Things go bump in the night

by Morpheel

Summary

In a chance discovery on his way home from work, Tom learns the unfortunate truth about the presence of demons in this world.

Said demon, though, is not too pleased about his feeding being interrupted. Tord vows to make Tom pay in any way that he can- starting with removing that pesky cross from around his neck.

Notes

If it's not obvious, this is an Incubus Tord Au that I am putting out on Ao3 to gauge the response of. If people like it, then I will gladly continue.
There was always something about calm nights that put Tom on edge. Maybe it was the way the lights reflected long shadows across the pavement before him, seeming to shift and contort depending on which bulb overhead cast the strongest influence. Perhaps it was the way that the town was quiet for once, that even the faintest of noise could rapture his attention. Whatever it was, he had an unpleasant crawling sensation moving through his gut.

The moon hung heavy above him; full in essence, a calming constant as the man made his way through the darkened streets of the town. He had finished a gig at the local bar with his bass Susan, pulling a decent check that night.

He had to admit, he was damn good at what he did.

Whether it was flirting with the drunken patrons for better tips, getting tipsy himself off of a bit too much Smirnoff, or partaking in the classic drunken bar fight for bet money- Tom R. could always find a way to make his nights eventful.

Yet tonight it seemed that fate would play him a cruel hand, and give him much more excitement than he had originally bargained for.

He had paused in his steps the moment that he heard a muffled noise from the back alley, turning his
attention towards it only briefly. The thought of a stray cat was the first thing that came to the forefront of his mind, before turning to continue on his way.

That is, until the sound of a muffled sob was echoing down the very same alleyway he had turned to. Well fuck. When it came to strange noises in the night, the smartest move was to typically ignore it and move on. Yet the voice sounded feminine in tone, and Tom wasn’t enough of a cold hearted bastard to ignore the fact that this wasn’t the best neighborhoods at times.

It was moments like this that he was glad he toted around a sleek black pocketknife, as it fit comfortably in his palm as he attempted to peer through the darkness of the alleyway. “Hello? Is anyone there?” He called out to nothing in particular, voice slightly scratchy from the toll his singing always took at the end of the night.

That: and he wouldn’t lie and say he was completely sober.

He waited for a response of any kind, nearly holding his breath in order to maximize the chances of hearing yet another sob. He was just about to give up before a quiet, “Please, no,” whimpered out from behind the dumpster.

A rush of drunken adrenaline overtook the man in an instant, every muscle in his arm going taunt as he stepped quickly around the corner in order to confront the scene before him. And what a sight it was.

A man, at least a few inches taller than Tom himself, had a young woman pressed against the back alleyway wall in a position that screamed “nonconsensual.” Her head was lolled to the side, eyes hauntingly blank as the man seemed to do as he pleased to her neck.

“You fucking sicko,” Tom began, only a slight slur to his voice as he made sure the sound of his knife flicking from his sheath was audible. “Didn’t anyone ever teach you the basics of the word consent? Or at LEAST no?”

That seemed to catch the figure’s attention, pulling himself away from the woman’s neck just long enough to turn his gaze towards Tom. At first in the dim alleyway it was hard for Tom to properly make out any features. Yet the moment he could, he almost wished that he didn’t.

The mysterious man’s lips were curved up into a devious smile, canines sharpened and far too long to be cosmetically altered. His jawline was set into a tense posture, only accenting just how angular he was. In fact every part of the man appeared to be sharp in some way. Pointed noise, pointed ears, narrowed eyes that slanted into a dangerous glare.

Except, those eyes weren’t fucking normal by any definition of the word.

They were glowing a deep red in the darkness, penetrating through Tom’s defenses as a near blinding fear overtook the man. Normal people’s eyes don’t fucking glow in the darkness. Tom took a step back at the same time as the figure let go of the woman, her body dropping to the ground the moment his weight wasn’t there to support her.

With the creature’s eyes on Tom instead, it seemed that the influence faded from the woman. She was blinking back into consciousness, blank eyes turning to her original blue. At first she seemed taken aback of where she was- before the situation was rapidly catching up to her.

She let out an ear piercing scream, before scurrying up onto her feet and making a mad dash down the alleyway. Whatever had been attacking her didn’t even spare the woman a second glance, merely keeping that terrifying gaze locked onto our unfortunate spiked haired protagonist.
“You know, it is considered rude to interrupt someone while they’re eating.” The accented voice purred, a tone so deep and rumbling that Tom almost had trouble picking out the words. It was almost as if he were speaking through a tube, with each word puncturing deep into his skull. It was hard to sort through, but a Norwegian accent was present in the tone.

When the figure took a step forward, Tom had enough sense to take at least three back, holding the blade out in front of him with an unsteady hand. He wasn’t sober enough for this, but too drunk to be working at full capacity. He was royally fucked.

“I- what the fuck?” Was all Tom could muster at first, before glancing rapidly over his shoulder to turn and make his own mad dash away from whatever the hell was before him. Just as he had turned his body towards the front of the alley- he nearly fell back as he collided right into the broad chest of another figure.

He stumbled back gracelessly, tripping over his own feet and cringing the second he felt himself land onttop of Susan’s case. God fucking forbid if he broke another one. The poor base has been abused beyond her time.

He had to regain his bearings, yet when he did, he realized the same man was before him once more. He was grinning still, that Cheshire expression piercing deep through Tom. “Now now, where do you think you’re going? You cost me a meal, and I must say, I’ve worked up quite the appetite chasing down the first one.”

This guy- thing- was fucking crazy. Tom was scrabbling back as his brain wracked through what level of insanity it had to be on for him to hallucinate this. Did somebody drug his drink? There was no way that the man at the foot of the alley had suddenly materialized in front of him in the blink of an eye.

Tom’s voice may be failing him, but at least it seemed that the other had plenty to say. “What is it, cat got your tongue? You sure seemed eager to teach me about this ‘consent’ earlier. What’s stopping you now, hm?” He was taking slow steps forward, hands shoved into the front of a baggy red hoodie on his form.

His appearance alone was peculiar enough. Black jeans, red hoodie, spiked hair that almost reminded Tom of devil horns. He was typically used to the more abnormal of haircuts, yet this one was absolutely abhorrent in its own particular ways.

Yet nothing compared to those eyes. If he maintained contact with them for too long, Tom’s body almost felt like it was being crushed under a thousand pounds of weight, before finally he was able to snap himself out of his trance. He turned gaze away from the creature before him, blue eyes desperately scanning for a way out of the situation.

“I- You’re fucking insane. I’m fucking insane. I need to get the fuck out of here and away from you is what I need to do.” Tom replied with panic laced in his tone, turning around once more, only to see the figure at the end of the alleyway again. It clicked his tongue in disappointment, before holding up his arms in a casual shrug.

“I’m not one to judge insanity. But I will be stopping you from leaving this area until I am sated off of your energies.” The man said, wicked smile spreading across him as he was suddenly gone in a heartbeat.

Silence once again permeated the night, and the first instinct that screamed into Tom’s head was to run. He scrabbled up to his feet in a manner similar to the young woman, turning tail and booking it out the alley he had wandered into. The lights that had so eerily stood before him were suddenly his
saving grace, a point of reference for his legs to carry him too.

Yet it would be too good to be true to effortlessly make it out of this hellish alleyway.

Instead Tom found himself crashing into the nearest brick wall, a weight bearing into him that had him pinned to the very same wall he had protected the woman from. In this moment he was cursing his goddamn instincts to rush to damsels in distress.

Belatedly, he noted he wouldn’t even be able to get laid for his heroic rescue.

Yet as of now he had bigger, and much more burly, problems to deal with. He was being choked against the side of the wall, fingers scrabbling desperately against the attacker’s hand as his legs futilely kicked out in front of him.

“L-Lemme…Let me fucking- go.” He choked out in shaky gasps, before freezing the moment that something far too pointed to be human nails began digging into his neck. He could feel warmth running down his neck before registering the sting of the claws burying themselves into his throat, drawing out blood that the man in front of him seemed oh so fascinated in.

He pulled his claws out just long enough to let the punk breathe, looking at the shimmering red gleaming across his talons. “Ah, what a gorgeous sight indeed.” He noted, before smearing Tom’s own blood along the side of his cheek as he stroked it.

He was smiling, a dark glimmer in those unnatural eyes. “You are more appealing to me than the original woman anyways. I suppose I should thank you for that- desperate times had called for desperate measures.” He chuckled, before noting Tom’s fearful bewilderment.

“What? You act as if this is your first experience with a demon, is it not?” His tone was blatantly mocking, before gripping Tom’s scruffy chin and turning his attention back to his eyes. “Oh wait. Most people who encounter don’t live to tell the tales. What a shame that I will need to follow in said tradition when I finish with you.”

A whimper was tearing itself from Tom’s throat before he could stop it, his hand coming up to futilely claw at the demon’s wrist. Where had his knife gone? No longer could he feel the solid weight of it in his hand.

He wanted to look out for it, yet almost immediately his vision was erupting into stars as pressure was re-applied, eyes welling with tears. Was this how it actually fucking ended for him? Strangled to death by a demon that was getting far too close into his personal business?

Of course it just had to be when he thought his life couldn’t get any worse.

He could feel the demon’s breath ghosting along his neck, the blood staining the front of his hoodie and clearly becoming a point of fascination for the demon. He could almost feel him lick his lips so close to his neck. “I suppose that I at least owe you an introduction, before I drain the life straight out of you.”

The lips pulled back only long enough to travel towards Tom’s ear, causing shivers to run down his body as the sweet as honey tone mumbled huskily against the shell of it, “My name is Tord- and I do hope you’ll be repeating it back to me a few times before the life in those pretty blue eyes fade away.”

Before Tom could even hope to reply, he was shuddering in disgust as the Demon- now named Tord- lapped a wet trail up his neck towards the top of his jaw. He fully believed that this situation couldn’t get any worse-before his eyes were widening in shock at the way that the demon nearly shot
backwards in repulsion.

A black smoke was slowly rising from the creature’s reddened tongue, the blood dripping down onto the floor and clearly causing Tord much, much discomfort. At first both of them were at a loss of just what happened, before Tord’s eyes were narrowing at Tom as he wiped his mouth with the sleeve of his hoodie.

“Well, you never chalked me as a religious type, Jehovah.” He practically spat out the words with a hatred that could only be described as hellish. He had to keep his distance from Tom now, not so eager to be in his personal space. Namely because the burn to his tongue was quite unpleasant.

It was in that moment that Tom realized what had saved him. Tucked under his hoodie was a cross necklace that once belonged to his mother- blessed and dipped in holy water. Tom had never been actively involved with their family’s religious beliefs at first, but never before has he been this glad to be under the doctrine.

He quickly was pulling out the cross, narrowing his eyes at the pissed off demon as he clutched the charm tight in his palm. “Well isn’t that just my goddamn luck.” He spat out, slowly backing away and never once taking his eye off of the demon before him. “I guess you’ll just go have to go find another target. Or, better yet, just curl up and fucking die.”

It was a palatable relief when Tord refused to follow after Tom at that point, merely eliciting to step back into the shadows at a leisurely pace. “Don’t think that this is over, punk, because I have my ways of getting past those precious little artifacts of yours.” His tone was sharp and accusing, before only a single glowing red eye remained in the darkness.

“You will pay for costing me a meal, AND scalding my tongue on your disgustingly incorrect beliefs.” Tord spat out, before finally that single red eye closed into the darkness. By the time that the demon was gone, Tom had finally emerged back into the lighted path of the streetwalk.

It was a relief to be able to properly see his surroundings. He scanned each walkway once more, just out of paranoia, before all but dashing into a full on sprint the moment that he deemed the location all clear. He had pent up adrenaline coursing through his veins, the flight or fight response causing his chest to pound nearly out of control.

He already felt nauseous, and he knew for a fact that his hangover wasn’t even close to coming around yet. The warm trickle of blood was bad enough- and that was paired with the fact that he could still feel the tingling sensation of that warm tongue running up his neck.

The area was plagued with hypersensitivity too, creating a cacophony of emotions and feelings inside of Tom’s body. He knew his crash was eminent- but the first and foremost thing on his list was safely making it home after that near death experience.

His legs managed to carry him all the way home- before finally he was collapsing against the front door, all hot and heavy breaths as he clutched his neck in shock. He wanted to scratch the damn skin off where that wretched demon licked him, feeling the sensation of that tongue still sliding along his skin.

Worst off: was that it felt good.

He was grabbing his keys from his pocket, leaning against the side of the door as he windily attempted to catch his breath. He supported himself up until the door swung open to the house, all of the lights off spare for the nightlight in the bathroom hall.
It was 3:45 at night, and Tom had never felt so exhausted in his goddamn life. All he wanted to do was shower that disgusting sensation off of him, then go to bed.

But first thing’s first- his hoodie was completely covered in blood. He would more than likely have to discard of this one. This was his favorite fucking hoodie, too.

Perhaps the realization of his situation will dawn on him tomorrow: for now he was a tad bit too preoccupied with keeping the contents of his stomach INSIDE instead of down the front of him.
The Intervention

Chapter Summary

Edd and Matt voice their concerns to Tom that he needs to find a less dangerous job- but the man is persistent. He needs this job to pay for their rent. Yet he can't shake the suspicion that something significant is about to happen.

Chapter Notes

Can I just say I'm almost overwhelmed from the positive response? Literally less than twenty four hours and I'm already getting more kudos than I used to average writing homestuck. I'm glad I decided to write an Eddsworld fic, and even more glad the fandom seems to be welcome and accepting to my work. Thanks, guys. This chapter goes out to you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As of no surprise, Tom woke up to one of the worst headaches of his life.

Okay, perhaps his ‘worst headache’ was a bit of a stretch. Tom drinks himself stupid on more than one occasion, and far quicker than he did last night. Last night was like a dip in the kiddie pool when it comes to his rendezvous with Smirnoff.

But no, he knew exactly why his body was betraying him so terribly today. And it had something to do with the fact he had passed out without removing the blood soaked hoodie from his body. The anxiety from last night paired with the shock of the injury had practically rendered the poor guy helpless.

He rolled over onto his covers, a loud groan rising from his chest as he felt the crusted blood pull on his neck. Why didn’t he take care of that? It was sore beyond belief, too, which only added towards his irritation.

With a loud sigh, he was pulling himself into a sitting position, frowning at the blatant red stain seeping through his sheets. That wasn’t coming out, was it.

Tom threw his legs over the edge of his bed, attempting to stop the horrid feeling of all the blood pulsing through his body. Talk about a headrush. At the very least he didn’t drink enough for nausea to overtake him- just enough for his body to be suitably annoyed with him. He had to kick the curb with Smirnoff eventually. Just not today. Or tomorrow. Or possibly the next day.

All thoughts of alcoholic tendencies aside, Tom had a mission that he neglected to partake in last night: a shower. He couldn’t even think of the accumulation of cigarette smoke and grime that he picked up at the bar, let alone how shitty he felt after the tussle in the alleyway.

Oh, right. The alleyway.
He shuddered at the memory of this ‘Tord’ figure, those piercing red eyes all too clear in his memories. Everything from his appearance, to his words, to his demeanor screamed dangerous in big, flashing, Vegas fucking letters.

He absently hoped that he would never see the fucker again in his life- but when it came to his ragtag group of friends, it seemed adventure always hung around every corner. Whether they wanted it to or not.

Ah well, reflection was going to get him nowhere today. As much as he hated to admit it, he had overslept considerably. It was already almost 2:00, and he knew for a fact his roommates would already be up and about without him.

He had another gig starting at 8, so he figured he should get ready and see if he needed to run any errands before subjecting himself to the dark streets once more.

Rising to his feet was a bit of a challenge, if only due to the strain he had put on them getting home. A part of him hoped that he actually had been drugged instead of encountering a supernatural being straight out of a shitty sci-fi horror, but weirder things have happened to them.

Of course as he padded his way to the bathroom, he took note of his disheveled appearance. The hair gel in his hair had broken down overnight, creating a horrid mess of his hair that Tom didn’t even want to worry about right now. The bags under his eyes were even more heavy than usual, and he nearly gagged at the sight of all the fucking blood down the front of his hoodie.

It was sticking generally towards the hood and front of the blue fabric- but it was clear he must have torn open the scratches in his sleep. And fuck, did those scratches look bad. They were still crusted in blood- but one of them was puffy and swollen, possibly infected.

He poked at that one first, cringing the moment he realized this was the puncture wound that Tord’s tongue decided to get far too familiar with. It was still slightly sensitive to the touch, and he sighed out loudly as he pulled out the good old cotton balls and rubbing alcohol.

He was no stranger to coming home with injuries- shit gets crazy when you work around drunk people, sometimes being equally as drunk as them. It was usually only after his gigs concluded that he turned his attention to his ‘fans’. He used the term lightly, given that it was mainly girls looking to crawl into his pants at the end of the night.

Sometimes shit like that wasn’t taken too well with said girl’s boyfriends, even if it was clear he wanted no part in their sultry gazes. He had enough of that one night stand shit in his early 20’s, he liked to think of himself as a more tasteful man now-a-days.

Even if he was only 24.

But damn, he never thought he would be cleaning up claw marks like this across his neck. It was usually a busted lip or split eyebrow, or god forbid when someone tried to rip his eyebrow piercing out. He was always careful to treat his injuries- but never before has he seen them get this bad overnight.

He hissed at the application of the soaked cotton ball, watching as the dried blood began to turn into a slippery copper mess as he rubbed. He had to turn the cotton ball multiple times, and even grab a new one, before finally reaching the 5th clawmark that looked to be an ugly shade of red.

Tom usually was a tough guy- but the sheer pain of the bubbling on his neck was horrific. He bit down on his lower lip hard, attempting to swallow down his nausea, but fuck he swore this was a
hell of a lot worse than it looked.

He pulled the cotton ball back, watching the foam bubble up from the wound, before he finally let out a sigh as he noticed some pus was laced inside of it. Better get that out. He wasn’t a medical professional, but it was clear he needed to at least open this wound a bit more to fight the infection inside.

He braced himself, digging his nails into the wounds, before letting out a breathy, “Fuck,” as he felt the pop of the wound. He didn’t want to look, so he closed his eyes, grabbed the bottle of peroxide, and endured the horrible sting of a straight shot into his neck. He squeezed a good amount onto the wound, grabbing a fresh cotton ball, and gathered the blood with unsteady fingers.

He gave it one last look in the mirror, before turning towards the shower. He would re-apply the peroxide after a good soak, and hopefully get this disgusting dirty feeling off of his skin.

Just as he was about to start washing his hair, he jumped at the sound of a fist repeatedly striking on the door. “Tom, hurry up in there! I need to pee!” The voice of his roommate Edd caught Tom’s attention, before he let out a loud sigh and shut the curtains once more.

“Door’s unlocked. Just come inside.” He said, squirting some shampoo into his hand and lathering it into his hair. The gel was sliding right out- but he already knew his poor locks were going to be tangled beyond all recognition.

The sound of the door clicking open was his only clue that Edd did step inside, and he was quick to close it behind him and make his way next to the shower. It was silent for a moment, before Edd cleared his throat and began to talk over the sound of his business.

“So, you really slept in today, huh? Wild night?” the brunette asked, Tom chuckling in response to the statement. “You have no idea.”

The sound of the toilet flushing broke the stretching silence, before Edd was turning on the sink and washing his hands. “Well you missed breakfast- Matt cooked us all eggs and bacon. I think he left a plate downstairs for you.”

At the mention of food, Tom’s stomach let out a rather heinous gurgle, and he was thanking the good fucking heavens that Matt had felt generous that day. “Thank fuck. I didn’t eat anything all day at the bar, and passed out the second I got home. Can you toss it into the microwave for me?”

His request was met with the sudden jab of Edd’s hand through the curtain, a thumbs up aimed in his direction that caused Tom to let out a swear and step away from the hand. “Dude what the fuck? You could have just said yes-“

Before he could continue, Edd was pulling his hand back with a laugh, opening the door once more and letting all of his precious steam out. “Oh quit your whining and finish your shower, grumpy.” And at that, the door was closed behind him.

Tom sometimes didn’t understand the antics of his roommates, at times. Hell, half of the time he had no clue how the fuck they put up with each other. Edd did his animation work in the mornings, Matt would disappear in evenings, and he would be out all night.

It was a hectic schedule, but they had to pay rent somehow. He missed the early days where they still had time for adventures, or could chill and watch TV together.

He stepped out of the shower feeling rather refreshed, however, toweling off his hair and reveling in the way it didn’t stick out in all directions again. He made quick work of bandaging the wound on
his neck once more, before grabbing a hairdryer and beginning to tame his hair once more.

A bit of gel and some sculpting later, and Tom was feeling much more ready to tackle the day. He could almost put the whole demon shit behind him- even if the looming thought of it all still weighed heavily on his mind. Would he run into Tord on the streets again tonight?

Luckily the sweet, sweet aroma of bacon was shattering those concerns, even if for only a moment. He was ravenous now, and didn’t even care to throw on a shirt as he snugly fit a pair of blue briefs over his hips.

Stepping out into the kitchen, he dodged around one of many of Matt’s shoes, before watching as Edd placed the plate of reheated breakfast down on the table. It was almost funny to note that Matt and Edd were already sitting with lunch, Matt in his work uniform.

He worked as a registered nurse at the local hospital, dressed in purple scrubs with green monster faces all down the front of him. He always did work better with children than adults- and preferred the more lighthearted of uniforms. “Well look who decided to rise from the grave!” he greeted with a smile, picking up his sandwich and taking a rather heaping bite out of it.

“Yeah yeah, I know, it’s a fucking miracle. I just overslept is all.” Tom responded, sliding into the seat and all but burying himself into the food before him. Edd was dressed almost as casually as him- a T-shirt clinging to his frame with boxers. He was eating his own meal, the three of them enjoying the brief company.

“You look pretty worn out today- perhaps you should cancel the gig tonight?” Edd was suggesting, before it was clear where his eyes were leading. He pointed towards the band aid on his neck, also noting the four other red dots on his neck. “And what on earth happened to your neck?”

Tom should have figured that would be the first question he would get when they noticed. He had… no fucking clue how to explain it. Demons were a realm outside of their usual expertise, and Tom isn’t even sure if he BELIEVES that this Tord figure exists.

So he shrugs his shoulders, shoveling some eggs into his mouth and talking while chewing. “Just the usual. Some dude didn’t like how his girlfriend was looking at me, so I kicked his ass. Just so happened she was a psycho bitch who cut her nails into points and decided to dig them into my neck.” He spoke, fabricating the lie on the spot.

The two other roommates shared a look, before Edd was furrowing his eyebrows as he placed his sandwich down. “Yeah, about that…Uh, Tom, we really think you need to find a less…” When Edd seemed to be stuck on his words, Matt decided to pipe in for him.

“Violent job.” He concluded, before two pairs of eyes were on Tom. He froze at the suggestion, before slowly placing his fork down. He had a feeling that this talk would be coming, but he didn’t think so soon. He sighed. “Listen, I know you two are concerned, but it’s really the only thing I’m good at. I can’t hold down a job in customer service, given that everyone who I fucking have to put up with are all imbeciles. You already know that.”

He took a sip of his drink, even as the tense silence permeated the air. “Besides, it’s a good gig. I make plenty of money, work whatever hours I want, and generally everyone likes me there. It’s just the customers that can get shitty.”

There was a lot of unspoken concern from the other two in the party, with Matt messing with his napkin as Edd kept eye contact with his friend. He bit at his lower lip, before lowering his gaze. “We also just think it’s a bit dangerous for you to be walking home at night, now. There was a murder the
other night- and it’s been a recurring case for the past couple of weeks.”

Oh. They were referring to the string of missing people that kept crawling up across the city. That, he couldn’t argue well with. Especially given that without the charm around his neck, no doubt he could have very well been added to that list. He clenched his fists slightly, before turning his head to the side.

“T’ll see if I can invest in a car or something. But for now, we need my job to pay the bills, and you know I’m not some flighty broad who can’t defend himself. I’m tougher than that.” He made sure that his tone was final, looking between his two roommates as the duo seemed like they wanted to keep arguing.

But Tom was right. Matt had the car, Edd didn’t leave home for work, and the bar was a few blocks down only. Tom needed to keep bringing in checks, at least until Edd’s paycheck finally came in for the commercial he had animated a week ago.

Finally Matt let out a half sigh, slumping back in his chair as his piercing blue gaze turned back up to Tom’s. “I understand- but at the very least let one of us pick you up. I don’t mind staying up- you know that.” Matt tried to reason, but Tom waved him off with a flick of his wrist.

“We both know you’re exhausted by the end of your shifts, and you can’t even pretend otherwise. Just because there’s some murderer trying to move about, the death cases never say anything about being shot. I have plenty of things to defend me in hand to hand combat.” He reasoned, even if that hesitant little voice in his brain was telling him that he knew exactly who- or what- the murderer was.

And it was something he was certain couldn’t be fought with just his pocket knife.

In fact, he nearly groaned when he realized that it was more than likely still sitting back in that same alleyway. He never wanted to slap himself upside the head more than in this moment, but to do so would be more than suspicious for his roommates.

Yet the two, knowing that Tom couldn’t be convinced, merely sighed out as Edd rested his head into his hand. “Alright, fine. We’ll let you continue with your gigs. Just-“ Edd reached over, clasping his friend’s hand in his own. The sheer amount of concern in his hazel eyes had Tom speechless.

“Stay safe for us, okay? We’d be much more comfortable if you were in a different job, but understand this one works the best for you.” He made sure Tom nodded before letting go, a small smile on his brunette best friend. “Good! Now we can drop the whole serious talk thing, right? Times between us are already fleeting enough without me and Matt getting all serious.” He tacked on with a chuckle, before Tom allowed his own lips to slip into a grin.

“It’s no big deal, guys. I appreciate the concern, but I promise you two, I’m going to be just fine.” He reassured, before picking up his plate. “I always have been, haven’t I?”

Matt chuckled at that, drumming his neatly filed nails along the countertop. “I suppose you could say that, even if your neck looks like a pincushion right now.” That earned good slap upside the back of the head from Tom after putting his dishes in the sink, the other letting out a small, “ow,” at the feeling.

“Can it, I could have fought her off, but I think it’s tactless to punch her when it was her boyfriend that gave me the worst trouble. I just took it in stride. I didn’t want to get arrested, either.” Tom was defending himself with an amused grin on his features, before Edd was laughing right along with Matt.
“You know we wouldn’t bail you out, either!” Edd teased, before Tom merely rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah. Anyways, are there any errands you need me to run before I retire to my room to play video games?” Tom asked, glancing to the fridge to see the same configuration of “buy more cola.”

That wasn’t much help, considering that the same message has been present for the past 3 months.

Both of the others thought for a long moment, before Matt shook his head. “Well, not off the top of my head, no.” He said, before Edd was shrugging as well. “You could run to the gas station and pick up more snacks, since we’re running low, but don’t feel pressured to.”

Tom weighted the options in his head, before finally just letting out a small sigh as he grabbed his wallet from the side of the table. “No, I can do it. I noticed I was running low on doritos myself.” He said, before stepping back towards his room.

“Just text me what you need, and I’ll grab it after getting dressed.”

Without his signature hoodie to throw on, finding a suitable outfit was rather…difficult. He settled on plain grey jeans, a black tank top, and his typical checkered shoes. He didn’t feel like anything fancy today, and would probably just throw on a blue jacket for his gig.

He checked the list on his phone, a meager size that didn’t warrant a full on grocery store visit, and stuffed his wallet into his pocket. Perhaps a nice walk through the neighborhood would do him good- without the typical shroud of darkness following him when he went to and from his gigs.

It may even help take his mind off of last night, and ease his anxiety for the upcoming gig. After that rather paranoid talk between his closest friends, he had a strange feeling that something disastrous would happen.

Chapter End Notes

Foreshadowing, is it not? I have so many plot ideas running through my head, I haven’t felt this motivated to write in legitimately years.
A Familiar Face

Chapter Summary

Tom had a gut feeling that something would occur at his usual shift- and unfortunately for him, he was correct.

Chapter Notes

I've never been this motivated in my damn life to write. It's 1:52 A.M and I'm just starting to write this. Lets see if I can manage it lmao.

The errand run was, at best, uneventful.

At most, it was boring.

He walked to the gas station, grabbed the items on the list, discussed trivial things with the cashier, and sauntered his ass right out of there. Despite the warm sun overhead, shivers continuously ran through Tom's body. There was a cool breeze blowing in, one that Tom knew would make his walk to work much less enjoyable than first presumed. He needed to get his car, and get it soon. He didn't want to be stuck walking through the snow like last year.

He rubbed his arms, futilely attempting to coax the goosebumps away as the sun was steadily dipping towards the horizon. He'd have a good three, maybe four hours to play videogames before he had to make the familiar trek towards his job. Maybe he'd invite Edd to play? The brunette seemed to be stressed lately- more so than usual.

Cracking open his can of Rockstar, Tom only belatedly raised his hand in time to wave to a passing neighbor. Damn, why was everyone so chipper and energetic today? Guess not everyone went through a day to day basis with a hangover.

He really needed to get a grip on his alcoholism.

Tom fished for his keys as he walked, turning each over in his hand, before finally jiggling open the door and stepping back inside. "Edd, I'm back." he exclaimed, before growing quiet when he received no response. He gave Edd one more moment to respond, before shrugging and heading into the kitchen himself in order to put the snacks away.

He kept the doritos, of course, as he was always a slut for them.

Tom was then heading to the living room when everything was in their proper place, eyes falling on the sleeping form of his roommate crashed out on the couch. D'aw, that was fucking adorable. He knelt down in front of Edd, watching the way his chest rose and fell in rhythmic beats. Of course it just so happened that his friend was taking up the entire length of the couch, and Tom just didn't have the heart to move him.
So he turned around, instead moving into his room and closing the door behind him with a kick of his foot. Guess he'd be breaking out the single player game today.

Time seemed to melt away as he played, the mindless violence just entertaining enough to rapture his full attention. Even when he heard Edd get up, Tom just had to make it to that next level. And then the next. And oh shit, plotline just got fuck deep, had to keep going. Before he even knew it he had devoured half the bag of his chips, and the sun had officially dipped below the horizon.

The clock read 7:45, so he knew it was about time for him to bounce. As much as he didn't want to, he had money to make, and superstition over a demon that may or may not exist won't be slowing him down tonight. He shrugged his bass case over his shoulder, tucking Susan snugly over his shoulder as his wallet tucked comfortably into his pants. He made sure to attach the chain to his front belt buckle- who knew what kind of fucker would try to take his money.

That, and drunk him had a habit of losing everything. Harder to lose something when it was legitimately attached to you.

When he was sure his appearance was fine, and that Susan was indeed unharmed, he made his way for the door. Edd was in the living room once more, lounging back on the couch when he saw Tom finally heading out for the night. He gave him a full wave, smiling towards Tom as he teased, "Come back in one piece tonight, alright?"

Tom gave him a thumbs up and half smile, before all but rolling his blue eyes when he turned away from Edd. Always the worry wart.

It was a brisk night out, with the chill causing Tom to be thankful for his decision to shrug on his blue flannel. One glance at the clock and he noted that he'd have to at least jog- he really let his game get the best of him again, didn't he? With a quiet swear under his breath, Tom was passing by the very same alleyway that he encountered...Tord, in.

Something about that very spot caused him to freeze in place, eyes gazing inside from the false safety of the light. He had no clue why he was expecting to just see the guy standing there once again, that menacing grin spread across his features. Logically, that would just be implying that the demon lived in that particular alleyway. No, that was no more than a location for a meal.

With a harsh swallow, Tom attempted to turn back towards his path to the bar- before the flashing of metal caught his attention. Sitting in the middle of the lane was the knife he had dropped. It was obviously his, and was generally close to the exit- so why the hell was he so afraid?

After a moment of debate, Tom let out a loud sigh, turning his step towards the alleyway once more. Even with the first few feet into the alley, nothing so much as moved. The trend continued, all the way to the moment where he bent down and retrieved the weapon from off of the filthy ground. Whipping around to face the exit, he was horrified to find-! Absolutely fucking nothing.

As expected, right?

Despite anxiety telling him to turn tail and dart the fuck out of there, Tom managed to control himself just long enough to keep his leisurely stroll outside of the alleyway without incident. He nearly laughed at his unjust fear. It was with a bit more confidence that he finally pushed open the doors of the bar, the soft jingle of a bell signalling his arrival.

One of the bartenders glanced up at his arrival, giving him a small wave. "Hey, Tom." The woman
greeted, before having to turn her attention back towards the customers already seated at the bar for
the night. He felt bad for the girl, sometimes. This little joint was notable for having a large customer
base, but a short staff nearly every night.

He got to work setting himself up in the corner, making sure that all of the electrical equipment was
properly wired and connected to the speakers. He plugged in Susan, giving a few of her chords a
pluck, before settling onto the stool set in front of the microphone. He had his case for her open for
tips, and gave a few experimental strums to make sure she was tuned properly.

After a brief warm up with the microphone off, he felt confident to start the gig. "Well, it seems like a
more somber night, so I'm going to start with some slow shit for now." He announced towards the
crowd, turning a few heads as the beginning notes to one of his original songs began to play. It had
no lyrics, no background instruments- nothing but the soothingly deep tone of his electric bass.

He could get lost like this, drifting through the notes as his fingers automatically knew where to place
themselves. It was really second nature at this point- and often times he found his eyes wandering
across the crowd as the low hum of his voice accented the sounds of his instrument. Usually most
people were content to continue on with their business, turning away from him eventually and letting
his work fall to background noise.

It wasn't offensive or anything; that was the whole point of being booked. To be a comfortable,
consistent background hum. Not to demand the attention of the crowd, or create an excitable
environment. It was part of the reason he enjoyed it so much here. If he looked down at his hands
long enough while playing, he could almost pretend he was still at home, merely practicing with his
instrument.

He only really pulled his head up every time he noticed someone approach his case, nodding his
head in thanks every time a tip was dropped inside. It was typically just singles, or fives at times. But
it's alright- it was money, and it only added to his final total for the night. Eventually his
instrumentals turned into vocals, and his vocals began to be paired with sound samples of other
instruments along with Susan.

Yet he kept his songs calm, simple, relaxing. Whether it was his own original work, or covers of
already popular songs, he was content to let the soundtracks decide what he was playing next.
Occasionally he received a request on his five minute breaks, changing the tracks in order to line
them up to the suggestion.

Hell, almost the entire night went by like that, nothing eventful really happening. People came and
went, the staff accommodated for his needs readily, and generally he could chalk this shift to be a
rather profitable one. It was around one o'clock when he had his first drink, throat admittedly sore
from relying so heavily on vocals tonight.

He downed the glass with a simple toss back of his head, swallowing the Smirnoff down, before
pulling back with a rather content sigh. He slid the glass back towards Stacy, offering her a small
grin. "Thanks, Stace. I might have to take it easy from now on, tonight. Less vocals." Tom
suggested, before the girl was laughing a bit and taking the glass back from him. "I might just have to
agree- I'm sure the alcohol really helps your already burning throat."

Returning her smile, Tom just flipped her the bird as he turned back towards his slightly inclined
stage. "Oh shut up. You should already know by now I'm a fucking champ at this."

He was picking Susan back up when he noticed something rather shocking in his suitcase. A
hundred dollar bill was resting comfortably among the singles and fives, Tom's jaw dropping at the
sight. Just to be sure it wasn't some twisted joke, he plucked the bill from the case, inspecting it in the
dull lightly of the roof. Holy fucking shit, this was a legitimate bill.

Tom's eyes began to scan the crowd, looking for somebody, anybody, who was giving him a sight that they left the bill for him to find. Yet no matter where his eyes landed, nobody seemed to be paying rapt attention to him. After a brief pause Tom was stuffing the bill into his pocket, clearly taken off guard by this generous tip. Maybe he'd keep the vocals, if it was what got him the bill in the first place.

As he continued to play, he still couldn't pinpoint exactly who left him the mysteriously large tip. He was in a considerably better mood than when he first showed up, passion laced in with his words as he tested out a new custom song on the dulled down crowd. He would glance up, notice people looking at him, but not one person showed the level of interest he would expect from a goddamn hundred dollar tip. He was just about to chalk it up to someone placing the bill down before leaving immediately afterwards.

That is, until he saw a flash of red out of the corner of his eyes. It caught him off guard, causing his fingers to miss a note and break the melody he had been oh so carefully maintaining. Of course it was a minor slip up- nobody even seemed to catch it. Except for a pair of deep red eyes in the back, narrowing in almost amusement at the way that Tom's expression shifted into one of shock.

He recognized that grin near immediately- the spiked hair a dead giveaway if the supernatural eyes weren't outright a warning. Tom felt like the world was closing in on that moment, everything spinning around him as his fingers slowly stopped his rhythm. He was staring dead at Tord, and Tord seemed to be rather interested in him as well.

It seemed like the bar was dead silent, without his music to create a dull background noise. People in conversations weren't even enough to fill the stretching silence- the bartenders turning their heads towards the stage to see a rather pale faced Tom gripping Susan a little too tight. He swallowed hard, the itching in his neck only increasing the more that his skin crawled at the sight.

A slow clap began to rise from the demon in the back, steadily picking up speed until he was rising from his seat and blinking away the red of his eyes in an instant. They were left a piercing grey, almost black in the dull lights of the room. "Oh no no no, don't let me stop you- I was enjoying your playing." Tord complimented in that twisting accent, each word powerful in itself.

Tom couldn't look away from his eyes, even as his fingers began to twitch in nerves. He wanted to grab his knife now, pull it out and impale the smug motherfucker on the other end of it. Especially as Tord began to walk closer, sauntering to him like a predator would his prey. Flashbacks to the alley flew rapidly through Tom's mind, and he couldn't stop himself as the first things out of his mouth were, "What the fuck are you doing here?"

If all eyes weren't on the duo before, they certainly were now. Tord seemed to not mind the attention- welcoming it, in fact. He clicked his tongue at Tom, shaking his head. "Now, now, Thomas, that isn't any way to talk to the man who just tipped you a hundred."

Tom's knuckles were white as he gripped the handle of Susan, an unpleasant note rising from her as he belatedly realizing his hands were shaking. Even though he wanted to pull his gaze off of Tord, to get up and run off-stage, he was frozen. His body felt like lead once more, and he found he couldn't even open his mouth to talk as Tord's gaze only seemed to intensify.

"Tom? Uh, are you okay?" Stacy voiced in concern, breaking the trance between the two as her comment turned Tord's gaze off of Tom. All at once he could feel his body again, pulling in a deep inhale as he almost slumped out of his seat. It was as if no matter what he did, he wasn't in control of his body. He had been frozen in his seat, growing hotter and hotter under the collar under that deep
gaze of the demon's.

It was fucking terrifying.

"Ah, how impolite of me to interrupt everything here. You see- me and Tom have a rather rocky past, and I do not believe he appreciates my presence." Tord explained in that smoothly confident tone of his, Stacy only sparing the two a rather interested look before giving Tom a slightly hesitant stare. "Well- so long as you don't start a fight, Tord, I won't have to kick you out."

So it seemed that the bartenders did know this demon. Tom could feel the perspiration gathering between his palms and Susan, anxiety triggering that oh-so-fun experience of a full blown panic attack. Would Tord follow him home? Would he attempt to hurt him? Kill him? Belatedly, he thought back to the very last words that Edd told him.

"Come back in one piece tonight, alright?"

Tom felt legitimately sick.

He was rising up from his seat a moment later, ignoring Tord's eyes snapping back towards him as he gathered all of the bills in the case with shaking fingers. He kept dropping some, a few slipping between his fingers as his wide eyes stared at each individual dollar. He stuffed them into the front of his hoodie, placed Susan into her case, before looking back up at Stacy and the owner- Michael. "I...Don't feel good." He stuttered out as an excuse, before slinging the case over his shoulder.

Both of the two shared a hesitant look, before Stacy was speaking up, "I- you only had two glasses tonight, though-" Tom cut her off by jumping off the edge of the stage, clearly trying to keep as much distance between him and the demon as he could. He could still feel those evil, evil fucking eyes staring through his soul. He felt just as dirty as he did back in the alley.

"Must have the flu. Gotta go." His excuse was just as weak as the first, the wavering tone really adding to the whole effect of the situation. He heard a small chuckle rise from behind him, Tord's amusement clear as day to the punk. "Leaving so soon?"

He didn't even humor a response, not turning back as he felt the window of his vision narrow into a cloudy black. He couldn't have an anxiety attack in front of this monster, in front of everyone at the bar. He needed to get out.

In fact, he was so determined to get out through those doors, that he hardly even noticed a drunken patron stumbling his way towards the door as well. A surprised shout left the two as the drunkard collided into Tom, hands flying towards his collar in order to catch himself. Tom was so caught off guard that someone entered his personal bubble that he nearly threw a punch, instead getting dragged down towards the ground with him.

"Hey- watch it!" The man shouted to Tom, staggering back to his feet as his unsteady waiver still relied on Tom for support. This wasn't helping- he was fucking up even worse. He felt like he actually was going to puke now.

"I- sorry." Tom breathed out under his breath, ducking his head and shoving the man aside. He had to get out, had to get away, had to get home where he could curl up and play videogames with Ringo bothering him on his lap. It was the only thing he could think about, and the only thing that truly mattered to him at the moment.

He didn't notice the mischievous grin resting on the demon's face, his eyes twinkling with amusement. With another hundred placed onto the table, Tord was shaking his head towards the two.
"I have a lot I must clear up with my dear old friend- I figured that we could handle this like mature adults, but I suppose I was wrong."

Leaving the statement as that, he turned towards the door, giving the patrons of the bar a passive wave. "I will see you all tomorrow."

Now- he just had to figure out where the little Jehovah's Witness ran off to. He wouldn't be experiencing the same problem as he did last night, and that was for certain.

Revenge was going to be sweet; Tord has only been starved for it since last night.

Chapter End Notes

Update: I finished it at 3:41 in the morning. I can see through time.
Suck it, bitch.

Chapter Summary

Cornered and alone, Tom would be experiencing the full effect of just what an Incubus was capable of.

Chapter Notes

Wow I have no excuse for this one. Churned this out two hours before work. Enjoy the porn, kiddos, because this is just an example of what Tord can do with his powers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Tom couldn’t tell you how long he had been running, or just how far he actually got. The only thing on his mind was to get away, to put as much distance between him and the bar that he could. His anxiety attack was only getting worse by the second as he swore the shadows were moving around him, blood pounding in his ears.

He had to stumble to the corner to catch his breath, turning over his shoulder and staring back at the direction he just ran from. There was no sight of him- it-behind him. It didn’t stop the rising panic beating away at his chest, however, not until he was able to turn around and keep stumbling forward.

He shouldn’t have ran.

He should have stayed. At the very fucking least he would have been around other people. But no, he was standing out in the middle of a dead silent street, with not even a single light on besides those ever so ominous street lights.

His heart was pounding out of control, and it only got worse as realization crashed down upon him. He was fucked. How long had Tord frequented his workplace? How long was the demon sitting under his nose, watching him, listening to him play and experiencing his drunken fights.

He felt nauseous.

All at once, however, he could feel something. It was like the shadows were grabbing at him and pulling him back, dragging him down as his knees grew weak. Belatedly, he turned his head over his shoulder, only to pale further as the sight of a man was illuminated by the streetlight.

Those ever glowing eyes were staring at him, enrapturing him, locking poor Tom to the spot even as his body began to shake near out of control. “No..” His words began as a silent plea, before steadily increasing in volume and frequency as Tord began to walk closer towards him.

“No, no, no. Get the fuck away from me. I- stay back!” Tom attempted to plead, hands scrabbling along the concrete as he stumbled back. He had to gain more ground on Tord, had to outrun him, get to home.
Why was home the only safe place he could think of?

No. With Tord on his tail he couldn’t go home, couldn’t show him where he lived. He needed help, someone’s attention, someone to notice the bloodbath that might just occur right outside of their windows.

But there would be no help.

Tom was scrambling back, hands instantly reaching for the inside of his tank top. “You- You can’t touch me, you fucking idiot. Did you already forget about my-“

Tom went silent as Tord’s demented grin only grew further.

His fingers were grabbing at nothing, not even a chain dangling from around his neck. He was grasping across his chest, across his neck, anywhere that he could feel the cool and reassuring metal of his cross.

It wasn’t there.

All at once it was like the world came crashing down around him. He didn’t have his necklace. The necklace that was a precious gift from his departed mother. The necklace that saved him from becoming a snack for the monster, another body added to his heinous toll.

And Tord, the smug fucking bastard, could only outright laugh at the sheer look of terror that crossed Tom’s expression. “Oh, what? What did I forget about? Because from what I can tell, there was absolutely nothing of importance that I should have kept in mind.”

He lifted his fingers a moment later from his pockets, revealing the cross that was once placed around Tom’s neck. He gave it a rather passive stare, even as the silver chain was slightly burning his hands, before flicking his wrist and tossing it into the closest sewage drain.

“I sure hope that it wasn’t valuable to you, no?“ He asked with a low chuckle, “Because it was merely an inconvenience to me in the end.”

Tom had never felt so helpless, singlehandedly, in his life. His last line of defense against the demon was cast aside into the sewers as if it were nothing. He was frozen to the spot, before finally the terror was shifting into an ugly shade of grief.

“But how did you-“ And then it all came crashing back to him.

The drunken man at the bar, the collision, the hand grasping at his neck and attempting to pull himself up: He wasn’t actually a drunk man. He had barely registered the subtle snap of the chain around his neck before the man was accusing him, only adding to his rising panic.

Tom was played for a fucking fool, and Tord knew it. He stepped closer, boots echoing across the streets as he hummed a small tune. It was the last song that Tom was playing before he darted out of the establishment.

“Oh, I believe you owe me something that you so rudely denied to me last night.” He said, before approaching the man and grabbing at his chin. In an instant he was locking eyes with Tom, the glowing red turning into a flashing pulse as all at once Tom was lifting the knife out of his pocket, moving it to the side, and dropping it on the ground.

The entire time Tom realized he couldn’t control his own actions. He had went to reach for the knife in order to defend himself- before the next thing he knew he was moving it to the side and dropping
it onto the ground. Terror pulsed through his veins, eyes darting to the discarded blade, before his chin was harshly being pulled back in Tord’s direction.

“Get up.” Tord demanded, and the significance of the statement only grew apparent when Tom’s eyes locked with Tord’s once more. Almost as if obeying a mechanical order, Tom was bending his knees and rising to his feet, pulling himself up to the demon’s level as he couldn’t get his body to obey his own commands.

He managed out a weak, “What are you doing to me?” Before being cut off by the feeling of smooth lips pressing against his own. He was shocked for only a moment, before disgust was churning through his guts. He wanted to fight, wanted to scream, wanted to bite those offending lips getting into his space- but he couldn’t.

He sat there like a ragdoll as Tord kept eye contact, a grin physically present on his lips as they worked over Tom’s own. He pulled back, the feeling of his chapped lips sticking to Tord only adding to his growing nausea. He didn’t want this, didn’t ask for it. But every single word out of Tord’s mouth was met with full obedience.

“You’ve been quite the handful for a snack, Thomas.” He sighed, tilting his chin up and examining the rows of red dots that he had left on the smooth curve of his throat. “I’ve almost grown to enjoy the hunt again, when it comes to you. It would almost be a shame to kill you now.”

Swallowing down his disgust, Tom couldn’t help but make the faintest of noises when that warm tongue was gliding up the side of his neck again, the flesh tingling in its wake. He was frozen to the spot, body only managing a dull shiver at the feeling of teeth against his jawline.

“Yes, you would be a shame to kill, even if it’s what you deserve. I can already tell you would be delicious to keep around.” Tom had no say in what Tord was doing, fists clenching and unclenching as the demon seemed keen to explore every inch of his neck.

He shifted towards slow kisses down his Adam’s apple, wrapping his lips around the skin and giving it a dull suck as his tongue darted out to tease. Despite the screaming inside of Tom’s head, he couldn’t stop the way that his body was responding.

Because it felt good.

Just like the night before, just the spots that made contact with Tord’s tongue and mouth were left with a pleasant tingling sensation. While he could have easily ignored it before, the sheer amount of attention onto his neck was leaving him rather…speechless.

He couldn’t formulate words even if he wanted to, but it was concerning none were even present in his mind.

His hands had flew up the moment he felt the teasing of fangs against his neck, brows knitting in tension, as it seemed only his facial expressions remained under his control. He wanted to fight back, wanted to stop the horrid sensations crawling up his body.

He almost felt like he could move his arms at will too- until the feeling of fangs burying into his pulse had him nearly crying out from pain. “Fuck!” he called out, eyes prickling with tears as the stinging sensation ran through his body.

