoved his phone in the pocket of his bomber jacket then took another deep breath. He pulled the door open and braced himself to talk to a bouncer. But there wasn’t one.

Luhan blinked in surprise. The club didn’t look as large on the outside as it was on the inside. Two floors, long booths, it seemed endless. If he wasn’t intimidated before he certainly was now. He looked around the packed club, at the expensively dressed men and women, some in costumes. Is this what rich people did in their free time?

“Looking for someone?”

Luhan jumped. He hadn’t heard anyone approaching, much less seen them. Yet standing in front of him was a tall man with grey hair, looking far too intimidating despite his lanky frame.

“I-I thought maybe you were hiring,” Luhan stuttered, his heart thudding in his chest. “I can bartend.”

The man looked him up and down, narrowing his eyes. “What exactly are you?”

“A college student,” Luhan squeaked, his palms beginning to sweat. Perhaps Club Pandora was too ambitious of a goal.

“Dongwoo hasn’t been seen in six months,” Yifan said matter-of-factly. He was sitting on the couch that only an hour ago Yeri had been feeding on. One of his long arms was splayed over the top, his legs crossed. He looked relaxed, confident, his blonde hair styled, his suit worth more than the average salary of most office workers. “Taeyeon went missing a year ago. Not to mention at least a dozen others who have disappeared.”

Minseok tented his fingers, taking in the information. He knew that a few vampires had disappeared in the last couple years but he hadn’t realized it was this bad. The trend was disturbing.

“And there are no clues as to what has become of them?” Minseok asked, half knowing the answer.
"No. But it is getting worse, alot worse. What being could take on a four hundred year old vampire?" Yifan let his worry show for a brief second, his brow furrowing. "And it isn’t just vampires. Sunggyu is missing and so are some of his kin. The council has reports that an entire coven in Busan is gone not to mention Shanghai. The shapeshifters there seem to have disappeared."

"Fuck," Minseok swore, not knowing what else to say.

"Seoul is next, if the council’s analysts are to be believed.” Yifan gave Minseok a serious look. “Which is where you come in.”

Minseok knew that Yifan had an ulterior motive for visiting him. Yifan was a zone chief, an old and powerful vampire put in charge of a wide swath of territory. He reported to the council, a secretive group of even older and more powerful vampires. It was an undead bureaucracy, a form of governance to keep everyone in line.

Minseok belonged to that hierarchy, though his position was not nearly as important as Yifan’s. Still, he was well respected in Seoul and was an affirmed agent for Yifan, pledging his loyalty.

“How can I help?” Minseok asked, nervous for the answer.

“Report anything suspicious immediately. Be vigilant, and investigate the smallest thing that looks out of place.” Yifan leaned forward, locking eyes with the club owner. “Take care of yourself and your progeny. We don’t know who is next.”

“I will.” Bad times were ahead, Minseok knew it.

Yifan stood, holding out his hand to Minseok. “Take care, old friend.”

Minseok shook the tall vampire’s hand firmly. “You too.”

Yifan nodded. He started for the door, but turned back a moment later. “I left you a present. Yeri is looking after him. Have fun.” Yifan winked, letting out a guttural laugh.

The door to Minseok’s office opened suddenly, causing Yifan to take step back to avoid being hit. Sehun stepped in, then froze at the sight of the Vampire Chief.

“Sorry. I- “He cowered in the face of Yifan.

“It’s okay, kid. I was just leaving.” Yifan patted Sehun on the shoulder as he passed him.

Once Yifan was gone Minseok trained his eyes on Sehun, angry at the intrusion. “This better not be about Jongin.” Minseok gave Sehun a death look.

“No, no. Jongin is fine, no longer a puppy, went home. We have another problem.”

Minseok closed his eyes. “What?”

“A human just walked in looking for a job.”

Minseok snapped his eyes open. “What did you say?!”

_Humans didn’t walk into Club Pandora._ Humans didn’t notice Club Pandora, and that was by design. Generations of spell casters had made it that way. There was powerful magic that protected the building. The club was all but invisible to human, call it a mystical bouncer, cloaking it from those who didn’t need to know of its existence. The only humans that walked through the door
were led there by those who wished to feed on them. They most certainly did not wander in looking for a job.

“I don’t know, he walked in. Seems to be able to see everyone here.” Sehun looked afraid.

“Send him up,” Minseok ordered.

Sehun gave him a curious look. “What are you going to do?”

“Interview him,” Minseok answered, more than a little intrigued.

Luhan had never been this nervous in his entire life. Across from him was probably the most gorgeous man he had ever laid eyes on. If that wasn’t enough to shred his nerves, he was also in the midst of a job interview at an exclusive club full of beautiful people. Did he mention the gorgeous man?

“You go to college?”

“Uh, yeah. I’m majoring in language.” Luhan swallowed then nodded, knowing he looked awkward as hell. He tried making eye contact but he couldn’t, there was something too intense there, something too…mesmerizing. He slammed his palm down on his bouncing knees, trying to stop the nervous tick.

The interviewer had introduced himself as Kim Minseok, the club owner. Luhan hadn’t thought the owner would interview an applicant for a bartender job. But then again he hadn’t thought a person could be this beautiful. Minseok was ethereal, with wide, cat like eyes. His face was…Luhan knew he was blushing. Not to mention his body proportions. This was not good, he thought, not good at all.

“Hmm. I see.” Minseok wrote something down. “So, Luhan how did you find out about Club Pandora?”

Luhan tried and failed yet again to look his interviewer in the eyes. “I pass it every day on my way home. I like the look of the place. I – um. The décor and – wait not to say I have been here before but I just…” This was going so badly, he wanted to crawl in a hole and die.

“You can relax.” Minseok’s words came out like a purr, far too smooth, far too soothing.

Luhan glanced at the man, offering a small smile in relief. It was a bad move. His brain went places it shouldn’t have. Places it had never gone when he met a person for the first time. Images of fucking Minseok open on the desk, of Minseok fucking him open. What it would feel like to thrust into him again and again, how he would look when Luhan was done with him. He looked away, startled at the sudden perversion.

“Why do you want to work here?”

“I like people and really I’m not usually this awkward.” Luhan felt like he was fighting a losing battle, he had already botched the interview not to mention his mind was now a porno on repeat. “I have experience and I think I would be a great addition to your staff.”
Silence. The tapping of a pen on paper. Luhan was brave enough to glance up but he shouldn’t have been. The club owner was staring straight at him and if Luhan ever doubted his sanity before, he certainly did now. Minseok’s eyes were practically glowing.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think you are a good fit for the position.” The club owner was overtly formal and stiff with his words. Luhan should have been disappointed but quite honestly he was relieved. The air was tense, the entire interaction strangely powerful. He had a desire to stand up and run, to get out of this place.

The door to the room opened suddenly, scaring Luhan. The grey haired man he had first encountered walked in, as if called by some invisible force. “Come with me, I’ll escort you out.”

Luhan stood and offered an awkward bow before scurrying after the man, needing to escape the suffocating interview.

Minseok checked his watch. The sun would be up in another three hours, which meant it was time to focus on his own needs, not that of the club. He hadn’t fed in a few days and he was starting to feel it. Coupled with the wild night he was having the fatigue was absolute.

He stared down at this scribbles on the note pad, chuckling. What a strange human. After the interview Minseok was certain that it was some sort of accident – a weakening in the magic. There was no way a human as clumsy and afraid as Luhan was harboring some sort of agenda. Nor, Minseok thought, was he particularly adept. Minseok had all but tried to seduce him and he seemed not to feel a bit of it. A freak occurrence with a far too good looking human. Minseok circled the name on the notepad, he would have to find him for a good meal some time. But for now he had more important, more readily accessible food sources.

Yifan had left him a present, which was his intended destination when he started down the circular steps. Before he could reach his target he ran into Junmyeon ascending the stairs, clearly coming to look for him. He remembered the earlier offer to listen if Junmyeon needed to talk.

“Come up to my office,” Minseok offered with a smile, understanding but still self-serving. “Are you hungry?”

“I am,” Junmyeon admitted.

Five minutes later the two men watched as Yeri arrived with Yifan’s present, both of them salivating at the half naked man before them. He was young, no more than twenty five. Healthy too, with well-defined muscles and clear skin.

Minseok could sense Junmyeon’s hunger, his arousal at the sumptuous feast before him. “Go first,” he offered, gesturing to the human Yeri had pushed onto the couch.

Junmyeon looked unsure. He approached the man slowly, the scent of fear clinging to the human. The man was in a daze, maybe even drugged, so he was calm. Yet he understood he was in danger. It was a curiosity that never failed to amuse Minseok.

Junmyeon sat next to him, timid until the end. Minseok waited, liking to watch.

Humans reacted to vampires in a variety of ways, but the most prevalent reaction was desire. Like a magnet pulling them in, making them want more. This human was no different. He leaned in when
Junmyeon placed a hand on his exposed thigh, tracing his cold hands up the warm flesh.

Junmyeon smiled, the slightest of smiles, as he leaned forward. Minseok cold sense it when their lips connected and the feeding began. The sweet smell, the delirious scent. Life. Beautiful life.

Luhan threw his jacket onto the beat up chair, groaning he flopped down on the tattered couch next to his brother and his brother’s boyfriend.

“Hey, hey!” Jongdae shot him a nasty look, gesturing at the half spilt drink in Yixing’s hand.

“Sorry,” Luhan apologized soullessly.

It was terrible. He had bombed the interview, missed the first bus and gotten his only pair of good shoes wet in that stupid-fucking-hidden-puddle-why-didn’t-they-fix-the-road.

“How’d it go?” Yixing asked, setting his soda on the coffee table and unabashedly taking off his drenched shirt. He could always trust his brother to be casual about such things– at home, or embarrassingly in public.


“You can just apply somewhere else!” Jongdae said, forever cheerful. The Korean man threw his arm around Luhan’s shoulders but backed off when he was met with a dirty look. “Sorry. Geez don’t shoot the messenger.”

“That doesn’t even make sense,” Luhan countered.

Jongdae made a face before scooping a handful of popcorn from the bowl on Yixing’s lap.

“So what happened?” Yixing asked.

Luhan sighed. Sometimes he thought it was the best thing in the world to have so many people around him, ready to support him. Times like these, however, he wanted to be alone. He didn’t want to recount the embarrassing experience to his brother or his brother’s boyfriend. His saving grace was that their eldest brother, Hangeng, seemed to be away. At least he didn’t have to disappoint him too.

“This super-hot guy interviewed me and I stuttered and…” Luhan hid his face in his hands, remembering the interview. “I suck. I fucking suck.”

“Hey. I’m sure it was better than you thought,” Jongdae tried to be reassuring.

“You think so?” Luhan peeked from between his fingers.

“Probably? Maybe? Hey at least a hot guy talked to you,” Jongdae answered, earning a hard pinch to the arm from Yixing.

Minseok could tell he was barely hanging on. If he took too much from him he would be gone, damned to the life Minseok had called his own for hundreds of years. Maximum vulnerability.
Weakness. But life. Prey was most attractive at this state, so fragile, so delicate to handle. Requiring the most skill.

Minseok straddled the man’s strong thighs, breathing in the scent of life, basking in the way his chest rose and fell, his breathing shallow. Beside him Junmyeon leaned back, sated, content. It was his turn now, his time to feel alive.

Even in his weakened state the human wanted more, reaching for Minseok, asking silently. Minseok smirked, raising his hand he traced his fingers on the warm flesh of his cheek, to his throat.

“Your kind will never learn,” he whispered, the pad of his index finger stopping at the man’s pulse point.

The man gasped, a strangled noise.

Minseok opened his mouth and inched forward slowly, his eyes focused on the man’s cracked lips. What he wanted was to feed, what he got was a flash, a sensation, a longing. A flash of a few hours before, a memory of sitting across from a frightened human. Minseok recoiled removing his hand like he had been burnt.

A boyish face. Nervous. Stuttering. A blue and white bomber jacket. The smell of cheap cologne and hair product. Minseok blinked, never having experienced something like this. Usually when he was ready to feed his mind went blank, his target clear, his instincts taking over.

“What is it?” Junmyeon asked, having noticed Minseok’s odd behavior.

Luhan.

“Nothing,” Minseok lied. He quickly bridged the gap, connecting his lips to the man’s. The channel opened, the life energy flowing out of the man easily as Minseok took, and took. Yet no matter how instinctual his actions were, his mind kept returning to a certain person. A certain face. Luhan.

Luhan flopped onto his bed, happy to be alone. After Jongdae and Yixing began to indulge in poorly hidden caressing he was done. Completely and totally done with being depressed among friends and family.

Still, the failure stung.

“It was just a stupid bartending job.” Luhan whispered to himself. It wasn’t like it was a big deal. So what, he had tried to find a high paying shit job but he wasn’t cut out for it. He needed a lower paying shit job.

He buried his face in his pillow, wondering why he felt this upset about something that, in the grand scheme of things, was extremely trivial.

For some reason he kept thinking about the interviewer, feeling a pang of embarrassment that he had acted so stupidly in front of him.

“You don’t even know him, relax,” Luhan chided himself.
Rising Sun, the first Korean song Luhan knew the lyrics to, interrupted his train of thought. It was his ringtone. He pushed himself out of bed and walked to his desk, fishing his phone from his jacket pocket. He didn’t recognize the number, plus it was super late. Taking a chance nonetheless he answered it.

“Hello.”

“Luhan?”

“This is.”

“Hello. I am calling from Club Pandora. Congratulations, you got the job!”
Luhan shoved a spoonful of cereal in his mouth, milk flowing down his chin as he chewed noisily. He missed the looks of mild disgust Yixing gave him, his eyes trained on his phone instead of his breakfast companion.

“What are you reading about?”

The one person who could tear Luhan away from his phone was Hangeng. “I was reading club reviews.” He neglected to clarify he was searching for them not reading them. He had yet to find a single review for his new employer, which he took as an indication of the exclusivity of the club.

“Club reviews?” Hangeng took a seat across from his brother, grabbing a piece of fruit from the basket in the center of the table. “Are you joining a book club or something?”

“He got a job at a nightclub,” Yixing offered, spoiling the big news.

“A nightclub, huh.” Hangeng didn’t look pleased at the news.

“I’ll be bartending at Club Pandora. It’s a great club, classy. Not weird or anything.” Luhan hoped he sounded confident. Hangeng had a tendency to stress over his younger siblings. The last thing Luhan needed was for his brother to show up at his new job because he was worried or god forbid disapprove of the job choice all together.

“Never heard of it.” Hangeng bit into his apple, brushing away a stray piece that landed on his baby blue dress shirt.

“It’s on the way to school so it’s really convenient,” Luhan tried to assure him.

“And it has a hot owner,” Yixing muttered under his breathe, earning his second dirty look of the morning.

Hangeng didn’t seem to hear, thank god. “When do you start?”

“Tonight.” Luhan felt his anxiety build just saying it aloud. It was normal to be nervous starting a new job, he had experienced it before. But this wasn’t just new job jitters – he was dealing with the fact that in another twelve hours he would likely come face to face with Kim Minseok, a daunting occurrence considering he had been able to think of little else since the night before. He had even considered if perhaps he might be losing his mind.

“Good luck. Make lots of tips and don’t spill anything.” Hangeng gave his best cheeky big brother grin. He stood up, tossing the half eaten apple into the garbage and grabbing his briefcase. “I probably won’t be home until late, so don’t wait up.”

Hangeng’s job as a mergers and acquisitions specialist insured his workdays were long. It was worth it, however, considering how much he made at his new job. It was what had taken the brothers to Korea from their last home in Shanghai, a move they were all willing to make because of the huge increase in pay waiting for Hangeng when they got there.

He was making decent money now, but part of it was still tied up with paying off the moving
expense. Which led to Luhan applying at Club Pandora – and having a mini panic attack thinking of his first day.

“I’ll try not to,” Luhan reassured him, hoping he could keep his word.

Joy leaned back and crossed her legs, the lace tops of her fishnet stockings appearing as her purple dress shifted with her movement. She was sitting in a fuzzy red chair shaped like lips, one of many pieces of furniture she owned that Minseok found to be of questionable taste. Kids these days.

“I think the council is full of shit. No offense,” Joy said matter-of-factly. “If that many people have disappeared there is no way we wouldn’t know about it. In case you have forgotten, we aren’t a OMG-let’s-make-pentagrams-and-watch-the-craft-on-repeat coven.”

“So you know everything that goes on?” Minseok challenged, having had a variation of this conversation at least a dozen times before. He had stopped by Joy’s apartment not to argue, but to ask her to call the coven together to reinforce the obviously lacking force field protecting Club Pandora. It was his own fault he had let what Yifan told him slip, but in his defense he thought it was further proof that the barrier needed to be strengthened. If there were greater threats present, there was more incentive to upgrade their security system.

“No. I only know part but we know everything,” Joy answered confidently, gesturing toward a black and white picture that hung on her wall. Three women with wide smiles and long black hair looked into the camera, a picture of youthful innocence. Knowing how innocent they weren’t, Minseok found the picture laughable. Seulgi, Wendy, and Joy. Cousins, best friends, and coven members. And apparently, according to Joy, keepers of all of the world’s knowledge. Yeah, he wasn’t buying it, no matter how much affection he had for Joy and her mother before her.

“I highly doubt the council is making up the disappearances. They have nothing to gain.” Minseok countered. “If anything it makes people doubt their abilities to protect, and from experience the council isn’t keen on highlighting their weaknesses.”

Joy sighed. “Look. If what Yifan said is true then whatever is picking off entities one by one has to be insanely powerful. It is hard for me to reconcile that we have a supernatural spree kidnapper running around Asia, with magic powerful enough to kill vampires who remember the Justinian plague, and not one coven between Seoul and Kazakhstan has noticed – aside from the one in Busan that supposedly disappeared. Did I mention I’ve never heard of that coven? And vampires disappearing is nothing new. Your kind have a tendency to vanish without a trace.”

“I’m impressed you know where Kazakhstan is.” Minseok smiled. “And the Justinian plague— my, my you did pass your history class.”

“Shut it gramps.” Joy rolled her eyes. “I just think it is more likely the council is bullshitting with some ulterior motive. It wouldn’t be the first time.”

Minseok pursed his lips. The council had done things in the past that were questionable, but always for the safety of their kind. His trust in the council was not absolute, he could readily admit it. But his trust in Yifan was. They had been through alot together, he would never believe that the man was lying to him. Regardless, he didn’t feel like arguing vampire council motives with Joy, that wasn’t why he had paid her a visit. “Council politics aside can you do something to strengthen the field around the club? I don’t want another kid wandering in looking to bus tables.”
“I told you the field is as strong as the day it was cast,” Joy shot back.

“Then how did that kid get in?”

Joy shrugged. “He wouldn’t be the first human to have magical immunity of some sort. Plus Sehun said he was harmless.”

“Harmless or not, I don’t want him in the club.” Minseok said firmly. He picked up the smallest hint of amusement in Joy’s eyes, the way her lips quivered like she was trying to hide a smile. It was extremely suspicious.

“What?” Minseok asked, narrowing his eyes.

“I think it’s funny that you don’t want him in your club but you took the time to interview him.”

“I was curious.” Minseok was going with that reality. That was the only reason he had called that human in, to see if he posed a threat. He wasn’t going to think about what happened after the interview, more specifically later that night when he was feeding. It had bothered him that his mind wandered back to the human, enough for him to promptly pretend it never happened. He would be, he decided, happy if he never saw Luhan again.

Luhan spent most of the half an hour journey to Club Pandora freaking out over what he was wearing – because of course he didn’t think to ask about a dress code or uniform until he was already on his way. For the life of him he couldn’t remember seeing what the bartenders working the night before were wearing and now it was too late to call the club and ask about a uniform. If he did he would be late.

He showed up at seven o’clock sharp wearing his white and blue letter bomber jacket, his second best pair of jeans, and a grey t-shirt. When he faced the door he was close to turning and running, even more so than he had been three hours before when he faced his first midterm of the year.

He never had a chance to run. The door opened to reveal the grey haired man from the night prior. “Hello, college student.” His smile looked forced and it was not at all comforting. “Come in.”

The man grabbed Luhan’s forearm before he could react, dragging him into the club. “I’m Sehun, the ummm, shift manager. Yes, that’s it.”

Luhan gave the man a half bow, an awkward action since he was being led by the wrist. He tried not to stare at the club patrons as he passed, but it was difficult since a good deal of them were staring at him, eyeing him up and down. The crowd was similar to the night prior –a hodgepodge of costumes and ethereal beauty that was as intimidating as much as it was intriguing.

“College student, you’ve bartended before, right?” Sehun asked, leading Luhan past the dance floor.

“Ah yes. My name is Luhan, by the way.” He had never been referred to as “college student” before, it was ...strange.

“Lu-han.” It sounded foreign on the man’s tongue, coming out strange. “Too hard to say. College student, this is Junmyeon, he’s the bar manager.”
Luhan hadn’t noticed they were already at the long, packed bar, the interior of the club had gone by in a blur. The man that Sehun called Junmyeon looked at Luhan with narrowed eyes.

“Sehun, why is he here?”

Luhan bowed to the bar manager and looked down at the floor, feeling uneasy.

“New bartender. Hired him myself and no, not to eat.” Sehun announced. “His name is college student.”

“Luhan. My name is Luhan,” he correct quietly. He might be nervous, but he wasn’t timid when it came to something like this. It was his name after all.

“Does Minseok know?” Junmyeon asked.

At the mention of the club owner Luhan looked up, noticing that Junmyeon looked kind of pissed. This wasn’t a good start.

“Ha, ha, ha of course he knows!” Sehun reached out and put his hand on Junmyeon’s shoulder, giving it a squeeze. “Just don’t tell him where I am when he gets here. K, thanks.” And with that Sehun was gone. Luhan wondered if the club was built with the intention of optical illusions. He could almost swear Sehun moved away at a superhuman pace.

There was a few seconds of awkwardness, Junmyeon not saying anything but still looking mildly angry. Luhan glanced towards the bar, noting the layout and how packed it was.

“Come on, I’ll get you a uniform,” Junmyeon motioned for Luhan to follow him. “Please tell me you’ve done this before.”

“Yeah, I bartended back in Shanghai,” Luhan answered as he trailed after the manager.

“We serve some very expensive imported uh...liquor here that you probably aren’t familiar with,” Junmyeon explained as they walked through a string of storage rooms. “We’ll work side by side tonight so you can learn the drinks and the lay out.”

“Great!” Luhan knew he sounded a bit too enthusiastic, but better that than terrified.

“Just one thing,” Junmyeon said as he opened a cupboard and took out a neatly pressed uniform. “If I tell you to run, run.” He pushed the uniform Luhan’s way, ignoring the puzzled nook on the new employee’s face.

Luhan was a fast learner when it came to certain things. He had always excelled at languages – which was the reason he was majoring in the subject in college. He picked up most games quickly, beating Yixing’s top score only hours after playing for the first time.

That said, learning drink recipes wasn’t something that came naturally to him. He had studied hard in Shanghai to learn how to mix a Flaming Orange just right, and had struggled for weeks to perfect Sunrise in December. He didn’t expect to learn the recipes at Club Pandora quickly and an hour into his first shift his lack of abilities was confirmed. Junmyeon had told him three times already how to mix a Sloth Demon Bomb and he wasn’t any closer to getting it right. But as he had learned in Shanghai drink mixing was surprisingly not the most important thing to being a good bartender.
People skills were. And people skills he could do, which he considered a vindication of sorts. He had told Minseok he wasn’t usually awkward and that was true. When he was bartending he was friendly, charming even. At his old job he had earned great tips and so far it looked like his popularity at his new gig might rival his past glories. It seemed like everyone at Club Pandora wanted to talk to him, flocking around the bar with wide eyes as they ordered. Junmyeon even commented that it wasn’t usually that busy on a Thursday.

It was a weird sort of energy to feed off of, which ensured a smile on his face as he delivered a dark and particularly murky drink (he had already forgotten the name of) to a customer in grim reaper costume.

“Hey, human. Have you seen a fuckable ghost around? About yeah high. Cute, kind of brooding. Did I mention completely fuckable?” The man held his hand out to signal the height he was referring to.

“Ghost?” Luhan repeated dumbly before Junmyeon pulled him towards the next customer, effectively ending the man’s inquiry.

“Ignore him,” Junmyeon whispered as he steered the newbie towards their next order. “He’s drunk.”

“I can tell.” Luhan smirked. Club Pandora was turning out to be a very interesting place.

It was five to eight when a woman came skipping behind the bar, causing Luhan to do a double take because she looked far too young to be in a club.

“How’s Dad’s present?” she cooed, her eyes on Luhan. He quickly looked away, not liking the way she was staring at him.

“You’re dealing with him when he arrives,” Junmyeon answered, punching the latest order into the cash register.

Luhan wondered who her father was and what present he was receiving. Perhaps she was Kim Minseok’s sister, Luhan considered. He felt heat creep into his cheeks at the thought of Kim Minseok– gorgeous Kim Minseok with the cat eyes and the – Shit, shit, shit don’t start thinking about fucking the boss, don’t start thinking about fucking the boss became his mantra as Junmyeon shoved a bottle his way and prompted him to make the next order.

Minseok’s cell phone buzzed just as he was reaching for the back door handle. He pulled the phone out of the inner pocket of his leather jacket, alarmed when he saw Yifan’s name flash on the screen.

*Call me.*

He didn’t waste any time, dialing the number as he threw open the back door and stalked inside. Yifan answered on the second ring.

“Trouble incoming. An informant spotted Kibum and he’s headed your way.”

“Fucking hell,” Minseok cursed, taking the back steps two at a time. “When did he get back in town and why?”
“He’s looking for whoever took Taeyeon and some shit face informed him Seoul was the next likely target. Fucking leaks, when the council hears about this they will be wild. Take care and call me whatever happens.”

Minseok hung up the phone, shoving it back in his pocket he walked into his office. Kyungsoo was sitting on his desk. When the spirit saw the club owner he nodded towards the window.

“Your old friend is here,” the spirit said.

“So I heard.” Minseok did not want to deal with Kibum. It had been decades since they had their last run in and in the ensuing years Minseok had heard his personality hadn’t improved.

“I think he’s going to eat your present, you might want to stop him.”

“My present?” Minseok repeated, dreading what he would see when he walked to the window. Couldn’t he have one night when the world wasn’t falling apart around him?

“You’re doing a great job.” Junmyeon gave him a reassuring smile.

Luhan felt thankful his manager was so kind and understanding. The drink orders had started to wane, though for some reason it still felt like the bar was continuously crowded with patrons – even if they weren’t ordering they were there, giving him encouraging looks whenever he made eye contact.

The crowd broke suddenly, just as Luhan closed the cash register and wiped his hands on the bar towel Junmyeon offered him. If Luhan thought the press of people around the bar was strange, the way they moved away was even stranger. It was like a sea of people was parted, everyone moving to the sides in tandem.

Luhan glanced at Junmyeon, hoping the bar manager would indicate what was going on.

“Hello.”

Luhan snapped his attention back to the space recently occupied by a throng of people. Now one man stood there, grinning ear to ear. He was young, with bleached blonde hair streaked with pink and a kind expression. He would have looked like one of the more approachable club-goes if it wasn’t for the way he was staring at Luhan, eyes boring holes through him.

“I want this one.” He flashed another kind smile as he raised a hand and wagged a finger towards Luhan. “Come here.”

Luhan had dealt with his fair share of uncomfortable situations back in Shanghai. He had his ass grabbed and more back at his old bartending job. He learned early on it was best not to take shit from anyone. If you did you dared to set a precedence for the more handsy patrons of the establishment.

“Run.” Junmyeon hissed, grabbing his arm.

Luhan ignored him. He stared at the newcomer. “No.”

“What did you say?” the blonde man asked with a snort.
“I said no. And if you try anything I will kick your ass back to whatever sorry excuse for a hair salon you came from.”

The man laughed, throwing his head back dramatically. “Is Minseok selling fighting ones now? Is this a new trend in Seoul?”

“Luhan, run. Listen you have to go–“Junmyeon tugged at his sleeve, urging him to get out.

“Listen, I’m not going to let people talk to me like this. I know the customer is always right but not now. What does he think I’m –“Luhan never got to finish. An immense force collided with him, sending him backwards in a blur of motion and pain. He could barely understand what had happened when a scream surrounded him, a sound of immense pain.

“Fucking what the fucking fuck!”

Luhan’s back hit the counter behind the bar. He managed to grab onto the edge and avoid falling and hitting his head on one of the dozens of glass bottles lined up. Confused and shocked it took him a few seconds to notice that the blonde man was now on the other side of the bar, holding his hands and cursing.

