saving grace

by themadtilde

Summary

Prompt: I remember in season one, I think it was episode four of the show, Simon mentioned a bully at his and Clary's high school. Kirk Duplesse I believe the guy's name was. He used to make Simon do his homework or something. Maybe have Simon and Raphael be out and they bump into Simon's former bully and he gives Simon a hard time even though Simon is now a strong sexy vampire who no one should be able to push around and Raphael comes to the rescue.

Notes

This was requested by "G" on one of my previous stories.
This turned out slightly longer than I intended, I hope I didn't drag it on for too long. A story that's too long and complex is just as annoying as a too short, rushed story.
This is based on show!verse because book!Kirk is actually Simon's friend and bandmate. According to shadowhunter wiki, Kirk used to force Simon to do his homework or something like that but I turned that up a notch and had him straight out abuse and harrass Simon.
English isn't my native language and this isn't beta'd, so any mistakes are on me!
I don't own Shadowhunters.

See the end of the work for more notes.
“My my, isn’t it Simon Lewis!”

Simon’s head snapped up and he froze, in the middle of a step.

That voice sounded oddly familiar. He hadn’t heard it for years, and hadn’t thought about the owner to the voice for a very long time. However, that sneering, vicious tone was still unforgettable, and Simon would probably always recognize it, no matter how long time he went without thinking about it.

It set off a vivid chain of flashbacks in Simon’s mind - blurry, repressed memories that all were characterized by the same emotions - fear, anxiousness, terror and self-preservation.

Turning around, he came face to face with a square-jawed boy with dark, unruly hair and an olive tint to his skin. He had grown and matured since the last time Simon saw him, but the smirk and the lazy, malicious glint in his eyes couldn’t be mistaken.

“Kirk,” Simon said weakly, and his voice was an octave higher than he liked. Kirk gave him a sly, sleazy grin and sauntered up to him. Simon found himself taking a few steps back subconsciously as Kirk stepped closer, but his back hit a wall and he realized, he had nowhere to go. If he leapt to the side, Kirk would most certainly catch him before he could speed away.

Vampire speed, duh! the rational part of his brain told him. But Simon remembered Raphael’s scolding, reprimanding voice every time he had accidentally done something slightly too vampire in front of mundanes, and he didn’t want to disappoint Raphael again.

“Long time no see, old friend,” commented Kirk, and the corner of his mouth pulled up in a predatory smile when he saw how Simon’s eyes widened.

“Um …” Simon gulped and couldn’t come up with an answer. Kirk was too close, and his gaze was nailing Simon to the wall. His mouth became dry and he licked his lips nervously.

“Still as thick-headed and inadequate after all these years?” Kirk chuckled, and Simon felt himself shrink in size.

Kirk’s posture, his lazy and malicious face brought out memories that Simon had tried to drown and bury for years - this was the exact same face he had been wearing when he set fire to Simon’s school bag, assignments and homeworks in it, and the face he’d been wearing when he snapped Simon’s glasses in two and shoved him to the ground, causing him to scrap his palms and knees rather badly.

Simon thought briefly of Clary - she had been with him most of the times that Kirk had shown up to terrorize Simon, and she had been like an angry but fierce kitten by his side.

Now though, he was alone with Kirk in a dark, empty alley, with no one to back him up or at least serve as a witness if he died.

You can't die! his brain scolded him. You’re already dead!

Dead-er, then, Simon replied mentally, and he knew that technically, Kirk couldn’t actually do him any harm. But it wasn’t the fear of any (im)possible injuries Kirk could provide him with that made his brain shut down with fear - it was simply the fact that Kirk had been Simon’s worst nightmare for the greater part of high school. The fear and the anxious worry about what Kirk would do next was imprinted in Simon’s brain, and he was so used to be dreading everything that was connected to Kirk that those instincts came to life even now, when he was a nearly indestructible vampire, at least ten times stronger than Kirk.
Yet, the mundane had Simon trembling against the wall, breathing unevenly in order to channel some of his anxiety.

“What do you want, Kirk?”

Simon was very proud (and a little surprised) that his voice didn’t crack, even though he had a hard time meeting Kirk’s stare.

A rumbling laughter rose from the brown haired boy, and the sound was ominous in the quiet, dark alley.

“What, can’t a guy catch up with his old high school friend? We had some pretty fun moments together, don’t you think?”

