Fate Made You Ours & Us Yours

by Ace_sama

Summary

Christine and Raoul are vampire mates that have felt complete in their love...until they meet Erik. They feel something for the music shop owner that they didn't realize they needed, while Erik finds himself coming to love the friendship he shares with these new neighbors of his.

Notes

I’m back! How are my lovely readers!? Hope ya’lI didn’t miss me too much, lol, just kidding. But I did say I had another fanfic with this ship and here it is.

Disclaimer: I only own this story, not PhofOp itself.

Erik is Ace in this, like usual, there are different types of Ace.

On with the chapter!

Don’t copy to another site
Erik woke to the sound of pounding. He groaned and lifted his hand to reach out for his clock. He pressed a familiar button.

“The time is 2:48 am.” A robotic male voice informed him.

With another groan he sat up, his cat, Ayesha, meowing in protest as she was disturbed from her place on his stomach. Erik felt her get off of him and swung his legs over his bed. He stood and walked towards the door, easily finding the door knob and opened the door.

The pounding on the door paused and Erik thought for a second that the person had left but then the noise began again, telling him that it was not so. He heard the sound of another door opening down the hall and turned his head towards it.

“Did you order a late night pizza or something?” he asked as the sounds of footsteps got closer.

“Ha, ha.” Nadir grumbled sarcastically. Erik heard him stop a few feet away from him and a hand took his shoulder. “Go back to bed, I’ll deal with them.”

“I cannot.” Erik countered, getting away from his best friend’s hold. “The curiosity would keep me up.”

“It’s probably some drunk that got lost trying to find their apartment.” Nadir countered. He headed towards the door and Erik followed after him.

Erik could tell that Ayesha was trailing after him, she was an extremely curious cat. However, when he entered the living room, she suddenly hissed. The sound startled Erik, his head tilting towards where he heard Ayesha. She was not an unfriendly cat, the idea that she would hiss was a disturbing one.

“Nadir.” Erik warned, stopping at the entrance to the room.

“I know.” Nadir acknowledged, the frown in his tone.

The pounding continued, the noise sounding a lot more threatening now that Ayesha was on guard.

“Christine!” a male voice yelled from behind the door. “Come on! Open up! I forgot my keys again!”

Erik relaxed slightly. “You are right, he’s just a lost drunk.”

He heard Nadir go towards the door and stopped. “Still doesn’t explain why Ayesha’s fur is standing at its end and she looks about to kill whoever is on the other side.”

Erik could not see that, but he had a good idea since Ayesha was growling loudly next to him.

“Get out of sight, I’ll get rid of him.” Nadir ordered.

Erik did as asked and stepped from the living room and back into the hallway. He turned around and pressed his back to the wall.
“You got the wrong apartment.” Nadir’s voice called out. The door remained shut. His voice was probably muffled by it, but why open the door if you can get things done with a door closed?

Apparently the man was too drunk to hear or didn’t understand the words because a few knocks answered.

“Christine! Open the door, I want some french-fries! We have those right?! If not, can we go get some?”

Erik snickered softly from his spot. The situation was completely ridiculous. If it was not for Ayesha freaking out, Erik would be laughing.

“I heard that.” Nadir informed Erik softly, making him grin. Then to the man, “This isn’t your apartment!”

There was silence on the other side. Erik thought this time the man had left.

“Is this because I messed up earlier?” The man’s voice came through the door. The tone taking on serious note. “I told you it was an accident.”

“For god’s sake, Nadir, open the door! The man probably will not go away until he sees that it’s not his apartment.” Erik suggested.

“Fine, but you stay hidden.” Nadir commanded.

Erik went a couple steps deeper in the hall to make sure he would not be seen. He heard Nadir unlock the door, but the chain lock remained on. The door was cracked opened.

“This isn’t your apartment, go away.” Nadir stated firmly to the man outside.

“Oh!” the man replied in shock. “Crap! This isn’t mine, sorry man.”

“It’s fine.” Nadir replied easily.

“I’m new here, you see.” The man continued sheepishly. “Moved in last week.”

“Fascinating.” Nadir drawled. Erik heard the sound of Ayesha fleeing from the room back towards his bedroom which made him frown. He turned towards the entrance again, wishing that he could let Nadir know but could not without giving his presence away.

“Raoul!” a female voice suddenly called out. “I’ve been looking everywhere for you!”

“Christine!” the man named Raoul, beamed. “You won’t believe what happened—”

There was a sound of gagging before a heave. Erik heard it splatter across the pavement. Nadir let out a horrified gasp and Erik straightened up. He could smell a metallic and rusty scent in the air.

“What the—? Is that—?” Nadir panicked.

“No.” The female, Christine, cut off in a firm voice that made Erik shiver. It left no room for argument and sounded cold. “It’s just regular puke, that’s all it is. I’m sorry about the mess, but we best be going. Come along Raoul.”

“Fine.” Raoul grumbled and Erik heard two pairs of feet walk away.

As soon as they were far enough, Erik rushed out of the hallway and into the living room. The odor
was strong in the air, piercing his nostrils.

“Nadir?” Erik asked cautiously. He could not see him, but his silence was unnerving. Nadir was not one to back down easily, especially when he sounded so disturbed earlier, he was a cop after all. The fact that Nadir had allowed the girl to completely talk over him was unusual.

Plus, the scent certainly did not smell like puke.

“What is it?” Nadir asked, finally speaking. He sound completely normal, which relaxed Erik a bit, but he remained worried.

“What happened?” Erik asked, heading towards him.

“I wouldn’t get any closer if I was you.” Nadir stated, Erik paused. The sound of the door closing and Nadir heading towards the kitchen echoed in Erik’s ears. “The damn boy puked on the front steps and it splattered a bit. Didn’t get inside but I know how sensitive your nose is.”

Erik stayed where he was, but could not help but think that Nadir was acting too calmly about the situation. He could hear Nadir getting paper towels to clean up the mess outside. The smell was cut off by the door being close, but he remembered it well enough. When Nadir came back out of the kitchen, Erik spoke.

“That smell, it did not smell like it.” Erik began, hearing Nadir unlock the chain lock to open the door all the way. He could smell it again and his thoughts were further confirmed.

“Oh? What does it smell like?” Nadir questioned in a light tone that told Erik he was amusing him.

“Blood.” Erik announced, taking a couple steps forward. “It smells like blood. Plus, the way you reacted—”

“Erik.” Nadir interrupted. “There’s no blood. I freaked out because some drunk puked on our doorstep.”

Erik furrowed his eyebrows down in confusion. The scent was of blood, he knew that, but Nadir was telling him there was not any. Nadir could certainly lie, but he was not the type of person to, especially when it came towards Erik. More often than not, Nadir was Erik’s eyes in the world and because of that, he would never lie about a sight.

“Alright.” Erik finally accepted reluctantly.

“Good. Now go to bed. I need to get rid of this mess and go to bed to get up in the morning.” Nadir told him softly.

Erik nodded and left the living room. Upon entering his bedroom, Ayesha let out a loud meow. From the position, Erik could tell she was on his bed and was careful to not lay on her as he laid down. She crawled up towards him and settled on his stomach, purring. He raised his hand and began to stroke her fur.

“Why are you calm now?” Erik wondered quietly to her.

She had freaked out when Raoul had shown up and then bolted right before Christine arrived. That was most curious and far too perfect on timing to be a coincidence.

Plus there was the fact that Nadir changed when Erik persisted in his questions about the ‘blood.’ His tone had completely become dead and monotone, like he had not been the one talking. Nadir
had been panicked, that much Erik knew for sure, but then the girl, Christine, had spoken and
suddenly it was like nothing had happened. Erik did not know what to think about that but he did
know that he was going to stay away from the two of them.

That should be easy enough, neither of them had seen him. As a result, they did not know he even
existed. If he heard their voices, he would make sure that he avoided them. It was not the most
promising plan, but it was all he could do.

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“I can’t believe you!” Christine hissed, her hands clenched tightly into fists as she glared down at
Raoul. “You almost exposed us!”

Raoul shifted uncomfortably on the couch. “No we weren’t, I would have compelled him after.”

“Oh really? Would you have been able to in your state?” Christine growled in frustration. “You
were barely able to stand when I got there. You are lucky that we can’t be drunk for long!”

Raoul gained a sheepish look. “I’m sorry.”

Christine sighed heavily through her nose. She knew that she was angrier because of their earlier
fight than what had happened that night. A few nights ago, they had fought about Raoul’s new job
and how it would help him drink easier. Christine had argued that it was too much of a risk while
Raoul had thought otherwise. When Raoul had tried out his new plan, it almost didn’t work and
Christine had found him in time.

She had blown up at him, and he had disappeared.

Christine spent the past few days worried and tried to find him but couldn’t. She was grateful that
she had found him trying to come back, even if it had been at the wrong apartment.

“I’m sorry too.” Christine apologized. “It’s my fault that you left anyway, I shouldn’t have yelled
at you.”

Raoul quickly stood up and clasped his hands over her arms. “No, no. You had every right to be
mad at me. I messed up. Big time. I couldn’t see it at the time and left.”

Christine gave him a weak grin, placing her hands on his chest. “Where have you been?”

Raoul shrugged. “Here and there. Luckily, I was off of work, which made it easier to cool down.
After I did, I felt guilty and couldn’t come back right away. How is she?”

Christine knew exactly who he was talking about and nodded. “She’s fine.”

Raoul let out a breath of relief, placing his forehead against hers. “What about that guy at the
apartment?”

“He’ll forever believe that he cleaned up puke and only that.” Christine told him confidently. She
raised her hands from his chest to around his neck. “I don’t think we made a good first impression
on our new neighbor.”

Raoul snorted lightly. “Better than him trying to send me to the hospital for puking up blood or
later trying to kill us if he found out that I am perfectly healthy.”

“That hasn’t happened in a while, let’s try to not have that happen within at least a decade.”
Christine grinned.

Raoul chuckled and closed his eyes. “What about the other one?”

Christine frowned. “What other one?”

Raoul eyes snapped open and he lifted his head from hers in disbelief. “The other man in the apartment? Did you get him?”

Christine took a quick step back out of his arms with a wide stare. “There was another one?”

“Yes!” Raoul breathed out.

Both of them looked at each other in panic. If the man they didn’t compel saw the blood, he would be able to break the other man’s compel and both of them would come after them.

They needed to find the other man.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! Hope everyone enjoyed the first chapter of this new story. I wonder how many of ya’ll noticed a little something something regarding Erik…hmmm. Be sure to let me know in the comments! Or leave one if you just enjoyed the chapter in general! I love hearing from my readers! Next chapter will be in Raoul’s POV. See ya next time!
Not Following Through

Chapter Summary

“Ah!” Raoul gasped at the assault the man’s scent.

He could feel his mouth watering as his fangs descended from his gums. He stumbled backwards until his back hit the wall of the closest apartment. He quickly turned, placing both of his hands on the wall in front of him as he tried to gain control of himself. His nails clawed into the bricks as he hunched over, body trembling from trying to make sure that he stayed exactly where he was instead of running to the man to drink from him.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - lol, those are all good guess, but you'll find out the thing about Erik in this chapter! ;) Good to see that you are going to be reading this one as well and hope you enjoy it as much as the others! Thank you for the lovely comment!

Maysanchez471 - Thank you for the comment!

insane_bookworm - Oh my! What a lovely welcome back! Thank you! And you're about to find out if you are right! ;)

yoi_islife - Why thank you! I hope you enjoy the read!

scoobyice8 - Thank you so much! I'll admit, vampire aus are a weakness of mine as a reader too. ;) Oh, Nadir is definitely protective, but that's just the relationship dynamic to me! lol You're about to find out if your guess is correct! ;)

SpyralRose - Ahh! Thank you for such a lovely comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Raoul paced back and forth in his living room. Christine was asleep and he didn’t want to wake her. After they had realized that they had made a mistake, they had headed back to the apartment that held the man that might ruin everything. They had recently moved in knowing that it was time to move on from their last place, they didn’t want to move away only a week after they moved into the new one.

They had gone to the apartment and found the lights off and the mess Raoul had made cleaned up. Not a speck could be seen on the pavement, yet there was no trace of Christine’s work being broken. Raoul had been sure that if the other man had seen the blood, he would have broken the trance, but that didn’t seem to be the case.

The apartment was peaceful, the two inhabitants seemingly also sleeping peacefully. Raoul could
hear the sound of two men breathing deeply, telling him that they were indeed asleep.

“What happened?” Raoul had asked as they watched the apartment, as if chaos was going to erupt from it at any moment.

Christine had frowned in confusion. “I don’t know. You were right about there being another, but why hasn’t he said anything? Did he not see the blood?”

Raoul glanced around making sure that they weren’t being watched. It would be a little awkward if they were caught and were watched as they were watching. Finding no one, he faced Christine.

“I’m pretty sure he was close enough to see it. Definitely awake.”

Christine furrowed her eyebrows. “Than what…”

Raoul placed his hand on her shoulder. “Come on. We’ll figure it out tomorrow.”

“You mean later today?” Christine offered with a small grin.

Raoul grinned back. “Exactly.”

They had gone back and had went to sleep but Raoul had trouble doing so. There was a nagging tug at the back of his mind, like he was missing something important. And he was certain that it had to do with the man they hadn’t gotten to. It kept pecking at him until Raoul got out of the bed, careful not to wake Christine and went into their living room.

He paced back and forth, trying to work out the unsettling feeling he had. He knew that it wasn’t about the whole thing that happened with the blood and whether the compel would break. Raoul didn’t know what it was about.

For one reason or another, he felt the intense urge to go back to that apartment. There was a pull in his gut that was telling him to return and it took him every ounce of his will power to not go back.

By the time dawn arrived, Raoul was pacing a line in their new carpet. He knew that Christine didn’t need to be up for a couple hours but he decided to risk going out. The whole idea of the sun being deadly to them was ridiculous. The sun produced light and heat, Raoul didn’t have any more problems than any other person who was in the sun. He got really bad sunburn when he was out in it for too long, but that was everyone.

Within a few seconds, Raoul had left the apartment, locked the door, and was standing across the yard of the apartment of the men from last night. The pull in his gut was tugging harder but he forced himself to remain out of sight and not get any closer. He took note of the scent of the man he had spoken to last night. It was one of coffee, but not the cheap stuff sold in stores, the good kind that had a sprinkle of warm spices. There was a slight mix of gun powder in the scent, telling Raoul that the man had a career that involved weaponry.

Knowing this made Raoul more unsettled about making sure that he didn’t have the compel broken.

He also couldn’t smell anything of the other man, but that wasn’t surprising. Scents can get lost with enough time, all it took was a few days of not leaving one spot or bad weather. It had rained yesterday and if the man hadn’t left the apartment after that, his scent would be gone.

He heard one person moving around in the apartment but couldn’t tell who it was, though he must have gotten up right at dawn. He heard an alarm ring through and it being turned off. A part of him
was impatient and felt the need to break into the apartment, but he clenched his wrists with his opposite hands to give him a mental warning to make him stay put.

When he saw a figure move within the window frame of one of the windows, his instincts knew that it was the other man. The blinds and curtains were closed but the pulled in his gut jerked at the sight causing Raoul to sharply gasp under his breath. He tightened his grip on his wrists and continued to watch.

Eventually, the man he had spoken to last night came out dressed in a cheap suit and locked the door behind him. Raoul watch him go to his car, completely calm and not giving any indication that his compel had been broken. The man got in his car and drove away.

Raoul turned back towards the apartment and wondered when the other man would leave. He crushed down the urge to walk to the door and knock on it. He listened as the man got ready for his day. When the man made obvious noises that meant he was going to head out, Raoul glanced down at his watch. He was shocked to see that he had been standing in front of the man’s apartment for almost an hour!

Suddenly the door to the apartment opened, Raoul’s head whipped up and finally caught sight of the man.

“Ah!” Raoul gasped at the assault the man’s scent.

He could feel his mouth watering as his fangs descended from his gums. He stumbled backwards until his back hit the wall of the closest apartment. He quickly turned, placing both of his hands on the wall in front of him as he tried to gain control of himself. His nails clawed into the bricks as he hunched over, body trembling from trying to make sure that he stayed exactly where he was instead of running to the man to drink from him.

The man had the most intoxicating scent he’s ever smelled. The aroma of apple pierced through the air, but not just any apple. It was the apple you craved on a hot summer’s day, thirsting for its juices and crunch. It was the apple freshly picked from the tree in perfect condition. It was the apple that was the symbol of temptation, mixed with a hint of parchment like in old books.

It made Raoul need like he’s never needed before.

How in the world did he not noticed this last night?! He doubted that he being drunk was the reason. He was pretty sure he would be able to recognize the scent anywhere.

He pressed his forehead to the wall, trying to force his fangs back and calm the desperate urge to go to the man. The last thing they needed was for him to mess up this soon in their new life.

It took some time and while the pull in his gut remained, he was able to withdraw his fangs and straightened. When he glanced towards the apartment, he found that the man was gone, but his scent lingered. Following it, Raoul eventually caught up to him and the sight almost made him freeze in his tracks.

The man’s back was to him and was walking at a steady pace but in the man’s left hand, a white cane was being slid back and forth in front of him.

He’s blind, Raoul thought in disbelief.

That…explained a lot actually. If he couldn’t see, he wouldn’t have seen the blood therefore wouldn’t have been able to break the compel, even if he was there. All night, Raoul and Christine had been worried over nothing. A part of him was relieved that there was nothing to worry about,
but then a darker part of him started to whisper thoughts.

If he was blind, he was an easy target. The man wouldn’t see Raoul coming and would be unable to defend himself. Raoul would be able to easily knock the man unconscious to drink from him. Usually, he didn’t do that, but since the man was blind, Raoul needed him to be unconscious.

Raoul felt his mouth began to water again at the thought of being able to drink the blood that created that scent and picked up his pace.

As if he could sense his presence, the man stopped in his walking, causing Raoul to stop as well. The man cocked his head to the side, listening for anything. Raoul made sure to remain perfectly motionless, going as far as to stop his breathing to not be heard.

After a few minutes, the man shook his head and began to walk again. It was early enough that there weren’t a lot of people around, they were either asleep or driving pass them. Raoul made sure to walk casually as possible for their benefit but also made sure to keep quiet for the man to not hear him. As they walked, Raoul took his time to observe his future prey.

The man was tall, taller than Raoul probably by a couple inches. He wore black slacks, a long sleeve white button up with a black vest, and dress shoes, which made Raoul think he was crazy since it was summer. The man was slightly pale, though not nearly as pale as Raoul and Christine, and had black hair that was slicked back with gel.

Raoul let his gaze linger on the man’s wide shoulders before settling on his neck, imagining what it would be like to pierce the skin with his fangs.

As if summoned, Raoul could feel them descend from his gums again. When Raoul spotted an opportunity, he used his speed to bring himself behind the man and grabbed him. The man jerked in surprise but Raoul gave the man no time to react. Instead, he pushed him against the wall and slammed his head onto the brick. The man’s head hit and he slumped back in Raoul’s grip.

The man was heavier than he thought, but that wasn’t a problem for him. Raoul quickly dragged him out of sight, making sure to grab the cane, and laid him on the ground on his back. For the first time, Raoul got a proper look at the man’s face.

Raoul blinked with a small gasped. The man’s face was disfigured beyond anything Raoul has ever seen before. Raoul crouched and leaned over him to get a closer look. It looked painful and Raoul wondered what had come first. The blindness or the disfigurement? Maybe he was born with both?

He shook his head, bringing him out of his thoughts. He had followed the man for one reason. Now he had the opportunity to do it.

Raoul got more comfortable, reaching forward and took hold of the man’s head and leaned forward as he brought the neck closer. He let out a large exhale before taking in a deep breath of the scent, almost groaning as he could practically taste the blood already.

His fangs touched the tip of skin when suddenly, Raoul felt wrong all over, the sensation engulfing his entire being.

Startled, Raoul dropped the man and lunched backwards hard enough that he landed on his behind. He panted as the feeling went away, though the urge to bite remained. He stared at the unconscious man, wondering what had happened.

Shaking his head, he got on his knees and tried again, but the same thing happened. As soon as Raoul’s fangs were about to break skin, the overwhelming feeling of wrongness and guilt washed
over him.

Eventually, he gave up trying to bite the man and sat on the concrete next to him, trying to figure out what to do next. The need to bite was strong, but something was preventing him from doing it. The feeling of wrongness was like the pull in his gut, contradicting each other. One nagging him to get as close as possible to the man, while the other is telling him that he’s making a mistake somewhere.

Raoul reached forward and gently touched the ruined skin of the man’s face with his fingertips. The skin was rough as he imagined but at the same time fragile, like the slightest pressure would make the skin crumble. Since he couldn’t bite him he supposed he should try to wake him up.

“Hey,” Raoul stated, adding urgency in his voice, lightly tapping the man’s face. “Are you okay?”

The man stirred and after a moment, opened his eyes.

Blank golden orbs stared at nothing above him and Raoul had to hold back a gasp.

The man might have a disfigured face, but he also had the most amazing eyes Raoul has ever seen.

“Sir? Can you hear me?” Raoul asked, taking his hand away but continued to glaze at the blazing eyes.

When those eyes focused directly on him, pinpointing his location by hearing, Raoul knew one thing was certain.

He was not going to be able to ever harm the other man.

Chapter End Notes

Yep! Erik’s blind in this! How many of you guessed correctly? If you did, be sure to let me know in a comment! Or if you enjoyed the chapter leave one for that too! Next chapter will be in Erik’s POV. See ya next time!
Erik rubbed his temples in irritation. He had not been able to get rid of the man after he had left the alley. Instead, he had insisted that he remain by Erik’s side for the day lest the person who had attacked him come back. Erik had protested heavily how unlikely that was going to happen but Mr. de Chagny persisted and Erik relented. Mostly because he knew that he would have a hard time kicking out someone who could avoid him. Erik was fast, but he had quickly learned that Mr. de Chagny was faster.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - Like always, you leave me such a lovely comment! Thank you! Christine will be back in this soon, I assure you and she does find out about Raoul almost biting Erik, there's a reason for it! ;) Raoul was only going to drink Erik's blood, he wasn't going to kill him.

Maysanchez471 - lol! I was wondering if I was going to cause anyone to reread the first chapter after my blind reveal. Did it makes sense in Erik's POV with his blindness? I curious because I'm trying to develop my writing for blindness. Thank you for the lovely comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Erik could hear a voice calling out to him, bringing him back into awareness. He thought he felt someone touching his face but the gesture was brief enough that he wondered if he imagined it.

He heard the voice again, and this time he was able to open his eyes, not that it did him any good, but the person speaking would know he was awake.

It was not fun waking up after being knocked unconscious, it caused his head to swarm in dizziness that eyes made worst as they tried to locate something to focus on which was impossible. It was not pleasant at all and it got worse when Erik realized that he had no idea where he was. A downside of not being able to take in one’s surroundings. For all he knew, he could be across the city or in the exact spot he was attacked.

He quickly sat up, causing a rush to his head that made him cringe, but he ignored it. He reached out towards the side to search for his cane.

“Whoa! Hey, slow down.” A male voice cautioned, placing his hand on Erik’s shoulder.

As soon as he felt the touch, Erik twisted around and grabbed the wrist of the man. Erik could feel the coolness of the man’s skin which was strange since it was the middle of summer but he ignored that to focus on other matters.
“Where am I?” he demanded.

“Okay, okay, um, you’re in an alley between two shops on Clover Rd. to your left is Heavenly Bakery and your right is Lair of Music.” The male’s voice explained in a calming tone, not trying to break out of Erik’s grip.

Something about the voice sounded familiar but Erik was too relieved by the fact that he was where he was supposed to be. He slumped forward and let the man go, and began to stand. He almost stumbled but was able to regain his balance. He reached out to the right and his hand made contact with a brick wall.