“You fucking burnt me!” The man screeched, holding his hands. Luhan saw the skin on the man’s hands blister. He looked away from the gruesome sight, cringing.

He had no idea what to do next. He hadn’t even seen the man launch himself at him, much less knew how he had gotten burned. Was there a tabletop stove on the counter? He looked but all he saw was the black marble. Shit, what was happening?

“Kibum.”

At the sound of the familiar voice Luhan looked across the bar, his eyes meeting those of the club owner. Kim Minseok was standing with his arms crossed, an unreadable expression on his face.

“It’s been awhile,” Minseok drawled, eyes never leaving Luhan.

Minseok thought he would have to use physical force to get Kibum up to his office. After the vampire’s run in with Luhan he came willingly, peppering Minseok with questions and threats the entire way.

“What the fuck was that? I should sue. I’m going to sue. Is that some kind of vampire trap? Fuck Minseok, he smells human. What kind of welcome is that for an old friend? Fuck.”

“Don’t mess with my staff,” Minseok responded, slamming his office door shut. “Have some manners when you’re in public.”

Minseok walked to his desk and leaned against it, folding his arms against his chest. Truthfully he had as many questions as Kibum. When he ran down the metal steps to the club he had expected to find Kibum feeding on a human. He wasn’t sure what human, but the presents he received were more often than not of the human sort. He hadn’t expected to find Luhan behind the bar nor find Kibum recoiling with burns on his hands. How Luhan had burnt him Minseok had no idea, because based on everything he knew about the natural and supernatural world it made no sense. What he did know is that it happened and he wasn’t about to let Kibum in on his confusion.
Kibum gave him a dirty look as he continued to rub his hands. The burns were starting to fade, the skin returning to a pale and spotless complexion. “I’m guessing Yifan told you I was coming.”

Minseok grunted in acknowledgement.

“And I’m guessing you know why.”

“Taeyeon. No, I have no idea what happened. Yes, I’m being vigilant,” Minseok replied curtly.

“Did Yifan tell you everything?” Kibum asked. Minseok could tell he was fishing for information.

“Where are you planning on staying?” Minseok changed the subject. “Last time I checked that condo of yours is now a basement level of the Lotte Mall.”

“Are you offering me a room?” Kibum smiled.

“No. And don’t bother coming back here unless you plan on behaving.” Minseok gestured towards the door. “I trust you can see yourself out.”

“I have better places to go anyway.” He stood, dusting off his clothes like Minseok’s office was filthy. Minseok had to restrain himself from rolling his eyes. “See you around.”

“I hope not,” Minseok replied, flashing his own half smile.

Luhan stared at the unopened box of glassware, needing to focus on something. Anything. Junmyeon had ushered him into the back room after Kibum had left, telling him to stay put for now. He knew it, he was going to get fired. Junmyeon was probably getting the orders from Minseok, then bam he would be back to show Luhan to the door.

He had only been employed for an hour, maybe two and already he had gotten himself fired. How was he going to tell Yixing? How would he tell Hangeng?!

“It’s just a bartending job, you can get another. Won’t even go on your resume,” Luhan attempted to give himself a pep talk as he re-read twenty four crystal tumblers for the fifteenth time.

“He won’t fire you.”

Luhan jerked his head towards the door of the storage room. A man stood there, hands in his ripped up jean pockets. He had a shaggy haircut, definitely one of those 1970s hipster wannabes. Luhan just stared at him as he walked into the room, his dirty white sneakers seeming to slide over the cheap tile floor.

“I’m Kyungsoo, by the way.” He held out his hand.

Luhan would be a jerk not to shake it. He grabbed it firmly. “Luhan. Nice to meet you.”

The man pulled back, holding his hand up he moved it closer to his face. “No burns and you can see me. Nice.”

He must be drunk, Luhan thought, trying hard not to freak out any more than he already was.

“Listen, Minseok won’t fire you so stop panicking. But I have to ask, how did you do that back there?”
“Do what?” Luhan squeaked. Make an ass out of myself, assault a customer, and get myself fired Luhan said in his head, bemoaning his lot in life.

Kyungsoo tilted his head to the side, giving Luhan a curious look. “Um, nothing. Hey, welcome to the Club Pandora family. I know you’ll be a great addition.”

Minseok finished hooking up the reel to reel. He flipped the switch, delighting in the tandem groans from his progeny.

“How can you punish us for a present?” Yeri whined, slumped in the sofa with a frown on her face.

“You know I could have just had him myself,” Sehun sighed, wearing a matching frown.

“Enjoy forty hours of my home movies, taken from the last sixty years. Remember kids, hiring staff as a present for Dad is unwelcome.” He gave his progeny a saccharine sweet smile for added effect, delighting in their groans of protest as the screen flickered to life, an image of Minseok at a 1960 sock hop playing.

He had given his progeny a fitting punishment, a lecture would be useless. He knew right away they were to blame for bringing Luhan back to Club Pandora and he knew just how to punish them. After a couple days of home movies they wouldn’t make the same mistake again.

Minseok headed down to the club, locking the kids in his office in case they thought escape was a plausible alternative to enjoying his undead life through the latter decades of the twentieth century. His short chat with Junmyeon had informed him that Luhan was currently sitting in one of the back rooms, awaiting his fate.

He greeted patrons as he made his way towards his destination, happy the atmosphere that was so grim when he arrived had recovered. Junmyeon was behind the bar, managing the shift alongside another bartender. Minseok gave him a friendly nod as he passed.

When he got to the back room he found Luhan sitting on a box, chin resting on his hands as he stared at the floor. He didn’t hear Minseok’s arrival, which gave the club owner a few seconds to assess the human.

He would have been a nice present, Minseok thought – If he had taken him back during the interview, before he had seen flashes of the human’s face while he fed. Now that he saw what he had done to Kibum, Luhan wasn’t present material. He was an enigma, albeit a very attractive one.

He was human, Minseok didn’t doubt that. Perhaps what Joy had said was right, he was immune to magic to some degree. Yet magical immunity didn’t burn vampires. There was something else with this man, something that he had never seen before. Minseok was torn between wanting to fuck him until he gave up his secrets and simply destroying him. And as he looked at the tight fitting black pants, at the way the black dress shirt hugged his torso, Minseok was leaning towards fucking him. Supposing that was even possible given what had happened to Kibum.

There was only one way to find out.

Minseok grabbed the unsuspecting man by the collar and dragged him up, waiting to feel a searing heat. Waiting for something.

The only sensation that greeted him was the feeling of Luhan’s hot breath on his face. The human’s
eyes were wide, he was afraid. His heart thudded in his chest, his hands instinctively grasped Minseok’s forearm to push him away. He tried to suck in a breath, but Minseok’s hold on his shirt put pressure on his windpipe, making him gasp.

Minseok let go, completing his test. However Kibum had been burnt, it wasn’t a universal effect. Luhan’s staggered back, rubbing his throat as he gasped for breath.

“I–”Luhan coughed. “Don’t fire me.”

Of all the things he expected the human to say, begging for his job wasn’t one of them. “Why shouldn’t I?”

“Because–”Luhan sucked in another breath. He put his hands on his hips and tried to straighten his back, but his breathing was still ragged and uneven.

Minseok’s eyes raked down the human, a point of interest found immediately. He was hard. The fucking human was hard, his cock jutting against the tight black fabric.

Luhan seemed to sense where the vampire was looking. He immediate placed his hands over his erection. “I–“ His face turned bright red.

“Get back out there. And if you burn another one of my customer’s you’re done.” Minseok considered the order self-preservation, because if he didn’t get Luhan out of his sight something very dangerous would happen. Something he wasn’t sure he could handle given his own desire to ruin the man coupled with whatever he had managed to do to Kibum.

“Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.” Luhan scurried out of the room with half bows.

Minseok put his hand to his eyes and groaned.

“You know, I think he likes you.”

Minseok peeked through his fingers at Club Pandora’s resident ghost. “Don’t tell me you watched that.”

Kyungsoo shrugged. “Hey, I have a grim reaper and an incubus to hide from. I watch a lot of things.”

Never a boring night at Club Pandora, that’s for sure.

Chapter End Notes

Luhan gets turned on by being roughed up is my headcanon. Fight me.
Luhan’s head was pounding, which was no real surprise given the three beers he had chugged the moment he arrived home the night before.

“You look like shit,” Yixing helpfully notified him the moment Luhan stumbled into the kitchen.

“Thanks.” Luhan squinted, the bright kitchen light compounding the pain.

“How’d your first day go?”

Luhan opened the fridge and rummaged around for a bottle of water, groaning when he came up empty handed. “Great. Wonderful,” Luhan answered sarcastically.

“Were the tips at least good?” Yixing asked, setting his phone aside and looking at his brother.

“No, the tips were shit.” He recalled the fake looking coins and strange papers he found on the bar. Useless, worthless tips.

Luhan finally gave up searching for bottled water and grabbed a glass. Tap water it would be. After filling the glass he chugged it, then refilled it before walking to the kitchen table and plopping into the seat across from Yixing.

“Hangeng left this for you.” Yixing pushed a small bottle of aspirin towards Luhan.

Of course his older brother knew he had been drinking the night before. Of course his older brother knew that he had no aspirin. Did Hangeng also know how badly he bombed his first day on the job? Luhan sighed, taking the bottle and shaking out two pills.

“You know what your problem is? You’re too ambitious. You should just get a nice low paying part-time job on campus like me, problem solved.”

Luhan glared. “You forgot to mention I also need a boyfriend with pockets lined with money to survive on a low paying campus job.”

It was no secret that Jongdae payed for everything for Yixing. His textbooks, his lunch, hell he probably even helped with the insurance on Yixing’s motor scooter.

“I can’t help it that my boyfriend likes to spoil me.” Yixing shrugged.

Sometimes Luhan wondered how his brother was so consummately lucky while he always seemed to find trouble at every turn. They had barely been in Korea for a week when Yixing had met Jongdae – a chance evening encounter at a coffee shop had ended up with the two becoming attached at the hip. The only time Jongdae wasn’t around was while he was working – at some job Luhan didn’t remember or really understood (apart from the fact it required him to be fluent in Mandarin). A job that apparently paid a lot of money, enough to give in to Yixing’s every whim. It must be nice.

“I’m going to apply a few places today,” Luhan announced. “Expand my horizons.”

“That’s the spirit.” Yixing gave him a cheeky thumbs up.
He had so horribly botched his first day at Club Pandora he really had no other choice. Not only had he injured a customer he had also sprung a boner in front of his boss. He was pretty sure continuing his employment at the club was not in his best interests – at least mentally. While he was thankful he hadn’t been fired outright, it was time to find a different job.

“Seriously though, what happened?” Yixing asked, leaning forward, eyes trained on Luhan in curiosity.

Luhan sighed. He might as well tell him. “I did something to a customer and then got hard in front of my boss.”

Yixing’s laughter echoed through the house, which did nothing good for Luhan’s headache.

“How can’t you at least watch something decent, like Game of Thrones?”

Minseok didn’t bother to reply. He kept his eyes trained on the television, his attention solely focused on the scene that played out in front of him. He was tense, his fingernails digging into the palm of his hand as he watched.

Angela, the snake, had been planning it all along – he knew it. She had never loved Brad, never wanted him to be with Miranda and their baby. And now, after months she dared to reveal to Brad’s mother (the heiress with amnesia) that Miranda’s baby was actually her baby via a transplanted embryo. That bitch!

“Does that guy only have one facial expression? Raises eyebrows, lowers eyebrows. Raises eyebrows, lowers eyebrows.”

Minseok wished he could leap into the screen and teach Angela a lesson once and for all. It was bad enough when she kidnapped Stacy and held her hostage so Nick thought she was dead. And now this. The woman was incorrigible.

His eyes went wide as Brad announced he knew the truth. Could it be?! Did Brad finally know what a snake she was?! Minseok scooted to the edge of the couch. If his heart could beat it surely be thudding against his ribcage as he watched, waiting for the moment that had taken months to get to. How would Angela react? Surely she would go to prison, at least she should for all of the things she had done! “I know what you did. I know that you--”

“These people need serious counseling,” Sehun remarked loudly, effectively talking over Brad’s big announcement.

Minseok turned from the television and glared at his progeny. He had ruined it. Minseok hadn’t heard what Brad said. And now it was a commercial. The bastard. “Dammit, Sehun. I’ve been waiting months, months!!” He considered lunging at the lanky vampire, teaching him a lesson for distracting him from the penultimate moment of his life as a As the Bold Days Turn junkie. “Brad knows! He might know!”

Sehun rolled his eyes. “Hmm. Right. My bad.”

Minseok groaned in frustration. It was no use now, he would have to re-watch it later – he was too far out of the As the Bold Days Turn zone to recover. He picked up the remote and clicked off the
Sehun reached for the discarded remote control, seizing the rare opportunity to control what they watched. Minseok gave him one more dirty look before he retreated to the peacefulness of his kitchen.

Minseok’s apartment was large by Seoul standards. Two floors with a catwalk loft that connected his bedroom with that of the guest rooms. The main floor had a living room, kitchen, formal dining room, and study – all decorated to suit his love of monochrome. A large balcony off the dining room had a killer view of the cityscape. Floor to ceiling windows offered the same view, but during the day they became a solid black to cover up the sunlight that Minseok and his kind so detested (which, to this day, Minseok never understood. The sun didn’t make him burst into flames but it did irritate his body and make him sick, so much so he gave up going out in it centuries ago).

Most days he spent his time in front of the television, binge watching foreign soap operas. It was a habit he got into in the 1980s, one that had developed into a full-fledged hobby over the decades. When he wasn’t watching television he was reading, receiving visitors (supernatural friends that didn’t have a bad relationship with the sun), tinkering around with his collection of antique inventions, or working on things for the club.

And usually he was alone, save for the planned visitor. Sehun and Yeri each had their own apartments, their own daily routines. Yeri usually slept, resting until night came. Sehun could go either way – he had a tendency to grow restless, mirroring Minseok’s daytime energy. It hadn’t always been that way, Minseok used to sleep (if you could call vampires resting sleep, that is). But the older he got the harder it was to rest until finally he gave it up all together.

He had called a family meeting the night prior, which is why he had a full house – the club had been too crazy to meet during the night (and his kids had been too busy watching hours of his home movies as punishment to convene). Sehun and Yeri had followed him home (grateful he ended their movie marathon) and since Sehun was there that meant Junmyeon came too. The sun had risen a few hours before, Yeri and Junmyeon were upstairs passed out in the guest rooms, leaving Minseok to deal with Sehun – who claimed he wasn’t tired. In another few hours he would wake the others up and get down to business. The business being the human.

After seeing what Luhan did to Kibum the night before, uncovering more about Luhan had become a top priority. What Minseok wanted to discuss was the course of action until they gained more information, and he wanted Sehun, Yeri, and Junmyeon’s input. His progeny might drive him crazy but they were a huge part of his life. What he did affected them and vice versa, it was basic respect to get their thoughts on the matter.

“I looked it up, Angela drugs Brad and sleeps with him next episode,” Sehun called from the living room.

Basic. Respect. Minseok groaned, seriously annoyed.

Luhan had applied for five different jobs by lunchtime, clicking on every application link he could find for restaurants, bars, and cafes near his house. After a quick meal of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches he hit the pavement, scouring the neighborhood and beyond for ‘Now Hiring’ signs. It was a good thing he didn’t have any classes to attend, Thursday was his off day.
After he hit everything near his house he took a bus to the same area where Club Pandora was located – the place was flush with bars and eateries, he stood a better chance finding a job there.

Luhan was walking out of a small deli, a frown on his face at the instant rejection he had just received when he spotted a familiar face. Or more accurately a familiar face spotted him.

“Human! I mean, Luhan – right?”

Luhan blinked at the man who stood in his path, realization dawning on him. A wide brimmed black hat, long black robes and a mischievous glint in his eye. Baekhyun, one of the club goers from the night before, who apparently wore his outlandish costume outside of club going hours. What a strange man.

“Yeah. Baekhyun, right?”

“The one and only!” Baekhyun beamed, looking for too happy about a chance encounter with a random bartender. He suddenly sobered, seeming to sense Luhan’s confusion at his cheerfulness. He cleared his throat. “So, what are you up to today?” He looked up at the sign above the deli. “Eating? Food or something…”

“Looking for a job,” Luhan admitted, sidestepping the man so he could continue with his quest. “It was nice seeing you.”

“Wait, hold up.” Baekhyun moved in front of him again, blocking his path. Luhan took a step back, narrowing his eyes at the man. “What?”

“Let me walk with you for a minute.” Baekhyun grabbed Luhan’s arm and held tight. Luhan recoiled, the man was freezing cold. He could feel it through his sweatshirt it was so bad.

“Sorry!” Baekhyun removed his hand and flashed a cheeky grin. “So tell me, why are you looking for a job when you already have one?”

“I want to expand my horizons,” Luhan answered cryptically, walking past Baekhyun. The man hurried to walk next to him, apparently set on accompanying him on his job hunt.

“Oh. Well, that’s nice.” Baekhyun mumbled.

They walked in silence for a minute before Luhan spotted a sign outside a bar, advertising that they were hiring bartenders. He moved towards the cross walk, intent on applying.

“You know, Minseok pays really well,” Baekhyun commented while they waited for the light to change.

“Does he?” Luhan hadn’t been offered a wage above what he thought a bartender should make.

“Yep. Hey, you go to school? Or no?”

“Yeah. Language major.”

The light changed and the pair began to walk across the street.


“I live in an apartment. And what do you mean human things?” Luhan was getting annoyed with
the strange set of questions.

“You’re human, right? Right?”

They reached the other side of the road. Luhan stopped walking and turned to Baekhyun, giving him a questioning look. Was he human? What kind of question was that? Was this the world giving him further signs he needed to quit his job at Club Pandora? First there had been the handsy patron from the night before, now he was apparently being stalked by another customer who was clearly not right in the head.

“Listen, it was great seeing you but I need to go. Please don’t follow me.” Luhan walked off quickly, ignoring Baekhyun calling after him. He bypassed the bar he was going to apply at, not wanting to stop lest Baekhyun followed him.

He needed a new job, that much was clear. He checked his phone. It was two o’clock, his shift at the club started at eight. Six more hours to expand his horizons. Six more hours…

Yeri plodded down the stairs, her hair sticking up in a multitude of directions. She rubbed her eyes, yawning loudly. Junmyeon was a few steps behind her, looking equally as tired.

“About time you guys got up,” Sehun drawled.

Minseok noticed how Junmyeon rolled his eyes at the comment. It was nice to see his progeny’s progeny (vampire grandkid sounded too weird) fighting back, even if it was with a simple gesture. When Sehun had first created Junmyeon, Minseok had worried incessantly that the man would be too weak willed to ever stand up for himself. Little by little he was starting to prove Minseok wrong.

“I’m hungry,” Yeri whined, flopping down on the sofa next to Sehun.

“What time is it?” Junmyeon glanced around the room, looking for a clock.

“Two,” Minseok answered, waiting patiently for everyone to get comfortable (and for Yeri to give up the idea of eating until they were done talking about their problem).

Minseok laid out the problem at hand as simply and with as much brevity as he could. “I don’t give a shit what Joy says, that kid has more than magical immunity. I have Baekhyun trailing him to find out more information, but in the meantime we need to figure out what to do with him. The council is already on edge with the disappearances, if they find out we have a vampire burning human in the club shit is going to go down.”

“Oh shit, all my girls get down on the floor, oh shit,” Sehun sang, making a wave with his arm.

“What are the options?” Junmyeon asked seriously, ignoring the bickering siblings. “If the council gets wind of this, what will they do to him?”

Minseok exhaled. “Well, it depends on exactly what he is. They will probably kill him, which
honestly I wouldn’t care about under most circumstances. But with the recent disappearances being associated with someone like that could be bad for us. I don’t think they are going to believe that we,” Minseok gave Sehun a pointed look. “Just hired him after he walked in off the street. And if they feel threatened by whatever Luhan is then they are likely to transfer that feeling to us, and Yifan isn’t going to be able to save us if that happens.”


Minseok nodded. “Perhaps. There is a chance. There is also a chance they will never find out.”

“We can’t let him keep working the bar,” Junmyeon stated. “Until we know more.”

“We’re already short staffed…” Yeri sighed.

“Being short staffed is better than being dead,” Sehun reminded her, adding. “More dead, I mean. Then we already are.”

“Regardless, we need to do damage control and make sure no one else finds out about him.” Minseok had hated saying it out loud as much as he had hated thinking about it. When it had dawned on him the night before how bad of a situation they might all be in he had felt nothing but anger. Anger that he had to pay the human any more attention than he already had. Of course there was his original inclination, which he could always follow through with. “Another option is we kill him and get it over with.”

Junmyeon looked thoughtful. “It would be the easiest way.”

“Unless he can help us,” Yeri countered. “If he’s something powerful, isn’t it better to have him on our side? Plus what if he can’t even die? Then we just piss him off by trying to kill him.”

“True,” Junmyeon acquiesced.

“His shift starts at eight. We need to figure out what to do with him before then.” Minseok had his own ideas but didn’t want to suggest them. Not when his head was already muddled when it came to the strange human.

“Can we chain him to the wall?” Sehun asked.

Yeri slapped him on the forehead. “Powerful being, remember? I don’t think he is going to like being chained to a wall.”

“Well, he might.” Minseok remembered Luhan’s excitement at being manhandled. He had a feeling he might thoroughly enjoy being chained to a wall.

“Eww, gross. I don’t want to know.” Yeri waved her hands in front of her dismissively.

“I do,” Sehun chimed in.

“Can we put him to work somewhere out of sight of the customers? That way we can keep tabs on him and he won’t be noticeable to everyone,” Junmyeon suggested. “I really don’t think the kid has any idea what he did yesterday, so I wouldn’t worry so much about him getting angry. It would be a temporary thing until we have an idea of what we are dealing with.”

“Ohhh, I like it. He could work on some of the backlog of paperwork!” Yeri clapped her hands in delight.
“Sounds good to me,” Sehun agreed.

Minseok nodded. “Fine, we’ll stick him in Yeri’s office until we know more. And no feeding on him.” He gave Yeri and Sehun a stern look. “We can’t take any chances.”

“How did you get Baekhyun to follow him by the way?” Junmyeon questioned. The grim reaper was not the type to volunteer for such a task.

“I told him he could have half an hour alone with Kyungsoo if he helped,” Minseok admitted, knowing very well there would be hell to pay when his resident ghost found out about the little arrangement.

The sound of the doorbell interrupted their conversation, four pairs of eyes looking towards the door. Minseok wasn’t expecting any visitors…

“I’ll get it!” Yeri announced cheerfully, springing to her feet and skipping towards the door. The three men waited, standing when they heard a commotion.

Minseok stalked towards the door to find a pizza delivery man lying unconscious on the floor, a box of pizza upside down on the tile, the door shut behind him, and Yeri hovering over him.

“I was hungry so I got delivery.” Yeri shrugged, a picture of innocence.

Minseok sighed. Children. Maybe he should have left them to watch forty hours of home movies.

It was fifteen minutes to eight o’clock when Luhan reached the edges of the club district. He had missed his bus and failed to hail a taxi. Giving up on public transportation he decided to walk to the club since he was already relatively close.

He took out his phone and scrolled to his TVXQ playlist, needing a pick-me-up before he confronted his embarrassment from the night before. He prayed he wouldn’t mess anything else up, he needed this job until he found a new one.

The district was fairly deserted at that time of evening, the clubs didn’t really pick up until later. Without having to dodge other pedestrians, Luhan walked with his eyes glued to his phone, scrolling through help wanted ads while he walked.

In retrospect, not paying attention to where he was going was a horrible idea. The squeal of brakes made him look up in a flash, long enough to see a forest green beat-up Toyota skidding to a stop only inches from him. He gasped, realizing he had walked across a side street without noticing where he was.

Horrified, he stared at the driver. His thoughts racing, it took him a few seconds to realize he was looking into the eyes of his boss. Kim Minseok was behind the wheel and he looked less than happy about what had just occurred.

Shit, another bad start. Luhan shook off his surprise and walked around to the driver’s side, words of apology slipping off his tongue in a stream of incoherence.

“I’m sorry, oh my god, I didn’t. I should have – I’m sorry,” he rambled, not sure what to do to make things better.
Minseok opened the window. “Get in,” he hissed.

Luhan was too petrified to argue. He scurried to the passenger’s side and opened the door, quickly getting into the vehicle. “I should have been paying attention to where I was walking. Are you hurt? Oh my god, I am so, so sorry. I-“

Minseok turned to look at him, shutting him up instantly. The look in the man’s eyes, visible under the dome light, was eerie. He couldn’t figure out if it was anger or something else behind that piercing gaze.

“Do you often walk in front of moving vehicles?” Minseok asked.

“N-no,” Luhan stuttered, looking away. This was bad, absolutely terrible. He had yet again embarrassed himself in front of Kim Minseok except this time he had almost ended up dead. Shit.

Minseok began to drive. “Your shift starts at eight,” he stated.

“Yes,” Luhan said in a small voice. He took a second to glance at the dented dash and the ripped upholstery. He was surprised someone like Kim Minseok drove a car like this. It had to be at least fifteen years old and quite honestly the interior looked like it had seen better days…a decade ago at least.

“It’s economical. Good on gas,” Minseok said, seemingly reading Luhan’s mind.

“That’s important,” Luhan said dumbly, biting his tongue lest he make everything worse than it already was.

“Junmyeon has something new for you to work on tonight.”

Luhan dared to glance over at Minseok. The man didn’t return the look.

“Do you always walk to work?”

Luhan swallowed. “No, I usually take the bus but I missed it.”

“You live far away then,” Minseok surmised.

“Um, yeah. Kind of.” Luhan felt like he was suffocating, the atmosphere was so strange, so stifling. He was tense, nervous, horribly embarrassed and in need of a Minseok-free environment.

“How far?”

“R-really far.” Luhan gulped. At what point would he stop acting like a bumbling fool in front of this man? Probably never, another reason he hoped he was hired somewhere else sooner rather than later.

“You’re from China,” Minseok stated.

What was with the random facts? Luhan nodded, thankful they were so close to the club.

“Why did you move here?”

Luhan was intensely uncomfortable. It didn’t help that Minseok looked gorgeous, his hair styled to look slightly messy, his leather jacket form fitting.

“My brother moved here for a job.”
Minseok turned onto the main road, Club Pandora was in sight. Luhan exhaled in relief that the ride would be over soon.

When they approached the club Luhan could scarcely believe it. There was a line of customers out the door and down the block. “Is this normally how busy it is on a Thursday?” he asked Minseok.

“No.” Minseok sounded angry, which made Luhan squirm in his seat.

“I wonder why it’s so busy,” Luhan whispered, voicing his thoughts out loud.

“They’ve come to see you.”

Luhan looked at Minseok in alarm. “What did you say?”

“Nothing.” Minseok looked grim, his eyes darkening as he turned the car into the alley alongside the club.

Chapter End Notes

a/n – Muhahaha. Chapter 4 should be up later tonight (unless I am abducted by aliens or something).
Today was a double update – please read chapter 3 if you haven’t already! ~ LC

Minseok held the door open, gesturing for Luhan to enter. The man looked frightened, Minseok could practically smell the fear. Afraid or not, Luhan listened, scurrying in through the back entrance of Club Pandora without questioning what was going on.

The worst case scenario Minseok had thought of turned out to not have been the worst case after all – or at least the only worst case. He had been worried about the council finding out about Luhan and taking it out on him and his progeny – he hadn’t even considered that his club would become a zoo for the human when word of what he did to Kibum got out.

Now he had a line of supernatural creatures wanting to ogle his new bartender, which didn’t bode well for his hopes the vampire council would never hear of the strange human. He took the back steps two at a time, pulling his phone out of his pocket to see if he had any messages from Yifan. If the council knew Yifan would warn him first, he was certain of that. Zero messages. Good.

Minseok pushed open the door, waiting for Luhan to catch up. When the human reached the doorway Minseok entered his office, letting the door fall behind him. Luhan caught it with a grunt, trailing after the club owner.

He had hoped Yeri, Sehun, or Junmyeon (all of who had left for the club over an hour ago) would be waiting for him, ready to give a rundown of what was going on, but logic told him they would all be swamped with the sudden influx of customers. Logic won out, the only person waiting for him was a very pissed off looking Kyungsoo.

“Did you tell Baekhyun he would get time alone with me for following Luhan around?!” the angry ghost spat, his arms resting at his sides, hands balled up into fists.

“No now,” Minseok hissed, nodding towards where Luhan stood near the door.

Kyungsoo looked dumbstruck. “I mean. Hey, busy night isn’t it?” He tried to brush it off but his laughter sounded fake.

“Stay here and watch Luhan,” Minseok ordered.