Kirk’s face came closer, and Simon stopped breathing. (Which wasn’t actually a problem, since he didn’t need to breathe. But still.)

“Can’t you just, leave me alone or something?” Simon croaked, throat dry. The other male chuckled again, shaking his head slowly.

“Still haven’t learnt anything, I see,” he noted, and his hot breath hit Simon in the face. “Looks like all those punches were to no avail. Didn’t anything get through that thick head of yours when your futile carrot friend had to pay for your stupidity?”

Simon recalled a memory of Kirk pushing Clary to the ground, yanking her hair and screaming after she had shoved him in order to defend Simon. Simon had felt so guilty about that, he couldn’t even look at Clary for a few days.

“I see,” Kirk sneered when Simon didn’t answer. “Apparently, I still have some things to teach you.”

Simon sagged against the wall, sinking to the ground and squeezing his eyes shut as Kirk rose a threatening hand. His arms flew up to shield his face - a motion he was far too used to - and he tried to make himself smaller as he waited for the punch.

It never came.

Tentatively, still holding his (unnecessary) breath, Simon cracked one eye open and peeked up through his fingers.

Kirk’s face was threatening when he looked down at Simon, hand still raised - and then, a new hand shot up from behind, taking a hold of the boy’s wrist. With an almost inhuman strength and speed, someone had seized Kirk from behind and sent him flying into the wall.

Simon couldn’t help but grimace when Kirk’s back made contact with the brick wall with a painful crunch. But he was up in a second, scowling and clutching his shoulder as he moved forwards to meet Simon’s rescuer.

Raphael stood in the alley, arms crossed and a grim expression on his face. Simon had to blink a few times to make sure that he wasn’t hallucinating or something, because what was the clan leader doing out on the streets in the middle of the night?

“What do you think you’re doing.”

Raphael’s voice was monotone and despite having phrased it as a question, there was not a trace of question or interest in his tone.
Kirk’s scowl deepened as he closed up on Raphael, eyeing the boy who had thrown him into the wall.

“I’m teaching the imbecile here a lesson, and you better stay out of it, you pretentious snob,” spat Kirk, and Raphael’s fists clenched upon the word imbecile. However, he relaxed just as quickly, tilting his head back to give Kirk a lazy, challenging look.

“Oh what?” he drawled, sounding bored and like the pretentious snob Kirk had called him. Kirk looked like he wasn’t sure if he had heard right - and Simon could understand the bully’s surprise. Raphael was almost a head shorter than Kirk, and he was wearing a well tailored suit, with a white, fancy shirt under. His hair was neatly gelled back and despite the apathetic expression, his face was as delicate and elegant as an angel.

He did certainly not look like someone who could even stand a chance in a fight, even though Simon had witnessed him rip heads off of demons and backflip and stake vampires through the heart simultaneously.

“Oh- or you’ll regret it!” spluttered Kirk, towering threateningly over Raphael who gazed up at him, seemingly unfazed.

“If I were you,” replied Raphael, and his voice was so quiet that only Simon’s enhanced hearing allowed him to make out the words, “I would turn my fractured back and run the other way about … right now.”

Raphael’s lips barely moved as he spoke, but Simon recognized the look in his eyes; it was murderous. Scrambling to his feet, Simon rushed over to Raphael and grabbed his shoulders without thinking.

“Come on Raphael, he’s not worth it,” Simon begged, and the unspoken meaning was he’s not worth killing. Raphael might look stiff and outright bored, but Simon knew it was just an act, that he wanted to rip Kirk’s throat out and could do so whenever he wished to. “Let’s go home,” he pleaded, trying to catch Raphael’s gaze. The other vampire met his eyes for a short, confused moment before Kirk pushed Simon out of the way, growling.

“Home?” he taunted, shoving Simon roughly so he stumbled backwards. “Didn’t know you were a faggot too, but I guess that’s what happens to failures like you.”

If Raphael had been calmed down by Simon’s interfering, that had been in vain because he went rigid at Kirk’s taunting, eyes turning almost black.

“Do you have a problem with mine and Simon’s relationship?” Raphael inquired, voice cold as ice.

“Except for the fact that you are a bunch of disgusting, creepy faggots? Yeah, you’re fucking a pathetic wuss, you know!” jeered Kirk. Oh man. He’s digging his own grave, thought Simon and sighed inwardly.