Yet in the next moment, the pain was gone. Tom was frozen to the spot as he could feel Tord’s tongue working along the wound, sucking down the leaking blood and leaving him feeling rather lightheaded: yet for a completely different reason than expected.
It was like he was struck down by electricity in that moment, his knees growing weak as everything felt hot, much too hot. He was clutching at the front of Tord’s hoodie, inconsistent babbling leaving him before he could even think to put a filter on it.

Because it felt horrendously good.

Every part of his body felt like it was burning, and Tord was the only thing that could cool him down. He was panting out, head tilted back as Tord’s tongue made quick work of the bleeding. He couldn’t focus, couldn’t think as his head was clouded by heat.

Absently, he noted that he was pleading for more, even without feeling as if he was moving his lips.

The demon was the only thing that seemed to be keeping him up now, knees having gone slack as his body pressed pliantly against Tord’s broad chest. He was holding onto his hoodie like a lifeline, his gaze nearly fogging over as his head tilted to the side.

Not only was his body reacting eagerly to the monster’s ministrations, but his mind was too. He wanted to feel those cold hands running over his chest, stroking his thighs, wrapping around his cock and giving him the satisfaction he craved. He wanted to be pressed against the wall and rutted into, cheek scraping against the brick as the demon had his way with him.

He wanted to feel that burning pleasure coursing through his veins.

Tom didn’t even notice he was pressed against a wall until he was slumping back against it, panting out and giving Tord a full view of his tongue piercing on display. The demon’s lips were quirked into a half smile, thumb moving forward to press against the soft flesh of his tongue.

At once Tom was receiving a suggestion in the back of his mind- suck.

So obediently his mouth opened, pulled the clawed digit between his lips, and gave it a heady suck as Tord watched on in amusement. He couldn’t break eye contact as he felt the thumb probing back, pushing his tongue around, testing the depth he could reach.

Tom didn’t gag once as the back of his throat was petted, and only opened his mouth for more when Tord’s pointer and middle finger took his thumbs place. He was just focusing on the full sensation in his mouth, at the pleasant petting along his tongue while Tord kept him against the wall.

It was nice not having to think- feeling was so much better anyways.

But those fingers weren’t enough. His body was aching- no- screaming for more. He needed the solid weight of Tord on his tongue, and a small whimper was leaving him as he opened his mouth to speak. No words formed, but the desperate pants moving past his lips seemed to portray his need to the demon.

Tord withdrew his fingers almost lazily, looking at the strings of saliva connecting the two together. He wiped the spit off on Tom’s cheek, before causing the human to mewl as his hand went down to palm the front of his pants. His tone was bittersweet, amusement mainly present in his words as he asked, “Do you want me to make that heat go away, Jehovah?”

All at once Tom was shaking his head so hard he feared legitimate whiplash, because oh god, yes, he needed it. He needed Tord to quell that fire burning in his stomach, needed him to soothe the way his body yearned to be filled.

He was rewarded with the simple command to, “Kneel,” before Tord was unbuttoning the fly of his pants and showing the blue eyed man just what could cure that itch deep within his skin. A little
Tord gently cradled Tom’s jaw as he moved the head of his cock closer to his lips, loving the dull blue eyes that were so strongly under his control. He was much prettier when he was listening to his every command, mouth sliding open and tongue darting to gather the beads of pre gathering at the head of his Prince Albert.

He let out a low sigh at those pleasant lips finally wrapped around his cock, those eyebrows so cutely pinching together as Tom attempted to tuck his lips over his teeth. He didn’t even prompt Tom to have to do that—no doubt he learned from experience.

“How much cock have you sucked, kitten?” he asked in a sing song tone, only receiving a muffle little “Mmm,” around the head of his cock. The vibrations were admittedly pleasant, and he stroked the back of Tom’s hair as he could feel energy seeping in through the contact.

Tom had such a potent sexual energy, and Tord was absolutely devouring it as his cock slid further into that sweet little mouth of his. It looked good when it was mouthing the lyrics to his favorite song—but even better when they were wrapped around his cock and humming.

He curled a loose strand of hair around his fingers, before gripping the back of Tom’s neck and watching the surprise in his features as he shoved a good half of his cock inside of his mouth. His throat was quivering uncomfortably around the intrusion, but he made good to swallow around the growing pressure in his mouth.

Could it be that his little Jehovah didn’t have a gag reflex? The thought, in itself, was horrendously exciting to the demon. He simply had to test this theory out! So even before Tom was able to catch his breath around the full feeling in his throat, he was letting out the cutest of gargled moaning when Tord pulled out just far enough to slam further into his throat.

Tears were pricking at the corners of Tom’s eyes, but they were easy to wipe away with his thumb as he kept feeding inch after inch of himself into his victim’s throat. It was one of the most satisfying feelings to finally feel the tip of his nose pressing again his groin, and Tord would have to admit, it would be a real shame to lose a lay this good.

He pet Tom’s hair even as the tears kept slipping from his eyes, throat choking from the intrusion of his airway. He wasn’t gagging, though, and that was was truly mattered here. Tord pulled back his cock when he noticed the drool was beginning to mix with snot and tears, Tom’s shoulders shaking as he took in a few desperate breaths.

He smoothed his gelled locks back, before pressing the heel of his boot between the man’s legs. Tom was jolting up in attention, before melting into the contact as sensation finally pulled through his body. He was back at it again when Tord returned his cock to his lips, eager to increase the feeling of stimulation that Tord was providing him.

Tord, as much as he hated to admit it, was getting close. When left to his own devices it seemed that Tom knew how to work over a cock, and wasn’t shy to wrap his hand around it and stroke what he couldn’t fit into his throat without gasping for air.

He took pity on the poor thing, finally, when Tord finally had his fill. At this point he was fully fed, but the satisfaction of having someone with so much spitfire under his control was appealing. He let Tom continue for just a bit longer, bringing the punk closer to his release, before finally he was gripping the back of Tom’s neck and feeding him every drop of cum down his throat without warning.
At first Tom was beginning to choke on it, tears spilling down his face once more as he tried to pull off of the onslaught of taste in the back of his throat. It was salty and slimy, generally as unpleasant as every other blowjob he gave— but the mere feeling of it was soothing that burn in his body.

He was coming down from his high as he slumped forward, weakly sucking at the softening cock in his mouth, before raggedly catching his breath when Tord removed himself entirely. He hardly even realized he had came in his pants until Tord was carefully rising him to his feet, chuckling at the mess his victim had become.

“Not so high on your horse now, are you, Thomas?” he asked, laughing as the only response he seemed to get were those ever so blank eyes staring through him. Yes, this one has really grown on him. He thinks, eagerly, that he might just be keeping Tom around.

Chapter End Notes

If anyone draws me fanart, I think I'd actually die. I might even make a Tumblr for this AU if anyone is interested enough? I ain't good at drawing for shit, but I'm sure I can offer little writing prompts. And reblog porn. Oh so much porn.
Here's the Deal:

Chapter Summary

Tord corners Tom in his own home, threatening the man using the very people he holds closest. Tom knows that the only thing that could sate the demon is a deal- but he's bitten off far more than he can chew with it.

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys! Thank you all so much for making this fic such a hit so quickly on Ao3! I almost can't even keep up with the positive responses, and am attempting to create the official Things Go Bump in the Night blog!
Right now it's in very early stages, with no posts or anything given I have no icon or real interesting content to showcase, but if you're interested in asking questions, ask them here-
https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/
Thanks again for all of the support!

Everything felt…hot.

Tom was blearily aware of the word around him, but it only paled in comparison to the burning heat radiating up and down his body. It was like a warm smoke was billowing across his body, pressing and turning and moving him ever so in this state of semi consciousness.

After a bit, though, the sensations changed. Instead of a warm breeze he could feel all too hot of hands moving across his body, feeling it, memorizing every dip and curve of his toned form. It felt good, and Tom was more than happy to oblige in tilting his head to the side as he felt a soft flutter against his chin.

He felt something wet along his neck- before slowly his eyes began to part open. It was like he was suspended in the air, drifting in a blackened abyss where the only thing he could make out was a red fog floating above him. Despite the danger in those glowing red eyes, he felt safe.

He felt safe, taken care of, and eagerly presented himself to the sensation of wetness along his neck. It felt like he was moving now, head rushing as the slow spinning began to become more intense. Hands felt like they were grabbing him, posing him, moving him in every direction.

He let out a low moan, before all of a sudden the drifting feeling shifted into an intense drop. He felt a deep warmth inside of him, stimulating Tom into spreading his legs and gripping at the solidified version of that red smoke.

He was so tired, but the sensations around him were too good. Tom almost belatedly wondered if he was losing his mind, the sensation was so raw. He was opening his mouth but nothing was coming out besides soft pleas for more, a name so familiar to him but held far more meaning than he knew.
He was falling, but the figure above him would catch him, right? Hold him as close as he was, pushing into his body and soothing that deep ache in his stomach. He trusted it, sought after it, pulled it closer until he felt almost as if the being above him was one with him.

Until he hit the ground.

Tom woke up with a breathless gasp leaving him, heart hammering near uncontrollably in his chest as his body jolted straight upwards. He was clutching the covers with a white knuckled grip, eyes blown wide in terror.

He had no memory at first, the lack of recollection causing panic to shoot down his spine. All he remembered was the gig, the fleeting sensations of the dream, and now he was awake. He didn’t even feel the kind of exhaustion correlated to his alcoholism- instead the back of his throat was horrendously sore.

He rubbed the heels of his palm into his eyes, staving off a pounding headache that the dream seemed to have left him with. What could he even consider it? It was a wet dream unlike any others that he had, to the point he had to question if it was real or fantasy.

He was just about to get up when he felt a strange presence in the room with him, eyes lifting just long enough to catch sight of something jolting in the corner. He furrowed his eyebrows, gripping the sheets just a bit tighter in his grasp, before looking around the room once more.

Despite the light of day shining through his closed curtains, he could see flickers of shadows moving in the darkness. The concept was absurd, but there was something…important, he felt he was forgetting.

He clutched his temples as he tried to wrack through his brain, eyebrows furrowing nervously as he pulled his lower lip between his teeth. What was he forgetting that was so important? He knew he went to work, that much was clear by his outfit. He had gotten his pocket knife back- notably absent again, though.

He stepped into the bar and the hours of his playing tended to blend together. Tom got a few drinks, as per usual, and received…a tip. He remembered the hundred dollar tip sitting in his case, before he tucked it into his wallet and continued to play.

After that it was like a fog over his head. He didn’t have nearly enough alcohol to be black out drunk, or wake up with nearly enough bruises and cuts over his body to warrant the typical behavior he sported as such.

He was left at a blank.

Of course sitting here and thinking about it wouldn’t hold him any good, now would it? So Tom turned over in bed, nearly amazed at how little energy he had today. He felt cold and tired, his body sluggish in motions and barely wanting to do so much as lift himself to his feet.

It took tremendous effort, but Tom was getting up, making his way over to his window with the assistance of nearby furniture. Despite feeling so exhausted, he knew his body wouldn’t let him sleep any longer. Curse his damn sleep cycle.

He pulled open the blinds, before freezing the moment he turned around to take in the state of his room.
Because there was a figure standing off to the corner, arms crossed over his chest with interest clear in those deep grey eyes. He was wearing a simple red tank top and jeans, and had hair that frankly almost made Tom want to punch him.

He was standing there so innocently, like he owned the place. Irritation rose in Tom, despite his nerves screaming at him that something was wrong. “Wow, creepy, much?” He decided to start with, only getting a laugh in response from the Norwegian.

“You really don’t remember a thing, hm?” He responded with, much to Tom’s dismay. So this dude had memories of him that Tom didn’t remember. Great, real fucking reassuring. Tom sighed out loud, placing his palm over his face in order to preferably block himself out from the rest of the world.

“You’re one of my lays, aren’t you? Usually they run out before I can wake up. Which, frankly, could have avoided us this awkward interaction.” Tom said, knowing all too well his familiar song and dance when he had first started his gigs. What’s to say he didn’t go back to his old ways?

Of course he didn’t like that look in the man’s eyes. There was something off, something trying to crawl to the surface and confront Tom. He swallowed it down, however, when the mysterious man began to approach him.

“I suppose you could say we had sex, yes. But I didn’t particularly spend the night. I let you wander off when I was done.” He said, his smile never reaching his eyes as he spoke. They remained these cold, icy grey abysses, the narrowed expression giving him this expression that screamed…danger.

Tom found himself freezing up once more, of his own accord. This guy was out of his mind, wasn’t he? He brought home a psychopath. “Then…what the fuck are you doing at my house?” Tom asked, already trying to look around and find something that could be used to defend himself. He definitely had a bad feeling about this dude.

Of course he didn’t get far when suddenly an eerie shadow seemed to cross the room, shrouding the duo in a rather unpleasant atmosphere. He looked to the window, noting that he could still see the cheerful brightness of the morning. It was like a barrier was preventing the rays from actually shining in, until the room seemed to glow in twilight.

He didn’t want to, but his blue eyes looked back to the place his ‘partner’ had been standing previously. He was bathed in an eerie red fog, lit cigar held between his clawed fingers. His body had appeared…larger. His eyes were glowing this slow blinking red, cigar being pulled to his lips where an all too familiar grin rested.

He blew the smoke out with a curl of his lips, flashing a display of his four elongated canines as the smoke whisked out. “I didn’t come here of my own accord you know, Thomas.” He said in a slow drawl, tone seemingly…mirrored by a much deeper and raspier presence. It was like two people were talking at once, and it pounded deep through Tom’s head until he was clutching it in sheer, unadulterated terror.

This can’t be happening.

Tom remembered fucking everything, in a sudden flash of recollection. The night in the alley, the stranger at the bar, the encounter in the streets. It all was assaulting Tom’s memory at once, the noises a cacophony all at once that rang out with the monster’s laughter.

He almost was too panicked to pay attention- until a snap of the demon’s fingers caused his head to shoot upwards. He was staring into narrowed slits that could hardly be called eyes, the yellow scleras
only making the reptilian red pupil all the more intimidating.

He had a pair of sleek black horns curving out from his head in a gentle wave, much akin to a dragon’s. They were notched and cracked, glowing with a red essence underneat the skin. His face had red scales peppered back along them, and those fangs only seemed to grow bigger the longer that Tord had them on display before him. Tom was speechless, stuck staring at the demon form of the creature before him.

The sleek tail, peppered with red scales and black spikes erupting down the top, came over to carefully tilt Tom’s chin upwards. When did Tord get this close? It was like time was frozen around them, the two locked in this moment as Tord gingerly placed his cigar out on his own scaled palm.

His arms were bathed in layered black and red scales, the claws and hands beginning a deep red, before black began to become peppered across in almost a robotic fashion. The rest of the patterns were hidden under his clothes- yet sleek black wings jutted out from behind him in a lazily spread manner. The membranes were a deep red like his scales and eyes, and kept him suspended in the air even without the needed to propel himself.

“Oh don’t give me that look, Jehovah, don’t you know it’s rude to stare without saying anything?” he hummed, sharp black talons gingerly placing themselves under his chin when his tail slowly moved back behind him.

Was he crying? Fuck, he was crying wasn’t he. He was raped, held under the control of his very monster, and he had the fucking audacity to pop up in his house and claim that he didn’t even purposely come here. Tom was tight throated, before shakily his hands moved up to try and rip the demon’s hand away from him.

“You’re- you fucking- Why can’t you goddamn leave me alone?” He meant for his tone to come across as intimidating, yet could almost laugh at himself from how small and pathetic he sounded. Paired with the tears rolling down his cheek, he had to make quite the sight.

Tord just lifted an eyebrow, before clicking his tongue like he loves to do so goddamn much. “Oh, Thomas, what part of I didn’t come here willingly did you not understand?” he asked, ever so tenderly sliding his thumb across his cheek to gather those tears. They really did look good on Tom- made his pretty blue eyes all the brighter.

Tom was speechless, so Tord took the opportunity to continue as he withdrew his arm from the shaken human’s pathetic display. “I see you’re confused, no? It’s alright, Incubus are summoned much differently than others, anyways.” He hummed out, letting Tom slowly connect the dots in his overloaded brain.

Summoned. He summoned Tord into his own house, where his friends reside, and did so willingly? Sheer fury began to burn its way through Tom at the outrageous statement, and he gripped the front of the demon with pure adrenaline coursing through him. He lifted himself up, Tord merely raising an eyebrow- before Tom tried to wipe that smug expression straight off with a harsh punch to the side of his face. “Bull-fucking-shit did I summon you! I’m sick and tired of your mind games, you pathetic bottom dwelling fuck!”

What he wasn’t expecting- was that Tord was smiling. His head was knocked to the side, sure, but it was all too simple for him to look back at Tom with not even a scratch on him. Tord could feel the fist clenched into the front of his tank top hesitate, before he moved his own hand down and oh so carefully removed it. The knuckles were bleeding, and he made sure to make contact with Tom as he lifted his hand to drag a too-long tongue along the wounds.
Tord outright laughed at how quickly Tom was to rip it back after the action, clutching the fist close to his chest as it trembled. While Tom would argue it was anger that caused his body to tremble, Tord would confirm that terror tasted all too good on Tom.

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“I’m afraid as much as it would put your human psyche to rest, you most certainly did summon me. Do you not even recall the dream you were experiencing before waking up?” he asked, before Tom’s shoulders were slowly slumping.

No. That couldn’t have been it.

“Oh, why yes, yes it was. You were dreaming about me even without prompt, you know.” His tone was sharp, laughter piercing through Tom’s head as the man nearly had to stumble back against the wall in order to regain his balance. There was no way. He had to be wrong.

But it made sense. The red fog, the same eyes in his dreams, the way he was whimpering oh so needily for more and clutching him even closer in his dreams. It all felt too real, and his tired blue eyes slowly moved up to the demon before him. He hated him. He wanted him fucking dead, wanted to open his eyes and believe that THIS was the dream. But it wasn’t.

Tord was still standing there with that insufferable smile on his lips. He had no religious artifacts in his room, no means to defend himself, and a demon that could bring him to his knees curling his tail oh so eager in his room.

“So what now then.” He asked, tone reflecting the level of exhaustion that Tom was experiencing. Tord gauged his reaction for a moment, admittedly taken off guard. Usually his victims by now would be begging him to leave, crying, trying to plead with him ways to remove the demon from his life. Tom couldn’t have already been broken already, could he?

“Well- it all depends. I was summoned to make a deal.” He noted, checking his claws one by one, before turning his gaze back to Tom. “Perhaps we can make one, yes? It’s only demon business, y’know.” He said, tone lighthearted and amused as he watched Tom’s eyes narrow.

“Alright- how about this. You fuck off and never come back, and I give nothing in return. How’s that deal for you?”

Ah, Tord loved them when they were feisty. He liked a good challenge, and was ready for an answer as such. He shook his head, fauxing an expression of contemplation. “Mn, ah, no.” he said, before turning his gaze back up to Tom and chuckling. “I’m afraid I need a bit more incentive than that. No energy received on my end, so it won’t really stick well for me I’m afraid.”

Tom was getting short on patience- despite it clearly not even existing in the first place. “Well too fucking bad, now is it? I’m not stupid enough to fall for your tricks, so you can fuck right off.” He said, before turning towards his closet and trying his best to ignore the demon. It was the only thing he could think to do in a situation like this.

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“Ah, that sure is a shame, you know..” Tord began, tone dropping down into a low hum. “If you won’t make a deal, I may just have to look elsewhere. Say…” His eyes turned to the back of Tom’s head, tone radiating amusement, “The one in the green hoodie. You know, the animator? He seems like a prime target for a deal, or even to take your place. His life energy was so potent and powerful. No doubt he would taste delicious-“

Tord went silent at the sound of Tom’s fist cracking through the wall, shaking in rage as the demon could see the waves of frantic emotions rolling off of him. They were all too satisfying, and he only smiled when his raspy voice choked out, “Shut the fuck up.”
Tord only seemed to contemplate his next words for a moment, before coming up behind Tom and carefully resting both of his hands on the human’s shoulders. “I’m merely attempting to go through my backup options here, if you won’t make a deal with me.” He said, leaning forward and pressing his lips on the shell of Tom’s ears.

Tom was dead silence, his fist clenching and unclenching as the options before him…weren’t ideal. Either he turn around and make a deal with this demon, or risk both him and Edd being hunted as a result. He knew what he was going to do even before he had to think, and he turned around with a storm in his deep blue eyes.

He grit his teeth, willing his tone to be steady, even as the demonic figure loomed over him. He felt small and cornered, trapped between the arms of the demon against the wall. But he had to not show fear. “Alright, you want a deal? Here’s the deal. You leave my friends alone. No hurting them, no feeding from them, no taking advantage of them.” He said, watching as Tord seemed to be paying attention so raptly.

“And in return?” the demon prompted, tilting Tom’s chin up as their eyes locked in a fierce duel. Tom didn’t want to do this, didn’t want to offer himself on a silver platter- but he knew it was what the demon wanted. He swallowed, adam’s apple bobbing, before shoving his hand out in front of Tord.

“In return you can do whatever the fuck you want to me, so long as it doesn’t kill me, or take my soul, move me across the country, or otherwise jeopardize my life and my job. I want shit to be the same- except…you.” He said, hoping that he covered every angle of the deal. He wanted as few loopholes as possible.

Tord seemed to debate the terms and conditions for a moment, looking at the outstretched hand, before that smile was all too genuine. It caused Tom’s stomach to crawl in disgust- before he was feeling the burning hot scales settling comfortably into his own palm. “You have a deal, Thomas, bound in blood.” He said, before pushing the man’s hand against the wall after the shake.

Tom let out a gasp of surprise, before nearly jolting at the feeling of those all too hot lips pressing against his own. Before he could even think to support himself- Tord was nicking his lower lip with his fang, pulling the injured flesh into his mouth to suck greedily at the blood coming out.

The sensations were already causing Tom’s head to spin, eyes wide as he could feel the demon’s tongue slithering into his mouth. Just as Tord expected, teeth clamped down hard onto the offending organ. He smashed their lips together closer, even as the demon’s blood began to fill the other’s mouth.

He planned for this, watching in amusement as Tom struggled against the kiss. He was trying to keep from swallowing, to prevent the disgustingly bitter liquid from sliding down his throat- but it was too late. Tord made sure that the human swallowed with a disgusting gag leaving him, pulling back just quick enough to watch Tom fall to his knees and heave.

No doubt the blood of their pact was strong- because already he could feel the human’s frantic pulse under his skin. It’s been all too long since he’s flexed his wings with deals- he was all too used to getting what he wanted through force. It was a nice change of pace.

“Consider it done, Thomas.” He said, wiping the black blood from his mouth as the human hunched over, clutching his stomach harshly. He was drooling onto the floor, the black mixed with his own saliva, before pathetic eyes turned up to the demon.

“What- did you fucking do to me?” he asked, before choking on another gag as no doubt the blood
was settling itself deep into Tom like a parasite.

Tord tilted his head to the side, as if feigning innocence. “Oh, that? That’s how I create pacts, you know. You are bound to me so long as my blood runs through you, and likewise. Perhaps we should have negotiated the terms a tad bit more? A handshake signifies a temporary deal, a contract exists so long as signed documentation is present, and a blood pact? Well, let’s just say it would take either my death, or every ounce of your blood being replaced at once in your body, for that pact to be broken.”

Tom looked like he wanted to cry, and the sheer rush of power he had over the human was enthralling. He could feed off of that fear for hours, even if it provided no real nutrition for his ranking of demon. A light snack, if anything. “You fucking bastard.” He struggled to get out, before wretching once more and heaving as every ounce of his body tried to reject the blood.

“Well- what did you expect from a deal with a demon?”
That wasn't a part of the deal!

Chapter Summary

Only a few hours in and Tord is already bending the rules of the contract in his favor. With a request to move in, and his friend's wellbeing dangling in the crossfire, it seems Tom has a decision to make.

After a rather...interesting shower.

Chapter Notes

So I absolutely meant for this chapter to be where Tom and Tord go downstairs and confront Matt and Edd. Except..my fingers wanted to write porn I guess, so enjoy!

Admittedly, perhaps the human had swallowed a bit too much of his blood, given that the poor thing looked unbearably queasy for the next hour or so. It left Tord with woefully nothing to do- as his plans for the day basically consisted of pestering the freshly bonded human until he watched the patience shatter before him.

He was an evil creature, after all, and thrived off of the misery of others. Except- this misery was a tad too much.

Tom was hunched over the toilet and heaving, the blood attacking his body and weakening that precious lifeforce of Tom's. No, he was far too weak to feed from today, and the mere thought of having a new toy and not being able to play with it was...disappointing.

He sighed loudly as Tom's heaving was a steady background noise, the black blood still oozing from his throat and mixing with the way that his own was coughed sore. It was getting old, and Tord was boredly flipping through one of his books as he waited.

"Are you done yet?" he asked, only receiving a miserable groan in response as his tear soaked face looked outright unappealing now. It was one thing to be the cause of those tears- but this was a stretch. He just sighed and went back to the book, barely able to keep his attention on it.

It was at the hour and thirty minute mark that Tord was finally sick of this game. “Fine, alright. You shouldn’t be worth the energy, but I’m goddamn done of listening to your wretching and crying.” He said, rising up and noting the way that Tom flinched back full bodily.

He gripped the human’s neck, watching the way that his throat desperately wheezed for air. He applied a bit more pressure, feeling the expanse of his throat, before a dark glow overtook his hands. He was pumping dark energy into Tom, reaching into him- before locating the wound.

It was pretty bad in there. He furrowed his eyebrows, before finally dissipating the aura and watching as the dark magics began to seep into his throat and stitch the wound as per their caster’s command. He waited a moment for the smoke to dissipate, before pulling back and watching as Tom
He was scrabbling at his throat, rasping frantically - but already he sounded so much better. And it had an added bonus! With their owner's dark magic inside of them, the demon blood infecting Tom finally decided to calm its course through his body and merely lie dormant.

Tom was left there, an absolute unsightly mess, and Tord couldn't help but scoff down at him. “You know, I was under the influence that you were...tougher than this, Thomas.” He said, letting out a small sigh as the human attempted to struggle to his feet. He clutched onto the counter, those deep blue eyes narrowing into Tord’s.

“Oh, I’m fucking sorry, let me just swallow your disgusting blood and make it out of this A-okay. My fault for not being able to handle it. Won’t happen next time!” he said, before Tord was laughing a bit. At least his spitfire was still there. He didn’t think he would ever grow bored.

With the deal set, and the terms met, Tord saw no reason to continue lounging about in his half shifted form. He had reverted about halfway through Tom’s tantrum, and now stood as the man he met in the crowded expanse of the bar.

“Ahahah, very funny, Jehovah-” Tord was cut off by an annoyed huff, “Stop fucking calling me that.” Tom said, much to Tord’s amusement, once again.

“Well, that’s what you are, no?” Tord’s tone was sing song, stepping around the other man as he studied the room over once more. No real religious artifacts, nothing that could insinuate that he was active in his beliefs. It was only when Tom finally rose to his feet on his own that Tord turned back around.

Tom scoffed as he argued, “Well, you’re a goddamn prick, but you don’t see me calling you one as a pet name.”

“Well that, actually, is where you’re wrong. You refer to me as a demon all the time, and some of the names you refer to me by can be quite hurtful,” He paused, grinning, “Don’t you know that demons have feelings too?”

Tom looked angrier than ever, much to Tord’s amusement. Before the man could say anything in response, Tord was stepping over to the bed, throwing himself onto it with his arms behind his head. “Well- before you continue on with that, look at the clock why don’t you.” He said, motioning to the time. “I’m sure your friends are wondering that you aren’t awake and downstairs.”

As much as Tom didn’t want to admit it- Tord had a point. He scrunched up his features in distaste, before sighing out as he turned to rummage through his drawers. “What-fucking-ever. You better get the hell out of here soon, then.” He threw as a weak remark over his shoulder, pulling out a fresh pair of boxers and some socks.

Tord looked curious at this, before raising his hands in a mock shrug. “Leaving? Why, I’m moving in!” He exclaimed, tossing his arms in the air in glee and waiting for the inevitable breakdown that Tom would have.

As expected, the punk did not disappoint. His face was turning redder by the second as he whipped around to the demon, those gorgeous eyes narrowed in hatred with an animosity even Tord hadn’t expected.

It was endearing.

He smiled, fauxing innocence as Tom yelled out, “Oh no! That is not part of the deal! We said that
my life would be the same, except you come in and do whatever you want SO LONG as it doesn’t affect my current life!”

“Oh no no no, that’s where you’re wrong, Thomas! You said that your life would be the same, only with the addition of me. So I am adding myself into your life! Under the condition of course that your roommates don’t know about my demonic status and true intentions through YOUR word of mouth!” He hummed, watching the human go through at least four out of the five stages of grief.

He was mouthing words, yet nothing was coming out as the shock and fear continued to run rampant through Tom. Not even an hour into the deal and Tord was already bending the rules to his will—something that Tom thought for sure he could have avoided with his statement.

He buried his face into his hands, the anger finally melting away into defeat. “You…fucking ass.” He said, weakly, before Tord was levitating off of his bed and floating about the room in amusement. “You know, I do like this room, a lot. Perhaps when we’re discussing the terms of me moving in, I can convince your roommates to give me this one.” He said, before Tom was tugging on his hair in frustration.

“You really just like making me miserable, don’t you?” Tom asked, albeit weakly, as he began to head towards his door. He needed to get away from this situation, and have some time to cool down. He can make this work, right?

Of course as fate would have it, Tord was dissipating into shadows and following right behind Tom as the human began to make his way to the showers. He could feel those eyes on him, watching him, always watching him, even as he closed the door to the bathroom and began to pull off his shirt.

It was only when the silence was too much that Tom narrowed his eyes to the pesky creature hiding inside of his shadow. “Can I fucking help you?” he asked, hesitating at his pants. If he can get Tord out of the room, that would be better than dropping his dignity to the demon.

“Ah no no, I’m fine in here. Just pretend that I’m not here.” Tord hummed, those demonic red eyes staring up at Tom through his own shadow. If that wasn’t nerve-wracking enough. He sighed out loud as he turned away from him, before dropping the door to the bathroom and began to pull off his shirt.

A curt wolf whistle cut him off, before Tom was gripping the handle tightly, straightening his back from where he was bending over. “You know, if this shit is going to work out, I’m going to have to ask that you learn something called common fucking courtesy.” Tom replied with, before stepping into the shower.

Of course his shadow followed right along, those eyes staring at him from the darkness. “What? It’s hard to disattach a shadow, you know. This isn’t peter pan!” He tacked on an annoying laugh afterwards, before Tom was sighing out and turning his head under the spray. He could ignore it, right?

Made it real hard when Tord kept talking, though.

“Ohoh, you never struck me as the type to have all of these piercings, Tom.” He noted, before Tom felt almost self-conscious. He could feel phantom hands moving along his hips, playing with the dermals pierced into his skin. It only got worse as the hands just wouldn’t stop, pressing and feeling up his stomach, before reaching his nipples and tweaking the bar through them.

“Will you buzz off, pest?” Tom muttered, before tensing up at the feeling of his nipples being tweaked. All at once the shadow sensations turned physical, large fingers plucking and playing with the sensitive nubs on his chest. He could feel a solid weight behind him, toned chest spreading across
his back as Tord’s breath could be felt on the shell of his ear once more.

“Well, what’s the fun in that? Even if I can’t feed off of you, I think it’s only good that I experiment with what you like. What kind of lover would I be otherwise!” He tacked on with a roll of laughter, watching Tom’s head slam onto the tile as the human’s frustrated groan laced with pleasure at the very end.

He enjoyed toying with his body, feeling every single curve to it, before his hands were finding purchase on his hips and holding him steady. He could feel the way that Tom tensed up at the feeling of his cock resting against his lower back, only half hard in comparison.

He grinned against the back of his neck, pushing their hips together and watching as Tom’s hands scrabbled to find purchase on the slippery wall. He was breathing harder now, the water of the shower mixing pleasantly with the tears that Tord knew was there. He could sense the terror, tell that Tom was absolutely horrified at the thought of Tord just…pushing in.

As much as he wanted to keep patronizing the human, he knew that the panicked man was reaching his limit. He pulled his hips back, hands delving down to feel along the jutting bone of his hips. Idly, he twirled a dermal in its place, leaning forward to mutter against his neck.

“Oh calm down, human. I may be cruel, but I’m not cruel enough to enter you without prep. I keep my pets in healthy condition.” He said, laughing outright at the way that Tom flinched as his hands pulled back to feel along the curve of his ass.

It was a damn nice one, too. Narrow hips, but an ass that just kind of juts out. Definitely cute to him, and especially nice to squish between his fingers. The poor human was resting his head against the cool tile, breathing out and trying to calm down the anxiety rolling in his stomach.

Despite the fear, it was clear Tord knew just what to do to get his cock at half attention. He glanced over his shoulder at it, before his eyes were snapping open at the sight. He boldly grabbed Tom’s shoulders, whipping him around and pressing him against the wall in order to take in the sight.

Rows of metal were pierced through the expanse of his cock, making a neat little ladder of studs leading to the head of his cock. Just the sight of it was invigorating to Tord, a hand coming down to palm the length of it with the heel of his palm. “Well well well, looks like you’re more pierced than I first presumed! Tell me, how much did this one hurt?” He asked, tugging at a ball between his fingers and watching the way his poor prey began to squirm.

“I- fuck. Don’t. It’s none of your business.” Tom’s voice was weak, eyes tightly shut in order to avoid being face to face with the creature that ruined his goddamn life. He didn’t want this, but it was a part of the deal, and the best consent Tord could get.

“Aw, you’re no fun, Tom.” He pouted, before trailing his thumb lazily over the vein the piercings were settled comfortably in. He could feel each bar on the way up, pressing and rubbing, before continuing his oh-so-slow journey over the length of Tom’s cock.

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He had a real good one, too. A bit above average in size, a nice weight to it- very fun to mess with as he watched Tom’s thighs helplessly tremble when he reached the head. He smeared around a bead of precum with his thumb, before watching Tom outright shudder when he wrapped his entire head around the tip.

“Enjoying this, human?” he asked, reveling in the small growl that was only punctuated with a whimper as his wrist twisted around. “Fuck off.” Tom responded, before arching his back a bit and gasping when Tord’s hand sped up to reach all the way down to the base of his cock and back up.
He was getting jerked off in the shower, by a demon that was attempting to move into his room and make himself a constant in his and his friend’s lives.

He had a feeling he wouldn’t be leaving this situation with his mentality intact. He felt violated beyond belief, but the thought that this was his upcoming life helped to make it easier to dull the pain. He shut his eyes tightly, trying to keep his mind on anything else besides the fact that it was Tord behind him.

It almost worked- until the feeling of Tord’s teeth pulled him straight out of his fantasy of some blonde girl behind him stroking his cock. The whimper he let out could be described as delicious by Tord, his eyes filling with tears once more at the feeling of those canines buried deep into his shoulder.

He felt his head growing light the longer Tord kept him steady with his teeth, hand stroking rapidly over his cock as his mind began to fill with a pleasant static. He was floating in Tord’s arms, the grip on his waist tight as he could feel his mind leaving him. Why was he so angry, again? No fuckin clue, but Tord’s hand felt…amazing.

He pushed his hips into the motions, feeling that ever familiar warmth building in his body. It wasn’t nearly as strong as when he was in the alleyway- only because Tord was keeping the dosage of aphrodisiac as minimal as possible.

Tom felt warm and fuzzy, tilting his head back a bit and letting out an audible moan. The thought of his roommates hearing only blearily registered in his mind, before the thought was erased entirely when the fangs were removed from his neck and Tord’s cool tongue was lapping along the near overheated parts of his neck.

It felt good, and he eagerly tilted his head to the side in order to allow those smooth lips to wrap around his neck and suck. He wasn’t going to last long, not like this, so he gripped the side of the shower curtain and desperately pushed his hips back.

Luckily it seemed Tord was getting the hint, gently squeezing the base of his cock. “Does it feel good, love?” His tone slipped smoothly from his tongue, watching in satisfaction as Tom rapidly nodded his head up and down. He chuckled, before only increasing the motions of his hand. He’s teased Tom enough as it is- maybe an orgasm would put his little spitfire in a better mood.

He kept going until he felt Tom tense up like a drawstring, teeth clenched tight, before he was letting out the softest of sighs as his orgasm crashed over his body. Tord could taste the sweetness of the energy, oh so tempting, that he couldn’t help but get a little fill of.

Tom slumped down into his arms when the cum began to wash down the drain, cock softening in Tord’s palm as he withdrew it in favor of holding Tom close. The poor guy looked so drained after the orgasm, so small and tired in his arms, that Tord would be lying if he said he didn’t almost pity him.

He placed a lingering kiss to the back of Tom’s neck, before snapping his fingers and watching as the bar of Tom’s soap flew into his hands. He knew it was Tom’s only because he doubted the purple lush bar was his, or the axe. He never smelled of it.

So he carefully lathered up his body while the human recovered from his orgasm, humming under his breath as he did so. Occasionally he would have to rely on his magic to move the bar across Tom’s body, attempting to keep the human from toppling over. It was all immensely satisfying to know that not only could he destroy Tom- but he could build him up too if he really felt it. He had the power of a god over this poor little mortal, and he would be lying if he said the thought of
abusing it further wasn’t exciting.

Because to Tord, whether Tom was happy or not wasn’t relevant. Either he keeps his toy for the rest of his natural born life- or the man kills himself and makes a delicious snack out of his soul for Tord to consume. He could build Tom up like a skyscraper, destroy him into rubble, and there would be no adverse consequences for his actions.

But for now, seeing such a fragile and weak things in his arms was still appealing, so perhaps he’d make sure to take care of this toy for a bit. Wouldn’t want it breaking on him so soon, oh no. He was entertaining, and Tord valued a good conversational partner who wasn’t afraid to sass him.

When Tom was suitably clean, Tord used his free hand in order to shut off the spray of the shower. The entire time Tom was resting his head on Tord’s chest, letting most of his weight lie in the support of the demon’s arms. It was only when he was handed a towel did he start to lazily wipe his body off, hands faintly unsteady as he did so.

Tord smiled in amusement, passing him his clothes one by one, before resting his hand on the small of Tom’s back. “Ready to go confront your friends, dear?” he asked, even more amused that it seemed his words didn’t register as he lazily bobbed his head up and down to signify yes.

Oh, this will most definitely be amusing.

Chapter End Notes

Fanart for this chapter!
https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/163450998385/sorry-its-messy-i-didnt-have-a-reference-this-is : Credit goes to @kineticcherries on tumblr, for this amazing piece of Tom and Tord after the shower scene! Go give it the love it deserves!
**Vampires and Demons, oh my!**

**Chapter Summary**

Tom finally introduces Tord to his best friends, fabricating a lie about the length of their fake relationship. Edd is convinced, but Matt is not easily swayed. Tord will need to confront the fellow supernatural creature himself in order to keep his ploy running smoothly.

**Chapter Notes**

Hello my beautifuls! Here is yet another update for this story. But I've noticed a lot of people are inquiring as to where to leave fanart! I'm still struggling to figure out how sideblogs work when it comes to Tumblr, but feel free to send a link to your post to this link- (https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/ask).

If you make art for me, and tell me what chapter it correlates to, I will post the fanart in the notes or even the fic itself! Proper credit will be given, and I'll probably cry too! So if you wanna see a grown man cry, just send me art. It can be squiggly lines for all I care and I'd love it.

Quite luckily for Tom, and much to Tord’s disappointment, it seemed that the human would be regaining his sense of the world rather rapidly compared to before. What took him an entire night to shake off was returning back in mere minutes, eyes unfogging and body steadily moving of its own accord as his consciousness slipped back through the cracks.

It still left him with a killer headache, however.

He was fully dressed, completely clean- but had a horrid pain in the back of his neck as his hand went up to rub. He paused at the feeling of bitemarks, Tord standing innocently to the side of the door to his room, before Tom’s eyes narrowed into rather annoyed slits. “You mother fucker.” He said, before Tord was outright having to stifle his amused laughter into his palm.

Tom was turning to storm back into the bathroom, Tord laughing all the while in the background as Tom flipped on the lights. He…looked fucking awful, holy shit. There were dark circles around his eyes, and his face was this shade of white that even concerned Tom.

He tilted his head to the side, looking at the one rather nasty bitemark. It looked like he was ran through a fucking blender, and spat back out. Just to add insult to injury, dark splotches covered the expanse of his neck and shoulder.

There would be no way for him to explain this one innocently to Matt and Edd- he’d have to fabricate some lie about a possessive lover. Maybe if he made Tord sound as insane as he is, they wouldn’t let him move in.

He cringed at the worst bitemark, the one that he received in the shower, before turning around and
noting that Tord was still innocently standing back in his room. “Well-are you going to introduce me to your friends, or not?”

Tom wanted to push him out a fucking window.

He turned down the hall, figuring that he was about as presentable as he could be with an appearance like that. He was anticipating all eyes on him when he walked into the living room, sure, but he wasn’t exactly expecting a wolf whistle to come out of Edd of all people. He was always the first to poke fun.

“Damn, Tom. You had quite the night, huh? I wondered why you were out so late!” Edd laughed lightheartedly, while Matt was merely quirking an inquisitive eyebrow at him. He lowered his hand from his impressive chin, taking in the state of his neck.

“You…wow. They sure left a lot of marks.” Matt noted, mainly eyeing the bitemark on the side of his neck.

Before Tom could open his mouth to answer, all eyes were on the fourth person in the room as Tord stepped around the corner with a stretch. An audible pop was heard as he stepped out, the demon’s appearance suddenly matching Tom’s. Dark marks were across his neck that Tom knew he didn’t leave- and did he really have to come out in just boxers?

Tom’s cheeks heated in humiliation as Edd’s mouth dropped to the floor, before Matt was outright shocked at the sight of Tord. The demon lowered his arms, taking in the state of the room, before an arm went to wind around his waist. “Ah, Thomas, are these your friends you told me so much about previously?” he asked, before smiling as it was clear that Tom was fighting back the urge to turn and deck him.

“I…yeah. Uh.” He said, before noting that Matt’s expression was particularly dark in this case. He was staring right past Tom to Tord, the demon quickly noting this. He turned to the purple clad male, before an eyebrow was lifting in surprise.

Matt’s expression remained narrowed for just a bit longer, before it was clear his stare didn’t go unnoticed. Edd was giving him a weird look, Tom looked curious, before he cleared his throat slightly and looked anywhere but at Tord. “Well- I can’t say I was expecting this, hah.” He said, tugging on the edge of his scrubs as if to fan himself.

Edd was quiet for a bit longer, before forcing on a rather awkward smile. “I, uh, wasn’t expecting a guest.” He said, meekly looking across the room at all of the clothes and misplaced items scattered about. “I would have cleaned up if I knew Tom would be bringing someone home.”

Tord merely smiled, his ego suitably stoked at the way that Tom looked like he wanted to be nearly anywhere else but here. Edd was surprised, but that Matt fellow. Oh, he was interesting.

“Ah, no no, it’s no trouble at all! When Thomas and me retire to my apartment, usually, it’s just as much of a mess!” he said in good nature, before smiling at the way Edd looked even more confused. “I would have cleaned up if I knew Tom would be bringing someone home.”

Tord merely smiled, his ego suitably stoked at the way that Tom looked like he wanted to be nearly anywhere else but here. Edd was surprised, but that Matt fellow. Oh, he was interesting.

“Ah, no no, it’s no trouble at all! When Thomas and me retire to my apartment, usually, it’s just as much of a mess!” he said in good nature, before smiling at the way Edd looked even more confused. He looked between Tom, then Tord again, before finally looking to Tom with a wide grin.

“Wait a minute.. Tom! You didn’t tell me you had a boyfriend!” he said, clasping his hands together and grinning in a devious manner to him.

Tom could have choked in that moment, if Tord didn’t slap him upside the back with a roar of laughter. “Oh- Oh this is rich. You really were scared to tell him about us, weren’t you? I told you they would be accepting!” he said, noting that the tension between him and the Edd fellow was
dissipated.

But that Matt fellow. He’d need a word in private with him, wouldn’t he? It was always tricky when other supernatural creatures were involved.

For now, though, Tom was looking thoroughly humiliated as all eyes landed on him. He was standing there for just a bit- before burying his face into his hands with a low sigh. “Well, I guess I better get introductions out of the way.” He said, before pulling his hands down and snapping the skin of his face back into place.

“Edd, Matt, this is my boyfriend Tord. Tord, these are my roommates and best friends, Edd and Matt.” He was rather lifeless in his pointing, turning his finger in the direction of each man.

Edd waved rather heartily when the finger landed on him- he was quite adorable, in Tord’s opinion. Matt merely turned away again, a halfhearted salute being thrown to Tord’s direction.

When introductions were out of the way, and the living room was bathed in awkward silence, Tord was carefully winding his fingers into Tom’s and planting a small kiss to the side of his temple. “Come now, love, allow me to cook breakfast for you and your friends! Just show me to the kitchen!” he said, before Edd was turning over the back of the couch as the two began to walk.

Tom didn’t want to lead him around, didn’t want his friends to think everything was okay between them- but Tord was trying his damned hardest to assert himself into his life right now. He glanced back over his shoulder, before suddenly his expression was morphing without his consent. He was looking into Tord’s eyes, an alien expression of happiness overtaking his features.

His heart was pounding wildly as his arm wound around Tord’s, words leaving his lips like a script, “Hun, you don’t have to do that, you know. We’re grown men, we can feed ourselves.”

Tord was smiling this soft expression, the entire thing looking twisted from the perspective of someone who knew what Tord was actually capable of. He paused to tilt his chin up, Tom being unable to resist leaning up for a small peck. Literally. His body wasn’t under his control, and the thought of being a glorified puppet was horrifying.

“I know- but I want to do this for you! You’ve been so good to me lately, I want to spoil my little rockstar.” He cooed, before Edd was letting out a small “aw” and leaning over the edge of the couch.

“Come on, Tom! Let him cook! He’s just trying to be nice!”

Tom wanted to whip his head to the side, fix Edd with a stare that betrayed every ounce of terror pulsing through his veins. But he knew that he couldn’t- not when Tord has him caught in a web. Instead a laugh was pulled through his throat, and he rested his hand on Tord’s chest and gave in a gentle little push.

“Fine, fine. I’ll show him where the bacon and eggs are. I’m a bit too tired to cook, anyways, if you understand what I’m saying.” He cooed, before Tord’s arm wound around his waist and began to pull him in the direction of the kitchen as the fucker made him giggle. GIGGLE. He would never giggle in his goddamn life.

While Edd looked thoroughly relaxed, Matt looked tense, still. Good! Maybe Matt could talk some fucking sense into Edd!

The moment that the two were alone in the kitchen, Tom was hunching forward and gasping as his body was finally his own again. He opened his mouth to yell, to fight, to scream- but Tord’s fingers over his lips were shutting him up instantly.
“Remember the deal, Thomas. If you aren’t convincing I have full consent to feed from your friends. I’m sure you wouldn’t want me pinning them to the counter and feeding from their lifeforce. That would be cheating, would it not?” he said, smug smile absolutely radiating amusement. He hated Tord. Hated him with every ounce of his passion.

He pulled away with a scoff, before going to instead collapse himself onto the table. He crossed his arms over his face, eyebrows wrinkled as tight as he felt a war going on within himself. Wasn’t it bad enough just having Tord in the house? He was putting Edd in danger, Matt as well.

He was almost debating just letting Tord take him away and be done with it—until the demon was flitting about the kitchen gathering pans and supplies like he knew exactly where to look. “How do you like your eggs, Tom?” he asked, turning to look over his shoulder and smiling at the glare he got in return.

“Should I just assume scrambled, then?” he hummed, turning around and greasing up the pan with a spray of some Pam. He already had the bacon spread out in a pan, and some bread sitting by the toaster.

Tom just turned to the side, plucking at his shirt buttons one by one. “Sunny side up. Edd likes them scrambled, and Matt likes them with the yolks cooked.” He said, before Tord made a small word of acknowledgement.

It wasn’t long before the smell of bacon was filling the house—and as it was just about to be done, Tord went to work on the eggs and toast. First Matt’s, then Edd’s, and finally Tom’s. He had quite the spread set out on the table, placing plates down and everything.

It would almost be impressive, if Tom didn’t know just what this monster was capable of. He just kept his head in his arms, staving off not just a headache but his anxiety too. What had he gotten himself into? He only jumped when the final plate was placed in front of him, a healthy portion of bacon accenting the eggs.

He felt a bit too sick to eat—but didn’t have time to question it as Edd strolled in with Ringo in his arms. He looked at the set plates, noting that Tord was just about to bring his over, before Edd was grinning widely and looking across the display.

“Wow! You didn’t tell me that Tord could ACTUALLY cook!” Edd said, noticing the scrambled eggs smothered in cheese, before instantly grinning as he slid into the seat and picked up a fork. “It may be lunch—but Tord absolutely outdid himself!”