Kyungsoo didn’t look pleased but he didn’t argue. He hopped up on the edge of Minseok’s desk. “Fine. Go.”

“I’ll be right back. Stay here for now, I need to ….. just stay here,” Minseok told Luhan, not thinking of a good excuse.

He left his office and hurried downstairs, nearly running into Joy as she raced up the stairs. She gripped onto his shirtsleeve to avoid falling. One look at her and Minseok could tell she was as panicked as he was.

“Kibum is here. He wants the human or he’s telling the council,” she informed him in a low voice.

“Shit.” Minseok looked out towards the bar, spotting Kibum talking to Junmyeon.
“Send Yeri up the back way.” Minseok reached into his jacket and took out his keys, shoving them into Joy’s hand. “Tell her to take Luhan to my house and not to let anyone in until I get there – and tell her not to wreck my car.”

Joy nodded, slipping the keys into the pocket of her purple leather jacket. Minseok waited until Joy had been gone for a minute before he descended to the club floor, trying to avoid suspicious looks.

He took five steps before Kibum was in front of him, a smirk on his face. “Where is he?”

“Where is who?” Minseok asked innocently.

Kibum snorted. “The one that burnt me. Don’t play dumb.”

“I thought I told you not to come around here.” Minseok moved around the angry vampire, calling over his shoulder, “And what you are trying to accomplish by spreading rumors I have no idea. But stop.”

Kibum, Minseok knew, had a very wide and varied social circle despite the more aggressive parts of his personality. News spreads quickly in the supernatural community as well – Minseok should have anticipated the shit-storm he was dealing with.

Glancing towards the bar he caught sight of Yeri walking towards the back exit. Junmyeon was busy trying to cater to the insane amount of drink orders, the dryad bartender working alongside him looked utterly lost.

His line of sight was blacked out by Kibum moving in front of him. “I know you know where he is and I have a feeling that brain of yours has figured out he is of interest to more than just me,” he said in a low voice, leaning in so only Minseok could hear him.

Minseok sighed. “Is that so?”

“Yes, it is.” Kibum looked smug, nodding towards the door of the club. “You think the council won’t find out about him anyway? There are a few here from as far away as Busan, wanting to get a look at that creature you call a bartender.”

“I didn’t realize so many people cared about you getting an owie on your hands.” Minseok cocked his head to the side. “What did you tell them to make them come all the way from Busan?”

“I didn’t have to tell them much. People are disappearing, Minseok. That’s enough reason to come see the freak of nature that appeared out of nowhere.” Kibum was so close Minseok could smell the liquor on his breath. He must have fed recently, on a drunk person no less.

“You’re right. It is very alarming news. I better do something about it.” Minseok pushed Kibum aside and stalked towards the DJ booth. He earned curious looks and a few calls of “where is the human” as he moved through the crowd. He ignored them all, climbing into the booth next to Joy he grabbed the microphone.

He tapped the mic, a jarring noise getting the club’s attention. When all eyes were on him he spoke. “Thank you for visiting Club Pandora on this very special occasion.” Minseok flashed his best showman’s smile, trying to dazzle the patrons. “We will have open bar until midnight! Enjoy!”

Cheers were heard all around the club at the announcement. If Minseok had learned anything in the centuries he had been alive it was that people – human or otherwise – could be easily distracted. Too easily most of the time. They might have come looking for a mysterious bartender, but they
got free drinks instead. Their curiosity would be sated when the human never showed up (and was flatly denied to have ever worked there) and they would have a good impression of the club as well. It was win-win. His regulars wouldn’t dare give away Luhan’s existence, his secret was safe. At least for now.

He noticed Kibum’s glare when he stepped out of the DJ booth. He waved at the vampire, adding fuel to the fire. He had won this round, now hopefully he would win the next.

“What’s going on?” Luhan looked towards the large window, afraid to approach it.

“Nothing,” Kyungsoo answered, swinging his legs back and forth.

When the back door opened Luhan jumped. He was a mess, from the ride over, from the strange atmosphere when he arrived – from everything. Yeri, the young woman who he had met the night before, walked in.

“You need to come with me. Now.” She gestured for Luhan to follow.

Luhan looked at Kyungs oo, not sure what to do.

“Go and listen to what she says,” Kyungsoo instructed. “Minseok sent her.”

At the mention of his boss Luhan listened, not wanting to make matters worse. He followed Yeri down the stairs and to Minseok’s car. “Where are we going?”

“I’ll tell you later. Get in.”

Luhan did as he was told, opening the passenger side door. He buckled his seat belt, cinching the belt with his hand while Yeri started the engine. She peeled out, her foot heavy on the gas. Luhan’s back pressed up against the seat while he looked out the windshield, terrified.

“Lights, turn on the headlights,” he barked as she tugged the steering wheel violently to the left. Yeri didn’t listen, she accelerated, headlights off. Luhan shut his eyes and prayed he would make it, the woman drove like a maniac. It felt like hours passed while they drove, tires squealing, Yeri cursing at other drivers, heavy presses of the brakes and harder presses on the accelerator keeping him in constant fear for his life. When the car squealed to a stop, Yeri announcing they had arrived, he wasn’t entirely convinced he was actually still alive.

Slowly he opened his eyes and looked around, blinking at the low lighting of the parking garage. “Wh-where are we?”

“Come on.” Yeri got out of the car, not bothering to answer his question. Was this a Club Pandora thing – to order people to follow you? Luhan ended up doing just that, trying to keep up with Yeri’s brutal stride. How she walked so quickly in sky high stilettos he had no idea, but it was deserving of respect.

Yeri led him through a set of highly secured doors, then to an elevator with a finger pad. Wherever they were it had top notch security. On the elevator ride up Luhan tried to discern their location yet again, to no avail.
The elevator dinged, the doors sliding back to reveal a marble floored hallway. Luhan stepped out, apprehensive, thinking the worst. Was Minseok and the others into some shady business? It wouldn’t be the first time he heard of club owners dabbling in criminal enterprises. Were they sending him somewhere to pick up drugs… or worse?

“Stop. I’m not going anywhere until I know what is going on.” Luhan planted his feet firmly on the expensive floor, refusing to move another inch.

“Dad told me to bring you here, so you are here. Good enough?” Yeri answered, punching a code into the keypad next to the large reinforced door.

“Who’s your dad?” Luhan had heard her refer to her father the night before, but he still had no idea who it was. Was she Minseok’s sister?

“Minseok is my dad.” The door unlocked. Yeri pushed it open, looking behind her. “Are you coming?”

If Minseok was her father he must have had her at an insanely young age. Was it even possible? Or was…no, that couldn’t be it, could it? Was Minseok some kind of sugar daddy, was their relationship like that?

“Is…are you guys…” Luhan didn’t know how to ask and honestly it wasn’t his place. Yet he felt like he needed to know exactly what type of relationship the two had before he blindly listen to their every command. He was suspicious of everything, he had so many questions and no answers.

“We aren’t fucking. He’s my dad, as in father, not what you are thinking. Now come on.” Yeri explained, sounding flippant.

Luhan, embarrassed that he had even considered Minseok and Yeri had that type of relationship, hung his head and followed the young woman into the apartment.

“Take your shoes off, dad hates dirty floors,” Yeri explained.

Luhan could tell she was being serious, the place was spotless. He untied his sneakers and set them in the corner by the door. There were several pairs of white slippers sitting in a row. He slid a pair on, marveling at how there wasn’t a speck of dirt on any of them. “Is this Minseok’s house?”

“Yep,” Yeri confirmed.

At the news he was in Minseok’s house his curiosity grew. He plodded after Yeri, eyes widening when they reached the cavernous interior of the apartment. Everything was black and white – completely spotless and insanely expensive looking.

“Take a seat wherever,” Yeri pointed towards the black leather couches.

“Why are we here?” Luhan found the entire situation strange. He was supposed to be bartending yet he ended up at his boss’s apartment for some unknown reason, driven there by his daughter – who apparently had no concept of speed limits or safety.

“Dad wants to talk to you. He’ll be here later.”

Luhan was not amused with her cryptic answers. He wasn’t amused with any of it. He needed money but he didn’t need money that bad. Plus Hangeng would kill him if he got mixed up in anything illegal. It was better if he left, cut his losses and got out before anything crazier happened.
“Listen, I don’t know what your dad has to say to me but I am really uncomfortable right now and I think it would be better if I just go.” He made a move towards the door, intending to put his sneakers back on and take a taxi home. Someone would hire him eventually, he would just have to deal with being a broke college student until then.

“Luhan.” The way Yeri said his name was eerie, almost like a purr. The hair on his arms stood up.

“What?” He stopped walking, waiting to hear what she had to say. One thing was for certain – Minseok and his daughter were a constant source of confusion for him.

“How would you like to make a lot of money?”

Luhan knew it, he knew it! He felt vindicated, his hunch that something illegal was happening was right! The way she asked him the question was too loaded, too full of innuendo, too…dark and dangerous sounding. “And how would I do that?”

“How do you feel about cleaning?” Yeri asked.

Luhan spun on his heels, raising his eyebrow at the woman. “Cleaning?” he repeated.

“Dad really needs a live-in housekeeper and I think you would be perfect for the job.” She clapped her hands in delight, smiling widely.

Luhan swallowed. “A housekeeper?”

“Yes. As in sweep, vacuum, wipe things down. Dust every other day. Arrange pillows, make beds. That sort of thing,” she rattled off possible tasks. “Dad pays really well plus you could live here. Free room and board plus a salary!”

It sounded too good to be true. There had to be a catch. “Yeri, is there something illegal about all this? I mean, your dad seems nice but is there anything I need to know? Any other parts of the job?” It was a dumb question. If there was anything illegal about Minseok’s business Yeri would probably be the last person to tell him. Still, he needed to ask. There was something strange about the entire arrangement, the offer, the high speed carried there – hell, everything that had happened since he had wandered into Club Pandora.

Yeri looked thoughtful, her lips quirking to the side as she looked towards the ceiling. “Oh, I know! How do you feel about As the Bold Days Turn?”

“I…I have no idea,” Luhan replied, thoroughly confused and still more than a little afraid.

“Um. He applied for a bunch of jobs. He drank a can of orange soda. He said he is human, I think.” Baekhyun read off his notes, his face shielded by the wide brim of his hat.

Minseok sighed, rocking back in his chair. “Anything actually useful?”

“His ass is kind of flat but it really isn’t bad,” the grim reaper responded, setting his notepad next to him on the couch. “Now about Kyungsoo, when can–”

“When you bring me useful information you can spend time with him,” Minseok cut him off. “Now go.”
Baekhyun gave him a dirty look but complied, pouting his way to the door and out of the office. Seconds after the office door closed Kyungsoo appeared, a scowl still firmly rooted on his face.

“Pimping me out for information, nice.” He gave Minseok a death look.

“I’m not pimping you out,” Minseok shot back. “Just promising some quality time with you.”

“You’re pimping me out and I don’t appreciate it. I thought we were friends.” Kyungsoo folded his arms against his chest and shook his head at the club owner, extremely disappointed in his behavior.

“What was I supposed to do? Hire Chanyeol?”

Kyungsoo flinched. “How about hire someone and pay them with money instead of me.”

“I’m sorry.” Minseok knew he couldn’t talk himself out of this issue, he had already lucked out with how he handled Kibum earlier. His luck was wearing precariously thin. “I…no excuses, what I did was wrong.”

“How are you going to make it up to me?” Kyungsoo asked.

“What do you want?”

“Find my body.”

Minseok hadn’t been expecting that. He looked into Kyungsoo’s wide brown eyes, noting the flicker of hurt, of pain, that passed through them. He had known Kyungsoo for decades but never once had the spirit brought up his body, the vessel that he had long ago left behind for his immortal life.

“You are serious about this.” Minseok didn’t know what to say, how to react.

“Yes, I am.” Kyungsoo was confident, his eyes never leaving the vampire.

Minseok dragged his hand through his hair. “I’ll do my best but there is a lot going on right now.”

“I know. Do what you can.”

“I will,” Minseok promised. “I will.”

Luhan stared at his phone, dreading the response he would receive. Hangeng would likely tell him he was being scammed, to turn heel and run. And honestly part of him thought the same. Even if Yeri had reassured him time and time again that the job was legitimate, that there was nothing odd about the position of Kim Minseok’s housekeeper, he couldn’t dismiss the unsettling feeling in his gut. Everything happened so fast, so easily. Things like this did not happen to him. They happened to Yixing, not him.

“His name is Brad,” Yeri pointed at the screen. “I think that one is Angela. Or Miranda. Maybe she’s Stacy.”

Luhan looked up from his phone to the television screen. A woman slapped a man across the face,
shouting something Luhan didn’t understand. He had been sitting at Minseok’s apartment for the last five hours, most of that time spent in front of the television watching The Bold something Days... he had no idea, he wasn’t really paying attention. He was too busy reassessing his life choices and trying to figure out if he was being inducted into a criminal enterprise via a foreign soap opera.

Yeri had given a salary figure that was more than he could hope to make at any part time job – even at the top of the top clubs or restaurants in the city. In fact it bordered on what he could make at a high paying job after he graduated. Too good to be true. Way too good to be true.

The money was attractive. Free room and board at a kickass apartment was attractive. Kim Minseok was attractive. Damn it the entire thing was attractive. Which is exactly why it had to be some sort of scam, some sort of trick to get him to become a drug mule or a strongman. It had to be. So why wasn’t he running away?

“Where is Mrs. Kim?” Luhan asked, blurting out the questions that flitted through his mind. Most of them were inappropriate, questions he had no right to ask. Yet he did it anyway, figuring if he was being conned into something he might as well be rude about it. He hadn’t remembered seeing a ring on Minseok’s finger, but seeing as he had a daughter he assumed that he was probably married.

“Who is Mrs. Kim?” Yeri asked, hugging a black throw pillow to her middle.

“Your mother.”

Yeri laughed, a lilting sound, as charming as everything else about her. “I don’t have a mother. Anymore, I mean.”

A nasty divorce, Luhan reasoned. “Sorry to hear that.”

“Don’t be, she likely died forever ago.”

Luhan winced. How bad was it that they assumed she was deceased? How bad was it that her own daughter talked about her so flippantly?

His phone buzzed, tearing him away from directing pity at Minseok and his family. He slid open the lock screen, heart racing at the anticipation of what Hangeng would say.

*It sounds like a good opportunity. I would take it if I were you.*

Luhan could scarcely believe it. He rubbed his eyes, reading and rereading the text. He texted back.

*Are you sure?*

A few seconds later he got a reply.

*Yeah. Yixing and I will be fine. Plus it is close to your school. Don’t waste a good opportunity.*

Luhan was expecting anything but an easy agreement to his newfound employment offer. Perhaps he was overreacting, his suspicions misplaced.

*I don’t know anything about him though.*

He didn’t have to wait long for a response.

*I looked him up after you told me you got the job. He seems legit, nothing to worry about.*
Luhan pursed his lips, staring at the response. Nothing to worry about. His brother was telling him not to worry.

Could his night get any weirder?

Minseok arrived home at five after six, courtesy of Sehun and his Lamborghini. The sun was already peeking over the horizon, which meant there was zero chance Kibum or any of his friends might follow him home. He was already taking chances by being out so late, the burgeoning sunlight causing him to feel weak – not to mention Sehun’s complaints at being forced to play chauffeur past the time he should already be home.

Minseok expected his car to be in ruins when he opened the door to the parking garage. When he found it fairly free of scratches and dents (aside from those that already existed) he breathed a sigh of relief. Yeri was almost as bad of a driver as Sehun, it was a miracle his car survived.

Yeri had texted him a few times through the night, informing him that he should be proud of her – she had figured out the perfect way to keep an eye on Luhan. Which made him nervous, even if he tried to swallow his anxiety on the subject as he dealt with the mess of everything else the club served up during the twilight hours.

His steps were heavy as he entered his apartment. He had no idea what to expect.

His greeting was a note tacked into the wall, leaving a mark that made his skin crawl. He hated unsightly holes and blemishes on the plaster, Yeri knew better.

*Your new live-in housekeeper is asleep upstairs. You’re paying him fifty thousand a year, plus free room and board. You can thank me later.*

*XOXO*

*Your favorite child*

Live. In. House. Keeper. Minseok crumpled the note, stalking into his apartment. If it wasn’t’ bad enough that his progeny had brought Luhan into his life as a present, hiring him to work at the club when they should know better, Yeri had gone and decided he was better off as domestic staff. A human. A vampire burning human of all things. Living. In. His. House.

He was pissed. Keeping an eye on Luhan was something they needed to do, but having him around his house wasn’t part of the plan. If Yifan found him there – if anyone found Luhan living there the danger they were already in by associating with him would be multiplied exponentially.

“You’re home.”

Minseok froze, staring into his living room.

Luhan was sitting on the couch, dark circles under his eyes indicating his fatigue. He had the remote in his hand, he gestured towards the television with it. “Which one is Stacy? I keep getting confused.”

Minseok swallowed. “The blonde one,” he responded quietly, an involuntary tug in his gut. He could take him right then, feed off of him – probably even kill him and no one besides Yeri would
know. He could end his problem, end all of their problems with a few precise movements. Luhan was tempting, why was he so tempting? It wasn’t the normal hunger, the pangs that told him he needed energy, that he needed to find a human to feed off of. It was something different with Luhan, something that was deeper, a more intense hunger. And all of it was wrong. Luhan’s existence seemed wrong, the way he appeared in his life seemed wrong. The way he was sitting on his fucking couch watching his favorite soap opera was wrong.

“Thanks,” Luhan smiled, leaning back into the couch. “But I don’t get it. Why doesn’t anyone know Nick is bad? He’s Angela’s illegitimate brother, and man that family is evil.”

“He’s good at hiding it,” Minseok answered, not sure if he was talking about the show or himself anymore.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for subscribing, bookmarking, commenting, and giving kudos! Gahhh, I am not worthy OTL.

This fic is near and dear to me, the idea gives me life (and seriously I laugh way too much writing it. WTF is wrong with me. Please don’t answer that). So, what exactly is Luhan? And will he be a good housekeeper?! Why did Hangeng agree so easily? And WTF Kibum, you should seriously promote Club Pandora full time ;) Thanks for hanging in there, I promise we will have Xiuhan soon (and smut as well).

<3 LC
Chapter 5

Warning – Smut, blood play, breath play, rough sex

Luhan’s heart beat was erratic, his thoughts racing – the relief he should have felt nowhere to be found.

Somehow he had managed to stay calm and collected in front of Kim Minseok. All while sitting on his couch and watching his television after agreeing to be his live-in…wait, what did Yeri call it?

He was still reeling from the small interaction, the brief few minutes after Minseok came home and he pretended to be at ease, interested in whatever that horrendous show was, and otherwise agreeable and worthy of such a large salary and a room to sleep in. He had pulled it off, somehow.

And now he was paying the price, anxious and uncertain – was he too casual? Was he too friendly? Did Minseok see right through him, know that under his easy questions and feigned interest he was panicked, confused, and afraid? And how more importantly how long would it be before he embarrassed himself? He gave his dick a disapproving look, the traitor.

He had to go talk to Hangeng. He would never have agreed to it if his older brother hadn’t been so sold on the idea. Stupid Hangeng. Stupid agreement. Stupid everything.

Luhan kicked at the fluffy comforter, feeling a sense of satisfaction when it fell to the floor.

“Up the stairs, down the hall, second door on the left.” That was how Minseok told him where he would stay, insisting he get some sleep.

It was a large room. Luhan had wondered if the apartment had any rooms that weren’t large, the place was enormous. He had never considered just how much money a person could make off running a nightclub until he set foot in Kim Minseok’s abode.

It was ten in the morning and he had class at one – a quiz on postmodern Korean literature no less. His brain was mush from a night without sleep, he was certain to fail. Unless they quizzed him on As the Bold Days Turn. He could probably pass that quiz. Maybe.

Luhan finally gave up on sleep, dragging himself out of bed at quarter after ten. He grabbed his jacket and phone, intending to go see Hangeng. His brother was at work at his hour, which meant he would have to meet him for lunch, assuming he agreed to it. Luhan shot off a message, being intentionally vague in the hopes of worrying his older brother into meeting with him.

Luhan opened the bedroom door and immediately stilled. The house was dark, the huge windows that he had stared out the night before were now pitch black. Strange.

He walked across the suspended hallway and down the stairs, treading carefully in case his employer was sleeping. He didn't know what hours Kim Minseok kept but based on his occupation it wouldn’t be unthinkable that he slept the morning away.

Tiptoeing across the living room floor, Luhan listened for the sound of movement. When he heard nothing he shifted his gait, hurrying to the door. His sneakers were arm's reach when Minseok caught him.

“Going somewhere?” Minseok stood with his hands on his hips. He was dressed in grey sweatpants and a white t-shirt. It felt strange to see him dressed this way, almost too personal given their
relationship of employee and employer.

Luhan froze, hand still reaching for his beat up shoes.

“I- “Luhan felt his cheeks flush. “I’m going to meet my brother for lunch. Sorry if I woke you.”

Minseok tilted his head to the side, his bangs falling into his eyes. He looked bizarrely young, not at all like someone who had a child Yeri’s age. Luhan gulped, unable to look away but desperately wanting to.

“No.”

Luhan blinked. “What?”

“You can’t go.” Minseok reiterated.

Luhan tossed his discomfort and shyness aside, replacing the feelings with rising anger. “What do you mean I can’t go?”

“If you want to keep your job, you can’t go. I need you to stay here,” Minseok answered firmly.

Luhan opened his mouth to argue but shut it right away. He was poised at being told no but he had to remember that he had accepted a job, that Minseok was his boss. And the fact was he still had zero idea what the job entailed or what his working hours were. He didn’t have a right to argue – but he did have a right to hash out his employment details then and there.

Luhan rattled off his questions without pause, later he considered he probably sounded a bit crazy as he asked about hours, vacation time, a full list of job duties, and oh by-the-way is this considered a permanent or temporary position?

“You work from sun up to sundown. You clean, you cook, and you answer the door. There is no vacation time and we’ll see if this is a permanent position,” Minseok answered without batting an eyelash.

Sunup to sundown...what strange hours. What long hours. “I go to school, I can’t work all day.”

“You’re taking the semester off, I already arranged it.”

Luhan’s jaw dropped. He arranged something with his school? Just who exactly was Kim Minseok and why did he feel like he could dictate his personal life?! “I can’t take the semester off! I’m already behind from transferring and–”

“I increased your pay by twenty thousand to accommodate the inconvenience,” Minseok interrupted.

Luhan swallowed. Twenty thousand?! He would be making as much as Hangeng.

“If you don’t think you can adjust to the job, feel free to resign.”

Seventy thousand. That was a lot of money. A lot of money. “A semester off won’t hurt,” Luhan admitted weakly, practically salivating at the thought of his salary.

“Great. Now go clean the kitchen,” Minseok ordered, turning and retreating back into the apartment.

Luhan shucked off his jacket, resigned to his fate.
Minseok retreated to his study, cursing under his breath. Now he had to figure out what school Luhan attended and somehow have his classes dropped. It was a split moment decision born of necessity. With the events of the night prior he couldn’t take any more chances – Luhan wandering around the city during the hours Minseok was homebound could spell disaster. Even if Kibum couldn’t find him during the daylight one of his cohorts could, a chance Minseok was not willing to take. He had to begrudgingly admit Yeri’s idea to hire Luhan was a good one, because it gave him more opportunities to limit his movement, a very important factor in keeping them all safe.

It was in everyone’s best interest to solve the mystery of the human sooner rather than later. He needed to figure out what Luhan was and how much a threat he posed before anything else happened – which is exactly why he had called his favorite doctor the moment Luhan had disappeared upstairs earlier that morning.

And by favorite doctor, he was actually the only doctor Minseok could call – with a few decades of experience treating every supernatural being imaginable there was little Zhi Xiang hadn’t seen.

Zhi Xiang had said he would be there around ten, which meant he would arrive anytime. Now he had to figure out how to subject Luhan to a full physical examination without making him so uncomfortable he quit his job and ran.

Minseok slumped into his chair and sighed. It didn’t help matters that he was starving, he hadn’t fed in days. He was well aware that his propensity towards anger had a direct correlation to his hunger. “Hangry,” Yeri called it cutely, which always made him more annoyed. He just needed a snack god damnit. It had cost him an immense amount of willpower to not feed on Luhan when he had arrived home that morning. Keeping away from the human was testing what patience he still possessed.

The doorbell ran a few minutes later. Minseok went to answer the door, forgetting that he had already handed the task off to his new servant. Luhan got there first, opening the door widely with an awkward expression on his face.

“Minseok!” Dr. Zhi held his arms out wide when he spotted the vampire, pulling him into a tight hug. Minseok could never understand how the doctor maintained such a high level of energy after all these years – he supposed it had something to do with those strange potions he was always drinking (and peddling to anyone who would listen).

Minseok patted his back roughly, spotting another visitor over the doctor’s shoulders. Wendy gave him a small wave while she slipped off her shoes.

“I had an appointment at nine and wasn’t about to miss coming to see you when I heard who was up next,” she explained, giving Minseok a cheesy wink.

Out of the local coven Wendy had always been his favorite. Down to earth with a sarcastic nature she was less high strung than her cousins. It was nice to see her, the last time they had met she was dragging Joy out of the club, trying to save the DJ from getting in a fight with a particularly boisterous goblin by the name of Sungjae.
Minseok cringed when Zhi Xiang turned to look at Luhan, sizing him up. So much for talking to the doctor about how to approach the examination before Luhan caught on.

Luhan gave Minseok a confused look.

“All of my household employees are subjected to a pre-employment physical. I have a very sensitive immune system and can’t take any chances,” Minseok lied. “Of course you can opt out of the physical but then I will be forced to terminate your employment, forfeiting your ten thousand a year bonus along with it.”

Luhan mouthed the words ten thousand. At this rate he would be paying the human a quarter of the annual interest income he earned before the week was out. How annoying.

“I-okay,” Luhan stuttered.

Money was a powerful motivator.

Luhan stood in the middle of the guest bedroom, his arms covering his chest in a show of modesty. He was clad only in his boxers, his brow furrowed and lips scrunched up in discomfort. The doctor, who Luhan was pretty sure had ingested at least fifteen cups of coffee before arriving, sat at the small desk making notes on an ancient looking notepad.

If only he didn’t need money so badly…

“When you go to the bathroom what color is it?” Dr. Zhi questioned without looking up from his notes.

“Uh, normal color?” Luhan squirmed, wishing he could pull his clothing back on.

“Is it ever glowing? How about laced with gold coins or precious stones?”

“No. Is that even – what disease causes that?” Luhan wondered aloud.

Dr. Zhi ignored him, continuing with his questions.

“Have you ever eaten a dream?”

“No. what does that even mean?”

“Do you recall living under the ocean for any period of time?”

“Is that even possible…”

“Please answer the question.”

“No.”

Dr. Zhi scribbled something down.

“Have you ever spontaneously flown?”
“I never really go on vacation and if I do I take the train,” Luhan admitted. Was this some sort of psychological test as well?

“When you look at this picture, do you have a desire to spit fire from your mouth and summon an immortal being?” Dr. Zhi held up an ink drawing of a dragon.

“No…” Luhan scratched his forehead.

“When you listen to this song, do you feel so offended you want to grow another tail just to slap the artists for daring to insult your life span of over a thousand years?” Dr. Zhi hit play on his phone, a strange dance song thrumming from the speakers...something about a fox.

Luhan shook his head.

“Great. Okay, time for the physical examination.” Dr. Zhi stood and retrieved his black bag from where it was sitting on the floor. He pulled out an instrument, a stethoscope that appeared to have a crystal where the usual bell shaped piece would be.

The doctor spotted Luhan eyeing up the equipment with suspicion.

“Is there a problem?”

“Did you go to medical school?” Luhan blurted out.

The doctor scoffed. “Yes. Fifty seven years ago, thank you very much.”

Luhan blinked in surprise. “How old are you?”

“Now that is a rude question to ask someone,” the doctor clucked his tongue.

“Sorry,” Luhan mumbled, hating his life.

“Kyungsoo’s body…” Wendy rested her chin on her hand. “Why after all this time?”

“I have no idea but I owe him one.” Minseok grabbed the steaming cup of tea from the counter and carried it to where Wendy was sitting at the kitchen table. He slid the mug towards her.

“I can see what I can do but I can’t promise anything.” Wendy took a sip of the tea and smacked her lips. “What is this?”

“Almond cookie. Joy bought some and left it here.” Minseok glanced at his overflowing tea stash. Joy left a lot of tea at his house. It seemed to be the trend, to try to convert his apartment into a storage space (he shuddered to think of how many game consoles Sehun had stashed in one of the guest bedrooms, not to mention Yeri’s stash of Cosmopolitan issues shoved into a back closet).