“Here.” The man stated, making Erik turn towards him. “Your cane.”

Erik held out his other hand in the open air towards where he heard the voice came from and waited expectantly. There was a pause before the familiar weight of the cane was dropped into his hand. He had to stop a smirk from appearing as he wrapped his fingers around it. It was amusing when people forgot that he could not grab anything held out to him, even when it was something like his cane.

Other than his head, Erik felt uninjured, he was pretty sure he was going to have a large bruise later on where he was knocked against the wall. With his free hand, he rubbed the spot and flinched at the sensitive skin.

“Are you alright?” The voice asked nervously. Erik found that peculiar since he was not the one to have caused him injury.

“As well as one could be when knocked unconscious.” Erik remarked causally, taking his hand away from his head.

“I’m sorry.” The male apologized sheepishly. “I wish I was here sooner, but I found you like this and was going to call an ambulance if you hadn’t woken up.”

“You have my thanks either way.” Erik replied. He searched himself to see what the person had taken.

Strangely enough, everything was where it was supposed to be.

Erik frowned in confusion. Why would someone attack him and not take anything?

“Can I take you anywhere?” the voice continued, being closer than before, taking Erik off guard. He was quiet.

“No, I’m where I need to be.” Erik told him. “Though if you can tell me where the entrance to the alley is, that would be helpful.”

There was a confused paused.

“In front of you, maybe five yards ahead of you.” The voice answered in bewilderment.

“Thank you, Mr….” Erik trailed off, wrapping the cane’s strap around his wrist and placing the tip to the ground.


Erik paused at that. Now he knew why the voice had sounded familiar, it was because this was the
man that had been there at his and Nadir’s apartment the previous night. It was surprising that the man was up this early the morning after his apparent drunkenness last night. Erik has had his fair share of morning afters when he was younger, but the man seemed to be in prefect health.

Erik knew that he could not questioned him about it. That would give away the fact that Nadir had not been as alone as the two thought.

It did not help that Erik had hoped to avoid the two of them yet the very next day he was talking to one of them.

Erik mentally shook his head and spoke. “Well, Mr. de Chagny, thank you for your assistance.”

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“I can’t believe it! You own this place? Really?” Mr. de Chagny voice questioned in awe a couple yards from Erik.

Erik rubbed his temples in irritation. He had not been able get rid of the man after he had left the alley. Instead, he had insisted that he remain by Erik’s side for the day lest the person who had attacked him come back. Erik had protested heavily how unlikely that was going to happen but Mr. de Chagny persisted and Erik relented. Mostly because he knew that he would have a hard time kicking out someone who could avoid him. Erik was fast, but he had quickly learned that Mr. de Chagny was faster.

Erik placed his hands down and leaned against the counter in front of him. “Yes, and would you please stop touching everything.”

“How do you know I’m touching anything?” Mr. de Chagny protested, the pout in his tone.

“Because you are the type to do so. Plus I can hear the instruments being taken off their stands.” Erik deadpanned.

“I can barely hear that!” Mr. de Chagny argued, giving away the fact that he had indeed been picking up the instruments.

The place in question that they were in was a music shop. Erik had owned the place for almost twenty years now. He had inherited the shop from an elderly couple that had taken a liking to him when he had been young. He would show up to their shop almost every day to mess with the instruments. The owners had been irritated at first by him doing so but once they realized that he could play all of them, their curiosity peaked and allowed him to play for them.

After that, the couple no longer minded when Erik would come, and would always let him play when and what he wanted. The instruments that were sold were all non-air instruments. The place was filled with string pieces. From violins to basses, harps to guitars. Erik even had a few pianos, though not many since there were few people that could purchase a full size piano because they wished to learn.

Erik could play them all, though his personal favorite was the piano. A couple years after Erik had started coming to the shop, the couple sold their shop to him and retired down south.

By the location of Mr. de Chagny’s voice, Erik could tell that he was in the violin section. With a small sigh, Erik left his front counter and made his way over. He had long since memorized the layout of the shop, therefore did not need his cane to get to Mr. de Chagny.

“Put the violin down.” Erik ordered, close enough to stop.
He heard Mr. de Chagny startle but made no move to put the instrument down. “Can you play?”
“I believe it would be a waste of my time owning a music shop if I did not.” Erik replied dryly.

“Would you play for me?”
Erik raised his eyebrow at that. “Why would I? Would you leave if I do?”

“Nope.” Erik could hear the grin. “But I’ll stop touching everything if you do.”

Erik thought about that for a moment. It was annoying that the man would not leave at his request, but the offer of him being less troubling while he had to deal with him was a tempting offer.

Knowing his decision, Erik took in a deep breath through his nose before letting it out. He held out his hands to take the violin and bow. Having won, Mr. de Chagny easily handed the items over.

“What item number is it?” Erik asked as he placed the violin under his chin and whipped the bow on top of the strings.

“349.” Mr. de Chagny replied with a hint of confusion.

Ah, classical it is then, Erik thought before closing his eyes. He had just the piece in mind. Adjusting his hands on the strings, he began to play.

He began with a slow rhythm. He doubted that Mr. de Chagny would recognize the piece he was playing, but it was quite famous in the music world. One of the most prestigious composers was the creator after all.

Erik played in accordance to what the piece needed, picking up speed only to slow down than pick up pace again. He lost himself in the music, allowing his hands to play what they have long ago memorized. It was one of the longer pieces for a violin, but that made the piece all the more exquisite.

Erik had planned on completing the first half of the piece but ended up doing the whole thing. Call it what you will, but he always felt the need to complete performing a piece once he’s started. He finished the last part, letting the last note draw out for a few seconds before allowing silence to take over.

Erik lifted his chin and removed the violin from his shoulder and neck, feeling refreshed as he always did after playing music.

“There.” Erik stated. “I have played for you. Now can you please stop touching everything?”

Mr. de Chagny did not answer and if it was not for Erik feeling his presence, he would have thought that the other man had left.

Suddenly, the presence was right in front of him, the coolness of the other’s skin coming off him like an aura.

“Beautiful.” Mr. de Chagny whispered, close enough that Erik could feel his cool breath against his face.

Erik cringed back, not liking the little space between them, though he could not stop the blush from appearing on his cheeks. How he hated blushing.

“Thank you.” Erik acknowledged as steady as he could get his voice. He thinks he did well. He
lifted the violin and bow between them. “Now put this back and do not touch anything.”

The violin and bow were carefully taken from his hands and Erik heard the bell on the front door open, informing him that he had a customer.

For the rest of the day, he tried to not get into conversation with Mr. de Chagny. He was lucky that the day held a few customers, some of them looking to buy their first instrument, which always took at least an hour. Before Erik had to close up, Mr. de Chagny left him, saying that he had to go meet up with his girlfriend but also claimed that he would be back.

Erik did not mind in the least when the younger had left. He wanted to make sure that he did not discover that he was living with Nadir as long as possible. However, he suspected that it might not be as long as he would like if Mr. de Chagny’s parting words were anything to go by.

Closing time came and Erik locked up his shop. He headed back towards his apartment and knew that Nadir was already home by the smell of dinner being cooked as he walked in the door. Ayesha gave him a meow in greeting and pressed herself against his leg.

The next second, he heard her hiss softly and dart away. Erik frowned. Ayesha has never hissed at him before.

“That cat is bipolar, I swear.” He heard Nadir’s voice coming from the kitchen.

“She has never acted that way towards me.” Erik pointed out, walking towards him.

“Maybe you smell different.” Nadir suggested with a teasing tone.

Erik heard him walk back into the kitchen and followed after him. He went to their small table and sat down. He thought about Nadir’s statement and could not help but wonder if maybe he was right. Ayesha acted in a similar way when Mr. de Chagny had shown up last night and today he had spent the day in his presence. Could the two be connected? Erik did not know.

What he did know was that there might be more to those two new neighbors than he had first believed.

Chapter End Notes

Yay for next chapter! Hope everyone enjoyed it. If interested, I placed the link up for the music Erik played on the violin for Raoul. I hope you enjoyed the chapter, be sure to leave a comment! They are great to read! Next chapter will be in Christine’s POV!

See ya next time!

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oObBfI4KwOo
Suddenly, a breeze blew towards them and she gained the first sniff of Erik’s scent.

Instantly, Christine placed her hand over her mouth and nose, hunching forward slightly as a strong scent of apple and parchment filled her nose causing her mouth to water and fangs descend against her will.

Raoul didn’t notice her movement because he had started towards Erik as soon as he stepped out. Christine heard him call his name and Erik respond but couldn’t focus on anything else.

Impossible, she thought as the nagging feeling to go to Erik pulled at her gut. This shouldn’t be possible!

Christine let out an exasperated breath as she, once again, got a text from Raoul saying that he was
with Erik. This had been the fourth time this week Raoul had told her that he was spending the day at the blind man’s shop.

Christine had been relieved that first day when Raoul had come back home to tell her that the compel she had placed on the roommate would not be broken. Why? Because the man they had known was in the apartment was blind, therefore hadn’t been able to see the blood if he had been in the same room. They didn’t have to worry about being exposed anymore, the blood was long gone, the man was under a compel and the only person that could have broken it wasn’t able to.

Christine was more than happy to go back to their quiet life in their new home, but Raoul had thought differently. For some reason, he kept going back to see the blind man, who Raoul had told her was named Erik. He had said this with a goofy grin that made Christine suspicious. She was not worried about him cheating on her, oh no, the two of them were mates and as a result couldn’t cheat on each other, it went against their entire being. However, she did worry that Raoul might do something that would cause them to move prematurely.

She had brought up her concerns with Raoul, but he brushed them off. He reassured her that he wouldn’t harm the man, he liked him too much for that, and he only wished to get to know him better. He was fascinating, Raoul had told her.

That had made Christine uneasy since Raoul didn’t usually get interested in people easily, but after his third day with the other man with no bloody end, Christine began to feel more comfortable with Raoul hanging out with him.

Recently, it’s been getting a little annoying. Raoul always found a way to bring Erik into the conversation. From what Raoul has told her about him, she was pretty sure that this Erik more or less only tolerated Raoul’s presence, but she didn’t have the heart to tell him that.

It was exasperating with all the talk about the man, but Raoul was happy, and Christine wouldn’t do anything that would cause that to go away.

If Christine didn’t know any better, she would say that Raoul had a crush on the man, but that was impossible and confusing. The two of them were mates, meaning that neither of them needed another person in their lives, yet here Raoul was, acting like Christine did when she had first met him and she had discovered that he was her mate…

Christine straightened up at the thought, glancing back at her phone that was on the counter in front of her where it sat there innocently.

When Christine had first met Raoul, it was to drink from him. A gentleman that would stop to assist any lady he believed to be in trouble. An easy target in those days. When she had gotten close enough to drink from him she had discovered that she couldn’t do it. His scent had been pulling at her yet she couldn’t do the deed. She had let him go free.

She had searched through her father’s journal about their kind to find out anyway as to why she had been unable to bite him and had found out that it was because he was her mate. The scent of a mate was intoxicating and attracted yet they could not be bitten without the mate’s consent.

Christine had been dumbfounded that she had found her mate and entered his life in a more casual way a few weeks later. Within three months, he had begun to court her and the year after that she had told him her status. He hadn’t cared that she was a creature of the night, instead he asked her to marry him which she happily accepted. Two years later, Christine offered to share her life with him her way and he had accepted. She turned him and they haven’t parted.
Because they were mates, Christine had never bothered to tell Raoul how she had known and he had never asked. They had found each other and that was that.

However, Raoul was showing unusual interest in another and it gave Christine a pause.

From what she knew about mates, never has the mate of one found a mate in another. That would be too cruel for even lady fate. Plus Raoul has not mentioned anything weird about his interactions with Erik, not anything about the scent and/or need to bite him but not being able to.

Christine didn’t know what was going on with Raoul and while she was happy that he was happy, she wanted to get to the bottom of the question that was poking her mind.

When Raoul returned home that evening, Christine was waiting for him in the living room.

“I want to meet him.” Christine announced simply.

Raoul paused inside the doorway with a frown, cocking his head to the side in question but then his entire face lit up as he understood what she meant. “Really?”

Christine shrugged and stood up from the couch. “I want to know him in person. If you can be friends with him, I don’t see why I shouldn’t.”

Raoul’s smile widened and he went over to her. He took her hands in his and kissed her cheek.

“Thank you, love.” Raoul whispered against her cheek before pulling back.

Two days later, Christine was waiting with Raoul for Erik in front of his apartment. Apparently, Raoul had taken to walking with him to the shop. Christine wasn’t sure if Raoul had asked permission from Erik to start doing that, but Raoul was the type to do what he wants anyway. The door opened and Erik’s roommate, Mr. Khan, walked through with a scowl coming onto his face as he spotted them. Christine could smell him from there, a strong coffee scent that was mixed with gun powder. Raoul had told her that Mr. Khan was a detective, which matched the dark man perfectly.

Raoul ignored the look and cheerfully waved at him.

Mr. Khan shook his head and went towards his car. After he drove off, they had to wait a few minutes for Erik to step out.

The first thing Christine noticed was that he dressed as well as Raoul said he did, the next thing was the white cane grasped in his left hand. Then was his face that was as disfigured as Raoul had described it. It wasn’t like anything Christine had seen before and she has seen a lot over her many years.

Suddenly, a breeze blew towards them and she gained the first sniff of Erik’s scent.

Instantly, Christine placed her hand over her mouth and nose, hunching forward slightly as a strong scent of apple and parchment filled her nose causing her mouth to water and fangs descend against her will.

Raoul didn’t notice her movement because he had started towards Erik as soon as he stepped out. Christine heard him call his name and Erik respond but couldn’t focus on anything else.

Impossible, she thought as the nagging feeling to go to Erik pulled at her gut. This shouldn’t be possible!
But she couldn’t deny the tug she was experiencing. It was the same one she had felt after she had met Raoul.

“Christine?”

Christine glanced up to see Raoul staring at her with concerned eyes. Was he worried for her or did he think that she was going to attack Erik?

Either way, she needed to get her act together.

Trying to ignore the scent, she forced herself to straighten. Her fangs withdrew into her gums and swallowed down the saliva that had built up. She couldn’t do anything to stop that part, but at least she won’t have trouble talking. She made her way over and stopped within a few feet. Erik cocked his head towards her, though his gold eyes weren’t on her, but next to her.

“Erik, this is Christine Daae.” Raoul introduced her, his eyes still watching her wary.

“Hello, Miss Daae.” Erik greeted, he held out his hand in front of him. His deep voice sent a shiver down Christine’s spine.

This is not good, she thought as she took his hand in hers and shook it.

“It’s nice to meet you. Raoul has told me a lot about you.” Christine stated with a light tone.

“He has a fondness of speaking about you as well.” Erik replied letting go of her hand.

“Good things I hope?” She asked, taking a glance at Raoul who held an innocent expression.

Erik grinned softly. “Only the best, I assure you.”

“Hmmm, somehow I don’t completely believe that.” Christine answered. “I’ll be sure to share embarrassing stories about him later.”

Erik chuckled and Raoul immediately got in between the two of them, facing Christine.

“Okay! That’s enough of that now!” Raoul hurried to say. “Christine, you got to go to work and Erik needs to head to his shop.”

Christine raised her eyebrow at him but didn’t argue because it was true.

“See you around Erik.” Christine stated.

“Good day, Miss Daae.” Erik replied with a nod.

Her shift at the hospital went by extremely slowly. There were no emergencies all day and with the nagging pull tugging at her gut and the need to talk the Raoul it was agonizing to deal with.

Finally, it was time to clock out and she was the first one to do so. She got a couple looks at that, but she ignored all of them to get back as quickly as possible. When she got in her car, she sent a quick text to Raoul to tell him that they needed to talk. She got a thumbs up in reply and made her way home.

Raoul was inside their apartment when she entered and stood up from the couch. Christine shook her head and gestured for him to sit back down, which he did.

“Is everything alright?” Raoul asked as she paced the floor in front of him. “Does this have to do
with what happened this morning?"

“Yes.” Christine answered simply, trying to think of a way to tell Raoul what she knew.

Raoul’s eyebrows furrowed down. “What’s wrong?”

“I wouldn’t say there’s something wrong, just complicated. Very complicated.” Christine answered.

Raoul now raised one eyebrow. “Are you going to tell me or not?”

Christine sighed and stopped her pacing. She stood in front of Raoul and crossed her arms across her chest. “When you’re with Erik do you…feel something?”

Raoul frowned. “What do you mean?”

She stinks at explaining. “I mean, is there a part of you that constantly tugs at you to be closer to him? It calms down when you’re together but every second apart drives you up the wall.”

Raoul’s eyes took on a sheen of understanding so Christine pressed forward. She uncrossed her arms and dropped to her knees in front of him. She took his hands in hers and gave them a squeeze.

“What’s a reason for that.” Christine started. Raoul stared at her expectantly, but she hesitated. She didn’t want to admit that she thought that Erik was their mate, Raoul would find that hard to believe, but maybe if he came to the thought on his own...

“You know how I told you that you were mine and that I’ve known it since we first met?” Christine asked.

Raoul nodded warily, his eyes squinting at her.

“The reason I knew was because I wanted to bite you but I couldn’t.” Christine told him.

She watched Raoul think about that, she could particularly see the wheels turn the information over. She knew the exact moment Raoul understood what she was implying because his hands jerked out of hers and he leaned back with wide eyes.

“Mate.” Raoul breathed out, swallowing largely as his eyes dilated at the term.

Christine nodded and moved so that she was sitting on the couch next to him. He turned his head towards her.

“How is that possible? We’ve already found each other.” He protested.

Christine shrugged. “I haven’t had the time to look through my father’s journal again, but from what I remember, it’s extremely rare but not unheard of.”

“And you’re feeling the same?” Raoul pressed. “You’re feeling the pull?”
“With the exact intensity as when I met you.” Christine offered.

Raoul dropped his head on the back of the couch, staring up at the ceiling. “This is crazy. What are we going to do?”

“I don’t know.” Christine admitted. “It was easy for the two of us. We were a man and a woman, we did what was expected and fell in love.”

Raoul snorted. “Won’t argue with you there.”

“Maybe.” Christine began to suggest. “We can start by staying by his side. He won’t feel a pull like we do, but it’ll be enough that he’ll let us be near him. It’s already working towards you.”

“Hey, I’ll have you know that my charming personality helped me, not the pull.” Raoul scowled her.

Christine rolled her eyes. “Yes, yes, of course. Either way, we’ll make do as we go along.”

Raoul grinned. “I can work with that.”

Chapter End Notes

There we go! Another chapter up! Hope you enjoyed it, if you did be sure to leave a comment! So yeah, now they know Erik is actually their mate and that’s why Raoul couldn’t bite Erik. ;) Things shall move forward! Next chapter will be in Antoinette’s POV! See ya next time!
Chapter Summary

“I believe your timing is in your favor, my dear.” Erik whispered to her.

Antoinette raised an eyebrow and Erik subtly tilted his head more towards the door. It took a second but when she realized what he had meant, she beamed.

Erik snorted once with a small smirk. He knew that she had understood.

“Good evening Miss Daee. Mr. de Chagny.” Erik greeted, raising his voice slightly.

Chapter Notes

Chapter Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - Yes! Antoinette is finally here! lol, hope you like her in this too! Nadir and Antoinette are definitely protective of Erik in my fics, but don't worry! They are also the ones that push Erik in the right direction! ;) Glad you like my little background as towards why they can't bite Erik! Thank you for the lovely comment, like always!

Aaymeirah - Ahhh! Thank you! Glad you like the little background info!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Antoinette walked through the door to the shop, its bell chiming above her. She looked around and spotted Erik down where he kept his pianos. She grinned and walked closer.

Erik tilted his head to the side for a moment than turned around with a grin, his hand reaching out.

“Dear Antoinette, what a lovely surprise.” He greeted. “What brings you here?”

“It’s been a few weeks since I was able to drop by, I saw the opportunity to come and took it.” Antoinette replied, automatically taking Erik’s hand in hers and bringing it to cup her face.

Erik used the guide to lean forward, pressing his lips to her forehead for a moment before leaning back. His long fingers gently traced her face, his sense of touch seeing for him. Antoinette closed her eyes as her friend spread his fingers to go over the slight lines on her forehead, down to the bags under her eyes, to her mouth then finished at her chin.

Erik drew his hand back with a frown. “You are stressed.”

It wasn’t a question, they never were.

“Perhaps a little.” Antoinette conceded. She took his hand and placed it back on her face. It was the best way for Erik to ‘see’ her expressions. “Meg’s going off to college soon and it’s been a hassle trying to prepare for everything.”
Erik grinned. “I take it she’s as stress as you are?”

Antoinette snorted. “Probably more so. She’s spending all day on the school’s website trying to learn where everything is and when they’re open.”

“It’s better to have her overly prepared than under prepared.” Erik offered.

“Of course,” Antoinette agreed. “But she’s dragging me into things by asking for my opinion on everything!”

“The two of you are close.” Erik countered. “I’m sure that when she’s gone, you will miss her greatly.”

“Well, yes, but right now I cannot wait for her to get there!” Antoinette complained half-heartedly. Her lips twitching to not grin.

Erik felt the movement because he smirked. “Our little pearl is all grown up now. How does it feel?”

“I think I’m still in disbelief, it hasn’t fully hit me yet.” Antoinette answered softly. “It’ll probably take me a few days after she leaves for it to come.”

Erik nodded. “Please make sure she says goodbye to Nadir and I before she leaves. I might have to find my way to her campus if she does not.”

Antoinette chuckled. “You would be lost within seconds.”

Erik began to protest but she patted the hand on her cheek. “I’ll make sure she comes. I doubt she’ll forget in any case.”

“That is true.” Erik admitted. His eyes focused on her, which would have disturbed her if she hadn’t known Erik since childhood. His ability to find where to look was sometimes uncanny. “Did you come to only talk about Meg?”

Antoinette shook her head, gently enough that Erik’s hand wasn’t removed. Then she smirked and Erik gained a suspicious squint in his eyes.

“Last week I talked to Nadir and he had the most interesting thing to tell me.” She began, amusement dripping from her tone.

The squint got deeper. “What was it?”

“Oh, something about a young couple that appears to be overly fond of you. Practically stalking from what Nadir has said.”

Erik let out an exasperated sigh, dropping his hand from her face to take a step back. “Ah yes, those two.”

Antoinette smirked. “Tell me all the details. I know what Nadir has said, but what do you think?”

“I think I have two busybodies as best friends.” Erik deadpanned. He carefully stepped around her and headed back towards the front counter.

“Oh, come now!” Antoinette followed after him. “You cannot blame us for being curious! Nadir said that they look only a few years older than Meg!”
“They are in their late-twenties I’ll have you know.” Erik stated without looking back. He made it to the front counter and got behind it. Antoinette stopped in front of counter on the other side and he turned to face her. “Those two are new here and probably took their chance at meeting someone new. I’m sure they will make new friends and be out of our lives soon enough.”

Even though Erik wouldn’t see it, Antoinette gave him a look. “Nadir told me it’s been two months since the whole drunk incident and your attack, which by the way, I’m mad at you for not telling me about. If they were going to move on to different friends, I’m sure they would have done it by now.”

Erik leaned forward on the counter with one hand and reached out for her with the other.

“I knew you were making that face.” Erik grumbled but didn’t remove his hand. “What do you want me to say?”

“I don’t know.” Antoinette replied honestly. “I guess I want to know what you think of them. It’s awfully curious that they are around as often as they are.”

“They are two smart individuals that, I will admit, seem overly interested in a disfigured blind man. They appear to be kind enough though it took Ayesha a while to get used to them.”

Antoinette frowned. “Yes, Nadir told me about that. He said that she would not go near you after you have with either of them.”