Tom knew that the demon himself would reply—lord fucking knows he could hardly get a word in otherwise. Not to disappoint, Tord was smiling at the other with a twinkle in his eye. “Oh, this? This is nothing! When me and Tom would have our date nights I would try to outdo myself then!” he said, laughing under his breath.

Edd was already burying into the meal when Tord turned back to the fridge, glancing over his shoulder. “Is there anything you want to drink, Edd?” he inquired, before the aforementioned man was lifting his head from a spoonful of eggs. He swallowed, before pointing at the fridge with a grin. “Here’s a hint if you’re going to be sticking around, Tord. Cola. It’s ALWAYS cola.”

The demon laughed, the tone soft and amused compared to his usual sharp edge. He plucked a can of soda from the fridge, tossing it smoothly to the man in the green hoodie. He turned to Tom next, “And for you, snoockums?”

The pet name was almost enough to make Tom puke, his head turning to the side as disgust almost
overtook him. But once again his facial features were locking into a smile, and he was lifting the fork to twirl it in his fingers. “Mountain dew would be good, thanks.”

He didn’t even really like the soft drink that much, but he was being passed it anyways, cracking open the lid and almost crying the moment his body was released again. Tord was giving him an expectant smile, before he knew what he had to do. He took a sip, lowered his head, and went to messing around with the eggs on his plate. “Thanks, Tord.”

With two out of three out of the way, it only left Matt. It seemed that he was going to be the tough nut to crack—Tord peeked out of the kitchen. “Hey, Matt, food is on, comrade!” he called out with a smile, before he could hear audible coughing from his lover.

He pulled back inside with a raised eyebrow, noting that Tom was trying not to laugh through his eggs. He leaned against the side of the doorframe, quirking an eyebrow. “And what seems to be so funny, Thomas?”

Matt was stepping inside right as Tom was trying to calm down, wiping a tear from his eye. “Did you just. Did you just actually call him comrade? Like the nazi term?” he inquired, before Tord made note to roll his eyes in a lighthearted nature.

“No, Tom. Not like the Nazi term. I am a communist, not a Nazi. There is quite a blatant difference.” He explained, before Edd almost spat out his drink with a laugh of his own. “W-Wait, a communist, right? An actual communist?”

Tord let out a small sigh, leaning against the side of the frame as the two at the table seemed to be sharing a good laugh over it. “Yeah, yeah. I know. It isn’t the most popular party, but the ethics behind it are admirable. Nobody starves, as everyone is equal. It’s the slogan of America, is it not?” he asked, before Tom was covering his mouth to stifle his laughter.

“D-Dude, and you’re making fun of me for being a Jehovah’s witness. You’re a fuckin’ commie!” he said, before Edd was outright roaring in laughter as Ringo jumped from his lap. Too much commotion for him to properly relax.

Tord patiently waited for them to calm down, rolling his eyes and instead turning to the third party at the table. Matt settled himself down with his eyes downcast, deep in thought, even if his lips were curved into a smile. Tord’s voice pulled him from his stupor, his icy blue eyes locking with Tord’s grey.

“Is there anything you’d like to drink? I can get it for you before I sit down.” He inquired, before the other was swallowing a bit. There was an unspoken understanding between them— but Tord would need to confront him alone later in order to be sure.

“I, uh. Applejuice, please.” He requested, before Tord was nodding and grabbing a cup from the top shelf. He poured it quickly, placed it down, before finally feeling content to settle himself across from Tom.

He noted that Edd and Tom were already almost done, and couldn’t help but chuckle at that. “You two really inhaled your meal, hm?” he asked, seeming content when Edd was all too eager to nod his head. “Yeah! You’re a very good cook, Tord! I wouldn’t mind you coming over and cooking for us more often!” he said cheerfully, shoving a big bite of toast into his mouth.

“How long have you two been dating anyways? Tom doesn’t tell us anything!” Edd said, pointing his finger to a rather quiet Tom. He only jerked up when he heard his name, clearly having been spacing out in thought.
Tord hummed under his breath, tapping his fingers rhythmically across the wood. “Well, it’s a funny story, actually. We started something akin to enemies when we met at the bar. I was drunk, he was drunk, and we actually duked it out over a matter of personal opinions. I threw a punch, he hit me with a bottle.”

He waved his hand with the story, clearly having the attention of everyone in the room. Tom almost didn’t even want to know where he was going with this. “So we didn’t get along. But eventually I began to listen to him play his bass, watched the passion in his work, and found him admittedly… endearing.” He hummed, reaching a hand out and grabbing Tom’s over the table.

“So I ordered him a drink, we sat down and talked, and…I guess we put aside our differences and quickly found a mutual respect and attraction towards each other. That was, what? About 8 months ago?” he asked, turning to Tom for clarification.

Suddenly all eyes were on him again, and Tom could feel his face heating up. Tord was giving him that expectant look, Edd with his head in his hands and Matt with an interested expression as well. He ducked down, before covering his face with his hands. “Did you really have to put me on the spot like that?”

Tord laughed, earning a small chuckle from the other two at the table as well. “Well, perhaps it was a tad rude of me. You aren’t one to admit your attractions easily.” He said, before pulling his hand back and gathering the empty plates of the other three.

“But yes, it was about 8 months ago, and I must say it’s quite nice finally being invited to his house for a change!” he teased, before noting that Edd was giving Tom a rather hearty thumbs up as he turned to place all of the dishes in the sink.

Matt was glancing down at his watch, before his eyes widened a bit. “Oh- Oh dear! I’ve been so caught up in this that I didn’t even notice I need to leave for my shift!” He said, jumping up and grabbing his keys from the counter.

It was a shame, Tord wanted a chance to speak to the supernatural, but merely sat back and watched as he darted towards the door. He spared a glance to where he was just at- before noting a nametag was sitting there.

Bingo.

He grabbed the tag, holding his hands into the air and purposely calling out to him too late. “Wait, Matt! I have your-“ He paused as he heard the door slam, before looking to the two humans at the table. “Ah, erm, pardon me for a moment. I need to be sure Matt receives this.” He said, holding up the nametag, before turning and stepping outside.

Matt was wearing a rather large hat over his head, keys clutched in his palm, before he was whistling to the other and jogging up to his side. He came to a pause in front of Matt, the two sharing a long and silent moment.

He held up the tag, before narrowing his eyes a bit. “You left this behind, Vampire.” His tone was sharp, and Matt instantly was dropping the nice façade in order to narrow his slightly glowing blue eyes at Tord. He pulled his lips back into a scowl, elongated canines prominent now that it was just the two of them.

“Why thank you, Demon, it’s quite kind of you to think about me while plotting to drain my friends dry of their energies.” He said, snatching the nametag up and staring down at Tord with obvious distrust in his eyes.
Tord had to play his cards carefully here.

“Oh, I’m the one plotting? With a vampire living in a house with two humans? So what do you refer to them as, blood bank one and blood bank two? If I catch you so much as laying a fang on my Tom, you’re getting those canines of yours knocked out!” he threatened, rising a fist and noting the way that Matt only grew angrier.

“What- me? Feed off of my FRIENDS? You’ve got a lot of nerve coming in here and accusing me of that!” He said, jabbing a pointed finger into Tord’s chest. The two had a stare off, before Tord was visibly lowering his aggression, shoulders slumping. The gesture confused Matt, before Tord knew he had the vampire right where he wanted him.

“Ah, I. Pardon me. I suppose it is rather rude of me to accuse you as such.” He said, turning to the side. “I’m just…protective, of Tom. I care for him quite deeply, and I don’t want there to be any… bad blood between us.” He said, chancing another glance to Matt.

The vampire was still slightly tense, but Tord was rubbing sheepishly at the back of his neck. “You, erm. Won’t tell Tom what I am, right? I don’t think he’s ready to know about the presence of demons and monsters in this world quite yet.” He said, giving Matt his most pleading of expressions.

Hook, line, and sinker. Matt was letting out a small sigh, resting his fingers at the back of his neck as he mulled over what Tord said. “No- I won’t be. They don’t even know what I am, and I’m hoping to keep it as such. I was worried you would blow my cover, or try to feed off of them.” He said, chuckling slightly and upturning his lips to Tord.

The demon smiled in response, resting his hand on the taller man’s shoulders. “Nonesense, Dracula. Your secret is safe with me, so long as you aren’t feeding from my lover.” He joked, before Matt was chuckling and playfully knocking Tord’s hand off of his shoulder.

“Oh bugger off, sex demon, I only feed when I need to. And even then, I have a few people who know I can go to for donations at work.” He said, waving his hand ever so casually. “And besides-erm. Edd is more my type for feeding than Tom. Sugar sweet, and all.” He said, a bit of color rising to his pale cheeks as Tord let out an amused “hmmmmm.”

The two stood together for a bit longer, before Matt’s eyes widened as he realized he was going to be late to work. “Oh, blast! I’m going to be late!” he exclaimed, before quickly Tord was stepping back and allowing Matt to get into the car.

“Ah- my apologies. I’ll stop taking up your time. Good luck at work, my friend!” he said, saluting the car as Matt waved a hasty goodbye at him. When the car was finally speeding off down the road, Tord stood outside for just a moment. A slow smile was spreading across his face, eyes glowing in amusement as he turned around and began to walk inside.

He had everything falling into place- it was only a matter of time before this household was wrapped around his finger.

With the vamp out of the way, and the other human growing fond of him, there would be nowhere for Tom to hide from him.

Chapter Summary

Tom and Edd discuss the finer mechanics of Tom's sexuality, until Tord returns from his confrontation with Matt. Tord had no clue what he would do with this newfound information of his toy, but rest assured, it will be put to good use.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys what's up! It's a bit of a shorter chapter than usual, but that's only because I'm going to be busy for the upcoming few days! I figured you deserved an update before the little break, so I hope it's still to your standards even if it was rushed and on a deadline.

“So come on, you need to tell me all of the details, Tom!” Edd exclaimed, poking at Tom’s relationship from the moment that Tord stepped out of the room. He knew it was a dangerous lapse, given their estranged leaders insistent need to poke his nose into everyone’s business.

Tom merely kept himself ducked into his pop. Bleuch, it tasted like fizzy chalk after having gone without it for so long. It was rare that Tom drank soda- and even more rare when it wasn’t mixed with some form of alcohol at the bar. Rum and coke was pretty damn good- and Edd practically inhales it whenever they go out drinking together.

Tom hardly noticed he had been spacing off until Edd’s fingers snapped in front of his face, the man sitting back with his arms crossed over his chest. “Oh no, you don’t get to look away all wistful into the distance and ignore me, Tom. Not when it involves your oh so dreamy foreign boyfriend,” Edd accented the statement with a flutter of his lashes, clasping his hands together.

He quickly regained composure, however. “But in all seriousness, how on earth did you keep this from us for so long?” he asked, a credible question when you thought about it. No flowers, no dreamy phone calls, no pictures in his phone. Nothing. Tord quite literally cut himself into Tom’s life, and the poor human was scrabbling for answers himself.

At least he was a good liar.

“Well, it was usually after gigs we would get together and have food. That was the times that I was gone for ridiculously late hours.” He said, totally brushing off the fact he occasionally turned out falling black out drunk on the barstool after a show.

Edd was listening with rapt attention, Tom swore he could already see a twinkle in them. He swallowed a bit, before sheepishly rubbing at the back of his neck. “Well I- I mean sometimes I would also say I had gigs, and really I’d be going to his place for dinner and a movie. It’s…really been pretty easy to keep on the downlow, considering you all are so busy and tired near the end of the night.”
There was a moment of silence stretching between them, before Edd seemed appeased and let his shoulders fall. He gently nudged the punk’s shoulder, giving him a look that could only be described as fatherly pride.

“Well, I think he’s pretty swell so far! And yes, I am COMPLETELY accepting of the fact you’re gay. I kind of suspected it!” he said, rubbing his hands together in glee. What a fucking child.

Tom’s cheeks were suitably pink already- part from anger and part from genuine embarrassment. The anger was directed towards Tord, for putting on such a charming façade and fooling all of his friends into thinking that he was some smooth talking average joe. How fucking dare he.

But on another hand, the entire gay comment had struck a sour note with Tom. He cleared his throat, making sure Edd was paying attention as he shook his head as a blatant no. “Well, actually. I’m technically bisexual, so let’s not just start throwing the gay word around alright? I still like chicks.” He said, before a rather amused hum was rising from behind them.

While Edd seemed to be fine with waving his greeting to an approaching Tord, Tom was frozen in place. So much as the memory of the demon, and all that he’s done to Tom, weighted too heavily on his mind to properly respond to such a casual greeting as Tord resting his hand on his shoulder.

He flinched heavily, borderline ready to begin bolting, before catching the look of what almost appeared to be genuine concern on Tord’s face. But it was all a lie, and Tom knew it. He had to act the part, act concerned. He knew exactly why Tom was flinching, and knew the demon would take the upmost satisfaction from it.

So he slowly cleared his throat, rested his hand on his chest to calm down his erratic heartbeat, before putting on his award winning smile. It was a grimace at best, but at least it was genuine in its own remark. “You scared me, dude.” He said, before Tord was returning his expression into a smoother version of his own smile.

“My apologizes, love, I hoped I wasn’t interrupting your…one on one with Edd.” He said, before moving his hand down to Tom’s hip and resting it there. Tom felt legitimately sick.

“This is the first time he has come out to you?” Tord inquired, before in response, Edd was nodding his head and giving the duo a thumbs up. “Why yes it is, and I am making sure Tom knows he’s loved and supported no matter who he likes or doesn’t like!”

Tord enjoyed this…Edd, human. He was cheerful, bubbly, but a bit of a dick when it came down to his humor. He could see himself putting up with him for quite some time, and perhaps even enjoying his company. It was a shame that he couldn’t feed off of him, though. Such a sweet boy would have delicious aura.

“No no, not at all! We were just discussing Tom’s sexuality, and all the good stuff like that.” He said, before Tord was letting out a small laugh and turning his head to plant a small kiss to the side of his head.

“I take it this is the first time he has come out to you?” Tord inquired, before in response, Edd was nodding his head and giving the duo a thumbs up. “Why yes it is, and I am making sure Tom knows he’s loved and supported no matter who he likes or doesn’t like!”

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“See? I had told him, time and time again, that he will be loved and accepted no matter what the situation!” Tord said, motioning a rather dramatic wave with his hand. “He was such a worry wart when we discussed it over dinner! I had a gut feeling you two would be more than okay with such an arrangement!” he said, before Tom let his head drift to the side again.

The two were just talking, back and forth, their words slowly melting into a blur as Tom could only focus on the tingling sensation in his skin where Tord was touching him. It was almost like the blood pulsing through him was gathering towards that one spot on his body, where Tord was holding onto
him, and causing the most unpleasant of crawling sensations to begin rolling down his spine.

He shivered, before cluing in just in time for Tord to stare at him expectantly. He then remembered that he was in a conversation, his eyebrows furrowing up in thought. “I.. What? Sorry, I was spacing out.” Tom elaborated, clearly seeming sheepish as Edd let out an amused laugh.

Tord was sighing, although not in poor nature, before looking into Tom’s eyes directly. Ah, those gorgeous, pretty blue eyes. They were the most captivating part of the man, in his own opinion. “What I was saying, dear, was that I am also very accepting of your sexual and romantic preferences and don’t hold it against you if you come to me with the request to see someone with the… opposite hardware, than me.” He said,

What the fuck was Tord going on about? He was confused for only a moment, before realization came crashing down. Wow, fucking wow. Tord made him look like some sleazebag who wanted tits twenty four seven, and didn’t know the meaning of the word commitment. He was almost offended, until Tord was squeezing his side.

“Although that was in the beginning- when we were merely just drinking and debate buddies. Hell, we didn’t see eye to eye with almost anything back in the day.” Tord tacked on a chuckle, just for tact. “So technically we WEREN’T dating, but it was a tempting offer on the table.”

Edd was looking between the two in a mixture of both amazement and curiosity, looking like he had so many more questions he wanted to ask. Yet with a ring of the doorbell, Edd was perking up as he realized just how much time had passed.

“Oh- oh man! The advertiser is here with the script and storyboard for my new commercial!” he said, rising from his seat as he rushed to try and make the place look presentable. Tord and Tom shared a look as the poor man was scrambling to dump the dishes into the sink.

“Don’t just stand there- clean!” Edd shouted, catching both of the taller men by surprise. They looked to Edd, back to each other, before Tom and Tord seemed to get the sense of urgency that perhaps Edd had something important on the line. They were straightening up the living room with rushed motions, tossing pillows back onto the couch and disposing of candy wrappers.

For a thirty second cleaning time limit, it was impressive how much nicer that the living room and kitchen area looked. With Edd suitably calmed and talking at the door with a business woman, Tord had the grand idea to carefully wind his arms around Tom’s waist and drag him towards his room once more.

“Perhaps we should leave them be, yes?” He asked, tone dipping down into a low hum of amusement as Tom quickly began to realize what was happening. He gave a weak tug at Tord’s arms, not liking the idea of being alone with the demon- but he couldn’t just stick around Edd when it came to the finer details of his job.

So with a hesitant glance over his shoulder to his friend, and a nervous turn to his demonic captor, Tom knew that he was in for a long, long night. Hasn’t he been through enough already?

**Chapter End Notes**

(I literally need to leave the house in 2 mintues lord help me I finished it just in time.)

Anyways I'll try to update as soon as possible, but I may actually enjoy this little writing
break after churning out so much in only a week!
Alcoholism

Chapter Summary

Tord attempts to confront the other members of the house about Tom's alcoholism, but not for the actual wellbeing of the human. No, as per usual, it if for his own selfish gain.

Tom, on the other hand, is not in good condition lately. The demon blood is wreaking havoc through his system, and it shows no sign of slowing it's devastating pace.

Chapter Notes

Hello my beautifuls, I have returned from a six flags/county fair adventure! It was an amazing time, and I came back with many more ideas for the fic!
I also came back to some amazing fanart by @kineticcherries on tumblr, and have linked it to chapter 6!
Hell, here's the link anyways: https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/163450998385/sorry-its-messy-i-didnt-have-a-reference-this-is

Ever since the demonic blood began to pulse through Tom’s body, he’s been feeling far worse for wear lately.

After Tord had dragged him back to his room, it had been as simple as letting the sex demon wander about while Tom laid on the bed. He was clutching his stomach, sweat rolling down his body as occasionally his entire being felt like it was about to combust into flames.

No matter what position he turned to, or how he lied, he couldn’t get comfortable. Tom was spread out on his stomach at the moment. His face was buried into the pillow with his eyebrows scrunched up, breath ragged as he tried to will the pain down.

Medication, ignorance, distractions: nothing was working to keep that crawling feeling out of his skin. He had nearly gagged three times already, bile wanting to rise up from his throat until he forcibly swallowed it down.

Tord had merely smiled when Tom asked what had happened, and tilted his chin up to condescendingly coo, “It will fade eventually, you know. None of my other pacts had this much trouble adjusting to a little demon blood in them.”

Of course he’d reply with an insult, making Tom feel like the failure he already knew that he was.

Yet as time went on, it became clear that he was not getting used to it. If anything, the burning sensation only increased until parts of his skin nearly felt charred off, his head spinning painfully as occasionally he was so sick he would black out.

He was in worse for wear condition, and it wasn’t going unnoticed.
“Tom, you’re looking really pale again today.” Matt was the first one to comment at breakfast time, catching the attention of the three other men at the table. Edd was quiet as he studied Tom’s face, while Tord shifted his posture to rest his head on his hand.

Of course Tord was there. He was nearly inseparable from his side now—fucking him, draining him, feeding from him. Tom couldn’t remember the last time he had a comfortable sleep, or was able to feel safe even in the confines of his friends’ presence.

He supposed it showed in his expression, before Edd was frowning in concern now. “You really are, Tom. You’ve done gigs every night for the past few days, and I know you’ve been drinking, lately.” He decided to hen, and oh great, of course there would be an intervention today.

Tom just sighed slowly in response, moving his poptart to his lips and taking a big bite of the pastry. “For the last time, Edd, I’m fine. Seriously. We need to keep up with the bills, and my gigs help do that. I ain’t stopping just because you think I look a little pale.”

Edd was quick to rebuke. “Well- you don’t need to drink when you do it! You’re starting to get out of hand, lately, and me and Tord think-“

“Wait.” Edd’s mouth closed at Tom’s request, the mere mention of the demon’s name causing his eyes to turn to the man. He had the most fake concerned expression plastered on his face—until the fucker slowly shifted it into a wide grin.

It stayed for only a moment before being replaced with that sickeningly sweet concern, the cold hands reaching over the table to rest onto his own. “Thomas, please. Listen to your friend, if you can’t listen to me.” He said, head tilting in Edd’s direction.

That motherfucker.

Edd waited just a moment for a rebuttal, something to argue against, before seeming a bit more relaxed when Tom stayed quiet.

“Well- we think that you’re drinking a bit too much as of late, and it’s starting to negatively reflect on your health. We keep finding you passed out around the house, covered in bottles, and reeking of the stuff.” Edd tried to explain, yet Tom was livid.

He wasn’t blackout drunk, he was drained fucking dry with a demon sucking on the straw.

And, okay, sure. He drank a bit more than usual due to the stress of it all. It made it easier to be drunk when Tord wanted to feed, spread his legs and let the pain turn numb the more he swallowed. Tord wasn’t a gentle lover, and unfortunately Tom was beginning to adjust in the worst of ways.

But to have his best friend, the one person who meant most to him in the world, tell him that his drinking is out of control when Edd has no real idea what Tom is going through? It hurt.

Tom wanted to rip his hand out of Tord’s grip, stab a stake or SOMETHING through the demon’s chest, and hope that it killed him for good. He wanted to grab Edd by the shoulders and shake him until he realized just what monster crawled itself into his bed each night.

But he couldn’t.

Tord was the one in power here, and Tom never felt more helpless in his life. Every single time Tom
attempted to retaliate, to fight back against the demon- it only ended poorly for the human.

It was only a matter of time before Tord would use his own friends as a punishment for his fight, and Tom knew he couldn’t live with the grief if that had happened. So he just lowered his head as Edd tried to oh so helpfully confront him for his drinking, even if the real problem was sitting next to him.

He wouldn’t lie and say he didn’t dig his nails into Tord’s hand, but still. “Edd, I’m trying, okay. It’s been a rough time for me, and I just. I’ve been handling it wrong, but I don’t think this talk is necessary.” He tried to say, keep his tone even despite the anger and misery wavering in with his words.

Yet of course, ever the mother hen that Edd is, he wouldn’t be swayed with a few words. “We really need to get you some help, or just. Talk to us. You can talk to us, you know that, right?” It was sweet that Edd was trying to insist on having his problems talked out, but still.

Same problem as before. He couldn’t tell them shit. This was his burden and his burden alone to bear, and if the weight killed him? At least his friends would be safe, right?

But just to get Edd off of his chest, he nodded, looking to the side. Anywhere but at those concerned brown eyes. “I know Edd. But I’ll try and cut back now, alright? I’ve been feeling like shit lately anyways, so I’m thinking it’s just a…cold, doing this.”

Weak excuse. All he could think to keep himself safe were weak excuses. Tord was watching him, always fucking watching, and one slip up could result in the worst of results. But for now the demon looked pleased as he nodded to Edd, squeezing his hand.

“I’ll try and hold him to it, Edd, but I’m not here often enough to keep a firm eye on him.” He said, tone slightly lighthearted despite the seemingly serious conversation that took place. Hell, Matt looked pretty out of place in all of this as well, head tilted into the bowl of his cereal as he ate.

It was a brief moment of silence, before Edd was nodding to Tord with a low sigh. “It’s alright, Tord. I’m usually home, so I’ll make sure to keep an eye on him.” He reassured, even as Tord’s lips pulled into a thin line. He was hoping that Edd would allow him to stay longer, or make the first real attempt to allow Tord to move in.

But, he did suppose it was merely less than a week since he arrived. It would only make sense they wouldn’t extend an invitation quite yet. God how he wanted to speed this process along, to crawl under Tom’s skin and live there deeper than he already was.

Yet for the time being this had to be good enough- wear both Tom and his friend’s down with the weight of Tom’s alcoholism. The alcohol made Tom’s blood and energy bitter anyways- he would be much better without it.

Tom had lost his appetite throughout the talk, jaw tense as his teeth grit together quite firmly. He didn’t want to be known like this, to have his friends worry about him. But would he actually be able to put down the bottle after frequent drinking every night? After knowing it was the only real disconnection from Tord he could achieve?

This wouldn’t be a damn problem if it wasn’t for Tord butting in and turning his recent sickness into a problem that it wasn’t. But oh, of course, that was a part of Tord’s plan. It always fucking was in the end.

He pushed himself up from the table, all eyes on him, before he grabbed his plate and brought it to the dishwasher. “I’m going back to bed. You all can have fun talking about me when I’m not here.
It’ll be easier, won’t it?” He hissed, before ignoring the eyes on his back as he stormed to his room.

Edd and Tord shared a look, before Tord was sighing out and resting his head in his hand. “I love that man with every ounce of my heart, you know, but sometimes he is just a tad…much. All of this on top of my complications with my roommate, and I must admit, this is a tad more stressful than I hoped for.” He said, before subtly smiling when Edd’s concern was on him now.

“Roommate?” he had asked, before Tord was letting out a small chuckle. “Yes, my roommate, unfortunately. I live quite a few blocks down in a small apartment with a roommate, yet they are the one with the apartment in their name. I pay half of the utilities, yet we never actually put my name on the lease.”

He paused to let that sink in with the other two at the table for the moment, before laughing a bit under his breath. “Well, as of now, we aren’t exactly seeing eye to eye on most matters. We should be able to resolve it, but yet I am still concerned. If he kicks me out, then legally speaking, I own nothing in that apartment besides my furniture that I have a receipt for. It’s a very…nerve wracking thought.”

Matt and Edd were both sharing a look of pity towards Tord, before Matt was the one to speak up next. He smiled a bit, waving his spoon as he said, “Well, just know if things go sour, you can sleep on the couch until you figure things out!” He paused, before adding on a bit of humor, “Besides, I’m sure Tom will let you sleep in his bed. You’ve been doing that enough lately.”

Edd and Tord shared their own laugh in response, before Tord was lightly pushing the vampire in good nature. It seemed after their little altercation in the driveway, the two supernaturals were growing closer. Matt could confide in him the temptations of his roommate’s blood, while Tord could relate to him in the sense that their existence had to be secret.

It was all fluff on Tord’s end, but he knew Matt was growing trustworthy of him. Everyone was. Eventually he knew he could crack them down, cement himself by their sides, and implement the next parts of his little game.

Dealing with mortal affairs could be so much fun.

But he knew that Tom more than likely couldn’t be left alone during a time like this. If he were to play the part of doting boyfriend, he would have to act as such in the end. So with a heavy sigh and a rather exasperated expression he was patting Edd on the shoulder as he got up from his seat.

“Try not to worry about me, though. Thomas is the one who we need to keep our attention on. I think it would be wise to dispose of and hide all of the alcohol in the house where he cannot reach it. We need to get him clean” Tord said, adjusting his red hoodie over his waist.

Edd bit at his lower lip, glancing towards the direction that Tom had stormed towards. “I agree, but…Wouldn’t it be bad to immediately just cut him off? I think it would be wise to carefully ween him off of it before just having him stop cold turkey.” Edd suggested, before Matt was nodding his head in agreement.

“Sometimes effects of alcoholism can be fatal if he’s just…taken off of it.” He explained, before Tord feigned concern as he crossed his arms over his chest. He debated it for a moment, before sighing. “We can try cold turkey at first, okay? But Matt, with your professional review, if he starts to get too bad we can give him a glass or two to keep his body from rejecting everything.”

Tord was steadfast in his opinion- and while he didn’t want to try and brainwash the two so soon, he wanted Tom cold turkey. The more that his toy suffered, the better. Edd and Matt seemed to mull it
over for a moment, before relenting and nodding their heads in approval to Tord’s suggestion.

“I think that’s reasonable. Tom doesn’t drink every second of every day, so I’m sure it should be alright to cold turkey him.” Matt explained, which resulted in Edd being far more agreeable. The group let out a small sigh, before Tord was turning towards Tom’s room.

“Well, since that it settled, I should probably go and placate my little spitfire over there.” He said, plucking at a few hairs on his hoodie. “I will attempt to get him to sleep, and then remove all alcohol I come across in his room.”

With a plan formulated for the three of the house, and an agreement being made, Tord was able to slide away as Matt and Edd began to discuss how to alcohol proof the house. He was smiling, spirits elated as he stepped down the hall to the closed door of his pet.

He tried the handle, only to find that it wouldn’t budge. Aw, how cute. He glanced over his shoulder to be sure that nobody was within eyeshot, before his body dissipated into shadows just long enough for him to smoothly slide through the wood.

He materialized to the sight of Tom hunched over a bucket, shaking near profusely as his stomach attempted to dispel its contents. The poptart sat at the bottom, a black bile dribbling from his lips as Tord stepped around the pathetic sight.

“Already losing your lunch, Jehovah? We haven’t even began to ween you off of the alcohol and you’re already a mess. But it’s alright-I’ll be sure you don’t die.” He explained, laughing under his breath as Tom’s only response was a weak gurgle from the back of his throat.

He sat down on the bed, about to pull out one of his many magazines- before freezing in place as Tom’s gaze locked with his.

Tord didn’t know if we was seeing things, or if it was a trick of the eye- but Tom’s eyes almost appeared jet black. His iris was barely visible through the deep black of his sclera’s, tears sliding down his face as the poor man was stuck a shaking heap on the floor.

Yet with another glance, those gorgeous baby blues were back, and Tord was squinting forward as he attempted to discern what he had just saw.

It was no matter, though, because Tom was hunching over the bucket once more and heaving the contents of his stomach on the bottom. Tord gave it another moment of staring, calculating, before just shrugging his shoulders and returning to the magazine.

“Try not to be too loud- this is a good chapter.” He hummed, skimming the page of a rather raunchy hentai. It was music to his ears to hear the miserable groan in response, Tom almost slumping to the side as his stomach began to churn once more.

This was going to be a fun couple of weeks- so long as he didn’t accidentally kill the poor thing. Ah well, survival of the fittest, he supposed. Tom’s soul still made a delicious meal.

Chapter End Notes

Well, looks like Tom isn't doing so good, huh? Poor guy. I put him through so much in this fic.
(It's only going to get worse for him too lmao)
Earrings

Chapter Summary

Tord figures out the cause behind his demonic blood refusing to settle inside of Tom, and offers a rather demeaning solution to help quell the problem.

Only issue is if it creates more problems that it originally fixed.

Chapter Notes

This chapter can otherwise be known as "I love to torture Tom."
But we're about to get into the real plot soon, so that's always fun!
And also I received a question about Tom's piercings- I never really elaborated on them!

He has an eyebrow piercing, a tongue piercing, a septum, a black lip piercing that's in the center of his middle lip, gauges, a cartilage bar on his right ear, and the second row of ear piercings that now have earrings!
Not to mention his hip piercings and his Jacob's ladder.

So yeah! Fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ever since the strict alcohol ban in the house, Tom’s been…great! He’s been fucking sunshine, lollipops, and rainbows! He’s never loved being alive more than in this moment- especially given that Tord is consistently on his dick.

Literally

Tom was just sprawled out on the bed, eyes closed as the feeling of tight warmth was squeezed around him. He felt each rung on his Jacob’s ladder jostle at the motions of the man on top of him, bouncing, clenching, riding him like his life depended on it.

Only he’s been riding for the past hour or so, and Tom was beyond exhausted. Tord was just fucking sitting there on his dick, reading a book, moving his hips in a manner that both infuriated and left Tom breathless. There was no passion behind it, no real gain to be found for Tom.

No, this was just a casual fucking feeding, like all of the others.

Tom tried to turn his head to the side, arm thrown over his eyes as the third orgasm that session wracked through his body. Tord paused for only a moment, adjusted himself to the full feeling, before going back to rocking his hips along Tom even as overstimulation had him on the verge of tears.

“Are you-“, he huffed out a breath, “Almost done yet?”

His tone was borderline pitiful, so much so that Tord stopped in order to stare down at Tom with a
quizzical expression. “Done? I’m not completely full yet. You’re not giving me much sexual energy here, so I need to keep going until I’m suitably fed.” He said, as if it were common sense.

Tom opened his mouth to argue, but instantly shut up the moment that Tord began to grind down onto his cock even harder. He slapped a hand over his own mouth, screwed his eyes shut, and just let Tord do whatever the fuck he wanted.

Whether he was on the top or the bottom, it was clear that Tord didn’t want this to be a pleasant experience for Tom.

He was done after another few orgasms from his prey, shifting himself on the human’s cock for the last time, before finally letting himself fall back onto the bed with a content sigh. Of course he grimaced at the cum dribbling out of him, smearing his fingers through it, before letting out a small noise of disgust as he wiped the cum onto Tom’s sheets.

“You made an absolute mess of me, Tom.” He decided to playfully point out, only then noting the way that Tom was having another one of his shivering sessions. His body’s withdrawals were going brutally on him, combined with the steady adjustment to the demon blood inside of him.

Actually- he wasn’t adjusting at all. Every day was just as horrible for the human, and Tord belatedly wondered if he did have some form of religious item on him.

He lazily pulled up a bucket the second that Tom was sitting up with nausea in his expression, sighing as the man clutched the blue pail close and dry heaved more of the black bile into the bottom. Tord was getting tired of the same old song and dance, so he just held out his hand with an annoyed expression.

Alright, this is the last straw, Thomas. You have to have some form of religious icon on you, or a tattoo that could signify that.” He explained, before Tom was clutching at his stomach and fixing him with a rather dark look. “Yeah? And the fuck makes you say that?” he asked, before cringing as he pulled the covers closer over his naked body. He was having a cold flash.

“Because my blood should have settled by now. Something is keeping it active, causing it to attack you and whatever symbol is on you.” He explained, noting that Tom’s hesitance spoke volumes of the truth.

He held his hands out further, gaze narrowing. “So give them to me, and there shouldn’t be any form of problems. I can’t have you dying on me because you are too stubborn to give up on some sentimental whatever-the-fuck that your parents have given you.” He said, before aggressively flashing his claws towards Tom.

When the man didn’t move, he instead gripped the punk by the back of his hair, yanking him forward and aggressively shoving his fingers towards him. “Not very smart, are you? Tell me which one it is, or I will yank each piercing out one by one.”

At that threat, it was clear his message was received. With a gorgeously fearful expression, Tom’s trembling fingers reached up to his ears. Ah, it only made sense. He fumbled with the hoops in his ears, pulling them out of the second holes in his ears next to his gauges.

When Tord snatched them out of his hand, he narrowed his eyes to see the holy symbols engraved all over them. Pathetic. He tossed them over his shoulder when the silver began to burn a ring into his hands, clearly not impressed. “You know, that’s quite curious. Bloodflow hardly reaches the ears. This shouldn’t have been enough to trigger such a violent reaction from my pact.”
Tom just spat out in his direction, watching as the piercings that he held so dear to him had to be thrown halfway across the goddamn room. Tord just had to take everything that was close to him and throw it away, didn’t he? “Yeah? Then how about you let me put them back in and enjoy the last link to my dead mom and dad, huh?”

Tord was smiling, that infuriating fucking smile, and holding his hand out with a dark shadow materializing in it. “Actually- I have a much better idea than that.”

He opened his palm to reveal a set of black studs now, with a little ruby gem in the center. He could make out a few symbols through the gem, glowing with a near eerie red light. Just the sight of them was enough to raise Tom’s anxiety.

He watched as Tord tried to offer them to him, before turning his head to the side. “No. Absolutely fucking not. You don’t have to make me wear those, you know.” He said, trying to knock the offending jewelry out of Tord’s hand.

But the man just closed his palm and moved out of the way, eyes narrowing in annoyance at Tom’s persistent stubbornness. “Actually, do you really wish to be smart with me Tom, since I technically have full rights to do so.” He said, before smiling as he was dissipating into shadows.

Yet his phantom voice spoke to Tom, everywhere at once but nowhere at all. “In my contract I cannot do anything that will threaten your life- therefore it is my duty to protect you. These earrings with do just that! It will quell the demon blood inside of you, and give you regulated doses of demonic energy to keep it stable inside of you.”

Tom nearly jumped at the feeling of arms behind him, grabbing him by the ear and causing him to shout in pain at the sensation. He cringed as he felt the back being slid into his ears, Tord fastening the first one as he kept talking oh so casually.

“Otherwise, I cannot ensure your survival. So just take the fucking earrings, and let them run their course.” He said, before yanking Tom down to fasten the other one down as well. Tom’s hands came up to carefully mess with the edges of the earrings, eyebrows furrowing up questionably.

He thought over what Tord said, before his eyes widened as the full meaning registered to him. “Wait, run their course? What do you mean by run their cours-“ he was cut off by a shocking sensation radiating through his body, a million daggers feeling as if they pierced through his chest at once.

He was on the ground in a second, tears rolling down his cheeks as his eyes nearly rolled to the back of his head from the assault on his body. He felt raw energy shooting from his head to his feet, mending and tearing as it went, before the blood inside of him felt like it was boiling.

He was scratching at his skin before he could even stop it, Tord’s laughter ringing over his horrid screams. The demon was floating in the air, watching his handiwork in sadistic amusement as Tom was openly babbling for the pain to stop.

Tord could count down the seconds before the main event, on the edge of his seat as he watched tendrils of dark energy weaving its way through Tom’s body. It went through his blood stream, darkness pulsing through his veins, before reaching the very top of his head once more.

He paused, though, when the darkness began to creep into the scleras of his eyes once more. He was screaming a hitch pitch wail, eyes wide open as the darkness drained into those gorgeous blue eyes. Tord’s smile fell for a moment, before instantly being replaced with concern as Tom’s body fell to the side with those blank eyes still open.
He floated down to his side, gently rubbing his shoulder and frowning as he turned the human over onto his back. He checked for a pulse, checked his breathing, only to find he was still alive. Yet there was no explanation for those eyes.

He was about to start getting frustrated when Tom’s eyes slid closed, only to open again that familiar bright blue. Tord turned his head towards him, studying him, before Tom was shaking his head and attempting to bat Tord away.

“You…fucking ass.” He said in a shaky breath, looking considerably paler after the whole ordeal with the energy. Tord seemed to be at a loss of words for a brief moment more, before finally brushing it off with a half grin. Tom was alive, his eyes were normal, and he knew that at least now the blood would be still in his system.

“Don’t wear the title down, dear, I prefer the name Maser, or Sir.” He said, tilting Tom’s chin up and reveling in that fighting spirit. “And if anything, you should be thanking me for what I have done to you! You now have stable demon blood inside of you, and more than likely can survive the pact longer than a few months!” he said, laughing sarcastically at the way that Tom’s expression melted into a nervous frown.

He pulled his hand back, nails leaving light scratches in his cheek as he did so. “And also, for your own wellbeing, it wouldn’t be in your best interest to wear any form of religious symbols. That is, unless you want to become violently ill again, and lower your rate of survival on your already pathetically short lifespan.”

Tord let that sit with Tom for a moment now, before curling around him and ever so gently resting his hands on the side of his shoulders. He squeezed them, before smiling mischievously at the other. “You may also find you have more energy than you first had, and..perhaps a bigger libido?”

That sounded more like a promise than a question, and the mere implications that Tord was trying to raise his sex drive had him reeling around and trying to deck the demon on the side of his jaw. He wasn’t wrong when he said he’d have more energy.

“You actual shitstain on the side of this planet! Go wipe your ass on sandpaper!” Tom hissed through clenched teeth, trying to land any form of hit on the floating demon that he could. But all it took was Tord rising to the top of his ceiling for Tom to be left reeling on the ground, fists clenched tight and shaking.

“Hey now, don’t kill the messenger! It’s just something that COULD happen! No need to get all huffy at me, princess.” He mocked, cooing down at Tom from above the reach of the other. With a flick of his finger he was sending a dart of demonic energy into Tom, causing the human to fall to his knees once more.

He landed down in front of him, before oh so gingerly tilting his chin up with his tail once more. He loved that fire in his eyes. “You know I need to keep my energy up, yes? And your libido has been outright pathetic lately. I’ve even had to go and feed off of other humans on the side when you’re fast asleep to keep up the intake.”

Tord shook his head for measures, clicking his tongue as a low sigh left him. “So think of this as merely a way to give you a bit more juice to keep up on your part of the deal. Simple as that. It won’t change anything about your day to day life- just that you may be a bit more horny. Not a bad situation to be in, if you ask me.”

He let Tom jerk away after he finished his statement, amused at the way the human batted away his tail as if it were a pesky fly. He flicked him on his nose for measures, before stepping back to the
rustled covers of the human’s bed. He slid back onto it, stretching out casually.

“Nobody was asking you in the first place, shit for brains.” He hissed out, before attempting to gather the scattered silver earrings. At the very least he wanted them in a special place, somewhere preferably that Tord couldn’t reach.

But for now he shoved them onto his dresser, fixing the demon with a harsh stare as he attempted to move through his clothes to find something to wear for his gig tonight.

Tord wasn’t even watching him, and it was a welcomed relief to be able to slide on new clothes without the demon pinning him for sex. He adjusted his shirt over his frame, before sliding on his simple black jeans. Nothing like a lazy outfit.

He turned towards Tord once more when he noticed the other wasn’t even paying any attention, before leaning against the side of his dresser and giving him a particularly annoyed stare.

“Well, are you coming or not?”

That was a good question. Should Tord go and torment him at work, or stay behind to surprise Tom when he got home?

So many choices, so little time.

Chapter End Notes

I’ll take a tally of votes: Do you want Tord to go with Tom, or stay at home and surprise Tom?
Send me an ask to @https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/ask to cast a vote!
Tord? Tori? Who cares, it's porn.

Chapter Summary

Tom's gig goes flawlessly without Tord there to insistently nag him about it, yet something is amiss.
Tord never stays behind unless he is planning something.
(I would also like to point out this chapter was exactly 4200 words. -dabs-)

Chapter Notes

Alright, I tallied the votes, and everyone wanted to see the surprise that Tord would have planned for Tom when we get back!
I'm a little nervous about it though, given I'm not sure any of you expected it. Therefore I have made this chapter strictly porn, with no plot after the horizontal line in the chapter.
So, to put it eloquently, Tord shape shifts into Tori for this chapter. It's Tom/Tori. If that isn't your cup of tea, AND IT IS A-OKAY IF IT IS NOT, then you can skip this chapter and smut and wait for the next one! I will never do Tom/Tori in the main fic again. This is just for my own fun. I gotta have fun too you know!
But please, at least skim to the bottom and look at the amazing fanart by @sitbb on Tumblr!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Mmm…I think I'll stay behind tonight. Keep the nest warm.” Tord had decided with a wave of his hand, absently turning over in the bed as his book languidly floated in front of his face.

While Tom wanted to believe that there weren’t ulterior motives planned- this was Tord we were talking about, and the man could be described as a ticking timebomb of disaster if left to his own devices. He supposed the demonic types always were.

But Tom wasn’t about to look a gift horse in the mouth when it came to time away from the other. “Suit yourself.” He said with a casual shrug, before grabbing Susan from her resting stand and going about grabbing the music sheets for the gig tonight.

He was going to try some alternative, something a bit more lively than the usual tunes he span. Now that his nausea was generally under control, and he didn’t feel like the underbelly of a shit pig, he felt a bit more confident in his work.

So with a halfhearted wave to the demonic being that ruined his life, Tom was heading out the door, noting that his roommates didn’t even seem semi concerned of his earlier screams. Either they expected some kinky shit from him, or Tord charmed the room to be soundproof.

Could a demon even do that? He didn’t know, but he almost hoped that was the case instead of the implications his roommates expected him to be a kinkmaster. He wouldn’t be able to live that one down.
Fumbling with his lighter in his back pocket, Tom decided he could use a fucking cigarette for once. It was rare that he bought a pack, but with the stress of his alcoholism and the demonic blood refusing to settle inside of him, he figured this was an okay substitute.

Who was he kidding? This was even worse for his body, and he knew it. But still, addiction was a heavy thing, and Tom needed something to occupy his oral fixation besides the ring of a flask or his ever-present tongue piercing.

He sighed out a lungful of smoke as he walked, letting the scenery pass him by. No longer was he really scared of robbers or things that went bump in the night- not when the true monster was in his bed. Infesting it, poisoning his body and his mind.

Tom didn’t want to wax poetic here, but his life was admittedly almost a fucking joke at this point.

He arrived at the gig in record time, set up his stand, and started playing a bit earlier than he really needed to. Besides, it wasn’t like there was really anything to do besides play. Tord had convinced the bartenders present to keep him dry on stage, refusing to serve him so much as a drop.

It was almost humiliating having to go up to the bar and order himself a sprite or mountain dew, rather than the sweetly bitter burn of his favorite Smirnoff. He took it with a grain of salt, although didn’t let the disappointment reign too heavily over his judgment. He still had a gig to play, sober or not.

It was about halfway through the night when Tom started to feel oddly..restless. He was shifting in his seat more, pressing himself down against it and realizing, with a start, that he was getting aroused. There was absolutely nothing in the bar to create that reaction- and he wouldn’t lie and say it wasn’t throwing off his game.

He still played, and nobody seemed to really notice the missteps of his fingers between the keys. But it was enough to bother him personally. Tom already couldn’t wait for his fucking shift to be over, and he could go home and take care of this insistent itch. Preferably in the shower- away from Tord. Far, far away from Tord

Hell, the more he scanned over the crowd, the more he considered bringing home a potential lay. There were plenty of attractive men and women here. In fact, with just a glance he was already able to sort out which ones looked interested in him and which weren’t.

It would be so easy to just swoop them up and ask to go to their place, to have sex with something that didn’t want to drain him dry and ruin him in all of the worst ways.

It was an amusing thought, but he was sure if he even tried Tord would kill him on the spot. The demon didn’t seem like one to share, and with a bitter sigh leaving his lips, he was sticking another cigarette in his mouth and letting it burn down while he played.

Having the smoke consistently at his throat burned, yes, but it also felt almost soothing as he watched the wisping grey rise above him and curl into the ceiling. He would inhale, exhale, and breathe. It was a simple rhythm to keep in tune with as he strummed his guitar.

Before he knew it his time was up, and the bar was already setting up a pre-recorded track to play while Tom gathered up his belongings. He gathered the tips from his case, placed Susan inside, before getting up and popping his back with a loud crack ushering down it.

It was then that he noticed the single blonde girl standing at the side of the stage, leaning against it with a hopeful look in her eyes. “Rad playing out there, dude.” She said, catching Tom’s attention as
he turned to hop down from the stage.

He’s been through this before.

Tom nodded his head to let her know that she heard him, before plastering on the most friendly of smiles he could muster. “Well, thank you very much, but I’m not looking to go home with anyone tonight.” He explained, before the girl looked a bit crestfallen.

She was making this awkward- until she finally just cleared her throat and smiled. “Sorry if I was that obvious. You’re just a pretty good looking guy, y’know?”

Tom chuckled a bit at that, slinging Susan over his shoulder and waving off the compliment once more. “Much appreciated, ma’am. Have a nice day.” He pleasantly exclaimed, before turning towards the bar and accepting the check signed to his name.

He looked it over, content at the 200 he made, before nodding his thanks and exiting the building once more. It was a simple shift, with nothing really eventful happening since Tord wasn’t around to consistently torment him.

Oh yeah, Tord.

He scrunched up his nose at the thought of having to confront the man, especially after having left him to his own devices for the past few hours. Lord knows the kind of trouble the dude could get him into, and just for fun at that.

He sighed, fighting the urge for another cigarette. He was almost home anyways, and noted that the only light that was on led to his room. The blinds were tightly drawn, however.

Tom fumbled with the lock to the door for a moment before sliding inside. He noticed that Edd had fallen asleep on the couch watching The Cats again. Just the sight was enough to pull a smile from Tom, the man heading over to the side of the couch in order to turn off the T.V. He grabbed the blankets around Edd’s waist and carefully pulled them over his entire body, watching the brunette turn into the comforter and mumble something under his breath.

When that was all settled, Tom spared a single glance to the direction of his bedroom. Great, time to face the beast, he supposed.

When he turned the handle and opened the door- the last thing he expected to see was a girl.

Tom was frozen in place as he stared at the mysterious figure standing at the edge of his bed, sliding a pair of black thigh highs up her legs as long, light brown hair cascaded down her shoulders. The front of her bangs comically pointed up into spikes, while the rest seemed to stick out at whatever angles it pleased.

She was curvaceous in all the right spots, lithe and toned, with just enough weight on her to give her a desirable shape. The thigh highs clung to her like a second skin, and she seemed to take her dear time in adjusting the garterbelt around her hips.