“You look paler than normal. Have you been eating?” Trust Wendy to notice, she was far too perceptive.

“I’ve been busy.”

“You still need to eat!” Wendy protested, putting down the steaming mug of tea.

“I will, I will,” Minseok promised.
“Nonsense. Here, I have some time. Come here.” Wendy scooted back in her chair and patted her lap.

Minseok sighed, but didn’t turn her down. He was famished and he needed something. If he declined he wasn’t sure how long it would be before he would have an opportunity to feed. He got up and walked over to the witch, being careful as he took a seat on her lap.

It wouldn’t be the first time he had fed from Wendy or her cousins. In cases like this it was practical. They knew what he was and what he was taking from him. He knew when to stop. It was’ sexual, it wasn’t based off of attraction or a long-term feeding relationship. It was all about convenience.

Minseok cupped Wendy’s cheek in his palm and leaned in. He could smell the sweet scent of tea on her breath when she parted her lips. He inched in closer, his excitement building at the promise of a meal.

When he captured her lips with his own, the familiar sensation overtook him. The burning feeling, the tug in his chest as he drank in the energy of another.

And then it came crashing down. His mind acted like a broken record, stuck on an image of the human that was currently being examined upstairs. Luhan flooded his mind, causing him to recoil from Wendy in surprise.

*Not again.* Why had it happened again? Should he really be surprised...Luhan had been a constant frustration since the first day he had met him.

“What’s wrong?” Wendy asked in concern.

Minseok stood up. “Nothing,” he lied. He couldn’t feed, not when Luhan’s face was burnt into his eyes. Not when every fiber of his being wanted him instead.

Dr. Zhi saved him from having to explain anything to Wendy. He entered the kitchen clapping his hands and smiling widely. “All done!”

Minseok smoothed his hand over his shirt, trying to put himself back together. “Where is he?”

“Upstairs.” Zhi Xiang pointed.

“What’s the verdict, Doc?” Wendy asked, grabbing her mug of tea like nothing had happened.

“Well, he’s human.” Zhi Xiang pulled out a chair and took a seat. “There doesn’t seem to be anything unusual about him, which was refreshing. Decades of examining people like you two,” he gave Wendy and Minseok pointed looks. “Made me forget how nice it was to examine an ordinary creature.”

“That doesn't make sense.” Minseok frowned. “He has some sort of abilities, I’ve seen it.”

“None that I can find and I was thorough. I even asked about the fox.”

Minseok trusted Zhi Xiang’s knowledge but he also knew what he had witnessed. Not only had Luhan burned Kibum he was also messing with his head – and in all the centuries Minseok had been alive that had never happened before. A human had never dominated his thoughts while feeding. There was no way Luhan was an ordinary human, he couldn’t be.

“Could he be a witch that doesn’t know how to use his powers...?” Minseok wondered aloud.
“No, no, no.” Zhi Xiang flatly denied the suggestion. “He has nothing inane in him, no magic.”

“You’re wrong.” Minseok didn’t want to argue but on this he was certain.

“Excuse me?” Zhi Xiang looked affronted. “I will have you know I have birthed over a hundred witches through generations of—”

“Maybe his magic is well hidden. Maybe he doesn’t even know he has it.” Wendy tried to break up the burgeoning argument, tossing out a suggestion no matter how unlikely it was.

“Since when did witches spontaneously burn vampires?” Minseok countered.

Wendy narrowed her eyes at the vampire. “Excuse you, but witches can do a lot more than you give us credit for.”

Minseok shook his head. “Not this. Regular magic doesn’t work like this. He has some kind of ability to—”

“I’m telling you he is normal!” Zhi Xiang talked over Minseok.

“And I’m telling you that he isn’t!”

“You no good—” Zhi Xiang made the first move, reaching over and slapping at the top of Minseok’s head. Minseok reacted by slapping at the doctor’s arms, the two men quickly embroiled in slapping fight.

“You’re a quack!” Minseok screeched.

“Shut up face-sucker!”

Wendy stood and grabbed for the doctor’s arm, intending to pry him off of Minseok. Instead her face was met with the doctor’s elbow, hitting her square in the nose. She cursed and grabbed her nose, getting Zhi Xiang’s attention. The doctor stopped slapping at Minseok, shocked at the blood that gushed from the woman’s face. “Oh my god, I’m so sorry!” he reached to help Wendy.

Minseok seized the opportunity. He grabbed Zhi Xiang into a headlock and dragged him down to the ground.

It was at that moment Luhan walked in, clearing his throat to get their attention then going eerily still when he took in the sight before him.

Wendy was bleeding, a red trickle dripping onto the kitchen floor. Minseok had the doctor’s head in a vice grip, his face turning red from the pressure.

At the arrival of the human Minseok immediately let Zhi Xiang go.

“We were just messing around,” he lied, feigning a smile.

Zhi Xiang rubbed at his neck, coughing. Wendy turned to hide her bloody nose, but added her support to Minseok’s version of events. “Just playing. Everything’s fine!”

“Do you need anything?” Luhan asked slowly, adding, “Assuming my check up was satisfactory.”

“It was great!” Minseok blurted out, his voice a little too loud. “Uh. Yeah, can you straighten up my study? It’s the room next to the dining room.”
Luhan left with a glance over his shoulder, clearly not fully buying the story they were having a friendly wrestling match.

Once the human was gone the atmosphere regained its tension.

“I have never in all my years been treated like—”

“Save it. Send me the bill,” Minseok dismissed further complaints from the doctor.

Zhi Xiang stalked out of the room and to the door, Wendy trailing after him. She offered Minseok a sympathetic look before leaving.

Once the two visitors were gone, the door shut, and the only noise the hum of a vacuum cleaner emanating from the study, Minseok breathed a sigh of relief.

Momentary relief. He still had no idea exactly what Luhan was, damnit. At least he hadn't heard a peep out of Yifan, which meant Kibum hadn't notified the council.

Yet.

The sunset at approximately eighteen after seven and Luhan was ready. Minseok had told him sunup to sunset so his free time started at exactly that moment. He was already putting on his sneakers at seventeen after, eager to get out of the apartment and go see Hangeng.

He had texted his brother an apology about lunch but honestly going to see him now was more convenient, he would have more time to talk to him since Hangeng wouldn’t be pushed to return to the office.

Luhan glanced towards the living room. He wasn’t sure where exactly Kim Minseok was. The last he had seen him his employer was holed up in his study reading.

He stared at his watch until it hit eighteen after – go time. Luhan opened the door and darted towards the elevator, feeling every bit like he was running from some crime.

He pushed the button five times in a row, tapping his foot impatiently. When the door slid open he went to step inside, not expecting to run into someone alighting the elevator.

“Whoa, whoa. Easy there college student.”

Luhan stumbled backwards. He would have fallen if Sehun hadn’t caught him, wrapping his arm around his middle to keep him upright.

“Hi, Luhan!” another elevator passenger greeted in a chipper voice.

Sehun removed his arm. Luhan immediately took three steps back, blinking in confusion at the three men before him. He recognized Sehun. And the tall man next to him, he was a customer at the nightclub, someone who was sitting next to Baekhyun. Chan…Chan something. The other man was a complete stranger to him.

“Don’t tell me you’re going to miss the party,” Sehun drawled, quirking an eyebrow.

“P-party…”
“I brought Disney movies!” The stranger, a dark haired young man with bright eyes, held up a stack of DVDs.

“Dude, we are not watching those,” the taller of the three tsked.

Sehun wordlessly swung his arm around Luhan’s shoulder and guided him back to the apartment. Luhan was too dazed to argue until they were inside.

“I need to go meet my brother. I’m off work now so–”

“I will give you your bonus tonight if you stay.” Of course Minseok was waiting for them. Of course he was waving money in front of him – literally. He had a stack of bills in his hand, moving it back and forth in front of Luhan’s face. Luhan internally groaned.

“What do I have to do?” he asked.

“Make sure they don’t break anything while I’m gone,” Minseok relayed, earning protests from Sehun.

“Wait, you aren’t going to be here?” Luhan asked.

“I have a job to do,” Minseok reminded him.

Luhan sighed. “Can I make a phone call really quick?”

Minseok nodded, granting him permission.

Luhan slipped off his shoes and trudged up to the guest bedroom. He gave the messy bed a fond look, remembering he hadn’t slept in well over a day. How he was still standing was a miracle.

Luhan dialed Hangeng’s number and waited, sitting on the edge of the bed and trying not to get too comfortable since he would have to get up again soon.

“Hey.”

“Why did you agree to my new job?” Luhan blurted out, not wasting words.

Hangeng laughed into the phone. “Because we need money and because even if I said no you would do it anyway If you wanted to. That or pout about it for three months.”

“Hangeng, he’s strange,” Luhan whispered into the phone, afraid of being overheard even if he was so far away from the others. “He arranged for me to have the semester off and he wants me to work from sunup to sundown.”

“Luhan, long hours aren’t strange. And rich people are different than us, you have to remember that.”

Luhan bit his bottom lip. Was it a normal rich person thing to assault doctors in kitchens? To make their employees take physicals? To black out all sunlight from their house? “What if he is involved in illegal stuff?”

Hangeng sighed. “If you are that uncomfortable quit. You’re an adult, you need to make your own decisions. My opinion is that this is a good chance for you, but my opinion isn’t law.”

Luhan thought about the stack of bills he had just accepted. He couldn’t just quit or he would have to hand the money back. And that was a good amount of money. Maybe he could quit in the
morning…. Minseok had said he would get the bonus if he worked that night, he didn’t say anything about having to stay on.

“Okay. Bye.” Luhan hung up the call and laid back on the bed, staring at the ceiling. Why was life so complicated?

Minseok hit the enter key repeatedly, scowling at his laptop screen as the window froze. He had lost three suppliers of demon vodka in as many months and now he couldn’t even send a fucking RFP because his Wi-Fi was shit.

The thumping sound of the club music was grating on his last nerves. The club reeked of troll sunrise that the new, clumsy bartender had spilled a few hours before. Even his office was saturated with the terrible smell. The losses from open bar the night before were staggering and Kibum had even dared to make another appearance at the club, arriving around nine and staying until midnight, spewing his threats about telling the council of Luhan’s existence. Sehun was probably in the process of erasing his entire DVR (he was still bitter he needed to send him there to keep an eye on Luhan), Jongin and Chanyeol had surely broken something by now, and the human that had caused the entire mess was probably still asleep like Minseok had left him or making a mess of things at his apartment. He was hungry and couldn’t feed because of Luhan and fuck everything was awful. Minseok was in a terrible mood and he had every reason to be.

“You’re hangry,” Yeri sing-songed, walking into his office without a knock.

“No, I’m not.” Minseok denied, not looking at his progeny. He wondered how many pieces the laptop would break into if he threw it against the window.

“Dad, here.”

“What?! I’m not.” Minseok snapped, looking up to see Yeri holding an unconscious woman.

“I brought you a snack,” she said cheerfully, shaking the woman lightly by her shoulders.

“I don’t want it,” Minseok growled, clearing his desk top of all contents with a swift movement of his arm. His computer crashed to the floor along with a stack of paper and a half dozen pens.

“Do you have to be so dramatic?” Yeri sighed, tossing the woman onto the couch.

Minseok grabbed his leather jacket. “I’m leaving early.”

“Good. Great. Tell Luhan I said hi,” she called after him as he stalked out the back door.

It took Luhan a full minute to realize that he had fallen asleep. He stared up at the white ceiling, trying to figure out where he was. When it came to him that he was in Kim Minseok’s house, having slept in his guest bedroom, he bolted, standing upright and dragging his hand through his bed hair. Shit, he was supposed to be working. He glanced at the time on his phone - it was past
three in the morning.

He ran from the room, nearly falling as he jogged down the stairs. The television was full blast and the three men were talking, their words only half audible given the noise of whatever they were watching.

Luhan arrived in the living room to find that everything appeared to be intact, just messy. There were liquor bottles on the black coffee table and the tall man had his legs resting dangerously close to a full glass. Several throw pillows were on the floor along with a trail of what looked like popcorn but nothing was broken – thank god.

“College stuuudent,” Sehun slurred, waving Luhan over. “Come have a drink.”

“I have to clean up,” Luhan waved off the suggestion, getting to work he began picking up the pillows.

“Anyway, so I was saying,” The tall man gestured sloppily. “If they find Kyungsoo’s body I think that would be great.”

Kyungsoo. Body. Luhan paused for a moment, throw pillow in hand. Was Kyungsoo ...dead?! “They won’t find it, I’m sure of it.” Sehun shook his head.

“I don’t see why you are so obsessed with him,” the other man hiccupped.

“Shut up puppy boy,” the taller of the three shot back.

Luhan swallowed. He tried to look unassuming as he continued the cleanup but internally he was a mess. Did they kill Kyungsoo?! Had his hunch about Minseok being into illegal things been right all along? He really needed to get out of this place, to quit this job and forget he had ever met this sordid set of characters.

“You know, Minseok likes you.”

Luhan looked over at Sehun to see the man pointing at him, his arm swaying in his drunken state. “You could be my stepmom. Or dad. Or whatever.”

“Dude, not cool. Why are you telling him that?” the tall man shoved at Sehun’s arm.

“Because, it’s true. Why else would he keep him like this?” Hiccup.

“I thought it was so you guys don’t die?” Mr. I-have-Disney-movies shrugged.

Luhan felt the heat creep up his neck. *Die*. Someone was trying to murder them? He had no doubt now that they were involved in something nefarious. The mob – he had taken a job with a mobster! How could he be so stupid, so unfailingly stupid…?

“Maybe because of that, maybe because he likes him,” Sehun continued.

Luhan finished picking up the throw pillows. “I’ll be right back,” Luhan smiled, hoping he didn’t look like he was in terror and ready to run away.

He returned to the guest room and grabbed his jacket and phone. He eyed the stack of bills on the dresser. Unable to resist he took part of it – he had certainly earned some money, he decided. He needed to get out of there without anyone noticing.
He needed to escape.

When Minseok walked in the front door of his apartment he was livid, all of the annoyance, the anger, stewing and intensifying during his drive home. It didn’t help that he found his living room trashed, Sehun, Jongin, and Chanyeol drunk and Luhan nowhere to be found.

“Where is he?” Minseok hissed.

“Upstairs,” Sehun hiccupped.

“Out, now.” Minseok wasn’t in the mood to play host to his progeny and his progeny’s friends, not today, not right now.

“You’re so mean,” Sehun tsked, standing up and wobbling on his feet.

Minseok knew very well that a vampire’s alcohol tolerance was excellent, so was their ability to metabolize the certain types of liquor they actually were able to drink. Once Sehun put the bottle down he would be sober in five minutes tops.

Jongin and Chanyeol gave him a nod of hello but kept their mouths shut, following Sehun out of the apartment.

Minseok put his hands on his hips and stared at the mess they had made. What in the hell had Luhan been doing? Had he slept the entire time? Minseok knew he was asleep when he had left but he made Sehun promise to wake him up after a few hours.

Minseok had his answer when he heard a noise from the steps. Glancing over he spotted Luhan standing on the third step from the bottom. He was wearing his jacket, his phone was in his hand.

“Going somewhere?” Minseok asked, not amused.

“Y-yeah.” Luhan looked terrified. He took the last few steps in a hurry, apparently finding some courage.

“I hired you to do a job,” Minseok snarled. “What were you doing while I was gone?”

Luhan put his head down and balled his hands at his sides. He brushed past Minseok, not answering his question.

“I won’t tell anyone where you live or what you do. I won’t go to the police,” the human rambled, rushing to put his shoes on.

Minseok snorted. Did Sehun tell Luhan what he was, what they were? Great, wonderful, just what he needed to top off his night.

“And what exactly is it that I do?” Minseok asked, his voice low and dangerous.

Luhan finished sliding on his shoes. He looked at Minseok, one hand on the doorknob, ready to bolt. “M-mo,” he stumbled over his words, frightened. “Mobster,” he finally managed to say, opening the door and moving to leave.

Minseok reacted in a blur of motion. In a second he had the door shut and Luhan pinned against it, his back thudding against the reinforced door. He held the man by his throat, his fingers pressing
into the flesh and cutting off the air.

Luhan struggled against his hand, flailing his legs against the door. Minseok stared into his eyes. The fear that he saw took an edge off of his anger. He squeezed a little harder, watching the red bloom on Luhan’s face.

Luhan tried to pry his arm away but he wasn’t strong enough. Minseok finally removed his hand, moving it to grip Luhan’s jacket instead, the man still pressed firmly against the door.

Luhan sucked in a breath, his eyes wide with terror.

“You aren’t going anywhere,” Minseok said in a low voice.

He was prepared to lock Luhan in a room if he had to. He was prepared to tie him to a chair and leave him there if it meant ensuring his safety and the safety of his family. What he wasn’t prepared for was what happened next.

Luhan, who Dr. Zhi had proclaimed entirely human, with no unusual abilities or traits, did a most un-human like thing. He threw away his fear, he faced the terrifying thing before him without running, without fighting.

Minseok was too startled to react to Luhan craning his neck forward, managing to move just enough to press his lips to Minseok’s in a kiss. He was too startled to react to Luhan’s tongue urging his lips open, assaulting his mouth.

Minseok opened his mouth, allowing Luhan’s tongue entrance. His body reacted, his hunger driving him to feed, to consume the life energy Luhan was so foolishly offering up. He melded his mouth to Luhan’s, crushing their lips together while his hand still pinned Luhan to the door.

The dizzying flow of energy was what Minseok chased, the feeling of feeding from this man who hand thrown his life into turmoil and haunted his every attempt to feed elsewhere. Luhan’s tongue slid along his own, the human apparently enjoying the rough tongue play.

But the energy didn’t come. Minseok was feeding but there was no energy, nothing transferred from the human to him. The dizzying feeling, the euphoria was absent. And it served to fuel Minseok’s rage.

He gripped Luhan by the shoulders and moved him like a rag doll, slamming him against the wall to the left of the door hard enough for the plaster to crack. He glared at the human, Luhan’s breathing ragged, his lips already red and starting to swell.

A human. An average human, Dr. Zhi had said. Fuck that, it was further proof. There was nothing normal, nothing average about him. And now all Minseok wanted to do was destroy him.

The pain shot up Luhan’s back as he was manhandled, tossed into the wall and held there by Minseok’s forearm pressed hard across his throat.

If he was sane he would have struggled. But he had forgone sanity the moment he had kissed Minseok. The moment he had decided if he was going to die he was going to do whatever the fuck he wanted. And what he had wanted to do since the moment he met Kim Minseok was fuck him into oblivion. And damn if he wasn’t going to give it his best shot if he was going to die anyway. Luhan was many things, but a quitter wasn’t one of them.
Being killed by a mobster was a shitty end. Getting laid by said mobster first was at least a decent consolation prize. An easy decision.

Luhan groaned, his throat already raw from being choked. His dick stirred in his pants at the feeling of the air being pushed from him.

“You’re going to drive me insane,” Minseok growled. His eyes were dark – like the first time they had met and Luhan couldn’t look away.

Minseok moved quickly, removing his arm and shoving Luhan towards the living room. Luhan was done thinking. He was done being logical. He reacted by lunging towards Minseok, the thought of physically overpowering him erotic.

Minseok caught him by the arms and pushed him. Luhan tumbled backwards, his arm going out by instinct to catch his fall. He hit the large white vase on the sofa table on his way down, the porcelain cracking into dozens of pieces.

Luhan winced, a shard of the vase slicing along the side of his hand. He held up his hand to see blood oozing, falling onto the pristine white floor in tiny droops. He was momentarily engrossed in his injury, which is why he could do nothing when Minseok was on him in a flash, pressing him into the ground, straddling his middle.

It was Minseok who initiated the kiss this time, crushing his lips into Luhan’s. It was Minseok who initiated it but it was Luhan who furthered it, gripping Minseok’s shirt and tugging at the fabric, his mind a haze of want, of need.

Minseok moaned wantonly into the aggressive kiss. It was Minseok who initiated it but it was Luhan who furthered it, gripping Minseok’s shirt and tugging at the fabric, his mind a haze of want, of need.

Minseok moaned wantonly into the aggressive kiss. It was a clash of teeth, of mingled breathing. There was nothing pure, nothing gentle and loving about the way they devoured each other. Luhan had never been kissed like this, had never felt this burn, this mixture of pain and arousal. Damn was it amazing, it was everything he had been missing.

Luhan succeeded in ripping the buttons on Minseok’s shirt, tearing the fabric away from his abdomen in an uncoordinated maneuver. Minseok moved away, breaking their lip lock and rocking back on his legs. His chest was bare, revealing porcelain white skin smeared with blood. Luhan’s blood.

“Fuck,” Luhan groaned, rock hard at the sight of the man on top of him, red smears along the defined muscles of his abdomen, standing out against his pale skin.

Minseok smirked, looking devilish. It was the briefest moment of repose before the assault was started anew, Luhan’s shirt meeting the fate of Minseok’s, torn from his skin without a care. Minseok’s nails dug into Luhan’s flesh, taking skin along with the fabric, leaving pink lines that trailed along his ribcage.

Luhan returned the favor, clawing at Minseok’s pants, hooking his fingers into the waistband and dragging the fabric down as roughly as he could given his current position, pinned to the floor with Minseok’s mouth sucking hard marks into his neck. His tongue dipped into Luhan’s collarbone, the only semblance of a caress before the man’s teeth gripped onto the place where bone met skin.

Luhan let out a strangled noise, bucking up, desperate for more. He was intoxicated by the pain, by the sweet burn, his nerves crackling with awareness he had been blind to before this moment. He gasped when Minseok’s teeth broke through skin at the juncture of his collarbone, drawing more blood.
Minseok lapped at the blood, smearing it lower with his tongue before taking Luhan’s nipple in his mouth. Even this wasn’t gentle, he nipped, leaving red marks that were partially caused by the pressure, partially caused by the blood that trickled out of the bite mark on his shoulder. Luhan threaded his fingers through Minseok’s hair, tugging, sharing the pain. Minseok was good with his mouth, never taking it further than Luhan could handle but not inherently gentle, nipping more than sucking, knowing what his partner wanted.

When Minseok detached his mouth from Luhan’s nipple, he laughed, a dark sound that was more erotic than frightening. Luhan sucked in a deep breath and trembled, his body overwhelmed but wanting more. No, needing more. He reached for Minseok, hands dragging along the smaller man’s sides, to his waist, gripping into his hips as hard as he could.

“You aren’t normal,” Minseok husked, his dark eyes betraying his own lust.

“Neither are you,” Luhan breathed, not wanting to think about how abnormal they both were. How he was giving himself to this man who wanted to kill him, who probably killed people before, who probably ran drugs or sold prostitutes or god knows what. Who might kill him at any moment.

He just wanted to enjoy this. To act on the lust he had been trying to bury since the day he walked into Club Pandora and landed an interview.

Minseok moved out of Luhan’s grasp, earning a whine from the college student. Minseok laughed again, apparently finding his neediness amusing. He stood up, unbuttoning his pants and dragging them down his pale thighs. When Luhan realized what he was doing he reacted, shucking off his own jeans in record time.

When he looked back at Minseok he swallowed, taking in the naked man before him. Minseok wasn’t wearing underwear, under his black dress pants he was nude, his cock hard and leaking pre-cum, flushed red against his stomach.

He had a moment of self-consciousness, of considering that the beautiful man hovering over him might not like what he saw. He wasn’t muscular, he wasn’t particularly built aside from his legs, muscles earned from playing soccer through high school and back at his old college in Shanghai. He felt a new heat creep along his skin, this one having less to do with desire and more to do with embarrassment.

Minseok sensed the change in him. “You’re not bad,” he smirked, kneeling next to him. “Which is the only reason I’m going to let you fuck me.”

Embarrassment was very easily replaced by lust. He wanted to reach for Minseok, to shove him hard to the floor and leave his own marks. Minseok had other ideas. He gripped Luhan’s arm and dragged him into a sitting position. He grabbed his hand and brought it to his mouth, sucking in two fingers in a sinful display.

Luhan watched as his digits disappeared into Minseok’s mouth, the man’s pretty pink lips sucking in his long fingers. Minseok swirled his tongue around them, swallowing them in an obscene gesture.

Luhan’s free hand found Minseok’s side, then went lower. He trailed his fingers down Minseok’s blood stained middle, to his hard cock. He tested the waters, tracing the pads of his fingers along his hardness, delighting in the way Minseok moaned around his fingers.

He repeated the touch, teasing Minseok’s cock to full hardness.
Minseok dragged his tongue along the length of Luhan’s fingers, sucking on the tips before letting them fall. A string of saliva connected Luhan’s fingertips to Minseok’s swollen lips, making Luhan’s breath hitch at the sight.

It would be the last of the rare gentle and slow moments of the night. Minseok leaned back, lowering himself to the carpet, either not noticing or not caring that shards of the broken vase were underneath him. He parted his thighs, inviting Luhan to stretch him open.

Luhan moved to sit in between Minseok’s shapely legs, his fingers still dripping, ready to prepare the man. Instinct told him Minseok didn’t want to be coddled, he didn’t want this to be a slow, torturous process. Neither of them wanted to make love, to be gentle – they wanted to fuck.

Luhan didn’t warn him when he lined up his fingers. He didn’t say soothing words or try to comfort Minseok when he pressed his fingers into his hole, two digits at once, fucking him open with a speed that had to be painful. Minseok didn’t wince, he didn’t cry out. He clenched onto Luhan’s fingers, tilting his head back and letting out breathy moans of pleasure.

Luhan watched, fascinated at how well he took his fingers, at how he tensed around him, tight and wanting. Minseok was hot, erotic as hell – the sexiest thing Luhan had ever seen. He wanted him, then and there, preparation be damned.

He pulled his fingers out and grabbed onto Minseok’s legs, widening them with a hard shove. Minseok gasped, arching his back while Luhan lined his cock up with Minseok’s hole. He pushed in without a care for the pain it would cause, seating himself in one devastating thrust.

Luhan tipped his head back and cried out at the sensation of being inside of Minseok, of the white hot heat that encircled his cock, at the tightness around him.

He rammed into Minseok, fucking him as hard as he could, skin slapping into skin as he folded the smaller man in half. Minseok gripped Luhan’s forearms and dug his nails in, drawing more blood, leaving more marks.

“You like it when I fuck you?” Luhan growled, slamming into Minseok’s heat over and over.

“I’d like it better like this,” Minseok husked.

How Luhan ended up on his back, shards of porcelain dug into his flesh, was a mystery. One moment he was fucking Minseok like no tomorrow the next their positions were flipped, Minseok fully seated on his dick, riding him at a breakneck pace.

Regardless of how it happened it felt amazing, Luhan’s vision blurring at the mixture of sensations coursing through him. Minseok was as unforgiving as Luhan when it came to rhythm, to caring how much it hurt to be fucked into oblivion.

Luhan positioned his hands on Minseok’s hips, letting his arms be rocked with each movement, his finger pressing into the pale flesh in the hopes of leaving marks.

Minseok first braced himself on Luhan’s chest, then moved his hands upwards, falling forward as he swirled his hips in a most effective manner. He grabbed Luhan’s throat, squeezing along his windpipe as he continued to rock down on his dick.

Luhan’s eyes fluttered as the breath left him, his body went rigid, his heart pumped faster and faster. Momentary panic, of not being able to breath, melted into an intense state of feeling everything, of every nerve ending, of every touch of Minseok’s skin on his, the slide of Minseok’s thighs against his legs, devouring him whole.
White hot heat gripped him, the pleasure intense and unyielding. He tried to cry out but couldn’t, furthering the pleasure born of pain. He came hard, hips stuttering while Minseok continued to ride him, milking out Luhan’s orgasm as his hands loosened their hold on Luhan’s neck.

Luhan had never felt something so intense, so mind numbing, so overwhelming. He saw black, his eyes closing while his body melted into a boneless feeling. Minseok clenched on his cock as he came. Luhan was ultra-sensitive from his orgasm, the action had him crying out, a strangled noise leaving his lips. He opened his eyes to see Minseok writhe, cum shooting from his cock, his body tensing and relaxing as he found his own high.

Minseok gasped, riding the waves of pleasure. It wasn’t right. It shouldn’t be right. It was the first time he had orgasmed from sex since he had – since....

He stared at the bloody mess of a human under him, at his hooded eyes, his blown pupils, his lips dark and swollen. The blood that trickled from his wounds, his skin red, bite marks and scratches marring him. And for the first time in a long time Minseok felt true fear. Not apprehension, not an unsettling feeling, but true, unbridled fear. He moved off of Luhan, letting the human’s softened dick slip out of him.