“It was disturbing as you can imagine.” Erik confessed. “She used to hiss and growl at the door when they would show up. I do not think she’s ever acted that way towards anyone.”

“But it has gotten better?” Antoinette asked.

“Yes, thankfully.” Erik nodded. “She does not like them but she no longer runs from me or hisses and growls when they come, though she hides from them.”

Antoinette hummed in thought. It was strange for Ayesha to act that way, but she was also extremely territorial over Erik. Maybe the Siamese thought that Erik was paying too much attention to new people and not to her. Cats could be temperamental like that.

She heard the door to the shop open, along with the bell chiming. She could hear two pairs of shoes coming inside. Erik didn’t remove his hand from her face but tilted his head the slightest bit towards the door, to see if it was anyone he recognized.

“I believe your timing is in your favor, my dear.” Erik whispered to her.

Antoinette raised an eyebrow and Erik subtly tilted his head more towards the door. It took a second but when she realized what he had meant, she beamed.

Erik snorted once with a small smirk. He knew that she had understood.

“Good evening Miss Daee. Mr. de Chagny.” Erik greeted, raising his voice slightly.

“Man, it still freaks me out how you can know us by our footsteps.” Antoinette heard a male voice coming closer.

“Everyone moves a specific way, it’s easy once you pick it up.” Erik replied with a teasing tone.
“Oh! Who’s this?” A female questioned.

Erik removed his hand from her face and Antoinette was able to turn to face the two newcomers.

“This is Madam Giry. My dear, meet Miss Daee and Mr. de Chagny.” Erik introduced, waving his hand towards them.

They’re pretty, was Antoinette’s first thought. They both had pale white skin that was smooth and unblemished. The woman had red lips and delicate features while the male had a bit of strong and soft features. They were almost like porcelain dolls.

And they were both staring at her in suspicion, which Antoinette found to be backwards.

“‘My dear’?” the male quoted lightly but had a tight smile on his lips. “Erik, you did not tell us you had a girlfriend.”

Antoinette and Erik snorted at the same time, their thoughts on that idea clear.

“We are childhood friends.” Antoinette explained, hiding her snicker behind her hand. She was sure that Erik had at least heard it. “It is simply a term of endearment.”

Antoinette found their reaction curious. The visible relief in their eyes at the admittance that she and Erik weren’t together peaked her interest. That and the fact that they had basically glared at her when Erik had called her his name for her.

“We are closer to being siblings than lovers.” Erik added, the amusement clear in his tone and expression.

“What was that thing you two were doing earlier?” Miss Daee asked, curiosity in her voice.

Antoinette raised a confused eyebrow at them. “What are you talking about?”

“You were standing close and he had his hand on you.” Miss Daee continued.

“Oh! That.” Antoinette shrugged, glancing at Erik who gestured for her to explain. She turned back to the couple. “It’s simply a way for Erik to ‘see’ what you are doing. He places his hand on your face to be able to tell whether you are smiling, squinting, etc.”

“Why haven’t you done that with us?” Mr. de Chagny asked Erik with a pout.

Erik sent an exasperated look in their direction. “Because I have learned years ago that people are not comfortable with having half their face covered while trying to talk. Some people also like knowing that I cannot see their expression, gives them the ability to not have to put on a mask.”

“Only Nadir, I, and my daughter, Meg, are used to it.” Antoinette joined. “Erik’s very picky with who he decides to ask permission from.”

Antoinette saw both of the couple’s eyes grow darker from that statement. She had a feeling that she was getting an idea towards why the couple hung around Erik.

“I would not call it picky.” Erik mumbled under his breath. “I’m allowing people to choose their privacy.”

Mr. de Chagny perked up at that. “Well, I wouldn’t mind it if you do it. If it helps you, I don’t have a problem.”
“Me neither.” Miss Daae agreed.

Erik blinked, looking put out by the offer. Antoinette wasn’t surprised by his reaction, this was probably the first time someone had actively offered permission.

“Thank you.” Erik stated awkwardly and Antoinette saw the slight pink tinge on his skin.

“Great!” Mr. de Chagny almost exclaimed, startling everyone. He was smiling widely. “Let’s try it now!”

“What?!” Erik startled.

“What? It’s not like you’re busy. Come on, please.”


Erik was silent for a few moments but then shrugged. “It’s alright.”

Mr. de Chagny whooped and practically ran to the counter next to Antoinette. She found his enthusiasm entertaining but considering the idea she had about them, it made sense.

Everyone enjoyed being close to the people they fancied.

What startled her was how cool Mr. de Chagny’s body seemed to be. It was in the evening outside and the shop had the AC on but it was summer and the couple had not been in the shop long enough to be that cool. Antoinette took another look at the couple and was reminded that both of them were almost too pretty and had pale skin. Cool body temperature…

Antoinette mentally shook her head. She was being ridiculous.

“I better get going.” Antoinette announced. “Meg’s going to be home soon, and I’m sure that she’ll want to go over every agonizing detail about what she learned about the campus today.”

Erik turned towards her with a grin. “Let me know how it goes.”

“Oh you’re going to hear all about my woes, I promise you that.” Antoinette declared with a grin.

“I will look forward to it.” Erik replied easily. He knew how she was.

One of his hands was currently trapped by Mr. de Chagny so Erik reached out with his free hand. Antoinette easily took it and placed it on her face and leaned forward as Erik did. His lips briefly met her forehead and she felt Mr. de Chagny stiffen next to her. Erik did not seem to notice as he pulled back with an easy grin.

“Goodbye Madam.”

“Goodbye.” Antoinette answered.

She could feel Mr. de Chagny stiff as a board next to her but she couldn’t see his expression. As she turned to walk away, she did see Miss Daae’s.

“It was nice meeting you, Madam Giry.” Miss Daae stated charmingly enough but the there was a hardness in her eyes that held a hint of possessiveness. There was something in those eyes that looked older than her years, something darker and more predatory.

Antoinette made sure to not appear intimidated. She smiled gracefully back. “You as well.”
With that, Antoinette walked out of the shop and made it a block before she had to stop. Her shoulders trembling and hands shaking.

They might like Erik, but they are certainly more than they appear, Antoinette thought, clasping her hands together in an attempt to stop their movements.

She wondered if she should warn Erik but decided that she did not know enough to do so. Maybe she could give a small warning to Nadir. Something that make him more alert around the couple.

When Antoinette got her bearings she began to head home again. She knew that Erik was safe with them for now, but that could change. She had no idea what was going on but one thing was for sure, she was going to be spending more time visiting Erik to make sure things stayed that way.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! Another down! How’d my readers like reading in Antoinette’s POV? Hopefully, it was entertaining and perceptive. Be sure to leave a comment if you enjoyed the read. Next chapter POV will be in Raoul’s. See ya next time!
“Can I ask, um…?” Raoul trailed off sheepishly. Now that he had begun to ask, he felt foolish for trying to bring the subject up in the first place. “How did…?”

Erik stopped what he was doing and straightened, but he didn’t turn around.

“You wish to know how I became blind.” Erik stated matter-of-factly.

Raoul enjoyed it when Erik touched him. Ever since he had found out that Erik placed his hand on people’s faces to see them, Raoul used every opportunity to have him do so. He had to admit that it had been awkward at first, it was weird to have half your face covered by a hand but the fact that Erik had willingly touched him was enough for him to get used to it quickly.

It also help that Erik’s touched eased the pulled Raoul felt towards him. While it helped to be in his presence alone, it turned almost nonexistent as their skin was in contact. The urge to bite and drink would also go down, making Raoul all the more wanting to remain in contact for as long and as often as possible.

Raoul knew that Christine was the same way, though she was a lot more subtle about it. She was always the more patient one of the two of them.
Erik didn’t seem to mind when Raoul or Christine would asked him, though Raoul was sure that Erik had been awkward as much as they had been at first with the whole thing. But after a while, when Erik was sure that they wouldn’t take back their permission from him, he would sometimes reach his hand out towards one of them, waiting patiently for them to take it and guide it to their face.

The first time Erik had done it, Raoul knew that if he had a beating heart, it would have skipped a beat because the hesitation in Erik’s gesture was just about the most trusting motion towards either of them as of yet and he couldn’t let that go without a response. So he had taken Erik’s hand in his and immediately raised it to rest against one side of his face. He made sure that Erik had been able to feel the smile that was on his lips.

After that, Erik showed less hesitation and was more willing to let them take his hands when they wanted to.

Of course, they wouldn’t do such things when Erik needed his hands, but when they would spend time in his shop, talking about anything and everything, they would be the ones who usually asked Erik.

Erik’s hands weren’t soft, but they weren’t rough either. They were hands of a writer, that much Raoul could tell, and that of a music player. The calluses all in the right place for someone who played a variety of instruments.

They were beautiful.

What Raoul didn’t love had something to do with him developing a hate for the smell of vanilla and fabric.

That was the scent of Mme. Giry and Raoul felt like he was smelling it all the time now. The ballet instructor seemed to be around every time Raoul and Christine visited Erik, especially at the music shop. Raoul knew that she was suspicious of the two of them and he had argued with Christine at least a dozen times to compel the woman to forget her suspicions. However, they couldn’t do that even if they had wanted to because the madam had apparently told something to Mr. Khan, making the cop wary of them as well.

Technically, they could compel both of them, but they didn’t want to risk Erik noticing a difference in his friend’s attitudes towards them. That was a shame, because Raoul really wanted to compel the madam. At least, she wasn’t openly accusing them of anything, right now it was only small side glances when she thought they wouldn’t notice. Of course, Mme. Giry being Erik’s close friend, when she showed up Erik would pay her more attention than them. Which Raoul was pretty positive that she knew, however, they dealt with it. The last thing that they needed was for her to ruin their chances with their mate.

Raoul and Christine might not be able to resist the pull towards Erik, but Erik could. If he decided that he didn’t want anything to do with them anymore, he could walk away and the two of them would be left with the never ending urge to be closer.

At least, that’s what Christine had told him. He was willing to accept her explanation since she knew a lot more about… well everything that they were. Still, she had also said that the odds of that happening were small. It hardly ever happens because, while the mate can resist and walk away from the pull, they had a form of one as well. A need to be closer, but mates didn’t have it nearly as bad.

Raoul remember that when he had been human and he had first met Christine. She was the most
beautiful woman he had ever met and the most fascinating. Nothing she did was what Raoul had been used to growing up and he could not get enough of her presence.

Raoul doesn’t know how much of their beginning had been the pull or if it had been his own interest, but he certainly had never fought whatever urge to be with Christine. It made him wonder how the pull felt to Erik. The man didn’t seem to be acting in any way that would say he was as eager to be with them, as they were with him.

Then again, Erik was a man in his mid-forties while Raoul and Christine were a couple that appeared to be in their late twenties. If Erik was feeling the pull, he was probably brushing it off as a look towards a strange friendship.

Raoul knew that they were in a unique situation but they were trying their best to make do with what they could.

And having Mme. Giry around was not helping!

Today was a lucky day, Mme. Giry was busy helping her daughter go shopping for things they needed to get for her dorm room. As a result, Raoul knew that he didn’t have to worry about her showing up. Christine was also working, therefore it was only him and Erik in the shop.

Raoul was currently watching Erik from the front counter do something to the inside of one of the pianos. His back was to him, the top of the piano was open and Raoul observed the careful but non-hesitating motions of his hands through the movements of his shoulders.

He had no idea what Erik was doing but he couldn’t deny that he enjoyed the view he was getting, the scent of apple and parchment strong in the air.

There had been something playing on Raoul’s mind for a while but he hadn’t had the courage to bring it up. It was a sensitive topic but he was sure that they were far enough in their relationship for him to ask.

At least, he hoped so.

“Hey Erik.” Raoul asked softly to not startle him.

He heard Erik give a hum to let him know that he was listening but did not pause in his movements.

“Can I ask, um…?” Raoul trailed off sheepishly. Now that he had begun to ask, he felt foolish for trying to bring the subject up in the first place. “How did…?”

Erik stopped what he was doing and straightened, but he didn’t turn around.

“You wish to know how I became blind.” Erik stated matter-of-factly.

If Raoul could blush he would’ve. He hurried to speak. “Ah, only if you’re willing to tell me! I don’t want you to think that you have to—!”

Erik turned his head around towards Raoul with a raised eyebrow, instantly causing Raoul to stop talking. When he was quiet, Erik shrugged and started to head back to the counter.

Raoul thinks he would forever be amazed at the ease Erik walked through the shop. There wasn’t the slightest pause in his stride. If it wasn’t for the fact that Erik’s golden eyes held an unfocused gaze in them, Raoul would’ve thought that Erik could see as well as anyone. Raoul knew that it had
to do with Erik having the place memorized in his head and having everything exactly the way he wanted everything, but it was cool to watch.

“I do not consider it something painful or anything.” Erik remarked, coming to a stop across the counter from Raoul. He laid his hands on the counter top and leaned some of his weight on his hands for a moment before relaxing back. “It happened and I’ve spent the majority of my life with it.”

“What happened?” Raoul dared to ask.

“I was five,” Erik began simply. “My mother was fond of cigarettes and one night had forgotten to make sure that a lite one was out. I woke up to smoke and flames, but that wasn’t what caused my blindness.”

Erik paused for a moment before continuing. “I had ran into the kitchen because it had been the closet exit to my room. The fire had spread to that room by that point and we had gas pipes inside. The heat had melted them and I was there the moment the fire touched the gas.”

“It caused an explosion.” Raoul whispered.

Erik nodded. He gestured at his eyes. “The light and heat burned my eyes and the fire burned my face.”

Raoul frowned as he looked at Erik’s face. “Those don’t look like burn scars.”

“Yes, well, this is the result of the surgery I underwent as a child after the fire.” Erik informed him with a shrug. “I know I do not look normal but with the inability to see how I look or other’s reactions, why should I care? The odds of being repaired enough to look ‘normal’ were unlikely anyway and extremely expensive.”

“And your mom? What happened to her?” Raoul pressed.

Erik was quiet long enough that Raoul began to think he might have gone too far but then he opened his mouth.

“She…was placed in prison for neglect and endangerment of a child. Twenty years, but she got out early for good behavior, by that time I was 19, having spent my childhood in foster care.” Erik sighed. “The only reason why I knew she had even gotten out was because Nadir had told me, apparently she wished to have nothing to do with me and I never saw her. That’s what happened to her.”

Raoul swallowed hard, he hadn’t known that Erik’s past was like that. All he wanted to do was curl up into a ball of shame and allow the floor to engulf him. Then he noticed the frown on Erik’s lips and the tapping of his index finger on the counter. Raoul had learned that Erik tended to tap his index finger on something when he wanted to know someone’s expression but didn’t want to ask.

Raoul reached across the counter and took Erik’s hand. Erik blink, at having been grabbed but didn’t fight his grip as he placed his hand on his face.

“I’m not exactly wearing a specific expression.” Raoul told him, letting go of his hand.

“That’s not true.” Erik countered. He moved his hand across Raoul’s face as he spoke, using his fingertips to see. “Your eyebrows are creased downwards, your eyes are squinting slightly and one side of your mouth is lifted but it’s a tight mouth.”
Erik took his hand away from Raoul’s face. “My story has sadden you.”

Raoul grimaced. “Guess I can’t hide anything from you.”

Erik’s frown got deeper, his own eyebrows furrowing down. “I did not mean to upset you. My blindness does not bother me, nor does the reason behind it. I have long since gotten over any anger I have felt.”

“Still, you can’t blame me for being a little upset. No one wants to hear that someone they care about has something bad happen to them, even if it was a long time ago.” Raoul protested.

Erik blinked a couple times in surprise. The expression made Raoul realize what he had said and he was grateful that even if Erik could see, Raoul couldn’t blush.

“Uhh…” Raoul stated awkwardly, not knowing what to say without putting his foot in his mouth.

But then Erik gained a small sweet smile and it was like the whole shop was suddenly brighter for it.

That made it totally worth it.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! Got another chapter down and since it was Raoul, I hope it was more entertaining. :) Gave you a little bit of a background and, of course, Raoul being Raoul! Be sure to leave a comment! Hope you enjoyed it because you’re probably not going to be expecting what happens in the next chapter! Lol. Which will be in Erik’s POV. See ya next time!
The "Breakup"

Chapter Summary

“There is something I would like to tell you first actually.” Erik cut off, not wanting to delay. The sooner he started, the sooner it will be over.

“What’s up?” Mr. de Chagny asked.

Erik could tell that they were standing across the counter from him, and Erik was grateful that there was a barrier of some kind between them. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out.

“Erik?” Miss Daee asked in concern. “What’s wrong—?”

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - I'm so glad that when I post a chapter, I always have your comment to look forward to. :) Well, Raoul is completely besotted with Erik so he does have a tendency to pick up on Erik's little ticks. :) It would be a lot easier if Raoul and Christine had less moral and would make Antoinette and Nadir forget, lol, but they know Erik would notice eventually. Thank you!

Aaymeirah - Ahhh! You're always so sweet! I do enjoy writing Raoul, glad you like him. :) Well, I'm here again, hope you enjoy this one! ;) Thank you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I think those two are up to something.” Antoinette remarked from her spot next to Erik at the small dining table.

Erik sighed and leaned his head on his hand that was resting on the table in front of him. This had become a common conversation in the past few weeks. Antoinette had become suspicious of the young couple since the day she met them. He understood that she was concerned for him, and could even admit that the two acted strange sometimes, but not nearly enough to warrant the Madam’s caution.

“And what, pray tell my dear, would that be exactly?” Erik questioned with a dry tone.

“I don’t know! That’s what I have been trying to find out!” Antoinette huffed. “But they have something going on about them, I can feel it.”

While Erik was not one to dismiss a person’s gut instinct, he was reluctant to believe his friend completely. He was the one that spent the most time with the couple, and they seem fine to him.

“What are your thoughts, Nadir?” Erik asked, using his free hand to gesture towards where he
heard the man cooking in the kitchen before placing it on the table.

“I’m not sure you want to know my thoughts.” Nadir stated not pausing in his chomping of vegetables.

Erik sighed and leaned back in his chair, the hand that held his head moved to rest on the table while his other hand laid in his lap. “That tells me everything right there.”

“Look, they seem like a perfectly normal couple.” Nadir protested. “But there is something off about them, I do not know what it is but they…”

Erik waited for Nadir to continue but when he did not, Erik turned his head towards him. “They what?”

“They do not seem completely human.” Antoinette finished softly.

Erik raised an eyebrow at that. “Isn’t that a little harsh, my dear?”

He did not need to see to know that Antoinette shrugged, he could hear it in her tone when she spoke.

“Maybe, but you don’t see how pale they are, or how unnaturally pretty they are, or their expressions when me or Nadir come near you.”

“Well, of course not.” Erik deadpanned, rubbing his forehead. “But do you not think you might be exaggerating a little?”

“If it was only me or Nadir, sure, but we both agree and that has to tell you something.” Antoinette countered. “Do not forget that Ayesha still doesn’t like them either.”

That made Erik pause because it was true. It was not often that his two best friends agreed on something like this, especially when it was about someone. The two of them were usually on opposing sides of every argument they found themselves in, though Erik was sure that it was mostly because they liked arguing for the fun of it. Yet here they were, agreeing on the opinion of not one but two people. Two people whom they think might not even be human. It was a ridiculous thought, but the fact that they shared it made Erik stop.

And there was also Ayesha too. Antoinette was correct in her statement that the cat didn’t like them. If either of them got anywhere near the door to the apartment, Erik would hear her sprint out if she was in the living room, heading back to his bedroom which was the furthest room from the front door. Nadir had told Erik one time after he had asked where she was that she had hidden under his bed. That was the place that had only been reserved for thunderstorms. Thankfully, Ayesha was no longer skittish around him, but Antoinette pointing that specific fact out reminded him of Ayesha’s behavior.

“What do you expect me to do?” Erik inquired softly.

“If possible, never talk to them again. Break all ties.” Antoinette announced. When Erik gave her a look, that told her what he thought about that idea and its likelihood of being accomplished, she continued. “Yes, I know, that probably won’t work since they know where you work and live.”

“You could always tell them to leave you alone.” Nadir offered from his spot in the kitchen. Erik could tell that he had finished chopping and was mixing everything together.

“Oh, sure. You two are the ones that are suspicious of them, yet I’m the one that needs to tell the
suspected serial killers to go away.” Erik stated dryly.

“We never said serial killers, though it’s a possibility.” Antoinette remarked thoughtfully.

Erik scowled but Nadir spoke before he could reply.

“Worse case, I can get you a restraining order on them.” Nadir offered. “I got a few strings I could pull, it’ll be simple enough to get one.”

“You think that would be necessary?” Erik gawked. How did this conversation turn out this way? They had gone from suspicions to getting a restraining order!

“If they don’t leave you alone, yes.” Nadir replied firmly, telling Erik that he was all too willing to go through with that offer.

“What I do not understand is why you’re having such a hard time believing us.” Antoinette added. “Usually, you’re the one that’s the most cautious of us, yet you don’t seem to think anything is off about them. Why?”

“How would I know?” Erik shrugged.

And he did not. He’ll admit that the first time he had met them, they had caused a warning bell to go off in his head, but that had also been the night, Mr. de Chagny had puked on his front porch and Miss Daae came and retrieved him. It had not been the best first impression, but Erik’s worries were soon silent after he met both of them again. The two of them were kind, and rather intelligent for their ages, even if Mr. de Chagny did not always act his age. They made him laugh and smile as easily as Antoinette and Nadir did, and instead of being careful around the fact that he could not see, they were curious and eager to learn more.

Mr. de Chagny would tell him elaborate stories while Erik worked that he would declare false though the younger would protest that they were all true. When Miss Daae discovered that Erik enjoyed composing, she would help him by singing for him as he tried to come up with a word or note that could bring the whole piece together. Miss Daae had the most amazing voice Erik has ever heard and it had brought him amazing inspiration of music that would play to her voice while Mr. de Chagny’s stories inspired compositions that told a story on their own through music.

There was something about the couple that pulled at him, an urge to get closer. They had become a bright light in the darkness that surrounded Erik on a daily basis. They were two wonderful friends that he had not believed he would ever have except in Antoinette and Nadir.

He did not want to give that up.

To him, they were a normal couple that held similar interests to Erik. But…

“I will talk to them next time I see them together.” Erik promised.

“Be sure that you do and tell me everything as soon as it’s over.” Nadir commanded.

Erik nodded and felt Antoinette hand on top of his own. He instantly flipped his hand over and took her hand in his.

“I know that you care about them, but there is something wrong.” Antoinette whispered with regret in her tone.

Erik brought her hand up to his lips and gave her fingers a soft peck. “My dear Antoinette, I refuse
to cause the two of you to worry. That’s that.”

***

It took two days for Erik to see the couple again. Mr. de Chagny had visited him the previous day, but it had been awkward since Erik’s mind was consumed with thinking about what he was going to tell the couple when they were finally together. He was positive that the younger man had noticed his distant attitude but had decided to not say anything, to which Erik was grateful.

Erik was in his shop shortly before closing and he heard the bell ring with the sound of two pairs of shoes hitting the floor, he knew who it was.

“Erik? You here?” he heard Mr. de Chagny’s voice call out.

Erik was currently in his back office where he kept things like his paper work and safe. He made his way towards the entrance.

“I don’t think the shop would be open if he wasn’t here.” Miss Daee teased her partner.

The tone made Erik hesitate, she sounded happy and he did not want that to go away. Did he have to do it today? Maybe he could wait until…

“There you are!” Mr. de Chagny’s voice jerked Erik out of his thoughts. “What were you doing back there?”

“Shop things.” Erik replied simply.

“Right, okay.” Erik could hear the grin in Mr. de Chagny’s tone. “So, Christine and I have been wondering—”

“There is something I would like to tell you first actually.” Erik cut off, not wanting to delay. The sooner he started, the sooner it will be over.