She was wearing a red and black corset theme, the fabric squeezing her shape and only accenting the parts of her that Tom enjoyed best. Said man was frozen there, clearly not even registering what was happening as the woman took notice and turned around to face him.
He was greeted with the ever so familiar piercing eyes of his demon- except everything else was…
different.

Tom was flabbergasted, and he was almost certain his jaw would have been on the floor had it not
been firmly attached to his mouth.

“Well, Thomas, are you going to keep staring like this or come help me out in the back?” Tord had
asked, motioning to the delicate ribbon weaving the corset in place. Yet still Tom stood there taken
aback.

“What the fuck.” Was the first thing that left him, much to Tord’s amusement as the demon clutched
their stomach and laughed. She was turning on her heel and stepping towards Tom as the punk could
only stare, before feeling smaller hands rubbing along his chest as Tord slid next to him.

“I dress up all nice for you, and this is how you respond? You don’t know how to treat a lady do
you.” It was more of a statement, with Tord’s voice melting into a softer tone as she battered her
eyelashes up at Tom. It was all too much for the human to understand, just blatantly staring down at
the new form Tord had taken.

“You’re…a chick, now.” He tried to explain, before Tord just rolled her eyes and pulled back long
enough to allow their form to be swallowed by shadows once more. When they materialized again it
was undoubtedly the same demon- tall, muscular, and notably male.

“I was never a man to begin with, or a woman. I am an incubus, you know. I can shift my form to
meet the sexual preferences of my victims,” As if to emphasize his point, Tord allowed his form to
slip into the feminine body that Tom walked in on. “I only coin the term incubus because I prefer my
default to be masculine. It’s a preference, rather than a given.”

Tom looked like he was having a hard time understanding- until Tord began to slide down to her
knees, trailing painted black claws down with her. She pursed her lips a bit, before popping open the
button to Tom’s jeans just as the human realized what was happening.

He tried to push her head back, clearly flustered as he said, “Tord- wait!” Yet all he received was a
“shoosh” in response, Tord’s grin shit eating as she languidly began to pull his still soft cock out
from his boxers. “Please, call me Tori now. And this is just an experiment to see if you enjoy this.”

Before Tom could argue he was caught up in the sensation of plump lips wrapping around his cock,
a groan leaving him rather than the initial complaint he fabricated. It was hard to argue when
receiving a blowjob, it seemed, before all that was infesting his thoughts was how much better Tori
looked when she was on her knees.

He was moving his fingers through her hazel locks before he could stop himself, gripping them
tightly in his fist at the first feeling of her dipping out over his cock. She was struggling to
accommodate the size, before Tom almost threw his head back against the door when she swallowed
it down with ease.

He could feel the occasional threat of fangs along his cock- before quickly grabbing her head and
attempting to yank her off before any long term damage could happen to Tommy Jr. She made a
noise of surprise around his cock, before cringing a bit as she was pulled straight off of the source of
that delicious sexual energy.

“Wha-? Why did you make me stop?” she asked, peering up at him over those ridiculously long
lashes. Did Tord have that long of lashes when he was masculine? Fuck if Tom knew, and he almost
didn’t care as he felt her palm sliding up and down along the shaft of his cock.
“I just- felt your fangs.” He meagerly tried to explain, before losing his breath once more as that ridiculously long tongue wrapped around the head of his cock while she stroked. She was smiling up at him while she worked. “Guess I’ll have to just use my tongue then, hm?” she teased.

Tom was trying to enjoy the sensations to the best of his ability, hips bucking every so often whenever she would slide the bottom of her tongue over the sensitive lines of piercings- but there was only so long he could take before growing a bit restless.

He had been horny since work- all of Tord’s fault, at that- and now he was being edged along oh so slowly.

“Can you like. Hurry up a bit?” he suggested, watching her peel open a deep red eye, before feeling…something, working through his body.

It felt like he was given a jolt of energy, hands instantly scrabbling for purchase along her head, before she was humming in a pleased manner as Tom began to pull her harshly back onto his cock. He had no clue where the sudden desperation had come from. All he knew was that Tori had a nice mouth to fuck, and seemed to take him all too well when she was forced to deepthroat him.

She placed her hands onto the ground when it was clear Tom wasn’t going to stop, her fingers sliding oh so subtly between her legs as she worked around his cock like a champ. Occasionally a particularly good suck was interrupted by a little hiccupping moan, Tom’s eyes parting open just long enough to watch the sight before him.

She was trying to swallow around his cock to the best of her ability, even with two fingers buried deep inside of her. She had been leaking slick onto the floor the entire time, hips gyrating as she rode out the sensations moving through her.

Tom’s sexual energy was so potent ever since he put on the earrings, and she couldn’t get enough of it as those deep red eyes turned up back to his expression. He looked almost lost staring down at her like this, like he had no clue how to handle Tori now that she was in a different form.

It was adorable. So to help the poor guy along, she placed a small little suggestion in the back of his mind. ‘Ruin me.’ It whispered, before instantly she knew the request had been more than met.

She nearly purred at the feeling of Tom pulling out of her mouth, gripping her by the hair and nearly dragging her towards the bed. Of course, while Tom was attempting to be rough, it would always be her that was in control.

The demon was merely humoring his sense of power and control- and was eager to allow him to throw her on the edge of the bed. She was spread out along his sheets, head tilted to the size and exposing the gentle curve of her neck as her hands traveled languidly down her body.

She danced her fingertips along her stomach, trailing them further and further down until they were ghosting the rim of her panties. She bit at her lower lip, before laughing in amusement as Tom was batting her hands away with an impatient growl.

He had his belt unbuckled and pants already halfway shucked down, reeking of desperation and want as Tori practically ate up his need. She smiled oh so innocently at him, before letting out a small coo at the feeling of his stubble brushing along her stomach.

He had her legs spread wide, teeth ghosting at the bottom of her panties, before nearly whimpering at the feeling of him tearing them apart with his teeth. Sure, they weren’t exactly good fabric, but that was a little overkill wasn’t it?
She glanced down just in time to see that tongue piercing flash, before she tilted her head back with a breathy exhale at the feeling of him parting her folds. She was grinding down before she could even help herself, enjoying the sensations of Tom’s mouth on her.

Blowjobs were nice, yes, but Tori had to admit that nothing beat giving a good meal. Especially since Tom seemed to know what he was doing as he instantly was curling his tongue up along her clit. The demon’s thighs trembled at the sensation, hand moving up to stifle her noises as Tom’s gaze bore into her from the top.

She could see the desperation in those blue eyes, the adorable need in them as she spread her legs just a bit wider for him. She even went so far as to tussle his gelled hair—before promptly gripping it and shouting as Tom’s tongue filled up her pussy.

“Oh fuck yes, Jehovah.” She praised in her thick Norwegian accent, the ending punctuated with a little moan as she could feel the piercing attempting to pop in and out of her as he worked. No doubt that had to hurt his tongue—poor guy.

She almost had came, too, before she knew that Tom was growing far too impatient for pleasantries. It was a treat enough that he wanted to eat her out though—let alone for that long.

She could see the way he was struggling to pull himself up from a sitting position, his own hand covered in pre from when he was touching himself. She looked from his palm to the bright red tip of his cock, nearly smiling as she grabbed at his wrist and pulled it closer to him.

Tori made sure Tom was making direct eye contact with him as her tongue lazily darted out, swiping between each of his fingers and lazily popping them into her mouth. She hummed as if fed the most delectable of treats, before reveling in the growl that left Tom when she fell back onto the bed.

She spread her legs wide for him, gently playing with her clit as he eagerly lined his cock right up to her soaking entrance. It’s been a while since she actually took cock like this in this form— but it seemed to go in easy enough as Tom angled his hips forward. She was letting out a small sigh at the feeling of being filled, fingers momentarily stopping at her clit as she tried to adjust.

But it seems that Tom didn’t want her to adjust, given that he was pistoling into her the moment he had enough sense to grip her hips. A choked noise was escaping Tori at the sudden onslaught of stimulation, head tossed back in surprise as the sudden stretch hurt to take.

Yet the burn was so pleasant—she found herself cooing Tom’s name as the man above her nearly tried to bend her in two. He was lifting her thighs up near to her head, his cock angling just right to have her a moaning, panting mess.

She almost wished that she wore a schoolgirl uniform for this—lord knows she was making a face that had to belong in a hentai. The best part was that Tom nearly refused to stop, no matter how she squirmed or wiggled. He was fucking into her at his own pace, and just the fact it was so easy to work him up like this was entertaining.

She was rocking her hips back against him to the best of her ability, thighs slick with sweat and her own fluids, that it was hard for both parties to get a grip. She was trying to keep Tom going, but the sheer feeling of slipping so many times was grating on her nerves.

Finally she was using her foot to pull him back entirely, nearly whimpering at the loss of his cock inside of her. But she knew this would be better. She checked to be sure that Tom wasn’t having an aneurism without anything to fuck— but the predatory look in his eyes was almost enthralling.
She turned around, flipping herself to be on her hands and knees, before putting on a bit of a show as she arched her back and wiggled her ass to him while sliding open her lips with two fingers. She could hear the small exhale of breath that left him, before moaning in pleasure at the feeling of his weight settling along her back.

Already he had pushed back inside of her, giving her that pleasant stretch- before taking it even farther. She squeaked in surprise at the way his arms shoved her down onto her chest, ass still high in the air for Tom to grip. She clutched onto the sheets as his pace picked up substantially, holding tightly onto her waist.

“Tom- oh god, Tom. Fuck yes.” She called out to him, pleased to hear that her being vocal resulted in his thrusts actually speeding up. She was a fucking mess by the time that he was getting close, her mouth almost consistently open to moan out the most whorish things that came to mind.

“Shit, I love it when you pound me with that thick cock of yours. The piercings drive me absolutely mad! C’mon, keep going at it, fuck me like how I’d fuck you as Tord!” She shouted, nearly screaming as Tom pushed her so far forward she feared her head would crack along the headboard.

She tried to scrabble back, to push against the sensation, but it became all too clear that she was going to be merely along for the ride. She was limp as a ragdoll as she felt Tom’s pace quicken up, the sensations all too intense for her to handle- before finally her back was snapping like a bowstring and she was swearing out loud as she came.

“Fucking fill me up, baby. Come on!” She insisted, clenching the sheets tight in her grip as Tom’s hips stuttered to a stop. She purred as the first wave of warmth slid inside of her, fingers moving up and rubbing her clit as he fed her every drop that he could.

She shivered when she felt Tom pull out, fingers still working over her clit as the warmth inside of her began to slide down her thigh. Tom was breathing heavily on the other side of the bed-clearly watching- if the tension in the room was any indication.

Steadily she allowed her fingers to stop when she was content that every bit of cum dribbled out for show- except for the pesky stuff still deep inside of her. She rolled onto her stomach for that, legs spread and fingers keeping her open as she fixed Tom with a dopey expression.

He looked absolutely wrecked, to put it nicely. His mouth was open in breathless pants, eyes gazed over with a darkness that had Tori shivering in delight. She could really bring out the beast in him, it seems. It only made it all the more amusing to note that his eyes were still trained on her crotch, studying the fingers that remained oh so lazily there.

“What? Enjoying the show?” Tori asked in a lazy drawl, spreading herself open for him once more and noting the way he clenched his fists in response. She could feel that little stray bubble of cum escaping her, shivering as Tom reached over to carefully guide it back inside of her with his thumb.

She fell back with a loud sigh, a cigar materializing between her fingers, before shifting to the side to make room for Tom. The man fell back, dazed and drained from her feeding, and only held up his cigarette to her.

She lit theirs at the same time with a flick of her materialized tail, before curling up against Tom’s side as she took lazy puffs of her cigar. She blew the smoke out into the air, watching as her and Tom’s combined.

“Don’t get used to this, Jehovah.” Tori decided to oh so helpfully point out, fangs flashing as she spared him a lingering grin. “This was a treat. Almost, say, an apology for the demon blood
incident.” She patted his chest, before burying her face into the crook of his neck and letting out a pleased sigh.

Tom, helpfully, said nothing the entire time. Just basked in the afterglow of sex, clutching the very poison in his life closer to him. He didn’t quite know when his cigarette went out, or when he had fallen asleep curled around Tord/Tori, but he was comfortable. That much was for certain.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for coming to the bottom- here's the fanart for the fic!
It's by the lovely user @sitbb on Tumblr, and just the quote boxes kill me!

Anyways, next chapter will bring us back into the plot. Sorry if you didn't like this, but I wanted to do it, so I did!
When an attempt at cooking breakfast goes wrong, Tord notices the way that Matt struggles to keep himself under control in his friend's presence. After a brief confrontation, and the promise of a hunt, the duo of supernatural creatures make their way into the city for a meal.

It may take some coaxing from Tord's end, but the knowledge that Matt is far more powerful than first anticipated is an exciting discovery. He may be able to work with this, actually.

This was probably one of my favorite chapters to write, admittedly. Working with the dynamics of vampire Matt and incubus Tord is always enjoyable- so putting the two together for some "bonding time" was all too fun.
I hope you enjoy this chapter as much as I did!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Tom awoke the next morning, it was not to the feeling of soft skin and lithe arms wound around his torso like when he went to bed. He woke up cold and alone on the far side of the mattress, with barely any recollection of just what had happened.

He felt tired.

Tom rose up from the bed with a loud groan leaving his lips, rubbing at the mess that he dared to call a bedhead. He had went straight to his room after coming home and taking a shower- and it was then that he remembered Tord. Or, well, Tori.

He remembered her last words to him before the exhaustion of his general day wore him down. “Don’t get used to it.”

It’s not that he didn’t find Tord attractive or anything, or couldn’t be hurt and torn apart by Tori. But in comparison? Tord’s female form was far more attentive and pleasurable than Tord. Maybe it was just the break on his ever sore ass talking, but he already missed the lapse in attention.

Of course he perked up at the smell of breakfast downstairs, Tord’s laugh catching the forefront of his attention. Apparently he was already up and about- which was fair enough. Tom shifted and threw his legs over the side of the bed, noting how much of a fucking mess he felt. He was sporting a wicked five o clock shadow, stubble dotted along his chin.

Oddly enough, he didn’t feel the insistent need to shave it. Was this what it was like to let yourself go to rock bottom? Probably, considering he was nauseous again. He made his way to the bathroom with an uncharacteristic lag in his step- especially for him being sober and not hungover.
It was always the mornings his body didn’t know what to do with. He always at least had a bit to drink every night, resulting in a mild hangover that was easy to cure with aspirin. But without that familiarity, his body was attempting to show its displeasure.

He hunched over the side of the bowl and just decided to get it out of the way now.

His fingers crept down the back of his throat, really having to poke around back there. He had little to no gag reflex, so this part always sucked.

After a few unsuccessful tries to empty his stomach, Tom was almost about to consider asking Edd for his miracle vomit inducer. Turns out that mustard juice in warm coke was the best way to ensure a total cleanse. From both ends.

He groaned miserably into the bowl when nothing refused to come out, and instead made a detour to the shower. The entire time was spent tense in anticipation. Tord usually always came in to torment him, keep him pulled close and fuck him while Tom just wanted to get clean for gods sake.

Typically he was left with cum dripping down his thighs, having to awkwardly scoop it out of himself when he was just trying to stay clean. It was a chore, and Tom didn’t feel like doing it today. He couldn’t even enjoy the warm water battering against his tired muscles- not when the threat of Tord lurked around every corner.

He finished in record time, throwing a towel over his shoulders and stepping out to ensure he wasn’t with any unwanted company. Tord was nowhere to be seen, oddly enough. Tom toweled out his hair, wiped down his legs, and quickly put on a fresh pair of boxers.

He was covered head to toe in love bites and hickeys- but he was past the point of caring as he strolled out into the living room.

Edd and Ringo were sitting on the couch, a bowl of semi-burn eggs in hand as he laughed along to whatever was happening in the kitchen. Edd’s head turned up to Tord, before he was grinning and giving the other a wave. “Well don’t you look like you had fun last night!” he decided to tease, before Tom just sighed and tossed the damp towel over his shoulder.

“Every night, Edd. This is the accumulation of every single time Tord got too frisky with me..in the past week.” He said, before dramatically sweeping his arms over his body. Edd wolf whistled under his breath, fingers dancing along his grey cat’s back. “I’d say it’s less like Tord did it, and more like you lost a fight with a vacuum cleaner.”

Tom could only grunt in agreement, before the pair was shooting up in surprise at the sound of a loud bang in the kitchen. Ringo was already darting down the hall by the time that Edd and Tom went to investigate, finding the horrendous scene of…a brutal kitchen massacre.

Eggs, eggs were everywhere on the floor. Some runny, some overly cooked.

Tord and Matt were in the middle of it, clutching their stomachs in roaring laughter as the two humans of the house fixed them with quizzical stares. It seemed that Matt managed to get ahold of himself first, wiping a stray tear from his eye.

“T-Tord was, trying to balance all of the stuff in his arms. Told me he used to be a waiter! He tripped over his own two feet trying to put the food down on the table and-“ He was cut off by a wheezing laugh from Tord, the incubus covered head to toe in lemonade and cheesy eggs. He wiped himself off, grinning to Tom.

“Ah, Thomas! We had meant to surprise you with a five star buffet! But- well. I guess I’m the buffet...
now.” He said, emphasizing all of the various food on him.

As much as Tom wanted to believe that Tord truly did this to be nice to him- he knew in the end that this was just a play. A coy little attempt to get his roommates to trust him more. He hated it, feeling a part of his chest deep down curling up in the corner when he kept trying to tell himself Tord was a demon.

He didn’t love him.

God, he was fucked up, wasn’t he? He’d need medical help after this, or better yet, just a fucking gun to his head.

But it was easier to smile and laugh along with his friends, to pretend that nothing was wrong. He went over to Tord and placed the lightest of pecks on his cheek, brushing his wet bangs back with a shake of his head. “Well, thanks for trying, I guess. I’m starving but I’ll live.”

Tord’s chest visibly puffed up in pride at Tom’s reassurance, Matt and Edd already settling about to try and clean up the mess spread across the floor. Ringo had already managed to grab a sausage and make a beeline for up the stairs.

“It’s no problem, Tommy bear.” He said, despite how the nickname made Tom want to deck Tord across the face. It was the most stupid fucking name, and he KNEW it bothered him. “I just hope next time it goes…smoother.”

Matt decided to pipe up, grinning with as little teeth as possible. “Then maybe next time don’t try to carry everything at once!” In which Tord replied with a curt finger poking towards the Vampire as he cooed, “You should have stopped me when I attempted to balance the ROUND pitcher of lemonade on my head! You’re just as much to blame for enabling me to make these poor decisions!”

Everyone shared a brief laugh, before Matt went dead silent as Edd got a bit too close into his person space to try and sweep up a piece of broken glass. Matt hadn’t…fed that morning. It was clear from the way he was trying to hold his breath from the sweet aroma of the human, fingertips tapping to the beat of his heartbeat so close in his ear.

He could sense the thrumming of blood through his veins, and it took all of his self control to turn his head away and try to pick up various glasses and silverwear strewn about. At least Tom and Tord were attempting to clean up as well.

Yet Matt was undeniably nervous. The hospital had no blood to spare him the other day, and Matt knew he could have fended a bit for himself and went hungry. It was no problem, he could last almost a week without blood before serious side effects could be noted.

But things weren’t looking good for supplies, and work wasn’t for another few hours. He was so hungry it was causing pangs, fangs itching to bury into either of his human friend’s necks and just suck them like a straw.

It seemed that Tord was picking up on this, because he was fixing Matt with a hesitant side glance. When the demon’s eyes practically asked if he was okay, Matt shrugged his shoulders in response. Nothing an incubus could fix, let alone another vampire. It was his own burden of self control to hoist.

When the kitchen was back in presentable order, and Tom went to be the “official judge” of the storyboard for Edd’s upcoming commercial, Tord took the opportunity to slide next to Matt’s side. He rested a firm hand on the vampire’s shoulder, arching an eyebrow towards him.
“Are you… alright, Matt? You had a near feral look in your eyes when you looked at Edd today. Have you been feeding well? You look a bit pale?” Tord mused, lifting the vampire’s arm despite his efforts to pull it back. He pinched the skin between his fingers, lifting it, before scowling at the way it slowly drooped and settled back along his arm.

“You’re dehydrated and underfed. Why haven’t you been feeding yourself?” he asked, noting the way that Matt wasn’t exactly looking at him. He was staring off to the side, as if studying something particularly interesting.

“It’s nothing, Tord. I should be getting more blood tonight. And if not, I have more self control than to let my bloodthirst hurt Tom or Edd. I can last at LEAST two more days before going absolutely bonkers.” He said, attempting to fix the incubus with a reassuring smile.

But Tord didn’t look amused, shaking his head with a click of his tongue. “You know this doesn’t sit well with me, correct? I haven’t fed either from Tom since we began to ween him off of alcohol,” a dirty little lie, “And I know the exact hunger you’re feeling. We can’t both be starved and in the same house as two irresistible little bags of energy.”

As much as Matt hated his logic, Tord was striking a valid point. The demon didn’t exactly LOOK underfed- but Matt wasn’t an incubus expert here. Maybe their starvation period was longer? Probably. Even so, he was a more… trusting fellow. Naïve, jovial, happy to make friends and be around nearly any company.

It was also very, very nice to have another supernatural in the house. It was exhausting hiding his little secret so often, so having something to talk to once more? It definitely was ideal.

He rubbed at his arm as Tord tapped his foot along the ground, Matt relenting with a small sigh. “Okay, fair point. But how are we going to feed? I can get stuff at work no problem, it’s not a huge deal. But you’d be cheating on Tom if you went out to feed, right?”

Tord could almost laugh. That was Matt’s concern? Even if he was in a real relationship with Tom, he would have to live with the fact that one human’s energy was almost impossible to power such a high caliber demon as himself. He wasn’t a little whelp of a incubus, just barely starting at the bottom of the ladder. He was borderline royalty, having been alive for longer than even the historian’s records.

“We have actually discussed this quite frequently, Matt. I’m allowed to feed from other partners, so long as I don’t stick to the same person twice. It’s a shag and go for me.” He emphasized.

Yet Matt still looked hesitant.

“Well sure you can feed no problem then. But what am I to do? I don’t trust myself with humans, you know. I drink from bloodbags! I can’t even remember the last time I felt a living pulse beneath my fangs. I think I’d overdo it.” Matt voiced with concern, clearly not confident in his own ability to keep himself under wraps.

Tord pretended to think this over for a moment- like he hadn’t actually considered this aspect. Like he didn’t already have a plan for Matt the moment he figured out his status as a vampire. He knew how to tear this humble little family apart- without so much as raising a finger of his own.

“Well- here’s the deal. I need a meal, and you need one too,” He paused, making sure Matt’s attention was on him when he continued, “What’s to say we can’t hunt together? I can entrance someone and bring them into a dark little corner, and you can slide behind me and bite them to feed while I get my fill. If you get out of control, I can easily push you off and snap you out of it. In the
end we both get fed, and you can ensure you won’t accidentally drain them dry.”

It was a rather steep invitation- another creature offering to share their hunt. It was usually a sign of trust and bonding, but Matt wasn’t sure. He didn’t feel right feeding from humans after making such close friends with them in the time he’s been alive.

Tord allowed Matt a moment to think, before finally growing impatient. He turned around to walk towards the door, waving his hand dismissively. “It’s alright if you don’t want to go- I just figured you’d appreciate the opportunity to hunt now. If you can’t feed at work, I image it will be hard taking care of patients with open, bloody wounds right in front of your face. And I won’t be there to hold you back from draining THOSE people dry.”

Hook, line, and sinker. Matt was narrowing his eyes and quickly jogging next to Tord’s side, arms tight around himself in concern. He really would drain a patient dry if he was this hungry, wouldn’t he? “Wait wait, I. Okay, you have a point. I don’t want to lose my job, or get in trouble. Or even worse! Actually kill someone!”

Tord was smiling in response, a hand winding around Matt’s shoulders and giving it a reassuring pat. “No worries, my friend! I will make sure you get your fill, and not harm our little victim for the morning! You can count on me, Dracula.”

Matt was about to word his thanks- before his eyes were narrowing. Was that what he thought it was? “That was a pun, wasn’t it. You just correlated me to a fictional vampire that hardly holds any weight in true vampire society. I don’t know whether to be offended or laugh at how bad that pun was.” He jabbed, pushing Tord’s side playfully as he grabbed his rather large rimmed hat and purple coat.

Tord was laughing as they stepped out into the morning’s rays, Matt already tucking a scarf under his neck despite it being the middle of summer. He looked...horrendously out of place. It almost made Tord cringe, before he was checking the neighborhood for anyone who was watching.

He couldn’t sense any eyes on him, so he wrapped his arms around Matt and spread his wings to take off into the air. It was clear that the vampire wasn’t expecting it- not when he began to struggle boldly as the ground got farther and farther away.

“Woah woah woah- what if someone saw us!?” Matt voiced quite avidly, much to Tord’s amusement as he flew up high enough into the sky to merely be little specs of color. He was scanning the ground for an easy target, and an even easier place to land. He couldn’t let Matt out like this- he looked ridiculous!

“I think people flying through the air would be less conspicuous than your ridiculous outfit, comrade.” He teased, “Besides. I made sure nobody was watching. Just like how I’m attempting to find a lifeforce in a general desolate area. It’s faint, but I’m detecting only about one or two people in the city sewers. Not exactly a glamorous area to feed- but you shouldn’t need to be dressed to the nines like a snowstorm was about to blow through.”

Matt scrunched up his nose at the thought, tongue sticking out. “Ugh- they’d have to be sewer rats, Tord! I doubt that blood would even be good for me!” he tried to voice, before Tord was letting out an amused “pshaw” as they began to descend rapidly towards an empty alleyway.

“Blood is blood, and sex is sex. I’m sure they’re going to be horrendously disgusting and reek of fish anyways- but we need to feed, and food is food.” Tord said, leaving no room for arguments as he landed smoothly onto the ground after a harsh pump of his wings to soften their descent.
He was crouching at a sewer drain, using his tail as leverage in order to nudge the lid out of the way. He checked the inside, eyes scanning the darkness, before he was motioning Matt down as he began to descend the ladder. “Well, are you coming or not?”

It took a moment, sure, but soon Matt was following down and nearly groaning at the filthy layer of grime sticking to the ladder. By the time they were actually standing on the sides the vampire was aggressively trying to wipe his hands off on his jacket. “Ew, ew, ew, and ew! This is a new level of pathetic I have never wanted to reach!” he openly complained.

But Tord was shooshing him in an instant, finger coming up to the vampire’s lips and nearly laughing at the way he hastily batted his dirty hands aside. They could hear a pair of voices in the distance, quietly discussing to each other.

At first it was faint, but they were steadily coming closer as their voices became more pronounced. “- and are you so sure it would be down here?” The voices belonged to a man, before another was piping in with a laugh as well. Teenagers.

“He’s sure, dude. This is where Dylan said to meet. I bet you he’d be right around the corner with all of the good shit-“ The sound of feet approaching was eminent, the two of them about to turn a corner when Matt clearly looked distressed.

He tugged at Tord’s sleeve, trying to get him to follow him to the ladder. “Nope, nuh uh, no way! These are just kids, Tord. We can’t feed from-“ He was cut off when the two men came into sight, Tord’s eyes instantly glowing a deep red.

Both of the teens froze, before their irises were surrounded by the same glowing red as their bodies went slack. They looked like puppets now, frozen in place and dangling by strings as Tord motioned them over with a beckon of his fingers.

They followed the order mechanically, stepping straight up to Tord’s side as he hummed and examined each one closely. They looked like your typical druggies- one with long greasy hair and the other with the worst attempt at dreads he’s ever seen. He clicked his tongue.

“I don’t know, Matt. I think they will work just fine. They’re well fed, semi clean, and don’t seem to be carrying anything bad. Besides drugs, that is.” He decided to note, tilting one of their chins up and noting the way that the vampire’s eyes locked on the ever prominent jugular.

That wild look flashed before his eyes once again, yet Matt managed to shake it off with a rough turn of his head. His conscious had to be his guide- and it was annoying as ever. “No. C’mon, Tord, we don’t NEED to feed yet. They’re 17 at most- I can’t feed from that!”

Yet Tord was already sliding his hands down the hips of the less greasy one, reveling in the way he could get him to moan out all sweet for him. He was undressing him with slow motions, despite the horror in Matt’s eyes.

“Nonsense, Matt. Food is food, and it’s not like they’re, what, 14? That would be fucked up!” he oh so helpfully noted, before wrapping his hand around the human’s half hard cock and giving it lazy strokes. He enjoyed the way his prey squirmed into the sensation, so eager and pliant when under his spell.

He didn’t even bother prepping him as he lifted the human near effortlessly into his arms, having already dropped his pants and flashed poor Matt his prince albert.

The vampire seemed to be stuck in place as Tord lined himself up with the teen’s entrance, not even
bothering to have prepped him. At least he had the courtesy to slick himself up with his own pre. He slid inside of the tight ring of muscle after a moment, groaning at the delicious rush of energy it provided.

He was settling nicely into him when he noticed Matt’s torn expression. He tilted his head to the side, before shifting the human to have his head fall limply against Tord’s chest. The smooth line of his throat was ripe for the taking- and here Matt was pussyfooting around.

“Tord..” he began, before nearly gasping when the demon’s tail came up to sharpy cut across the human’s neck. He let the blood drip down, staining the side of his clothes as Tord every so lightly thrusted into him. Matt looked borderline starved, watching the blood slide down only to be wasted.

“Well? You coming?” he asked, not letting Matt get a word in regardless. He knew it would be more mumbo jumbo regarding morality or some shit like that, and Tord didn’t care to listen to it. At the very least it was clear his self control was going down the drain.

Because that was fresh blood.

Warm, full of vitality, straight from the source instead of a nasty little bloodbag. It was an offer a vampire couldn’t resist, and Tord was pleased to see Matt approaching him with hesitant steps. He licked his lips when the vampire joined him at the front of the man, keeping him on full spread display. “Ah, glad to see you’re finally coming around!”

Matt said nothing, deep purple eyes fitted on the curve of his bleeding throat. He was salivating before he could even stop it, lips peeling back to expose all too-sharp of fangs. For the final measures he was using his tail to keep the human’s head back, leaving him exposed to Matt’s harsh bite.

At first the victim seemed to react to the feeling of fangs in him, yelling out and almost snapping the other out of his gaze as well. But Tord was soon biting down on the other side of his neck, injecting his venom deep into his bloodstream. Matt shouldn’t be affected by it, right?

Well the vampire pulled back right as the human was slumping forward, the sweetest of pants leaving him as Tord continued to fuck his bewitched prey. He stuck his tongue out, that feral look still in his eyes as he growled a bit at Tord. “What did you put in his bloodstream? It’s unbearably sweet.”

At that the incubus was chuckling, moving his tail up to try and rub at his own bite to coax the venom fully through his bloodstream. “Oh, just something to get him a bit more…cooperative. Must be stronger than usual, given it’s been a while since I’ve had to use it. That and you were sucking on the other side of his neck at the same time I was injecting him.”

Matt still didn’t look pleased, so Tord was offering him his neck once more. “It should have dispelled through his entire bloodstream by now, instead of being a concentrated dose. Try again.” He urged, pleased when Matt didn’t argue as much this time.

From there it was a steady rhythm. Matt would suck and bite at the human’s neck while feeding, Tord thrusting into him and carefully monitoring his vitals. Matt was definitely going a bit overboard- but it was hard to imagine how long the Vampire had denied his own urges on living prey.

He paused when the poor human locked up in another weak orgasm, fucking him straight through it, before finally noticing his blood ratio was getting a bit too low for comfort. He gently nudged Matt back, making sure his fangs weren’t deeply buried into him by any means.

The vampire looked like a wreck. He was licking the fresh blood off of his lips and fingers like an
animal, color fully back in his cheeks. If anything they were near flushed from how good of a feeding he had, his powers thrumming dully in the background. He couldn’t even remember the last time he felt this refreshed!

Blood bags weren’t cutting it like the real thing, and the revelation had the vampire hungrily eyeing the dormant human to the side. He was moving before Tord could even stop him, the incubus laughing in amusement as he buried his fangs deep into the second one’s neck.

He wasn’t going to be the one to stop him. Live prey was always better than dead. But Tord noticed the sheer amount of blood still gushing from the first wound, rolling his eyes as he had to bring his own mouth over to carefully lap at the wound.

It took only a few swipes for the blood to slow down, before the torn skin was magically mending itself under the demon’s influence. He was getting pretty full as it was, so it was easy to let himself orgasm into the first teen. He finished up with a few lazy thrusts, pulling out to watch his cum drip down onto the floor below them.

He set the poor thing down onto his feet once more, watching as the human lost balance and collapsed to the side. Tord brushed himself off after a moment, tucking himself back into his pants, before watching as Matt was really going at it with the second human.

The poor thing’s eyes were blank in his spell, face growing pale from how quickly Matt was trying to drain this one. He sat back to watch, only intervening when the human could barely stand. He rested his hand on Matt’s shoulder, the vampire stopping just long enough to turn his bloodsoaked chin in Tord’s direction.

He was panting, eyes thrumming a powerful purple. It was almost amazing to note how much stronger Matt’s aura became with a real meal inside of him. He wasn’t just a regular vampire, was he? He almost felt…regal. It took a lot of feedings to become a vampire prince- there was no way just bloodbags would have cut it.

It was almost a shame to note a powerful creature like Matt was pathetically stooping himself low enough to feed from bloodbags and limit his supply of power. He motioned to the two humans, as if hoping the mere sight of them would cut Matt off from his tangent.

It took a bit for that cluelessly friendly look to reappear in Matt’s eyes- which was a stark contrast to the blood coating his chin. At the very least not a drop got onto his clothes, which would be much easier to explain to Tom and Edd when they returned.

At first Matt didn’t really know where he was- until the sight of the two bloodsoaked teenagers caught his attention. Neither of them were moving, and Tord could see the anxiety building as he gently grasped Matt’s shoulders in his hand.

“No need for concern, vamp. I was true to my word and refused to let you drain either dry. You were borderline starved you know- I had no clue you were a prince rank. You were doing the bare minimum to survive, instead of actually attempting to grow your powers. Why is that?” Tord asked, genuinely curious.

At first Matt was quiet, before he let out a small sigh and rubbed a hand through his mussed up hair. “Well, it’s a long story. I went…overboard feeding on live prey once, and I couldn’t really do it again. It was someone a tad too important to me.” He said, before Tord managed to put together the pieces. He had more than likely drained a human lover dry, if his haunted expression was any indication.
He offered him a moment of quiet condolence, before pulling him in for a side hug as he led Matt away from the aftermath of their crimes. No doubt the wounds and injuries would be chalked up to a sewer rape, no more no less. Supernatural affairs weren’t typically the first thought crossing a mortal’s mind when they come across an incubus or vampire’s work.

“It’s alright, Matt. You were in more danger feeding off of Edd anyways, rather than simply sating your hunger on the bottom dwellers of society. It doesn’t matter whether they live or die! I strongly recommend continuing to feed from live victims, rather than soulless deathbags that have already lost their vitality. You will be much healthier that way.” Tord confirmed, going first in climbing up the ladder.

Matt was already wiping his mouth off on his hands, withdrawing a small package of keenlex’s from his coat pocket as he wiped up the mess he had become. He still seemed to have semblances of guilt when Tord hauled him up from the sewer, taking the bloody evidence and stuffing it in his hoodie pocket.

“I know, but…I still feel bad. What if I get used to live feedings, and it makes it harder to resist my friends? I’m already getting a taste of the power again and it’s scary!” he exclaimed, before Tord was grabbing him by the waist and pulling him in close.

“Nonsense! If anything, you have less of a chance of losing so much energy that you wind up starving and attacking! Almost like, say, this morning?” he noted, amused at the way that the vampire’s freshly revitalized face was already growing pale with worry.

Before he could let Matt stew in himself for too long, he was rubbing his shoulder in soothing motions. “But that didn’t happen, and you’re full now. You did an amazing job today. Who’s my brave soldier?” he cooed, causing Matt’s eyes to hesitantly turn up to Tord. He gave him a slightly sheepish smile. “Me?”

Tord confirmed this with a rather hearty pat on the back. “That’s the spirit! Now, let’s go get some food or groceries, so Tom and Edd aren’t suspicious why we left without returning with anything.” He said, picking Matt up when he received a nod of agreement.

Now that the vampire prince had a taste of blood- it was only a matter of time before he lost his control again. And the results would be oh so sweet to watch.

Chapter End Notes

Fanart!
We have another lovely piece by @sitbb on tumblr!
Link- https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/163550538205/bored-af-decided-to-work-on-this-and-i-have-a
They mention some interesting questions about the feeding habits of Tord and other demons, so I attempted to explain it to the best of my ability! If you’re interesting in learning some lore to this universe, go check it out please!
Sayonara

Chapter Summary

Tord and Matt arrive home with little suspicion on Edd's part, but Tom isn't feeling too sure of Tord's innocence.
He is cut short confronting the demon in the kitchen when Tord's phone rings, and the demon answers to bad news. He's going to have to leave the house for a week or two to sort it out.
Of course Tom is going to be happy about this- just not the fact Tord made it seem like the two broke up to his roommates.

Chapter Notes

Hey another chapter! Admittedly this one was a bit hard to churn out, just because it's more of a segway, but I hope you enjoyed it anyways!
Check the bottom notes for fanart! :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the supernatural duo had returned back to the house for the day, they were met with curious glances from both Tom and Edd.

As fate would seem to have it, the two just had to have been chilling in the living room. Couldn’t have been easy to just sneak in, nope, they always had to have the best of luck. Technically speaking, Tord could have just materialized himself in his room and Matt could have flew to his own, but that would be even more suspicious than if the two came back after a stroll.

“Where have you guys been?” Edd was the first to ask, arms casually spread across the back of the couch as he attempted to get a better look at his two pals. Matt and Tord shared a brief look, before lifting the convenience store bag for the humans to gander at.

“I needed some more cigars and such, and figured more coke and snacks wouldn’t be frowned upon while we were out. It was just a way to get some fresh air.” Tord explained with a smooth brush past the other, fingertips dancing along Tom’s shoulders as he made his way to the kitchen.

Said human nearly jumped out of his skin at the feeling of the demon’s claws against him, head whipping around to stare as Matt instead turned towards the stairs with a motion of his hand. “I also have places to be, with work and all, so I’ll go and start getting ready!”

Suppressing a shudder, Tom attempted to turn back to the T.V., Edd completely relaxed. There wasn’t anything abnormal about two dudes going out for a walk- but for a supernatural demon to walk off with one of his friends without any real reason behind it?

That was the kind of shit that set off warning bells for Tom. He rose up himself, casting a glance towards his friend in the green hoodie. “Yo I’m going to help Tord put shit away in the kitchen. You want anything while I’m up?” he asked, receiving a shake of the head in response.
“Nah, I’m good. Go have fun making out with your boyfriend.” Edd jabbed, nearly bursting out into laughter at how red Tom turned. Said person was turning away with a deep scowl etched along his features, flipping him the bird. “For that I’m shaking all of your cola when I put it away.”

Edd only hummed in response, before Tom was leaving the room to enter the kitchen. True to his word so far, Tord was merely putting away snacks into their respective cupboards. It was sad; that Tord almost knew this entire house like the back of his hand.

Tom fixed him with a cold stare. “And where the fuck have you been with Matt?” He asked, drumming his fingers along the countertop as Tord seemed to care less about his concerns. It only served to piss the man off further- until Tord was letting out a loud sigh.

“He wanted to go on a walk, so I went on a walk with him. I didn’t drag him into a dark corner and try to feed off of his energies or anything, so no need to get your panties in a twist, Jehovah. Now keep your voice down before Edd hears you.” Tord scoffed in response, yet Tom wasn’t convinced.

“Well excuse me for being concerned when the demon who has ruined my life is suddenly going on friendly strolls with my roommates.”

Tord merely laughed at that, before holding up his hand and watching in amusement as Tom nearly fell to his knees as he took command of the demon blood inside of Tom. Their connection was strong, and it was all too amusing to watch the way he was squirming under him.

“And you seem to forget I’m bound, by blood pact, to obey the terms you set in stone. I cannot feed off of them, and that is final. Any action to do so would result in a demon’s word being dishonored, and that kind of shit gets around in hell’s planes.”

It was the bare minimum to appease Tom, and even then, the human hardly looked convinced. He had glanced from the kitchen to the stairs leading to Matt’s floor, chewing at the inside of his cheek. He was still antsy, and it only seemed to increase when Tord’s arms wound around him from behind.

“Calm yourself down, Tommy bear. You can check him head to toe for marks or bruises of any kind, and I assure you, there will be none. Unless he’s seeing someone else on the side?” Tord’s sweet tone oh-so-helpfully implied, hands squeezing at Tom’s waist.

The human felt trapped between a rock and a hard place as suddenly he found himself backed up against the wall, heart beginning to hammer away in his chest as anxiety was forefront in his mind. His eyes darted from the living room back to Tord, who was seemingly content to try and butt into his personal space.

Tom nearly jumped at the feeling of warm lips against his neck- before the sound of a phone ringing was cutting Tord off before they could get too far. He froze, a low growl of annoyance slipping from his lips as he instantly was fumbling in his back pocket to pull a regular iphone out of. Well, look at that, the demon was trying to keep up with the times.

He checked the ID, almost seemed like he was going to send it to voicemail- before deciding better of it and answering the phone with a loud sigh. He was pulling back from Tom’s space, flat out turning his back on the human as he plugged one ear with his finger.

“Patryk- this better be important.” He growled, before seeming to freeze in place as a distant voice spoke into the receiver. Just as Tom was pushing himself off of the wall, he flinched as Tord’s hand slammed into the countertop of their living room. He was almost shocked that a crack didn’t usher from the surface of the marble.
“Unacceptable. I told you- no. Yes. Okay, I understand. I won’t hold it against you two fleabags for now, just know a mistake like that in the future would be detrimental. Do I make myself clear?” Tord was quiet for a moment, a pair of voices seeming to be on the other line, before Tord pulled the phone away from his ear and pressed the end call icon.

He was left reeling in the kitchen, palms clenched tight in his hold as he attempted to keep himself from openly losing it. His eyes were stained the all too familiar red color, his fangs buried into his own lip to keep them from outwardly displaying.

Tom didn’t know whether to speak or not- until Tord was cutting off his train of thought anyways. He shook his head in belated frustration, extremely annoyed, if he were to be honest. Tord had a hell of a lot to sort out, and just sitting here wasn’t going to fix it. “So, something just came up, my little Tommie Bear.”

He turned his attention towards Tom, noting the curious expression in his eyes. He scoffed. “Give me the puppy dog eyes all you want- this matter is outside of your hands and not privy towards being shared with a mortal.”

It felt almost like a jab, before Tom was scoffing and already grabbing the last few things out of the bag to shove them into the cabinet. “Alright? Wasn’t asking, you know. It’s just weird when you get like this and lose your ever present level head.” He decided to state, even if curiosity was a bitch sometimes.

Tord merely sighed, before drumming his nails along his own arm as his attention seemed to snap elsewhere. More than likely to his own thoughts about the matter. It was quiet for a tense moment, before Tord finally seemed to have decided on something.

“I’m going to need to leave for a bit to take care of this.” It was a simple statement. It caught Tom off guard, before he turned towards the demon with a slightly raised eyebrow. He was leaving?

“Uh..yeah? And?” he asked, before feeling torn at the way that Tord’s fingers began to card through his hair. It was almost tender. “I’m afraid it will be for longer than I would hope for, my dear. Upwards of a week or two. Think you can handle it?” he asked, as if Tom wasn’t a grown ass man who could take care of himself.

He batted Tord’s hand away with narrowed eyes, not enjoying the coddling one bit. “No fucking shit I can handle it. It will be a relief to have you out of my life for an entire two weeks. Hell, I wouldn’t even be sad if you never came back.” He decided to point out, much to Tord’s amusement.

He pulled his hand back with a placating gesture, lips pulled into a wide grin at Tom’s insistence that he will be fine. “I’m just trying to give you a general expectation of how long I will be gone. No need to take it so..personally!” he barked out with a laugh, amused at the irritation clear on his toy’s face.

He could sense the distain rising from Tom, and figured it would be a good time to slide out before they were stuck in another pissing match. “Oh- and don’t worry about your two roommates. I’ll explain my absence to them on the way out.” He said, something in his tone that Tom didn’t like.

“Actually- I think I can manage telling them myself just damn fine, thank you very much.” He jabbed, before Tord was already sliding out the door. He made sure that his footsteps were heavy, head facing forward as he made quick work of crossing the living room.

Edd was giving him a curious look at first- and it was all too easy to narrow his eyes at the man and watch him tense up in concern. Tord let out a rather shaky sigh, setting the mood for the scenario he
wanted to present, before giving him a small wave.

“Thank you for letting me stay with you guys for a while, but I really must be going...quickly.” He said, before fixing Tom with a harsh glare when the man stepped out to investigate. Edd immediately noted the tension between them, the surprise clear in Tom’s expression, before Tord was stepping out and slamming the door behind him.

However the moment he was outside he let his shoulders relax, posture melting into one of smug satisfaction as he strolled down the streets of the neighborhood. The seed of doubt was planted into Edd’s mind- which should help make things less suspicious if Tom winds up breaking down.

Nothing like a little “relationship drama” to alleviate the situation. If Tom was smart, though, he’d be damn well careful with what he said to Edd.

Speaking of Edd- the man was instantly turning his head to his friend, eyebrows pinched up in concern. “Tom…what happened?” he inquired, curious as to why Tom looked just as surprised as him. And then angry.

That fucker, that little motherfucker, always had to tip the scales in his favor and leave Tom reeling in a position to make sense of his antics. He was getting sick of it- but at least the cunt of a demon has gone sayonara for a bit.

“I…guess he had some shit come up, and we got into an argument over it.” He said, clenching and unclenching his fists as Edd’s confusion melted into general pity. He rose up and crossed the room to his friend, carefully winding his arms around Tom and cradling the man close. “Tom- I’m so sorry. I know you really like him- I’m sure it’s going to blow over in a jiffy!”

As much as Edd’s optimism was contagious, Tom still found his mood undeniably sour. He was sick and fucking tired of Tord and his shit, to the point all he wanted to do was just go into his room and crack open a bottle of Smirnoff.

Now that he wasn’t here to enforce the alcohol ban and generally act as a giant roadblock in his life, maybe shit could go back to being normal. Maybe he could remember a time when his ass wasn’t sore and body was littered in hickies.

“You know what, Edd. I think I’m going to be fine. I think I’m going to be better than fine, in fact. I’m going to be fan-fucking-tastic.” His tone was sharp, a bitter amusement laced in his tone as he brushed off the smaller man’s hug. “Don’t worry about me; I’m going to enjoy the break while it lasts anyways. I can promise you he’s going to come crawling back in about a week or two.”

Yet…Edd didn’t look convinced. He looked from Tom, to the kitchen, then towards the door… before letting out a low sigh and shrugging his shoulders in an almost helpless gesture. “Well- if you need anything, just let me know okay? You can always talk to me.”

Despite the well intentions behind his words, Tom found himself brushing them off with a small grunt of annoyance leaving his lips. “Yeah, yeah. Thanks but no thanks. I told you I’m going to be fine.”

And with that, he was slamming the door to his room, leaving Edd to his own devices in the living room.

Stupid fucking Tord and the fact he was all over the fucking place, consistently. Tom was tired of playing these guessing games with the demon.

He was going to sit back, enjoy the time away from his suffocating presence, and hopefully the
fucker would never come back. That would be ideal.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

Fanart credits!
@sitbb on tumblr has drawn our favorite little vampire, Matt! He's so cute!
Link- https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/163621036320/okay-im-just-gonna-say-it-i-have-fallen-in

@theinnocentdovehasfallen on tumblr decided to draw Tord, and he looks like one mean motherfucker! I love it!
Hey guys, thank you so much for sticking with me so far through my little mad writing adventure!

From August 7th- 12th, I will be in Indiana for vacation, and therefore that means there will be no updates from that timeframe! Possibly all the way past the 14th!

Now that isn't the end of the world, right?

But there was another matter I wanted to discuss.

I am opening requests and commissions for my writing!

Now what's the different between the two?

Requests: requests are just that; requests. You can submit a scenario, kink, and ship to my inbox and I will write a prompt using it! Requests will be between 1-3k words, and I will have full rights to deny a request if I am not motivated to write it. So please don't be upset if I have to turn down a fic!

Commissions: are you paying me to write stuff for you. Anything above 5k words will be simply $5, and preferably $.50-.25 (variable depending on how long you want the total fic to be) cents per every additional 1k words.