He couldn’t feed off of Luhan, no matter how hard he tried yet his body reacted in the most human of ways to him. This was bad. It was unnatural, it made no sense. Luhan had no energy to take but he did this, he caused this.

The buzz of the door interrupted Minseok’s panic. He looked down the hall, to the darkened alcove. The intercom buzzed, crackling as the visitor spoke. “Minseok, it’s Yifan. Open up.”

Fear was an understatement, Minseok considered as he faced the situation at hand. The sun would rise soon. An agent of the council was at his door and a mysterious human, bleeding and debauched was a few feet away. There was no way out, he realized. He was doomed.
“Stay here, don’t move,” Minseok ordered, hoping he sounded threatening enough for Luhan to listen to him. They were both still in the nude, the evidence of their coupling marking their bodies. The floor was a mess of blood, torn clothing, and broken porcelain. His apartment was an absolute disaster – which was one of a multitude of reasons he wasn’t about to let Yifan in (but by far not the most important reason).

“Who is it?” Luhan asked, his voice raw, no doubt from being choked only a minute before.

“Go upstairs and wait for me to get back. I need to go out but I’ll be back soon.” Minseok breezed over Luhan’s question.

Luhan stood, grabbing a piece of tattered clothing to cover his nudity. Minseok rolled his eyes at the display of modesty. He had already seen everything there was to see, he wasn’t sure what Luhan was trying to protect.

Luhan listened to his command and walked up the stairs, disappearing into the guest bedroom. Once the human was out of sight Minseok scurried to his own room, moving at an unnatural speed he wiped the blood from his body and tossed on a fresh change of clothes.

Minseok darted down the steps and out the front door in a blur. The only thing that slowed him down was the elevator, which moved at a snail’s pace compared to how quickly Minseok could maneuver. When he arrived at the first floor he found Yifan waiting, his long legs crossed as he leaned against the wall, hands in pockets.

“What took you so long?” he asked, eying Minseok up and down.

“I was feeding,” Minseok wasn’t lying – not exactly. He was trying to feed it just hadn’t worked out.

Yifan grunted in acknowledgement. Minseok could never read the man, not like he wanted to. It annoyed him.

“I’m going back to the club,” Minseok started walking towards his car. “I didn't want to feed off this one there.”

“I’ll come with you,” Yifan followed a few feet behind him. Minseok felt like the older vampire’s eyes were boring holes in his back, an unsettling feeling washing over him.

They got into the car in silence, Minseok expecting Yifan to announce he knew of Luhan’s existence any minute. But he didn’t, instead he slipped into small talk, fiddling with the radio.

“How has business been?” Yifan asked, clicking the dial to an easy listening station.

“Normal. Can’t find good help, customers are demanding as fuck.” Minseok turned the wheel, moving the car onto the road and out of the parking garage.

He thought of Luhan, hoping he was still sitting in the guest room. He knew Luhan was afraid of him but was he so afraid he wouldn’t dare try to leave? Minseok recalled that the man had called him a mobster – which would be funny if they were in another, far less threatening situation.

“I was actually coming to see you about something,” Yifan said cryptically, rolling down the
window and letting in the cold night air.

Minseok swallowed. “What is it?”

“You remember Jongdae? He hung out around Ilsan a lot in the 40s.”

Minseok thought back. “Kim Jongdae?”

“Yeah, that’s the one.”

Minseok remembered him well. He was a skinny vampire with a big smile and never-ending string of witty observations. They weren’t close per se but he had run into him a few times over the last hundred years or so. There had never been anything bad between them.

“He’s in Seoul working undercover for the council, following a promising lead on the disappearances,” Yifan informed him.

“I didn’t realize he’s in town. He hasn’t been by the club,” Minseok mused.

“He might not be in town anymore. He went missing yesterday.”

“Shit.” Minseok glanced at Yifan, noting the worried look on his face.

“I don’t know all the details of what he was doing undercover or who he was investigating, but it seems like whoever or whatever it was is the culprit considering he’s gone missing.”

Minseok felt a great deal of relief that the council had figured out who was behind the disappearances. It meant that he would no longer have to fear a vampire government who was paranoid, on edge and afraid. Now he wouldn’t have to be so worried about having Luhan caught in his house.

“The council are sending a few people down tomorrow night. They need a base of operations and I may have offered Pandora.”

“What?!” Minseok blurted out, incredulous.

“It will probably only be short term so don’t panic yet. They just need a safe place to work.” Yifan was never one to apologize.

Minseok bit his bottom lip, imagining having two agents of the council (or god forbid two council members) in the club, working in one of the offices, planning and plotting but more than likely also watching his every move. It was unnerving, an added complication on top of the shitty situation he was already dealing with.

“Hey, I’m sure they will pay you for your help. Just think, you could probably buy a new car with the money,” Yifan tried to cheer him up, patting the dashboard in emphasis. A new crack formed when the vampire’s large palm smacked down on the old, cheap plastic.

Minseok sighed. He should really just learn to accept his life was falling apart, piece by piece. One cracked dashboard at a time.

Luhan winced, clutching his forehead as trails marred his vision. His body hurt — which could be
expected from the scratches, cuts, and bite marks. But his head was what hurt the most, a throbbing
pain that made it feel like his skull was going to break in two.

He sat on the bed in Minseok’s apartment, nude, covered in sweat, blood and cum. He had no
desire to move and every desire to curl up in a ball and sleep. But now was not the time.

Minseok had been gone for at least five minutes, Luhan hadn’t heard a noise downstairs or outside
his door in at least that long. It was some sort of miracle that the mobster had been called away at
this time, giving Luhan a window of time to escape with his life.

He staggered off the bed. He needed to find some clothes since his were in tatters. His hand on his
forehead he stumbled out of the room and towards the bedroom he guessed was Minseok’s. Trying
the door handle he found it locked. He cursed, kicking at the door in frustration.

A sharp pain shot through him, up his spine and into his head. Luhan cried out, vision going dark
for a split second.

The darkness was replaced by a flash. A face, an image that he didn’t understand. Minseok,
dressed in robes. “Will you attend dinner tomorrow night?”

The image dissolved, dots swimming in his eyes as he leaned against the bedroom door. What in
the hell was going on?

Luhan somehow made it back to the guest bedroom. He walked to the closet and threw it open.
There were a few totes full of clothing in the closet, which he hastily tore through until he found a
pair of jogging pants that almost fit him and a musty smelling t-shirt. How he managed to get
dressed without passing out from the terrible pain in his head was beyond him. Was it a will to
survive? It may be his only chance, he had no idea when Minseok would return.

Going down the stairs he faltered, his eyesight morphing into another confusing image, another
flash of Minseok, this time with a top knot, robes pooled around his waist. “I love you.”

Luhan fell down the remaining steps, his legs slipping out from under him. He screamed, his
bruised and bloodied back taking the brunt of his fall.

I have to get up, I have to go, he repeated in his mind. It took him three attempts to stand up, his
head swimming in pain, his body hurting all over. He found his cell phone and jacket on the floor,
discarded among the shards of broken porcelain. It was an almost impossible task to pick them up
but somehow he managed. When he got to the door he slipped on his shoes without tying them.

Luhan threw the door open, stumbling towards the elevator. Just please let me get out of here,
please let me escape, please….

His heart was pounding in his chest. It was pure adrenaline that got him this far, he realized. When
the elevator opened he hurried inside, crying out at the pain his quickened movements caused. He
rocked against the elevator wall, another flash of pain, another image.

Minseok’s lifeless body, blood staining his robes. “You don’t have to lose him forever, Luhan.
There is a way.”

The elevator stopped on the first floor the moment the image left him, disorienting him further.
Just get out of here, find someone to help you.

The journey through the parking garage and to the sidewalk was a blur of torment and confusion.
When the cool night air washed over him, Luhan doubled over, hands on his knees as he sucked in
deep breaths.

A grave, rain. “And he is proof that we are on the right path. The heavens favor this work.”

There was a figure approaching him, a hazy shape of a human coming closer and closer.

“Help me...please,” Luhan moaned, falling onto the sidewalk, knees skinning through the thin fabric of the borrowed pants.

“Well, well. I was just looking for you.”

For the briefest moment his vision cleared, giving Luhan a glimpse of the man who was standing over him. It was the same man who had tried to assault him at the club – the same man who had recoiled, his hands burned.

Frightened, he tried to get up but his body wouldn’t cooperate. Another sharp pain coursed through him and then everything went black.

“Hey, now don’t get down on yourself. You are really one of the best spirits I have ever met. Most certainly the handsomest.” Yifan flashed a dazzling smile at Kyungsoo. Club Pandora’s resident ghost reacted by looking at the floor, shy at the compliment.

Minseok scowled from his place behind his desk, rocking back in his chair and trying not to vomit. Yifan had always had a soft spot for Kyungsoo but this was utterly ridiculous. Were they flirting? Just how many suitors did Kyungsoo have?

He checked the time on his laptop. It would be sunup in another hour which meant Yifan would be leaving – which also meant Minseok could finally hightail it back to his apartment and keep an eye on Luhan. He had considered sending Yeri or Sehun to go watch the human but he dreaded hearing from them when they discovered the mess that littered his living room floor. The endless teasing about sleeping with Luhan would be nearly as bad as the aftereffects he was already dealing with, namely the fact he his body had behaved in the most bizarre way with Luhan’s dick in it.

Minseok briefly wondered if Yifan would have an answer to what was going on with him. Yifan, after all, was older and more experienced. Maybe he had encountered this before – the hunger, the involuntary obsession, and the very human reactions to physical stimulation that defied their usual experiences.

But he couldn’t ask his friend, not when Luhan’s existence could potentially still cause him problems. The suspect in the disappearances hadn’t been caught yet, the case wasn’t solved. Until it was Luhan had to remain a secret, guarded from others.

A wave of energy hit Minseok, drawing his gaze to the window overlooking the club interior. Yifan and Kyungsoo felt it too, both quieting and turning their attention towards the window.

It was the sensation of a powerful being – one that was close, very close. Minseok knew right away who the energy was emanating from.

“I thought you said tomorrow night,” Minseok hissed at Yifan.

“That’s what they said,” Yifan protested.
Minseok grumbled as he stood and walked towards the door. Yifan was quick to follow. The council had arrived, which meant every vampire in the place best be at rapt attention and ready to serve them. He wouldn’t be going home anytime soon, he realized as he flew down the metal stairs, ready to greet his guests. He would have to ask someone to go check in on the human later, someone he could trust to keep the secret of a broken vase and blood.

“Kim Minseok!” A shrill voice yelled his name.

Minseok gritted his teeth, recognizing the voice at once. Of all the people they could send….

Luhan’s eyelashes fluttered. He opened his eyes, gasping at the amount of pain that shot through him. Where was he? Where…

It smelled like mildew, mold – a musty, disgusting odor that made him retch. What was happening to him?

His spine felt like it was exploding with a new, intense spike of pain up his back and into his head. He tried to scream but no sound came out. Darkness. Another flash of something.

An older man, his face contorted with rage. “A man, you dare to do that to a man?!”

Swirling lights, blurry images. Pain, so much pain.

Kim Minseok, smiling and laughing. “I was the highest rank on the imperial exam.”

Luhan shuddered, every nerve ending in his body firing at once. I’m dying, he thought. I’m dying. The only thing he could see was Kim Minseok, his face burnt into his mind as the world faded away.

“Siwon, I told you five times not to forget the candles. Five. Times.” Ryeowook narrowed his eyes at his manservant. If looks could kill and if Siwon wasn’t already dead…

“I’m sorry, sir. I can return to fetch the—”

“No, it’s fine. I’ll just deal with zero ambiance, that’s all.” Ryeowook waved his hands dismissively.

Minseok stood with his back straight, hands clasped in front of him, one of many vampires in a row watching one council member dress down another other council member. Kim Ryeowook and Choi Siwon had always had a most interesting relationship (to say the least) and apparently in the decades since Minseok had last seen them it hadn’t changed a bit. The sun was already rising and Ryeowook had done nothing but argue with Siwon and vice versa for well over an hour — apparently nonplussed that a small group of vampires stood watching.

“Maybe you should cut down on the ambiance;” Siwon muttered under his breath.
“What did you say?!” Ryeowook screeched.

“Nothing, master,” Siwon smiled, holding his hand up for a high five.

Ryeowook shot him a dirty look.

Yifan cleared his throat. Of all of those witnessing the long dispute (Junmyeon, Yeri, Minseok, Yifan, and Sehun - who had returned to the club after leaving Minseok’s earlier that night) he was the most senior ranked when age and connections were figured in. “Sir, is there anything we can get you to help you get situated?”

Ryeowook and Siwon looked at the row of vampires like they hadn’t even realized they were there.

“Show me to my office,” Ryeowook ordered.

“Right this way,” Yifan gestured towards the stairs, expecting the two council members to go first. When Ryeowook spotted the circular metal staircase to the second floor he pursed his lips.

Siwon seemed to know what was expected of him. He walked in front of the smaller vampire and bent down, letting Ryeowook jump on his back.

Minseok glanced to his left to see his progeny watching in awe, completely taken aback by the pair. He chuckled, remembering how he had felt the first time he had met them.

Siwon carried Ryeowook to the second floor, Yifan and Minseok trailed after them. Minseok had a feeling which office they would be occupying, which was confirmed when Siwon trudged towards Minseok’s space, setting his burden down in the middle of it. Only the best for the council, after all.

“It smells awful in here,” Siwon wrinkled his nose.

“That is why it is important you brought the candles,” Ryeowook said through gritted teeth.

“All you think about is candles. Candle this, candle that.” Siwon threw his hands up. “I can’t win.”

“Master,” Ryeowook blurted out.

“What?” Siwon asked.

“I can’t win, master ,” The smaller vampire corrected him, smiling with glee.

The pain was all over, in his bones, his muscles.

Kim Minseok, frowning. “ Your father knows about us, doesn’t he?”

Was it normal to want to die, to want the pain to stop so bad you no longer wanted to be living?

Yixing with long hair, eyes flashing in worry. “ It is human to love.”

The man who had assaulted him had taken him, where was he now? Why did his body feel like it was bursting at the seams?
An older man, fire in his eyes. “I burned him, are you satisfied now? That I must defile the dead to kill your delusions!”

The darkness saved him from seeing any more.

Minseok tapped his foot on the ground impatiently, annoyed that it was approaching ten o’clock in the morning and he had yet to find someone to check in on Luhan. He couldn’t – it was impossible when he was sequestered by a powerful pair of vampires, intent on making him sit idle while they bickered (and occasionally said something vaguely important).

“You see a lot of people,” Siwon pointed at Minseok after a particularly petty round of arguing with Ryeowook.

Minseok perked up, hoping that for at least a couple minutes his attendance would be worthwhile.

“Yes.”

“We should see if he knows of them,” Siwon cupped his hand and whispered to Ryeowook, a futile effort. Minseok could hear him perfectly.

Ryeowook looked Minseok up and down, considering it. Finally he opened his mouth. “Have you run into a trio of powerful magicians lately?”

“Magicians? No, I don’t think so.” Minseok couldn’t recall any coming into the club. “What do they look like?”

“Like magicians,” Ryeowook deadpanned.

“Then I haven’t seen them, sir,” Minseok answered as politely as he could. It was going to be a long, horrible day.

“He must have wanted to get rid of the evidence, but Yifan stopped him.”

Luhan recognized the voice. It was the man who had taken him, the man from the club, the one who had suffered burns on his first night. He recognized the voice, knew the man was close, but didn’t possess the energy to open his eyes, the pain still too intense and all encompassing.

“Good thing I found you. You’re my ticket to power, the council won’t be able to ignore you.”

The man laughed, making Luhan’s pounding headache that much worse.

The sun was beginning to set – a reminder that an entire day had been wasted. An entire day had escaped him and he had no idea if Luhan was still in his apartment or if he had left. Minseok glared daggers at anyone he could, at the rare appearance of Sehun or Junmyeon asking if they needed anything. He was smart enough not to point his anger at the council members, he valued his life
too much. But it was the council who were to blame, insisting he cater to them the entire day, not letting him out of their sight.

Sundown. The club would open soon and Yeri and Junmyeon were ready to pass out, having stayed awake when they should have been sleeping. It would be a disaster when they opened if Junmyeon wasn’t there to manage the bar.

“Not there. I said the potential evidence goes here. HERE,” Ryeowook hit the stack of papers with his index finger multiple times.

“Sorry, master,” Siwon moved the packet of paper to the correct stack.

Minseok had stopped paying attention hours ago. He knew they were printing off a forest worth of paper from the printer they dragged in from Junmyeon’s office. He had gathered that they were sorting through documents Kim Jongdae had sent them, reports he had filed while undercover. What they contained he wasn’t certain and honestly he had no interest. The only thing on his mind was Luhan, the human his most important problem at the moment.

Minseok looked to his right. Yifan watched the pair in silence, looking like a far more dutiful vampire than Minseok could ever hope to be. Minseok knew his boredom was evident, as evident as Yifan’s obedience and rapt attention.

Ryeowook suddenly stood, so quickly it surprised both Minseok and Yifan. Minseok jumped, while Yifan got to his feet only a split second later.

“What is it?” Yifan asked.

“When did Kim Kibum arrive?” Ryeowook asked, quirking an eyebrow in question.

“Kibum? He came into the city a few —”

Yifan’s answer was interrupted by a shout from the club floor, a loud call from the man the council member had just mentioned.

Minseok froze. Kibum was in the club. The club wasn’t open yet. Two council members were holed up in his office. None of this could be good.

“Looks like he has something to say,” Siwon remarked. In a flash both men were gone, out the door, ready to hear what the newcomer had to say. Minseok swallowed, dread pooling in his gut.

Luhan was vaguely aware that he was moving. He could feel the sway in his body, his arms and legs swinging with each foot forward. He could smell the same mildew, the moldy scent from before. Hands were on his back, holding him put, intensifying the pain. He tried to open his eyes but couldn’t, slipping in and out of darkness.

A door slammed shut. Shouts. Luhan moaned in agony as his body was dropped, his legs almost giving out. Somehow he managed to find a last shred of strength, standing on his own two feet.

“I want to speak to the council!”

Luhan wavered on his feet, trying to find his balance. He cried out in pain, his eyes snapping open
at the sensation of being ripped in two. But he wasn’t — he was whole, even if his body was wracked with unbearable hurt.

Minseok arrived on the first level of the club a few seconds after Ryeowook, Siwon, and Yifan. He stepped foot on the floor and stilled, eyes going wide.

Luhan.

No, no. How had Kibum found him? He must have left the apartment, must have wandered into a trap.

Minseok spotted Yeri, Junmyeon, and Sehun across the club, watching with mirrored expressions of fear. He instinctively wanted to run to them, to protect them from whatever hell was about to be unleashed.

“Kim Minseok was hiding this human,” Kibum sneered, “and this human can burn vampires.”

Luhan was unsteady on his feet. Minseok felt a tug in his chest at how pitiful he looked, pale and broken. Luhan almost fell backwards but Kibum caught him with his arm.

And that is when the situation took a turn for the worse.

When Kibum’s arm collided with Luhan’s back the vampire screamed, the most blood curdling scream Minseok had heard in his long life. Luhan gripped onto Kibum’s shirt, clawing his way into a standing position, hands grasping up his neck and on his face.

Kibum writhed, screeching as he began to…

Minseok couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He couldn’t believe that…

Kibum simply disappeared. One moment he was there, Luhan clawing at him, the next moment he was gone, evaporating into nothingness.

The room was eerily quiet during the quick display, Kibum’s fading screams the last noise that echoed through the club.

“How convenient,” Ryeowook mused from where he was standing near the staircase, breaking the stillness.

Minseok looked at the powerful vampire, confused, shocked — a multitude of feelings, of thoughts going through him at once.

“One of our main suspects delivered himself to us. I love efficiency,” Siwon smiled at the human.

Luhan promptly fell to the floor, unconscious.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Double update! Please read Chapter 6 first.

“You admit that you hid the magician,” Siwon stated, eyes trained on where Minseok was kneeling on the club floor.

“Yes,” Minseok confirmed.

It was the first night in decades that Club Pandora hadn't opened its doors. The club was sealed shut, the only occupants a bevy of vampires and one unconscious human (who was locked securely in the storage room). Even Kyungsoo was nowhere to be seen, knowing better than to get in the middle of such chaos.

Minseok saw Sehun shift his weight out of the corner of his eye, his progeny all kneeling behind him. Whatever punishment they were to receive they would receive together. Minseok hated himself for having brought this on his world, for having given into his children’s whims, for having thought he could fool the council.

Now they might all be destroyed. There was a very good chance of it considering the small amount of information that had thus far been revealed. Luhan was a suspect in the disappearances, had apparently been a suspect for some time.

Minseok didn’t know how Luhan had played him so well, fooled him into thinking he was nothing more than a human (Minseok also considered he would need to have a very long talk with Dr. Zhi if he survived the night). Of course he was suspicious of Luhan all along but never did he think he was some kind of psychopathic magician, bent on destroying creatures like Minseok. He had slept with him for fucks sake.

Ryeowook sighed, flipping through a stack of papers Siwon had fetched him from Minseok’s office. He was perched on a bar stool, Siwon beside him. “Did he ever once indicate his powers in front of you?”

Minseok kept his eyes trained to the floor, guilt washing over him. “Yes, he did. I wasn’t aware what it was, but he did something abnormal in my presence.” The memory of Luhan burning Kibum flashed before him, quickly replaced by a more recent memory of Kibum disappearing in Luhan’s grasp. How had he managed to do it? Minseok had met a lot of witches, wizards, magicians or whatever they preferred to be called at the time and never once did he meet one with that kind of power.


“You want us to leave?” Junmyeon asked, his voice trembling with fear.

“Isn’t that what I just said?” Siwon shooed them away with his hands.

Minseok felt a measure of relief as Sehun, Yeri, and Junmyeon got to their feet. He prayed that the council would have mercy and spare them from his fate. His progeny looked at him with pained
expressions, hesitating to leave him

He mouthed the word “go”. They needed to save themselves – his cause was already lost.

Sehun hesitated the longest, hanging back with a pained expression on his face. Minseok finally looked away, unable to bear it any longer.

He looked to the two men who would pass judgement on him. He even dared to peek at Yifan, to take in the disappointed and sober expression on his face. He had broken trust with his oldest friend, with the man who had taught him everything he knew when it came to surviving as a vampire. Perhaps even total destruction wouldn’t be a fitting enough punishment...

“Kim Minseok, do you know what Luhan is?” Ryeowook asked, setting the stack of papers he had been perusing aside.

“A magician?” Minseok answered, reiterating what he had been told.

Ryeowook groaned, rubbing his temples with his fingers. “This is so frustrating.”

Siwon reached over and put his hand around the smaller vampire’s shoulders. Ryeowook shrugged him off. “Don't touch me,” he snapped.

Siwon backed away, looking guilty.

“He’s your creator,” Ryeowook announced after another string of frustrated noises.

Minseok blinked, certain he had misheard the council member. “What did you say?”

“Creator. As in made you.” Siwon waved his hand up and down towards Minseok. “Reanimated your corpse – all that jazz.”

Minseok shook his head in disbelief. Luhan created him? No, it made no sense! Luhan wasn’t a vampire, and he most definitely wasn’t alive when Minseok was human. “But I’ve been alive for–”

“Almost three hundred years,” Yifan finished. “So has Luhan.”

Minseok snorted. Luhan was as old as he was? Impossible. He was clearly just a very talented human, with an artful mastery of deception. “You knew about this? He isn’t even a vampire, how could he have created me?!”

“I know of him, and knew of him then,” Yifan admitted. “And vampires aren’t always created by their own kind. It happened a lot back then – the use of magic to reanimate the dead.”

All this time Minseok thought he was the one keeping a secret, hiding Luhan to save himself and his progeny. Now it appeared that he was actually the one in the dark, the one who knew nothing -- if Yifan and the council were to be believed. But he wasn’t sure he believed them.

“I don’t believe you,” he shook his head. “It doesn’t make any sense.”

Ryeowook rolled his eyes but it was Siwon who spoke. “Judging by the fact you smell like you bathed in Luhan’s blood I am assuming you slept with him.”

Minseok stilled, face growing warm. “I–“

“Did anything unusual happen? Anything unusual happen when you first met him?”
Of course unusual things had happen. He couldn’t fucking eat without thinking of Luhan, he apparently couldn’t think either considering what he had tried to do – lie to the council, put himself and the entire club in danger. And then there was what happened when Luhan fucked him open… Fuck. Realization dawned on him…they were telling the truth.

“So he knew all along…” Minseok said slowly, recognizing the painful truth, his world, his beliefs, crumbling down around him. He reeled from the shock of it all, from the magnitude of what it meant.

He could never remember his creator – it was impossible. Vampires never remembered their human lives, their time before they embarked on their new existence. When he had woken up centuries ago he was alone and afraid, his creator long gone. It was Yifan who had found him and taught him what he needed to know.

And now, to find out the person who abandoned him was Luhan. The person who left him in pain, left him to fend for himself was the bright faced college student who walked into his club, touting lies and bringing pain. Knowing all along that he had been the one to inflict this life on Minseok, it enraged him.

“No, Luhan doesn’t know” Siwon spoke up. “And that is what makes him so dangerous.”

Luhan sat in the darkness, his back resting against something solid, what he had no idea. The pain in his body had lessened, morphing into a sort of numbness. His head was foggy, his memory a mess. What had happened? An image flashed, then another, engulfing him in a time and place buried deep within, the darkness morphing into a place long gone but suddenly remembered.

The serving girl handed him the parchment with both hands, bowing deeply as she backed out of the room. Luhan wished she wouldn’t indulge in such formalities, but knew that no matter how many times he told her that he was but a simple priest, no longer to be treated as the son of a noble official, she wouldn’t give in.

He untied the ribbon, setting it on the floor next to his lap desk. His father’s seal was on the letter, which was odd. His father had rarely sent him messages since had entered the temple four years before - wholeheartedly disproving of his chosen path.

Luhan scanned the page, understanding at once why his father had sent it. There was a Joseon tributary mission arriving in a week and the court would need translators. His father had been picked as the liaison and he wanted Luhan to help. Even if he bemoaned his son’s choice of careers he knew when the boy could be useful to him and this was a big opportunity for the family. It would be the first tributary mission in over a decade and gave Luhan’s father an opportunity to shine at the Imperial court.

“What does it say?”

Luhan looked up to find Zhang Yixing standing in the doorway. He was Luhan’s closest friend in the temple. They were apprenticed to the same master and had entered the temple at the same time -- a fate that had made them close, almost like real brothers.
Luhan relayed the contents of the letter, admitting his feelings on the matter to Yixing, probably the only person he could admit such things to.

“Will you do it?” Yixing asked, coming in to sit down next to Luhan.

“If my father donates to the temple,” Luhan answered swiftly, earning a chuckle from Yixing.

Luhan waited in the courtyard of his family’s home, his hands folded in his robes. His father had called him to meet the Korean contingent, Luhan’s family had the honor of having them for dinner that evening. He had considered rejecting the offer (which was really more of an order) but had caved at the last minute. Hangeng had prompted him to go, telling him that it was detrimental to his spiritual well being to have bad blood with his father.

Luhan heard the jovial laughter first. Then Korean being spoken at a rapid pace. He heard his father’s more stilted Korean responding, the noise drifting in from beyond the courtyard walls, their voices carrying.

Luhan had learned the language as a child, taught by his father who had gained fluency from a Korean slave that served his family as a child. It was something fun to do, something they bonded over. How long ago it was, when they still had a good relationship.

There were five men who walked into the courtyard with his father. Luhan bowed deeply to them, only rising when his father prompted him. It was a few seconds later when he spotted the younger looking man, the only one out of the group who wasn’t greying and appeared to be his father’s age.

And Luhan couldn’t look away. He was dressed in a sky blue po, a black gat covering his top knot. Full cheeks, a crooked grin, wide and cat-like eyes – he looked so young, so beautiful.

When it was his time to be introduced the young man said his name with a smile. Kim Minseok.

Luhan wouldn’t forget that name or that face, taking it with him back to the temple and seeing it that night in his dreams.

Rain pounded down, sheets of water plastering Luhan’s robe to his body. The ground was becoming increasingly slick, the walk up the hill had been treacherous – Yixing had fallen twice.

Hangeng had summoned his apprentices to follow him that dark and stormy night, not telling the boys what they would be doing. When Luhan reached the summit of the hill and was greeted with a corpse, he paled.

“What I have been working on, what I have been guided to,” Hangeng told them. “It is here.”

Luhan bit his tongue and kept this silence, respecting his master and his work. When minutes later the corpse moved, life breathed back into it, Luhan marveled at the abilities of the man he had chosen to follow.