“What’s up?” Mr. de Chagny asked.

Erik could tell that they were standing across the counter from him, and Erik was grateful that there was a barrier of some kind between them. He opened his mouth to speak but no words came out.

“Erik?” Miss Daee asked in concern. “What’s wrong—?”

He had not meant to flinch away, but when he felt Miss Daee’s cool fingertips touch his forehead, he jerked back without meaning to. He suppose they would think that he had been startled because he had not expected the touch, but somehow, Erik doubted that. He did not want them to touch him during this, it would only make things harder.

There were a few uncomfortable moments of silence, none of them speaking.

Eventually, Erik broke it.

“I’m putting an end to this.”

There was more silence, until Miss Daee broke it.

“What do you mean?” she asked and if Erik did not know any better, he would say he heard a quiver in her voice.
“I mean, that the two of you are not to return to this shop again, or to my apartment.” Erik explained in a firm voice.

“What? Why?” Mr. de Chagny demanded. “This is too sudden. What happened? Is it something we did? Because we can fix it!”

Erik scowled at them. “The reason is none of your concern and I would suggest you go before I take up Nadir’s real offer of getting a restraining order on the two of you.”

“Restraining…!” Mr. de Chagny started in disbelief. “You can’t be serious!”

“Oh, but I am.” Erik countered coldly. “I do not ever wish the two of you near me again.”

He hated how he was acting but it was the only way he could think of that would make them believe that he was serious. Inside he was telling himself to stop but he knew that it was for the best.

“But—!”

“Raoul!” Miss Daee’s voice suddenly cut through the air. Mr. de Chagny immediately quieted and Miss Daee continued, her eyes piercing Erik. “This is what you want Erik?”

No, it’s not, Erik thought as he struggled to keep his face neutral and forced a nod.

“Alright then.” Miss Daee stated softly and that time, Erik knew that her voice cracked. “Come on Raoul.”

Erik could hear their footsteps walk away from the counter. When he heard the door open and close again, he slumped forward as if all the energy in his body left him in a single moment. He felt exhausted and there was a feeling in his gut that seemed to be twisting inside of him as if punishing him for lying and demanding that he go after the couple.

But he could not do it.

He knew that he was supposed to call Nadir to let him know what had happened but he found himself going to his piano section instead. He got to where he knew the first piano was at and reached down to find the bench. His fingers touched the smooth seat and easily sat down on it and faced the piano.

Erik placed his fingers on top of the keys but did not press any down.

Shortly after Erik had met the couple, a song had begun to play inside his mind, one that appeared to be inspired by Miss Daee and Mr. de Chagny. It had taken Erik weeks to be able to get one piece of the song written, struggling to find the right notes that described what played inside his head.

For some reason, he felt the intense urge to play what he had written.

Erik pressed the correct keys and began to play, losing himself in the music instead of thinking about what he had just done.
I did warn you guys last chapter that something was going to happen. And this was it. Don’t hate me too much, if you’ve read my previous works, you know how I write. So just enjoy the ride! ;) Next chapter will be in Christine’s POV and be sure to leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter…or if it caused you angst, you can tell me that too. :) Comments will keep me motivated in any case, they are lovely to read. See ya next time!
An Unintentional Plea

Chapter Summary

Christine took a sharp intake of air through her nose. The music being played struck a chord in her that jerked her to a standing position, Raoul doing the same next to her. Christine gapped at Erik playing inside, the music inaudible to anyone outside their level of hearing, but it rang in her ears and undead heart.

“Our song!” Raoul breathe out next to her, confirming her thoughts.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - Would it bad of me to say that I enjoyed your reaction? Not so much that you're suffering but I'm pleased that I can get such a reaction. :) Don't worry! When have I ever kept them apart for very long? ;) Thank you for the comment!

Aaymeirah - Well, thank you for your comment! Hopefully this one will make you feel better...maybe! ;)

Kyoharu_Alexeis - You can never enjoy a fic too much! Thanks for the comment!

Maysanchez471 - They are! Heartbrokenness all around in this part! Thanks for the comment!

chshrkitten - I'm glad you found this and have been enjoying it! All comments are good, so I wouldn't mind hearing from you again! ;) Thank you for the comment!

Seevee - Why thank you!

It took a week for Christine to break and go see Erik. Throughout the past few days it had been agony knowing that she couldn’t go near her human mate. The thing about being a creature was that, to a certain extent, they had to obey their mate’s wishes. That included the worse one of all, when the human no longer wanted to be with them.

The times that occurred, Christine knew that they were supposed to be feeling an intense emptiness along with the pull to get closer. It wasn’t at all pleasant from what Christine has heard and read.

However, what Christine felt wasn’t like that.

She felt the pull as she always did, it might have even become more insistent since Erik told them to never visit him again. Yet, she did not feel the void that was often used to describe feeling the rejection of a mate. She had talked to Raoul about it a couple days after the event and Raoul told
her that he was experiencing the same thing.

That made Christine curious and she spent her free time going through her father’s journal, hoping to find an explanation. Much to her disappointment, she had been unable to find anything that could help. The journal only spoke about times with the pull and times with the rejection of a mate. Because of this, Christine eventually ignored Erik’s order that they stay away and had gone to the shop.

She wasn’t going to talk to him or make him otherwise aware of her presence, she only wished to see him, even if it was through a window for a few minutes.

Christine had arrived at the shop and immediately spotted Raoul crouching against the wall underneath the shop’s window. She got closer, and he glanced up at her, a pout filled with longing on his lips. She knew the feeling. The pull was insisting that the two of them go to Erik, but they couldn’t. Not against Erik’s wishes.

She crouched next to Raoul and leaned her weight against him, which he returned.

“How long have you been here?” she asked, listening to Erik move inside his shop but gazing at the street in front of them.

“Since he opened.” Raoul mumbled back.

It was almost time for Erik to close his shop, meaning that Raoul had been there all day.

Raoul continued, shifting sheepishly. He went from a crouch to sit on the ground, his legs spread out in front of him. “I’ve actually been visiting the past couple days. You sure held out longer than I did.”

“Unlike you, I have previous experience with the pull.” Christine replied softly, moving to sit like he was. She was not trying to berate him, it was a simple fact.

Raoul must have understood her intent because he snorted. “Yeah, I know, but it’s not like I ever told you to leave me alone. You basically had my heart the moment we met.”

If Christine could still blush she would have, instead, she rested her head on his shoulder. “And you had mine.”

They sat there for a while, listening to Erik move around in his shop, doing what needed to be done. The pull had lessened since Christine was close to him, but it wouldn’t go away completely. Not unless she was closer, not unless she was right by his side close enough that they breathed the same air. And even that couldn’t lesson the pull as much a touch would, however brief.

After it was time for the shop to close, Christine could feel Erik get closer but she didn’t move from her spot. If Erik came out, she and Raoul would be able to run and hide themselves before Erik would notice that they were there. He didn’t come out, Erik flipped the open sign to close and went deeper into the shop. Christine was curious and straightened from her spot against Raoul to peak into the window. She saw Erik heading towards one of the pianos, the one that he often used when he felt like playing.

He placed his hand on the cover and used it to sit down on the bench in front of piano. Erik lifted the cover and lightly placed his hands on the ends of the keys before sliding his hands where he wanted them to be. He paused for a moment, then began to play.

Christine took a sharp intake of air through her nose. The music being played struck a chord in her
that jerked her to a standing position, Raoul doing the same next to her. Christine gaped at Erik playing inside, the music inaudible to anyone outside their level of hearing, but it rang in her ears and undead heart.

“Our song!” Raoul breathe out next to her, confirming her thoughts.

When mates meet, there is a song that plays in their heads, further proof that they were meant for each other. They were called the Soul Song. Every pair had a different song, Raoul and Christine had theirs and yet, there Erik was inside his shop playing it, having never heard of them mentioning it. Most of the time, these songs were never created into a physical format, only playing themselves in the pairs heads. Christine had always heard the melody but it had never been anything concrete as soul songs were. They were meant to connect being with mate and that was the furthest it was usually used for.

Of course, Erik being a composer, would find a way to create their song into a piece of work. It was further proof that he was theirs.

As she watched from behind a window that seemed to be acting as a barrier, Erik continued to play, his hands moving gracefully over the keys, delicately pressing them down to get the sound he wanted.

_Say you'll share with me one love, one lifetime_

_Lead me, save me from my solitude_

_Say you want me with you here beside you_

Christine’s breath caught in her lungs and heard it happen to Raoul beside her. They had never heard Erik sing before and she regretted having never asked him. It was the most enchanting thing Christine has ever heard. Like a siren that hypnotized her in one spot, making her unable to move, not that she would want to. A voice that was currently soft and smooth like velvet that washed over her.

Without meaning to, Christine placed her hand on the window as if she could make it disappear by sheer will, the urge to get closer stronger than it had ever been. The soul song had words, but they were always nonconcrete like the rest of the song. But listening to Erik sing, Christine had no doubt in her mind that those were the correct words for Erik’s part.

Suddenly everything clicked into place at once.

“He wants us.” Christine gasped, her hand breaking away from the window but stayed closed enough to touch. “That’s why we can come near him! He didn’t completely reject us! There’s a part of him that didn’t mean what he said!”

“Why would he do that than?” Raoul whispered, hurt in his tone at the thought, but a trace of awe as well from Erik’s playing.

Christine shook her head, her curls flying from side to side. “I don’t know, but I think we should find out.”

It was hard leaving Erik in the shop without talking to him, but Christine knew that she and Raoul needed information first before they confronted him. Christine took Raoul’s hand in hers and gently pulled him away from the window. He did it reluctantly but she knew that he knew that they couldn’t speak to Erik just yet. Plus, they needed to get their information before Erik got home, which left limited time.
They quickly made their way to Erik’s apartment. Christine was relieved to see that Mr. Khan’s car was already parked in its spot, telling them that the old cop was home.

Raoul was the one to knock on the door and Mr. Khan answered it soon after.

As soon as he caught sight of who they were, he visibly tensed.

“What are you two—?”

“Hush.” Christine commanded firmly, making eye contact with him.

Mr. Khan’s body instantly relaxed from its stiff stance, his hand that had been clenching the doorknob rested lightly on it. His eyes taking on the glazed look of someone being compelled. It wasn’t ideal for either of them to be doing this to one of Erik’s friends, but it was the best way they could get answers. They couldn’t and wouldn’t be able to do it to Erik, because he was blind, so they had to go to the next best person.

“You’re a close friend of Erik’s, probably know a lot more about him than we do.” Christine began, taking a step forward and not breaking eye contact. “When he told us to not come around anymore, we respected that, but something seems off to me, like he didn’t want to do it. Tell me, why would he suddenly tell us to leave him alone?”

“Because, Antoinette and I asked him to.” Mr. Khan answered in an emotionless tone, his eyes unblinking.

Christine blinked in surprise. She had not expected that, though she shouldn’t be too surprise. She knew that the three of them were close, but for Erik to cut ties with them because his friends asked him too?

“Why would you do that?” she asked softly.

“You’re dangerous.” Mr. Khan replied indifferently.

Raoul hummed behind her. “Explain.”

“Something is not right about the two of you.” Mr. Khan continued monotone. “Erik might not see it, but we can. We did not want him to get hurt.”

That made Christine pause. All of this was because Erik had friends that were concerned for him. Christine couldn’t find it in herself to be angry at that, there were too few people that truly cared for each other and Erik had two. Even if it had caused them problems, Christine could understand the reasons behind their actions.

“Thank you.” Christine whispered. “But you do not have to worry about us hurting him. He is the safest person alive that could be around us. There is no need to worry.”

“I will always worry about him.” Mr. Khan countered simply and the dead tone didn’t take away the sincerity in the statement.

Christine smiled. “You will not remember this conversation. You will go inside and count to five, once that is done, you’ll be released and go about whatever you were doing.”

Mr. Khan nodded and stepped back into his apartment. The door shut and Christine and Raoul made their way back to their apartment. They were silent the way back, both lost in their thoughts from the new information they had gathered.
Christine entered the apartment first and turned to Raoul as he closed the door behind them.

“I know you have to go to work, but we’ll talk about this when you get back?” Christine offered.

Raoul gave her a tired grin and came to her. He briefly pressed his lips to her forehead, causing her to close her eyes and lean towards him. He pulled back.

“I don’t want you staying up for me. Go to bed, we’ll talk in the morning. We’ll figure this out Christine.”

Christine nodded and Raoul left the living room to get ready. She went to the couch and sat down, thinking about what they had learned.

Mr. Khan and Mme. Giry were the reason why Erik had told them to leave him alone. Christine understood the reason, but knowing that, they were going to have to convince Erik that they weren’t dangerous. Well, not to him in any case. Christine could see why Mme. Giry and Mr. Khan had been wary of them, the two could sense that they were predators because they didn’t have the protection a mate had like Erik. Christine and Raoul would never harm anyone that Erik cared about, but the two of them hadn’t known that, they had gone off their instincts, which in itself was a good thing.

Erik knew their soul song. He had been able to make it into a solid form that could be heard by others. Christine had never doubted that Erik was theirs since they had met, but if there had been, the song would have erased any of it.

Christine began to hum the music she had heard earlier, not having been able to do so before. Erik’s voice coming back to her as he sung the part meant for him, calling out for her to go to him, like a plea.

She will go to him. They both would.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo…please don’t hate me? I’m sorry I haven’t updated in a while. I haven’t had access to a computer these past three weeks and I sort of forgot that I was to update this that first weekend. My bad. But that aside, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and will leave a comment if you did. Next chapter will be in MEG’s POV!

And if you’re interested, the link below is what Erik is playing on the piano. :) See ya next time!
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RjwTm1EFjhk "All I Ask of You" - from Phantom of the Opera - (piano solo)
Chapter Summary

They looked older than her but younger than Erik, both were incredibly doll-like. The girl’s delicate and soft features and the boy’s handsome and stronger ones contrasted yet complimented each other perfectly. Both of them gave off a strong presence that made Meg want to cringe, almost as if she was in the presence of something that could do her harm. She eyed them warily, she had grown up to learn how to trust her instincts. And she was noting that her gut was currently telling her to be careful of those two.

Yet, both of the couple’s expressions looked hesitant and cautious, like they were the ones in a dangerous situation.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Aaymeirah - Thank you! To me, if you truly listen to the word of that song, they can totally represent Erik too in Christine's words! :)

Maysanchez471 - You're about to see! Thank you for the comment and I agree about the kudos! lol

Kyoharu_Alexeis - lol, thank you for the singing comment!

thelynch - Oh wow! Thank you! I'm glad you think so much of my fic! Here's onto the next chapter then!
Meg chuckled, letting go of Erik’s hand long enough to hop onto the counter, it was the only way they were at the same height. She took his hand back and began to play with his fingers as she spoke.

“I’m sure mom’s told you in detail about how I’ve been driving her crazy, no need to cushion your words.”

Erik grinned and patted her knee with his free hand. “I’m sure she’s feeling just as overwhelmed as you are at the moment, it’s a big step for her too.”

Meg sighed. “I know, but I can’t calm down! I’m leaving in only three days!”

“I would not worry too much, my pearl.” Erik assured in a comforting tone. “You have always been strong and stubborn, you will do fine.”

“It’ll be weird not being able to come visit you and Nadir whenever I want.” Meg remarked.

Erik squeezed her hand. “Do not worry about that either. I’m sure both of us will be fine knowing that you are working hard.”

Erik paused for a second. “Though, I do wish you will call often. You know how Nadir can get worried.”

Meg grinned, knowing that it was Erik who did the worrying more than the gruff cop. “Of course.”

Erik nodded. “Good. Now, tell me what you have been up to. I have your mother’s riled up version, but what is yours.”

Meg told him, leaving nothing out.

Ever since she was a child, Erik has always been the person Meg would talk the most to. Sure she had her mom, and they had a great relationship, but even they butted heads once in a while and Meg didn’t always feel like she told tell her things. With Erik, that had never been the case. When she was mad at her mom, she would go to Erik. When she would think that she couldn’t talk to her mom about things, she would go to Erik. Erik had always been there for her, somehow knowing what she needed given any conversation. Whether it was for advice or engaging conversation or an ear to silently listen, Erik would do it.

As she talked, she knew that Erik was listening to her, but he appeared distracted. He was able to reply when it was necessary and it held enough detail that she knew he was paying attention, yet he didn’t seem to be all there. Once she had finished what she wanted to talk about she pointed it out.

“Are you okay?” she asked straight to the point. “You look as if you have something else on your mind.”

“Do I? I apologize.” Erik replied instantly. “Fear not, you have my complete attention.”

“Erik…” Meg deadpanned. “You’re taping a beat on my knee.”

Erik immediately stopped, pulling his free hand from her with a sheepish expression. “Forgive me, my dear, I have had a song stuck in my head for quite some time.”

That peaked Meg’s curiosity. She loved to hear Erik play and the music he composed were some of the most powerful pieces she has ever heard. Her favorite being her lullaby Erik had created for
her when she was born, but there were others she enjoyed.

“Play it for me.” Meg suggested but Erik shook his head.

“No, it is incomplete.”

Meg knew that Erik didn’t like playing for others until the piece was finished. She let it go, for now.

“Alright, than tell me about that couple, that mom and Nadir don’t like.” She watched Erik stiffen and she frowned. “Mom wouldn’t tell me anything about them, will you?”

“There is not much to say.” Erik stated firmly. “They visited for a while but soon left.”

Meg’s frown deepened. She had a feeling that Erik wasn’t telling her something. “Why did they stop?” she pressed.

Erik shifted away from her, in the process removing his hand from hers. He turned to face away from her enough that she couldn’t see his expression. “I asked them to.”

Meg was confused. From what mom had told her, Erik liked the couple well enough. It didn’t make sense for him to suddenly cut ties with people. Then she observed her uncle’s posture for a moment and the answer came to her.

“Mom asked you to.” She whispered, knowing that was the answer.

Erik sighed and turned towards her again with a weak grin. “I cannot hide anything from my pearl it seems. Do not blame your mother, Nadir asked me as well.”

Meg didn’t blame her mom for anything, she only didn’t understand the why. “But why?”

“They see something I do not.” Erik answered tiredly. “They sense something is off about them, and if they agree on something, who am I to argue with their instincts.”

Meg crossed her arms over her chest. “But you liked them, didn’t you?”

“Yes, they were both lovely.” Erik confessed, tiling his head in acknowledgment. “However, it is not worth making Antoinette and Nadir worry about me.”

Meg could see that. For Erik, family always came first and for him, mom, Nadir, and she were his family.

“Still, it kind of sucks that you had to stop being friends with them.” Meg stated.

Erik shrugged. “I will admit that sometimes I miss their presence, but what’s done is done.”

“But—” Meg began but Erik raised his hand to stop her.

“I believe a change of topic is in order.” Erik suggested, though Meg knew it was more of an order. Not wanting to make her uncle uncomfortable, she dropped the topic. “Play my lullaby?”

Erik gained a small but pleased grin. “Are you not a little old for that?”

“Never.” Meg countered matter of fact.
Erik chuckled but made his way to the piano. Meg hopped off the counter and followed after him. Erik sat down at the piano and Meg stood in front of him next to the body of the large instrument. He lifted the cover and placed his hands on the keys, finding by touch the correct place to start. Soon he began to play the gentle tune of her lullaby. He opened his mouth and began to sing.

Wandering child, So lost, so helpless
Yearning for some guidance.
Angel or family Friend or phantom
Who will be there, staring?
It’s there, your Angel of Music
Have you forgotten your Angel?
Angel, shall speak
What endless longings Echo in this whisper!

Meg was only half aware that the door to the shop opened, the bell shaking briefly. She was too engulfed in Erik’s singing and playing to become mindful that there was someone else in the shop. However, Erik heard it and paused in his playing, which was what made Meg alert. The silence was abrupt that Meg was uncomfortable for a moment, but was soon able to get her bearings. She turned around and saw that a young couple had walked in.

They looked older than her but younger than Erik, both were incredibly doll-like. The girl’s delicate and soft features and the boy’s handsome and stronger ones contrasted yet complimented each other perfectly. Both of them gave off a strong presence that made Meg want to cringe, almost as if she was in the presence of something that could do her harm. She eyed them warily, she had grown up to learn how to trust her instincts. And she was noting that her gut was currently telling her to be careful of those two.

Yet, both of the couple’s expressions looked hesitant and cautious, like they were the ones in a dangerous situation.

The couple spotted them at the piano and began to make their way over. Meg found it eerie that neither of them seem to make a sound as they walked, she would believe that they weren’t there at all if she hadn’t been actively watching them. She briefly glanced towards Erik and saw that he was in the same position as he had stopped in. The next moment, Erik came back to life and slowly placed the lid back before standing, getting out from behind the bench.

He faced towards the couple as they stopped a couple yards away.

“Hello Erik.” The girl spoke first, her tone dripping of care.

Erik raised his eyebrow. “Miss Daae. Mr. de Chagny. What are the two of you doing here?”

Meg blinked in surprise, turning back to face the couple. This was the couple that her mom and Nadir had told Erik to stay away from? They didn’t seem like they were secretly serial killers but
she had to admit that she agreed with her mom’s opinion.

Something was off about them.

The girl, Miss Daae, bit her lip and wriggled her hands together in a nervous gesture. “We want to talk to you. Only that.”

“Is that not what I specifically asked you to not do?” Erik countered firmly, his expression neutral.

Meg mentally frowned at the tone. Should he be talking to them like that if they were unsafe? Could Erik not sense their dangerous presence? Usually, he was the one to be able to get a hold on someone’s personality, but he had told her that it had been her mom and Nadir that told him they were off, while to him, they were fine.

She watched the couple flinch as if struck which made her more confused. Why are two people that give off the presence of a predator curling inside themselves at the scolding of a blind man?

“Yes, but we know you did not mean it.” The boy, Mr. de Chagny, countered.

Erik crossed his arms over his chest with a raised brow. “Oh? And what makes you say that?”

“Because if you had meant it, we would be physically incapable to coming near you again.” Miss Daae answered, forcing her hands by her sides to not mess with them.

That made Meg pause and she saw the same thing happen to her uncle. He frowned in confusion.

“Please,” Miss Daae pleaded. “We know that Mr. Khan and Madam Giry asked you to tell us what you did. We want to explain why they would.”

Her uncle appeared as confused as Meg felt. She had no idea what they were talking about and a part of her was getting scared, she didn’t know why. Erik didn’t appear to be scared like her, in fact, he seemed to be giving their offer some thought. Meg knew that Miss Daae’s words were vague enough for him to want clearer answers.


Both of the couple glanced at Meg making her want to be swallowed up by the floor away from the strange intensity of their gazes. As if sensing what they were doing, Erik continued.

“Meg is allowed to stay if she wishes.” He stated firmly, leaving no room for them to argue.

The couple’s eyes widened.

“Meg?” Mr. de Chagny whispered in surprise, his eyes lighting up in recognition.

Apparently, Erik had told them about her before he cut off their friendship.

Erik ignored the both of them for a moment and tilted his head in Meg’s direction. “Meg, do you wish to stay?”

Meg thought about that for a moment. She didn’t like the aura the couple were giving off, it was not something a human gave off. It was that of a hunter in the night, a predator to humans, and it made her want to run away as far as possible. However, it was that reason why she didn’t want to leave her uncle by himself with them. The two of them seemed to be careful around Erik but for all she knew, that was a temporary thing that could end any moment.
With that in mind, she replied, “I’ll stay.”

Erik nodded as if that was the end of that and turned towards the couple. He waved his hand in their general direction. “Go on then.”