With commissions, I will write ANYTHING. Any kink, any ship, any plot you want, right down to ANY details you desire. And there's no limits to kink or plot. Want me to write about Tom pissing himself even if it ain't my kink? Sure. Ya want vore? Fine by me.

Anything you want- none of the kinkshaming!

Now I'm sure you're wondering where to put your requests, so send them to this link!

And once again, thank you so much for reading this fic. I'll try to have at least two chapters out before my vacation! Love you guys! <3
Chapter Summary

With Tord finally out of Tom's hair, the man begins to abuse his newfound freedom. Half of a bottle into Smirnoff later and his friends are disappointed with him. A full bottle of Smirnoff, and a cop escorting him to the door? Now they're pissed. Maybe he does have a problem.

Chapter Notes

Since I got a question from an unregistered user asking me where they could submit fanart, I'm going to just put the link here again. Feel free to submit anything from fanart to sidefics!
Link: https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/submit

The moment that Tord left, it felt like a crushing weight had finally been removed from his shoulders.

He didn’t have to watch his back anymore! He could take a shower in peace, watch some T.V. in the living room with nothing but boxers on- and nobody could stop him by dragging him back to his room. He felt elated, almost, to the point where he was too eager to go back to how things were before.

And the first thing he did? Get absolutely fucking shitfaced.

He had a bottle of Smirnoff open before he could even count an hour after Tord’s absence, the fresh label popped and seal broken as he practically drank straight from the bottle. He had enough sense to stop after the third gulp- yet it was only to carefully transfer a good half of the bottle into his flask. Perfect.

He capped his old friend, already feeling the warmth of the alcohol settle into his stomach. He could lay back on his bed, legs spread and vulnerable, without any fear of a demon coming in and sinking his teeth into his thighs.

Tom could still feel the phantom sensation though, scratching at his legs as a grimace took over his features. No matter, Tord just left, of course he would be still used to the sensations almost near constant in his body.

He only laid there for a bit before boredom began to creep up on Tom. He was relaxing, sure, but what should he do with all of this newfound freedom?

With a bit of a sigh he was rising up once more, a bit unsteady. God his tolerance had to have gone completely to shit for his balance to be this off after three gulps of Smirnoff. Even if he drank it way, way faster than he usually did.
He guessed he just missed that soft blanket of inebriation over his mind, the way everything felt… better. He was able to get up and move his way to the door, gripping the handle and turning it before noting that Edd was just about to retreat to his own room.

They paused when they made eye contact, Edd’s eyes slowly sliding down to the flask. “Tom, what is that?” He asked, expression betraying that underlining hesitance. Tom took one glance at it, before shrugging and trying to move his way past Edd. “Apple juice.”

The man shot his arm out to stop Tom at the doorframe. “Please don’t lie to me, Tom, I know this has to be affecting you negatively. As your friend I want to help. I don’t think that alcohol is going to bring Tord back OR fix your problems—“

Tom cut Edd off with a rather rude fit of laughter, pushing his arm to the side. “Me? Sad over Tord? Oh fuck to the no. I’m more than happy that parasitic leech is gone for an entire two weeks. Maybe I can actually bring some semblance of normality to my life.”

Just as Tom thought he would be able to slide past Edd and find something to do in the living room, his best friend was letting out a rather frustrated sigh. “If this is your ideal of normality, then no wonder Tord wanted to help you. Whatever- I can’t find the motivation to stop you right now, so just enjoy drinking yourself into a stupor as always.”

Ouch.

He didn’t even get a word in regardless before Edd was storming to his room and slamming the door, leaving Tom rather flabberghasted in the hallway. He looked from the tightly shut door of his friend, to the seat of the couch, before realizing that nothing actually sounded…fun, right now.

He just sighed loudly and threw himself onto the side of the sofa, careful to keep the flask from spilling as he brought the content to his lips and drank with a newfound passion. Stupid fucking Edd, he didn’t know shit about Tord, and apparently knew nothing about him.

He turned on the T.V. and began to channel surf aggressively, flipping through every title he could. Nothing sounded interesting- and it was hard to focus with Edd’s words on his mind. Fuck him. He tipped back another drink.

By the time he settled on some stupid ass paranormal ghost hunters show, he was suitably shitfaced. He had at least half of a bottle of Smirnoff tucked inside of him, and he was only adding more as the climax to the show built up.

“We need to run! There’s a demon in here with us- it’s going to attack!” Cue electronic voice from their magic doo dad box letting out an inhumane growl before blowing up. Nice stunts, paranormal fuckers, but Tom knew every ounce of these shows are bullshit.

He took another swig, only to find the flask completely empty. He frowned, staring deep inside of the darkness in case he missed a drop. Logic wasn’t exactly with him right now as he tilted the flask back and nearly swore when a drop of liquor fell right into the socket.

He was up and running to the sink in a heartbeat- before tripping over his own legs and crashing onto the floor as the sting drew a pained hiss out of him. He heard stirring upstairs, before Matt was sliding down with confusion evident on his features. “What’s been going on down here- Tom!” he exclaimed, before jogging up to his friend who merely looked to have fallen down.

“What happened!?” The vampire exclaimed, gently lifting the human into his arms and frowning deeply at the way he was clutching an eye. He pulled it back to reveal how red and irritated it look,
tears automatically rolling down Tom’s eyes to try and clear the invasion out.

He smoothed his hair back with quiet shushes, trying to lift Tom back up to his feet. The drunken man merely swatted at Matt, no real power behind it as he grit his teeth painfully. “I-I just got some shit in my eye.” He said, before Matt tried to help Tom to his feet once again.

In the background Edd was watching the pitiful display with a frown, Matt only catching sight of Edd when he finally had Tom to his feet and wobbling towards the kitchen sink. He all but threw his head under the spray, letting the water wash over his eye.

Matt was rubbing his shoulder, before Edd’s whistle caught his attention. Matt seemed confused for a moment- before Edd was motioning him closer and pulling the tall man down to ear level. “Tom doesn’t have anything in his eyes, you know.” He whispered, obviously drawing confusion from Matt.

“He…doesn’t?” Matt responded, before Edd was shaking his head. “Tord just left him a couple of hours ago-slammed the door and everything!- and Tom was halfway into a bottle of Smirnoff the last I’ve seen him. He’s crying over him I think.”

Despite being wildly inaccurate, it was enough shock to have Matt convinced as he hastily turned back to the kitchen. “Tord left him? But- why!” Underlying the confusion were hints of panic. Tord was his feeding buddy, the one anchor he had to be sure he wouldn’t accidentally drain his victims dry.

He thought they would be able to keep this up.

But with Tord not attached to Tom- why would he even try and share a meal with the vampire? He was worrying his lower lip between his teeth, arm holding his own as he pondered what to do with this information.

“I’m…not sure why, Matt. He just left, and Tom was saying he was happy about it.” Edd sighed out, before a rather miserable groan was rising from the kitchen. “I can hear everything you’re saying, you know!” Tom shouted out, before Matt was sighing and Edd was awkwardly backing up into his room.

“He’s been drinking again too. So…just as a heads up.” Edd decided to note as quietly as possible, before stepping back into his room with a slightly stressed sigh leaving him.

Matt’s head was almost spinning from all of this new information, clutching his thumb tightly in his hold as realization kept dully dawning on him. Tord wasn’t here, Tom was drinking, and he would need to think of ways to feed himself.

The thought of blood bags were horribly unappetizing now.

He turned to go back up the stairs to stew in his own thoughts- before chanceing a look over his shoulders at the way that Tom was drying his face. He swallowed a bit, before calling out to him, “Don’t forget you have a gig tonight, so…try not to drink too much, okay?”

Matt sighed as he only received a middle finger in response, before turning and going up the stairs. Tom could deal with his own problems if he was going to act like that.

Later on that night, Tom was no more sober than he had been earlier that day. It was a chore to slide on his shoes one by one, and balance himself with Susan in his hold. Of course he filled up his flask with the rest of the bottle’s contents. He carried himself to the show, dragging his feet near the entire time, before showing up and all but throwing his case down as he attempted to gather himself.
The bartenders seemed to notice this too, perking up and motioning over to Tom as he whipped his case open and pulled Susan out. He gave her a few strums, hit every wrong note he could, before sitting down on the seat and pulling the mic closer.

Only the mic wasn’t even on.

He flicked it a few times when talking into it resulted in no echoing sound across the bar, before flat out grabbing it and holding it up for the staff to see. “Hey uh, I think this one is broken or something.” He announced to the entire bar, before the owner nearly sighed in exasperation as he got up and went over to the stage.

He plugged in the mic into the amp, before flipping on the switch and fixing Tom with a strange look. The man cleared his throat into it, wincing at the volume, before placing it back onto the stand. He offered him a half grin. “Thanks, man. You’re a real stand up guy, y’know? You can fix shit like that when nobody else can.” He slurred with his words, before the owner was flat out grabbing his shoulder.

“Erm..son, are you sure you’re good to play tonight? You don’t seem to be…completely here right now.” He noted, before Tom was shrugging his shoulders and playing out a few tunes. He was just drunk enough to not care about anything right now.

“Eh, I’m good. Boyfriend just broke up with me I guess but damn does it feel good. I can play.” He said, laughing heartily as the owner merely fixed him with a concerned stare. “And your solution to that is to…drink? Before your job?”

Tom merely shot him a fingerguns. “I’m able to get drinks during my job too- I just decided to get a headstart tonight.” He joked, despite the owner’s serious expression. He sighed under his breath. “Tom- if you can’t play well for the rest of tonight, I’m afraid I’ll have to send you home with no check.” He warned, before Tom was shrugging.

He was idly plucking at the strings, eyes downcast as he studied the pattern of his bass. He almost had enough sense to ask what the fuck he was doing. He was just supposed to drink enough to feel good again- but he knew he overdid it.

“I understand, sir.” He said, voice somber as he tuned out a melody. It was a simple one, easy enough to remember with his fingers. When the tune finished at the very least his boss looked pleased enough to step back and nod his head at Tom.

“You’re a good kid,” He began, “I’m sorry about your boyfriend. Sometimes relationships don’t work out- but it’s not worth destroying yourself over.” He reassured, before stepping down for the night. Tom was left on stage with half of a crowd who had just heard all of his drama. Talk about fucking humiliating.

He was able to keep up a steady tune for most of the night, the hours melting into each other as he let his fingers get lost in his emotions. He occasionally hit a wrong tune, sure, but it wasn’t enough to warrant an intervention as he merely stared down at his hands the entire time.

He was trying to block out the crowd. He slid his hands down and began to move through the notes of a more upbeat song- but it didn’t feel right. He cut off the tune with a low note, instantly beginning something with a much more somber mood. He was sure everyone else in this shitty little dive was here for the same reason as well- to drink away their problems.

He was strumming the notes faster and faster the more his emotions began to take hold. Fuck Tord. Fuck Tord for coming into his life, for raping and molesting him, for beating him and feeding off of
him. Fuck him for the shit that’s he done to manipulate him and his friends. Fuck Tord for wedging his disgusting fangs into his life and refusing to let go, only so suddenly storm out and make a scene for his friends to pity and judge him on.

He didn’t realize he was aggressively strumming to the point that the mood was shattered at the bar— he wasn’t even playing a song for gods sake. He was breathing heavily by the time he realized his mistake, tears landing on Susan as he kept his head downcast.

There was silence in the bar, before the owner was once again approaching Tom. It was just at the end of his shift, so gingerly he placed the check for his performance in Tom’s hand and helped him off of the stage. A few people even came up and placed a last minute tip into his case—before he shakily put Susan inside and closed the lid on her.

“T-Thank you very much for your support.” He said into the mic, before letting the applause drown out in the background as he slung Susan over his shoulder and began to mechanically walk towards the door. Why did Tord do this to him? Why did he come into his life? Why did he fucking make him miserable.

He opened the door and let the cooling summer night air greet his face, before beginning the shaky walk towards home. He was pulling out his flask before he could even think to stop himself, tilting his head back and swallowing down the contents.

He knew he was going to regret his drinking in the morning— it was just a given at this point. He wiped at his mouth aggressively, doing the same for his leaking eyes, before stumbling his way past the alleyway where this all started.

He spared it a single glance, a weight in his chest, before he stormed into the very center and let out an ear piercing scream. He yelled and swore and kicked at the bricks, knocking over a few trashcans as he tried to let every ounce of his anger show.

“I hate you!” he screamed, before grabbing his pocketknife and stabbing it into the metal of the dumpster there. He ignored the horrible screeching as he began to carve out letters into the paint, tears rolling down his cheeks.

When he was done, all that was left was the sloppy handwriting of, “Fuck Tord,” before he threw the pocketknife across the alley and watched as the useless and dulled blade hit the brick and fell. He hunched over after a moment, suddenly sick to his stomach.

He hadn’t drank a single drop of water since earlier that day, not a scrap in his stomach. So it was only a matter of time before he was hunched over the side of a trashcan and heaving the burning contents of his stomach up his throat.

It was all bile, with the very liquid he was drinking mixed in. There was a bit of chunks in there from past meals- but Tom could only clutch his stomach as a flashlight was shining directly into his face. He squinted at the strange figure standing at the front of the alleyway, barely making out flashing red and blue lights, before he merely rested his head against the dumpster and let the tears roll free again.

“Sir?” the officer asked him, carefully approaching with his partner as they kept a hand on their guns. Tom didn’t look like much of a threat covered in his own vomit, tears making his cheeks and eyes puffy. Weakly Tom began to raise his hands into the air, helping to lower the police’s guard as she approached him.

“We received word of a disturbance in this part of town- something involving screaming. We thought there had been an injury or criminal activity in the area.” She began, before Tom weakly
chuckled as he rested both hands on the side of the dirty dumpster.

“No, ma’am. It was just me.” He said, not even arguing as the woman’s flashlight turned off and allowed his eyes to adjust to the darkness again. He turned back to the dumpster, before she tilted her head to speak into her radio.

After a moment she turned back to Tom. “Why were you making all of that ruckus, if you were the only one in the alley?” she asked, before Tom weakly shrugged his shoulders and spun her the same lie Tord wanted him to.

“Boyfriend broke up with me. This was the place that we met, so I guess I came back here to…get it all out?” he asked, questioning even himself as he spoke. The woman seemed concerned, but carefully took Tom’s wrists and pulled them behind his back. “You are not under arrest- I just am doing this as a safety precaution given that you were noted to have a knife by a witness. How much have you had to drink tonight, Sir?”

Tom allowed her to move his hands, clenching his palms tightly as he tried to remember to the best of his ability. “Nearly a full bottle of Smirnoff today, ma’am. I am in a bit of a rough spot. And-” He nodded towards the knife sitting on the grimy floor of the alley. Just like when he first found it after the fated meeting with the demon. “My knife is over there. It was too dull, and I just. It had bad memories.”

She seemed to consider this for a moment, before Tom felt the cuffs slip off before she had even fastened it. She stepped back, hands resting on her hips as yet another person was looking at him with pity in their eyes. Was he really that much of a worthless sack of shit?

“I see…I see no reason to charge you on any grounds, and am glad to see you’re okay. But you are heavily under the influence, and could create another public disturbance, so please allow me to bring you home or I may have to bring you into the station to sober up.” She said, voice even as her partner was steadily heading back to the car.

Tom wasn’t a danger to others, only himself.

After a moment of thinking, Tom was nodding his head as he hoisted himself up from the side of the dumpster. “I live just down the road, at (insert fantasy address here). Sorry to take up your time, officer.” He said, before she was gently guiding him to the car with a hand on his back.

“It’s no trouble at all, sir. I’m very sorry to hear about the circumstances of your breakup. If you need help, I can refer you to a substance abuse specialist.” She offered, before Tom was bitterly laughing. “No, no. It’s just been a rough time because of the breakup. I promise you that I’ll be back on my feet in no time.”

Tom stepped into the back seat around the same time that the officer slid into the front, her partner giving him a look before carefully passing an unopened water bottle to him. “You aren’t looking so good, soldier. Take a drink of this.” He offered, smile friendly.

Tom accepted it with shaky fingers, giving him a weak smile in response. “Thank you. I’m once again…sorry, for taking up your time.” He said, cracking open the water bottle and letting the sound of the dispatch radio in the background lull him into a trance as he stared out the window.

In no time at all he was being dropped off at his house, the two officers giving him a salute as he stumbled out from the car. He had downed nearly half of the water bottle, before feeling sick once more. He needed something light in his stomach lest he wanted to find himself puking in front of them again.
They were sticking around, making sure that Tom was able to open the door and get inside of his house. Tom really was trying. But the key kept slipping through his fingers, and he nearly cracked his head open from leaning forward and hitting his head on the door.

There was the sound of a car door opening, before the male cop was stepping up and carefully helping Tom up. “Damn, you’re a bit more out of it than we thought. Do you live with anyone?” he asked, picking up the key and carefully inserting it into the lock.

“I..Live with two roomates, yeah.” He slurred, watching as the officer opened up the door before ringing the doorbell. There was the sound of movement from Edd’s room, before the man himself was stepping out and freezing at the sight of Tom with the officer.

Anxiety was on his features at first, before the officer merely held up his hands in a placating gesture. “Sorry to disturb you this late at night, sir, but your friend is not in trouble. We found him stumbling about creating a public disturbance in an alleyway- yet the circumstances of the event didn’t warrant an arrest. We just wanted to ensure he was passed into capable care, as he confessed to drinking an entire bottle of Smirnoff in the expanse of a day.”

The officer allowed Edd to carefully hoist Tom onto his shoulder, the drunken man nearly losing his footing. Edd looked from Tom to the officer, before frowning. “I am so very very sorry about my friend’s behavior. He just lost his- “ The officer cut him off with a small chuckle.

“Lost his boyfriend, we know. He was telling us about it as well. We understand people make foolish decisions when dealing with heartbreak.” The officer reassured, much to Edd’s comfort. He gently rubbed at the small of Tom’s back, before nodding his thanks to the officer.

“Thank you so much again for bringing him home safely. Would you like a cola for the road?” he asked, putting on a polite smile as the officer tipped his hat. “I would normally say yes to the offer of cola- but don’t worry yourself about it, citizen. You have your hands full as it is.” He said, before Edd was letting out a well natured laugh.

“Ah, nonsense, sir! I’ve been handling Tom’s antics since we were just kids.” He noted, before carefully leading Tom to the couch and sitting him down. He rushed towards the kitchen, grabbing a coke from the fridge, before bringing it back and offering it to the officer. “Here you are- for the troubles.” He said, before the man was smiling and offering Edd a handshake.

“It’s no trouble at all. Thank you for the caffeine- I might just survive my shift now.” They both shared a laugh at that, before Edd was closing the door behind the officer as he headed back towards his squadcar.

Edd let the smile linger on his face for a moment longer, before instantly it was dropping as he turned to his inebriated friend. He narrowed his eyes at Tom, the drunken man only blearily raising his head to stare back at Edd. He offered him a weak grin, before Edd was approaching him and all but dragging him onto his feet.

“Save it, Tom.” He stated, leaving nearly no room for arguments as Edd began to lead Tom to his room. He said nothing else as he let Tom fall back onto his bed, despite clearly looking like he had more to say. He even opened his mouth- before closing it and turning around.

“If you’re going to puke, you’re cleaning it up.” He said, coldly, before closing the door behind him and leaving Tom alone with his thoughts.

You know, maybe his friends were right. He did have a problem.
Fanart! :D
@sitbb has once again sold their soul to this fic in order to bring me another piece of adorable art- this time completing their character sheets! Look at how cute Edd is!
Link- https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/163697449990/okay-unlike-in-the-story-where-were-told-that

@theinnocentdovehasfallen submitted to me another demon boy- this time Tom! God does his monster form look so cool!
Week 2

Chapter Summary

As the days pass by without Tord by his side, Tom finally makes the decision to clean up his act in hopes of a better future. Yet memories ghost around every corner for Tom-and his body makes sure to remind him every step of the way now that he's replaced Tord's earrings for his own.

While a broken body can be fixed and ignored, a broken mind is a much trickier matter to deal with. And Tord has left some lasting scars onto Tom's psyche.

Chapter Notes

Heads up- this chapter is fucked up. Sure there's been plenty of dubcon, yet this is straight up non-con. Please be careful with reading this chapter if you're sensitive to this kind of material.

Now that we have that out of the way- hi! I'm finally back from my vacation, and am excited to announce that we're drawing closer to the story's end! I'm projecting about 4-5 more chapters until the Climax. So this is a gradual build here- next chapter is going to be extremely important!

And also- thank you all so much for being so supportive and understanding about my little vacation. I had an absolute blast! It's good to be home though, admittedly!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

In the days following Tord’s departure, Tom was finally beginning to fall into a steady rhythm.

He would wake up, drink, take a shower, drink, go get lunch, drink, attempt to do something productive, drink, fail at being productive, drink, go to work, and when he was at work? He drank.

Most of the spare money in his wallet was allocated towards buying enough Smirnoff to keep up with his consumption- and each check he received per night seemed to magically disappear by the morning. He had been concerned at first- until he learned that his very friends had been asking for him to hand over his checks each night to be sure Tom wasn’t going to use his for more fucking alcohol.

He had a problem, but nobody seemed to be able to handle it. Matt was beginning to look worse for wear lately as well, with his typically flawless skin pulled tight with exhaustion. He was a walking corpse almost.

It only made it weirder when he would stop what he was doing just to stare at him or Edd, looking like he wanted to say something- before snapping back out of it and immediately turning away to put as much distance between them as possible.
With the combination of Tom and Matt’s behavior- Edd wasn’t faring too well either. His usually calm temper was quick to snap at the drop of a dime, and most of the time he didn’t even attempt to leave his room for anything other than snacks and mealtimes. Tom couldn’t even remember the last time that he was able to shoot the shit with his best friend.

Oh well. He didn’t fucking care- all he wanted to do was tip his flask back and drink. He wasn’t entirely certain how much longer he would be able to keep this up- it’s been a week and every single day felt more crushing than the last.

Not to mention the fucking earrings in his ears were a constant reminder of the demon that caused all of these problems.

He was staring in the mirror, noting the dark bags under his eyes and the way that it seemed his deep blue eyes were turning a dull grey. He stared at the five o’clock shadow spreading across his face, at the unkempt appearance of his hair. When was the last time he took off this blue hoodie?

He studied himself a moment longer, before the dull glow of the red rubies in his ear caught his eye. He turned to inspect the etchings in the stone, before a wave of anger was rushing through him. He didn’t want any form of Tord on him at all- let alone something that made him near horny twenty four seven.

Tom reached his fingers back in an attempt to unclasp the earrings, only to find that his fingers kept pulling over the detachable back. He fumbled with the earrings a moment longer, before frustration had him all but ripping at his ears as he attempted to remove the pesky symbol.

He gave the one ear a harsh yank, to the point where it tore through a bit of his lobe, in order to finally dislodge the back and pull the earring off with a loud shout. He watched as a dull spark traveled through the earrings- before the glow dissipated and left a normal pair of satanic earrings in his palm.

He did the same to the other ear- hating the way that it seemed even more stubborn to come off- before finally he was taking the pair of earrings and tossing them across the room.

He had no clue where they landed- but he knew where his old ones were. The last gift from his mother before the accident. He went over to the side of his dresser where a little black box sat, filled with his piercings and other assortments of items. He thumbed through the various eyebrow and lip piercings- before finally pulling out the silver hoops.

He felt safer with them in his palm, carefully turning them over, before finally sliding them into his ears and latching them into place once more. He turned his head up to study his appearance, before forcing on a semblance of a half smile. He was doing fucking fantastic without Tord-and this would be his first step to recovery.

After emerging from his room, Tom was already feeling like a new man. He slid the bottle of Smirnoff he had deep into the back of the cabinet, tossing his flask into the sink for the first time since he picked the damn thing up.

He ripped off his hoodie, took a genuine shower since god knows how long, and shaved the stubble dotting his features, and spiked his hair up to its usual style. He wore a blue button down today too, with his checkered tie firmly around his neck. He looked like a new man- just like how he did before Tord came around.

He grabbed a bottle of water instead of alcohol, Susan slung over his shoulders as he made a bee-line for the front door. He glanced behind him to the curious faces of Matt and Edd on the couch, before
he lifted his fingers in a salute while flashing them the most confident smile he could.

“I’m going to go to work early today- I feel pretty good.” He explained, before turning away and jogging out the door. He didn’t exactly want to see his closest friend’s reactions to his newfound pep- he was tired of seeing their pity boring deep through his being.

Yet in the room, Matt and Edd were fixing each other with matching nervous stares. The silence stretched between them for a moment, before Edd was resting his head into his hands. “He’s about to snap, isn’t he?” he asked, tone flat.

“I believe so.” Matt confirmed, before that strange silent trance seemed to take over his sense of mind. He was turning to Edd with a glassy look in his eyes- as if he was staring at something through Edd rather than straight at him.

Matt could hear his heartbeat.

Could smell the coppery blood of his band aid, sense the crimson pulsing through his veins. It’s been a week since he managed to feed at all- and Edd was looking more and more appetizing to him. He licked over his fangs slowly, his gaze nearly ready to set a trance upon his roommate- until a muffled voice was calling out to him.

“-att? Matt?”

He snapped out of it in a second, eyes wide as he stared at Edd like he was just caught about to perform the most despicable act imaginable. The sheer look of alarm in Matt’s face was enough to even have Edd on edge- before he finally was slamming his hand down into the couch and fixing the other with a harsh stare.

“What has gotten into YOU lately, too?” he asked, rising from his seat as the awkward tension festered for a moment too long for Edd’s taste. Matt refused to answer him, Tom was drinking instead of facing his problems face on- Edd had it up to here with his roommate’s shenanigans.

“You know what? You both can talk to me when you’ve sorted all of this out. Don’t bother knocking unless someone’s dying.” He said, rising up from the couch and outright refusing to look at Matt as he stormed towards his room. His anxiety and depression was bad enough lately without other people’s problems piling up onto his- this was the last thing that he needed right now.

Matt was cringing when the loud slam of the door signaled Edd’s departure, leaving him alone with his thoughts as he curled up a bit on the couch. He needed to feed before he either starved first…or drained someone dry.

He was weighing the options heavily in his mind as he tried to consider what to do. He didn’t know if he could live with himself if he attempted to feed from live cattle again- but the rush of his old powers steadily regaining was dizzying. He wanted to regain his former status, rise to his full potential.

But people could die if he did so.

He didn’t have good control over his thirst. Ever since the incident, he knew deep down inside he could never allow himself to feed uncontrolled once more. He had drained someone far too important to him- someone he could even consider a lover- before resting their bones cold and alone in a far out field.

For just a split second, he swore he could see Edd’s face in the fuzzy memory, instead of the man who he stole.
That was the final straw for the Vampire. He rose up from the couch himself, walking with a determination behind each step. He opened up the old coat closet, peeking through, before finally withdrawing an old black trenchcoat from the back.

He shrugged it on, lazily buttoning each row as he kicked on a matching pair of black boots. He didn’t care that he was a fashion disaster as such- this was to keep his regular clothes safe. He was going hunting tonight- with or without Tord.

Matt didn’t even bother to grab his keys as he stepped out from the doorway, the sun just low enough to prevent the uv rays from directly harming him. He made sure that no life force in the area was within direct distance of him- before soon he was kicking up into the air and silently taking off into the night.

He’d rather feed off of a stranger than put his friends in danger any longer. Whether he lost it and went feral or not, he didn’t care. If a hunter came and picked him off it would only keep his friends safer without a blood thirsty killer in their midst.

There was a very noticeable change in the way that the patrons of the bar reacted to Tom, now that he’s attempted to clean up his act. He was much friendlier on stage than he’s been the past couple of days, eager to take song requests and crack a few jokes. Much to the audience’s delight.

He was pulling in more tips than even his pity brought about, lifting his eyebrows dauntingly at the ladies while coyly charming the men. He even got a number or two midway through the show-hopping down and ordering only a light cocktail.

“You’re sure in a good mood today.” Stacy teased, leaning against the countertop as Tom tilted the red bendy straw into his mouth. He swallowed a good amount of the ridiculously fruity drink, before pulling off and snorting in response.

“I guess you could say that,” he began as he thumbed through the tips he amassed thus far, “I just realized there’s no point to worry about a dude who’s out of my life forever.”

That earned him a small laugh from the girl as she turned back to do her sidework, attempting to organize the glasses of alcohol that were misplaced on the shelf. They got mussed up a lot.

“Whatever you say, Tommy boy. It’s just good to see you back!”

The best part was that it was actually good to be back.

He was finishing his drink up right around the time that his break was through, grabbing Susan once more and making his way back up to the stage. He was thinking over the next number he could do when suddenly a strange pang began to run down his stomach.

He cringed a bit at the stinging sensation- before clutching the offending area and gritting his teeth as he tried to level his breathing. Okay- it was plausible his body just wasn’t happy he wasn’t drinking profusely. He managed to quell the pain long enough to strum Susan a few times- before nearly falling over at the next wave of pain washing through him.

He was clutching at his chest this time, almost wondering if the damn thing stopped beating at this point. The burning pain was only getting worse by the moment, his entire being feeling like he had been drenched in gasoline and tossed a lit match.

Next thing the patrons would hear was a loud thud-and the microphone hitting the ground with a
horrible crack. Tom was curled up onto his side as Stacy gasped in horror from the bar, Tom feeling like his entire skin was attempting to crawl off as he kicked out his legs blindly.

The pain was radiating through every ounce of his being- until finally he was turning over and heaving onto the floor. The contents of his stomach made a second appearance as Tom could barely register the stomping of footsteps through the static in his ears.

It sounded like the world around his was fading- before he nearly cried out when he was lifted up firmly into someone’s arms. Everything was just a blur of colors as voices rang out in the background, his eyes feeling just so heavy from all of the stimulation.

If it wasn’t for the constant shaking and outside commotion, he almost bet he could have faded away into the inky blackness creeping into his vision. Shame.

He could feel wet bile slowly running down his chin, the sensation just disgusting enough to have him raising his arm up and wiping the spittle onto his nice blue button down. He only grew concerned when he noted the deep black color of his vomit- staining his shirt near immediately.

Tom slumped back down a moment later, his body calming down just long enough to see a group of concerned faces surrounding him. Some of them were employees he was friendly with, others were complete strangers- he felt too claustrophobic around them.

He was curling up tight when he swore he could hear laughter in his ear. The ever present chuckle of the creature that caused his life to spiral, the laugh that was like nails against a chalkboard for his psyche. He could hear Tord all around him, and the mere thought had Tom burying his face into his hands.

“Leave me the fuck alone!” he shouted out loud, lashing out to the nearest thing he could. Fortunately for the onlookers, Tom wasn’t exactly accurate in his aim. He was a mess of thrashing and struggling limbs, his eyes blown wide in panic as he studied the faces of the crowd as they melted into one.

It was like an amalgamation of all their noises and parts towered before him, a mass of bodies and voices all turned together like a cacophony of disaster. Tom couldn’t recall being so scared in his life. He was looking all around him for a way out, his body screaming at him to run.

So he did.

He was shoving his way through the creature, nearly screaming from the feeling of hands trying to wrap around him and drag him back. He couldn’t let them get him, couldn’t let himself get pulled down by Tord. He was throwing a punch, hitting something- before instantly turning tail and darting even as every step was agony down his spine.

He was out the door and into the cool air before he knew it- but it wasn’t enough. He was clawing at his chest as he fell to his knees in the dirty streets, vision narrowing and throbbing with colors as he moved his hands up to clutch at his head.

Nothing made sense- and he could honestly admit that he was terrified.

He felt like his clothes were too small for his body, that his tie was trying to suffocate him as he yanked the item off of his neck. His ears burned, his head burned, his body burned. Everything fucking burned and it had Tom in near tears as all he could think to do was keep moving, to try and escape the voices stuck inside of his head.

“Why don’t you be a good little whore and open that mouth of yours?”
“You’re going to uphold your part of the contract- unless you want to see those friends of yours hurt.”

“All you’re good for is sex.”

“You will pay for costing me a meal, AND scalding my tongue on your disgustingly incorrect beliefs.”

“I sure hope that it wasn’t valuable to you, no? Because it was merely an inconvenience to me in the end.”

“Now, I believe you owe me something that you so rudely denied to me last night.”

Tom was hunching over the side of a building as another wave of bile spilt from between his lips, his body aching in the worst of ways as Tord’s voice continued to run through his head. He could feel hands on him, running over his body, disgusting phantom sensations that left goosebumps in their wake.

Tord wasn’t here- but every aspect of his body seemed to be. Tom was crying before he could even stop himself, head slamming down onto the side of the brick as nausea and disgust ran rampant through his body. Because he knew that every single word out of Tord’s mouth was true.

He was disgusting, he was pathetic, he was unintelligent and undesirable and his only real use lied in what his body could do. Whether it was flaunting it for tips or getting fucked like the worthless piece of shit he was- his only use would always be his body.

He was falling to his knees as the realization washed over him, self hatred crashing down in waves alongside the agonizing discomfort. He wanted to die. He wanted to just take a gun down from his fucking collection and shoot himself in the head with it.

Tom pulled his hands back from his head to look at his shaking palms, tears making the vision blurry as he aggressively attempted to wipe away the liquid pouring from his eyes. It seemed that the more he came to terms with the general uselessness of himself, the more the pain seemed to dilute into the background.

Soon it felt as if he was moreso in a dream than in a reality, his hands feeling detached as he slowly lifted his arms up. He could see black crawling through his veins, pushing against the skin and throbbing in a way that he assumed must be causing the pain. But it wasn’t there.

He could rise to his feet, brush his hair back, fix his clothes. Nothing.

Slowly he began to walk, like a corpse on autopilot away from the bar he had run out of. He wasn’t going home- they didn’t need him there. He was a danger to them, a drunk useless mistake. He knew this now.

He had only one use.

Before he knew it, he was sauntering carelessly through the streets of the slums. He had no clue just how long he had been walking, or how far he got. He could recognize the area through a heavy fog of doubt. This particular stretch was at least five miles from home.

He should be concerned that a huge chunk of his memory was missing from when he started walking to when he pushed open the door to some shitty hole in the wall- but he found that the motivation to muster up his ability to care was jeopardized.
Tom had one thing on his mind when he sat down at the bar. He motioned the seedy man over with a wave of his hand, eyes refusing to stare up at the man. “Get me the strongest shit you got. Straight.” He said, barely even recognizing his own voice as the coasters against the wood seemed far more interesting to him.

He was only snapping out of his trance when a glass of liquid was placed in front of him, slowly moving his eyes up to take note of the bartender’s appearance. White dreads and grease. He knew he was in the right place as he grabbed the glass and nearly tipped the entire thing back.

It burned. It burned horribly down his already torn up throat, warming his insides with liquid fire as he attempted to sort through the storm in his head. Yet it only seemed to rage on worse with each round he ordered- eventually switching to shots- before finally he was choking down his last glass of Smirnoff for the night.

He was absolutely shitfaced.

The dulled pain felt almost nonexistent now that he had swallowed the weight of his grief in liquor. He could look around the bar with a distant detachment from his reality, taking in all of the faces of men he definitely shouldn’t be around. Dangerous men.

Good.

He was rising up a moment later as he slapped down the tips he made for the night to pay for the bartender, stumbling his way across the bar and nearly leveling his gaze with a man who he had felt eyeing him up all night.

He had long black hair, dirty black eyes, and a smile on his face that promised nothing but trouble. He would be fucking perfect.

Tom was all but stumbling against the pool table as he narrowed his gaze sharply to him, pointing a finger at the guy as he felt a hint of…exhilaration running down his spine. “Hey- Don’t think I haven’t seen you eyein’ me the past thirty minutes. You gonna fuckin’ go or what?” he asked, slopping lifting his fists into a fighting stance.

He was like a dachshund against a Great Dane- there was no way he knew he could win. The man was older, bigger, and most definitely less merciful than Tom could have ever hoped he could be. So it was only expected that his wrist would be grabbed, and Tom would find himself pressed tight to the stranger’s chest as rows of ugly yellow teeth grinned down at him.

“You’re a feisty one, aren’t you?” The man asked in a rumbling Swedish accent, gripping Tom’s wrist so hard that he feared it could fracture. The pain felt nice- it was a pain he could control at least. He got himself into this situation, and he was going to live through every ounce of punishment he fucking deserved.

His eyes were unfocused as the face in front of him seemed to spin in circles, before Tom was weakly pushing against the broad chest in a halfhearted attempt to escape. Of course he wouldn’t have budged- he could hardly keep himself standing as it was.

“F-Fuck off..” he weakly hissed, before having to bite at his lower lip when the man was grabbing him by his hair and yanking his neck back. No doubt he was studying the rows of faded hickeys and bitemarks on his neck, thick fingers rubbing over each wound.

“Damn. You’re a fucking freak.” He noted, the insult shooting straight down to Tom’s groin. His struggles were slowly stopping, eyes threatening to fill with tears again as his lips curved up into a
grin that didn’t reach his eyes. This was exactly what he deserved. He was a useless fucking ragdoll to be passed from one person to the next.

He pulled his lower lip into his mouth, gritting out a small hiss when his hair was pulled back once more. He lazily parted one eye to stare up at the predatory gaze in the man’s eyes. “Screw you.” He tried to say, only to be cut off with a harsh slam of his head into the wall.

Tom groaned pathetically as laughter rang out around him, holding onto the wall like a lifeline as he felt hands gripping his ass and pulling it up. He didn’t even fight as he felt the man grinding against him, merely resting his head against the cool stone of the bar to quell the nausea returning to him.

“I had a feeling this is what you wanted- from the second your miserable sorry ass strutted into the bar.” His words were like background noise as the storm kept raging on in Tom’s head, a defeated smile slowly spreading across his features as he turned up to stare at the ceiling. This is really what he deserved, wasn’t it?

He didn’t even fight when the man was gripping him by his hair once more and leading him towards the bathroom stalls. The place smelled like piss and weed, and the floors soaked through his pants as he was forced to his knees in front of the guy.

Apparently his blank expression must have been creeping the dude out- because he received a swift backhand with one palm while the other was working out his flaccid cock. It was small and disgusting, and Tom could only imagine the hygiene of the man it was attached to.

He didn’t have to dwell on it though before his jaw was being forced open at the hinge. He was crinkling his nose in disgust the moment the taste hit his tongue, nearly considering the urge to bite down. But a wave of self hatred washed over him in that moment- and he could almost see Tord’s face grinning down at him with those wicked fangs flashing at him.

He wrapped his lips around the cock and sucked, feeling no pleasure from the action. It was like he was detached from his body and slowly floating away as he felt the shaft steadily hardening inside of his throat. The man had to have only been five inches at most. It was laughably easy to deepthroat the entire thing, even without a gag reflex.

He scrunched his eyebrows up pathetically when the man’s fist gripped his spiked locks a tad too hard, using his head like a fleshlight as he gave the poor guy whiplash from how he was jerking his head. He found it occasionally hard to breathe- tears tickling his vision as his nausea threatened to act up.

The real trigger was when the disgustingly salty taste washed over his mouth in quick spurts, resulting in Tom pathetically trying to push against the man’s hips as finally he was ripping off and hunching into the corner to heave. A mixture of black bile and cum was dribbling out of his mouth, tears stinging his vision as he coughed and heaved up the contents of his stomach.

He was shaking by the time that his attacker was fully hard again, his eyes slowly looking up at the looming form as he could feel that ugly pleasure twisting in his gut. He was crying before he could stop himself, the man grabbing him by the neck and slamming him back against the disgusting walls by the urinals.

He had enough sense to brace himself for what was next to come. Unfortunately he more than likely would be unable to salvage his pants after this, not with the way that the man was ripping at the seams like this.

Tom clenched his fists tight when he felt cool air on his ass, a hand moving down to grope the supple
flesh there. He was panting out before he could even stop himself, flinching when one of his cheeks were pulled open to expose himself to the stranger’s gaze. He was still slightly loose from his own ministrations as a result of the old earrings.

Even without Tord here, he kept himself stretched.

It helped to make the accommodation easier when all he could hear was the man spitting into his hand as lube. The beginning sensation of the stretch was the worst- the friction immediately tearing him open as blood became his lube. The pain was indescribable- to the point where Tom was near hyperventilating as he clawed desperately at the dingy cement he was rested against.

At least Tord could bite him, numb the pain and replace it with mind boggling pleasure. This was an unpleasant stimulation thus far- until the man dragged Tom closer by the hips and insisted on shoving himself deeper into that warm heat. All at once Tom was letting out a curse as the first real jolt of pleasure ran through his system, nails scratching at the walls.

He had managed to hit his prostate dead on- and it seemed his reaction was more than motivation enough for his “partner” to keep at it. He buried his teeth into Tom’s shoulder as he let the noises spur him on, hips speeding up as Tom felt like he was going to phase through the wall.

This felt good, right? The pain mixed with pleasure was nice. He was panting harder now as he was trying to keep up the sensations assaulting him, though his cock remained merely half hard at best. He wanted to keep up the pace, to be able to cum from this.

But clearly that wasn’t going to happen.

Tom was letting out a choked gasp the moment that the man sped up behind him, his grip so tight it was bruising as he felt his poor ass being rubbed raw once more. It felt horrible, awful, terrible- exactly what he deserved.

He was slumping against the wall the second that he felt the man release inside of him, tears drying on his face as a mixture of cum and blood trailed down his thighs when his oh so gracious partner pulled out. Every inch of his lower region burned, and it hurt even worse to be pushed down onto the floor like some cheap used whore.

He was leaking out onto the floor, not even caring that he might have even fell in his puke as the man zipped up his pants and looked at him in passive disgust. He had to look as horrible as he felt- which had Tom finally hiding his face away into his shoulder.

“Hope you had as much fun as me, slut. Try not to start shit you can’t finish next time.” Was his parting words before he was leaving Tom in the bathroom, the sting of the truth behind them only drawing a bitter chuckle from the alcoholic’s lips.

He stared down at his wrist as the world seemed to pick up in pace again, eyes trailing over the blackening veins as the blood’s pathway became more defined. It was spreading through him like a virus, leaving a cold sensation in his path as Tom’s blurred vision almost seemed to fool him.

He lifted his hand up to watch the way that his fingertips turned a dull black, before feeling his heartbeat pick up as the black kept spreading down his arm. It went to his knuckles first, before engulfing the entirety of his palm and beyond. He was gripping his arm as needlelike pains shot through his system, eyes widening in alarm as the entire thing began to twitch out of control.

Time seemed to top as he stared at the strange black quality to his appendage now, fingers twitching and shifting as the bones looked as if they were rearranging themselves right before his eyes. His
hand was growing into something akin to a claw- the nails of his hand extending into brutal talons.

He could only watch in horror as his arm grew worse and worse- before finally he was screaming out in alarm and shutting his eyes as tightly as he could. This couldn’t be happening. He was going fucking crazy. None of this was real, it couldn’t be. Tord had to be some bad dream he couldn’t wake up from

Maybe he was in a goddamn coma, and this was his fever dream before they finally pulled the plug on him?

He was losing himself to anxiety by the time his eyes were shooting open again, looking to where a monstrous claw once rested. Instead in its wake was a normal human hand- no black veins or anything of the like. He lifted it to his face to inspect it, flexing each joint that he could, before finally his head was falling back as tears rolled down his cheeks.

He was going insane.

It was a challenge to lift himself up from his own vomit, but miraculously he prevailed. His legs felt like jello, his ass burned to all hell, and just generally he was feeling like a locomotive hit him full force. He had enough sense to pull out his phone- it was at least 3 hours after the time he usually got home.

He had a few messages from Matt, and one from Edd.

He didn’t even want to look at them for now- but he had a feeling that if he were to put them off further he would be in deep shit. So he started with Matt’s messages first.

1:10 A.M.

Matt: hey tom!
Matt: you staying a bit longer at the gig?
Matt: well i hope you’re having fun!

1:51 A.M

Matt: hey it’s me again! just checking up on you! can you answer your phone please? you know how much of a worry wart edd can be!
Matt: I keep telling him you’re gonna be fine but a reply would definitely be appreciated!

2:23 A.M

Matt: tom please pick up the phone. we called the bar and they said you ran out early after freaking out. me and edd are scared out of our minds please come home.

3:10 A.M

Matt: we’re looking for you right now. please tell me you’re safe. even just an okay would be better than nothing.

The messages ended there.

Tom looked them all over with a growing guilt, wiping furiously at his eyes as he limped his way out of the bathroom. This message was just thirty minutes ago- they could still be out looking for him
right now. Yet another way he was inconveniencing them with the sheer fact that he exists. He was panicking as he didn’t know what to do.

He wanted to just go home and deal with the consequences later, to bandage up his sore head and treat the bitemarks and hickies littering his neck. He wanted to avoid Edd and Matt’s judgmental stares of pity and disappointment. But it seems he wasn’t going to be getting off so easy as he finally opened the single text message from Edd.

2:45 A.M

Edd: We have a lot to talk about.

Chapter End Notes

We got lots of fanart for ya'll today! Thank you to everyone who submitted while I was on vacation!

First work is by gintsukii on Tumblr who drew an awesome Tom! Love my son!
Link: https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/164180368095/drew-you-a-tom-because-this-fic-is-bomb

Next one is by I-Need-Caffeine on Tumblr who drew our favorite boynos!
Link: https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/164158116175/theres-a-fine-line-between-not-giving-a-shit-and

Next work(s) is by theinnocentdovehasfallen on Tumblr! They drew these adorable series of sketches- I love em!
Link: https://things-go-bump-in-the-night.tumblr.com/post/164158012930/i-can-not-spell-at-all-also-i-have-a-second-page

And the final fanart I received from oomirrormirroroo on Instagram! It's so fuckin cute I literally can't handle it. (And don't think I didn't notice that little Tavros!)
Link: https://www.instagram.com/p/BX1dsSuFO4h/?taken-by=oomirrormirroroo
The Revelation

Chapter Summary

Tom goes home with his friends, only to be confronted with a plethora of questions. He can't answer them though, not when the deal of the contract was on the line.

But after the past few weeks of constant abuse and pain, Tom finally needs to confine in the people he holds closest.

Chapter Notes

Why the fuck am I posting this at 2 in the morning.  
...Whelp. That's life. Hope ya'll wake up to this!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Tom knew it was unavoidable in the end. He was in no condition to walk home- not unless he wanted another cruel fate to befall him. Only without his initiation. He hated the thought of more abuse to his already broken body- although he supposed he was far more likely to be mugged than anything.

He huddled up at the bar once more, fingers shaking as he dialed a number onto his phone. He knew that Edd more than likely should be the one who he called- but the ominous text message he received previously had him on edge. He tipped back the disgusting cocktail into his mouth, the thing far too sweet for his liking.

So he slammed his glass down, hit dial on Matt’s number, and pulled the phone to his ear. It only rang twice before the line was answered, Matt’s frantic tone immediately drowning out anything else he had wanted to say. “Tom! Where are you oh my god we’ve been so worried all night we swore you could be in serious trouble or dead in an alley or that someone could have stolen your phone and left you in a ditch unconscious and dying and my fucking god why didn’t you SAY ANTHING TO US!”

Tom had to pull his ear away with a small cringe, Matt’s voice going a mile a minute as Tom merely tried to handle one statement at a time from his overzealous roommate. He put the line back to his ear when it seemed Matt had finally broken down into breathless panting.

He cleared his throat to test his ruined voice, before unsteadily slurring into the phone. “I ‘unno.”

The silence was deafening, before Edd’s frustrated sigh could be heard as the line was pulled from Matt’s hand. “Tom, step out of the bar you’re getting shitfaced in and tell us the goddamn name. I’m not playing games right now.”

Edd’s patience was snapped, that much was obvious.

Tom merely stumbled up from his seat as his legs practically gave out on him halfway down. It hurt-
it hurt like a motherfucker- to actually take those few steps towards the door to peek outside. So
many people were standing outside smoking and it wasn’t a half bad idea.

He shifted the phone to his shoulder, muttering a quiet “hol’ on,” to Edd as he withdrew the package
of cigarettes from his pocket. He dropped his lighter at first when he placed the stick between his
lips, before almost falling over and dropping his phone as well when he knelt down to get his lighter.

The chuckling of the guys and girls around him was only slightly hurtful, but it didn’t matter when
he glanced up to the sign hanging above the bar. “M’at…Uh…Hook-Line-N-Drinker.” He drawled,
before letting out a low sigh of smoke as the tobacco only hurt his throat further. At least the rush of
nicotine was enough to make him feel temporarily good.

He heard tapping on the phone, before Edd was talking to Matt. The words were muffled at best, but
Tom could make out a few things. “-other side of fucking town.” Silence. “Isn’t that in the-?” More
cut off. “Jesus fucking Christ he’s going to get-” The silence stretched on, Tom’s head resting on the
side of the bricks as he tried to ignore the churning disgust rising in his being. He didn’t want to be
known as…this.