“Are you always this stupid and narrowminded, or is this a special occasion?” Raphael wondered, tilting his head to the side. “Wait, don’t try to figure out a reply. That much thinking might sprain your brain.”

Kirk threw a punch, almost too quick for Simon’s vampire eyes to see. But Raphael was quicker - he dodged, stepped around Kirk and had him in a chokehold in less than three seconds. Gasping, with big eyes and open mouth, Kirk’s body was bent back in a strangle angle since Raphael was much shorter and the chokehold required Kirk to come down a few centimetres in order for his neck to be
in level with Raphael’s chest.

“I’m telling you this one more time, and only one: leave,” hissed Raphael in Kirk’s ear, and the boy whimpered, eyes squeezed shut.

 Abruptly, Raphael let go of the now petrified boy, who fell clumsily to the ground as Raphael stepped back.

 “Go!” snarled Raphael, fangs bared and he hissed at Kirk, whose eyes were early bugging out of his head. He scrambled backwards, getting to his feet clumsily and stumbling away down the street. He looked over his shoulder once, face paling even more upon seeing Raphael’s furious gaze and razor-sharp fangs.

 “What the fuck are you?” Kirk yelled, but didn’t stay to find out the answer. In a few seconds, he was gone in the darkness.

 Raphael dusted off some invisible dust from his shoulders before he turned to check up on Simon. Simon’s mind had stopped racing by now - actually, it had stopped racing the second he spotted Raphael, but he wasn’t about to admit that - and he couldn’t help but smile tentatively at Raphael’s worried look.

 “I’m okay,” Simon assured him when Raphael moved forwards hesitantly, hands fluttering as if he wanted to touch and examine Simon but didn’t dare to.

 “Who was that?” Raphael demanded to know, crossing his arms instead. Simon sighed and looked away.

 “A guy from my high school,” he muttered. “He used to bully me and Clary. Well, mostly me, but I don’t know why though.”

 “And you let him corner you and you were about to let him punch you?” quizzed Raphael skeptically, and oh god there it was, that condescending, scolding and disliking tone.

 Simon hung his head abashedly.

 “He brought up a lot of memories,” he replied quietly, suddenly feeling stupid for his weakness and feebleness. He was a damn vampire, for hell’s sake! Kirk could have been punching him all day, Simon was pretty sure that his mundane strength would barely scratch him. Yet, Kirk had him paralyzed with fear and Raphael had to swoop in to save Simon. Again.

 Suddenly, Raphael was right in front of him, hands sliding soothingly up and down Simon’s arms.

 “Don’t be ashamed,” he said, and his voice and touch was oddly comforting. “I have had my own fair share of bullies when I was mortal - I know how they can make you feel you so weak and powerless, when in fact they are the ones who are smallminded and insecure.”

 Simon looked up in surprise. He hadn’t dared to hope for Raphael to understand - at best, he had expected a scolding reprimand about his vampire abilities and powers. But Raphael looked determined and urgent when his eyes met Simon’s, and the younger vampire found himself smiling.

 “Okay,” he said, “okay. Thanks for, you know, saving me.”

 “It was the least I could do,” replied Raphael, removing his hands and taking a step back. Instantly, Simon missed the reassuring touch (not now, gay thoughts!), which reminded him of something else.
“Uh, I’m sorry about … that homophobic shit he threw in your face too,” Simon added, bowing his head shamefully.

“Don’t worry,” was Raphael’s curt reply. “I’ve dealt with far worse. But I admit that I lost it quite quickly there - I could barely keep myself from snapping his neck when he said those things about you, but I felt that when he insulted our relationship, he crossed a line.” Raphael spoke without seeming to realize what he had said. Not until he looked back at Simon and saw the fledglings face-splitting grin.

“What?” Raphael scowled.

“Our relationship, you say?” Simon hummed, smirk only broadening when Raphael’s eyes widened.

“Don’t think too hard about it, fledgling, or you might sprain something,” he advised coolly, but his voice wasn’t even half as serious and disdainful as it had been when he uttered the very same insult to Kirk’s face.

Simon just smiled widely, running to catch up with Raphael who had started walking down the street.

“Somehow, I get the feeling you don’t mean that,” he chirped, bumping shoulders with Raphael. "Otherwise you wouldn't have saved me."

End Notes

Thanks for reading!
I hope I didn't portray Simon as too weak and a "damsel in distress" (well he is but I didn't want to exaggerate it).

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