Chapter End Notes

There we go! Another chapter for my lovely readers! Hope you enjoyed this little chapter in Meg’s POV! Be sure to tell me if you enjoyed the chapter by leaving a comment! Next chapter will be in Christine’s POV. See ya next time!
Creatures of the Night

Chapter Summary

It didn’t require a lot, a mere moment of focus before Christine opened her eyes and saw Meg gasp and jump backwards in Erik’s grip.

“What is it?” he inquired, his voice filled with concern as he held Meg’s arms in his hands, trying to soothe his niece.

“They are definitely not lying!” Meg gasped as she gaped at their new appearances.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Aaymeirah - I think this is the first time I wrote in Meg's POV? Glad you enjoyed it! Thanks for the comment!

Pineapple_Phoenix - lol I was curious as to why I didn't see your normal comment! Glad you're all updated now. Yes, Khan and Anton are just concern friends but Christine and Raoul won't let that stop them! I ended that chapter that way because it was fun? Have to keep my readers in some form of suspense. :) Did you really think they would wait that long? Well, they are predators, so it's human instinct to react like that. Erik doesn't himself because he's their mate and his instincts unconsciously tell him that he's safe. Thanks for the comments!

chshrkitten - Ahh! Thank you for the lovely comment. I'm glad you enjoy the little inputs about Raoul and Christine's relationship too. :) Meg is Erik's beloved niece and he would trust her word completely. That's why she'll play an important part in this chapter! ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Christine bit her lip, this was not how she imagined telling Erik what they were. She and Raoul had planned to go to Erik’s shop right before closing, believing that the place would be empty. What they found instead was Erik playing for a girl that physically looked a few years younger than them.

Christine had to admit that she felt a flare of possessiveness at the sight of Erik’s playing for another, but quickly squashed the feeling down. Music was the most important thing to Erik. If they were somehow able to get him to accept them, Christine would not be selfish to limit his abilities.

The music had been soft and slow, with a hypnotic tone that was almost like a lullaby. Erik’s voice briefly washing over her, encompassing her in warmth.

However, as they got closer, Erik had stopped playing and the warmth ended, leaving her cold.
Erik confronted them and the blonde girl watched them curiously. Luckily, they had been able to convince Erik to give them a change to talk, however, Meg was to be there also.

Meg, Erik’s beloved niece that was going to leave soon.

Christine should have known that Meg was the girl Erik was singing too, Erik has told them that he didn’t sing often to others, only to his family. Simple process of elimination would have told her that Meg was the only option. The girl had a pleasant scent. It wasn’t as overwhelming or tempting as Erik’s but it was a nice mixture of cherry and the smell of new books.

Christine could tell that the blonde girl sensed what Mr. Khan and Mme. Giry had. Her stiff posture and wary eyes was proof enough. A part of Christine was pleased by that, few people trusted their instincts readily these days, but it might cause a problem while talking to Erik.

However, Erik left no room for Meg leaving unwillingly to be an option and they had to deal with it.

Christine took a deep breath through her nose before letting it out in a rush. She straightened and took a step closer to Erik.

“We know that Madam Giry and Mr. Khan see us as a threat, they think we are dangerous.”

Erik squinted in their direction, his arms folded across his chest. “Not the best start at reminding me, but do continue.”

Christine hesitated and Raoul picked up for her.

“They weren’t exactly wrong.” He joined in. Then he waved his hands in the air hurriedly. “But not to you! Never to you! To us, we would rather burn on the sun than do you harm!”

Erik cringed, Christine didn’t know if it was because of the wording or the confession itself.

“Not a great explanation, but you did basically admit that you are dangerous. Are you saying that you would do harm to others?” Erik questioned.

“We haven’t done that in a long time…” When Christine noticed Erik and Meg’s expression she hurried to continue. “No wait! That came out wrong!”

She watched Meg step closer to Erik warily, putting herself half in front of him as if to act as a shield. Her large brown eyes watching them in fear but determination.

Christine sighed in irritation. This was getting them nowhere.

“Okay!” Meg flinched at the volume and Erik must have felt it because he carefully placed his hand on her shoulder. The motion made Christine want to sigh again but held it in. She clapped her hands together and pointed at Meg. “We are not explaining this very well.”

“I’ll say.” Erik replied dryly.

“This is hard!” Raoul protested. “You try finding a way to tell someone that they’re your mate, but oh, you’re also not human which is why your mate’s friends hate you!”

Christine slapped her hand to her face. This was really not the way she wanted to go about this.

She peeked at Erik and Meg from between her fingers and saw them wearing twin stumped expressions.
“Oh my god, Raoul!” Christine hissed, whipping her free hand out and slapping Raoul’s arm.

By his expression, Raoul would be blushing like a tomato if he was human, but the message still got across.

“That was not how we were going to say that.” Christine declared.

“How else do you say you’re not human?” Meg replied shakily, her back pressed against Erik’s chest since she had taken a step back at the reveal.

“We wouldn’t hurt you! Not while you’re important to Erik!” Raoul countered with a scowl, as if offended by the implied accusation.

“What do I have to do with that?” Erik finally spoke, his brows drawn downwards in bewilderment. Christine was relieved to see no fear, she hoped that it wouldn’t change.

“To put things in simple terms, you’re our mate.” Christine explained. She was glad she couldn’t blush because she was sure that she would be a tomato shade otherwise. “You are ours and we are yours.”

“Like what? Soul mates?” Meg asked in disbelief. The fear lingered in her eyes but her curiosity was winning out at the moment.

“Yes, it sounds cliché, we know, but it’s the truth.” Raoul added.

“I’m in my mid-forties and blind, how can I be a mate?” Erik questioned in disbelief.

“You being blind doesn’t matter. Our souls call out for each other once we get close enough, it has nothing to do with outward appearances. Age isn’t a big factor either, I’m going to be in my...I think I’ll turn 134 this year.” Raoul admitted causing the dumbfounded expressions to come back to the humans. Raoul turned to Christine with a frown. “You’re...”

“207.” Christine replied easy enough. She never hid her age when asked. “I was born into it.”

“Into what exactly.” Meg asked nervously but a hint of amazement.

“We don’t like to say what we are considering all the stories and myths behind it but since there isn’t any other way, we’re called vampires.” Christine admitted.

There it was, they had finally said it.

Christine felt tense in the silence that engulfed the shop. She knew that Meg was in disbelief but couldn’t read Erik. He could become a blank page when he wanted to, which was off putting with his glazed golden eyes that maintained their intensity.

Eventually, it was Erik that broke the silence.

“Prove it.” He commanded.

Christine blinked in surprise but should’ve expected that. Most people consider the whole ‘seeing is believing’ quote a good saying to live by. But Erik couldn’t see…

“How?” Raoul questioned with a frown. “You wouldn’t exactly be able to see anything that we could do.”

“But Meg can.” Erik pointed out.
At the mention of her name, Meg straightened up and turned her head towards Erik. She wore a frown but Erik leaned down, using the hand that was on her shoulder, and whispered something into her ear.

“Do me this favor, my pearl. Be both of our eyes.” He whispered, to which Meg nodded her consent and faced them again.

If Christine hadn’t been a vampire, she wouldn’t have been able to hear it but she was, and she did. She supposed that made things easier, because Erik would believe Meg’s point of view.

“Ah, how do we do this?” Raoul asked, unsure.

Erik shrugged. “Have you never revealed yourselves before?”

“Not purposely, and we always erased their memories afterward.” Christine stated. She looked at Raoul, ignoring the looks of shock. “I guess we could do our vampire forms.”

Raoul rolled his eyes. “Oh, duh! That’s easy.”

Christine turned back to Meg, giving her a comforting smile. “These forms are used in fights and to scare, please don’t worry. We will not do anything.”

Meg nodded slowly, stepping back into Erik’s chest again, to which the older responded by giving her shoulder a squeeze.

“Okay.” Christine announced before closing her eyes.

She knew that Raoul was doing the same next to her. It wasn’t a required thing to do, but it was easier to focus without their sight. They naturally shifted when they felt they were in danger or scared but a forced shift needed concentration. It didn’t require a lot, a mere moment of focus before Christine opened her eyes and saw Meg gasp and jump backwards in Erik’s grip.

“What is it?” he inquired, his voice filled with concern as he held Meg’s arms in his hands, trying to soothe his niece.

“They are definitely not lying!” Meg gasped as she gapped at their new appearances.

Christine blinked her currently glowing red eyes and raised her hand towards Meg in a calming motion, carefully trying to hide as much of her long, sharpened nails as possible.

“It’s alright. We are still the same.” She comforted. It was awkward talking with her fangs fully out, giving her a sort of lisp sound in her words. She saw Raoul sheepishly hide his own hand behind his back, using the other one to poke at his pointed ears for a moment.

“What do you see?” Erik asked his niece curiosity dripping from his tone.

Meg took a shaky breath in and then answered him. Christine and Raoul waited patiently while she described their new features. How their eyes were crimson and their ears pointed. How they had sharper features and even sharper nails.

“And fangs. Yep, they totally have fangs.” Meg finished breathless. “Are you sure you won’t hurt us?”

“You’re safe.” Raoul answered, appearing a little offended. “How many times do we have to tell you? Erik is our mate, making us physically incapable of hurting him and you are important to him,
making you safe as well.”

“So you can technically hurt her? You are capable of doing it?” Erik questioned with a frown.

“Well, yes but we wouldn’t!” Raoul answered.

“We are too old to make such mistakes easily, give us some credit.” Christine added. “We learned to deal with how we can eat, we are not monsters.”

“No one said you were, but pardon me questioning whether my niece is safe around you.” Erik replied dryly.

His tone made Christine grin. He was acting like his usual self, showing neither fear nor disgust towards them. It was a good sign.

“We will not harm her or anyone you care about. You have our word on that.” Christine promised. Erik nodded and Meg step forward with a frown.

“So…you do drink blood right? You don’t want to drink from us?” she questioned.

“Yes we drink blood.” Raoul answered with an eye roll. “But it’s not like we need a lot, we only need to feed about once a week and we did that yesterday. You’re fine.”

Since she wasn’t in any danger, Meg took another step forward and looked at them closely. “But you want to bite Erik, I can tell.”

If Christine could blush, she would have.

“He’s our mate, his scent is more appealing than any other.” Christine admitted softly, part of her hoping that Erik didn’t hear it.

Meg suddenly smirked. “What’s it like?”

“Okay, that’s enough out of you.” Erik commanded with a hint of exasperation within the fondness. He took a step forward and gestured towards Meg. He held out his hand in the air expectantly to which Meg pouted but went back to him. She placed her hand in his and he grabbed onto it. “I’ll be seeing you later, my pearl, you need to start heading home before Antoinette calls worrying about you.”

His tone left no room for argument and Meg obviously recognized that. Her pout deepened but she gave her uncle a quick peck on the cheek before heading out. As she passed Christine and Raoul, Christine saw the small wink she gave the two of them. It surprised her because this whole thing had gone a lot easier than she had thought.

“Ignore Meg and her questions, she can become nosy sometimes.” Erik stated.

Christine turned back towards him with a raised eyebrow. “Its fine, she is only curious. Your acceptance of everything, however, is a little off putting.”

Erik shrugged. “If Meg tells me that she believes what you are, I will not argue. As towards accepting, would you rather have me afraid? I can act afraid if you wish.”

“No no!” Raoul hurried to say. “Can you blame us for being surprised?”

Erik paused, cocking his head to the side. “I suppose not, but to me, the two of you have never
been a threat to me, why would that suddenly change because I know more? You were always vampires.”

Christine smiled and couldn’t help but close the gap between them and throw her arms around him. She didn’t realize that she had used her speed until Erik had startled badly by her touch but thankfully didn’t move away.

“That is something that I will need to get used to.” Erik remarked.

“Sorry.” Christine apologized sheepishly, taking a step back from him.

“No wait.” Erik grabbed her wrist before she had completely let him go. “You are still shifted correct? May I see?”

Christine stopped and looked up at him. At this distance, she could see the vein on Erik’s neck and his scent was tempting her like it always did but more intensely since they were close. However, what she wanted at that moment more than anything was to kiss him in joy. This could’ve have gone wrong in many different ways, but instead, Erik was asking if he could see.

“Sure.” Christine agreed, pushing her thoughts down. Their relationship wasn’t like that yet. She was going to be happy that Erik didn’t openly reject them and wanted them to be in his presence at all.

Christine took hold of both of Erik’s hands and faced them upwards. She placed her own hands on top of his, letting him feel the nails that acted more like claws at the moment. When he was satisfied with that, she brought his hands to her face to explore. She remained perfectly motionless as he traced her sharper features and pointy ears. For a second, Erik hesitated around her mouth, but she opened it enough that her fangs poked out.

Usually she hated her vampire form, it made her ugly in her opinion and she didn’t see the need to use it. Her shifting today had been the first time in over 40 years in itself. However, the way Erik slowly traced her features, Christine enjoyed it. When she was in this form, her senses grew more enhanced making each touch that usually brought warmth to her skin feel like it was fire. It was because Erik was touching her and when his hands disappeared, Christine blinked her eyes open, not having realized she had closed them.

The first thing she saw was Erik grinning softly.

“Beautiful.” He announced and Christine felt her undead heart soar.

Chapter End Notes

There we go! You didn’t really think that Erik would turn away from them did you? I wonder if any of you noticed that not once did I call them vampires up until this chapter. I hope you enjoyed reading this next chapter, if you did be sure to leave a comment! Next chapter will be in Raoul’s POV.

Note: This MIGHT be the last time I can update for a while. As of now, I’ll be gone for the next few weeks, but that can change into…well months. I know that sounds terrible but just wanted to give you a heads up that if it does turn into months, hopefully not, I won’t be able to update in next year. Literally. I apologize in advance.
but hopefully, for now, it’ll only be a few weeks.

See ya next time.
Raoul admitted. “Being a mate means that the vampire will be drawn to bite you, it will be a constant thought in their mind, but we cannot bite a mate without their permission. If we try, our instincts stop us.”

Erik frowned. “You sound like you have experience with that feeling.”

“Christine does, from when she first met me.” Raoul explained. “But yes, I also have it…on you.”

“You tried to bite me?” Erik frowned, facing Raoul completely.

“Tell me about how you feed.” Erik stated, as he was inspecting his violins, picking them up one by one to check them carefully, before putting them back.

“Not really a good question to ask in the middle of a public space.” Raoul countered, leaning forward to rest his weight on his elbows on the front counter.

Erik sent him a smirk. “You think I would not be able to tell when there is someone else in the shop?”

“True, but that doesn’t make it okay.” Raoul answered.

“Are you going to tell me or not?” Erik asked, with a head cock. Raoul wasn’t sure if Erik knew that he had a weakness for that move. He was pretty sure that he didn’t.

Pretty sure.

It has been a week since the big reveal. Raoul was amazed by how easy everything had turned out, even with Meg’s presence. If anything, the girl had helped make Erik believe them. Since then, Erik has allowed the two of them to visit him in his shop and Raoul certainly never wasted an opportunity. Sure it was part agony being around Erik because of his scent and Raoul’s urge to bite him, but at least the pull cooled down when they were together, at least a little. Christine had told
him that the pull would lose a lot of its strength after the first time a mate is bitten but they haven’t brought the topic up with Erik.

Raoul had figured that Erik would keep them being vampires a secret, and while he hadn’t told anyone, Meg had. It had resulted in a very awkward conversation with Mme. Giry and Mr. Khan with Erik in the middle. Raoul and Christine had to explain everything to them, sure they could’ve wiped their memories but Erik had been present so that idea never came about. It was strange how accepting everyone was about them being vampires, though Raoul supposed that it had something to do with the fact that Erik had given them the okay. It was his final decision after all. Plus they had told them that they wouldn’t harm anyone that Erik cared about, which probably helped.

They hadn’t mentioned the fact that Erik was their mate, though they were sure that Meg had told them. Luckily, neither Mme. Giry nor Mr. Khan asked any questions about it and after everything was settled, Erik apologized for the trouble.

Raoul had found that adorable and gave Erik a peck on his lips.

Erik had blinked in shock and Raoul felt frozen for doing something that could already endanger their relationship. There had been an extremely awkward silence for what Raoul felt like had been an eternity. Then Erik had cleared his throat and bid them a goodnight.

Raoul had basically sprinted out the door in embarrassment and Christine had found him later sulking by the pool the apartment had.

Erik had made no mention of the event since and a part of Raoul was grateful, yet couldn’t help but wonder if that meant that Erik had no interest in them that way. That would suck at the very least. Sure Christine has told Raoul that there were friendship soulmates but Raoul was positive that wasn’t the case for them.

Raoul didn’t know what to think.

“You know how I’m a delivery guy right?” Raoul offered and when Erik nodded he continued. “That’s how I feed.”

Erik turned towards him with a frown. “You feed off your customers?”

“When you say it like that, it sounds weird, but basically yes. You would be surprised by how easy it is to drink from them. They open themselves a lot to a delivery boy. Christine gets hers from the hospital. She’s very careful to make sure no one notices anything is missing.”

“And you what? Bite them and leave?” Erik probed, going back to his violins. “Sounds risky.”

“Not really, I make sure to erase their memories. It’s easy enough.”

“Tell me about that.”

Raoul leaned up, his palms on the glass counter. “It’s simple. Vampires have the power, if you can call it that, to compel people into doing things. That makes them pretty willing…yeah that sounds terrible.”

“Not necessarily.” Erik countered, inspecting a violin with his hands. “There are many predators that have the ability to hypnotize their prey to make them compliant, it’s an ability that nature gave you, and it would be foolish not to use it.”

Raoul gapped at Erik for a few moments then shook his head in disbelief. This man was amazing,
truly amazing.

“Anyway,” Raoul continued. “That’s basically it. We compel them to let us bite them and take away their memories of it when we’re done. Vampires don’t need a lot if they feed regularly, the person wouldn’t even notice the blood loss.”

“Have you ever tried to compel anyone I know? Me?” Erik asked causally but Raoul suspected that it was more serious than the tone.

“I will not lie to you.” Raoul answered. He went around the counter and slowly headed towards Erik, making sure that he could hear his footsteps. “We had Mr. Khan compelled when we had first met. I was drunk and had puke blood and to make sure he didn’t tell, we made him see something else. We also did it to find out why you had asked us to leave you. We are not proud of that moment but we had been desperate.”

Raoul stopped a few feet away from Erik, who didn’t acknowledge his distance for a moment but then placed the violin back in its stand.

“I’ll be sure to not tell Nadir than, but please refrain from doing that in the future.” Erik stated softly, not looking in his direction.

“As for you, no, we have never tried to compel you. We wouldn’t be able to even if we wanted to, not that we do.” Raoul added.

That made Erik turned his head towards him with a bewildered frown. “Oh?”

Raoul swallowed hard and shifted from foot to foot. “Um, yes, vampires need, um, eye contact to be able to do a compel.”

“Which I cannot provide.” Erik looked away and placed his hands on his waist. “Well, that’s something at least. Is that why neither of you have brought the topic back of wanting to bite me?”

Raoul glanced to the side, he noticed that he had been wriggling his hands together and forced them still. “Part of it, compels aren’t required to drink but if we don’t, it’s painful for the human. Very painful.”

“Yet you want to.” The tone of Erik’s voice made it into a statement rather than a question.

“Yes.” Raoul admitted. “Being a mate means that the vampire will be drawn to bite you, it will be a constant thought in their mind, but we cannot bite a mate without their permission. If we try, our instincts stop us.”

Erik frowned. “You sound like you have experience with that feeling.”

“Christine does, from when she first met me.” Raoul explained. “But yes, I also have it...on you.”

“You tried to bite me?” Erik frowned, facing Raoul completely.

“It was the day we met actually.” Raoul confessed, he reached forward and tried to take hold of Erik’s hand, which the other man allowed. “You scent had made me come back to your apartment and I had followed you on your way to the shop...”

“You were the one that attacked me.” Erik finished matter of fact, his tone emotionless.

“Yes, but I cannot say I regret it because it was what made me curious about you. I didn’t know
that we were mates, that was after Christine had met you, but the moment I tried to bite you and couldn’t, I looked at you and realized that I would make sure nothing harmed you.”

Erik was quiet for a long time. His glazed golden eyes facing the floor as he processed Raoul’s confession. The more time went by, the more stressed Raoul got. The only thing that was keeping him for losing it completely was the fact that Erik hadn’t withdrawn his hand from Raoul’s hold.

“You’re hurting my hand.” Erik remarked softly and Raoul realized that he had been tightening his grip on Erik’s hand.

He immediately let go of Erik’s hand and watched as Erik clenched and unclenched his hand as he shifted his wrist. “Sorry.”

“It is alright.” Erik stated, stopping his hand movement. “Mates. Tell me about them.”

Erik was really interested in learning about them today, Raoul thought. He wasn’t about to deny Erik answers.

“You will also feel a pull, but it’s not nearly as strong as ours. You have the ability to break off the connection if you reject us and fully mean it. Mates are fine when that happens but vampires are stuck feeling the pull and a void in their gut the rest of their lives. Rumor has it that those vampires don’t live much longer after a mate’s rejection, luckily, it doesn’t happen often.”

“So the great night predator does have a weakness.” Erik remarked lightly.

Raoul grinned sadly. “Yes, you can say that. Mates are many relationships, they can be meant to be like friends or siblings or lovers, it depends on the bound and people involved.”

“You and Miss Daae…you two are lovers?”

“Yes.”

“And I suspect that the two of you wish for the same with me? If your kiss was anything to go by.” Erik stated, not harshly just matter of fact.

“Yes.” Raoul was grateful that the undead didn’t blush, because he would be a ripe tomato that moment. He hadn’t wanted that slip to be mentioned ever again.

“Interesting…” Erik whispered almost to himself. He started walking towards the front counter, and Raoul got out of his way. He watch the other man.

“Why interesting?”

Erik stopped at the counter. “Because, Mr. de Chagny, I do not feel sexual attraction, I never have. I’m what you would call an asexual.”

Raoul blinked, he had heard a little bit about that orientation, but has never met anyone that identified as one. “So you…”

“Yes.” Erik answered simply, going behind the counter and grabbing a small case from underneath and opened it. Inside were a few simple tools for instrument repair.

“Can you…”

“Yes.”
“But you never…?”

“No.”

“Wow…”

“That’s a common reaction.”

Raoul snorted. He went back to the counter and faced Erik on the other side of it. “Alright, that’s fine. Mates are more than physical attraction you know. We were brought together because our souls called to each other.”

“And it only took you forty-six years to catch up.” Erik remarked, though he had a small grin on his lips that told Raoul he was teasing.

“Better late than never.” Raoul countered, the smile in his tone.

“I do consider myself bi-romantic.” Erik offered, messing with the tools in the case. “Which is a different thing from sexually, mind you, I just…”

“Never found interest?” Raoul offered.

Erik shrugged. “You could say that, it certainly didn’t help that I’m blind and disfigured. Not exactly attractive qualities for anyone.”

“We don’t mind it.” Raoul countered.

Erik paused, his hands going still on his tools. For a second, Raoul thought he had overstepped something, but then he saw the small grin on Erik’s lips.

“No, I suppose you do not.” Erik agreed pleased.

Later that night when Raoul was getting ready to go to work, Christine called his name from the living room. Raoul left their bedroom and walked into the other room to see Christine sitting on the couch with concerned eyes.

“What is it?” Raoul asked, slightly put off by her worry.

Christine didn’t say anything, instead she pointed at the TV and Raoul turned to look at it. He saw that it was the news and there was a broadcast about a gruesome murder that had happened within the city. The newscaster was explaining how the body was found without any of its blood, the throat being ripped apart.

Raoul felt a cold wave wash over him at the news and turned towards Christine.

“It’s them, she found us!” Christine declared, her voice high in panic.

Raoul immediately went to her side, kneeling in front of her and took both of her hands in his.