He was taking a long drag by the time that Edd finally turned his attention back to him, tone sharp
and angry. “Don’t you even think about moving from that spot, Tom. You’re in the fucking slums.
Why did you think it was a good idea to walk there? We won’t be there for another twenty minutes.”

Tom didn’t respond at first, jaw tense in anxiety, before he was making a small noise of confirmation
into the receiver. “S’allright. Didn’t plan on movin’ anyways.” He said, before clicking the end call
button. He didn’t want to hear what else they had to say, not for now.

He was tiredly dropping his cigarette onto the ground as he turned to step back inside of the building,
not even caring that his attacker was still leering at him from the corner. Tom had known what he
was doing the entire time when he approached him. He deserved it, wanted it, needed it. He was just
a common whore as he sat down for another round.

His body was only useful to Tord for his sex. Who’s to say he ever had a better use? He laughed
bitterly as the burning alcohol slid down his throat, only stopping when he felt on the verge of
another nausea attack. He was going to be horrendously sick in the morning- may as well not make it
worse. He took another shot anyways.

The sound of the door opening in the bar wasn’t exactly eventful- until a pair of arms were winding
tightly around him as a series of frantic sobs were directed against his back. Tom was shooting up in
alarm, before Matt’s broken tone had him frozen in place. “Tom- why. Why did you run off like
that?” he began, throat tight in anxiety as his grip was iron tight.

Tom was clutching the glass in his hold tighter, before slowly lowering it down and moving an
unsteady hand down to rest over Matt’s own. He forced a broken smile onto his features, not even
wanting to turn from the bar and face his closest friends. They shouldn’t have to see him like this.

“Matt- s’okay. I’m okay. Just had t’get a change a pace.” He said, even if he didn’t believe his own
tone and the way it waivered at the end. He could feel the other shaking, only able to try and console
him by patting his arm unsteadily. “Promise.”

It was only when Matt pulled back did Tom realize they were staring at his state of disarray, Matt’s
eyes wide in absolute horror from the series of bites and hickeys littering Tom’s neck. They could see
the faint hint of bruising peeking through the cuffs of his shirt, and the state of disorder his hair
was in.
He was sure there was a sizeable bump or bruise on his head that was causing it to ache so horribly. He just tried to adjust his tie, bitter smile never leaving his face as slowly turned to face Matt and Edd. The two looked torn. Matt looked like he wanted to tear into the person responsible for his condition, while Edd looked as if he wanted to tear into him.

The whiplash between the two was spinning his head, before he chuckled hoarsely. “If I knew ya would’ve found me I woulda cleaned up a bit.” He decided to jab, hoping to make a joke out of the situation. It wasn’t funny.

Edd was grabbing his face and looking over the damage spreading down it, his hold trembling with barely suppressed anger as he stared at how little Tom truly cared about himself. He had so many things he wanted to say, so much he felt the need to scream at the self-destructive tendencies of his best friend.

Instead he pulled his hand back like he was touching something disgusting, tone quaking near as much as his fist. “Who did this to you. And why did you let them do it.”

Matt was instantly jabbing his elbow into Edd’s side, expression twisting into one of disgust towards his friend. “Edd- Do you really think Tom wanted this? Don’t tell me you actually believe he’d want THIS-” He tugged down the collar of Tom’s neck, exposing disgustingly raised bitemarks to his view. “-from ANYBODY?”

Tom was the one to answer the question, his eyes sliding shut bitterly as he buried his face into his hands. “I did.” He confirmed, catching both of the men by surprise as Tom’s shoulders began to shake from repressed emotions. It was all beginning to crash down upon him- he thought he could avoid it until morning.

But no. He was the scum of the fucking earth, and he knew it.

“I wanted it. I got drunk, went up to the dude, challenged him- and he fucking gave me exactly what I wanted.” He said, the amusement in his tone a desperately pathetic indicator of his dwindling mental stability. He tugged at his hair, not even wanting to see how they looked at him now. “He played into exactly what I wanted.”

Matt was resting his hand on his shoulder a moment later, tone sounding so small and scared as he tried to pull Tom up from where he curled in on himself. “But…Tom- why? Why would you want something like that?” he asked, trying to move the man from the bar despite the way he was borderline ragdrolling any way he pulled.

At first Tom’s response was muffled by his arms, Matt finally pulling him into a sitting position long enough to rest Tom’s tear soaked face against the front of his purple hoodie. He only wore just the hoodie to bed- it was enough to have Tom’s guilt churning once more. He was keeping his friends up way past their usual times, jeopardizing their productivity for the next day.

The realization had Tom borderline sick as he turned his head into Matt’s chest. “I deserved it” he repeated in a clearer tone, not a hint of doubt in his diction as he reveled in the soft touch moving through his hair. Matt was always so caring deep down past his self entitled and narcissistic demeanor.

Tom was breaking down before Edd could even open his mouth for a rebuttal, his shoulders heaving in disgusting sobs as the weight of the world was falling down upon his shoulders. This wasn’t worth it. He couldn’t handle it anymore, the crushing weight of his secrets finally threatening to bury him six feet under where he belonged.
He was barely able to stabilize himself as Matt and Edd managed to prop him up onto his feet, Edd hastily paying for his poison at the bar, before he was being led out towards the car. Well. Moreso carried out, given his ass burned in near agony with every step. Idly he thought he should probably get himself tested- but what was the point. He was always going to be Tord’s in the end.

He was settled into the backseat with Edd as Matt was quick to start the car, eyes constantly flitting to the rear view mirror in order to study the duo sitting in the back of the car. He was speeding off towards home in a heartbeat, Tom’s quiet sobbing slowly dying down as he realized he was getting a disgusting mixture of fluids onto the front of Edd’s hoodie.

“I’m s-sorry.” He moaned out a moment later, gripping the green fabric between his fingers as Edd refused to so much as touch him. He was having a quiet anxiety attack of his own, emotions running rampant through the man. Tom hasn’t been this bad since near the end of highschool.

Edd merely rested his hand along the small of Tom’s back, having to keep his tone even as he stared at the passing streetlights. “We’ll talk when we get home.” He mentioned, leaving it at that as the flitting light of the sun could be seen on the horizon. It was nearly four o clock when they managed to get back.

The biggest chore was trying to get Tom out of the car- and then steadying him enough to walk afterwards. It was a hassle to fit through the door too. Finally they were tossing him down onto the side of the couch, Matt instantly falling back next to him as the weight of exhaustion was finally crashing down around him.

Even if he had fed today, he was still haunted by the expression of the drained woman when he was done.

Edd took notice at the torn expression on Matt’s face, his gaze softening just enough as he acknowledged him directly. “Matt, you have work tomorrow. Why don’t you go to bed?” he suggested, only for the vampire to turn to Edd with clear distress in his features. “There’s no way I would be able to sleep until we both talk to Tom.” He said, before turning his head and frowning at the way that Tom looked hellbent on avoiding both of their gazes.

Their impromptu leader didn’t seem too pleased with Matt’s decision, but he could understand the angle he was coming from. Tom hasn’t been this bad in so long, and there was an itching suspicion in the back of his mind that there was more to this Tord situation that he first let on to be.

“Tom. Look at us, please. We’ve gone through enough in one day to be sure you’re okay. The least you can do is give us your attention.” He said, Tom flinching down into the couch as he was picking harshly at the bracelets across his wrist. It was clear the other didn’t want to be in this situation, but the intervention was long overdue.

“Why are you doing this, Tom.” Edd asked, his voice leaving no room for squirming or arguments. He was getting to the bottom of this, whether Tom wanted it or not. He already had his argument planned out since the moment he stormed into his room earlier that day.

Tom didn’t respond, even if it was clear he had heard every word out of Edd’s mouth. But the real problem lied in the fact that he…literally couldn’t tell Edd. Even if he wanted to, the contract weighing over his head was a harsh reality of the rest of his miserable fucking life.

Worst part was, Tom was sure he would have fucking killed himself by now if not for the threat that Tord may focus on one of them when he died.

He couldn’t live or die with himself if he allowed that to happen, so in limbo he stayed. Slowly
building up and shattering down the walls around him as water threatened to drown him in himself. He was so lost in his thoughts that he didn’t notice he was sobbing once more.

Tom looked into the hurt in Matt’s blue eyes, his chest clenching pitifully. Matt had always just wanted the best for his friends. And no doubt this was killing him too. Tom was wiping away his tears furiously as his eyes snapped back to the ground, shaking his head.

“I can’t say.” He whimpered out, feeling his throat closing as the crushing weight of an anxiety attack was rapidly approaching. “Can’t say?” was Edd’s response, his patience visibly growing shorter as his nails bit into the sides of the couch. He couldn’t say, but he needed to. Couldn’t break Tord’s secret, but he was going to die anyways, wasn’t he?

He was gripping Matt tight when he realized he was being pulled into his chest once more, ugly sobs ripping through him as Edd studied him like the basket case that he was. And you know what? After this, maybe Tom was crazy. Broken down and smashed into a pulp, only to have his remains licked up greedily from the very demon draining him dry. He was fading away, so what was the goddamn point.

He needed help, he needed to feel those arms around him. Needed someone to see the pain he was in, understand the true hell that Tord unleashed upon his already pathetic excuse of a life. He craved for understanding, for comfort, for the gentle reassurances that Matt was whispering against his head while petting his hair.

He was wailing out before he could even stop himself, Edd’s expression cracking from the stone cold expression when it became clear that something was horribly wrong. This was more than just a fight between Tord and Tom.

He leaned forward a moment later, studying Tom closely as Matt attempted to calm the other down. He was shooshing him softly, scratching at the base of his neck like how he knew he loved. Tom wasn’t calming down though. If anything it was only working him up further, his body practically vibrating from the intensity of his tremors. He whispered back, “I can’t tell you. Please. I can’t.”

Edd finally had enough, rising from his seat and moving over to Tom. He gripped the sides of Tom’s face, forcing the man to look directly at him while his thumbs wiped at the tears rolling down his face. His expression was dead serious as Tom’s eyes rapidly searched Edd’s face, trying to ground the rising panic in his chest.

The question was simple yet strong. “Why?”

Tom was quiet, before finally bursting out into desperate sobs as his hands flew up to cradle Edd’s. He was a snotty, drooling, leaking mess of a man as every ounce of his being felt as if it were being sucked from his body. Before he could even stop himself, he was whispering to Edd, the tension between them tight enough to snap.

“Because he’ll hurt you.”

Matt’s attention was grabbed at that, eyes widening a bit as the threat in the air wasn’t met without acknowledgement. Edd looked to be thrown off as well, before his expression turned dark as he stepped closer to Tom. He didn’t want his suspicions to be confirmed, prayed to all fuck that it didn’t imply what he thought- but Tom’s expression was broken.

“Who will hurt us?” Edd asked, before watching as Tom tried to hide against Matt once more. He was withdrawing into himself, yet Edd refused to let him. He pulled Tom’s head back over to him, staring at him with a deep panic in his eyes. He swallowed around himself, before trying to shake his
“Edd please fucking trust me when I say I can’t tell you. I’m not saying it to be difficult- I legitimately can’t tell you.” Tom’s voice was this small, broken thing that was horribly plucking at the other two’s heartstrings. Whatever it was that had Tom so scared, it was making Edd nervous.

He rested his forehead against Tom’s, trying to level their stares together in order to draw Tom back from the edge he was standing on. He waited until Tom’s drunken gaze was firmly rested against his, before carefully shooshing him as he smoothed his thumbs over his jawline once more.

“Tom. Whatever this is- it’s hurting you. You need to tell us. We can’t keep sitting here knowing that you’re doing this to yourself. We... We had planned to bring you to rehab or a psyche ward if you kept up your current antics.” He confessed, knocking Tom out of his stupor long enough to get a shocked reaction out of him. Which slowly faded back to grief as tears sprung free from his eyes.

He closed them tightly as he bowed his head into Edd’s hold, foreheads touching as he tried to let the news reach past the fear in him. He didn’t want to be thought of as fucking insane, didn’t want them to stay stewing in this uncertainty any longer. Tord was destroying his life- the least that his roommates deserved to know was the truth.

He parted his lips open, before sucking in a choking breath as his voice broke into a low whisper. Edd had to strain to hear the tone of the other, but what he heard had his blood practically boiling. Ever since the breakup Edd had known something had been horribly off, a piece of the puzzle missing that just fell into place.

“IT’s Tord, Edd. Tord will hurt you if I tell you about what he’s done.”

Matt was rising up a second later, catching both Edd and Tom by surprise as a look of pure murder was written across his expression. He was shaking with poorly concealed rage, claws digging into his arm as the realization came with a heavy toll onto the vampire’s mind.

Tord was an incubus. He should have seen the warning signs from day fucking one.

He was fixing Tom with a long stare, as if he knew exactly what this meant in the long term. He was pacing before he could stop himself, Tom hunching in onto Edd’s lap as the other took Matt’s place. The two looked ready to kill- it honestly terrified Tom instead of keeping him feeling safe.

“Where the fuck did he go.” Matt was the first to stay, the cheerful note in his tone abolished in favor of one that sent chills down Tom’s spine. He had to diffuse the situation, bring the two down before something rash and terrible happened. He held his hands up in a placating manner, trying to catch Matt’s attention with desperate motions of his hand.

“Guys- please. I. I wasn’t kidding when I said he’d hurt you if you tried to do anything. He’s a lot stronger than you think-“ Edd was cutting him off next, his arms pulling the shorter male into a near crushing hug. “Tom- let it be known that I’m not kidding when I say that he won’t be taking a single fucking step near you, lest it be over my dead goddamn body.” He said, the intensity in his words knocking Tom back.

Matt looked to be on the same boat as he paced about the room, footsteps heavy as he pinned Tom with a narrowed look. He was trying to keep himself calm, to prevent the inevitable breakdown building up around them.

He approached Tom, voice so much more calmer than the storm in his eyes as he cradled Tom’s cheek in his hand. His smile was all teeth. “Tom. I need you to let me know where Tord is. I can
handle him.” He said, yet Tom’s eyes were wide in shock.

Matt’s canines looked to be near inhuman, a deep purple glow in his eyes that shone all too familiar to him. He’s seen the same glow ushering from Tord’s own gaze, which…could only mean one thing. His mouth was agape in shock, before Matt was closing his mouth just in time for Edd to turn his attention to him. The glow in his eyes was gone, replaced with the concern that had Tom fearing for their lives.

He was in shock.

Yet it was clear he was taking in too much at once. The sharp pains were beginning to pick up around him, causing that sickening feeling of his stomach to churn once more. He was pushing himself forcibly out of Edd’s arms in order to charge to the bathroom, the sting of the black bile once again leaking from his lips.

Matt was the only one to follow.

The vampire paused at the sight of the inky black dripping from his lips, before quickly moving over to help rub Tom’s back with an unsteady tremble to his hand. He gripped Tom’s chin when he was finishing emptying the contents of his stomach, the human staring at him through pathetically watering eyes.

“Youre…Fuck.” Tom tried to start, before another wave of pain resulted in yet more coppery blackness slipping from between his lips. He could feel the parasite spreading again, itching deep into his veins as he squeezed his eyes shut.

“You’re not human.” Tom left it as, merely keeping his head ducked as Matt’s touch turned ice cold on his face. He wasn’t going to lie, the feeling was horribly nice against his fevered forehead. The man before him was like a dark silhouette, accented by a deep purple glow radiating down his body.

“Neither is Tord.” Matt decided to note next, before Tom’s laugh turned outright bitter at the confirmation. He tilted his head back towards the vampire when the cold palm was removed, before pulling the collar of his hoodie down to expose that original bitemark that Tord left on his neck during their first interaction.

“No shit.” He muttered, before slumping miserably back down. It felt…nice, to finally get it off of his chest. “Was just walkin’ through a fucking alley when he came outta nowhere. All I saw was a dude trying to rape a girl, so I approached him and tried to save ‘er…but I became the meal.”

Matt looked outright ready to murder someone. He was lifting Tom up with a deathly serious look in his eyes, making sure that he was watching as his fangs elongated into a fierce snarl. It was fucking terrifying, to see such a dark expression on someone he’s known for so long as quite the opposite.

He guessed today was full of surprises for all of them.

Matt was glancing out to the living room, making sure Edd was still sitting patiently there, before finally lacing a promise into his words that terrified Tom.

“If he so much as shows up at this house again, I’ll make sure of it my fucking self that he doesn’t leave until he’s being sent straight back down to hell. Nobody hurts my friends.” Matt paused, “So if Tord comes through that fucking door again, he’s as good as dead.”

Scariest part is, Tom didn’t even doubt Matt’s words for a moment.

He shouldn’t have said anything.
Jeeze we really are getting closer to the end. All I'm gonna say is Tord comes back chapter, and the Climax begins :)

Chapter End Notes
Showdown

Chapter Summary

The real climax begins.

Chapter Notes

You all were so thirsty for this- how could I not try and get out the next chapter as soon as possible? I hope you enjoy it! ;) I'm going to try and work on the next chapter immediately! We have about three more chapters until the story is complete.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After the revelation of Tord’s true nature, it seems as if the entire house was alight with anxiety at the anticipated return of the demon.

While Matt and Tom could discuss the true dangers of the supernatural being, it was agreed that Edd should remain ignorant to his demonic status. The man was already stricken with enough crippling depression and anxiety as it was- he didn’t need to know about the supernatural side of the world. No doubt he would crumble.

So it became a very careful game of keeping Edd out of the house whenever they could. From mundane chores, to attempting to keep him firmly locked in his room.

If it came down to a brutal and bloody fight, then Tom wanted the human of the house as far away from the danger as possible. There was subtle doubts in his mind that Matt would even be able to take on Tord head to head, but he was the only bet to warding off the incubus from the house.

But would it even be worth it?

Tom had no clue. He was horrified at the thought that Tord would attempt to kill his friends now that his secret was out. Would he hurt them slowly, snip each fragile thread of their life right before his eyes? Dayterrors like that have only been terribly common after finally putting down the bottle for good. He’s been bone-dry sober since the incident at the bar. That was little over two days ago. The calendar days were steadily dwindling down to the end of the period Tord said he would be gone.

He wasn’t faring well.

Every inch of his body felt as if it were crying out for something, the blood thrumming through his veins even when he attempted to take his old earrings out. He knew that wearing them in the first place was an idiotic idea- yet now it seemed the demonic properties of Tord’s earrings had snapped when removed. Tom was miserable.

He was puking near every meal, losing weight quickly without the proper supplements to keep him healthy. Every ounce of his being felt as if it were being slowly strangled and choked out, and Tom wondered if he would even make it alive to the moment where Tord made his return. What would he
There was no way Edd or Matt could keep their mouths shut, not when Tom could be dragged back into that horrible monstrosity’s cruel arms. Just the thought had him rubbing at his skin, goosebumps rising along his arms when he settled back against Edd’s chest.

Another thing was that the two were near fiercely overprotective over him lately.

Matt would always accompany him to each of his gigs, despite the clear exhaustion that was settling across his bones. He would brush it off, say it was important for him to hunt at night and consistently feed off of living victims in order to keep his strength up. Tom tried to ignore the thought. It was a lot to take in to know that your newly dubbed vampiric best friend could be draining dry a victim right behind your back.

And don’t even get him fucking started on how Edd was faring.

He couldn’t expect even a moment of respite when Edd was around, consistently peeking in and checking up on him, asking if he needed anything at all. While Edd had been harsh and cruel with him previously, the new weight of Tord’s identity as an abuser had blossomed an intense bout of guilt from the larger man.

Edd bought Tom whatever he asked for, attempted to bring him meals and snacks that he hoped Tom could keep down, and even pulled him close against his chest whenever they were so much as sitting on the couch. While the gestures were nice and all, it wasn’t exactly helpful.

But Tom could see the sentiment behind it. Whenever Edd was having a particularly horrible bout of depression, the one thing that truly comforted him was close physical contact. It only made sense he would attempt to mirror those gestures onto those who he seemed in dire need of it.

Even now, he was firmly wrapped up in his thick arms, the gentle rocking motions hardly soothing as he kept his head tucked under Edd’s chin. He was gripping his smeg head T shirt, trying to keep his eyes on the T.V. despite the uncertainty in the air.

It was some cooking show, he could discern that much, but otherwise he wasn’t even paying attention. Instead his head was tilted towards the door, consistently checking for a dark shadow standing in the light of the window.

In the two days that had passed they had a grand total of three false alarms.

The first ring of the doorbell had been the mailman with a package, searching for a signature from Matt. Needless to say the poor mailman was rather terrified when confronted with Edd’s narrowed eyes. The second time was merely a ding dong ditch- or perhaps the person behind it had left? Tom didn’t know, he had been the one to answer after a particularly long panic attack.

The third time so far had been your stereotypical door-to-door bible thumper, attempting to convert the household towards their faith. Matt slammed the door in her face.

At this point the entire house was dreading another ring of the doorbell, while a part of Tom already knew he was desensitized to the process. Either he opens it and Tord is there, or he isn’t at all. Worst case scenario was that Tord would merely materialize into his room and try to rip that final string of his life apart.

Tom was getting worked up again by another panic attack, eyes filling with tears as Edd carefully shifted him closer with quiet shooshing motions. Matt was looking up as well when it was clear Tom was having another attack, shuffling over and sitting with the two as his arms firmly smothered Tom.
into a warm/cold sheet.

He rested his forehead against Matt’s arms, squeezing his eyes tightly together. “I’m. I’m fine.” He tried to argue, yet the tears wouldn’t stop. Why did he have to live like this? Why would his two friends be so willing to die for him? He hated it; no part of him deserved this. He tried to push away, only to find his hands gently cradled by Matt as he held the others.

“Please- Tom, let’s just try and get some sleep tonight, alright?” He implored, before Edd was nodding his agreement. “It’s pretty late as it is. Do you want us to sleep with you again tonight?” he asked, ever so eager to swoop Tom into his arms. The punk was at a loss of words for now, before burying his face into Edd’s shoulder and nodding with a shaking sigh.

He wasn’t able to sleep without someone near him. He didn’t feel safe with himself, not anymore. And he wasn’t going to lie: It was nice to curl up between the two solid bodies of his much healthier friends. Matt’s entire frame was strong and tall like an oak. Edd was shorter than Matt, but much softer and bigger than the other.

Both of them were amazing to cuddle up to, and Tom appreciated it as Edd settled them both under the covers with Matt soon to follow. It took a bit of shifting in order to find a comfortable position, but when it was found, the trio was asleep within minutes.

Everything felt like distant sensations in the back of his head, a throbbing pulse that spread from the top to the bottom of his body. It was as if he was flowing through his own veins, the sensations so strange but comforting as the beat of his heart set the motions.

He was floating and letting the current take him, his eyes parting open into a field of blue. He didn’t know where this strange dimension was, but it was much better than the horrendous nightmares plaguing him for the past few months.

If he looked close enough, he could see expanses of purple and green side by side. The purple was a whisking dark shadow spreading about the corners of his vision- but it wasn’t malevolent, despite the evil exterior. It was moreso a gentle black fog that attempted to creep into the blue, only to recede when far enough from the purple.

His head? Being? Whatever he was, he turned towards the green. It was as deep and expanse of the forest, prompting exploration and a deep sense of adventure thrumming from the core of the aura. He swore he saw a gentle light beckoning from the inside, making the blue all the more brighter.

While he was stuck between the two, he didn’t feel trapped.

It was as if they were supporting him, holding him firm together to prevent his very being from coming apart. It was enough to warm the insides of his pulse further, happiness an emotion that was so fleeting lately. He could look up to where his hand felt sensations of smoke- yet nothing would fall into his vision.

It was a strange existence.

He felt as if he could get lost inside of this paradise, trying to cross the borders between the different colors without success. Even if sitting by one or the other would remind him of certain memories, he was unable to fully immerse himself in that welcoming fog. A thin red thread kept him from the end goal, a burning sensation to his being whenever he would make contact with it.
It was bothersome. He turned his attention towards where the front and back of this reality started, only to not find a precise answer of where to begin. He moved like a dream along the red line, following it with the curve of his eye. He didn’t know for how long that he drifted, searching, feeling along that sharp burn.

It was only when the green and purple were gone did he begin to notice the line thickening. At first it was a minute change, nothing to terribly concern him. Yet the deeper into this world he got, the more the red began to branch out into delicate veins of its own.

The blue that was so prominent before was steadily being replaced with this deep red, near agonizing to the touch when Tom realized how deep into this world he had immersed himself in. Before him was a field of nothing but red veins and near grossly infected parts, throbbing with a dull red energy about him.

Tom was scared of this part.

He went to turn around, to return to that safe comfort of those different colors. Yet with a start, he was noticing that the red had been creeping behind him like a predator, the veins having closed behind him the further in he had gone. He could only faintly make out the safe plethora of colors behind him- but red was infecting everything about him.

It hurt.

The veins kept spreading across his expansive room, covering the space in the pulsating glow. The strange thing about it, however, was the way that a subtle purple mist was rising from the mixture. It was like a chemical reaction was exploding through his being, the purple mist near choking him worse than the suffocating proximity of crimson veins.

He fell to his knees as the webbing was stretching over his head, tendrils gently brushing the source of his essence as the veins seemed to pick up speed the closer they got to his target. The second one of the wisps managed to wrap around his leg, everything was exploding into white hot pain. If he had a set of vocal chords he would no doubt be screaming.

The more he struggled it seemed the more the veins threatened to pierce through his very being, to corrupt his very core. He was trapped in the endless red, the continuous pain wearing away at him slowly. He felt like a husk, a puppet on a string electrocuted for the watcher’s entertainment.

He didn’t know how much longer he could take- until the feeling of harsh yanking against his body was ripping him from the tendrils.

His eyes were snapping open to the sight of two blurry figures above him, cold hands pressing against his swelteringly hot forehead. He could feel perspiration clinging to his body in the most unappealing of ways, his nose scrunching up as his heart was beating near out of control. He could still feel that burning pain through his body, near constant agony ripping him apart from the seams.

He felt sick again.

Tom could hardly even roll over long enough to throw up that disgusting black bile over the side of the bed, Edd’s hands instantly rubbing across his shoulders as he did so. He cracked his eyes open once more to note the flickering of light through the blinds, having to squint and sit himself slowly back up when his stomach felt less like murdering his existence.
He let himself fall back onto his back, tears in his eyes as he attempted to calm himself down. He had no clue what to make of the sensations that had previously assaulted him, his hands moving up to bury against his face. If only that could block out the pain still pounding through his chest.

He didn’t so much as move when Edd and Matt settled down next to him again, two different arms winding around both his chest and his waist. It was a nice feeling, admittedly, but their concern spoke volumes for what had happened while he was asleep. Not to mention that the silence in the air was leaving him even more uneasy than the dream.

He turned his head into the cleft of Edd’s neck, his voice horribly unsteady. “What happened? Did I have a nightmare?” he asked, already feeling as if he knew the answer. Matt was the one to reply first, tiredly muttering right into Tom’s ear as he stated, “More like one of the worst night terrors I’ve had yet to witness. And this is coming from a nurse who overnight watched suicide victims.”

Well that was reassuring.

He sighed a bit and let himself get sandwiched between the two men, not wanting to say anything as soothing fingers ran repeatedly over his scalp. It was quiet once more, until Edd piped in with his own input. “Do you remember what you were dreaming about? You looked absolutely terrified.” He somberly said, not wanting to push Tom to share, but definitely hoping that there was something they could do for him.

Tom just shook his head. There was no way they would ever understand the dream. It was just yet another series of strange abnormalities that were all too common in his life as of late. If he could close his eyes and forget the choking sensation of those…things…he would be all too fucking happy.

At least it seemed as if the two weren’t going to pry for now. How long that would last? He had little to no idea, unfortunately. The weight of his confession wasn’t leaving him much squirming room when it came to the wellbeing of his friends. They had a right to be informed now more than ever—but just the thought of even trying to explain those colors had left him with a headache.

It wasn’t that important anyways.

He was just about to let his mind fade into a comfortable blank when the sudden sound of an obnoxious ringtone was going off— it was a shitty kazoo version of the Jurassic Park theme. Edd was the first one to move, groaning in annoyance as he pulled the phone close to his face to study the alarm.

He was sighing out loud afterwards, turning off the alarm and slamming the phone down onto the mattress. “Fuckin’ Christ.” He muttered under his breath, before slowly sitting up and leaving Tom to shift closer to Matt to make room.

“It’s already 10 o clock- I need to head out today for a bit to meet up with my next client for a commission.” He sighed, before throwing his leg over the side of the bed and chancing a glance at the two tired men still in the bed. Tom looked so much more frail lately that it hurt, and the blood that he was vomiting up? He was worried.

Matt took note of Edd’s thinking face, before pointing a finger at him in determination. “Oh. Oh no you don’t. I know you’re not planning on canceling that big gig just to make sure that Tom’s okay. I already have the day off of work- go make some money Edd!” He stated strongly, despite the upwards curve of his lips.

He had to be as stern as possible to keep Edd off of their backs. It was a simple back and forth stare
off, with Tom already tuckered out on the bed as the two duked it out non-verbally. Finally Edd was relenting with a small sigh leaving him.

“Okay, fine, I trust that if something were to happen you’d call me immediately. In fact, if Tord shows up? Don’t even answer the door.” He instructed, backing out of the room with his body remaining in Matt’s direction. It was admittedly a little bit impressive, like the dude had eyes in the back of his head or something.

Matt merely sighed, waving his hand towards his roommate. “Yes, Edd. I’m aware. I promise you Tom will be okay until we can figure out what to do about legal protection.” Matt said, drawling on about the “terms” he discussed with Edd. As far as he was concerned, Tord was a human, and a restraining order would be placed if Tord were to try and come back. Simple as that.

If only it were that easy.

Edd was already out of the room by the time that Matt turned back towards the poor human in his arms, looking so thin and small compared to his own build. Sure Matt was rather tall and lanky as a result- but Tom was bordering outright unhealthy now.

He sighed out softly, before relenting to make himself comfortable spread out against Tom’s back. There was no way he would be able to sleep, not when Tom was in this condition. He needed to stay vigilant and aware of the disturbances in atmosphere around them- in case Tord was trying to pay Tom a visit while he was asleep.

But nothing seemed to change, all the way up until Tom was finally rolling out of Matt’s arms with a shifting grunt, curling in on himself, before finally spreading out along the covers and hugging a pillow to his chest. He was rubbing at his eyes after finally cracking them open- before turning to Matt with a dull blue color to his usual brilliant irises.

He stared at them a moment, frowning, before hoping it was just a result of the depression and not a more…sinister route. If Tord’s blood truly was infecting Tom, there was no way to tell if the human would outright die. Or change.

He didn’t want to dwell on it too long.

Matt was smiling at Tom when the other seemed to grow tired of his staring, scoffing softly and rolling to the side to flop gracelessly over the side of the bed. He let out a disgusted, “Augh!” when he found his feet planting firmly in the sticky black stain below his feet. He lifted them up, scoffed at the disgusting strands of ink that stuck, before tossing off his socks and whipping them towards his dresser.

The entire time Matt had to stifle his amusement into his palm, standing up and walking towards the door as he turned towards Tom. “Try not to step in that again- but did you want some breakfast?” He inquired, already expecting the mute shake of his head. Nothing that Tom ate stayed down, and that included even simple breakfast foods.

Matt sighed a bit as he went downstairs anyways to let Tom shower and get ready. And to maybe whip himself up a bite to eat. He can’t even remember the last time he’d had to cook for Edd or Tom in a while, honestly missing the simple gesture now that the tilt of their lives had been thrown off skew.

He grabbed some pancake mix down from the top shelf, before measuring out exactly enough for one single pancake. He stirred the mixture with the water and milk, letting the simple motions lull him into security while Tom showered upstairs.
He was just about to pour the batter when a chill ran down his spine, an ominous feeling in the air that created tension among his tensed powers. His head moved to the door before the ring even echoed across the house, Matt’s eyes narrowing as he already had a strange feeling he knew just what would be waiting for him behind it.

He placed the bowl of pancakes to the side, feeling just a hint of panic in his chest as he realized that this was it. If it was Tord behind that door, then all of the gloves would be off. There was no telling just what would happen. But if Matt knew one thing- weakened or not, he was a Vampire Prince class. That would naturally outrank any incubus…right?

He had to put trust in himself.

So he stepped over to the door with a fearless gait, already sensing the hints of demonic energy behind it as he reached for the knob. He paused, took in a deep breath, before letting his face fall into an expression that he hoped portrayed murder. He grabbed the handle and twisted it, nearly baffling the creature standing on the other end.

The same spiked hair, tall stature, smug posture that made Matt instantly question how he didn’t sense the evil intentions on such a horrendously obvious monster. He was glaring with an intensity that even seemed to outright throw off Tord- before he was grinning a bit and spreading his arms open with what looked to be a poor attempt at a sheepish expression.

“Hello, old friend! It’s me…uh..” He was trailing off when Matt’s expression didn’t appear to budge, instead only narrowing in intensity until he could see the glowing purple wisping across his steadily shifting irises. Something was wrong- but Tord couldn’t jump the gun yet. He just got here, after all. “..Tord?”

Matt was instantly rising up to his full height, already just a few inches taller than Tord as he glowered down at the other. “Oh yes, indubitably. How could I forget a face like yours?” He asked, tone dripping with even more malice than his eyes could ever hope to convey.

Tord and Matt were frozen to the spot, Tord’s face slowly dropping the longer he was forced to stand there with an angry prince glowering down at him. Finally he was narrowing his own eyes, a displeased aura drifting about the room as he attempted to move past Matt. “Well- excuse me. Tom texted me earlier regarding our…breakup… and I was hoping to talk to him alone.”

Matt wasn’t moving- if anything he shoved his arm directly in front of Tord’s path and cut him off with a dark expression. This was it, wasn’t it? Tord looked outright baffled at the gall that Matt had. Slowly his eyes were lighting up with a red glow, his claws flexing at his side. Oh how easy it would be to fling this fucker across the room- but he had a contract in place.

So slowly he allowed his lips to curve up into a smile, tilting his head to the side. “Is this…about the whole “helping you hunt” thing? Because I’m a very busy demon, and you weren’t exactly high on the priority list.” He subtly jabbed, before noting Matt did look a bit stronger from the last time he saw the underfed whelp.

Matt merely grinned with his canines, squaring his shoulders up with a casual shrug. “Oh, no no no, I was fine with that. What I’m really concerned about is-“

Both of their heads turned when a third voice was piping in, muffled in the background but undeniable who it belonged to. “Hey Matt we’re going to need more shampoo.” Tom was rubbing off his hair with his wet towel, boxers and a tank top on as he wasn’t even aware that the doorbell had rang.
He was just about to head into the kitchen, when suddenly the presence from the door caught his attention. He froze in place, not even wanting to turn around as the pace of his heart began to pick up in anxiety. Yet that silky smooth voice was speaking to him, clouding his mind in sheer terror.

“Tom! Ah, there you are. Matt is acting rather strange lately and won’t let me come in. Can you tell him to back off for me? Confirm to him that I’m SUPPOSED to be here?” he asked. The silence that stretched through the room was suffocating- before finally Tom was turning around to look at the other directly.

Tord was frozen to the spot at the sheer expression of terror on the human’s face, before slowly his eyes met with Matt’s once more. All at once it became too clear just what had happened in the time that Tord had been absence. At first his amusement shown through a subtle smile, a light chuckle leaving his lips.

“Ah…I see.” He began, the chuckling steadily rising in his chest until he was outright grinning with barely contained glee. The demonic aura flittering about him was beginning to shift and mold into a steadily growing red cloud around him, catching Matt off guard as he had to take a few steps back away.

Tord glided in like he owned the place, his eyes firmly trained on Tom as he clicked his tongue in that same infuriating manner he always had. Matt was trying to jump in front of Tom, to keep him away from Tord- yet the demon merely pushed against Matt’s chest and sent the unprepared vampire back a few steps.

Tord was a lot stronger than he had thought.

“So. You do know the conditions for what happens if you are to…break a part of the contract, correct?” he asked, before motioning a palm towards Matt who looked ready to charge once more. Instead he waited, watching the horror in Tom’s expression shift through so many delicious emotions. Rage, terror, anxiety, depression, hopelessness- he could taste each distinct flavor bursting in different waves. He’s missed him.

Tom refused to answer.

Tord was just about to reach for Tom when it seemed that he misjudged Matt’s strength- the vampire was outright blasting him back with a wave of energy as he went to finally step his place firmly in front of Tom. “No- and it won’t matter, because you won’t be touching a single hair on his head anymore, sex slut!” Matt billowed with rage.

Tord could only laugh. He waved off the insult like a pesky fly flittering above his head, before getting into a defensive stance. Even if Tom may have broke a part of their deal, he had a way that the other could make up for it. Yet if he were to actively break a significant part of the deal as well? It would shatter.

He had to be careful.

“Not going to touch him? Well, to be fair, I’ve more than likely touched him more than anyone else has already. And boy, let me tell you how delicious he tastes. Perhaps you should try his blood sometime, sucky.” He taunted, letting the insults flow off of his tongue as Matt looked more and more visibly angry. He was circling Tom as Tord attempted to as well, looking for a way to strike.

“You know, I think I’ll pass.” Matt began, before flashing his fangs in warning. “Considering your putrid black blood has already contaminated him! Don’t you even know how deals work, demon? Or are you too busy trying to fuck around to actually do a proper contract!” he jabbed, the back and
forth already quickly growing tiring to the incubus.

Finally he was standing up straight, staring at Tom with a dark look in his eyes. He held out his hand, trying to reach forward into his mind. Yet it was blocked. He ripped his powers back, gritting his teeth as the human all but shrunk behind Matt. He wasn’t happy about this development.

“Tom- you will be coming with me, unless you want someone to get hurt.” He tried to warn, watching the way that his gorgeous blue eyes were widening in the fear that he loved most about him. Finally Tom was attempting to speak. “Tord- no. That wasn’t a part of the-“

Tord cut him off with a wicked grin across his features. “Yes. It wasn’t part of the deal. You were to stay here with your friends and it would be as if nothing in your life changes besides the addition to me.” He paused, letting that sink in, “But you know what else was a part of the deal? Not telling them about my true identity. And what did you do?”

He was smiling, tilting his head to the side as Tom’s head bowed down into submission. “Yes. That’s right. You went back on the promise for that, so therefore I must take you away from the friends who now know my secret. It’s for safety and convenience’s sake.” He said, spreading open his arms into a shrug.

Yet the second he went to try and get Tom once more, Matt was creating a rather impressive dark shadow between his fingers and shooting the dark energy straight at Tord with lightning straight precision. Tord was stumbling back from the sharp pain in his chest, scowling down at the hole in his red hoodie.

He studied the burnt fabric for a moment, before snapping it off and leaving him in a black tank top. He was smiling, too, a smug little expression. “Oh? Is that how it’s going to be, pretty boy?” He cooed in challenge, noting the way that Matt’s stance shifted to the offensive.

Tord let out a low chuckle, before finally it seemed as if the final match would begin.

“You want to dance? Then let’s fucking dance.”

Chapter End Notes

Wow I’m sure you’re gonna hate me for that pause. But it was already 5k words, and I was tired okay? If ya’ll want quick updates you’re gonna have to live for awkward pauses in the drama!

Anyways. I got a new tumblr!
Feel free to message, commissions me, or request fics of me at https://morph-writes-shit.tumblr.com/
The End, Part 1

Chapter Summary

The final showdown begins.

Chapter Notes

Well I sure hope this was worth the wait! The end is so close, I can already almost taste it.

At first it seemed as if the tension in the room could snap at any moment.

Whenever Tord would step left, Matt would mirror his motions until they were in a stalemate. Matt didn’t want to let Tord get too close, but he refused to so much as let him touch a hair on Tom’s head. If he were to fail his duty of keeping Tom safe…

He didn’t want to think of the repercussions.

The haunting expression of Tom’s thinning frame was motivation enough for him, knowing that distant look in his deep blue eyes would forever shatter should Tord be allowed to take his friend. Tom would no doubt live, suffer, and die under the demon’s hand.

Matt was gathering a sphere of dark energy in his palm, while Tord didn’t even seem slightly phased by the demonstration. If anything he was only smiling wider, his wings erupting from behind his back and spreading out in as threatening display as he could. Admittedly, it was intimidating. Tord had proven himself as a more than capable incubus when they hunted.

But they weren’t that strong outside of their abilities, right?

Matt was finally tired of this stalemate. He lunged the ball of darkness at the demon, watching as he merely blinked out of existence. At once Matt was whipping around the room, eyes scanning the area as his ball of shadows harmlessly dissipated against the wall.

He only noted to check Tom’s location just a moment too late, the demon already gripping Tom in a chokehold as he dragged him closer. His tongue was sliding ever so slowly along Tom’s neck, hints of fang poking out to draw a line of blood from his terrified friend’s neck. “I don’t feel like fighting, you know.” Tord teased as he pulled back from Tom’s throat, before trying to dematerialize with Tom in his hold.

Yet Matt wasn’t letting him go that easily.

He was shooting forward and letting his fist meet Tord’s cheek, knocking him and Tom into a heap on the floor as the edges of the Vampire’s eyes glowed a deep red the more enraged he became. “What did I tell you about putting a single claw on him!” Matt hissed, kneeling down and raking his
claws down Tord’s arms as the surprise at least helped to loosen his hold on Tom.

Matt was pulling him out of the fray after a moment’s notice, shooting back and attempting to consider a rather hasty retreat. Could they run from Tord? How long would they have to remain on the go? He didn’t like the idea, but knew that would be exactly what he would resort to if the tide of battle turned out of his favor.

He placed Tom down onto the couch, looking at the absolutely pale expression on his face. He seemed to be in the midst of a panic attack, his entire body shaking as he curled up within himself. As much as Matt wanted to curl around him in protection, he knew that he had a job to finish as he turned back to Tord.

The demon was dusting himself off with lazy motions, the red aura flickering about him finally rekindling as a rather hurt gaze was directed towards Matt. “Well that wasn’t very nice. I was just trying to catch up on lost time with my boyfriend.” He had growled, lips curled up into a wide grin as he cracked his neck ominously back into place.

“I don’t want to hear another word out of your mouth.” Matt hissed in response, before settling his footing into a crouched stance. He was off again like a rocket, propelling himself to Tord and attempting to deliver another swift punch to the other. Yet Tord was so easily stepping out of his way, causing Matt to catch himself before rocketing past. He turned and swung with an uppercut, only for Tord to land a powerful blow to his stomach.

But he wouldn’t back down from a measly punch.

He got Tord once again in the jaw, before the other was stumbling back and regaining himself at a farther distance from Matt. He was brandishing his claws for Matt’s next sweep- yet the vampire had his own at the ready.

They locked once more, Tord managing to catch Matt’s cheek while the other buried his own deep into Tord’s shoulder. He should have had the leverage and strength to bring the incubus to his knees- but Tord didn’t budge. Instead he was merely inches from Matt’s face, features not even contorted into any semblance of pain.

His own hands slowly went up to grip Matt’s wrist, before a sickening snap was echoing through the room as Matt’s scream had Tom’s head whipping up from over the couch. Tord was holding Matt’s hand at an unnatural angle, the vampire falling to his knees as he so casually let his hand drop down.

Tom could only cry as Tord’s gaze moved back to him, turning his entire body to his victim and walking in lazy steps to approach him once more. “What a minor inconvenience.” He had chuckled, the blood on his hands smearing onto Tom’s head whipping up from over the couch. Tord was holding Matt’s hand at an unnatural angle, the vampire falling to his knees as he so casually let his hand drop down.

His tone was so sugar sweet as he mixed Matt’s blood lazily onto his pale features, the contrast so gorgeous that Tord couldn’t help but steal another kiss. This was long past his due, the taste of Tom’s fear so delectable as his tongue trailed languidly over his lips. He was about to deepen it when piercing pain shot through his shoulder.

In Matt’s previously injured hand rested a dagger- one that was currently plunged deep into Tord’s shoulderblade. The vampire twisted the weapon, before gripping Tord by the back of his throat and pulling him back down once more. Tom had been frozen in shock from the moment of the kiss, lips parted open as terrified blue eyes slowly traveled down to the floor.
Matt had Tord pinned down onto his stomach, his wrist already healed enough to twist and stab the blade whenever he could land it. The demon was twisting and convulsing in pain—before a powerful shockwave was blowing back nearly all of the furniture in the house. Matt was sent flying as Tord was flapping his wings with a powerful strokes. He rose up into the air, deep red eyes narrowed towards the vampire.

“You are really getting on my nerves, sucy!” he shouted, before Matt was already regaining his footing and allowing himself to float up into the air once more. The ginger was admittedly much more tired than he wanted to be in this situation, since healing so quickly took massive amounts of power, but he stood off in front of Tord once more.

The two were moving in a slow circle around the ruined expanse of their living room, Tom having been knocked against the wall from the initial shockwave exuded by Tord. His head was spinning once more, pulses of agony ripping through his skull as his anxiety was sending the demon blood inside of him into overdrive.

He felt like the entire room was fading in and out before his eyes, watching as Matt and Tord continuously collided together with each pass in the air. Tord would land a hit, then Matt, and the stalemate continued up until the point Matt found himself embedded deep into the connecting walls between the living room and Edd’s.

The vampire left a rather impressive hole, before Tord was rocketing inside after him.

Tom wanted to get up and follow, to be sure that Matt was okay. Every step felt like agony as he forced himself to his knees, unsteady as he swore he couldn’t feel where his shoulder was connected at all. His right arm felt completely limp at his side. He moved his hand up to try and manually move the appendage—yet cringed when it hardly budged without pain.

He pulled his hand back, looking down at the red coating his fingers. Fuck. He turned towards the door of Edd’s room only to watch it fly off of his hinges as Tord and Matt came crashing through. Matt had the demon pinned down beneath him once more, his claws slashing and maiming nearly whatever he could reach. But Tord flipped him over with the strength of his legs alone.

The two were crashing into Tom’s room next, the other feeling so helpless as he could only watch the everloving shit getting kicked out of his roommate. He could see the destruction left in the wake of Edd’s room, his mouth covered in shock as his expensive animation setup was nearly left in a heap on the floor.

He could only expect the same from his own possessions as Tord’s pained hiss echoed through the house, before another shockwave of power was rattling the house’s frame once more. Matt was flying through the wall once again as the beaten and bloody vampire skidded to a halt in the kitchen, Tord looking pretty worse for wear himself as blood red eyes narrowed dangerously to the other.

“You are so fucking lucky the contract between me and Tom is still intact, or else I would have killed you a long time ago, blood fucker!” He had yelled, claws dripping with Matt’s blood as he stormed over towards the broken heap that the other had become.

He was curled up so helplessly as Tord reached down to lift him up once more, Tom screaming in horror as he took Matt and slammed him mercilessly against the doorframe. A sickening crack left Matt absolutely boneless in Tord’s hold, eyes dull and flickering purple as he was tossed aside so carelessly by the incubus.

Tord was looming over the duo like a shadow, his wings temporarily dematerialized as a particularly nasty blow had broken one in the fight. His gaze went from Matt to Tom, before his hands lifted up
into the air as a dark blob of shadows was steadily gaining strength and size between his palms. His eyes were alit with rage, dark pulses emitting from the glow as Matt could only helplessly turn his gaze up towards the attack.

“Will you. Fucking. Stay. Down!” he shouted…right as the front door was opening to a familiar man in a green hoodie.

The first thing that Edd noticed when he stepped inside with bags of groceries was the absolute disaster that the living room had become, the sheer shock of it suitably knocking the keys straight from between his fingers. His brown eyes were moving over the carnage in horror, before noticing the four holes leading from each bedroom to the next.

He had absolutely no idea what to make of this disaster. His computer was in a fritz against the wall, Tom’s room looked as if a hurricane had hit it, and absolutely nothing made sense to the brunette.

The next thing he noticed was Matt’s body tossed so carelessly to the side, curled up in a heap as Tord stood before him. He had no clue how to response to the sight of the gigantic ball of shadows in Tord’s hand, but it seemed as if the world had blanked out into static. There was too much to take in.

He hadn’t known monsters or demons were so much as a real, nor did he believe in them. But there was no way to explain that dark energy flittering between Tord’s fingers. Yet there was one thing he did know. Matt was in danger. A man that, to this point, he only knew as a mortal.

How was Edd to know that the ball of shadows would only incapacitate Matt? How was he supposed to know that it wouldn’t be fatal towards the vampire? He didn’t.

And that’s why he ran in front of the blow right before Tord could lower it towards Matt.

Tom could only watch as time seemed to slow as Edd so foolishly charged in front of the blow, fear so prominent in Edd’s eyes as Tord only realized the change of targets a moment too late. The incubus’s eyes were blown wide in horror as the ball left his fingers, hurdling towards Edd as the other spread his arms out in front of the only people that meant the most to his life.