“His name is Yifan,” Hangeng said as the corpse struggled, eyes still closed, but limbs flailing about. “And he is proof that we are on the right path. The heavens favor this work.”
Luhan was thrilled when Kim Minseok had personally requested that he show him around the city. Hangeng hadn’t been as understanding, neither had his father, both men for different reasons. Hangeng feared that Luhan’s studies would suffer. Luhan’s father feared his son would do something to embarrass him in front of a member of a very important tributary group. Luhan was just excited to see Kim Minseok again.

“I was the highest rank on the imperial exam,” Minseok informed him while they strolled the crowded market street. “Which means I did little else but study during my childhood.”

The highest rank! Luhan beamed at the boy, falling a little more in love the more he knew of the Korean official. “My father would love if I took the exam.” Luhan stopped to admire the wares of a woodworker. “But the temple is my calling.”

“I admire that you did what speaks to you,” Minseok placed his hand on Luhan’s shoulder and gave it a squeeze.

Luhan stared at the hand resting on his shoulder, feeling warmth spread in his abdomen. He must have made the situation awkward because Minseok pulled away like he had been burned.

“Is that food any good?” Minseok asked, pointing towards the stall where a woman sold soup.

“Yes, we should get some,” Luhan smiled, hoping he hadn’t made Minseok uncomfortable.

Luhan laughed when Minseok tried to mimic the hand bell pattern. Failing miserably he tossed the bell aside, the object thankfully landing on a floor cushion. “You win again,” he announced, joining Luhan in laughter.

Minseok had stopped by the temple for days in a row, earning choice looks from Hangeng but delighting Luhan. “You are so easy to talk to,” Minseok had admitted during the first visit, smiling widely at Luhan in the now familiar gesture that never failed to make Luhan’s chest tighten.

Minseok would return to his country in a few weeks’ time, a fact Luhan had let sink in as every day passed. Sitting with him, talking with him, laughing with him – it was all temporary. And to know that made Luhan’s heart hurt.

“Will you attend dinner tomorrow night?” Minseok asked hopefully.

His father was hosting the Korean delegation again, Luhan knew because his father had sent him another letter as soon as he was notified of the prestigious day. “Of course.”

“Good.” Minseok smiled. “I’m happy to know that you will be there.”

Luhan looked away, unable to hide the strong feelings the sight provoked within him. The women of the household had long since retired and much to his chagrin his father had brought in courtesans, hoping to gain the Korean’s favor through pleasure. One of the women gravitated
towards Minseok, flashing flirtatious smile, pouring his drinks with graceful movements and holding his interest with carefully planned words.

“I will be leaving first, father.” Luhan knew it was wrong, that it went against the basic principles of the society he dwelled in. But this one time he broke the rules, unable to stand it any longer.

Yixing pulled him into a half hug, patting his back slowly. “It is human to love,” he said quietly. “Our master would know this too.”

Luhan nodded into the fabric of Yixing’s robe, hiding his face from the world, from his feelings, from the guilt that had overwhelmed him as he recognized his feelings towards Kim Minseok.

The sun beat down on his back, sweat trickled from his neck and his brow. He was uncomfortable but grateful he had something to take his mind off of Kim Minseok. Luhan put extra effort into tilling the small temple garden, shoveling the dirt away with mindless determination.

The Korean hadn’t visited in a week, ever since the disastrous dinner. Luhan had come to accept that he had pushed the man away with his insulate manners, curing himself of having to see the object of his affection turn to someone else.

It was stupid, all of it was stupid. But that didn’t mean it hurt any less.

“We need to talk.” Kim Minseok suffered the hot sun, traipsing to the small garden and surprising Luhan.

“About what?” Luhan asked, wiping his brow and walking towards a shade tree.

They sat in the shade, one man dressed impeccably, the other in dirty temple robes.

Luhan was taken aback when Minseok kissed him, not knowing how to react, not knowing what to do with his heart beating erratically, his mind a haze of confusion and desire.

“I didn’t sleep with her,” Minseok murmured, taking Luhan’s hand in his.

Minseok’s kisses were a mirror of his personality. Enthusiastic but unfailingly gentle, soft with a firm edge. Luhan couldn’t get enough, sneaking away from the temple whenever he could, seizing every moment they had together as the days counted down.

They met in the woods near the temple, in the marketplace, once Luhan dared to go into town and meet Minseok near where the delegation was staying. And then Luhan’s father hosted another dinner, a farewell of sorts and Luhan found a moment to drag Minseok away from the festivities.

They kissed in the darkness, their hands roving, their feelings growing more desperate as their time together neared an end.
“I love you,” Minseok husked, kissing down Luhan’s neck.

“I love you too,” Luhan responded, sighing in pleasure.

“You dare to embarrass me!”

Luhan cowered in front of his father, scurrying towards the corner of the room, afraid of what his father may do to him.

“I allowed you to join the temple, I allowed you to follow this,” his father waved his hands out, “nonsense. A man, you dare to do that to a man?!?”

Luhan listened to his father’s tirade, never speaking a word. When his father hit him he didn’t try to fight back. When his father left he curled into a fetal position and cried.

Later, when Yixing found him and told him what news had spread in the town, he openly wept.

Kim Minseok had been found dead, apparently the victim of a common thief.

Luhan knew better, his father’s face flashing before him.

Hangeng drew the map. Hangeng paid off the guards using some of the temple’s donations. Hangeng was the one who dragged Luhan through the forest path, urging him to do what he could.

“You don’t have to lose him forever, Luhan. There is a way,” Hangeng had promised. “The heavens favor our work, and our work will help all.”

Luhan wasn’t certain of the help that Kim Minseok could find in a dark forest, laid out in front of him, his body taken from the Korean delegation’s cart via a hefty bribe. He couldn't be sure he had the willpower to bring his life back when he was so shaken by the sight of his lover, unmoving, the life taken from him with a blade to the stomach.

“Yifan is proof,” Hangeng whispered.

Somewhere in the darkness Yifan was probably watching, Luhan realized. He had seen the man visit the temple time and time again, an unnatural sight. Alive but...not.

He trusted Hangeng completely. And for that Luhan was willing to try, to believe that Minseok could live again, could be his again, this time without the deadline, without the complications.

In the middle of the forest, the darkness of night covering up his deeds, Luhan brought Kim Minseok back to life.

“Unnatural!” his father screeched, the torch in his hand. Luhan wept, falling to his knees. The soldiers had come, bearing down on the small clearing in the woods. Hangeng escaped into the darkness but Luhan had not, too fearful of leaving Minseok before he awakened.
They had dragged him away, to his father’s house.

“I burned him, are you satisfied now? That I must defile the dead to kill your delusions!” his father yelled.

Fate was cruel.

Three months after Kim Minseok died Luhan wandered to the secluded temple. He snuck out of his father’s house, a faithful servant helping him escape.

Hangeng and Yixing had left behind their old temple, ostracized for their practices, the news spreading through the community at the dark rituals they performed. Luhan found them at a small temple on a mountainside, a four week journey away from where they had lived before.

“Welcome home.” Hangeng greeted him with a hug. “We have furthered our studies, I have so much to tell you.”

Luhan feigned a smile, a measure of comfort gained from returning to his old life. To his master, who he still trusted – even if that trust had wavered during their time apart. Hangeng had been so sure, Luhan knew, so certain. And yet Minseok was now gone forever.

Maybe, he considered that night as he sat outside the temple, the sound of insects the only noise to accompany his thoughts, Hangeng wasn’t all knowing. Perhaps every now and then he was wrong.

“He is completely controlled by Hangeng. He doesn’t remember his past, has no idea what power he wields,” Siwon rattled off. “Only when he needs to use his powers is he allowed to know and after that—“Siwon made a cutting motion on his forehead, like a violent salute. “Hangeng wipes the slate clean again.”

“How long have you known of this?” Yifan asked, clearly not as in-the-know as the council members.

“We have had Hangeng on our radar for years, known of him. In the eighteenth century he perfected a type of Taoist magic which as best as we can guess led to immortal life for him and his closest disciples.”

“Luhan ,” Minseok whispered.

Ryeowook nodded. “And Yixing is the other one. They were never a threat to our kind, the worst they ever did was create a few new ones.” He gave Minseok a pointed look. “In recent years something changed. Once the disappearances started we tracked the movement of anyone we could. It just so happened Hangeng and his disciples were in every city where people disappeared.”

“Then why didn’t you stop it?” Minseok asked, confused how the council could know the guilty party but do nothing to inform their kind or stop them all together. “And how do they do it?”

“So many questions,” Siwon clucked his tongue.
“See, this would be nice if we had candles,” Ryeowook threw his hands up.

A terse look from Siwon had him pouting and shrinking away. They were truly an odd couple.

“We didn’t know for certain Hangeng was to blame until we sent Jongdae to infiltrate his little group. And I think you know very well that Jongdae went missing. That, and Luhan’s little display earlier, is what confirmed our suspicions.”

“And to answer your other question; the type of magic Hangeng perfected is little understood to say the least. He isn’t your run of the mill Taoist magician. Barging in and killing him isn’t a viable option.”

“He can’t be unstoppable.” Minseok had never once met a creature that didn’t have a weakness. There had to be something that could bring him down, that could put an end to this madness.

Ryeowook clapped his hands and jumped off the bar stool, looking absolutely delighted. “There is something that can stop him!”

Minseok didn’t like how downright crazy the ancient vampire looked.

“And it all rolls right into your little punishment, Kim Minseok.” Ryeowook took slow steps toward him, smiling ever so brightly. “The person in the store room is going to be our weapon and you, my dear, are going to be his keeper.”

“Excuse me?” Minseok leaned back as Ryeowook leaned in, inching his way closer to Minseok’s face.

“We are going to turn Luhan into one of us, wipe the slate clean for good. He should still have his powers or at least the innate ability. And then we can shape him to do what we need him to do – kill his master. And you are going to watch over him and make sure he accomplishes that.”

“M-me?” Minseok stuttered, his arms going out behind him as he leaned all the way back.

“Yes, you. It is your problem now. Of course we will stay and keep an eye on things but we aren’t lifting a finger. And if you fuck this up, those precious little vampires of yours – Sehun and Yeri, was it? Will be ripped limb from limb.”

“I can’t turn him, I can’t–”Minseok began, panicked.

“No, you can’t turn your creator. But Yifan can.” Ryeowook pulled away, laughing when Minseok lost his balance and tumbled onto his butt.

Minseok looked towards Yifan, frustrated the man didn't betray a hint of emotion. He would do it, Minseok knew he would. He was loyal to the council.

“Now why don’t you go take care of our little problem, Yifan?” Siwon ordered, leaning against the bar with a cocky look on his face.

Yifan and Minseok exchanged a long look before the older vampire turned to go, ready to inflict Minseok’s punishment.

The sudden flood of light into the room made Luhan cry out. He shielded his eyes, the brightness
overwhelming.

The door clicked closed, the darkness returning.

“Who- who’s there?” Luhan asked, terrified.

A single flick of a lighter and Luhan could make out the hazy form of a person. The man neared him, sitting on the floor next to him and revealing his face.

Luhan scooted away, shocked to see a face from his visions. From his…what were they?

“Long time no see,” Yifan drawled. “But I guess you don’t remember, do you?”

Memories. They were memories, somewhere deep down he knew it. The images of Minseok, of Yifan, Hangeng, Yixing… of his father. They were real, drudged up, recalled. He put his hands to his face, the pain of the past mingling with the pain of the present.

“You do remember…” Yifan sounded surprised.

Luhan removed his hands, letting the tears that had welled in his eyes escape down his cheeks. “It is real? Minseok and I… I…”

“It does no good to remember,” Yifan said, his voice barely above a whisper. “And I’m here to make you forget.”

Luhan couldn’t move faster than a vampire. He wasn’t strong enough to fight Yifan, to push him off of him when he pinned him down and pressed their mouths together. He wasn’t strong enough to stop the life flowing out from him, his memories accompanying his last shred of humanity.

Chapter End Notes

so...hehe. If you have any questions on the big reveals you can find me on twitter (@london9calling). I know this is a ton to take in, hopefully it all makes some sense. And as far as where the story is I anticipate this is probably close to the halfway point - that the final product will be about 80k words.

Luhan as a vampire tho *wiggles eyebrows*.

A huge thanks to Aki for helping me figure this out, you saved me dear and for that I am forever thankful.

Thanks to everyone who is giving kuddos and subscribing - you make my day (and your comments especially XD)
Minseok’s punishment was passed out cold in a guest bedroom, his body adjusting to the rapid changes it was experiencing. Minseok watched the unconscious man and practiced suppressing his anger, needing to control himself when Luhan awakened.

Minseok had formed a worse opinion of Luhan since the moment Yifan had changed him and he needed to figure out how to deal with it— and quickly lest he botch the council’s assignment and lose his progeny.

“He was probably trying to kill you,” Siwon had told Minseok while his hands worked over Ryeowook’s shoulders in a vigorous shoulder massage.

“Kill me?” Minseok repeated.

“Hmm. Since he created you he could easily destroy you. I am sure that is what Hangeng was thinking having him walk into your club,” Siwon explained.

That was one of the last things they discussed before Minseok had taken Luhan back to his apartment – convincing the council members that the club was no place for a new vampire.

His anger towards Luhan had grown, a bad sign considering he was going to have to watch the new vampire from here on out – not to mention he had to figure out how to get him to get rid of Hangeng. Being angry with him was probably not a good tactic, so Minseok would have to bury it.

But it was difficult. Luhan had created him and even if he didn’t remember he had made that conscious decision way back then. He had turned Minseok into an unnatural creature and then left him, abandoned to fear and the unknown. That alone was enough for Minseok to hate him; coupled with the news he was probably intent on killing him did not improve his opinion of the man.

The council had certainly inflicted a fitting punishment, Minseok realized as he stared down at the unconscious body. Far too fitting.

With a heavy sigh Minseok retreated, locking the reinforced door behind him. He had a mess of broken porcelain to clean up, the remnants of the last night Luhan had spent as a human.

After cleaning up the mess that was his apartment, Minseok flipped on the television and played an episode of *As the Bold Days Turn*. Normally he would be totally sucked into the story but not tonight. His mind kept wandering back to the man upstairs, more specifically what would occur when he woke up.

The change was a painful process, Minseok knew, which made it that much more bizarre that Luhan never once screamed out in pain, he was still eerily silent. Perhaps, Minseok thought, he was lucky and wouldn’t have to deal with the agonizing vocalizations.

When Luhan awoke he would no longer be racked with the hurt of his body changing. His major problem when he regained consciousness would be hunger, an overpowering desire to feed. Minseok had entrusted Sehun, Junmyeon, and Yeri to procure Luhan’s first meal. They were on call, ready to do whatever Minseok needed them to, still extremely shaken by the trials of the previous day and evening.
But Luhan wasn’t a normal case, which meant there was still another element Minseok had to anticipate – his magic, which could very well kill Minseok if he wasn’t careful. Siwon and Ryeowook were no comfort, confirming they had no idea how Luhan’s abilities might manifest when he was changed (but they were certain he wouldn't lose them). Minseok envisioned a worst case scenario – that the moment he walked into a conscious Luhan he would disappear into nothingness, mirroring what had happened with Kibum.

On the off chance they could help, Minseok called Joy and asked if the coven was willing to come over. Their magic differed from Luhan’s but they were powerful in their own right -- hopefully they could do some sort of counteraction if things got out of hand.

Joy promised to be over no latter than two in the morning, which gave Minseok another couple hours to himself. Supposing Luhan didn’t wake up, that is.

A few minute later Minseok heard a noise from the second floor, confirming the beginning of what could turn into the worst case scenario.

Luhan blinked rapidly, eyes adjusting to his surroundings. He was lying on a bed, a fluffy monstrosity of down quilts and plush pillows. The lamp on the nightstand was on, casting a soft light into the room. The decor was sparse, monochrome – Luhan found it boring. There was a window on the wall across from the bed but appeared to be dark – insulated with a material to black out the outside.

Luhan sat up, stretching his arm above his head. He felt stiff, his neck cracked when he let his chin droop. He tried to recall where he was and what had happened but no matter how hard he thought he came up blank. He couldn’t remember.

“Am I dead?” he mused, whispering his thoughts out loud. He flexed his arms, his legs, patted his thighs and his middle. He felt solid. He pinched his cheek – it didn’t hurt. Maybe he was dead?

But if he was dead why was he so hungry? He was famished, absolutely famished. An intense craving overtook him but he knew what he wanted wasn’t food. It was something else, something different. Something like….

The very attractive man who stood in the doorway. Luhan hadn’t even noticed the door had opened, but he was thankful it did.

Luhan lunged towards the man, catching him by surprise and pulling him into the room, slamming his back against the wall.

It wasn’t a well thought out action, thankfully his body knew what to do. He pressed his lips to the other man’s, a fast and furious assault meant to sate the hunger that burned through him. It was an instinctual move that made no sense if he thought about it – yet it seemed right.

Unfortunately the man was not receptive and he definitely wasn’t easy to overpower. No sooner had Luhan dove onto him than he found himself flipped around and shoved face first into the wall. His arm was twisted behind his back, an arm pressed into the back of his neck. His instinct had been bested.
Minseok should have known Luhan would be impulsive, the hunger driving him to act rashly. It was a good thing he was far more powerful than the fledgling vampire and could easily gain the upper hand. But now that he had it Minseok’s mind strayed somewhere it shouldn’t have.

Luhans ass pressed against his crotch was the catalyst. He grew hard as Luhan struggled against him, the friction hard to ignore. Minseok tightened his grip on Luhan’s arm, annoyed that his body was reacting to the sudden contact. And then Luhan moaned, pressing back into Minseok’s dick.

Fuck.

Minseok wrenched Luhan around – if he was still human the action would likely have dislocated his arm. Now that he was a vampire Luhan didn’t suffer injury or pain the same way. Being manhandled was only painful to him because it stopped him from attempting to feed, which he made extremely clear by lunging at Minseok the first second he had the opportunity to do so.

Minseok let Luhan try to drink from him again, his hands gripping Minseok’s head as his lips pressed down on Minseok’s own. He let Luhan back him towards the bed, mouth moving over his own with wild abandon, Luhan making small noises of frustration that the nourishment he so desired wasn’t there.

Luhans shoved Minseok onto the bed and snarled. He glared at Minseok, eyes wild with anger. Minseok stared up at him, waiting to see what he would do next, unwilling to make the next move. In the back of his mind he knew he was being stupid. He didn’t know if Luhan’s powers would appear, if Luhan would attack him and make him disappear. It was moronic to get so close to Luhan without the coven present. It was a death wish.

Yet he wasn’t the only one being stupid. Luhan climbed onto him in a flash, attempting yet again to drink despite several previous failures. Minseok seized the fledgling vampire’s shoulders and flipped him over, lips still locked together, no longer caring to think about how foolish they both were. He slipped his hand under Luhan’s shirt and over his middle, dragging his nails into flesh that would no longer show scars, no longer bleed like it did when Luhan was human.

Luhans hands found his hips. When he pressed down Minseok writhed, feeling Luhan’s burgeoning hardness. His breath hitched when the young vampire bucked up, simultaneously pressing Minseok down.

Minseok broke the lip lock, Luhan chasing his mouth feverishly.

“You won’t get anything from me that way,” Minseok husked, the implication clear.

Luhans repeated his earlier action, grinding their hardnesst together. His pupils were dilated, his eyes far darker than they had ever been when he was human. He didn’t speak, he moved.

Minseok found himself on his back, flipped over by a now powerful lover. Luhan moved back, hand going to Minseok’s pants. He tugged his pants down, erection springing free, red and throbbing.

Minseok’s hands went to his own pants, undoing the button and zipper and shoving them down his thighs. He was hard, his cock leaking pre-cum from the briefest amount of contact. Luhan stared at him for a few seconds, unreadable.
The young vampire made a low, guttural noise as he leaned forward. Minseok felt the anticipation build, uncertain of what Luhan had in mind. When Luhan’s cock pressed against his own Minseok tilted his head back, exposing his neck, his teeth digging into his bottom lip.

He felt Luhan’s body weight press into him, their chests rubbing together. Luhan thrust forward, their balls touching with the hard buck of Luhan’s hips. It was erotic, the way their cocks slid against each other slowly at first, skin on skin.

Luhan buried his head in the blanket next to Minseok and began to snap forward, his dick sliding against Minseok’s as he chased a different kind of high, fulfilled a different kind of thirst than the one he was originally consumed by.

Minseok hands went to Luhan’s back, nails digging in. He hooked his legs around Luhan’s waist, changing the angle, clinging to the man who rocked against him at a brutal pace. Pre-cum coated their cocks but it wasn’t enough, the friction was dry and raw. Skin against skin, they rubbed against each other, their pleasure building at a furious rate.

Luhan threw his head back and moaned loudly. Minseok could feel Luhan’s cock twitch against his own, a sensation he had never experienced. It was sinfully erotic, sending him over the edge as Luhan came hard, his cum coating Minseok’s dick and stomach.

Minseok cried out and bucked up at his release, his hands clawing down Luhan’s back as he spilled his seed in bursts.

He sucked in a ragged breath. Luhan went still, relaxing his weight into him. Minseok shook off the pleasure he had just experienced and pushed Luhan off of him. He pulled his pants up and hurried to stand up, dragging a hand through his hair when he faced the image of a fucked out Luhan and a half destroyed bed.

Bad move, Minseok mentally chided himself. Granted, it felt amazing but it was reckless. Plus he hated Luhan, definitely hated him.

Minseok picked up a corner of the sheet that had since fallen to the floor and used it to clean up the mess on his stomach. Luhan watched him before grabbing the other end of the linen and doing the same.

“I’m Luhan by the way,” Luhan introduced himself through ragged breaths, dropping the sheet and holding his hand out for Minseok to shake it like they hadn’t just spent the last few minutes rubbing their dicks together and moaning in unison. Luhan was a fucking strange guy. “Where am I and who are you?”

Minseok ignored the offered hand. He buttoned up his shirt and readjusted his pants instead. “Kim Minseok.”

“Kim Minseok,” Luhan repeated quietly.

“Get dressed and take a seat, we need to talk.”

Luhan whimpered. “I’m sooo hungry.”

“So I gathered. You can eat soon but we need to talk first.”

At the promise of a meal Luhan dressed quickly, pulling on the jogging pants and old t-shirt that Minseok recognized. He must have taken them from the apartment, Minseok thought.
Luhan climbed onto the bed and sat at the edge, the picture of an obedient student. Maybe it did help to mess around with him first, Minseok mused.

“You need to listen very carefully to what I’m going to tell you. Don’t ask questions until I’m finished,” Minseok warned. He folded his arms against his chest and began with the basics. “You are a vampire, which means some of the things that you have seen in movies are true plus a lot of things you don’t know about. Yes, you –”

“Wait, did you say vampire?” Luhan tilted his head to the side, his brow furrowed.

“I said not to interrupt,” Minseok gave him a warning.

“Oh, sorry. Please go on.” Luhan gestured for him to continue.

“You will live forever –– if you don’t get yourself killed first. Sunlight makes you sick, don’t even try going in it. There are a lot of others of our kind, so it is best that you know who you are fucking with before you do anything dumb.” He gave Luhan a pointed look, hoping to emphasize how important the things he was telling him were. “You don’t drink blood but you feed off of life force. You will have no idea how to do so until I teach you, so you better stay on my good side.”

“I like your good side.” Luhan looked shy at his obvious innuendo.

Minseok narrowed his eyes at the new vampire. “That was a one time thing, don’t expect it again.”

“A one-time thing!?” Luhan looked incredulous.

“I can kill you before you even see me coming, Luhan. Don’t piss me off,” Minseok reiterated. Luhan shut his mouth.

“You were once human, but you don’t remember. None of us do, so best not to even try to figure out where you are from or what you did. Your personality is still the same, largely the same anyway, so you are still you, just strong–”

“Stronger?” Luhan laughed. “Man isn’t that a meme?!”

“What’s a meme?” Minseok asked, honestly never having heard the word.

“The *I’m you but stronger* thing,” Luhan quipped.

“What is a meme though?” Minseok asked again. Realizing that he was getting off topic he shook his head. “Never mind, don’t answer that. You are under my protection which means you need to listen to what I say. I can teach you everything you need to know but only if you are willing.”

“You will live with me, and follow me. You will not under any circumstances let a human know what you are. There is an entire government that watches over our kind and such actions are guaranteed to get you killed.”

“Got it.” Luhan looked around. “Where are we now?”

“My apartment,” Minseok answered.

“Did you make me into a vampire?” Luhan questioned.

“No. But you are still my responsibility. I will repeat it again – it is best not to try to think of what you were before or how the change happened.”
Luhan nodded, indicating he understood. Minseok wasn’t so sure, however. No vampire readily accepted the change, not so quickly. Some of them, like Junmyeon, spent decades obsessing over the fact. Others let it go after a few months – but none within minutes.

Minseok heard the door buzzer sound. Luhan heard it too, he glanced towards the door in curiosity. “I need to leave you for a moment, but I will be back.”

“With food?” Luhan asked hopefully.

“Maybe,” Minseok called over his shoulder as he walked out the door. He heard a loud groan from the new vampire at the lack of a promised meal.

“Is he upstairs?” Wendy craned her head to peek up the steps.

“Is he awake?” Seulgi asked, putting her hands on Wendy’s shoulders and peeking around her.

“Did you sleep with him?” Joy blurted out, three pairs of eyes training themselves on Minseok.

Minseok closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. How she had known–

“You have jizz on your shirt,” Seulgi pointed her finger towards a blotch on Minseok’s dress shirt.

Well that would certainly give it away. He grimaced at the dark crusty patch on his shirt. He hated stains on his clothing. Minseok excused himself and hurried to his room to throw on a new shirt, ignoring the snickers coming from his favorite coven. When he returned he found the three women parked on the couch, flipping through movie channels.

“He hasn’t shown his magic yet,” Minseok reported, taking a seat on the black leather armchair.

“Then you must not be that good,” Joy drawled.

Minseok rolled his eyes.

“What do you want us to do?” Seulgi asked. She fiddled with a throw pillow, hugging it to her middle.

“Depends on what you can do,” Minseok started. “If Luhan retained his magical abilities he might not know how to use them. Can you train him?”

“Can we have a bubble party at the club?” Joy countered.

Minseok imagined the mess. It would be horrible. “Fine,” he relented through gritted teeth.

“Okay, we’ll do it.” Joy tossed the remote on the coffee table, the channel changed to HBO.

“I also need to keep an eye on Luhan’s former cohorts. I could send Baekhyun or Chanyeol but I think this task needs something more...comprehensive.”

“We could probably use a divination technique to watch them.”

“Great!” It was probably the best thing Minseok had heard all day.
“Supposing you finally fix up our ceremony room,” Wendy smirked.

Almost the best thing he heard all day. “Deal.”

“Great! See that wasn’t hard. Now about his magic, since we have some sort of idea now what we are dealing with I think we can make a few amulets that should help protect you if he goes berserk,” Wendy rattled off.

“I need to call Dr. Zhi,” Minseok mumbled, remembering the quack doctor and his incorrect diagnosis – the charlatan.

Wendy laughed at the mention of the doctor. “He wasn’t wrong though. Luhan was human and it sounds like his abilities were learned, not innate to him.”

“He wasn’t right!” Minseok protested. There was no way he was going to agree with that crazy doctor.

The sound of the door buzzer halted any further rants about Dr. Zhi. Minseok excused himself and went to get the door – it should be Sehun, Yeri, and Junmyeon, supposing they were on time.

He opened the door wide for his progeny to enter, not taking note of the humans they carried in with them until the apartment door was closed.

Once he noticed the prone forms his progeny were carrying Minseok lost his shit. He recognized the semi-conscious humans, at least vaguely. He had seen them in a commercial or maybe a trailer for some music program. They wore sparkly costumes, their hair styled up. They smelled like hair product and sweat.

“Who in the hell is this?!?” Minseok demanded, gesturing towards the humans.

“Uh...TVXQ,” Yeri answered, slapping one of the men’s behinds. “Luhan’s favorite group!”

“You kidnapped pop stars!” Minseok fumed. His raised voice brought the coven to the fray, the three women standing at the end of the hall and looking on.

“It was their comeback show tonight and what better first meal for Luhan then his favorites!” Sehun said confidently, clucking his tongue at his creator, acting like Minseok was the crazy one.

Minseok put his hand to his brow. He couldn’t believe it. How stupid could—

“I tried to stop them,” Junmyeon said in a small voice from where he stood behind Sehun.

Minseok nodded. He knew Junmyeon wouldn’t have gone along with the idea.