“We don’t know that yet. For all we know, it could be the work of a disturbed human.” Raoul tried.

Christine shook her head. “No, I doubt it. It’s them, I know it is. Oh god! Erik! He’s in danger!”

“Shh, shh.” Raoul comforted, pressing his hands down where they were resting on her lap to keep her from getting up. “Erik is fine. How about this? We’ll take a look around, okay? We’ll see if it is
them and if it is, we’ll react accordingly.”

Christine gained a helpless look that made Raoul’s chest ache. “We barely told him we were vampires and he’s still getting used the idea of being a mate. He’s not going to want to be turned this soon.”

Raoul squeezed her hands. “We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

Christine squeezed his hands back, not appearing comforted but Raoul couldn’t blame her.

If this was done by the people they think it was, Erik could be in a lot of danger.

Chapter End Notes

I’M BACK! Luckily my trip was only the month long instead of the full many months. Granted, that’s still going to happen but at least I’m going to be able to put up a few more chapter before I leave again. SO! Hope you enjoyed this latest chapter, be sure to leave a comment if you did! I know that I left it as a little bit of a cliffhanger right now. But at least I didn’t leave it like that before I left! I wonder if anyone can make a guess as to who “SHE” is? Lol Next chapter will be in Erik’s POV. See ya next time!
“Erik? Come try this for me?” Christine requested in a cheerful tone.

Erik lifted his head from where he was sitting on the couch and squinted. “What is it?”

“Something I made! I don’t cook often because well, vampire and all, but you eat!” Christine gushed from a spot that Erik assumed was the kitchen.

He carefully stood up and made his way over to the kitchen slowly. He didn’t have the couple’s apartment layout memorized yet and trended cautiously lest he bump into something.

It’s been two weeks since Erik had asked Raoul a bunch of questions about vampires and he learned a lot. The biggest shock had been to learn that it was Mr. de Chagny who had attacked him in the first place. He didn’t hold it against him, humans are the prey of lots of animals and vampires were among them. Sure it wouldn’t have been great if he had gotten bitten, but at least it would have done something. Feed the predator and all that.

From Raoul’s explanation, Erik was safe from being bitten, at least by them. Erik had wanted to
ask if it was the same towards other vampires but the boy seemed unsettled by the topic if the numbness of Erik’s hand from the vampire’s grip was anything to go by, so he changed the topic.

Lately, the couple has asked that Erik spent time at their apartment and each time they were able to convince him to stay longer. Erik had been reluctant at first, it was never easy to learn a new place, but he also had a feeling that they were stressed and complied with their wishes.

Nadir had told him about the murder of a women that had been completely drained of blood. He was on the force to catch the killer. Since Nadir knew about the couple, he had, of course, suspected them, but Erik was able to convince him that it couldn’t have been them. From what they have told Erik, they didn’t kill when they fed, and certainly didn’t seem like the type to do it cruelly. He wasn’t stupid, he knew very well that they could’ve lied to him, but something told Erik that everything they had said about themselves was true. Sometimes, Erik wondered if it was because of the mate thing.

Erik didn’t know why or how, but both vampires seem confident that Erik was it, though he had a hard time imagining it because he has never done relationships. Being asexual had nothing to do with it, he simply never found anyone that he thought of like that.

Then Miss Daae and Mr. de Chagny show up and not only tell him that they are vampires, but he is also their mate.

It is strange to say the least.

Erik suspects that while the couple might not be the ones that murdered the woman, they had an idea of who it might be. Their requests for him to be around them and/or them finding ways to be with him were proof enough of that. For the most part, they acted the same, but Erik could feel a light tension in the air around them wherever they went which put him off.

If they were afraid, things were serious.

“What did you make?” Erik asked as he entered the kitchen but stayed in the doorway. He had a good idea of what it was based off the smell.

“Chicken!” Christine announced cheerfully. He could hear her off to the right and heard her footsteps come towards him.

He reached out slowly and was met by Christine’s hand which guided him over to the stove. He could feel the slight heat it gave off but knew that the flame itself was unlit.

“This might sound a little patronizing but it’s not!” Christine began.

Erik raised an eyebrow. “You want to feed me?”

He could tell he got it correct by the way Christine shifted her feet. For a couple vampires that were over a century old, they were sure easy to read.

“Only if it’s okay with you!” Christine stated, sounding uneasy that she had insulted him. “I just…you’re not…I mean…never mind, I’m shutting up.”

Usually, he would be insulted by someone thinking that he couldn’t feed himself because he was blind but knew that it hadn’t been Christine’s intention. Plus her reaction was amusing.

As a result, he shrugged. “It’s fine. You can, I cannot exactly tell where the food is.”
“Oh! Okay, that’s fine. Open your mouth.”

Erik did as she asked and waited. He heard her move around in front of him then felt the fork and chicken on his lip. He took the fork in his mouth and brought the chicken piece off.

Instantly, he regretted it because it tasted awful, and, he was positive, slightly undercooked.

He brought his hand to cover his mouth and forced himself to chew. He didn’t want to hurt Christine’s feelings by telling her it was bad, and he was confident that the chicken wasn’t undercooked enough to make him sick.

“It’s good.” Erik stated, he could tell that it might not have sounded as strong as he had planned.

“It’s awful isn’t it?” Christine sighed.

Erik could hear her put down what was probably the fork. “You can spit it out, I won’t be upset. Here.”

A napkin was placed in Erik’s hand and he used it to get rid of the chicken piece. “You sound upset.”

“I wanted to make something nice for you. I don’t know what went wrong, I followed all the instructions.” Christine remarked, half to herself.

“The fact that you tried is enough for me.” Erik offered sincerely.

Christine let out another sigh. “Want pizza?”

“That will be fine.” Erik smiled.

Christine went into the other room to go order the pizza and Erik found himself tapping on the countertop. He recognized the beat and forced himself to stop. It was the same song that has been plaguing his mind for a few months now. He has been able to get most of it written down but parts of it remain hidden from him.

He could hear Christine’s voice from the living room and decided to try to get more words out of the music.

He carefully walked over to where he knew the dining table was. His hand out in front of him hit the back of a chair and he grasped it and pulled it out. He swept his hand down the seat, making sure nothing was on it and sat down.

The table in front of him wasn’t as big as a grand piano, but Erik could work with it. He placed his hands on top of the table and began to play the notes that were echoing in his head. As his fingertips tapped lightly on the wooden table he heard the notes respond in his head.

“Say you’ll share with me, one love. One lifetime.” Erik sang softly, not wanting to disturbed Christine. “Lead me, save me from my solitude.”

“Say you want me with you here, beside you.”

Erik jerked at the sound of Christine’s voice singing behind him. He hadn’t realized that she had come in.

“Miss Daee—” he began, but was cut off by a pair of hands resting on his shoulders.
“How much have you completed?” She asked, her curls falling around his head.

The question and tone made Erik paused. It made her seem like she had known about the song already, and her voice had sounded almost…pleading.

“There are a few parts that remain unfinished. It’s frustrating to say the least.” Erik replied, moving a curl that had begun to tickle away from his face.

“Can I hear what you have? Will you sing it for me?”

“How do you know that line?” Erik countered, shifting in his chair to face towards Christine. “I have not played the music for anyone.”

Christine slide her hands off his shoulders and Erik heard her take a step back.

“When you told us to stay away…we didn’t exactly do that.”

Erik raised his eyebrow. “You spied on me?”

“Technically yes, but only at your shop.” Christine answered sheepishly. “But you have to remember that we literally crave being in your presence. When you had told us to leave you alone, we did, but we used the available loop hole. If you had meant it, we wouldn’t have been able to get close.”

Erik thought about that for a moment. He knew that he felt a sort of pull that urge him to be near them, but he was also able to ignore it for the most part. He didn’t want to know what it must feel like for the couple that have told him it was must worst. Mr. de Chagny, having been on both sides as a mate and vampire, especially emphasized the difference.

“Alright.” Erik conceded. “You listened to me play, how much of it do you know?”

“Only that part, I’m afraid, but wait here.”

Erik heard her leave the room and, having nothing better to do, waited. Soon, he heard her footsteps returning but something was making her steps heavier.

“Here, I know it’s not a grand piano but it’s what we have.” Christine stated, placing the object on the table, causing a small thud.

Erik reached forward and his fingers met with plastic keys.

“A keyboard? Better than nothing.” Erik remarked, placing his hands on top of the keys. He played a few notes to find out the music it could play. It wouldn’t be a direct replica of how the song sounded while on a grand piano, but it would be pleasant enough.

He began to play the music that he’s gotten a hold on. He didn’t want to sing for this because he hadn’t gotten all the lyrics but let the music encompass the air around them through the keys. The music had been completed, that much Erik had been able to get done, it was the words that continued to escape him.

As he came to a close, Erik heard the front door unlocking. He played the last note as Mr. de Chagny called out for them.

“We’re in here!” Christine called out and Raoul’s footsteps could be heard coming their way.

“Hey, what are you doing in here? Is that chicken?”
“My failed attempt at chicken, don’t ask.” Christine replied. “And Erik was playing some music.”

“Oh? What kind?” Raoul asked, getting closer.

“A song that has been stuck in my head and something the two of you have apparently listened in on.” Erik answered, playing the first few keys again.

“Oh, Christine told you about that huh?” Raoul cleared his throat. “Have you finished it?”

“Music yes, lyrics no. Words are giving me some trouble.”

“Can I hear it? I know you just played it for Christine, but I like listening to you.” Raoul suggested.

Erik shrugged. “We are waiting for pizza anyway.”

Again he began to play the music, letting it flow from his mind to his hands. However, this time something happened.

_No more talk of darkness, forget these wide eye fears_

_I’m here, nothing can harm you. My words will warm and calm you._

Erik had been startled when Raoul began to sing, but what was more surprising was the fact that the words seemed to flow and fit perfectly with the song. Without a doubt in Erik’s mind, these were the right words for the song.

_Let me be your freedom, let daylight dry your tears_

_I’m here, with you, beside you, To guard you and to guide you._

Christine’s voice joined in when Raoul stopped. Again the words were perfect and Erik continued to play, memorizing each and every word being sung.

_Say you’ll love me every waking moment, Turn my head with talk of summertime._

_Say you need me with now and always, Promise that all you say is true._

_That’s all I ask of you_

Erik didn’t know where the words came from but here he was, suddenly adding his own voice into the music. But, again, it felt perfect.

_Let me be your shelter, Christine sang._

_Let me be you light, your safe no one will find you_, Raoul sang than Christine took the next part.

_Your fears are far behind you_

_All I want is freedom._ Christine finished.

_A world with no more night._ Erik added. _With you, always beside me,_

_To hold me and to hide me._ Christine added.

Raoul started before Christine had finished, his voice getting more passionate along with the raise of the tempo of the music.
Than say you’ll share with us, one love, one lifetime.
Let us lead you from your solitude.

Erik had a feeling that they were focused on him, this belief confirmed when Christine rested her hands on his shoulders before she sang again.

Say you’ll need us with you, here beside you.

Anywhere you go, let us go too.

Together Raoul and Christine sang.

That’s all we ask of you.

Say you’ll share with me, one love, one lifetime. Erik sang, joining in.

Say the word and I will follow you.

Raoul and Christine merged their voices with Erik’s.

Share each day with me, each night each morning.

Say you love me,

You know I do.

Anywhere you go, let me go to.

Love me, that’s all I ask of you.

Erik let the rest of the song linger, playing the late note before stopping completely by removing his hands for the keys. It became dead silent with no music playing.

Erik was the one to eventually break the silence.

“How did we—?”

“We brought our song to life!” Christine beamed, startling Erik.

Erik frowned. “What song?”

“Our soul song! It music that is only able to be heard by vampires and their mates! Never before has it been brought into reality, at least not that anyone has heard or knows about. And it was all thanks to you!” Christine explained, squeezing Erik’s shoulders.

Erik’s frown deepened. “What did I do?”

“You wrote the music.” Raoul explained. “Soul songs are there in your mind, but are never concrete. You were able to shape the music into an actual song, and when you played it, our words came forward.”

“But…” Erik tapped his finger on the table a few times. “There was a part that I have been singing but it wasn’t in this.”

“That could have been a plea song.” Christine answered. “I’ve read that it can sometimes happen when the mate is fighting the pull, it calls the attention of the vampire.”
“That’s how we knew that you weren’t serious about telling us to leave you alone. We had heard you singing it and recognized it as our song.” Raoul added.

Erik stopped tapping his fingers. It was all a little confusing to him, but what part of their relationship wasn’t? What he did know what that nothing felt wrong about the song they had played, and something told him that without a doubt the song was theirs.

Later, Erik was grabbing his cane and opening it up while he stood in front of the door.

“Can’t you stay the night?” Raoul complained off to the side where the kitchen was.

Erik grinned. “With what items? Plus I live down the complex, it’s not like it’ll be long until you see me again.”

“No, you are right.” Christine stated. “We are excited about what happened earlier I guess.”

Their song, yes, apparently it was a big deal in their world.

“You’ll see me tomorrow. By which at this point is more like today.” Erik stated teasingly.

“Right. Goodnight Erik.” Christine concluded and he could hear the smile in her voice.

Erik nodded and opened the door. “Goodnight you two.”

He walked out of the apartment and headed towards his own. It had rained earlier so the sidewalk had a bit of mud on it, but nothing that would cause Erik to slip.

Erik got to his apartment and opened the door. It was quiet inside but Erik figured that Nadir would be asleep.

What was strange was the lack of Ayesha’s bell collar approaching to greet him as she always did.

With a frown, Erik entered his apartment and closed the door behind him.

“Nadir?” He called out, placing his things into the bowl by the door and closing his cane.

There was no reply and nothing that gave Ayesha’s presence away. Erik walked further into the apartment and suddenly he felt a chill go down his spill, the ends of his hair standing up.

He froze in place, not knowing what was in his apartment, but knew that he had to get out quickly.

Just as that thought entered his mind, he was grabbed from behind. Erik tried to throw them off balance by falling willingly, but they countered and within seconds Erik was on his knees with his hands behind his back. The hands holding him were freezing cold and dread washed over Erik as he suspected who was in his apartment.

Or rather what.

A cold hand grasped his hair and jerked his head back. He cringed at the touch, his heart pounding in his chest as he felt someone place their nose to his neck.

“Ah, here we go!” a female voice crackled. “Here’s the mate!”

Erik didn’t have time to react because the next second, something hard hit his head and then nothing.
Lol well I certainly hoped you enjoyed that little roller coaster of a chapter! From discovering their soul song to an unsure end! Anyone guess who’s the mystery captor? If you enjoyed this, or completely mad at me for the ending, leave a comment! Next chapter will be in Erik’s POV before switching to Nadir. You’ll find out why next chapter! ;)}
The Vampire Mistress

Chapter Summary

There wasn’t another chair near Antoinette to sit on so Nadir sat down on the arm rest of her chair. He sat, facing the vampire couple in front of him and gave them his best no-nonsense stare.

“Who are they?” he demanded.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Kyoharu_Alexeis - You're about to find out! Ahh, shucks! Thank you for your comment! I love making my readers smile!

Pineapple_Phoenix - Your going to see if you were right! lol! I think your comments cause me to gain the biggest smiles! Got to have a little bit of a cliffhanger after that sweet moment! lol

zerousy - lol Yes, it was, but it's here now! Thank you for your comment!

Aaymeirah - Glad you enjoyed it! I actually changed the ending to that. It was originally the beginning of this chapter, you'll see why I was tempted, but then the next chapter wouldn't have been long enough for my tastes so it ended up like it is now.

AshflameTheWaffle - Well, I'm glad I could get such a reaction! Thank you for the comment!

Disclaimer: I do not own POTO, only my stories!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Erik noticed as he regained consciousness was the pounding headache he had and the focused pain on a spot on the side of his head.

He couldn’t help but let out a moan at the pain, his body feeling sluggish and weak as he tried to sit up. Brief memories of what had happened came back to him and he sat up, reaching to touch the spot on the side of his head, wincing at the sensitive skin. His forearms also felt sore and bruised, most likely from the grip one of his captors had used on him. Erik brought his hand back down and tried to listen to anything that would tell him about his surroundings through the pounding in his head.

It was quiet, almost too quiet. He couldn’t hear the constant noise of life outside, neither through cars or people. That told him he was either someplace abandoned or in the wilderness. The sound of crickets told him it was night but little else.
Erik was aware that someone might be watching him at that very moment but didn’t feel another’s presence, especially not from anything like he had felt in his apartment. He has never been in this kind of situation before and took deep breaths to calm his fast beating heart. It worked a little but he knew that he was at a huge disadvantage. If his captors were who he thought they were, his blindness wasn’t even his biggest vulnerability.

He being human was.

Erik had to take advantage of being alone. He had no idea when his captors would come back and he needed to use the time to become aware of what was around him.

Feeling weak but determined, Erik ignored the pain in his head and slowly stood up on shaky legs. He used his hand above his head to make sure he didn’t come into contact with anything that could hit his head and didn’t.

However, his fingertips briefly touched something cold and metal above his head.

The touch made Erik pause and he moved his hand to further explode but couldn’t tell anything besides it being the possible ceiling of the place he was in. It was low for a ceiling. Curious, Erik used the hand on the metal ceiling and placed his other hand in front of him to make sure he didn’t bump into anything.

Carefully, he began to walk forward and within few feet, his hand in front of him came into contact with a metal rod.

Frowning, Erik slide both of his hands until they met above him. The rod was connected to the ceiling.

A sense of dread filled the pit of Erik’s stomach as his mind came to a conclusion that he didn’t want to believe.

He dropped his hand from the ceiling but used the one that had been on the rod to slowly go to the side. A few inches next to the rod, another rod was placed and then another and yet another. The rods guided him all around what Erik now began to picture as a square formation, each connected to the metal ceiling above him.

As he went, the dread inside him grew and it started to become harder to breathe. When he completed the four wall of rods, he stopped. He swallowed thickly, trying to ignore the sudden bile trying to come out of his mouth and the wave of nausea that had been forced forward.

Erik wrapped his hand of what he now recognized as a bar, using that as his guide to hunch forward until the cool metal met with his clammy forehead.

He was in a cage.

***

Nadir paced back and forth on the living room carpet. He was sure that he would create a rut into it before he was calm enough to stop, not that he care about that. Carpentry was the least of his worries at the moment.

“Please, Mr. Khan, sit down.” Miss Daae requested from her spot on the couch, her tone pleading.

He sent her a scowl, as far as he was concerned this was all her fault, her and her partner that was sitting next to her.
“My best friend has been kidnapped by vampires, ones that are obviously the killing kind by the news recently and you wish for me to sit down?!” The last part came out as a yell, making the vampires in the room cringe.

“Nadir, please!” Antoinette pleaded from her spot on the chair, her hand reaching out for him to take.

Nadir let out an angry breath through his nose but went to her. He took her hand in his and gave it a squeeze. He knew that she was having as much of a hard time as he was and felt the need to comfort her. There wasn’t another chair near Antoinette to sit on so Nadir sat down on the arm rest of her chair. He sat, facing the vampire couple in front of him and gave them his best no-nonsense stare.

“Who are they?” he demanded.

The couple winced and shared a look. They silently communicated for a moment before turning back.

“It’s not so much they as their leader.” Miss Daae began. “Her name is Carlotta.”

“Why in the world would she take Erik?” Antoinette asked, her skin having taken on a pale sheen ever since she had heard that Erik had been taken.

Miss Daae hesitated, making Nadir scowl.

“Do not lie, I think we deserve to truth.” Nadir stated firmly.

Miss Daae nodded and Mr. de Chagny gave her hand a squeeze where it was resting in his hand on his knee.

“You’re right. Forgive me, it’s difficult to admit.” Miss Daae began. “Erik was taken because he’s our mate.”

“So this is all your fault.” Nadir accused.

“Yes.” Mr. de Chagny admitted reluctantly, his eyes not being able to look at either of them.

“But what does him being your mate have to do with things? Is it common for vampires to go after each other’s mates?” Antoinette questioned with a frown.

Miss Daae shook her head quickly. “No! It’s actually kind of a taboo, there are very few of us around as it is. Killing a vampire’s mate means killing the vampire.”

“It’s personal then.” Nadir concluded and Miss Daae looked away at that.

“Yes, Carlotta and I have a terrible past and she has never forgiven me for what I did to her.” Miss Daae whispered almost to herself.

“What happened?” Antoinette asked calmly though Nadir could tell that she was getting impatient at the speed of things.

Miss Daae glanced back up and stared at both of them. The focus of those eyes made Nadir want to cringe but he forced himself not to.

“I was young, barely a child in terms of our age. Feeling powerful and strong, I was incredibly reckless in everything that I did. I had just lost my father and didn’t care about what happened to
me.” Miss Daæ explained. “I was in Barcelona and had discovered a group that ruled the vampires of Spain. Carlotta was the mistress in charge and took me in as a possible new member.”

Miss Daæ paused, biting her lip nervously. As much as Nadir wanted to press her to continue he remained silent, knowing that she would explain in her own time.

Eventually, Miss Daæ sighed and continued. “I didn’t care to be in this group and rebelled against all their rules, claiming that my way was better and as time went by, others began to agree with me.”

“You started a war.” Nadir declared.

“Something like that.” Miss Daæ agreed. “It didn’t last long, but at the end of it Carlotta was overthrown and I was to become the new mistress of the vampires of Spain. However, I didn’t want such a responsibility and I…”

“Left.” Antoinette finished simply to which Miss Daæ nodded.

“I left Spain to defend for itself and Carlotta tried to regain her position but it never happened. She has been chasing me ever since, searching with a few that had remained loyal to her and wanted revenge. I had thought that when I had come to America, I had lost her for good, it was only after I heard about the death of that woman that I knew that wasn’t the case.” Miss Daæ finished, her shoulders slumping in defeat.

“When did you stop being reckless?” Antoinette asked, her tone curious.

Miss Daæ smiled and her eyes went to Mr. de Chagny, who met her eyes and had his own soft grin.

“I came to Paris after a few decades and I met Raoul. He changed me into something more, something that I was proud of being.” Miss Daæ squeezed Mr. de Chagny’s hand who returned the gesture.

Nadir had no doubt in his mind that the two of them loved each other. It was written in every motion they made towards the other but…

“And now she’s after Erik to get revenge on you.”

Miss Daæ lost her smile. “Yes, she had been after Raoul while he was human as well but we were able to avoid her until Raoul was turned. As a vampire, he’s harder to kill therefore, not an easy target.” Her eyebrows furrowed downwards. “I have no idea how Carlotta could have found Erik. It’s not common for vampires to have multiple mates, extremely rare in fact, but she knew and had taken him.”

“What are we looking at here in terms of revenge?” Nadir asked, his tone coming out as calm but his insides filled with dread at Miss Daæ’s possible answer.

The sorrowful look the couple gained was hint enough. Not being able to take sitting anymore, Nadir jumped off the arm rest and began to pace again. He has never felt as helpless as he felt now, and being a detective has led him to being in some pretty helpless positions. But none of them involved a loved one and he couldn’t stand it.

“Carlotta was smart, she took Erik during rain showers, making sure that his scent couldn’t be followed.” Mr. de Chagny broke the tense silence. “However, she is keeping him alive. We would know otherwise.”
That made Nadir slightly relax but another part of his mind perked up. “Why would they do that?”

Miss Daae bit her lip. “Because she would want to kill him in front of us, make the bond we share all the more shattered with his death.”

Nadir saw Antoinette pale, which was scary since she had been an unnatural white since the whole thing began. He quickly went and kneeled in front of her chair, taking her hand in his. She met his eyes at his squeeze, tears glistening in her eyes but not yet fallen.

“We’ll find him Antoinette, he’ll come back to us.” Nadir soothed.