The second that the orb connected to Edd’s chest, Tom was screaming. The room erupted into a dark burst of shadows as Edd’s body convulsed violently from the pure demonic energy coursing through him. His body was landing to the side in a pale heap, eyes still open in that expression of panic and fear that was on his features moments before his sacrifice.

Tord’s face was twisted in horror as the color slowly faded from Edd’s body, his features steadily slacking as a blank gaze settled in his eyes. As the energy finally ceased rocketing through Edd’s body, it was far too late.

Tom ran over towards the other with no care for his own self-preservation, falling to his knees before him as his shaking hands oh so gently moved Edd’s head towards him. “Edd?” his cracking tone had asked, before tears spilled over his eyes as the sight of the other’s expression didn’t so much as budge. His eyes were unfocused, the blush in his cheeks gone.

Tom was carefully relocating his head into his lap with his one good arm, staring at his friend as two of his fingers searched along his neck for a pulse. For a breath of air. For any sense of life in his steadily cooling body.

He felt absolutely nothing for a brief stretch of time, like every emotion in his body had pitched to a level he couldn’t even comprehend it. Edd was dead. There was no pulse in his body, no breath
leaving his lips, no life in those dull brown eyes. He was gone, just like that.

Matt was already falling unconscious at his side, Edd was fucking dead, and Tord could only stare there with the slowly escalating anxiety spreading across his features as only one result could come of this.

The contract was broken.

Tom was sitting here with his dead friend’s body resting on his lap, staring down at Edd with a blank expression. The tears had stopped falling a while ago, leaving a blank slate in their wake. His shaking hands so tenderly closed each lid of Edd’s eyes, before Tord was stepping back a bit as the blood coursing through Tom’s veins reached a frenzied pitch.

Black veins were spreading through his hands, slowly engulfing his entire body as darkness clouded his mind. Tord killed Edd. Tord, the little fucking thorn in his side for the past few months, the man responsible for his ever present misery, the one who was trying to drag him away from his friends and his life for the entire duration of knowing him- he not only seriously injured one friend, but FUCKING KILLED ANOTHER.

Tom couldn’t think straight, couldn’t see straight through a slow and steady darkness creeping over his eyes. All he could see was this dull red aura rising from Tord, the other stepping back as Tom’s hands were engulfed in the black virus spreading through him.

He oh so gently placed Edd’s body down in front of him, before rising to his feet as a sickening snap seemed to echo through his body. Yet he felt no pain, even as his hands were snapping and changing with each step forward. He was feeling horrendously out of control as he moved forward with slow steps, no real goal in mind besides to get to Tord.

Yet from Tord’s point of view? Things were horrifying different.

Tom’s eyes were blank. Pitch black like the shadows steadily consuming his form, his mutated blood finally making way to total chaos now that he no longer had a bond on the other. His contaminated form was steadily spreading with Tord’s own demonic power, Tom’s essence absorbing it and nourishing it to fruition.

He was growing.

His hands were shifting and snapping into a completely different bone structure, a pair of claws flexing where fingers once rested. The veins were beginning to overtake his entire body as well. At first Tord believed it to be merely a trick of the eye- but Tom was indeed steadily growing in size. At first it was merely a foot taller than his usual stature.

Yet the closer Tom got to Tord, the larger he was becoming. His body was emitting a series of quite horrifying cracks and snaps as he stormed forward with pure murder in his expression, before suddenly Tom’s body was shifting him into a crouching position.

The human was frozen in place as the black ink was steadily creeping up his neck, his entire form convulsing with violent tremors as a scream of pain slowly morphed into a distressed roar of pain. His monstrous hands were clutching his head as the bone structure slowly morphed his eyes together into one monstrous socket locked onto Tord with indescribable rage.

Horns were spouting from his head as a long tail nearly took out the entire wall behind Tom, his body rapidly expanding as a blind rage overtook him. He wasn’t even capable of thought as his sudden crouch and charge caught Tord by absolute surprise.
A large paw was sweeping him off his feet, crashing through the front window as the strength behind it was indescribable.

His blood had morphed Tom into something far stronger than an imp.

He found himself buried deep into the ground of the neighbor’s house, destroying their fence in the process as the series of events that found him in this situation absolutely failed to catch up to his lagged mind. He was drawing a lot of attention as the horrified expression of some weird guy in a blue button down stared at him through the window, before no doubt he was running to tell his housemates just what was going on.

Tord was working himself back up to his feet when suddenly a half ton monstrosity was barreling through the front wall of the house, leaving a gaping hole that somehow left the structure of the house still standing. Tom was unrecognizable from his initial appearance, left in the wake of a demon that far outranked what Tord previously thought capable of an initial changeling.

He barely had any time to get up before Tom’s paw was slamming down onto his chest, shattering Tord’s ribs as the weight alone was bad enough. Consider the sheer force behind the rippling muscles in Tom’s hide, and there was little to no chance that the force behind the hit wouldn’t be crippling to Tord in the long run.

He couldn’t move, forced to stare up at Tom in horror as the beast lowered his maw to orbit his head around in order to judge depth perception. The second that he seemed to correct himself, Tord was screaming in agony as rows of dagger sharp teeth were lodging deep into his shoulders.

The force against his chest was dissipated only long enough for him to be lifted up in Tom’s maw—before he was feeling every muscle and ligaments tearing at once in his arm as Tom shook his head violently from side to side. Tord was screaming, feeling the bone crunching under the force of Tom’s grip.

The pressure only alleviated when the final tendon in his arm was tearing him free from Tom’s grasp, his body flinging limply to the side. At first he wasn’t quite sure what happened, attempting to move his right arm only to find absolutely no response from the action. He used his left to raise his body up—before paling at the sight of Tom.

He had his arm held loosely in his jaw, before throwing his head back and devouring it in a single gulp. The beast was idly grooming itself after the horrendous deed, large tail thumping on the ground as it was clear that Tom wasn’t all there. He had no control over this new body.

The incubus stumbled up to his feet a moment later, feeling nauseous as the sheer blood loss was slowly beginning to affect him. His contract was destroyed. The knowledge of that was still attempting to catch up to his awestruck brain, the entire deal void now that he had killed one single mortal.

Perhaps it was out of frustration that bred his fury, or the sight of Tom so innocently rising up and looking ready to run off after devouring his arm, but he felt like he was played for a fool. If his dark aura was strong before, it was nearly all encompassing as every fiber of his being was preparing for a full shift.

He could only see red as slowly he was rising up from the ground, wings erupting from his back as a long armored tail followed quickly behind. Wind whipped about his form, catching Tom’s attention as Tord’s body was steadily encasing itself in a thick shell of red and black armor-esque scales.

The monster was rearing back as Tord’s torn body was allocating nearly every ounce of its energy
into healing the collective damage sustained in the previous few fights—until the demon stood as
good and new as when the battle had first started. His arm had already regenerated, his body was
scratchless, and there was a deep suited fury burning in his eyes.

He raised his hand up once more, demonic energy swirling about as a ball nearly ten times the size of
what hit Edd was gathering before him. He was heaving with each breath, anger out of control as his
“boyfriend” reared up onto two legs to roar at him.

This was more trouble than it was worth.

The entire time this fucking little heathen wasn’t worth even a moment of his concern, let alone this
pathetic battle that was over far before it was over. There was no doubt in Tord’s mind that he was
the strongest force to be reckoned with throughout the entire demonic world. He was a fucking god
compared to a half starved vampire, a human, and a two ton mangy mutt.

He was throwing his head back into roaring laughter a moment later, watching Tom attempting to
charge towards him and try to swipe him out of the air once more with his large paw. Instead he
merely threw the condensed ball of power directly at his large target—before scoffing a bit as Tom’s
reckless charge forward put him just out of harm’s way. It was no matter.

“Oh, look at you, thinking you’re just so tough. Next time I won’t miss— and I’ll go and finish off that
pathetic little vampire like I couldn’t have before when I’m done.” He hissed, before another ball was
steadily materializing in his palm as Tom managed to finally turn around and scrape his claws into
the ground like a bull ready to charge.

By the time his next attack was ready, Tord knew there was no way he could miss this. Tom was
charging directly towards him with reckless abandon, leaving deep craters across the expanse of two
yards as he approached the floating form of Tord.

The incubus raised his palm into the air with a ringing fit of laughter, watching as Tom noticed the
sheer size of his next attack just a moment too late. He was skidding into the ground to try and come
to a halt, a low whimper leaving him as the demon reveled with glee the way there was no way for
him to dodge out of the range in time.

Tord was bringing his hand down to deliver the killing blow—when suddenly the feeling of a
thousand needles piercing through his wing was disrupting the attack in his hand. He could feel a
hole burning through the membrane as sheer holy energy was rocketing through his bloodstream,
pulling an inhumane screech from his mouth while the orb of energy he had been collecting
exploded without his focus to manifest it.

He was left reeling in the crater his body left in the ground from the explosion, shaking fingers
slowly moving up to his wing to blindly grope along it. He was searching for the hole, looking for
the source of his pain—before ripping his hand back the second he felt along an intricate metallic
design embedded into the ground with his wing.

It was a holy arrow.

His gaze slowly turned skyward, barely making out the figure floating above him with an angelic
regality. A pair of large feathered wings spread before him, blocking out the sun and leaving the
silhouette merely bathed in shadows as a bow was clutched tight in their hold. By the looks of it,
they were already pulling back another arrow, the light consuming the bow giving Tord a glimpse of
what he feared to be the last thing in his time on earth.

A pair of deep brown eyes.
-clears throat- Please don't hate me for that cliffhanger. I'll try not to leave you for another 2-3 weeks again! I also may or may not already be planning my next long term fic. This next one should be a hell of a lot happier.
The End, Part 2

Chapter Summary

A lot happens.

Chapter Notes

Holy shit guys, here we are. Almost a month later and I finally have the finished chapter to the final Tord battle! I must say, my vision for this fanfiction changed a lot from when I first started writing it.

Initially I intended for Matt to bite Edd, suck his blood from Tord starving him- hell I even planned for Edd to be a werewolf. But the path I took has to be my favorite one yet, and I hope you all enjoy the final chapter to the legacy.

There's one more after this, as moreso a wrap up of what the characters are doing after the events of The End. It will be much shorter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the light settled from the figure’s form above him, Tord had to cringe away from a pulse of energy that shook the entire essence of his being to the core. The second arrow was shot with dead on precision- right in front of Tord’s face.

The golden metal glittered so ominously in front of him as it was clear that the aim was never on him to begin with. It was too close, too calculated to rest dead in front of him. No, this was a show of power from the greater force above him. Steadily the figure began to descend from the sky, the glaring sun only offsetting his shape for a few more moments until worn down shoes hit the ground.

Dust from the eminent destruction of the explosion began to settle about the area, only to reflect a nasty glare into the demon’s eyes below. Tom had curled away from the holy figure now standing upon the battlefield in fear, clearly shaken by its appearance.

“Edd?” Tord’s pathetic voice croaked, before laughing at the sheer irony of the situation. There stood the man that he had killed barely even ten minutes prior, now adorned with a pair of wings spread wide across his back. His usual brown eyes were glowing a deep gold, the bow held tight in his hands dematerializing in his grasp.

“Tord.” The angelic voice sung back, grating Tord’s ears as the demon forced himself into a sitting position. The light bouncing about Edd’s fingertips slowly took the shape of a blade, the angel raising the still-glowing sword and shaking the remaining light off with a flashing swing.

That stupid grin was on his expression once more, not even a scatch on his body. The demon watched the spectacle with bitter amusement, steadily rising to his feet now as the burning in his wing reassured him that flying would be a challenge. The holy light still glowed upon the burning hole, eating away at it further.
“I suppose this is divine retribution for my deeds, hm? Only makes sense for Her to pick you to return after death.” He spoke, but Edd silenced him rather quickly with a swipe of his sword. Despite that Tord was injured, he had some fight left in him.

If it was a fight that Edd wanted, then Tord would give it to him. He was wielding the shadows in his palm as a red gun managed to appear in his grip, flipping it once before rolling away from yet another swing of Edd’s sword. The angel took one look at the weapon and scoffed, folding his wings protectively about his body as Tord shot at him.

“That’s no fair! We only have primitive weapons in heaven!” he hissed while ducking away from another array of bullets, Tord’s amusement only growing. He paused to cock his gun- before finding himself at the blunt end of Edd’s increased speed. He hadn’t been anticipating the angel to come darting forward with such power, knocking him back as the hilt of the sword collided with his stomach.

The incubus attempted to regain his balance- only to just narrowly avoid the blade as Edd raised the weapon high above his head. It was only luck that allowed him to sacrifice his already injured wing in exchange for his life. He tucked the appendage in front of him right as Edd’s blade came down, a sickeningly loud scream echoing through the neighborhood as the bone fell clean from his shoulder.

He was rolling back after emptying an entire chamber into Edd, the angel clearly taken aback at the bursting pain rattling his energy. Burning holes sat in green fabric, hints of blood trickling out as the brunette fell to his knees. Tord only had a second to collect himself before he was darting to the side, trying to use his own agility. He may not have the air now, but he was equally fast on the ground.

Edd clutched at the bullet wounds in his chest, cringing as his body was hard at work in repairing the wounds. He could keep track of where Tord was moving, glad that the demon had went to his own corner in order to lick his wounds.

The convulsing wing on the ground was frankly a disgusting sight, and Edd made sure to kick the fucking thing aside as the holes in his chest repaired themselves. What he lacked in Tord’s sheer strength and speed was more than made up for his body’s naturally bulky frame. If Tord was a missile, then Edd was the tank that could withstand it.

He turned his head about to look for Tord, the incubus no doubt hiding in the shadows. But shadows couldn’t exist without light. Edd closed his eyes as he searched for the disgustingly tainted aura of the incubus, a thousand wailing souls following his every footstep. Tord was a monster to the most literal of definition, and Edd made sure his aim was true as he lurched forward with a powerful toss of his arm.

The sword materialized as a dagger right as the blade pierced the ground, sticking in firmly to a patch of wisping shadows. He knew he hit his mark as Tord hissed out in pain, throwing himself out of the dissipating shadows when a deep glow overtook the area and dispelled the darkness about him.

When Tord was back within Edd’s sight, he pulled the blade back and caught it in his hold. “You’re facing justice for your deeds, Tord!” he shouted, meeting the barrel of Tord’s gun with his dagger. The incubus was meeting each blow head on, attempting to parry Edd’s arm away long enough to get another clear shot. But he found himself unarmed when the holy light sliced into his fingers.

He tried to bring the gun back to him on time, but Edd was attempting to barbarically shove the blade straight through any part of him he could reach. He lunged himself forward in a leap of faith, arms winding tightly around Edd as his own movement forward caught the angel by surprise.

He managed to land directly on top of Edd when the oaf fell down like a ton of bricks, his wings
flaring up in alarm as Tord’s hands went to claw and reach for his throat. “I’m not going down without a fucking fight, you oversized chicken!” he hissed, the demonic energy in his nails burning Edd’s skin.

He thrashed and fought against the demon, the hand occupied by the dagger suitably pinned to the ground. Golden eyes narrowed into glowing silverish red, Tord’s smile spreading across his face once more as Edd could only grip at his sides and try to punch and pull him off. He didn’t have claws and fangs like Tord did.

“Aww, what? Can you not get up? I thought you’d be better than this!” Tord shouted, watching as Edd’s head began to spin from the demonic energy pulsing into his neck. His blood was oozing around Tord’s fingertips, burning him, but the incubus refused to move.

Edd was a freshly transformed Angel, and Tord has been alive since what feels to be the birth of the universe. There was no way that the angel would be able to defeat him!

But an angel and a half ton monster barreling towards them? Now that might just turn the tides a bit. Tord was too late to move by the time that he noticed Tom charging towards the duo pinned to the ground, rows of razor sharp teeth lining his maw as a ferocious roar shook the earth before them.

Tord was bracing himself for the swipe, so at least he was able to duck aside and roll with his one good wing tucked to his side. But Edd wasn’t so lucky. At first Tom’s head orbited to watch as Tord fell to the ground, intent on chasing after him and treating the demon as his chew toy once more.

But a painful surge of demonic energy sparked between his horns, and the beast was rearing back as his one eye narrowed in on Edd. It was clear Tom was out of control as his hand slammed down to try and crush anything before him, his fist driving Edd further into the ground as the angels arms helplessly came up to shield the blow.

He was ridiculously strong, able to keep the fist just short of reaching his internal organs. “Tom!” Edd screamed, trying to catch his attention as Tord laughed ominously in the background. There would be no way that Mr. Righteous and holy over there could ever hurt his friend. Tord rose to his feet with unshaky motions, a ball of shadows once more growing in his palms. He could get two birds with one stone- right here, right now.

Unfortunately for him, and what seemed to be a reoccurring theme in this battle, was Tom narrowly managing to duck out of the way of an oncoming projectile just before impact. Instead he had swerved slightly to the left after Edd managed to free himself from the monster’s grasp.

The ball was hurdling out of control once more, before crashing straight into the side of their neighbor’s house. The resounding explosion rattled the floor, even pausing Tom in his rampage to stare at the carnage left behind. Bits and pieces of the building had begun to fall from where they were thrown so high up into the air.

Eduardo and Mark were the first ones out of the house; Mark sporting a rather prominent injury across his forehead as Eduardo borderline collapsed to his side. The burning pieces of the house around them had the pair’s eyes wide in horror, before paling further.

Tom was staring at them with his one singular eye, silent, until another jolt of pain had him roaring in rage. Eduardo and Mark were frozen to the spot, staring at the beast.

“Jon was right.” Was all Mark could choke out, before Eduardo could feel panic rising in his chest. Jon hadn’t come out of the house yet. He searched through the wreckage for any sign of life, anything to go off of as he forced himself to his feet. One of his legs was bent in a very strange
direction but it didn’t stop him from limping out after his friend.

He didn’t even care that the loser next door was flying about with wings, or the creepy guy with the weird hair kept shooting at him with one wing pathetically flapping to keep speed. Okay maybe he cared a little bit- but the only thing on his mind was Jon.

This all felt like a fevered dream.

He pushed aside beams of support to his house, eyes flitting about as his voice rung ragged with the desperate call for his friend. “Jon!” he screamed, listening to the resounding silence. Mark had gotten up despite his concussed state to look as well, a wobble in his step as he searched the area. He called out for his friend in return, hating how slurred his usually even tone was.

Finally Eduardo was letting out an anguished sob that caught Mark’s attention. He rushed over to where his friend was hunched down over a burning blue hoodie, Jon cradled close in his arms as the younger man struggled to keep consciousness.

“Jon! Fuck- say something, buddy. Speak to me!” he shouted, before stilling as Jon’s hand came up to rest on his cheek. He looked so tired, so small compared to his usually bubbly personality. It was like he had so much to say but the trickling hourglass of his life kept him silent.

It was with great labor he opened his mouth, blood spilling from the sides as a horrid cough wracked through his body. He attempted to catch his breath again yet it was clear the dust and debris had lodged too deep in his lungs to properly permit him the action.

He had a hole gaping through his chest where a blast of wood and metal knocked into him, leaking his life between Eduardo’s fingertips. Mark and Eduardo were huddled as close to their dying friend as they could, tears finally slipping down Mark’s cheek as his hand gingerly came up to brush the brown locks from his paling features.

It seemed that surrounded by his two friend’s, Jon’s expression could at least shift into some semblance of a smile. Hestroked his thumb along Eduardo’s cheek, the man who had meant most to him for the longest of times. There was so much left he wanted to say, yes. But there was only one thing he could think to say with his last breath that could at least put a smile on Eduardo’s face one last time.

“S…” he said, testing his vocal chords, cringing at the way that blood made the sound almost gurgled. He gasped for breath one last time. “Something.” He said, before Eduardo could only watch in horror as Jon’s hand fell limp from his cheek. Those deep blue eyes were steadily dulling into a light grey, head falling to the side as the force of Eduardo’s sobs wracked the two.

Mark hid his head into Eduardo’s shoulder, unable to stand staring at the man who had just left their life. He muffled his own grief into Eduardo’s shoulder, only sparing a glance to finally close those gorgeous eyes forever.

Jon was gone.

“You- You fucking MONSTERS!” Eduardo found himself screaming, pulling Jon’s body as close to his chest as he could as the battled raged on before him. Edd spared a glance to his neighbor in annoyance at the exclamation- until the gravity of the situation crashed down around him. He was staring at a corpse.

It threw him off just long enough for Tord to dart up into the air and bring him down by his wing, gun cocked and loaded directly in Edd’s face. “Shouldn’t have dropped your guard, angel boy!” He
hissed, yet Edd was glowing far more fiercely than before. He was invigorated by the sudden rush of energy pooling through him, eyes flashing in their brilliant display of gold.

Tord didn’t know what hit him.

Edd’s fist crashed straight into the demon’s jaw, sword momentarily abandoned as his hand unfurled in order to wrap around Tord’s face. The demon was clearly taken aback by the display of strength, nails futilely scratching at Edd’s hand instead of incapacitating the wing in his hold.

With his appendages free, Edd spread his wings into a magnificent display. Eduardo watched in shock as Edd shifted their positions to have Tord below him, before folding his wings into a divebomb. The ground was rapidly approaching the two as Tord struggled at the feeling of gravity plummeting them at breakneck speeds. No matter how he opened his one wing to try and slow their descent, two versus one put the odds out of his favor.

It was only when a holy burst of light erupted from Edd’s hand that he screamed in pain, body finally hitting the ground as Edd drove him straight into the dirt. The force far exceeded what Tom had exerted on him before. He made quite the crater as Tord was forced into the earth, Edd’s disgusted expression gazing upon him the entire time.

“Shouldn’t have dropped your guard, devil scum.” He hissed venomously, before lifting Tord’s head straight from the crater one more time. He slammed it down a second later. A sickening crack resounded from Tord’s horn when the tip caught on the edge of a rock, completely snapping off from the angle of the second blow.

His head was spinning as he buried dark energy deep into Edd’s hand, but to no avail. Blood was running down his skull and washing his vision in red as he attempted to keep his sight clear and sickening pain at bay. He smelled burning flesh from his captor, but even the force of his energy wasn’t enough to keep Edd from repeatedly slamming his head down.

“You-“ Slam, “Killed-“ Another hit, “One-“ Tord felt his teeth rattling from the next blow, “Person-“ He could feel his head spinning, “Too-“ Would it be too brash to wish for death in this moment, “Many.”

Edd felt white hot fury pulsing through his veins as he looked at the mess that the demon had become, the back of his head smearing black blood into the crevice he had left behind. The cracked off portion of his horn sitting in the hole certainly didn’t help lessen Tord’s blow. The demon looked to be completely out of it, eyes unfocused and tired. Edd could only hope that the end was growing near.

There was a tense stalemate between the two supernatural creatures, Tord’s lips curling up into a humorless grin. Was this really how his legacy would end? Slain by an angel resurrected by the Lord Herself not even ten minutes after the mortal’s death? He could laugh at the irony as Edd made move to withdraw his holy blade once more-

That is, until Tord felt a strange rush of entertainment as a large claw rose up over the angels head, looming over the two and casting an impressive shadow. He whistled slightly, before lifting a finger up to point upwards. “Might want to look up.”

Edd’s attention faltered for a second. It was all Tord needed to kick him up out of the hole and have the gigantic beast of his lover bat the angel halfway across the street once more. Tom was back in action, it seemed. His fear at the sight of the holy being had only bred more anger, the demonic energy in him sending him spiraling out of control again.
With no remorse for his own body or friends, Tom was charging off after the angel. His sense of friend and foe was covered by a layer of fog, resorted to nothing but primal instincts in the hopes of survival. There was no remorse as he crossed the distance to where Edd had disappeared into the side of someone’s house.

To say that Edd had whiplash would be an understatement. One second he was eager to strike the killing blow on the demon rattled before him, and the next he found himself lodged inside of someone’s living room. Five pairs of eyes were staring at him by the time Edd managed to pull himself from the rubble, taking out a rather nice dining room set. His head spun as he met each gaze with confusion, noting the wife and husband cowering with their children in fear.

He went to open his mouth and reassure them that everything was okay, but a horrendous roar was ripping through the neighborhood. One by one Edd could feel the calm atmosphere of the neighborhood shifting to a panicked pitch, people finally catching on to just what was happening right outside of their doors.

Tom was whipping his head around, staring at the hole that Edd had left in the wall of the house. At first he had anticipated going and finishing attacking the strange bright figure that could hurt him worst- but one by one he noted people scurrying like ants out of the surrounding houses.

His eye scanned over the narrowed vision that the orbit allowed him, head whipping from one way to the other and watching as people attempted to escape past fences and into cars. The second that the engine noise reached his attention, he was taking off after the first car that sped off down the road.

There was a mantra in his head screaming at him to chase of any outside forces, anything and everything a detriment to what he inferred to be his territory. The monstrous beast taking him over would not rest his mind for a second, the frenzy of pain and emotions making him delirious.

On the other side of the yard, Tord could only laugh. His body screamed in agony each second he attempted to rise from his hole, claws scraping against dirt as finally he rested himself on the edge and watched the madness unfold about him. The car flew across the street as Tom batted at it, only to wind up on its side with the monster pawing at the denting metal.

The screams were a welcomed change now that they weren’t coming from himself anymore, his body futilely attempted to muster the energy to fix the extensive damage he had sustained. Every second counted here. It was with quiet disappointment that he noticed Edd finally shooting out of the house he had crash landed inside of.

The angel was soaring just out of reach of Tom, eyes frantically searching the wreck. He noticed a husband with his daughter screaming in the passenger seat, a woman deathly still inside of the wreck as Tom’s mouth closed around the car and attempted to chew. The large tail was rattling the ground with each stroke, making approaching difficult for Edd.

He needed to act fast, but...that was Tom. No matter what monstrosity he had become, his friend’s soul was still glowing a faint blue deep within the heart of the beast. He couldn’t harm him. But the screaming hardened his mind.

Tom would have to forgive him.

Edd was diving down onto the back of his best friend, hands reaching down and gripping between the large horns protruding from its head. There was a steady growing demonic power gathered there that burned to the touch- but no doubt his own energy would hurt far more. Tom was already thrown off enough when he felt a strange weight on the top of his head, whipping his chin up as attention
finally diverted off of the family trapped in the car.

He lowered himself into a crouch, legs kicking off of the ground as he took off like a charging bull down the street. Edd had to hold on tight to keep his grip. He folded his wings tight over his back in order to lessen the drag that pulled on his shoulders, summoning his essence straight down from the core. He had to steer Tom away from these people, direct him back to their yard where it could be far easier to contain.

It was only when he heard the whirring of choppers did Edd realize how truly out of hand this situation was becoming. A news station was directing their cameras down onto the sight in their neighborhood, police sirens bellowing in the distance. He grit his teeth, steeled his nerves, before finally pulling Tom’s horns back with all of his weight.

The demon reared back with an echoing screech, before holy energy burst down the shafts. He could feel the way that Tom’s body twitched and convulsed from the holy energy pouring through him, concentrated in nature but with the intention to hopefully subdue the beast. Edd had to hold on for dear life as Tom’s head whipped from left to right, before convulsing violently when the last remaining sparks of light traveled into his body.

The shadows seeping from the monster’s form were slowly dissipating from the horns, before a moment of tense silence passed through the air. The creature was whimpering so quietly, head slowly ducking down. Edd was able to let go, wings propelling him into the air where he could stare down at his work. Tom’s head lifted slowly to follow the angels motions, before his ears flattened in a sign of submission.

Tom was down, but there was clarity hiding in that single eye. He lifted himself back onto his front, head turning from Edd to Tord ever so casually standing in the distance. He was patched up to the best of his ability, but watched the scene with detached amusement. At the sight of Tord, it seemed that Tom’s thin sheen of hair rose on the back of his neck. His lips turned into a snarl, before Edd’s gaze followed Tom’s slowly.

Could it be?

He flew just a bit closer, watching as Tom jolted back and instead turned his snarl to the man who had caused him so much pain recently. The recollection in his stance was slowly fading as aggression rose, the pain and emotions towards a fevered pitch once more. Instead Edd was reaching a placating hand out, tone breaking through the silence. “Tom?”

At the sound of such a familiar name, the monster’s ears twitched once. The tension in his shoulders left, a soft grumble leaving him as confusion reached through the fog of emotions in his brain. Tom. The name held so much significance in its mind, but the frustration of not remembering was raising the pressure building in his head once more. He whimpered as large claws rested about his temple, eyes squeezing shut.

Edd’s hope was fluttering in his chest once more. It was going out on a limb to assume such a thing, but the angel could almost swear that he understood the name he spoke. Once again he tried, arms outspread as his tone held more authority. “Tom! It’s me, Edd! Your friend!” he shouted, the beast only whimpering louder as the pressure in his temples increased.

He had a flash of green passing through his subconscious, before turning away and lashing his claw out into the wood of their roof. It hurt to remember, it hurt to try and pull sense out of these emotions. It was so much easier to crush and destroy, to break anything around him that hurt his senses. Edd watched in shock as another portion of their house went crumping, pitch increasing into a frantic tone as he realized just who was still residing inside.
“Tom! Stop!” he yelled, before the ringing laughter from the backyard grated his senses. Tord was sitting back, shoulders oh so relaxed as he watched the angel bargain with a wild changeling. He knew there was no way for a monster so young to rein in his senses until the body naturally deteriorated itself. It was common knowledge.

Edd was snarling- until the sound of cracking wood pulled his attention back to the creaking house. He had only seconds to make his decision. Tom looked ready to bolt once more, and god forbid the destruction that could be left in the monsters wake.

But Matt.

As the wooden frame collapsed, Edd already knew exactly what he had to do. He darted past the falling rubbish, ducking through the hole that Tom left previously from his escape. Edd was ducking under the debris right as a familiar head of ginger caught his attention. The man was still out cold, his body slumped down and life force so weak to Edd’s eyes.

Just as Edd was about to scoop him up and make his escape, he watched as a beam broke through the roof right as the weight of destruction from the top floor finally began to collapse the entire building. He watched in near slow motion as the destruction plummeted towards Matt, the desire for action bubbling in his chest but his body still as stone.

It was at the very last second that he threw himself over Matt and rose his wings in a barrier around them. He took the full force of the house collapsing on top of him, the pain near indescribable. The muscles in his wings strained and shook with the effort of keeping the tons of the ruins off of them. He was sweating from the effort, strained breaths leaving him as he held the ginger in shaking arms.

He couldn’t feel a pulse. Matt felt to be as cold as ice, and so so sickly pale in the barely filtering light radiating from Edd. At first he was under the assumption the man was dead. But…how could he still see a thin purple aura radiating from him? Edd squinted, hand rising up to gently brush his fingers along his dear friend’s cheek.

He noted the way that the skin seemed to resound with the aura, before the strength in his form began to regain. Edd hardly even noticed that his body was reaching forward with such a gentle energy. The tips of his fingertips shone a deep gold as Edd cradled the side of Matt’s cheek, turning his head towards him to stare into deep purple eyes.

Matt seemed to be as startled as Edd, a red flash of alarm flashing through his vision as he took in the feathery halo surrounding them. Edd was glowing, radiating with life and warmth in a way that should have burned but…didn’t. It was like his entire body was encased in safety, the hand on the side of his cheek intimate in a way he had longed for.

He really missed Edd.

Matt’s head slowly turned into the angel’s grasp, lips curving up and exposing the fangs that finally answered the questions heavily weighing through Edd’s mind. Matt was no human. His body was cold and dead, but his aura burned bright the longer it was allowed to feed from the subdued holy energy. He could feel life dripping through Edd’s fingertips, revitalizing his body when faced with overload. He craved more.

Lithe arms soon wound around Edd’s neck, slowly pulling him closer as shaking breath ghosted along his neck. Matt had so much he wanted to ask, so many questions pulsing through the haze in his mind. But oddly enough, he couldn’t be bothered to ask. He was warm and safe with the weight of the world so far away from his shoulders. That was selfish though, wasn’t it?
Edd was struggling, his face dripping with sweat and thickly coated in a grime that Matt was eager to wipe away with pristine hands. Claws traced the angels stubble, so rough under his fingertips as he parodied the grip on his own chin. Purple eyes met gold, and Matt found himself finally closing the distance with a desperate sigh wracking his frame.

Edd kissed him like his life depended on it, like a half ton monster inhabiting his friend wasn’t ready to charge about and cause calamity whenever emotions gripped Tom too tightly. He kissed Matt like he wasn’t a stone cold corpse not even thirty minutes ago, revived from their lord and savior’s grace. He kissed Matt like he had longed to since first meeting the intoxicating man. And it was perfect.

It was only when his wings stuttered their hold that Edd realized his strength was failing, desperation in his eyes as he had to part from the kiss that frankly felt holier than his own grace. “Matt—” he choked out, struggling to keep his grip. The ginger looked panicked, both hands flying up to cradle Edd’s face. There was only one question on his mind. “What— what’s happening? Where are we?”

The sound of a roar had rattled his attention, stomping footsteps only causing Edd more discomfort as the weight slipped against his wings further. He was breathing with a labored desperation, head bowed as hopelessly he pushed against the debris. His exertion of energy only resulted in his wings losing power and slipping enough to allow charred dust to fall upon them.

Matt put together the pieces rather quickly, feeling his non existent pulse throbbing in terror as he felt helpless to the situation caving in around them. “Edd, how much longer can you hold it up?” He pleaded desperately, arms moving down Edd’s shoulders to rest on his bicep. The angel was exerting the fullest of his wing’s strength, but it was a matter of time before their clock ticked out.

“Not much longer,” He paused, taking another deep gulp of breath, “I’m so fucking sorry. I shouldn’t have waited, shouldn’t have let Tom get so close to the house again. I should have darted in the second he smashed the roof instead of letting it get to the point of collapse—”

Edd seemed shocked when gentle fingers were pressing against his lips, a soft hissing shoosh leaving him as his fangs hindered the sound. Shadows were steadily pulling at Matt’s arms, engulfing the pale skin in wisping darkness. At first it seemed the smog would retreat from the light Edd exuded, fearful of the force that could destroy it. Yet as Matt raised his steadily shifting arms upwards, the shadows seemed to blend themselves slowly into the light.

Edd could only watch in shock as the harmonious balance flittered between them, gently supporting them as a pair of leathery bat wings rested in the darkness’s place. They felt so strange against the additional nerves and muscles of his own wings, a cool presence to counteract his warmth.

Matt was staring at him with a half-smile as he lifted his arms at full force, the length completely covered in soft grey fur as his fingers curled up and spread the membranes of his wings. Edd found himself at a loss of words, before noticing that the burdening weight became so much easier to encumber with Matt’s extensions helping him. In fact…

“Matt, can you lift with me on the **count** of three?” He asked, before nearly having to fight an infectious smile as Matt’s expression dropped into a playfully miffed grimace. “Is now really the time to be making vampire puns, Edd. Really? Count?” He asked, before only answering Edd’s question with a brief nod of his head for confirmation.

“Alright. One…” Matt braced himself against the angels wings, his powers already so drained from the previous battle before him. But he needed to be strong. “Two…” He could feel the flexing muscles of the other’s new wings, curiosity filling him. When did Edd become an angel? Had he always been a holy force? It wasn’t as if he drank his blood to find out if it was blessed with angelic properties.
Matt’s train of thought was suitably derailed when Edd’s shout of, “Three!” put forth all of his effort into pushing up with all of his might. At first it seemed as if the duo made no progress in budging the extensive force pressing down against him. Yet the longer that they struggled, the more Matt realized that their wings were finally rising up.

He could see natural light flickering down onto them as a loud groan from the main support beam reached their ears, Edd’s eyes lit bright with hope as his hands went down to desperately grip Matt’s sides. His sweaty forehead pressed tightly forward against the vampire’s chest, fingers digging into the fabric of his pants as a final shove had the majority of the damage off of their literal shoulders.

With a loud clang, Edd could finally smell the fresh morning breeze once more. He stood in a sea of destruction, nearly nothing left of their old house remaining as Matt finally uncurled from him. The pair looked over the scene with a growing sadness in their eyes. It was no secret that a deeper loss underlied the ruin. So many memories were shared here, destroyed and tarnished in mere seconds.

Unfortunately it was clear that the two couldn’t reminisce, not when a too-familiar demon was standing among the rubble. He was studying the pair with quiet disinterest, as if his own presence wasn’t the catalyst that kick started this series of shitty events. He had no words for them as he merely surveyed the damage, a small grin across his face.

“Looks like a real picker upper.” He noted, a small picture held in his hand. It was Matt, Tom, and Edd all huddled into the frame and smiling so brightly for the camera that captured the moment.

Withdrawing the sheet of paper from the frame, Tord could only fixate it with a disgusted curl of his lip as the flammable parchment easily caught flame.

He let it drop between his fingers, before stepping from plank to plank in order to land himself firmly on the grass of the front lawn. Tom was still on his rampage, knocking his head into the tree adjacent to the neighbor’s lawn to stave off the miserable pressure of darkness bombarding his mental processes. The sight was pathetic, as pathetic as the pictures of this broken little family. Tord hated every single one of them, with such an intense passion he almost could find the decency to feel ashamed.

Edd was gently placing Matt aside as his wings spread once more, sword materializing in his palm as Tord merely kept his back turned to the angel. His own broken wing spurted blood to the side whenever the incubus unconsciously flexed it, his head held downwards as his red gun materialized in his hold once more.

There was no real power to his stance, just a lazy turn towards Edd when he put enough distance between him and the angel. It was as if not even a scratch touched his physique throughout their entire fight, while Tord struggled to keep his form materialized and standing. He may be headstrong, but stupid was the farthest thing from his description. He was outnumbered two to one, with the vampire now awake and glaring from the sidelines.

Once again a stalemate seemed to overtake the atmosphere, neither side moving in anticipation of the other’s moves. Silver met brown, before Tord watched as the tip of Edd’s sword was brightening as he lifted it skyward. “This ends now, Tord. You’re outmatched, weakened, and stand no chance against either me or Matt. If I were you I’d just stand there and let me send you back to where you belong—“ Edd exclaimed, but didn’t enjoy that subtle smile on the demon’s face.

Edd’s words were amusing, sure. They held the weight of truth, but Tord had always been the one to tempt fate. He rose the gun to his left, eyes not leaving Edd’s as three stray bullets shot off towards Tom. Only one had to hit its mark, a startled cry leaving the monster as temporarily Edd’s attention was whipping over to his friend.
Of course Tom would be okay- at least, Tord knew that. The bullet merely lodged into his shoulder, not even penetrating the muscle. Tord smiled as the demon’s attention whipped between Tord and Edd, spectrums of color buzzing in his one eye as he tried to differentiate between just who was the result of the injury.

Tord brought his fingers to his lips before whistling out a high pitch note to catch Tom’s attention. When the monster’s head was turned to the glowing red force, something swiftly moving up caught his attention. His head followed the arch of Tord’s gun after the demon chucked it towards Edd, before finally his gaze settled on the brightly lit green floating above the ground.

Tom ducked down into a crouching form, before darting towards the angel once more as Edd swiftly ducked aside from the projectile heading in his direction. He only noted Tord abandoned his weapon in favor of setting his best friend’s sights on him once more. “You- dirty mother fucker!” Edd shouted as Tom barreled past him when Edd launched himself out of Tom’s trajectory, large form skidding towards Matt and stopping just shy of the vampire.

Once again Tord just found this so fucking funny as his laughter rung through Edd and Matt’s ears once more. “I guess I just need to even the playing field a tad more!” he said, stepping back and watching the scene playing out before him. He almost wished he had a camera.

Tom was once again directly on Edd’s tail, the frustration and anger felt from having Tom turned against him finally wearing his patience thin. “Tom! Will you snap out of it!” He shouted, yet to no avail. Tom was now targeting Matt as the other propelled himself out of the shade, wincing at the harsh sunlight on his skin as he ducked away from swinging claws. “Tom! Please!” Matt tacked on, eyes narrowing to Tord as anger bubbled along his sun-burning skin.

Edd was swooping in and directing Tom’s attention to him rather than Matt. He grit his teeth, before whispering his head over and watching as Tord finally turned his back to the scene. “You look like you’re going to be busy for a while with that. I think I’ll be taking my leave and come back at another time. When I’m not feeling so…banged up.” He said, tone laced with pure amusement as he waved over his shoulder.

“Goodbye, old friends. Until we meet again.” He walked away while Edd let out a frustrated yell, the noise catching Tom off guard and rendering the monster still as his wide eye stared baffled at the angel. Matt took notice of Tom’s lapse in aggression to dart forward and put himself directly into Tom’s vision.

“Tom! Please, I know you’re in there!” he said, waving his wings frantically and causing the monster’s ears to flop down. Something about that voice…that aura…his head was pounding as Tom tilted his forehead against the ground, whimpering out a small, “Grah…g,” when the fuzz in his head attempted to clear. Just like before, he felt as if he should be remembering something.

At first Edd had only swooped down to potentially move Matt aside, and to keep his shadow to Matt’s back- but this. He could see hints of recognition in Tom, the monster rubbing his sore horns against the ground to alleviate the pressure. He attempted to speak out as well, “Tom, please. It’s us. Matt and Edd. Can’t you see us? Remember us?” The brunette asked, his hand moving close enough to the monster for him to lift his head and study it with a faint bristle to the back of his neck.

He was growling again, before the soft touch against his nose had him surprised. It didn’t hurt, not like the initial burst of energy that erupted from the angel before. Rather it was such a gentle touch, leaving him whimpering once more as slowly he rose his head up into the touch once more. It was familiar, safe in such a strange way, Tom wished he could put his claw on it.
“Tom, please. We love you. Can you come back to us?” Matt chided in, his own hand smoothing next to Edd’s as the monsters eye traveled between the both of them. He could scent them, lifting his nose and basking in the warm feeling that he only knew as one thing. Home.

The swirling purple and reaching green of their auras were so familiar. It was as if he could remember them…from in a dream! His eye widened as memories of these two same auras had permeated into his dreams last night, comforting him in a blanket of security. Much as they were currently doing now.

Edd and Matt.

He knew them. The hands over his nose became an open invitation, his tongue lolling out happily as instantly he was pulling back and thumping his tail on the ground. He knew them! The static in his head was clearing the more that they surrounded him, laughter ringing out between them as Matt’s eyes were alit in joy.

“Tom!” he shouted, a gruff chirp his response as Tom reached forward and nuzzled his head into the vampire’s firm hold. Matt had to hold onto him; given his wings were his arms, but still! It was nice to feel that cool pressure under his left ear, his paw rising to pull him close.

Edd was laughing. Edd! He could remember his name! As much as he wanted to practically shout it to the angelic figure, all that came out was something akin to a bark. Edd’s smile was like a radiating sun, bright and all-consuming as he finally could dart forward and bury his fingers into the side of Tom’s cheek. “Fucking finally, you oversized lapdog! I almost thought we lost you!” he said, rubbing the thin layer of fur and watching as Tom’s foot thumped along the ground.

Tom couldn’t recall being this happy in just so long. He’s always felt the weight of his word upon his shoulders, pinning him down and rendering him weakened and small. Tearing him limb from limb, piecing him apart and laying him bare for the buzzards to eat. But now? He felt complete. He felt whole once more, with his friends by his side once more.

Yet his eye scrunched up once more, that inkling sensation of something he was still forgetting pausing their joyous reunion. He could remember something blocking him from Edd’s vast green field and Matt’s encroaching purple, something…red.

He was gritting his fangs in concentration as Edd and Matt pulled back just long enough to pin Tom with a concerned expression. Was he leaving them again? Ready to charge? Edd was crouching down in preparation to move out of the way when suddenly a fourth voice was ringing out from the sidelines.

Eduardo was clenching his fists in fury once more, Mark taking his previous position with Jon’s form resting against his lap. The latino stormed towards the road, where Tord was so casually walking away down with little clue that Tom had returned back to his head. He directed them towards the incubus, shouting, “Enough with the shitty family reunion- can’t you see he’s just walkin’ away here?”

Edd locked eyes with his neighbor once more, wanting to grow irritated with him but…Just the look in the man’s eyes was enough to garner respect from Edd. He wasn’t trying to be smart, oh no. They both had a burning desire for one thing in this moment, something they could get along over.

They wanted revenge for hurting the people they held closest.

It was only when Tord had heard hints of Eduardo’s voice ringing out down the road did he stop, eye twitching in irritation as he turned to gauge the commotion he had left behind. What he had seen
nearly shocked him to his spot. Tom wasn’t out of control, quite the opposite.

The neighbor was pointing in his direction, where that blank orb slowly followed until landing on his frame. Tord watched as recollection flashed in the monsters eye, two other pairs locking onto him as panic slowly began to bubble deep within his chest. Tom was lucid, Matt was awake, and Edd was pissed.

Three against one wasn’t exactly fair odds, especially when one held the power to render his physical form to shreds and send his disgusting soul plummeting back below. No. Not after all of his hard work, not after all of the careful planning in constructing his rising army in the plains of hell. He would have broken them free upon this earth- judgment day kick started early.

He turned around to try and run, to escape before the tides of battle once again washed over him. He knew he would drown. So he ran, attempting to steel his weakened powers in order to will his legs to move just a bit faster than he was currently capable of going. Adrenaline would be his friend as the sound of thundering footsteps echoed behind him, steadily increasing in intensity. He couldn’t fly, not with his broken wing.

There would be nothing protecting him from Tom’s wrath, not when the monster had finally pinpointed just what had hindered him from reaching his friends all this time. It had been a red parasite, spreading over his aura and infecting it with ugly purple. The thin strands of his encompassing disease had created a barrier between green and purple, eating away at him slowly until Tom stood as the monster before him.

Yet he was no longer in control. That pathetic little branching red was unmistakable to his eye, so weakly exuding off of the broken form of a man once regarded as an unstoppable force. A man who had beaten him, raped him, pinned him down and forced his body to think that it wanted it all. There was no mistake that Tord was nothing but pure evil, wrapped up in a form completely above his own consequences.

But no more.

Tom was charging towards the pathetically scurrying rat, its tail between its legs as he attempted to duck to the side through an alleyway too small for Tom to reach. Just as he was about to round into the corner he was colliding with an ever so familiar purple hoodie, Matt’s eyes glowing a deep purple as disgust churned his features.

“This is for coming between our family!” Matt shouted, an echoing screech blasting Tord back into the road and rendering his ears near ineffective. He curled up in a ball and clutched at his head, the supersonic waves scattering his thoughts as suddenly a nearly unbearable weight was coming down across his legs.

Tord screamed louder than he swore he ever had before, the pain immeasurable as Tom’s claws flexed deep into his flesh and rendered it from the bone. Wet tears were sliding down his face as he gasped for air, the crunching of bones the only audible sound in Tord’s bleeding ears.

Even before the bright light of his end was upon him, Tord knew he was done for. His head hung low in shame as Edd landed before him in a brilliant flash of gold, wings spread out and looking near akin to an archangel with his posture looming above him.

A bitter chuckle left him as Tom’s foot only pushed him further down, Matt walking up to his side, all three of them standing before him and looking at the insignificant bug they knew him to truly be. He flexed his broken claws into the dirt, at least attempting to muster up the energy to make his death less akin to a dog being put down.
“I suppose… I underestimated you all.” He tacked on, chuckling bitterly as the glowing tip of Edd’s sword was ominously glinting before him. There was no way he had the strength in his bones to melt into the shadows, nor any way to muster up his ability to teleport. He was left helpless, pinned beneath the very thing he helped to create.

In a sense he helped to create all of this.

Matt was glowering with a hatred that should have scared Tord- but instead it only left a hint of empty amusement inside of the pit of his chest. Even if he hadn’t managed to erase the plight of their existence from the face of the earth, or taken Thomas as his most valued prize, he knew he left behind enough of an imprint on their lives.

Was it worth failing his mission for his awaiting army, to be sent back to hell where they awaited his salvation? No. It wasn’t. But it lessened the blow as the sword slowly rose above his head, Tord’s silver eyes following the arch of the blade as Edd’s infuriated expression bore down at him in disgust.

“Go back to hell where you belong.”

And with that, Tord could only feel blinding pain as that sword made home deep within his ribcage. His entire body convulsed and spasmed with each holy wave of energy pouring into his body. He hardly noticed that Tom’s paw had pulled away from him to step back and watch the demon writhe like a worm in the dirt.

He could feel black blood bubbling up from his mouth, boiling inside of his body as he emptied the contents of his stomach right in front of Edd’s boots. Words couldn’t describe the agony that he was feeling, invisible hands grasping at his failing body and pulling him down. He could hear the laughing of hell’s imps about him, grabbing him, yanking him towards his final destination.