“Ohay but I need to get an autograph before we let them go,” Joy said, her sentiment mimicked by her cousins.

“Please tell me no one saw you take them,” Minseok groaned.

“Nope. We snagged them from the bathroom,” Yeri proudly relayed.

“Yes. We snagged them from the bathroom,” Yeri proudly relayed.

“Of course you did.”

One of the men stirred, moving his leg slightly, his foot jabbing into Sehun’s ribs.

“That one’s Yunho,” Yeri nodded towards Sehun’s burden, “and this one is Changmin. Dad, aren’t
they dreamy?”

Minseok sighed. “Yes, very dreamy.”

He couldn't catch a break.

Minseok carried the men into Luhan’s room himself, saving the introductions between his progeny, the coven, and Luhan until a time the time when the new vampire’s hunger was sated. He tossed the humans onto the bed, Luhan moving aside and eying them hungrily.

“Don’t even think about touching them yet,” Minseok warned. “Until you watch me.”

Luhan gulped, moving aside, fighting off his urges.

Minseok approached the taller human, hesitating for a moment before he straddled him. Would he be able to feed or would Luhan stop him again, would the thought of Luhan stop him again — or maybe everything had changed.

Minseok cupped the man’s chin and tilted his head back. Slowly he lowered himself, lips slightly open, ready to feed. He glanced towards where Luhan stood watching him. They locked eyes and Minseok couldn’t help but find the moment somewhat sensual.

When he pressed his lips to the man’s, eyes still on Luhan, he felt a rush of energy, the life force flowing quickly from the pop star. The eye contact – or maybe it was the proximity – changed things. Minseok didn’t see Luhan’s face flash before him, he didn’t recoil in frustration. But did that mean he could only feed with Luhan watching him, with his eyes trained on the new vampire? He certainly hoped not because he was famished.

Minseok drank deeply, it had been so long since his last meal it was difficult to hold back. But he needed to. He needed to show restraint or Luhan would never understand when to stop once it was his turn.

Reluctantly Minseok pulled away. A soft moan left the human’s lips as they parted. Minseok leaned back and wiped his mouth.

“It is important to stop when you feel the flow weaken. If you don’t you will kill them,” Minseok instructed.

“But if they are left alive won’t they tell people what happened?” Luhan furrowed his brow.

“No, not if you do it right. They won’t remember a thing about what happened, which is rather convenient.” Minseok crawled off the bed and gestured for Luhan to approach. “It’s subtle at first but you’ll learn the signs of when enough is enough. For now I’ll be the one to tell you to stop.”

Luhan nodded. He approached the bed slowly, hesitating. Minseok found it oddly amusing, dare he admit almost cute. But Luhan wasn’t cute, he reminded himself. No, Luhan was someone he should hate.

Luhan mimicked Minseok’s actions, straddling the pop star and lowering his lips as slowly as he could. He was more eager due to his hunger but he was trying, perhaps a bit too hard. He looked at Minseok as he fed, propping up the unconscious human with an arm to his back so he could angle
himself just right to maintain eye contact with his teacher.

If Minseok had thought feeding and looking at Luhan was sensual, Luhan feeding and looking at him was downright erotic. His dick twitched at the sight. Luhan, eyes hooded, mouth moving over the human’s lips – it wasn’t fair how hot it was.

Minseok didn’t stand a chance.

He moved to signal Luhan to stop feeding but his goal was no longer based on teaching him when to stop lest he kill the human. His motive was now entirely selfish. Apparently reconciling his newfound hate for the man with how much his body wanted him was an impossible task. Which was thoroughly annoying, but not annoying enough to make him stop. It felt too damn good to stop, circumstances be damned.

A houseful of people a floor away be dammed.

Unconscious TVXQ – pride of Cassies everywhere – be damned.

Thankfully their stupidity and recklessness was once again shared. When Minseok placed a hand on Luhan’s shoulder to urge him to stop the young vampire showed immediate restraint. He moved away from the human, letting the limp body fall away he climbed off and faced Minseok. His eyes were dark, lips swollen from feeding.

Minseok glanced down, eyes widening at Luhan’s hardness pressing against the fabric of his sweat pants. Damn.

Luhan had no idea who Kim Minseok really was aside from what the man himself had told him. He had no reason to believe him and no reason to trust him. The only thing he knew for certain was that he was extremely fuckable and the attraction was mutual.

He moved to capture Minseok’s lips with his own, pressing up against the shorter man in a flash of movement. Minseok’s arms wrapped around his middle, urging him closer as Luhan sucked Minseok’s bottom lip into his mouth.

It was like a fire burned within him, one that would never be sated as long as he was around this mysterious man. He had only known Minseok for hours as far as he could recall yet his desire seemed endless.

They rutted against each other, deepening the kiss until they both had to pull back at the intensity of it.

Luhan wasn’t sure what compelled him to drop to his knees and undo the fly on Minseok’s pants. Was it because he wanted to see Minseok watching him suck his cock, drawing the pleasure from him? Or was it his own selfish desire to hear filthy sounds come from Minseok’s lips as he tortured him with his tongue?

Minseok was already hard when Luhan shoved his pants down his legs, his dick red and throbbing against his stomach. Luhan locked eyes with his target while he took his cock in his hand, stroking it slowly from the tip to the base, testing the reaction. Minseok shuddered – a good sign.

He stroked Minseok’s cock slowly, his free hand placed on Minseok’s thighs. He could feel the
man’s muscles tighten as he reacted to the sensation. With a sinful smile on his lips he licked at the
tip of Minseok’s cock, lapping up the pre cum before sucking the head into his mouth.

Luhans cheeks and moved his lips down the shaft, eyes trained on Minseok’s face. He
felt his own hardness grow at the whimpers he tore from Minseok, low and throaty sounds that
intensified when he flicked his tongue along the underside of Minseok’s cock.

He swallowed around Minseok’s hardness while he trailed his hand from Minseok’s thigh to his
balls, lightly caressing the flesh.

When Minseok thrust into his mouth Luhans knew he was done with the slow and languid
movement. Minseok carded his hands through Luhans hair, guiding him. Luhans obliged, letting
the other man fuck into his mouth at a furious pace.

He moved his hand to his own hardness, tugging down his pants in an awkward motion he palmed
himself while Minseok fucked his face, lips parted, gasps of pleasure strung together into one
incoherent moan. Their eyes were locked as they approached their release, Luhans stroking his
errection while Minseok took his pleasure from the drag of Luhans tongue.

Minseok came into his mouth in a burst of hot fluid, seconds before his own heat burst, cum
shooting onto the floor and onto Minseok’s leg. He panted when Minseok slipped his softening
cock from his mouth, cum dribbling down his chin.

Minseok released the grip on his hair and leaned back, shimmying his pants up. Luhans rocked back
on his knees, wiping his mouth while he came down from the second intense orgasm of the day.
He was slow to stand, slow to look over at the two humans lying on the bed. Slow to realize that…

“Holy shit, is that Yunho and Changmin?!” Luhans couldn’t believe his eyes. Was that…how did he
not…what in the…

“TVXQ?” Minseok tucked his shirt into his pants. “Yeah, so I’ve been told.”

TVXQ. His idols. His beloved idols. He stared at them with wide eyes, unable to comprehend how
he hadn’t identified them before. He had just fed from Yunho. Holy fucking shit.

Holy fucking shit.

“Hold tight, I have some people you need to meet,” Minseok announced while he approached the
bed.

Luhans grunted in acknowledgement. TVXQ. Fucking TVXQ.

When Minseok picked the two men up Luhans whimpered. “Be gentle with them, please,” he
begged, star struck and numb.

Minseok was met with choice looks when he walked down the stairs with two unconscious pop
stars piled awkwardly in his arms – and he was well aware the looks weren’t for the limp humans.
He knew they had heard what had just happened and he also knew he should probably be
embarrassed – but with everything going on he didn’t have the mental power to feel guilty.

“What do you mean again? How many times have you fucked him?!” Sehun sounded scandalized, funny coming from someone like him. Minseok had gathered he and Junmyeon’s extracurricular activities were more often than not of the sexual kind – even if looking at the two it was hard to believe given their less than amicable relationship most of the time.

“Dad, I’m happy for you.” Yeri clapped her hands.

“I need new ears,” Wendy sighed.

“Nah, TVXQ needs new ears,” Seulgi corrected her cousin.

Minseok walked to the couch and deposited the two men in a heap. Sehun and Yeri would need to return them to wherever they had taken them from soon. For now they could rest, introductions were in order.

“Don’t you dare let on that you knew him when he was human,” Minseok warned. “Now follow me.”


Luhan could scarcely believe it. He had made out with Yunho and sucked off a hot guy with TVXQ unconscious in the same room. Oh and he was a vampire, immortal - had really hot teacher who apparently liked his dick and….his life was amazing. Everything was suddenly amazing. What amazing thing had he done to deserve this? He wasn’t even that hungry anymore. Life… er, whatever this was, was great.

The door to the bedroom opened. Luhan stood up curious who he would be introduced to. Minseok walked in first followed by a very tall and handsome man, then a young looking woman, a smaller but equally handsome man, and three very attractive women who appeared to be in their early twenties. Luhan could feel energy emanating from some of them, a weaker signal than the vibe Minseok gave off. He wondered if this was a vampire thing.

At Minseok’s urging the taller of the men stepped forward. He wore a bored expression and didn’t hide the way he looked Luhan up and down. “Name’s Sehun. Wassup.”

“Hi, Sehun.” Luhan offered a small smile.

“Sehun is one of my progeny, Yeri is the other.” When Minseok said the name the young woman waved at Luhan.

“Hi, Luhan. I’m Yeri. If you ever need anything let me know.”

She was certainly bright and cheery, Luhan thought as he greeted her in return.

“Wendy, Joy, and Seulgi.” Minseok motioned to the three women, all who gave little waves. “They are family friends.”

“Hello.” Luhan smiled.

“They are going to help you with some lessons in your new powers later, so you will get to know
them well,” Minseok explained. He motioned towards the shorter man, the only one he had yet to introduce. “This is Junmyeon, if you need advice or have questions go to him first.”

Junmyeon beamed at the compliment while Yeri and Sehun looked upset. Luhan didn’t want a part in antagonizing any of them so he greeted Junmyeon quietly and remained mum.

“There are a lot of others you will meet in time, but these are the people you should be closest to. It’s in everyone’s best interest if we all get along.” Minseok walked to the door. “I need to see our guests out and then I’ll be back.”

Luhan nodded. He bowed at each of the six as they left, hoping he had come off as polite and amiable in the very short time they had spent together. Apparently Minseok wasn’t one for small talk – he had literally meant introductions only.

Once the door was closed Luhan took the opportunity to glance around the room. The clothing he was wearing smelled awful, he desperately wanted something to change into. He spotted a blue and white jacket lying in the corner of the room, crumpled up. He walked over to the jacket and picked it up, hoping there was a change of clothes hidden underneath but there was nothing. In frustration he tossed the jacket back to the corner. Something fell out of a pocket when he tossed it, the object bouncing on the floor.

A cell phone. He stared at the phone for a few seconds before his curiosity got the better of him. It had a lock screen but something seemed familiar about it. Luhan tried a pattern and the screen instantly unlocked.

9 new messages

6 missed calls

Luhan did not hesitate to press the message notification, he had already committed to snooping what was a deeper dive?

Yxg: Where are you?

Yxg: Are you busy with your hot boss? How big is his dick. Send pics.

Yxg: Dude call me, I haven’t seen you in days.

Yxg: Seriously call me. Is your new job more important than me?

Yxg: Fine, I get it. New job, Yixing doesn’t matter.

Yxg: Luhan, call me you douche.

Yxg: I can’t get a hold of Jongdae and now you. Fuck both of you.

Yxg: Ge says you are probably busy but you’re just being a jerk.

Yxg: Luhan call me

He reread the messages but couldn't remember the identity of Yxg. The phone was his, that much was clear, but he had no idea about the man massaging him. Minseok had said he wouldn’t remember and that it was best not to try to figure it out...still...it was just a quick message.
I'm at Kim Minseok’s house.

Luhan pressed send. A message arrived less than twenty seconds later.

No shit. You made me worry you asshole.

Luhan typed a response and hit send.

Sorry.

Another quick response.

Ge is going to call you in a sec.

The screen changed to indicate an incoming call. The name was saved in his phone as GeGe<3. Luhan slid the talk button, putting the phone to his ear.

“Luhan,” A deep voice spoke into his ear. “Listen, you need to come home, I found out some things about Kim Minseok, he’s dangerous. You need to get out of there, now.”
Luhan remained quiet, holding back from answering the man on the other end of the line.

“Luhan? Are you listening to me?”

*Kim Minseok is dangerous.* He could have figured that much out when he woke up a vampire in Minseok’s apartment. It didn’t take a genius to figure out something was off when you were undead with no memory. Not to mention TVXQ showing up out of nowhere so he could suck the life energy from them. Shit was just weird.

The door to the bedroom creaked open. Luhan considered trying to hide the phone in his hand but reasoned it was a lost cause. Minseok would know.

The older vampire’s eyes shot immediately to the cell phone. His expression darkened as he marched up to Luhan and held out his hand, gesturing for him to give up the phone.

Luhan ended the call and handed the phone over. Minseok locked eyes with him as he took the device and crumbled it in his hands, chunks of plastic raining to the floor. He tossed it towards the wall, the broken and cracked plastic casing thudding against the plaster before landing on the carpeting.

“You might feel great now that you’ve fed, but there are a thousand different ways you can still die,” Minseok said. “Don’t be stupid.”

Luhan watched Minseok, not speaking. He wanted to ask who the man on the phone was but he had enough interest in self-preservation to hold back. Instead, he asked something he hoped wouldn’t get him slammed against the wall…except, he considered, Minseok slamming him against the wall was terribly pleasurable the last time.

“Are the others still here?”

“Does it matter?” Minseok shot back.

Luhan shook his head. “Not really.”

Minseok sighed, his chest heaving once.

“I’m not breathing,” Luhan said in awe, voicing his realization out loud. He put a hand to his chest and pressed. He could almost mimic a breath but he didn’t need to.

“Dead people usually don’t,” Minseok remarked drily. “I’ll fetch you a change of clothes. There’s a bathroom down the hall where you can take a shower.”

“Do you want to take it with me?” Luhan asked, remembering their previous, very pleasurable activities.

“No,” Minseok answered in a stern voice. “It was a one, er, two-time thing. It won’t happen again.”

Luhan nodded, not believing a word of what Minseok said.
Minseok seemed to sense it. “Remember I can destroy you,” he threatened.

“I might like that,” Luhan let the words slip out, foolishly flirtatious given the circumstances.

Minseok narrowed his eyes at the fledgling vampire before turning heel and stalking from the room, slamming the door behind him.

Minseok glared at the television screen. He couldn’t even bring himself to care that Stacy had kidnapped Angela’s prize show dog so she could pass it off as her own, winning the dog show and possibly the heart of Dervish McMaster’s, the newest addition to *As the Bold Day’s Turn’s* cast.

“He’s doing pretty good, all things considered.” Wendy plopped down on the sofa next to him. “I think Joy wants to slap him but Seulgi seems to have found some sort of way to deal with him.”

Minseok didn’t have enough fingers or toes to count the things in his life that had gone wrong lately. *The unwanted things.* Like Luhan trying to figure out his magic...upstairs, in Minseok’s apartment, making what was probably a bloody big mess while Joy, Seulgi, and Wendy tried to teach him.

“He’s whiny though. Keeps complaining he’s hungry and tired.” Wendy clucked her tongue. “I haven’t been around a newbie in a long time, forgot how much like...well, kids, they are.”

Minseok snorted. “When this is over I need a fucking vacation.”

“Like you ever go anywhere.” Wendy rolled her eyes. “When this is over you’ll just go back to managing the club and busting goblin heads for trying to steal bartender’s tips.”

Minseok gave her a death look.

The witch held her hands up in front of her. “Okay, okay. You’re not in the mood. I get it.”

Luhan had been a vampire for almost twenty-four hours and it had been a living hell. Minseok’s mood was only getting worse the more he considered his situation, the more he dwelt on it. Luhan had turned him centuries ago...and now he was burdened making sure Luhan stayed alive. He kept reminding himself he was doing it for Sehun, Yeri, and Junmyeon but it didn’t take the edge off the hatred that was growing inside of him.

He had woken up alone, afraid, with no idea what had happened to him. Yet Luhan was being coddled, being told all the important things, being kept under a watchful eye so he didn’t hurt himself. He didn’t deserve it, Minseok thought. He didn’t deserve any of it.

And there was so much regret, so much self-loathing that he felt towards himself for ever having allowed Luhan into their lives. For interviewing him, for giving his progeny any ideas about keeping him around. He had doomed them all to this fucked up situation and he hated himself for it.

“His magic is so different,” Wendy commented. “But I think we can whip him into shape.”

Wendy groaned and sunk back into the couch. “How’s Angela?” she asked, gesturing towards the television.

“I hate Angela,” Minseok grumbled.

“You know, you are impossible to talk to like this. I give up.” Wendy leaned forward, struggling to get off the couch and falling back a few times before she succeeded. “You should just go to the club if you’re this pissed off sitting here.”

“How am I supposed to take him,” Minseok gestured towards the ceiling, “there?”

“I don’t know, get a babysitter or something.” Wendy shrugged.

Minseok was considering the suggestion when his attention was stolen by the breaking news bulletin that flashed on the bottom of the screen. The show cut off, a news anchor taking the place of Minseok’s favorite soap opera.

This just in...it is being reported that TVXQ, the legendary duo of Max Changmin and U-Know Yunho, was assaulted last night after their comeback concert. The duo’s agency has yet to release a statement but the Metropolitan Place has confirmed that a report has been filed regarding the incident. Accounts are coming in that the following two individuals are responsible for the attack, the details of which are not yet known. The Metropolitan Police have released sketches of the pair, a male, and female, who were spotted near the scene of the incident.

Minseok’s jaw dropped when the sketches were flashed on the screen, depicting Yeri and Sehun in all of their mischievous glory.

Our reporter has found out that CCTV also captured the duo at some point, though the footage has not been released by the police. If you have any information on the incident please contact....

“Mother fucker.” Minseok slammed his fist down on the coffee table, a crack splitting along the wood at the force. They had promised no one saw them. Fucking hell.

“Shit,” Wendy echoed his sentiment.

Minseok balled his hands into fists. He sprang up from the sofa. “Lessons are over, we need to go.”

“Both of you?” Wendy called after him.

“Yeah, both of us,” Minseok confirmed, stalking towards the stairs.

Luhan bit his bottom lip, eyes glued to the creature in front of him. He smelled delicious and the only thing on Luhan’s mind was how to have him. Eat him. Whatever.

“No.”

Luhan turned to his left. Junmyeon had sidled up to him, his hand resting on Luhan’s shoulder.

“He’s a dryad, tastes awful,” Junmyeon explained. He guided Luhan away from the railing, back towards the dark hallway that led to the nightclub’s offices. Luhan took one last look at the man on the dance floor, the one that had seemed so tasty looking.
Somewhere down the hall he heard raised voices. He couldn’t understand exactly what was happening, but that was the theme of the last day. Vampirism, magic, making out with TVXQ. None of it made any sense.

“What are they doing in there?” Luhan asked, nodding his head towards the office door at the end of the hallway.

“Nothing,” Junmyeon clearly lied.

Luhan was aware that he was being babysat, that the moment they had shown up at the nightclub Minseok had dumped him with Junmyeon, shut him out from the office, told him not to fuck up or he would kill him.

Kim Minseok was an asshole, but damn was he hot. Luhan, through all of his awkward feelings and confusion, had every intention of repeating what they had done the day before. If only his teacher would let him…..

“Does Minseok work here?” Luhan asked. There was no other explanation for the way he waltzed into the place.

“He owns it,” Junmyeon explained.

Luhan whistled. “All of this? Really?”

Junmyeon nodded. “Yeah, which is why he is watching your every move.”

“What, does he think I’m going to burn the place down or something?” Luhan frowned.

“You’re…” Junmyeon gestured lazily in the air. “Young yet. You don’t know your own strength. It is better for everyone if someone keeps an eye on you.”

Luhan wanted to protest, to point out that he clearly had a ton of self-control, but he forgot. Totally forgot to explain that he was perfectly capable of controlling his actions because hot damn what was that amazing thing that just walked in?

Luhan was down the stairs in a flash, drawn in by the faint noise emanating from the creature. The smell. It smelled divine and moved so gracefully. It probably tasted like heaven, Luhan decided. Not that he knew what heaven tasted like but still.

He almost made it to the creature before his body was pulled back, thrown to the grown with a hard thud. He blinked up in surprise, not understanding what had happened.

“You must be the new guy.” A tall blonde man towered over him, an unhappy expression on his face.

A second later Junmyeon was there, muttering apologies. “Yifan, I’m sorry.” He kneeled down, helping Luhan to his feet.

The blonde man sighed, staring at Luhan. “Children these days.”
“Honestly it is kind of funny,” Ryeowook commented. He was leaning back in what was once Minseok’s desk chair, Siwon standing behind him, massaging his shoulders.

Sehun flashed a smile, giving Minseok an I-told-you-so look.

“Kidnapping pop stars for a memorable first meal. Would have been something I did in my youth.” Ryeowook sighed, staring off.

“Except you would never have been caught, sir,” Siwon pointed out.

“Well of course not! Only a moron would be spotted.” He looked from Yeri to Sehun, both of whom instantly sobered, the smiles left their faces.

Minseok gritted his teeth. He had hoped to intercept his progeny before word of their misadventure got to Ryeowook or Siwon but as was the usual story of his life (at least of late) they already knew about it. It was another black mark on their record, another potentially punishable offense. Minseok wanted to scream at his progeny, to scold them, to threaten them...but he didn't have a chance. The council was their judges, would be until the entire issue with Hangeng was cleared up.

“Now, now, don’t look so grim. I’m not going to kill you all...yet.” Ryeowook smiled. He looked at Minseok. “But I think it goes without saying these two—” He pointed at Sehun and Yeri. “Should keep on the low down until this blows over.”

“Down low,” Siwon said quietly.

“What?”

“It is down low, not low down.”

Ryeowook waved his hand dismissively. “Whatever, just keep them out of trouble and remember, you have a job to do. They will be more useful alive, at least for now.”

Minseok bowed his head. “Yes, sir.”

He gestured for Sehun and Yeri to follow him out of the office. Each step he took towards the door he expected Ryeowook to demand he stayed, thankfully that didn’t happen. The older vampire was too busy arguing with Siwon about the proper order of the words down and low.

Once they were out of the office Minseok shepherded them into Sehun’s. It was a bitch not having his own office to use, but it was impossible to take it back.

“You do realize that they can kill us at any time, right?” Minseok asked, dragging his hand through his hair. He looked away, feeling frustrated.

“But dad—”

“No buts!” Minseok held his finger up. He looked Yeri in the eyes. “I have enough shit going on right now to worry about what you two are doing. Act like the grown-up vampires you are, just this once, please.” Minseok felt a sudden wave of energy, his eyes going to the closed office door.

A second later the door was opened, Yifan stood in the entryway. He was holding Luhan by the scruff of the neck, a couple inches off the floor, not unlike a cat might hold a kitten. Luhan kicked his feet, struggling to escape.

“He’s like a freaking horny puppy, trying to feed off anything that moves.” Yifan sighed, holding
Luhan towards Minseok. The vampire’s legs dangled helplessly in the air.

Minseok pinched the bridge of his nose wanting very much to run away at that moment. “Sehun, Yeri,” he said slowly.

“Yes,” they answered in unison.

“I want you two to stay in here and watch Luhan until I come back. If any of you three leave or if anything bad happens, I will personally rip you apart limb from limb. Got it?”

“I can take care of myself!” Luhan protested, swinging his feet.

“What are you going to do?” Sehun asked.

“I need a drink,” Minseok said, feigning a smile. He stalked towards Yifan. The older vampire let Luhan drop to the floor. A second later he was slamming the door and following Minseok towards the stairs.

“How are you holding up?” Yifan asked. They were seated at the bar, Junmyeon a few feet away, bar rag in hand, making big circles on the polished bar top.

Pandora was slow. Minseok wondered if their normal customers got the hint from the club being closed the night before. Something had gone down, it was best to steer clear of the place for now. Supernatural creatures had a good deal of sense, believe it or not. Most of the time.

Minseok sighed. “I don’t think there is a good answer to that question.” Honestly, he was annoyed, he was frustrated, and he was afraid. He wasn’t confident in any of his decisions at the moment, including leaving Luhan with Sehun and Yeri. His magic could appear, spelling disaster. He looked up towards the second floor, frowning.

“You know I had to turn him,” Yifan said quietly, referring to his part in making Luhan a vampire. It was as much of an apology as Minseok was likely to ever receive. But then again he owed his own apology to this man, to his oldest friend. He had kept the knowledge of Luhan from him and for that he was sorry.

“I’m sorry I didn’t tell you—“

“It’s fine.” Yifan gestured lazily at him, dismissing his worries.

Minseok looked over at his old friend. He picked up the glass of enchanted scotch that Junmyeon had poured him and took a swig. “Who turned you? Was it...did you know them? You said you knew of them…”

Yifan nodded “I knew of his existence, but it wasn’t Hangeng or his apprentices that made me like this. I don’t know who turned me.”

Minseok nodded, figuring as much. They had known each other for centuries, no matter how skeptical he was by nature he trusted Yifan more than most people. “At least you don’t know who abandoned you.” Luhan had inflicted this life upon him and left him to suffer alone, unknowing. Anger welled up in his chest. “I wish I hadn’t found out.”
“He’s in the same boat as you were, you know,” Yifan said. “He’s helpless, impulsive, confused.”

“I’m very aware of that. And I’m being forced to help him, otherwise, I’d leave in some back alley to figure out this shit for himself.” Bitter was an understatement. Minseok would be happy once the Hangeng mess was wrapped up and he could divest himself of Luhan once and for all. Assuming they all survived, that is.

Yifan smirked. “Sounds about right coming from you. Except, you know, your undying affection and attachment for Yeri and Sehun.” Yifan took a sip of his drink, hiding a smile.

Minseok stuttered out a few words before shutting his mouth. Fine, point taken.

“So any idea what you’re going to do next? How you’re going to take down Hangeng?” Yifan slid his empty glass a few inches, towards the interior of the bar.

“You mean it isn’t as easy as training magic boy up there and saying kill?” Minseok shot back.

“Wow, you really aren’t in a good mood.” Yifan whistled.

“Thanks for noticing.” Minseok held out his glass, gesturing for Junmyeon to give him a refill.

Luhan sat on the couch, attention finally drawn in by something he didn’t want to devour. Or taste. Or whatever. He was on the edge of his seat, listening carefully to every word that was spoken.

“Yeah, so I never take my shoes off when I go into a house. Ever. I say fuck the rules.” Sehun leaned against the wall, arms folded against his chest, legs crossed. He looked like the epitome of cool. Luhan couldn’t believe he hadn’t picked up on it the first time he met his fellow vampire.

“But doesn’t Minseok get mad?” Luhan asked. He remembered how clean Minseok’s apartment was.

Sehun snorted. “Like I care. He can’t control me. I’m born free.” He fished in his jeans pocket, pulling out a lollipop. With what was probably the smoothest set of motions Luhan ever witness Sehun unwrapped the candy and stuck it in his mouth. He swirled it a bit, surely a sign of amazing tongue prowess.

“Another pointer, if you go into a store and you want something wink at the cashier, works every time.”

“Really?” Luhan sat back, trying to remember how to wink.

“Yes, and if — “

The office door opened, Yeri walking inside. Sehun quickly stood up straight, taking a bite out of his lollipop. She stopped, narrowing her eyes at Luhan and then looking to Sehun.

“What have you been telling him?”

Sehun shrugged.

“Dad is going to kill you.” Yeri gave him a warning look before making her way to the sofa and plopping down next to Luhan. He had yet to figure out what he thought about Yeri. She seemed...
hyper. “Here, it isn’t much but it should tide you over.” She held out a small bottle of liquid.

Luhan wrinkled his nose at the offering. “That isn’t a person.”

Yeri scowled. “No shit. But it will make you feel full, at least until you feed again. Fuck, last time I do anything nice for you. So rude.” She tossed the bottle his way. Luhan managed to catch it, fumbling with it for a moment before holding it tightly in his palm.

He eyed the suspicious drink. It didn’t seem to smell like anything, or at least he couldn’t smell it at the moment. It wasn’t delicious scented or appetizing to look at like the other creatures he had run into downstairs. He hesitated for a moment before unscrewing the lid and bringing the bottle to his nose. It smelled like…nothing.

“Just drink it,” Yeri prodded from his side.