Antoinette gave him a weak grin. “That’s a nice thought, but…”

She couldn’t finish the sentence, instead pressing her free hand to cover her mouth and blinked, twin tears falling down her cheeks leaving streaks. Nadir couldn’t help but sympathize. They were in a terrible situation. Erik was taken by vampires because of a revenge plot over something that happened before any of them were born. Nadir knew that Erik was a strong person, but he couldn’t and didn’t want to imagine what could be happening while they were sitting together talking.

Nadir gave Antoinette’s hand another squeeze before turning back to the vampire couple. Both of them look weary and ragged but there was a certain sheen of determination in both their gazes, one that Nadir appreciated.

“What can we do?” Nadir questioned.

Miss Daae shook her head. “Sadly, not much. With Erik’s scent gone, we can’t hope to track him. We know that he’s alive and will be searching when we can but Carlotta will the one to call us in.”

“She’ll let you see only when she wants you to.” Antoinette whispered softly, taking her hand away from her mouth to wipe her eyes.

Mr. de Chagny nodded.

The summoning arrived two weeks later. The longest two weeks Nadir has ever had in his entire life.

He had come home from his shift at work and spotted a small package on the table. Nadir immediately left his apartment and called the others. They arrived within a few minutes, Mr. de Chagny having gone to get Antoinette from her place.

Miss Daae had been the first to enter the apartment, making sure no unwanted presence was there. When the coast was clear, they all went back inside and Nadir went over to the box. It was about the size of a shoe box, though Nadir handled it more like a ticking bomb. Carefully he unwrapped the package and lifted the lid.

Nadir’s head whipped around at the sound of two sharp gasps. His view taking in the sight of Miss Daae and Mr. de Chagny hunched over, covering their mouths and noses with their hands. Their eyes were blown almost completely, and Nadir briefly caught a glimpse of a couple long teeth poking out of their mouths.

Antoinette made her way over to the box and pulled out what was a small vial that was fill with a red liquid.

“Don’t open it!” Miss Daae commanded as Antoinette’s hand went towards the top of the vial, her voice containing a small lisp. “It’s Erik’s blood!”
Alarm washed over Nadir at the realization of what was in the vial. Upon seeing the red liquid and the couple’s reaction he had suspected but had hoped...

“There’s something else.” Antoinette announced, reaching back into the box. She pulled out a piece of paper and read its contents.

At the sight of her eyes widening with horror, Nadir gently took the paper from her hand. He turned it over and read it, panic growing as he read.

_The wait is tiring, but the human’s blood is delicious! You better hurry if you want to have him back before he runs dry!_

—Carlotta

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! Another chapter for my readers! Please leave a comment if you enjoyed it! How many of you got the enemy right? Did you realize Erik was in a cage before he did? What did you think about Erik being in a cage? Next chapter will be in Christine’s POV and that one is going to be the showdown! See ya next chapter!
The scent of apple and parchment was thick in the air around the aged building. The smell made Christine cringed because it was mixed with blood, telling her that Erik’s blood had been spilt who knew how many times. On top of that were multiple scents that Christine recognized all too well, and ones she had hoped she would never smell again. She could feel her mouth water as her fangs tried to descend from her gums but she was able to keep them in. She turned to Raoul who had his fangs poking out from behind his lips, his gaze focused on the building.

“Ready?” she asked.

Raoul gave her a side glance and gained a weak grin. “Let’s go get our mate.”

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - Thank you for telling me your reaction to Erik's cage! I tried making it as vague as possible while describing it enough for the reader to know what was happening. Vampire's can compel (hypnotize) humans so that the biting isn't painful. However, they need eye contact, which Erik can't give. Though, yes, I don't imagine Carlotta doing that anyway. She would want Erik to feel the pain. Well! I hope you get some answers and enjoy this next chapter!

Aaymeirah - Thank you for the kind words! Yep, it was Carlotta...but not ONLY her! ;) Thanks for telling your thoughts about the cage scene!

brightclam - Oh! What lovely words! I'm glad you found the cage scene creepy! I was trying to make the reader feel a bit of the unease! Christine and Carlotta, I think, will always be some form of enemies. lol

zerousy - I'm pretty sure you're about to not like Carlotta more in this chapter! :D

*NOTE: Okay! We are here for the fight! And here it is! I particularly really really enjoyed writing this chapter so please please leave a comment! I love all my chapters, but this one, I'm especially happy with so yeah. Also! You'll find that some of the dialogue is a bit…familiar. ;)


Do not copy to another cite.
It took two more days until they were able to pinpoint where Erik was being kept. Two whole days that were more torturous than the previous days. Knowing that Erik was being drank from brought forth a rage in Christine that she has never felt before. Her vampire self was demanding that she find Carlotta and rip her to shreds for daring to lay a hand on her human mate much less drink from him. Christine knew that Raoul was going through the same. He had less control over his instincts, causing his fangs to temporary become a permanent feature. Christine had tried to help calm him enough for them to go back but soon gave up. The stress was getting to both of them and they needed Erik to make it go away.

When Christine was finally able to figure out the location, she immediately wanted to rush in but forced herself to stop. Instead, she went and informed everyone. Mr. Khan and Mme. Giry were persistent in trying to go with them, but Christine wouldn’t allow it. They were going against vampires that had no quarter of harming them. If they felt wary being around Christine and Raoul, two that wouldn’t harm them because of their human mate, the instinct of a predator around would be all that worse around vampires that didn’t have the same limit. It took a long time for Christine and Raoul to convince them of that but thankfully, they were eventually able to do so. Christine had been tempted to compel them to agree but she didn’t want them to hate her after, plus Erik would be disappointed with them as well. She knew that it was a hard thing for the two humans to do, they obviously cared a great deal about Erik, making Christine all the more appreciative and determined that their acceptance would not be in vain.

Christine really hoped that Erik would be able to see that they did the right thing and see his friends again.

Christine and Raoul left at dusk that same night. Carlotta had a flare for the dramatic as she is the biggest diva Christine has ever met and enjoyed playing up their kind’s stereotypes. One of her favorites being that vampires can only go about at night to do their dark deeds. Christine usually didn’t care for her dramatics but she was going to try everything to make sure that Carlotta would be in a pleasant mood that’ll keep Erik alive and safe. Christine could feel Erik’s life through their bond, said bond demanding her to go to him, but it was weaker than it’s ever been. She didn’t want to think about the implications of that and hurried with Raoul to the outskirts of the city.

They didn’t bother with transportation, choosing to use their full speed and ran all the way until they came across an old abandoned warehouse. The scent of apple and parchment was thick in the air around the aged building. The smell made Christine cringed because it was mixed with blood, telling her that Erik’s blood had been spilt who knew how many times. On top of that were multiple scents that Christine recognized all too well, and ones she had hoped she would never smell again. She could feel her mouth water as her fangs tried to descend from her gums but she was able to keep them in. She turned to Raoul who had his fangs poking out from behind his lips, his gaze focused on the building.

“Ready?” she asked.

Raoul gave her a side glance and gained a weak grin. “Let’s go get our mate.”

She nodded and took off, Raoul following right behind her. They entered the building as soundlessly as they could, however, Christine knew that Carlotta would know they were there. The inside of the warehouse was filled with rusted and broken down construction equipment. Christine glanced around and noticed a number of floors above them, each having their own set of doorways that led to separate rooms. Erik’s scent was everywhere and Christine was unable to tell where he was being kept.

“Wait! I think, my dear, we have guests!” a voice Christine dreaded hearing spoke from ahead of
Christine glanced to where she heard it and sprinted towards it. She had to get through a few paths of equipment but when she got out she came to a stop at the back of the warehouse where a large area was cleared out and in its place held a large cushion chair that was set up like a throne. Sitting on top of it was a woman who appeared to be in her late thirties, her skin pearl white and her red curly hair appeared like fire as it draped over one of her shoulders.

The woman smiled with all her teeth, her hands clapping together in glee, her fangs gleaming in the dim light. “This is indeed an unparalleled delight! You came sooner than I thought you would, didn’t I say it would take them longer?”

The woman stated the last part to a large man with a neatly trimmed beard. He stood by her right arm next to the chair. The man nodded.

“Carlotta, Piangi.” Christine greeted slowly, walking further into the area, Raoul following right behind her. She used her eyes to look for any others but didn’t see them, not that it mattered since she certainly smelled them.

“I had rather hoped you would come tonight! And now, my wish comes true, you truly made my night!” Carlotta exclaimed cheerfully.

Christine stiffened at that, stopping about 10 yards away from Carlotta. “Why do you say that?”

Carlotta waved her hand dismissively. “Our food source is getting too weak to handle much more drinking. I would guess maybe one more day before he was drained. That would’ve been no fun.”

Christine couldn’t help the growl that escape her throat, this time not fighting back her fangs from coming out. She felt Raoul shift behind her as if getting ready to attack.

“Free him!” she growled, taking a few steps closer. “Do what you like, only free him.”

“Oh! What a passionate plea!” Carlotta gushed in fake enthusiasm. Her eyes flashed red with her smile. “Is this because he’s blind? And that face! You two sure know how to pick them! I suppose the taste of his blood makes up for it!”

“We love him!” Raoul hissed. “All you say means nothing! Show some compassion!”

“The world showed no compassion to me!” Carlotta suddenly bellowed, standing from her chair with fury in her eyes. “You took away everything! I lost everything!”

“Erik. Erik!” Christine called out, hoping that he would hear and give away his location. Her worry growing from Carlotta’s statements. “Let’s us see him!”

Carlotta smirked cruelly, taking on a calm exterior. “Be my guest.”

She clapped her hands twice and Christine could hear a struggle taking place a floor above them. She quickly glanced up and after a couple seconds a saw a sight that made her take in a sharp inhale, Raoul doing the same next to her.

“I know he’s not in the best of shape, but blame him. I tried to take care of him as I do all my pets, but he’s a stubborn one!” Carlotta stated as if scolding an animal for creating a mess.
“You…” Christine didn’t know how to finish her sentence, her rage cutting her off.

Erik was being held by another vampire, Firman, who was holding his hands behind his back. If it wasn’t for Firman, Christine was sure that Erik wouldn’t be able to stand upright. Her human mate appeared to have lost 20 pounds in the course of a week, his clothes loose fitting over him. His skin was sickly pale from having a lot of blood taken away without being given enough time to regain it. His eyes were dulled with no trace of their usual spark and had almost black circles under them and his hair was ruffled and consisted of oily stands.

Christine allowed her instincts and rage to transform her into her vampire self, her nails extending into claws and all her teeth to sharpen. As they did, she crouched to attack.

“Now, now, don’t be getting all huffy with me.” Carlotta squinted her eyes with disapproval. “Blame yourself. He’s just paying for the sins which are yours. I’ll even give you a chance to buy his freedom.”

Christine paused but didn’t straighten from her position. She knew Carlotta too well to think she’ll give up killing Erik easily.

“It’s not really a choice, more like options and either way I win.” Carlotta confirmed. She began to walk towards them as she spoke. “Fight me, one on one. Your lover boy behind you will fight my Piangi. Refuse me this, and I’ll send your other boy to his death. I’m sure Firman will love having the last taste of his blood.”

Christine understood Carlotta’s game. They both knew that Carlotta was the better fighter of them and Piangi was the same with Raoul. Carlotta wouldn’t kill her but keep her alive long enough until Piangi killed Raoul, thus breaking their bond and crushing Christine. However, if she refused, Carlotta would have Erik killed and the loss of a mate would tear Christine and Raoul to shreds.

Carlotta was right, either way she would win and Christine would lose a mate. Carlotta would allowed the shattered bond take Christine’s life, which is considered the worst way to die as a vampire.

Christine glanced up at Erik, weighing her options, none having a preferred outcome.

“Let’s fight them.” Raoul suggested softly.

Christine turned to him in surprise. He shrugged.

“If we don’t, Erik’s going to die, that’s a given, but if we fight, there’s a chance we can all survive.”

“A very low chance.” Christine whispered back.

“Yeah, but look at it this way, if we die, Erik lives. Carlotta would have no reason to kill him anymore. He’s human so our deaths won’t affect him nearly as much as losing him would to us. He’ll be able to move on.” Raoul explained.

Christine thought about that for a second and saw the benefits of it. What Raoul said was true. Erik could live without them, but they couldn’t do the same.

“Alright.” Christine agreed, turning back to face Carlotta. “We’ll fight, but swear to me that Erik will go free no matter the outcome.”

Carlotta grinned smugly. “You have my word.”
It wasn’t much, but it was all Christine was going to get.

Christine nodded and Raoul moved away from her to head towards Piangi. Their eyes met for a second before they began to fight. A second later, Carlotta lunged forward and Christine did as well. She was able to dodge the first blow and reached out to take out Carlotta’s eyes but the older was able to dodge.

They went back and forth for a while but then Carlotta pulled a feign that Christine fell for and got thrown back into one of the metal equipment. It hurt, but Christine forced herself to get up and continued. She tried to focus solely on Carlotta but it was hard with her worrying about Raoul with Piangi and Erik who probably could only hear the faintest of their fight because they were moving too fast.

Christine was able to grab Carlotta’s loose hair and used it to pull her head back before slamming it into her knee. Carlotta cried out and black blood gushed out of her new broken nose. The fury in her eyes increased and she lunged again.

Christine didn’t know how long they fought, both getting hits in that left them tired as time went. Carlotta was able to get more, making Christine feel weaker and slow down.

Suddenly Carlotta froze as she was about to hit Christine again. With wide eyes, she gasped brokenly and clutched her hands to her chest in pain. Christine whipped her head around and saw Raoul covered in black blood as he held Piangi’s dismembered head in his hands, his eyes wide in disbelief.

“You!” Carlotta screeched in wrath and hatred. “What have you done!?”

She raced to Raoul and knocked him back easily while taking her mate’s head in her hands. Raoul was thrown into a wall and collapsed on the ground. He glanced up, his eyes red and panting through his fanged mouth to get air back.

Christine hurried to him and helped him up. She warily watched Carlotta as she stood frozen over her mate’s headless body.

“You…” Carlotta whispered softly enough that Christine almost didn’t hear her. Carlotta jerked her head up towards the floor above them.

“Kill the human!” She screech in command.

“No!” Christine cried out.

She heard Erik’s agony filled cry echo throughout the warehouse and her heart broke. Raoul rushed away from her as she sprinted towards Carlotta in a fit of rage. Carlotta wasn’t expecting her attack and Christine was able to throw her into one of the walls. Not giving her enough time to get back up, Christine lunged again and clutched her throat between her hands.

Carlotta choked but didn’t fight. Instead she gave her a smug smile.

“Now we both lost something important.” Carlotta gasped out.

Tears blurring her vision, Christine let out a cry of rage and crushed Carlotta’s windpipe. The former mistress of Spain died and Christine let her go, the body dropping to the floor.

“Christine!” Raoul voice called out to her.
Christine looked up and saw Raoul fighting Firman and his mate, Andre, on the floor above. She gasped when she caught sight of an injured, but alive Erik clutching the bottom of the rail as he hung from the walkway.

“Erik! Let go!” Christine yelled, running to stand underneath where he was hanging. “I’ll catch you!”

She could tell Erik heard her by his hesitation, not that she blamed him since he had no way of telling how far the fall would be. After a moment, he let go. Christine was easily able to catch him, however, his too light weight made her concerned. She quickly laid him down and clutched his face in between her hands, trying to ignore the fact that Erik’s blood was seeping out of his neck wound from where Firman had bit him.

“You’re safe, Erik. I need to help Raoul, give us one second.” Christine requested with a plea as she watched Erik blink sluggishly.

Erik nodded faintly and Christine quickly ran up to the next floor. Together they were easily able to defeat Firman and Andre, neither of them were much of fighters. When that was done, they raced back to Erik and saw him lying down on his side with his eyes closed.

Fear filled Christine and she kneeled by one side while Raoul took the other. She could feel Erik’s life through their bond but it was extremely weak, his heartbeat slow to her ears.

“Erik…” Raoul whispered softly, placing his hand on Erik’s cheek.

Erik stirred and cracked his eyes opened, to show that he was aware.

“You’re weak, really weak.” Christine began softly to not have her voice crack. “At this rate, you won’t make it to the hospital. We can help you, but we need your permission. We can bite you and it’ll help sustain you long enough to get help. Will you let us?”

Erik had stiffened at the mention of getting bit and for a moment Christine thought that he wouldn’t let them. Her fear rose as the seconds grew but then Erik spoke.

“Yes,” Erik whispered breathy, like he couldn’t get enough air out.

“We’re sorry, but this is going to hurt.” Raoul apologized, the regret dripping in his voice.

“I know,” Erik replied, closing his eyes.

Christine swiftly leaned forward and over Erik to reach his neck where Firman bit. Raoul took one of his wrist and brought it too his lips. Erik flinched at feeling Christine close to his neck but didn’t pull away. Guilt filled Christine at the sight of her mate’s condition but pushed it aside, she needed to help him.

Gently, she placed her hand on his face and the same moment Raoul bit into Erik’s wrist, she bit into his neck.

Erik let out a chocked gasp and Christine immediately wanted to stop but knew that she couldn’t. She focused on the wound and her saliva filled her mouth and poured into Erik’s bloodstream. She felt Erik’s body go limp and knew that he was unconscious. A part of Christine was grateful since he no longer had to feel pain.

After a minute, Christine was able to pull back, Raoul doing the same next to her. Already, Christine could hear Erik’s heartbeat get stronger, but not by much. He still needed medical
attention.

Christine turned to Raoul. “Let’s go.”

Chapter End Notes

And there you go! I wonder...how many of you thought Erik would be changed into a vampire from this as you read the chapter? Nope! He was not turned! And I wonder how many of you noticed the little dialogue portions that were from the Final Lair scene? Lol, let me know in the comments! Next chapter will be in Raoul’s POV!

See ya next time!
It Doesn’t End with the Rescue

Chapter Summary

Raoul was working when he got a call from Mme. Giry. Worried that something had happened, he pulled over to the side of the road and answered.

“Madam Giry? What’s wrong?” he asked immediately.

“It’s Erik!” Mme. Giry breathed out. “He’s awake!”

The phone fell out of Raoul’s hand.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Kyoharu_Alexeis - Ahh! Thank you! I was hoping my readers would hear the music of the song! Glad I was also able to give you a little bit of suspense!

Pineapple_Phoenix - Don’t feel bad! I had wanted you to hear the singing! Lol What Raoul and Christine did will be explained in this chapter! I’m glad you enjoyed the killing of Carlotta and Piangi, and no, I don’t think she expected that result at all! Don’t worry! Erik is going to get plenty of TLC! Thank you for the lovely review!

zerousy - Thank you!

Aaymeirah - Yay! I’m glad to see you enjoyed it! I wasn’t about to let those two live! But yes, happy you enjoyed the fight! Thank you!

Social_Outcast - Oh my goodness! You should’ve seen my face when I saw this comment! It was so long and beautiful! I got all gushy and fuzzy! I find it interesting HOW you found this fic but glad you did and the enjoyment your feeling was obvious in your comment. Thank you so much for such lovely words! And you’ll just have to keep reading to find out what happens with Erik! ;) I’m super happy you were hearing them sing. I was really hoping that would happen with my readers! Poor Erik was the ‘Christine’ in this scene! Lol. With such an amazing comment, I hope to hear from you again!


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See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Raoul and Christine had a lot of explaining to do to the police after they were able to get Erik into the hospital. All Raoul wanted to do was sit and wait by Erik’s bedside for him to wake up but instead, he was stuck at the police station being questioned repeatedly. Luckily, the four of them
had thought of their story beforehand, Mr. Khan telling them about all the tactics the police would use to shake their story.

The story was simple enough. Erik had been kidnapped by the murderer of the woman in the news and Raoul and Christine had gone to save him. It ended in the death of the murderer and her accomplices but there was no evidence to be had because an explosion got rid of it.

It had been fun and extremely satisfying blowing the warehouse up.

The police were all over the site and when Raoul had found out about the cage that showed signs of being lived in, Raoul wished that Carlotta was alive again only for him to rip her apart himself. The police questioned why they didn’t go to them when Erik had gone missing, but they explained that they were scared for Erik’s life if the killer found out that they had gone. It was a normal enough excuse and the police eventually believed them. The case was closed and they were set free.

The press went a little crazy about finding out there was a murder survivor and ‘heroes’ that saved him. Mr. Khan was helpful in that regard, getting rid of them expertly as a veteran dealer of the press.

Erik remained at the hospital in a coma while this happened. Mme. Giry had cried in relief when Raoul and Christine had come back and told them that Erik was alive. Injured, but alive. Mr. Khan had slumped forward, almost falling over when he heard the news. The first thing they did was go visit Erik.

Erik had suffered from massive dehydration and hunger. He also had a concussion that put him in a coma, and serval broken bones that included a few ribs and his ankle. Then there was the blood loss. Doctors had been shocked that Erik had even been alive when he came in because of it.

That had been because of Raoul and Christine’s bite, not that they told them that.

As Erik lay in the hospital bed, resting and healing, at least one of them was always there. Even Meg would drop by a couple times but Mme. Giry made sure that didn’t happen too often. The staff got used to their presence and Raoul knew several of them by name. Each time it was Raoul’s turn, the first thing he would ask would be if there was any change. The nurse at the time would give him a sympathetic grin and tell him no.

Raoul yearned for the day they would say yes.

At least no change wasn’t a bad thing. Erik wasn’t in danger anymore and the time was allowing his body to heal itself without interference. Still, Raoul wished he would open his eyes already.

A month and a half went by. At this point, Erik’s ribs and ankle were healed. They would be sore for a while yet and his ankle would need support while it rebuild its muscle, but no longer injured. The doctors weren’t concerned about his health, he only needed to wake up.

Raoul was working when he got a call from Mme. Giry. Worried that something had happened, he pulled over to the side of the road and answered.

“Madam Giry? What’s wrong?” he asked immediately.

“It’s Erik!” Mme. Giry breathed out. “He’s awake!”

The phone fell out of Raoul’s hand.

***
“Can you follow my finger?” the doctor asked as Raoul rushed into the hospital room.

“I thought you knew that I was blind.” Erik replied in amusement, a smirk pulling at his lips. He was sitting up in his bed, leaning back against the pillows with the doctor standing next to him on the side away from the door.

The doctor gave a fond sigh. “Yes, but it’s not recorded how much you are. Some people are legally blind but can still see shadows and shapes to an extent.”

“Ah, that is sadly not the case for me.” Erik remarked, before turning his head towards the doorway where Raoul was standing. He grinned. “I take it that’s Raoul.”

Startled by the use of his first name, Raoul blinked in answer.

“I think he’s in shock that you’re awake.” Mme. Giry chuckled from her spot at the end of Erik’s bed. Her eyes were misty but she had a bright smile that took the years off her face.

“You may not have your sight but you sure have excellent hearing.” The doctor stated with a grin. She reached forward and placed her hand on top of Erik’s. “I’m all done for now. I’ll leave you to your visit.”

“Thank you.” Mme. Giry thanked and walked the doctor to the door.

Raoul got out of their way, not taking his eyes off of Erik as he did, the door clicked closed behind him and he became aware that it was only the two of them. Now that Erik was awake, he had no idea what to say to the man. It was his and Christine’s fault that Erik ended up in the hospital in the first place and had to go through whatever Carlotta had put him through.

“The madam told me that Nadir and Christine are on their way.” Erik remarked causally, his golden eyes staring at Raoul even though there was no focus. “I must admit that I’m not looking forward to Nadir showing up. He’s going to give me quite the scolding.”

Raoul couldn’t help the snort that escaped. He pushed away from the wall and headed towards the bed. “I think he’s just going to be glad you’re okay.”

Erik gave him a deadpanned look. “You obviously do not know him that well. I don’t care how close you’ve gotten the past month.”