Tears flowed anew down his cheeks- or was it his blood as his entire body seemed to boil and cook alive under the force of the sword lodged into the dirt. He tried to struggle against the forced dragging him down, but alas, the sword wouldn’t allow him to so much as lift himself past the hilt.

He screamed as his eyes rolled to the back of his head, body sinking into the endless tar pit his blood seemed to create below him. He felt his chest lowering past, followed swiftly by his legs as desperately his arms scrambled along the concrete to try and hold on.

The sword melted through his flesh like butter as slowly he was dragged down from whence he came, eyes glowing like a wild animal as he turned from the figures of the three standing before him. With the last of his strength, he was screaming, “I’ll be back! Just you wait!”

And with that, the darkness consumed his vision.

Edd, Matt, and Tom stood before nothing more than a slowly bubbling puddle of blank ink staining the street before them, his holy blade slowly losing its glow as the final amounts of Tord’s demonic essence faded from this world. He was gone.

It was almost surreal.

Edd reached forward to pull his blade from the puddle of tar, not an ounce of the blood remaining as the blade dissipated in his hold without any use to be present. Matt was breathing heavily as finally he let himself fall against the angels side, his height making it a bit awkward- but still. It was over. His pale skin had suffered the worst sunburn of his life, the skin blistering in certain places, yet Edd’s wing provided just the shade he needed as a firm arm wound around his waist.
“He’s finally gone.” Edd piped in, fatigue finally washing over him as well. He had exhausted much of his grace, yet it was well worth it to look up and see the emotion spurring behind Tom’s single eye. He leaned down to sniff the puddle, before emitting a howl that seemed to encompass all of his emotions at once.

Joy, anger, fear, resentment, relief. It all passed rapidly through Tom’s form, before finally he was collapsing to the side at the end of his final battle cry. At first Edd and Matt grew panicked as their friend crashed down like a ton of bricks. Edd darted over with Matt held tight in his hold, mindful of the sun overhead of course- but both of them left out a palatable sigh of relief as the monstrous form of Tom began to dwindle down and deflate before their eyes.

In the monsters wake sat a very small, very tired Tom. The man was huddled into himself, bare to the world with no clothes to cover his decency. Edd acted quickly at the realization, the news coppers still hovering above them as quickly he pulled his hoodie off. Sure he had to tear it a bit to get them off of his wings, and it was riddled with bullet holes, but it was better than nothing as he wrapped the cloth around his friend.

“Matt- take him. We need to get out of here.” He said, passing their friend into Matt’s arms as his wings remained spread over the both of them. Any minute now the choppers would either land, or a news casting van would pull up and interrogate them. Not only was that the last thing they needed, but he wouldn’t put it behind the government to attempt to take matters into their own hands regarding their existence.

So quickly they began to move down the street, Edd about to scoop both of them up to take off- but the sound of a throat clearing was catching his attention. Eduardo stood before them on the side of the road, a quiet resignation to his expression as he approached Edd and Matt. He studied Tom for only a moment, before turning his head away and attempting to keep his usual façade up.

“So what, you’re just gonna take off when we got no place to stay either?” he said, his gaze falling back to the ruins of their neighborhood houses. Edd at first had been confused by Eduardo’s somber mood. He was about to question it when he noticed just where his gaze had fallen.

There was an upturned mound of dirt that Mark sat in front of, his head bowed as slowly his hand moved across the dirt to pat it down. It was a kind gesture, sure, but what really caught Edd’s eyes was the way that steadily flowers were blossoming across where Mark’s hand spread. A lilac glow was emanating from his palms, eyes closed in concentration as an array of gorgeous flowers sprouted from the earth until a lush pallet of purples, greens, and deep blues rested no doubt just above Jon’s bones.

Matt and Edd’s mouth hung in surprise at the display of supernatural powers, before Eduardo turned back to him with deep yellow eyes akin to a wolf’s. He grinned a bit, a halfhearted attempt to lighten the situation despite the pain hidden inside of them. “You weren’t the only supernatural creatures in the neighborhood, you know.”

Matt looked like he was going to get whiplash as he stared between Eduardo and Mark, the man rising from Jon’s grave and dusting himself off with slow motions. He went to stand next to his partner, before taking in Matt’s wide mouth and Edd blinking back surprise. “What? You act as if it’s unnatural for a wood nymph to be able to will flowers to grow at the drop of a dime.” He said, a small smile playing on his features.

“And you’re a- a-“ Edd tried to get his voice to work as he stared at Eduardo, but once again Mark seemed to beat him to the punch as he playfully punched the wolf’s shoulder. “An oversized fleabag, yes. He always sheds over the couch and leaves a mess every full moon. Although I suppose we won’t have to worry about that one, being down one house.”
Edd and Matt had a lot to take in, but at the very least Edd was able to force out an amused chuckle at the irony. “Well, I guess you certainly learn a lot about the people around you when suddenly you’re transformed into an angel and forced to fight a demon with your vampire boyfriend and monster best friend.” He teased, before Matt perked up under Edd’s wing.

“Boyfriend?” he asked, a small quirk to his eyebrow that had Edd rapidly flushing red at the realization of what he said. He cleared his throat loudly, throwing an arm over Matt’s shoulder and pulling him down. “Well- enough of that! We were about to go and uh, lay low for a bit, maybe get an apartment or something.” He said, clearly diverting the topic as Matt’s good natured laugh echoed across the street.

Eduardo and Mark shared a look, before finally the werewolf sighed as one last glance over his shoulder seemed to finalize his decision. “Mind if we tag along with you? We got nothing else on our plates, and frankly this place is gonna have a few too many bad memories now.” Eduardo paused, pulling his lips into a low growl. “That and the fuckin’ newscasters are gonna hound us like dogs if we’re considered witnesses.”

“Well, hound YOU like a dog, considering you are one.” Mark decided to point out, drawing an amused chuckle from Edd. He had never really liked Eduardo before, admittedly. But they were all in the same boat. Destroyed houses, supernatural entities- only difference was that…they lost someone in the battle today.

Edd was nodding, willing to put aside his and Eduardo’s differences to let the wolf tag along with him. “Sure, why not. I think we all need a change of pace.” He said, before his eyes scanned back down to Tom. The man was breathing so slowly, his rest seeming…peaceful for once.

The group began to walk down the roads together, refusing to look back towards the face of calamity. The wounds were too fresh, too prominent as the five of them ducked into an alleyway in order to hide from the choppers searching beams. Yet Eduardo was pausing at the mouth of the alley, his fist clenching. It was clear he was hesitant about leaving Jon behind.

Matt watched the scene in somber silence, before finally he was able to move out from under Edd’s wing and gently rest his hand on the man’s shoulder after shifting Tom to one arm. “He was very special to you, wasn’t he.” He asked, watching as the wolf hunched his shoulders a bit and stared down at the floor. If not for the subtle nod of his head, Matt would have been worried he crossed an unspoken boundary between them.

“Would you…mind if I asked what species he was?” Edd asked, before Mark was sighing as well. Eduardo wasn’t in much of a condition to speak, so he picked up the slack. “He was a human,” Mark began, “but Eduardo wanted to offer to change him to a wolf if Jon wanted it.”

The rest was unspoken: Eduardo never got the chance to.

Silence was stretching between them, only shattered by the sound of sirens growing ever louder behind them. Mark gently took Matt’s place as the vampire went to catch up with Edd, the man gently easing him forward as grief weighed heavily upon Eduardo’s shoulders. “Come on, Eddie. We have to keep going. The police are going to be here shortly.”

It took just a few moments to compose himself- but when Eduardo let out a tense breath he was steeling his gaze forward and moving ahead of the group. Just this once Edd decided he wouldn’t mind letting his rival take the lead, a small smile on his features as he stormed forward in determination.

“Well, what are we waiting for then? We got some apartment hunting to do.” He announced, before
Matt was piping in with a quiet sigh of, “Preferably in a different city too.”

Despite so much being lost on this day, Edd could admit…there was so much more to look forward to in the future. They’ve been through hell and back, forced to watch as a monster ate away at the fragile ties of their family- yet in the end they stood closer than ever. It filled the angel with a sense of hope for the future.

Even when he looked forward and saw nothing but uncertainty, he had his family. Just that alone can keep away the things that go bump in the night.

Chapter End Notes

Alright guys I need your help now!

So as you know, this story is basically done. It’s one of the longest I’ve written thus far...but I want to know what long term story you would want me to write next! I’ve constructed a poll of three plot options, and will leave it up to you to vote for your favorite!

Just vote at http://www.strawpoll.me/13968273 and I’ll be tallying the votes when I post the final chapter of this story!
The Real End

Chapter Summary

We catch up on what the guys have been up to since the final showdown with Tord, and an old friend joins the fray again.

Chapter Notes

Wow, we're finally here guys,,it's been a wild few months, and what started out as a concept for a fandom has turned into THIS. I'm actually a little overwhelmed with emotion as I post this? Because this is it. This is the actual, planned end. So much has changed since it was mapped out in a concept in my mind, put into writing, and altered to better fit new ideas. And because of this story, and the reaction I got from posting it, I joined a fandom I'm so happy to be a part of and create content for. This goes out to you guys. Thanks so much for being a part of this crazy adventure with me. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

For once, silence has never been so comforting.

The rising sun cast gentle shadows across the expanse of Tom’s bed, sunlight flickering through tightly drawn curtains as the only noise about him was the soft hum of the buildings heating kicking in. The allure of staying in bed was tempting, as the dropping temperature outside seeped in past the ajar window.

He had been meaning to call the landlord to get such a problem fixed, yet never found the pressing need to pick up the phone. Although with the cold nipping at his nose, it was quickly making its way to the forefront of his to-do list as he pulled the sheets over his head once more.

This is the third month that his dreams were no longer plagued with waking terrors, and the seventh without the looming threat of a second body crawling into his bed right alongside him. Yet no matter how much time had passed, nothing could erase the disgusting feeling of hands running over his body- grabbing him, pinning him, spreading him open and-

He shook his head, refusing to allow the lingering presence of Tord sully the positive atmosphere wrapped around him. The apartment may be silent, but he knew it wouldn’t be for long. He pulled the sheets off of his head as he knew, without a doubt, he was awake.

Pitch black eyes traveled to the digital alarm poised at the side of his bed, the time reading 7:35 A.M. A little early, sure, but he didn’t mind. His body wouldn’t let him sleep as it was anyways. The thrum of energy pulsed deep within his veins, an itch creating tension throughout his muscles. He noted he would need to do something about that later.

But for now he threw his legs over the edge of the bed, pulling his arms up into a stretch that had rows of his spine popping loudly into place. God that felt good. He plucked his blue hoodie up from
where it had been carelessly discarded the night after his gig, pulling it back on and scrunching his nose up at the cool fabric.

At least when he opened the door to the hallway he was met with the warm heating.

He padded down the hall with his bare feet, groggily making his way towards the kitchen in order to get a drip of coffee started. The sun was already peeking over the horizon as he leaned against the countertop, just taking it all in one more time.

His own apartment.

Even if it was far from the home he once had, it still retained bits and pieces of the life he once lived. His base Susan was tossed over the love seat, with old photos and memories hung up on the walls. His model gun collection sat on display next to a checkered themed backsplash, leading to his amp setup for his bass.

Most of it was replacements for what he once had, but every penny was worth it for this sense of familiarity surrounding him. It also helped that Matt’s work shoes were tossed to the side of the living room, a leftover blanket fort from the night before still set up over the sofa.

Coke cans and empty bottles were scattered all across the floor, and Tom swore he’d pick those up eventually. But for now he set out three cups of coffee- one straight black, one heavily filled with cream and sugar, and his own merely filled with cream.

He glanced back to the clock, noting that it was 7:56. With a small smile he pulled the coffee to his lips, taking small gulps as he waited. At 8 on the dot, he could hear the buzz of an alarm coming from the wall next to his. Matt’s alarm was going off, and the sound of his frantic shuffling was audible a moment later.

Next was Edd’s own personal alarm coming from the walls of the far end of his living room. Unlike Matt, Edd worked from home, so he was far more lax even while Matt was borderline breaking down his door. The vampire always elicited to go to work at the very last minute, wanting every bit of sleep he could get to recharge.

He knocked only three times on Tom’s door before his bright smile was filling the room, scrubs still all mussed up from how he pulled them hastily over his body. “Tom! Good morning!” he exclaimed, before swooping inside and eagerly accepting the sugared mug from Tom’s outstretched hand.

As he accepted the cup from the man, he placed a deep kiss onto his lips. It was brief and chaste, but Tom’s heart was alight in flutters regardless. “Thank you, love. You always know the best way to make it.” He said, taking a deep sip from the coffee as instantly he was tearing through the room.

Tom leaned on the counter as he watched his boyfriend’s antics, head still pleasantly fuzzy from the kiss. Who would have guessed that this would be his future? Tord may have taken so much from him, ruined him, transformed him into a creature that Tom had yet to learn how to control…but he’s given him so much in return.

Including two wonderful boyfriends.

Speaking of wonderful boyfriends, Edd was entering the room a moment later. He was dressed in nothing more than his white smeg head t-shirt and a pair of green briefs. Groggily he made his way over to the countertop before leaning against Tom’s side. He wound an arm around the shorter male, planting a soft kiss into the mussed up rats nest that was the punk’s hair.

“Mornin’, Edd.” Tom muttered, leaning against the angel’s side as his mere presence was enough to
calm him. There was a headache building against his temples- the demonic blood inside of him still acting up from time to time. But the holy energy from his lover could typically keep it at bay. He turned his head to plant a soft kiss to the underside of Edd’s jaw, smiling against the stubble.

“You ever gonna shave?” he teased, even if he enjoyed the way the beard made the divine being even more…rugged. He didn’t want him to shave- not by any means. But poking fun at him was always enjoyable.

Edd took a sip of his coffee as he fixed Tom with an annoyed look, moving his hand up to gently flick his boyfriend’s nose. “I raise to you; I’m lazy, and it helps me to blend in. You know the T.V. reporters got a clear shot of my face when I was fighting Tord.”

“Are you running that spheal again, darling?” Matt piped in, grabbing his shoes from where they were tossed to yesterday and cramming himself into them. “Because we all know the only reason you have it is because it makes you feel manly.”

Edd scoffed in response to Matt, yet it was with an affectionate undertone that he jabbed his finger into his vampire’s chest. “Oh hush, you. You’re going to be late to work again.” He said, glancing towards the clock. Matt had to be at work by 8:30, and it was already quickly approaching 8:15.

The brit took one glance at the clock before swearing loudly. “It’s not my fault they switched me from the night to the morning shift! It’s just not natural for me!” He whined, before hustling over to both of his lovers. With a quick peck on the lips to both of them, he was grabbing his to-go thermos and darting out the door. “Goodbye, loves. Stay adorable for me!”

Without the hectic rushing of their supernatural counterpart, Tom and Edd let out a joint sigh as they slumped exhaustedly against the countertop. It was far too early for both of them to be up, but Edd had to schedule his time very carefully. He had his piece of an animation project due by next week, and procrastination was a cruel mistress to him.

“I suppose this is my cue to get started for the day, hm?” he sighed, before resting his chin on the top of Tom’s head as his arms wound lazily about him in a long hug. Tom was all too eager to melt into the embrace, before Edd was planting a soft kiss onto his forehead and stepping back. “Can you get the mail today, Tom? I’m hoping my package is in.”

Tom nodded, “Yeah, no problem,” before stepping out of Edd’s arms and grabbing the key ring to the mail slots. He thumbed through each of the multi colored keys as he wandered out into the hallway. Just as he was about to head down the stairs he paused at Matt’s door. He knew his lover all too well as when he went to test the lock the door clicked right open.

Leave it to Matt to always forget to lock his door in his rush.

Tom gently pushed the door open to look inside of his apartment. The painted portraits of Matt lined the walls, the entire room holding an old fashioned gothic feeling to it from all of the blinds being tightly drawn shut. In the center of it all sat a rather tacky statue of Matt’s ancestor, a vampire who strongly resembled the man himself.

He always found this setup to be rather tasteless; especially with the multitudes of portraits all staring down at him. They depicted the man from different angles, different expressions, and varying styles depending on the artists he commissioned to do so. Some of them were hundreds of years old, while the most recent were digital prints made by online artists.

“Why in the fucks name do you have so many paintings of yourself?”
“Well, it’s quite simple, actually. How am I supposed to know how handsome I am if I can’t look in a mirror? So I just pay people to draw me, so I can know what I look like and how undeniably handsome I am!”

“Matt…Isn’t this a little overkill?”

“Nonsense!”

“How do digital artists know what you look like if you can’t send them pictures?”

“Well I obviously just send them one of my many other portraits of myself!”

“Yeah, Edd. Obviously.”

“Oh shut it, Tom!”

The conversation was as vivid as the day it had happened to Tom. It was just after they had found the right apartment for them, selected their rooms, and began to move in whatever salvageable furniture and items they found in the rubble of their old house.

It was hard getting past the caution tape and not alerting the neighbors, but having a vampire for a boyfriend that could shield you in the night was pretty damn useful.

Not only had they retrieved what they could, but Matt had plenty of old furniture in storage. Such as old sofas, retro decorations, anything that he found interesting from between the 1900s to 2000’s. Never before had Tom been so grateful his lover was a borderline hoarder.

It wasn’t a perfect set up at first, yet steadily their apartments became something they could call home.

Tom closed the door behind him after switching the lock shut, closing the door and testing it once more to be completely satisfied it was in place. He turned around and jogged to the stairwell, taking them two steps at a time as he rushed to the ground floor. It sucked living on the fourth floor, sure, but it beat being at the top.

He entered the mail cubby area in order to thumb through their keys, pulling out Edd’s first and locating his apartment number on the box. He unlocked it to find it empty save for some junk mail, which he added to the pile regardless. Next came Matt’s box, with the monthly subscription to his various magazines held within.

Finally he was opening his mailbox to find it empty, sighing under his breath as he closed and locked the door. Well, hey, he wasn’t exactly a popular guy now was he? Just as he was about to head back up the stairs he was bumping into Mark’s shoulder, stumbling a bit and causing the contents of his arm to scatter around them.

The nymph was taken aback by the collision, purple eyes widening as he stared at the scattered newspapers and magazines. “Oh, god, I am so sorry Tom.” He said, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he hastily knelt down to help gather up the mess.

The monster only grumbled in response, a good natured smile on his features regardless. “It’s cool, man. You coming to get the mail too?” he asked, not minding in making small talk with their neighbors. In fact, he was outright amicable to talk to them. Eduardo and Edd had set aside their differences, Mark and Matt made up- it was all pretty lax between the groups now.

That, and having your house destroyed in a life-or-death battle between a demon of hell and an angel
of heaven kind of brought people together in the weirdest of ways. He was shoving the mail back under his arms when Mark finally stood up and offered him the papers he had. “Actually, yes. I’m waiting for the final arcane charm I need for a very specific spell.” He muttered, before turning the key into his and Eduardo’s own apartment box.

When he pulled out a small vial of glowing blue essence, he grinned. Turning his gaze to Tom, there was a determination in his eyes. “And it seems it’s arrived. I’ve been waiting on this for a very, very long time.” he said, fingers clutching the vial close as if it were something precious.

Suitably intrigued, Tom leaned against the side of the doorframe as Mark closed the box after retrieving his actual mail. “Well…you gonna tell me what it is, or are you going to leave me hanging?”

Mark considered his response for a moment. “How about I just show you instead? I think you’d like what I have planned.” He said, before heading towards the staircase and sliding his way past Tom. They were both heading in the same direction anyways, what with their apartments being located on the same floor.

Mark and Eduardo had chosen to share an apartment rather than each holding their separate rooms, easily splitting the rent and working accommodatingly with the space that they were given. Tom had to admit, he was curious. Whenever anyone in the household worked with arcane magic the end results either ended spectacularly or disastrously- but all around made for a good time.

“Yeah, sure, I don’t have anything better to do.” Tom admitted, his plans for the day extending to just reclining on the couch and watching T.V. The duo made their way to the door of Mark’s apartment, already slightly ajar with the smell of stir fry reaching his nose.

Eduardo was standing at the kitchen in nothing more than an apron and joggers, a breakfast scramble heavy with spices nearly done as the latino hummed a small tune. When the door shut behind them Eduardo turned around with a small smile, before noting Tom standing there with his hands shoved into his hoodie.

“Sup, loser.” He greeted, affection in his tone as he glanced to the eggs and green peppers. “Had I know we were gonna be treating guests I woulda made more? I might have enough to scrape on a third plate.” He muttered, placing the pan down and already moving to pull another paper plate out.

Tom shook his head. “You don’t need to worry about me- I’m just here to see Mark’s incantation or whatever he’s planning on doing.” He spoke, before watching as the larger man went as stiff as a board. His green eyes went from Tom to Mark, before he nearly dropped his spoon at the sight of the blue vial.

“Is it really-“ he asked, emotions choking his voice down. Mark only smiled in response.

He turned off the heat of the stove immediately, putting the skillet in the oven in order to keep it warm. Whatever this was clearly is more important than breakfast. Tom watched in interest as the pair rushed towards their joint bedroom, following behind them closely.

The first thing he noticed was the candles sitting about, which Mark quickly gathered in his arms. Next Eduardo was pushing aside the bed like it weighed absolutely nothing. Well, he supposed a werewolf could move a lot of things effortlessly, but still. Steadily an inscription appeared on the ground underneath their bed, patterns painstakingly painted in charcoal and preserved with a tightly drawn layer of plastic wrap.

While Mark carefully peeled back the wrappings and set up the candles, Eduardo hovered by their
closet. His fists were clenched tight on the wood of the door, peering inside of the depths as he swallowed down his nerves. “Tom, buddy, you gotta promise us you won’t think we’re crazy.” He said, causing the monster to raise his eyebrows curiously.

Yet before he could ask, Eduardo was pulling out what appeared to be a doll.

A human sized doll.

A human sized doll that looked exactly like Jon.

Tom watched in shock as the dummy was moved to the center of the circle, propped up carefully with its eyes closed in peaceful contemplation. The features of the porcelain doll were almost impeccable, painstakingly crafted and painted with the softest of airbrushes that gave the doll a flushed appearance.

It’s similarities to Jon were undeniable. From the color of the hair, to the proportions of the body—everything was exactly like their much shier neighbor. Eduardo took one look at the doll before resolving his nerves, turning to Tom with a determination in his eyes. “We’re bringing Jon back.”

Tom was flabbergasted. His mouth hung open as Mark seemed to avoid all eye contact, instead gingerly picking up the spellbook at the corner of his bed and opening it to a well-worn page. Tom looked from the doll, to Eduardo, then back to the doll. “But— how? Don’t tell me you’re actually going to try and pull his soul from the underworld.” He said, fixing Eduardo with a harsh stare. “Because that’s how you get demons.”

Demons. What a sore and overused topic for Tom to hear. He was not about to deal with another demon possession, not when they just got over their last infestation.

Mark just placed the book down in front of him, pulling the softly glowing blue vial from his pocket once more. “According to Eduardo, we don’t need to pull his soul…since he’s already here.” He said, turning up to give the wolf one last questioning glance. “Would you care to explain, Eduardo?”

To say he didn’t expect to get crazy looks for his stance, Eduardo would be lying. He knew full well what he was about to say would sound insane, but this was his only chance to get a physical, living, semi-breathing version of his past lover back. So he turned his head to the doll once more, pain gripping his chest.

“Well, erm. He’s kind of right next to you, like. Right now.” The man said, rubbing underneath his nose as his eyes flickered to Tom’s right. Yet quite obviously nobody was standing there. Tom turned into the space there, fixing it with a long stare, before pinching the bridge of his nose. “You’re going to tell me he’s a ghost, aren’t you.”

Mark just sighed. “I thought it was insane too, believe me. I figured he had just let the grief get to his head and cloud his judgment. But…it is most definitely Jon.” He said, his deep purple eyes still clouded with grief as he rose up and began to gingerly place blue flowers at every intersection of the pattern. By the time that he was done, the thrum of nature was moving through the circle, courtesy of Mark’s abilities as a nymph.

Tom spared one more glance to his side, before nearly jumping when Eduardo’s eyes followed a shadow that didn’t seem to be there. It was only when his gaze landed on a teddy bear at Tom’s side, did he notice the bear was beginning to move. At first it was just a light rocking, before steadily the plushie that once belonged to Jon was being lifted from the table.

It floated for almost a moment before being placed back down. Tom stared at the bear longer, before
feeling a soft shiver running down the back of his neck. “He says hi.” Eduardo noted.

Well, I guess that proves at least something was here with them, albeit with only Eduardo capable of seeing him. “For a while I didn’t know if it was really Jon or not. I mean, for all that we knew, it could be a demon capable of recreating his image to Eduardo. I told him such, yet…Even when we used a spell to reveal a demon’s true presence; it was just Jon, sitting there with that smile on his face.” Mark said, his voice wavering as emotions gripped him suddenly.

He pulled out a blue vial, Tom witnessing the moment where a gentle blue flower materialized on Mark’s palm. He stared at the life before him, blooming full in its gorgeous colors, before popping the bottle on the vial with his thumb.

“Jon’s spirit was a deep blue, and using this spell, we can tie any spirit with a blue aura to this doll. Now of course it isn’t perfect, and any spirit at all with a blue aura would be able to inhabit the doll, yet…” Mark turned to Eduardo, before he turned to Mark and nodded. “Jon says he’s the only spirit in this room with a blue aura, and within the general vicinity. Except for…” Eduardo’s attention turned to Tom, nodding.

“You’ve got a blue aura as well, but since you’re in a physical body already, the spell shouldn’t affect you. But for safety I’d stick to the corner of the room.” Eduardo said, before seeming to remember that he was just a spectator in this ordeal. “Well, that is unless you just wanna turn around and leave. I’m sure you’re overwhelmed right now.” he tacked on with a humorless laugh.

Yet now Tom was intrigued. If this really was Jon about to make a second coming to this earth- then he wouldn’t miss it for the world. Instead he stepped to the back of the room, leaning against the wall and shrugging nonchalantly. “You know what- I believe you. You wouldn’t go through all of this trouble to create a summoning circle, purchase all this stuff, unless you were sure it was Jon. So you know what? Have at it.”

He paused, before offering them a more genuine and reassuring smile too. “I miss Jon as well. He was always the most tolerable out of you bunch.”

They shared a silent moment of understanding between them all, before Eduardo let out a small chuckle as he sat on the ground next to Mark. “Yeah. He really was, wasn’t he? Or. Should I say he really is.” He noted, refusing to speak of Jon in past tense when he could see the soft wispings of his ghost hovering by the doll.

He was cradling the features of his future vessel with reverence, his lower half nothing more than an apparition as he circled the porcelain doll. Eduardo longed for nothing more than to pull him into his arms- and it seemed he would be able to do that very soon.

Mark poured the glowing blue essence of the vial onto each petal of the flower, watching as the flower’s veins steadily lit up as they absorbed the liquids. Finally the entire flower was glowing a soft blue. The sight of it was indescribably beautiful, a calming presence seeming to radiate from it as Mark gently parted the doll’s mouth to place the stem of the flower inside of it.

With a drop of the blue reaching each corner of the symbol, steadily the glowing light began to work its way through the charcoal lines of the circle. Soon each blue flower placed within the circle was glowing with that bioluminescence light, filling the room with its deep hue.

Finally the lines of the circle reached the inner portions, where the flowers connected with its final link- the one placed ever so quaintly over Jon’s lips. The vessel was alight with magic, its power thrumming and gathering like static electricity in the room. Mark was quick to pick up the book.
His chanting was as if it were a foreign tongue, the language completely lost to Tom even as the words seemed to hold weight to the own beast rumbling inside of him. He could feel the power through his very bones, until the spell was finalized with a sharp syllable bursting from Mark as he slammed his hands down onto the base of the circle.

The entire room erupted into white light, a loud echoing boom bursting Tom’s ear drums as the magic in the room reached a peak. Yet just as quickly as the burst came it was gone, fading into nothing as the room returned to its previously darkened state. Eduardo was looking around the room frantically as Mark’s eyes remained trained on the doll, his breath leaving him in short pants at the amount of energy the casting took.

While each of the blue flowers decorating the circle had lost its glow, the one remaining in Jon’s mouth was still pulsing this ever so faint rhythm. Tom chanced a closer look as he studied the doll, the silence in the room suffocating as they waited to see any signs of life coming from the vessel.

Eduardo was the first to break the silence, crossing the border and gingerly holding his cheek. “I don’t see him in the room—” was the first thing that he said, eyes fixated on the doll as he hoped, he fucking prayed for any signs of life to come from the porcelain surface. “Jon? Buddy? Can you hear me?” He tried, receiving not a single reply to his call.

Mark seemed to chalk it up as a failure, closing the book for good with his head downcast solemnly. He was about to console Eduardo as his desperate pleas reached dead ears, “C’mon, Jon. This ain’t funny. Say something, anything already! Show em you’re here!” He said, gruff voice steadily rising in pitch even when Mark’s hand came to rest on his shoulder.

“Eddie, he’s…Not here.” Mark tried to placate, before suddenly all three present in the room jumped as the flower gingerly fell from the doll’s mouth. At first it just seemed to be sitting there, the pulsing glow pausing for a moment- until slowly the doll reached for the flower and picked it back up in its hold.

Bright blue eyes opened, glowing the same color as the flower as a small smile stretched the porcelain features of the doll. He lifted his arm to test the joints, looking over the flower in his hold, before reaching up and tucking it behind his ear with unsteady motions.

Mark and Eduardo were shocked into silence, until finally Jon’s voice was ringing out from the base of the doll’s throat. “Something?” He said, albeit with a teasing tone rather than a questionable answer. At the first words from the man’s mouth, it seemed like the floodgates had opened for the neighbors.

Tom could only watch with a contagious smile as tears and laughter rang out from the group, Eduardo burying his face into the nape of Jon’s neck while Mark tucked himself firmly under the doll’s arms. They were all speaking at once, Eduardo and Mark babbling about how much they missed him while Jon desperately tried to placate them.

“Guys, guys please! I was never gone, just. Not physical! C’mon, don’t cry like this, I can’t cry with you!” He said, laughter ringing out like bells and filling the room with such a positive energy. While Mark and Eduardo attempted to gather themselves together, Jon lifted his head just long enough to finally fix Tom with a soft smile.

He mouthed a gentle thank you to the monster, catching Tom off guard. He glanced from side to side, before ever so helplessly pointing to himself. He wanted to ask the question why thank him, but Jon didn’t seem to part with an answer. Instead he ran his fingers through Eduardo’s coarse mane, while stroking Matt’s soft blonde locks.
It took a moment, and the realization that Tom was still there, before Eduardo and Mark could part from their long lost friend. They shared a soft moment where all three of them looked amongst each other one more time, before Tom was moving over to the group and offering any of them his hand. “Anyone need help getting up?” He offered, humor in his tone.

Jon was the one who took it first, Tom being mindful of his strength as he pulled the marionette to his feet. Jon was unsteady at first, trying to figure out how to properly move his possessed vessel, before finally relaxing as he could stand without assistance. Mark was the only other one to accept help up with thanks while Eduardo merely rolled to his feet, instantly swooping to Jon’s side to try and hold him up.

“Eduardo, please; I think I can walk myself.” Jon tried to insist, only to laugh once more as the werewolf swept him up into his broad arms once more. “Nope. Not happening.” He muttered, planting a soft kiss to the side of his temple. With a surprised jolt he was pulling back, hand moving down to feel Jon’s as he realized that the man felt…warm.

It was almost enough to bring tears back to his eyes. Not only was Jon here with them, but he felt more alive than his lover could have ever hoped for. “I, fuck. I made breakfast but there’s so much I wanna show you and do now that you’re back.” The wolf confessed sheepishly, with Mark nodding and returning the sentiment.

The doll looked between his friend- and boyfriend- before finally he was letting out a small laugh as he playfully honked Eduardo’s nose. “You can show me anything you want later- I mean, we have an eternity as far as I’m concerned! But I think it would be best if you uh, ate something. You get grumpy when you’re hungry.”

As if on cue Tom had to choke back laughter as Eduardo’s stomach betrayed him with a drawn out grumble, causing the tips of the wolf’s ears to flush in embarrassment as he had just been about to deny it. “C’mon, scruffy, let’s get some food in us.” Mark said, linking his arm gingerly with Eduardo’s as he turned to Tom with a welcoming smile.

“Well, that decided it. Eduardo let out a soft sigh as he buried his face under Jon’s chin, grumbling quite grumpily underneath it. He may not be able to detect Jon’s scent on the smooth porcelain of the doll, but it was still as warm and comforting as when he still had an organic-based Jon in his arms. “Fine, I’ll crack out the eggs and make another three servings to the stir fry.” He mumbled, before Tom was pipping in.

“Actually, just two. Matt went to work about an hour ago and Edd is working on his animations- but I can probably drag him in.” He suggested.

It felt weird to be in the presence of these three after their reunion, but he wouldn’t lie and say he didn’t enjoy every second of it. He was grateful to be considered a decent enough friend to get to watch this moment. He won’t forget it- that was for sure.
Eduardo grunted out his understanding, before Jon was slightly pushing at him and trying to squirm out of his arms. “Actually- can I go with you to get him, Tom?” Jon asked, Eduardo whimpering slightly as he inevitably had to put the man down. As much as he wanted to stay by his side, to keep him locked up where he would forever be safe- that kind of smothering wouldn’t be healthy. So he planted a soft kiss to Jon’s temple before walking towards the kitchen. “Just be quick about it- eggs don’t take that long to cook.”

Tom looked between the two before nodding his agreement, a small smile on his features as he began to walk with the doll towards the door again. Besides the slight mechanical movements that the doll’s joints allowed, it was just as if he were walking and talking to the real Jon. “I bet Edd’s going to be surprised to see you.” Tom said, more so just grasping for conversation as they exited the door and made their way towards Edd’s apartment.

Jon kicked his feet a bit as he walked, still fascinated with the way his body moved as he lifted the corners of his lips to a gentle smile once more. “Honestly, I’m surprised to see me too. I thought I’d never be physical again- But thanks to Mark and Eduardo, I feel like…me again!” He said, plucking the blue flower from behind his ear to hold in his hand.

“I didn’t want to say something around them, but. They actually tied me to this flower instead.” He said, fingertips gently brushing along the edges. “But so long as it’s attached to the doll, I can move and possess it instead! Takes a bit more energy, so sometimes I’ll need to charge, but…I was lucky enough to have enough of my spirit tied to the doll to be able to pick it up when it fell out of my mouth. Otherwise…” He paused, the silence speaking volumes.

They might have thrown away the flower, and therefore Jon, forever.

Tom cringed a bit, his hand coming to rest along the small of Jon’s back. “Well luckily that didn’t happen, and now we have you here to show for it. I know they really missed you, as did we.” Tom tried to comfort, yet Jon was taking his hand instead and walking with their fingers interlocked. He offered Tom a bright grin.

“Actually, I was meaning to thank you for that as well. I really think if you guys didn’t come around when you did, and let them find a place to stay with you at their sides…” he paused right outside of Edd’s door, sadness creeping into his expression. “I honestly think they would have fallen so far into grief they wouldn’t have been able to pull themselves back up.”

There was a brief moment of silence passing between them, with Tom holding his breath in case Jon had more to say. But instead he was letting out a soft chuckle, shoulders slumping after the confession. “Heh, sorry. It was a little dark to mention, but I really did just want to say thank you. Even if you didn’t think it would have this much impact, it means the world to them that you stayed by their sides. I would know- I watched the entire thing!”

They both shared a soft laugh at that, before Tom was pulling out his keys to Edd’s door and fixing Jon with a reassuring smile. “It’s no trouble at all, Jon. If anything we all were glad to have you back, and to keep Eduardo and Mark close. No need for if, ands, buts, or ors in our scenario. You’re here now, they’re okay, and we are all going to enjoy a nice breakfast courtesy of your boyfriend.”

At least it seemed to ease the somber mood that had crept up between them, since Jon was once again exuding that happy aura about him. Tom opened the door with a small grin, knocking only a moment after to catch Edd’s attention. Out of the three of theirs apartments, Edd’s was the one that seemed to be the most normal. Besides a cluttered mess from his computer, gaming, and animation setup in his living room, it was a well-worn, well-loved home.

Well, besides some of the awkward pin up posters, but he’s had those ever since he was 16. Tom
doubted if he ever was going to get rid of those. Instead he watched as Edd swiveled in his chair to fix Tom with a curious stare. “Hey Tom, what’s up?” he asked, before Tom leaned against the edge of the door to subtly hide Jon from view.

“Oh, nothing much. Just wondered if you were hungry. The neighbors are cooking a big breakfast since one of their old friends have rejoined the group.” He said, attempting to be as vague and nonchalant as possible to catch the angel by surprise.

Edd definitely seemed surprised at the invitation, before turning to his work with a hesitant expression. “I dunno, Tom. I’m really busy right now and actually on a roll for once.” He confessed, before a second voice was catching his attention once more. Jon had piped up from behind Tom, having to cover his mouth to stifle his laughter. “Oh, no, Edd. I insist you should join us! We have a lot of catching up to do!”

Edd’s eyes were as wide as saucers as Jon stepped out from behind Tom, both of them smiling so smugly at the awestruck expression of their friend. Tom was chuckling right alongside Jon as Edd practically jumped to his feet, his wings materializing behind him in shock to puff out much akin to a cockatiel. “Is that-”

“You’re completely solid.” He noted, completely taken aback by astonishment as he did so. “How do you move your mouth and lips?” Edd inquired, before even Jon had to stop and think about that. He opened his mouth slowly, as if testing the motions, before shrugging. “I…guess I just melt and mend the porcelain as I talk? I dunno, I don’t really question it that much.”

“Hey, fair enough.” Tom said, shrugging causally. So long as Jon could talk and move, then that was good enough. Finally Jon was pulling his hands back, motioning to the door down the hall in invitation. “Well, anyways- Eduardo is probably wondering where we are. Why don’t we go get some breakfast?”

“Sounds fine by me.”

Turns out breakfast was a hell of a lot less awkward than anyone expected it to be- what with the addition of a possessed doll of their dead friend present at the table. Jon was nothing but excited to be
back, with so many questions flying around about what happened after the end.

He seemed especially glad that Tord was gone, a breath of relief leaving him. Despite that Tord was the cause of most of the group’s problems, there was still a hint of resentment from Eduardo regarding how they were the reason the demon even came around.

But at this point it was water under the bridge, and just the sight of Tom’s blackened eyes was subtle proof that he suffered the most out of them from Tord’s influence. Truly nobody but the demon was to blame for what had happened, and it took far too long for Eduardo to acknowledge that.

Yet even with the roadbump that was the incubus, conversation was amicable and casual at best. Edd talked about his present animation progress, Mark discussed the new plant hybrid he was cultivating to spread through the city to fight pollution, and Jon talked about all the cool things that he did in the afterlife.

Turns out there were almost always so many quiet, lost spirits wandering any point of the earth. Most of the time they weren’t even aware they were there anymore, but sometimes more lively ones would hold conversations with Jon about how long they were searching for their final purpose. In fact, Jon was pointing out at least three dormant spirits and one active spirit in this room alone. That…wasn’t reassuring, honesty.

Yet as much as Tom didn’t want to keep spacing off from the conversation, the energy thrumming through his veins kept distracting him from the current topic. His demon was spurring deep within his chest, a low mist traveling from the corners of his eyes that steadily grew deeper with colors as he sat.

While the fog remained a subtle green at the edges of his eyes, he knew that the monster within grew more and more agitated without being released. He clutched at his temples as he felt the baseline of a growl rising from his throat as the smoke shifted to yellow—before Edd’s soft hand was chasing away the negativity as he placed it onto his shoulder.

The contact burned for only a moment, the angel giving him a soft smile as the demon retreated back down in fear from the touch. “Is it acting up again?” he asked, completely understanding of Tom’s condition. Sometimes his inner demon took the forefront, no matter how much Tom didn’t want it to.

The slow nod from his friend had him rising from his seat, giving Eduardo, Mark, and Jon polite smiles as he had to help Tom up as well. “Thanks so much for breakfast, guys, and it was awesome getting to see you again Jon; but me and Tom have something we need to take care of.” He said, supporting his lover as Tom could only offer a meek smile.

He already felt his canines elongated as the tips of his fingers edged towards a blackened color, and when horns started to sprout from the tips of his head? The neighbors quickly understood what was happening as they all bid their warm goodbyes.

“Can you hold on another ten minutes for me, Tom?” Edd asked, already grabbing his trenchcoat after entering his room and letting his wings materialize. They were sauntering towards an open window towards the far end of the city. As much as Tom wanted to say yes, all that came out was another rumbling growl as the beast clearly didn’t want to stay contained.

“Well—that’s answer enough for me. Hold on.” He said, wrapping Tom in his coat as the darkness helped the demon to relax in Edd’s hold.

He was never one for heights.
Edd was jumping out the window before Tom could even brace himself for the drop, his stomach falling and instantly rattling against his chest as suddenly the duo were propelled upwards by a strong pump of Edd’s wings. The wind buffeted them even through the fabric, proof to just how fast they had to be moving.

While Tom wanted to feel terrified….hearing the joyous ringing of Edd’s laughter as the man propelled them through the air was euphoric. Tom found himself smiling despite the pain overtaking his body, laughing along with Edd even as all that came out was a rasping wheeze.

When they were far from the twists and turns of the city, nearly touching the clouds where the air felt so much thinner, Tom chanced a look out from the corner of the coat to stare down at the world below him. They were just high enough to touch the clouds, easily mistakable for a bird to anyone who didn’t have a high grade telescope consistently up towards the sky.

Just the feeling of the clouds gathering moisture on his blackened palms was enough to quell him from his panic, smiling as Edd’s wings dipped up into the fluffy white and turned into a twist. They were both wet by the time that Edd returned to low altitude, the duo laughing and laughing as steadily nothing but rolling green hills of the countryside met their vision.

Only cows wandered these empty plains, not a single human in a ten mile radius to be found. It was a gorgeous plot of land that Edd had found specifically for moments like these. By the time he was lowered to the ground from the angel’s arms, Tom was already quarter shifted. He clutched his head with his claws, eyes squeezed shut as the pain of the transformation was quickly overriding all else.

As his eyes were beginning to fuse together, and his body began to swell and crack to accommodate for the new anatomy- he could always count on Edd to ground him. The angel was rubbing his back as soothingly as he could, voice so soft and sweet as he consoled him, “There there, Tom. You’re safe to shift fully out here. Nobody is around, and I wouldn’t let you hurt them. Go on-.”

Tom could only whine as he tilted his head into Edd’s side, gently nudging him away as the horns finally sprouted fully from his head. He howled in pain- before his entire body began to shift into its full monstrous size. While Tom wasn’t nearly as out of control over himself as the first time he shifted, he regretted to note that he was more akin to an animal than a human like this.

His long tail thumped on the ground as he shook his scaly hide out from the transformation, stretching in his new skin as he took only a fleeting moment to glance over his claws. The underlying urge to kill and feed was strong- until a large tree being thrown across the lot caught his attention far quicker than the desire to eat a cow.

His tail was instantly wagging as he crouched to his haunches, taking off after the log with a joyous growl leaving him. He scooped it up within his monstrous jaw, nearly snapping it in half as he chewed with the item held firmly between his paws. Yet a curt whistle caught his attention, head perking up as he saw Edd waving his hands in the distance.

“Bring it back, Tom! Come on boy!” he cooed, the beast ecstatic from the attention as he crouched down and left craters in the ground from the force of him kicking up dirt. He only stopped to a skidding halt right in front of Edd, slobber rolling from the corners of his mouth as he dropped the stick right in front of the angel. Poor guy couldn’t avoid the splatter, however.

“Augh- Tom! Gross!” he said, laughing all the while as he brushed off the front of his green hoodie. He didn’t mind, however, given he had to grip the tree by the branches anyways and lift it up using the force of his wings. He began to spin, using the momentum of the tree to only move faster, until finally the log went flying as he shouted, “Go fetch!”
And off Tom went again, barreling across the hills after the still-rolling log. Despite his brain being reverted to the most primal of thoughts, there was one thought that would always occur to him no matter what.

And that was that he was pretty damn happy with how this turned out.

Sure, Tord may never truly be gone from their lives. Sure things may not be perfect. But as he picked up the log once again in his mouth, sprinting across the field and watching as the blue sky rolled on overhead- he knew deep down inside he wouldn’t have it any other way.

He was happy as he was, and nothing was going to change that.

-  

...Yet...

Fire burst up from the ground around burned feet, screams echoing and bouncing across the obsidian walls that surrounded him. He could smell nothing but death and rot surrounding him, charcoal and sulfur clogging his senses.

Home, he blearily thought.

It’s been centuries since he’s last seen the depths of hell. And much to its name, it lived up to its record. Tord sat chained to the wall as his one good eye roamed the empty room before him, fire and ashes licking at his body as the pain could only be described as immeasurable.

He was burned beyond recognition on the left portion of his body, an arm merely a charred stump at his side as the rest of him no doubt had been fed to the hounds.

Lucifer himself had not been too pleased with his actions as of late, and it was by miracle alone he was allowed to continue his existence. Days spanned for years in the plains of hell, a measly few months on the surface of Earth accounted for centuries when trapped within its clutches.

Tord has been here so long, he hardly remembers the days as they all blended together. After his initial bump-in with the devil himself, the incubus could almost wish that he was dead. No, instead he was forced to suffer at the hands at whatever higher ranking demon saw fit.

They took his arm, they took his eye- but worst off was that they took his dignity. They saw the weakness in his expression when he had been sent back from earth, saw where the injuries he had sustained at the hands of his victims laid. And they recreated his punishment in their image.

His arm would never grow back, his eye would forever be charred and useless. A taunting reminder to the inky abysses that Tom’s eyes had become.

Tom…..

He wished that he could say that anger still rolled through his gut at the mere mentioning of that human. The prey that should have been so easy to keep under his thumb, to drain dry and use, eventually shackle down and create in his own image as a monster.

At first, he was angry. He was burning with animosity as his skin boiled and cracked from the hells
flames, his punishment for nearly exposing the demonic realm, and nearly plunging heaven and hell into a war once more. No, only Lucifer would be the one with the honor to do so. Tord was just a whelp to them, a pesky mosquito that had flown too far into the spider’s web.

So yes, he was angry. Except…as time stretched on, shackled alone with only occasional passerbys into his realm, he began to think.

He began to regret his actions.

He had never believed that hell was merely an extended purgatory, a stepping stone for the bad to realize their misdeeds, and to come to regret their actions for the end of eternity. He had believed there was no rhyme or reason behind this mindless violence besides a mockery of what their life held.

And yet here Tord was, with his head held low, remembering the bright corners of Tom’s mouth when he smiled with his friends. He remembered those bright blue eyes, so filled with passion and joy when he sung. He could still recall the lingering feeling of love in the air, passing between the three beings that first inhabited the house before he so much as stepped foot within their domain.

At first it had disgusted him, but now? Anything would be better than steadily starving away, shackled to his own throne, a reminder of the rebellion he had once attempted to muster up. He was a mockery to each soldier that once would proudly follow him- an example of how weak and pathetic he truly was to be defeated by a human-turned-angel, a starved vampire, and a changeling whelp that had just morphed.

There was only one person from his legion who still talked to him. And as Tord’s eyes slowly lifted to the stranger in the room, he let a small smile appear on his features.

“Yuutav, it’s good to see you.” he said, voice gravely from misuse as the lighting demon stared at him with the utmost of pity.

“Hey, Tord. Long time no see, huh? I wanted to visit you sooner but-“ he was cut off, Tord just shaking his head with an exasperated smile curving his lips. “It is no matter, soldier. I deserved this, through and through. I’m merely glad I did not get you in trouble for my actions.”

The man knelt down before Tord, testing the chains at his wrist, before humming in thought. “Well, what if I told you I wanted to get in trouble?” he asked, flashing a simple silver key to the incubus.

Tord’s eyes lit up the second that he saw the promise to his freedom, before slowly his eye began to move to Yuu’s once more. Lightning flickered around the form of the Oni, a single fang peeking out as he smiled in utmost glee.

“You don’t mean…”

“Oh I mean.”

- - -

Perhaps this wasn’t the end to the story, was it?
Thanks for reading! Sincerely, Morph-writes-shit/Vivaciiousfanatic! <3

Chapter End Notes

Oh, you read that last part, didn't you? :) Yeah, I still plan on updating the finished product from time to time with additional story arks and chapters, but don't be expecting them any time soon! I need a long break from multi chapter writings! Especially as I finish up Pride and Virtue! But anyways- thanks again so much for being a part of this! I enjoyed every second of writing it! (Okay maybe not every second but YAKNOW.)
End Notes

Thanks for reading! If you like it, be sure to leave a kudos and a comment if you actually would like me to continue this. Criticism and plot suggestions are more than welcome, as any feedback is appreciated.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!