Luhan looked to Sehun, who had taken out his cell phone and was busy scrolling through something that undoubtedly was awesome because oh wow, Sehun was soooo cool.

Luhan scrunched up his nose and took the leap, drinking the liquid down in one shot.

“Oh my fucking god,” Sehun drawled.

Yeri and Luhan looked at him in tandem. “What?” Luhan asked, slightly disappointed Sehun hadn’t seen him look so cool drinking down the liquid.

“Come here.” Sehun waved them over. He turned the volume on his phone up.

Luhan and Yeri scurried over to him, one on each side so they could see the screen.

Luhan’s eyes went wide. He blurted out, “That’s—"

“Yunho and Changmin?” Yeri finished his sentence.

They were in front of a camera, both looking a little pale but no worse for wear than when Luhan had last seen them. Fed off them. Whatever.

“They’re doing an Instagram live,” Sehun explained.

Luhan listened attentively as the two men began to speak over each other, Changmin finally winning out, Yunho falling silent.

“You may have heard of the incident last night. I don’t want any of you to worry because honestly, it was great. In fact—"

“We’re in love,” Yunho cut in. He glanced at Changmin. “Not with each other because ewww, but with these guys.” He held up a crude drawing of two men.

“They are the loves of our lives,” Changmin added. “And if you see them, please tell them we are looking for them.”

“Did TVXQ just say they are in love with Dad and Luhan?” Yeri said softly, in disbelief.

“Oh, yeah apparently,” Sehun confirmed.

Luhan blinked at the screen. They were still talking, listing off how great…he was? What in the…
The office door opened, Sehun muting his phone the moment the doorknob turned. He slipped it into his pocket, leaving Luhan to stare at the space where the screen used to be, mind not catching up with what was going on.

Minseok strolled in. He looked between the three of them before gesturing to Luhan. “Come on, time to go. And you two, you’re grounded to the club until further notice. No showing your faces in public. I don’t need to take out an entire police station to save your asses, got it?”

Sehun and Yeri nodded. “Whatever you say, Dad.”

“Come on,” Minseok waved Luhan to follow him. “Now.”

Luhan took one last look at Sehun and Yeri before he followed Minseok out of the office, completely bewildered.

Minseok was fighting a losing battle against…fuck, he didn’t want to talk about it. The ride back to his apartment was torturous. Luhan was close, less than an arm’s length away in his beat up, little old Toyota. He was hyper-aware of the fledgling vampire, of the way he shifted in his seat, opening his mouth like he wanted to say something then closing it immediately.

A few sideways glances and Minseok’s mind was going places he didn’t want it to. He could pull over, get in a quickie. Luhan would do it, he would probably be thrilled at the prospect.

No, no, no, he repeated in his mind. He hated Luhan for what he had done to him, would always hate him. He couldn’t be weak, not now. No matter how much his body wanted it, he had to be stronger than that.

“About last night–” Luhan started.

“It was a one-time thing, don’t worry. We won’t do it again,” Minseok finished for him. He really didn’t want to talk about it.

Luhan dragged his hand through his hair. “No, I mean, –“

Minseok pulled off to the side of the road, yanking the wheel hard. Luhan gripped the dashboard, eyes going wide in shock when Minseok slammed on the breaks. He looked over in shock.

Minseok stared back, tongue darting out and unconsciously swiping his bottom lip. He hated how much he was attracted to Luhan, that he could list pages of reasons why he shouldn’t want to smash his lips against Luhan’s but none of that mattered at the moment. That he would make such a dangerous move in his shitty old Toyota and risk breaking something just because he was that frustrated.

They locked eyes for a few seconds before Minseok groaned, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

“Are you okay?” Luhan asked.

Minseok would hate himself, he knew it, but some things couldn’t be helped. He moved, pressing his lips into Luhan’s before the other man realized his intentions. The fledgling vampire made a small noise of surprise before opening his mouth, giving Minseok access.
Minseok’s hand went to Luhan’s cheek, pressing into the skin as he deepened the kiss. It was an awkward angle, Minseok in the driver’s seat and Luhan in the passenger’s seat. Luhan reached out, hand going to Minseok’s arm, fisting into the fabric of his shirt, both men angling their bodies towards each other.

He didn’t know where he was expecting any of it to go, he definitely wasn’t thinking clearly. His tongue slid against Luhan’s, a heated lip lock that had both vying for power. Their teeth clashed, Minseok could almost swear he tasted a hint of blood, but he didn’t care.

He dug his nails into Luhan’s cheek, into the coldness, into the skin that he remembered holding so much warmth. He moaned into the kiss, pressing his lips harder against Luhan’s.

A loud crash broke them apart, their world getting suddenly smaller. Minseok jerked way, nails marring Luhan’s cheeks as he moved. The glass of the windshield cracked, the invisible weakness in the glass shattering, moving inward. Minseok’s hand was on the door handle in a split second, pushing it open. He jumped out of the car, tensing as he took in a dark form that was lying on the windshield, having crashed into it.

Luhans was only a second behind him, alighting the vehicle and staring at the prone form of a person.

Minseok strained to see who or what it was, stiffening when he recognized the person who looked up at him in pain, his face contorted, quickly draining of color.

*Kim Jongdae.*

His lips twitched, eyes pleading. Blood streamed from his temple, trickling down his cheek.

Minseok looked up, towards the roof of the tall building they had parked next to. He had fallen, he had to have to have created the large dent that had all but destroyed Minseok’s front end. He neared the vampire, hesitant to reach out to him.

“Luhan,” a voice spoke from a distance. Minseok’s eyes darted to the sidewalk, to a tall form who stood twenty some feet away. He had his hands in the pockets of his long coat, his body silhouetted by a streetlight.

When he took a step forward Minseok could make out his face, could see the deeply set eyes, the way he fixated on Luhan and only Luhan.

“Hangeng,” Minseok whispered, knowing without ever having seen the man. It had to be him. He knew it.

*It had to be.*

Chapter End Notes

Why did Yifan lie to Minseok about knowing Hangeng? Why is Jongdae lying bleeding on Minseok’s prized beat-up Toyota? And why is Sehun sooooo cool?! These and other questions will be answered in the next installment of Voices Carry....which I promise will happen soon, not in eight months like this one *hangs head*. For anyone
who stuck it out and is still excited for this fic, I am terribly sorry it took so long, forgive me.

Thanks to Aki for helping me with the Sehun-being-too-cool dialogue. It was months in the making, thanks for pulling it out at short notice, dear.

Until next time,
<3 India (London9Calling)

PS - if you ever need to yell at me (or say hi) I live on twitter. Seriously, have a nice little house and everything. @london9calling
Minseok watched in horror as Luhan took a step forward, approaching Hangeng without hesitation. A wave of panic washed over him. If Luhan were to slip through his fingers, if Luhan were to reunite with Hangeng, the consequences could be disastrous for them all. Minseok took a step forward, stopping when he was distracted by a loud cry of anguish.

Jongdae, writhing on the smashed-up car, let out a groan of pain, a reminder that he was alive, hurting, and present. The front end of the Toyota was severely dented from the fall, a snaking series of cracks claiming the windshield. Smoke rose from under the hood, and Minseok could almost swear he could smell gasoline.

“Minseok!”

The vampire turned to see Yifan jogging towards where Jongdae had fallen. When Minseok looked back towards Hangeng, the man was gone. Luhan still stood on the sidewalk, staring towards where the powerful magician had been, a vacant stare in his eyes.

Yifan rushed over, side-stepping Minseok to approach Jongdae. He made it to the car in record time, reaching for the broken body of Kim Jongdae.

Minseok’s eyes darted from Luhan to Yifan, and back before he settled on following Yifan’s lead, running to Jongdae’s side. He was a few feet from Jongdae, from the puddling blood and the broken metal, when the formerly missing vampire let out a scream of terror.

“Don’t touch me!” Jongdae shrieked. His eyes were wide, blood trickling down his cheek from a cut on his forehead. He was in pain, but somehow, he still managed to scurry back on the hood of Minseok’s car, attempting to get away from the people who approached him.

Yifan reached for Jongdae yet again, ignoring his protests. The injured vampire repeated his scream and his weak attempt to escape.

Jongdae was staring at Yifan like he was the devil incarnate, like he would most certainly injure him worse, if not kill him outright. He had just fallen from a building, yet he was screaming at a Zone Chief, at a man who was merely trying to help him. Minseok thought then and there his mind must have suffered a terrible grievance.

Yifan took a step back, holding his hands up in mock surrender. “Just stay still, or you’ll hurt yourself worse,” he instructed, backing off.

With each step Yifan took backward, Jongdae seemed to relax. He blinked furiously, letting his head fall onto the cracked windshield. He was weak but no longer using his remaining energy to distance himself from Yifan.

Minseok saw movement out of the corner of his eye. Luhan was starting to walk away, towards where Hangeng had been standing only seconds before. Minseok darted, rushing to intercept the fledgling vampire before he got away.

He put himself in Luhan’s path, holding his arms out to block him. Luhan’s eyes were glassy, his expression blank. He stared dumbly at Minseok but stopped walking.
“Stay,” Minseok instructed, not unlike he was talking to a dog. “Don’t move.”

Luhans didn’t show that he understood. It was eerie, the way he fixed his gaze on Minseok. The way his eyes were suddenly emotionless, devoid of thoughts or feelings.

“Minseok, we need to get this cleaned up ASAP,” Yifan yelled. “Before we are in deeper shit.”

From somewhere in the distance the sound of police sirens could be heard. Minseok swore under his breath. Someone must have called the police, and honestly, he couldn’t blame them. A man falling from a building onto a car would usually dictate that course of action.

“I’ll get Luhans, you take Jongdaes,” Yifan instructed, stalking towards where Minseok stood, blocking Luhans’s path. “He won’t let me touch him.”

Minseok wanted to point out that he doubted Jongdae would let anyone touch him, but it would be a foolish argument. It didn’t matter, not when they were about to face a bigger shitstorm if they stayed.

“Okay,” Minseok agreed, giving Luhans one last look. “We’ll meet at my apartment.”

“We should go back to the club,” Yifan disagreed, reaching to grab Luhans’s arm.

“No,” Minseok said firmly, a rare burst of subordination. “Not yet.”

The approaching sirens forced Yifans hand. “Fuck, fine.”

It was a blur of movement, Yifan grabbing Luhans and rushing towards the nearest alley. And then it was up to Minseok to collect the injured vampire, to pick him up and speed towards his apartment as stealthily but quickly as he could.

And oddly enough, Jongdaes didn’t protest when he lifted him from the hood of the car. He clung to Minseok, whimpering in pain but no longer screaming.

Minseok arrived at his apartment first, Yifan and Luhans presumably close behind him. Jongdaes was limp in his arms, bloodied and broken. He was quick to get the vampire to a bed, lying him down carefully so as not to aggravate his injuries.

When Jongdaes’s back hit the soft mattress, he stirred, his eyes snapping open, a pained whimper escaping his lips.

“You’re safe,” Minseok said, letting his arms slip out from behind Jongdae. He couldn’t be sure the man could even hear him, much less understand what he was saying, but he felt the need to reassure him.

“Don’t.” The word was raspy, hard to understand. Jongdae seemed to exert every fiber of energy to get it out, his head lolling to the side.

“What? Don’t what?” Minseok asked, leaning in.

He could hear his front door opening. Yifan had arrived with Luhans. There were footsteps; he could hear Luhans protesting being tossed around.
“Don’t tell the council,” Jongdae rasped, dry and cracked lips moving slowly, the words low and rough.

Minseok blinked down at him, at the pitiful site. *What* shouldn’t he tell the council? Wasn’t Jongdae working for them? He couldn’t ask the questions that raced through his mind because Yifan was no sooner in the doorway of the room, inquiring after Jongdae.

“He’s unconscious,” Minseok reported, turning to face Yifan, his mind troubled.

Yifan glanced past him, to the bed. “Did he say anything?”

“No,” Minseok lied, a lump forming in his throat.

Luhan plopped down on the sofa, folding his arms tightly against his chest. He hated being manhandled by Yifan, a frequent occurrence of late. He sighed, body tensing as he focused on his annoyance.

Had life always been this confusing? This damn disagreeable? He was being treated like a child, and all for what? Because he was hungry. Well damnit, he just wanted to eat. Was that a crime?

No. A crime was what probably happened to the man upstairs. Of course, no one would tell him who the man was, because no one seemed to trust him with anything. He kicked his feet in annoyance, gritting his teeth. When he heard footsteps coming down the stairs, he didn’t bother turning around, too pissed off to care who was doing what. It wasn’t his business anyway, apparently.

“Not yet. Give me a day or two before you tell them.” It was Minseok, pleading.

“Why? They need to know we found him.” And of course, Yifan.

“They will, but for now he can’t be moved. Once they know he’s here they’ll be at my front door. I don’t want them here; it’s bad enough they took over my fucking club. Please, Yifan. Please.”

Luhan reached for the remote, flicking on the television. It was no surprise it was on the channel that *As The Bold Days Turn* aired on. The soap opera was not playing, a horribly bright and pointless game show on in its stead.

Luhan hit the channel button, mindlessly flicking through his options while Minseok and Yifan continued to argue a few feet away. Cooking show. Reality show. A show with humans that would probably be fucking fantastic to feed on if he was given the chance.

“Are you trying to make it worse? Sehun and Yeri are already pushing their luck, Minseok. Do you think keeping this from the Council is going to help matters?”

“They told me to take care of this mess. That is what I am doing,” Minseok countered. “I am handling it. I won’t keep this from them for long.”

“I don’t think—”

“Please. Let me handle it.”

Luhan tossed the remote down next to him and stood. His head was thrumming with Yifan and
Minseok’s back and forth, compounding his already bad mood. He stalked past the two, heading for the stairs and a moment of quiet in his room.

Or so that was his original idea. He reached the top of the stairs and stopped, fixating on the open doorway and the man lying on his bed. Of course, they put him there.

Luhan squared his shoulders and walked into the room, shutting the door behind him. He looked down at the motionless body. He was a thin man, face smeared with blood, bruises starting to form. He had taken a fall, Luhan had seen it. Even though it had happened only minutes ago, it seemed like a blurry, distant memory. Foggy at best.

The horrible sound of a body hitting the trunk of Minseok’s car and then yelling. Yifan dragging him away. A thud so loud Luhan had thought the ground had cracked open.

Luhan tilted his head to the side, observing, considering. Was it strange something seemed familiar about this person the more he looked at him? But what….

He crept closer, leaning in, studying the man’s features. His prominent brow, the tiny quirk to his lips. He looked pale. His clothing was ragged, but Luhan guessed that was from the fall.

When the man opened his eyes, Luhan jumped back in surprise.

“Luhan.” The man sounded like shit, but that was no real shock considering the state his body was in. His eyes were glassy as he stared up.

“Who are you?” Luhan asked, leaning back towards the poor soul.

“Pocket. My pocket, take it, you need to take it. From Yixing,” the man said, trying to reach for the pocket of his jacket but failing, wincing in pain and letting his arm drop to his side.

Luhan followed his instructions. He was cautious as he reached his hand towards the front pocket of the man’s torn jacket. He darted a finger into the pocket, feeling around until his fingers met cool glass. He extracted the object, a small vial that looked immeasurably fragile. How it had survived the fall was a miracle.

Luhan held it up, noting the clear liquid that moved with each turn of the glass tube. “What is it?” he whispered.

When the man didn’t answer, Luhan looked down at him. He was unconscious again, eyes closed, face leaning to one side.

From Yixing. Yixing…. that name was familiar too, somehow. It pissed him off he couldn’t place it, that he couldn’t quite connect why the person in front of him and the name rang a bell in his mind.

He unscrewed the cap of the vial and smelted the liquid. It was much like the elixir Yeri had given him to stave his hunger. Odorless. Nothing appetizing about it. He screwed the cap back on the vial, slipping it into his pants pocket.

He would need to figure out what the vial contained. But first, it was time for him to eat. Because goddamnit he was hungry.

“Can a guy get a meal around here?” he yelled, slumping down on the floor.

“Not right now, for fuck's sake,” was the reply he received, Minseok yelling up the stairs,
Minseok had managed to talk Yifan into remaining silent, at least for a day. It wasn’t an easy task and, in the end, it left Minseok feeling a strange sense of guilt. He had kept information from Yifan already, having withheld Luhan’s existence. And now he was asking him to remain mum. It was the second strike against him, but one that he deemed momentarily necessary.

Kim Jongdae had issued a vague warning, and Minseok wanted to know more before he decided what to do. He guessed it was nothing, but he had to be sure. Was he under Hangeng’s influence? Was he entirely won over, switching sides because he believed the powerful magician’s lies? Or was there something more sinister, a hidden truth, that Jongdae was privy too. Minseok meant to find out, which is why he took the chance of keeping Jongdae secluded in his apartment, at least until the vampire could regain enough strength to tell him what had happened.

When the sun rose the next morning, Luhan fell into sleep. Sated from a very temporary feeding (Minseok felt terrible for snagging the delivery boy off the streets, but it was better than listening to Luhan whine all night) and young, he would rest for a good chunk of the day. Minseok was grateful for it because it gave him time to figure out how to help Jongdae regain his strength. He ended up doing something that was quite distasteful but a necessary evil.

When the doorbell rang, Minseok approached it with a grimace on his face.

“Dr. Zhi.”

The doctor stood in the threshold of Minseok’s apartment, a scowl on his face. He was quick to point his finger in Minseok’s face, jutting it at his nose. “I am charging you triple the going rate for this, face-sucker.”

“Just do your job.” Minseok stepped aside, holding the door open for him. The doctor brushed past him with his head held high. Minseok had a desire to smack him in the back of the head as he passed but held back.

The doctor shuffled into Minseok’s apartment, unbuttoning his sleeves as he walked. His bag was slung over his shoulder, his hair messy like he had just gotten out of bed. “Where is he?” Dr. Zhi asked, tone dry.

“Upstairs. He took a bad fall and is going to need sustenance,” Minseok answered. He had debated inviting one of the coven over to let Jongdae feed, but he honestly doubted the vampire even possessed the strength to feed at the moment. For now, he would need the doctor to give him a few injections, enough energy to allow him to remain conscious for more than a handful of seconds at a time.

The doctor nodded, trudging up the stairs without a backward glance.

Minseok dragged his hand through his hair. He only needed a few minutes with Jongdae, long enough to talk to him. Then he could get to the club and tell Siwon and Ryewook they found him. Then he could get on with what he was tasked with doing, and eventually, if everything went his way, he could say goodbye to Luhan once and for all.

And then he would go on vacation.
Or spend a month inside watching *As the Bold Days Turn*. Either one.

He just needed to be rid of the situation. To go back to the bizarre normalcy that had kept him company for the last few decades. He hated this…this sudden change, this chaos that was beyond the usual chaos Pandora threw his way.

And most importantly, he hated Luhan. He hated that he now knew who had created him. That he knew who had doomed him to centuries on the earth, dead but unable to rest. He hated Luhan. And he wanted to be free.

Luhan watched the older man with interest, eyes following every movement. He didn’t smell exactly like the man that he had fed off the night before…but he also didn’t smell like Minseok or the other vampires.

The man was uncoordinated, awkward even. His face flushed red as he examined the injured man who had surreptitiously stolen Luhan’s bed. He hummed a song Luhan didn’t recognize and seemed to take great delight in shoving a few needles into the patient’s arms and injecting a liquid into them.

Luhan had been sleeping, curled up in the corner of his room. He woke up to the strange man muttering under his breath. Something about “Told you he was human, and look they go make him a vampire. Stupid face suckers”.

Now he was lying, one eye open, observing what the man was doing.

And then it occurred to him. Perhaps this strange man could be of use. The more he moved about, examining, injecting, the more Luhan came to the conclusion he was a doctor of sorts.

“Excuse me,” Luhan said as the man began packing up his black bag, throwing in used syringes and zipping it up with aplomb.

The man turned, quirking an eyebrow at him. “I will charge you three times the going rate too.”

Luhan fished in his pocket, producing the vial and holding it out to the older man, ignoring what he had just said. “What is it?” he asked. Straight. To the point.

The man eyed it for a moment before taking it. He held it up towards the ceiling light, moving the vial close to his left eye for better inspection. He uncapped the vial next, smelling the contents. And then he was fishing into his bag to produce a small bag of thin paper strips, one of which he dipped into the liquid.

Luhan watched him, arms folded against his chest, waiting for the verdict.

“When did you get this?” the doctor asked the moment he removed the strip, the once white paper now a deep blood red.

“Doesn’t matter. What is it?” Luhan countered.

The doctor huffed. He screwed the cap back on the vial and thrust it towards Luhan. “How much do you remember about your life?” the doctor asked.

Luhan took the vial, slipping it back into his pocket. “Nothing,” Luhan answered. “Nothing at all.”
Jongdae woke up as the sun set, regaining consciousness with a start. Minseok had been watching him since Dr. Zhi left, the greedy doctor’s pockets well-padded after his house call. Luhan had woken up an hour ago and was left to his own devices (under the recurring threat of death if he messed up) while Minseok kept an eye on Jongdae.

When Jongdae’s head and shoulders shot up, Minseok was quick to rush to the bedside, to assure the vampire that he was safe. A full minute passed before Jongdae relaxed, his dry lips smacking together while he looked about the room.

“Is Yifan here?” Jongdae asked, voice still raw.

Minseok shook his head. “Should I call him?”

“No! No. Please,” Jongdae locked eyes with Minseok, his gaze registering fear.

“What is going on?” Minseok needed to know. He couldn’t string this out forever. The council would need to be notified eventually. He couldn’t delay the inevitable for too long.

Jongdae struggled to sit up. Minseok reached forward, putting his arm around the injured man’s shoulders and helping him to lean back against the pillows.

“Yifan was the one who….” Jongdae looked down at his injured body. He was healing, Dr. Zhi had given him draught that would help him along. A deep feeding would be in order and then the more grievous injuries would fade, but for now, he was still hurting. “He threw me from the building. Minseok, the council, don’t trust them.”

“Why not?” Minseok asked, fixing Jongdae with a level gaze. The council wasn’t the most upstanding organization in history, but they did a reasonably good job of keeping Minseok’s kind in check. He didn’t always like them, and he didn’t always trust their motives entirely, but he respected them. Feared them. After all, there were two of them camped out at his nightclub, threatening to kill his progeny every other day. He had reason to be kept in line.

As for Yifan, the thought he would injure Jongdae was ludicrous. Yifan was a gentle man, if not a firm one. Minseok had known him his entire undead life. There was no way he would do something like that. Not without provocation. Not without a damn good reason. It was far more likely Jongdae had fallen under Hangeng’s power and was sent back to spout outrageous lies.

“They are behind the disappearances. The vampires disappearing, the other supernatural beings. They are doing it all. I can prove it. Hangeng, he knows it too. That is why they are after him.” Jongdae swallowed. “They sent me after him, but I found out the truth. They tried to kill me. Please, you must believe me. Please.”

“Prove it,” Minseok challenged.

“I...we need to go to Hangeng. He knows everything,” Jongdae exclaimed, hands moving excitedly despite his weak state. “call him here, he has all the proof you need.”

Minseok sighed. “It isn’t convincing if you have to call a man like him here to prove anything.”
Jongdae closed his eyes tightly, face scrunching. He dragged his hand through his hair in a sign of frustration. “It isn’t. Just – you have to listen to me.”

“Quite frankly I am sick of listening to everyone,” Minseok drawled. “And you are not making a solid case for yourself. I saw Hangeng there when you fell. Why would he be there if it was Yifan who was the one who hurt you?”

He wasn’t going to let on that he had kept Jongdae around because he needed to hear it, that his trust was not easily won. That perhaps the Council wasn’t his favorite. In the end, that was just fodder. Because he trusted Yifan. He knew he could believe Yifan.

“He was there—” Jongdae’s face lit up with a sudden realization. His hand darted to his jacket pocket. He padded them, frowning. A second passed before he seemed to understand. “Luhan is here, right?”

“How do you know Luhan?” Minseok asked. He should know that Luhan would somehow make this more complicated. That was what he did, right? Made everything more distasteful.

Jongdae ignored the question. “Tell him to come here. I, I think I gave him something. It can prove to you I am telling the truth. Please, just ask him to come in here.”

Minseok found Jongdae pitiful in his current state, begging, eyes wild as he tried to plead his case. He could humor him, he supposed, even if he didn’t like it. “Alright. I’ll bring him in here.”

“Thank you,” Jongdae said, a sliver of hope reflected in his gaze. “Luhan can prove what I am saying is true. You’ll know soon enough.”

Luhan held the vial between his fingers, rolling it along the pads. He was seated on the sofa, the floor to ceiling windows now uncovered behind him, revealing the quickly descending night sky. He heard footsteps, knew it was Minseok approaching.

He took one last look at the vial before he unscrewed the cap, letting it fall to the floor.

“I need you to come with me,” Minseok said gruffly.

Luhan raised the vial to his lips, one last moment of hesitation before he tilted it, emptying the contents into his mouth. It wasn’t much, indeed not a mouthful, but it was enough to feel an immediate reaction. When the liquid met his tongue, he realized that its odorless quality did not transcend to its taste. It was bitter, making him want to spit it back up.

But he wouldn’t. Not when he had spent the last few hours working up the courage to do it. Not when….

“Did you hear me?” Minseok moved quickly. Luhan had learned this about their kind, the way they could be somewhere in the blink of an eye. He was in front of Luhan in a second, wearing an expression of annoyance mixed with sheer fatigue. “Come with me.”

Luhan looked into his eyes, into the dull black void. Life had been there once, he supposed.

Minseok could move quickly, but so could he. Luhan reached, taking the other vampire by surprise. He smashed their lips together, hand snaking around to grip the nape of Minseok’s neck.
A press of lips, the tiniest drop of liquid pressed between. Minseok made a small noise of surprise.

Luhan had thought he might pull away. But he didn’t.

Minseok parted his lips, giving Luhan entry. It was enough, just enough for the awkward exchange of the draught, the liquid shared between their mouths as their tongues slid together. The smallest amount of elixir, transferred with their kiss, with Luhan’s tongue massaging against Minseok’s.

_The tiniest bit of liquid._

It hit Luhan first, he had been the first to drink of the vial. Hazy. Warmth. Perhaps pain. But he wouldn’t let go, his free hand meeting Minseok’s waist, gripping.

Time seemed to slow; noises seemed to fade away entirely. It was only them. Only Luhan and Minseok, a bitter taste and a backdrop of darkness.

And then they started.

The flood of memories, the glimpses of a life long gone. Names and places. Events. Death and births, terror and happiness. Luhan felt like his skull would burst like the images would tear him apart from the inside out. A nonsensical rush of feelings and perceptions, trying to put itself back in order at a lightning pace.

Places that no longer existed, places that had long ago changed so wholly no one could recognize them. Faces that had clung to the passage of time unchanged and those that had wilted away, leaving the earth behind. Chants, the monastery. Hangeng. The power that could corrupt if one would let it. Power that could save if one had the inclination.

The air seemed heavy around him, suffocating as he tried to make sense of it all. And through it Minseok clung to him, his arms wrapping around Luhan’s neck, pulling him in. Their lips remained pressed together, though they no longer moved.

Minseok. Minseok, he saw Minseok. But it was so long ago.

_Minseok afraid. Sad. Alive….. but not_

_He saw Minseok._

His Minseok.

_He heard Minseok._

His Minseok.

Like voices carried on a wind, through three hundred years, to burn into his brain, to assault his ears anew.

He heard it all.

And when their lips were no longer pressed together, his solitary existence faded. Minseok’s hands found his cheeks, holding him, cradling his face. A long stretch of silence as they both tried to recover.

“Luhan,” Minseok whispered. “It really is you, isn’t it?”

Their eyes met, noses almost touching. There was no breath between them because that had gone
long ago. But the rest of what they had lost centuries before, had returned to them.

“Yes, Minseok.” Luhan swallowed. “It’s me.”

Chapter End Notes

a/n- I'm baaaaaackkkk. After 9 months...I am a terrible human being, forgive me. I won't make any promises this time, even if I hope to start working on this fic regularly now. Thanks for everyone who has been hanging in there. ~ LC

End Notes

Inspired by this tweet and the Red Velvet / Exo Skechers Sweet Monster MV.

The vampires in this story are loosely based on the legend of Jiangshi. And I mean loosely – no hopping or furry green skin hehe. They do suck life energy as opposed to sucking blood, but aside from that difference they share many of the traits of western vampires.

If you have any questions on the story (apart from plot spoilers) hit me up on twitter or my ask fm (you can ask anonymously/ without an account if you are shy). I hope everyone enjoys this new fic, because I am completely immersed in this world at the moment. /throws self into sun

~India (LC)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!