Raoul cringed, sitting down in the chair next to the bed. “So they told you how long you were asleep?”

“Yes. It’s strange finding out that so much time has passed.” Erik admitted, his index finger tapping the sheets on the bed.

Raoul noticed the movement and reached forward to take his hand. He brought his hand up and covered half his face with it. “You okay?” he whispered.

Erik sighed heavily through his nose, letting his fingers trace over Raoul’s face, taking in his features and seeing what he can. “I think it’s you who I should be asking that question. You and Christine.”

“You really shouldn’t.” Raoul frowned. “It’s our fault that you’re here in the first place. You almost died Erik.”

“I know.” Erik replied simply and waited expectantly.
Raoul sighed and opened his mouth but then the door cracked.

“Erik!” Mr. Khan entered the room, followed shortly by Christine.

Raoul stood up, carefully placing Erik’s hand back on the bed, and went to Christine while Mr. Khan went to Erik’s bedside, taking hold of Erik’s arms and pulling him into a hug.

“My friend, you’re going to extend my stay in the hospital at this rate!” Erik laughed breathlessly.

Mr. Khan pulled back with a scowl. “Don’t even joke about that, you had Antoinette and I worried sick! Meg had come back from college to visit.”

“Meg came?” Erik blinked in surprised, his hand using the cop’s arm to find his face.

Mr. Khan huffed and clasped his hand to Erik’s neck. “Yes. She’ll be relieved to hear you’re awake.”

Erik took on a hesitate look. “Can we wait a bit on that? She’s going to give me a more stern scolding than you will. I’m not prepared for that yet.”

Mr. Khan smirked. “Antoinette is calling her as we speak. I’m sure she’ll be here within a couple days.”

Erik groaned and used his hand to push Mr. Khan away. “Go away, you brought the end of me.”

“Stop being dramatic.” Mr. Khan huffed with a grin, the relief sparking in his eyes.

Erik pouted and Raoul grinned. The pout shouldn’t be as adorable as it was but Raoul was grateful that Erik seemed to be himself this soon after waking up.

Mr. Khan placed his hand on Erik’s shoulder and gave it a squeeze and nodded towards Raoul and Christine. “I’ll leave the three of you to talk.”

Erik reached up and grabbed Mr. Khan’s wrist letting his hand slide down as he walked away. Mr. Khan gave them a nod as he passed and left the room, the door clicking behind him. It was quiet for a moment, but Christine took a hesitate step forward.

“How are you feeling?” she asked.

“Surprisingly fine. Sore and a little weak but that’s a lot better than I had expected to waking up to when I was last conscious.” Erik replied calmly. “But it has been awhile since I was last awake.”

Christine and Raoul remember the last time he was conscious, it was all those weeks ago when Erik had gotten rescued.

“How much do you remember?” Raoul asked, curious that maybe the reason Erik was relaxed was because he didn’t remember.

“Oh, I remember everything. It was not the most pleasant experience to have as your most recent memories.” Erik answered. “I take it that those people are taken care of?”

“Yes, you don’t have to worry about them again.” Christine assured, going to Erik’s bedside and taking the chair.

“Antoinette told me about why I was taken in the first place. Quite the past you have Christine.”
Christine startled at the sound of her first name then she frowned in confusion. “Why did you call me Christine?”

“I believe at this point we are pass last name basis.” Erik shrugged. “You two did save my life. I will go back to calling you Miss Daee if you wish.”

“No no, its fine, just took my off guard.” Christine bite her lip. “I wouldn’t say we saved your life considering we were the ones that put it in danger in the first place.”

“Yes, Raoul has said something similar already. However, while the circumstances might be your fault, you were also successful in getting me back, I’m grateful for that.” Erik answered simply.

Raoul let out a groan and placed his hand to his head. “You’re too good to us.”

Erik blinked and frowned in confusion. “What did you expect me to say?”

“We were thinking more among the lines of you never wanting anything to do with us again.” Christine answered sheepishly. “After what happened, we wouldn’t have blamed you.”

“I do not think I can, knowing what it would do to you.” Erik admitted. “Besides, I may have been…out of it, but I wasn’t unaware what was happening.”

Raoul frowned, moving his hand down from his face and crossed his arms. “What does that mean?”

“It means that I heard everything that was said that night.” Erik replied. “You might not remember because it’s been awhile for you but it’s fresh for me. You made quite the declaration.”

Raoul scrunched his eyebrows, not knowing what Erik was talking about. After a moment, he saw Christine straighten up as if poked in her back. Her face might not be able to blush, but Raoul knew that she had figured something out and it was embarrassing. Christine turned to look up at him with a nervous look.

“We, or you, said that we, um…love him.” Christine announced.

Raoul knew why Christine had the look on her face, if he was human, he would certainly be an unhealthy shade of red. He shifted awkwardly from foot to foot, no longer being able to look at Erik.

“Yes that.” Erik continued with an air of calmness. “Not the most pleasant way of hearing a confession but I take it that you were truthful in that.”

Raoul’s head jerked up and he stared at Erik in shock. “Of course I meant it! I wouldn’t say something like that without meaning it!”

“Well, you can understand why I would not want to send you away.” Erik replied. “I believe at this point that would be cruel of me, given the situation.”

“Too good for us.” Raoul exhaled. He went to the other side of the bed and sat down on it, making sure not to touch anything that was hooked up to the bed or Erik. “You’re something else, you know that?”

“Obviously, I’m two vampire’s mate after all.” Erik teased softly, then he frowned. “I must ask this, the doctor told me that I should have been dead when I arrived. Can you explain how I wasn’t?”
“It was the bites we gave you.” Christine answered, leaning forward and taking Erik’s hand in hers and turning it over so that his wrist was facing up. She gently touched the spot where Raoul had bitten him, there was no mark that appeared on his skin. “As our mate, our saliva can heal you to a certain extent. It’s to help protect mates while they are human as they are much more fragile. However, we can only transmit it directly to the bloodstream.”

“Therefore the bites.” Erik finished with a thoughtful look. “Interesting.”

“They don’t leave marks, our saliva gets rid of them. You don’t have to worry about having a bite scar on your neck or anything.” Raoul added, reaching forward to touch Erik’s neck, where Firman and Christine had bitten him.

However, just as he touched the skin, Erik slapped his hand away, his golden eyes suddenly wide and his breathing heavier. Shocked by the motion, Erik had been able to move Raoul’s hand away, and he was staring at Erik in disbelief and worry.

“Erik?” Christine jumped from her chair, staring at the monitor that kept track of Erik’s heartbeat, it was currently going crazy with the speed of his heartbeat.

A nurse rushed in and Christine and Raoul immediately backed away, watching in confusion and fear as Erik tried to be talked down from his obvious terror. Mme. Giry and Mr. Khan came in and quickly went to Erik’s side, calling his name gently. Mr. Khan turned his head towards them and scowled.

“Leave!” he commanded.

Raoul instantly followed the demand, almost forgetting to use a human speed. He knew Christine followed him and the door to the room closed behind them. Outside the room, Raoul could hear Mme. Giry and Mr. Khan mumbling reassurances, while the nurse moved around the room and messed with the equipment.

“He was scared.” Christine whispered in horror, causing Raoul to turn to her. She had her arms wrapped around herself tightly as if trying to hold herself together. “He’s scared of us!”

“No!” Raoul protested weakly, going to her and taking her arms in his hands. “He was just startled.”

“He’s having a panic attack in there!” Christine countered, looking up at Raoul with pained eyes. “We did that to him!”

“It was Carlotta and her gang!” Raoul opposed. “I should have known better to go near his neck, knowing that he was being drained by them. I thought he was okay because he was acting it, but I shouldn’t have touch him there.”

“Raoul, he might never want to be turned! Not after this! We’re going to lose him anyway!” Christine cried.

Raoul brought her closer to him, enough that she was pressed against his chest, his face buried in her curls. He didn’t want to imagine Erik saying no to being turned when they eventually asked him. They had not planned on doing it anytime soon, but with this latest event, Raoul was no longer sure Erik would accept the offer at all.

“We’ll cross that bridge when we get there.” Raoul whispered into Christine’s hair. “Right now, we’ll do everything we can to help him, that’s all we can do.”
And there we go! Another chapter has been updated! I hope you enjoyed the read and be sure to leave a comment if you did! You didn’t think it was going to be that easy, did you? Next chapter is going to be in Erik’s POV and there will also be a special guest appearance so be sure to look out for them! See ya next time!
Taking That First Step

Chapter Summary

“Erik, if they truly love you they would understand and, from what you have told me about them, they will. Right now, all three of you are hurting and that’s not the way to make progress.” The therapist stated firmly.

“I’ll try to talk to them, no promises.” Erik conceded reluctantly.

“That’s all I ask.”

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Aaymeirah - Thank you! Glad you enjoyed it! Had to add just a dash of angst!

NotAGhost3 - Oh my...I just... do not have the words for how much I appreciate what you did! Your comments on all the chapters made me smile in amazement because it was obvious that you were reading my fic close together and that was flattering in itself and then you told me what you liked for each chapter! Truly, it’s readers like you that really make a writer get all fuzzy inside! Thank you for your wonderful comments! Enjoy the rest of the ride since you're all caught up!

zerousy - Thanks for the comment! And yes! You'll I had to add a dash of angst! Hope you enjoy the next chapter!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How are you and your partners doing?” Dr. Webber asked Erik.

“You mean since our last session three days ago? Fine, and they are not my partners.” Erik replied calmly as he sat in a comfortable leather chair.

“That’s not what Madam Giry and Mr. Khan told me before we began your sessions.” Dr. Webber countered.

Erik sighed. “I suppose, they could technically be considered that, but I would not call us that.”

“What would you call your relationship?” Dr. Webber questioned.

“Complicated, all caps.” Erik informed his therapist.

Ever since waking up from his coma, Erik has been forced to see a psychiatrist for trauma
counselling. Being the victim of a believed crazy cult of killers basically screamed PTSD and he had to sign up for at least six months’ worth of sessions to be considered sane enough to be on his own. He was also seeing a physical therapist for his ankle and while he hated those sessions, he would rather be there than here. He had two sessions a week with Dr. Webber and three sessions a week with his physical therapist. It was all mentally and physically exhausting.

“Can I have more details than that?” Dr. Webber probed, the smile in his tone.

Erik let out another sigh. “You know how it is, it has not changed within the past few days.”

“Meaning you are still avoiding them?” Dr. Webber answered innocently.

“I am not avoiding them, I talk to them every day.” Erik protested.

“Yes, but have you allowed either of them to come near you since the incident?” Dr. Webber countered.

The incident being the panic attack Erik had experienced in the hospital after Raoul had touched his neck. He hadn’t meant to react as he did but the feeling of a cold hand touching the sensitive skin brought forth every memory of less friendly hands doing the same to drag him out of his cage and drink from him. An experience that Erik considered to be the most painful.

Being bitten made Erik feel like his entire body was on fire, the place where the fangs pierced his skin feeling like two flamed daggers driving into him. It hadn’t helped that Erik had memories of Raoul and Christine doing the same, it didn’t matter that it had been to help him.

It had taken Nadir and Antoinette almost half an hour to calm Erik down enough that the nurse no longer had to be present. After that, he had been so ashamed by his reaction that he hid behind Antoinette and Nadir and not allowed the vampire couple back in. However, the two had not taken it that way and things have been tense to say the least these past couple weeks.

Erik shifted uncomfortably in his seat. “They keep their distance on their own.”

He heard Dr. Webber sighed. “Erik, they do that because they don’t want you to react like you did before. You have gone through a traumatic experience and your partners remind you of those memories. It is not uncommon for people to not be able to connect with their loved ones soon after an experience. But to move past them requires time and communication.”

“We talk.” Erik mumbled this time.

“Have you talked about what had happened? Or tried to explain why you reacted the way you did? Have you been alone in the same room with them since?”

“No, no, yes.” Erik answered simply and in order.

“Tell me what happened when you were alone with them.” Dr. Webber suggested.

Erik messed with his cane in his hands, not wanting to say, but knew that Dr. Webber wouldn’t let it go. “It was awkward. I felt overly aware of their presence, trying to make sure I knew their exact location every second. When they would move too suddenly, I would become startled.”

“These people that held you…they were fast?”

Erik nodded. “And strong, I was completely powerless against them and Christine and Raoul are very much the same.”
Exactly the same, but Erik couldn’t exactly tell his therapist that it was because they were vampires. He would never get an end to his sessions.

“You feel powerless around Miss Daee and Mr. de Chagny? Have they ever done anything to make that so?” Dr. Webber questioned, writing something on his pad.

“No, they would never harm me.” Erik grinned sadly. “They are practically incapable of doing it, but…”

“Their likeness to your captors makes you feel as if you are with them?”

Erik shook his head. “Maybe a little. I cannot see them. My mind and heart both know that my captors are gone, but those moments where Christine or Raoul do something that reminds me of them…my other senses cannot tell me that it isn’t them. Not when I’m about to have another attack.”

“Your sight wouldn’t necessarily help with that. Your eyes can trick you as much as your other senses.” Dr. Webber informed him. “How often have you almost had an attack?”

“Twice after the first full one.” Erik answered honestly. “Both times were when I was alone with them.”

“What made them stop?”

Erik rested his can on his lap and placed his hands on the armrests. “They sing to me.”

“Oh? Why do you think this brings you out?”

“Because it’s a song that only we know.” Erik replied with a small grin. “We made it together. I wrote the music, we wrote the lyrics.”

“Often keys words or phrases are great ways to let people connect that they are who they say they are, because it’s something only specific people would know. In your case, it’s a song.” Dr. Webber told him. “Knowing they are your partners, does this bring you comfort?”

“Not my partners.” Erik mumbled knowing Dr. Webber will ignored it. “Yes, I suppose it does.”

“Then why haven’t you talked to them?”

“I…” Erik paused, not wanting to continue. He sighed. “I’m ashamed by my reaction. I knew I was talking to them the first time but Raoul’s touch made me react poorly. It’s hard to face them and explain that I can be triggered by any touch by them.”

“Erik, if they truly love you they would understand and, from what you have told me about them, they will. Right now, all three of you are hurting and that’s not the way to make progress.” Dr. Webber stated firmly.

“I’ll try to talk to them, no promises.” Erik conceded reluctantly.

“That’s all I ask.” Dr. Webber agreed.

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“Nadir, can you do me a favor?” Erik asked as Nadir prepared dinner for them.

“I swear, if you ask me to change dinner when I’m half way done with it, I’ll stab you.” Nadir
replied darkly.

Erik chuckled, feeling Ayesha rub herself on his legs under the table. He reached down and she bumped her head to his hand for a scratch. “No, my friend, I learned my lesson the first time. I wish to ask that you eat dinner in the other room tonight.”

Erik heard Nadir pause in his cooking. “You’re asking them over?”

“I asked them over.” Erik countered, lifting his hand from Ayesha’s head. The cat hurried out of the room, her bell collar giving her location away. “And I would greatly appreciate it if you give us some space.”

“Are you sure?” Nadir asked, hesitation coated in his voice.

Erik nodded. “You will be easy hearing distance if I need you. The plan is not to.”

“Alright.” Nadir agreed halfheartedly but it was enough for Erik.

When there was a knock on the door some time later, Nadir answered it while Erik remained in the dining room. Hearing the couple’s voices made Erik’s heart beat faster but he forced himself to take deep breaths. He didn’t want them to think he was already going to have a panic attack.

“Erik? Miss Daae and Mr. de Chagny are here.” Nadir called out and Erik could hear their footsteps, purposely loud, getting closer.

He turned towards the entrance when he knew they would be there. “Yes, it’s kind of obvious from all the noise you three are causing.”

He heard Nadir snort and move into the kitchen to take his plate. “I’ll be out there, if you need me.”

Then almost low enough that Erik couldn’t hear he heard Nadir whisper a threat to the couple. “Don’t make him need me.”

When Nadir left and Erik could hear the TV on in the living room, he turned towards the couple. “Ignore him, he’s protective.”

“For good reason.” Christine countered, her steps entering the room and coming towards the table. They stopped by the chair across the table from him and the chair pulled out. “I wish I had a friend that was half as loyal as the madam and Mr. Khan are to you.”

“You do not find a lot of people like them, I’m fortunate.” Erik agreed easy enough. “It, of course, goes both ways.”

“Of course.” Christine agreed, the smile in her tone, but Erik could tell that she was sitting tensely in her chair. She wasn’t moving the slightest bit, as if afraid that any noise she created would set him off. While Erik appreciated the gesture, it made him sad that he was the cause behind it.

“But I did not call you to talk about them.” Erik began, figuring it was best to get things over with.

“Yeah, your call was unexpected.” Raoul admitted from the doorway.

“It was unexpected for everyone.” Erik granted. He tapped his index finger on the surface of the table, but unlike so maybe times before, neither vampire reached forward to take his hand to guide it to their faces. Erik had to admit that it hurt a little that they were that unwilling to get near him
because of their fear to trigger him. It was frustrating to say the least, but he wasn’t about to ask to see their faces, no matter how much he wanted to see them.

He forced himself to stop his tapping, placing the hand on his knee under the table instead. “When I was held by Carlotta—”

“Erik, you don’t have to talk about it if you don’t want to,” Christine interrupted hurriedly.

Erik sent her a calm grin. “But I need too, the two of you must know why I reacted the way I did at the hospital…it has caused us to become something that is terrible for all of us.”

The two of them were silent.

“Okay.” Raoul declared slowly.

Erik nodded. “When Carlotta had me, I was placed in a cage, as you two know. In there I was constantly teased and threatened by them, very much like I was on display in a freak show. They broke my ankle the first time I tried fighting them. It was a short and thin man and he had delivered my food for the day. I had not wanted to eat, so he forced fed me. I bit him and as consequence, he broke my ankle. The broken ribs were from the other one, the one that had me when you two arrived. After the other one broke my ankle, Carlotta put him in charge. He was a lot more subtle with my injuries, leading to my broken ribs. However, he didn’t try to feed me, except to force water down to not die of thirst. That’s how I gained those injuries.”

Erik was aware that Christine and Raoul were deathly quiet, causing Erik to want to shift from discomfort but forced himself to remain still. He hoped that if and when they finally did move, it wouldn’t cause a reaction in him.

“They all drank from me, mostly Carlotta. I believe she gained a sense of dominance over the two of you by being able to do so. She mocked me often enough.” Erik reached up and placed two fingers in the exact spot the dead mistress would often bite him. “They tended to do it by opening my cage without warning because of their lack of sound, the sound along with the unbreakable grasp of cold holds on my neck became a foreboding feeling because soon after I would get bitten.”

He dropped his hand and turned his head towards where he knew Raoul was at. “You were correct in telling me about the need for a compel before biting someone, it’s a torturous pain unlike anything I have ever felt. Not that I would believe they would compel me if I was able to see. I believe they enjoyed the pain it causes humans.”

“Erik…” Christine whispered brokenly, but Erik shook his head to stop her.

“I fought every time, but that did not do much. Eventually, I was too weak to do anything, that’s when Carlotta got bored and sent out the letter with my blood.” Erik paused for a moment to take in a deep, slow breath. Here the part he had to get out. “When I woke up in the hospital, Antoinette was able to quickly tell me everything before I began to panic. By the time I was alone with you, I believed myself fully in control of my bearings. And I was…”

“Until I touched you.” Raoul whispered softly after Erik paused.

Erik sighed. “Yes, I did not mean to react like that, however, the thought of someone touching my neck has wired itself as a sign of being harmed, especially the touch of a cool hand.”

“That’s why you panicked? You thought we were going to harm you?” Christine asked.
“Not you,” Erik told them. “But my sense of touch and inability to see cannot always make the connection that it’s you in front of me, especially that first time.”

Erik hesitated for a second but forced himself to continue. “After I had calmed down, I was ashamed by my reaction, knowing that your touch can set me off.”

“Is that why you’ve been uncomfortable being around us?” Raoul asked in disbelief.

“Erik, there’s nothing to be ashamed of!” Christine added firmly. “You went through something horrible and it was our fault! We thought that you didn’t want to be around us because you were scared of us!”

Erik jerked back startled. “Scared? Of you? That’s impossible! I’m not scared of you, I’m worried that my fear of being touched by either of you will cause me to have a panic attack because of them!”

There was a pause in the room while everyone took in what the other said. It was broken by a snort from Raoul.

“Oh my gosh, look at us!” Raoul snickered. “We are so lame. I can’t believe we were wrong about everything.”

Raoul continued to chuckle on his own but then Christine began to let out a muffled giggle, telling Erik that she was covering her mouth with her hand.

“It is a bit silly.” Christine confessed. “We shouldn’t be laughing.”

Erik cracked a small smirk. “At the moment, I believe I would rather laugh than anything else.”

That made the two vampire’s chuckles turn into laughter, the relief obvious in the sounds. Erik’s own shoulder slumped in relief, feeling as if a weight has been lifted from his shoulder. He covered his mouth as he began to chuckle at the ridiculousness of it all.

Erik knew that they had to work through some things before he would be fine again, but the first step is always the hardest. And together, they had taken it.

Chapter End Notes

And there’s the next chapter! Hope you all enjoyed it and will leave a comment if you did! Did you see the guest appearance? Next chapter will be in Christine’s POV! See ya next time!
Chapter Summary

“You know,” Meg abruptly joined in with a cheeky grin. “You haven’t been to see the light show yet, and I doubt Christine and Raoul know about it. They should take you.”

“The light show?” Christine asked with a curious tone.

“Meg—” Erik warned.

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - I think having Webber as your therapist would be fun! Lol though I agree with your Leroux statement. You shall find the answer to your question in the end notes. ;) Thank you for the lovely comment!

zerousy - Especially with Webber! Thanks for the comment!

NotAGhost3 - Thank you for your beautiful comment! And the madam and Khan absolutely have the end in sight! :)

Aaymeirah - If I could put the emoji showing the smiling with teeth, I would because that’s what I did when I read the first line of your comment! And I couldn't let them sulk for very long! Thank you for the comment!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How are you feeling?” Christine asked, trying not to make sudden movements.

“I would feel better if you were not sitting like a statue.” Erik replied, not opening his eyes. “Other than that, I am fine.”

Christine let out a slow breath through her nose, trying to force herself to relax, but she was only able to make a fraction difference.

“Christine.” Raoul teased playfully from his spot on the other side of the couch. “Relax, Angel’s right, you look like you’re made of stone.”

Christine sent him a glare. “You want to switch if you think you’ll be better?”

Raoul raised his hands in surrender with an apologetic grin, obviously not wanting to truly take Christine up on her offer. Satisfied, she turned back to glance down at Erik.
“I think I need to do something that’ll distract me. Something that’ll take my mind off things.”

Erik opened his eyes, and those glazed golden eyes looked up in her direction. Christine felt strange as she always did when Erik was able to place exactly where she was with his eyes, the power behind those glassy eyes making her hold back a shudder lest Erik feel it.

“This is supposed to be therapeutic for me. I do not see how we will be able to do that if you are uncomfortable.” Erik remarked. “Do you wish to stop?”

“No, it’s fine.” Christine replied hurriedly. She brought one hand up and gently touched Erik’s forehead. “Can I just…play with you hair or something?”

Erik blinked in surprise then took on an amused smirk. “If that will help.”

That was how the others found them a few minutes later. Mr. Khan walked into his apartment and instantly smirked at the sight the three of them on the couch made. Mme. Giry entered behind him and gained a similar expression.

Christine was sitting on one end of the couch while Raoul sat on the other side. Erik was lying on his side across the couch with his feet resting in Raoul’s lap while his head was in Christine’s. Christine ran her fingers through Erik’s hair that wasn’t gelled back. Without the gel slicking it back, Christine noticed that it was longer than she had originally thought, but she was also pleasantly surprised by how soft it was.

It has been a couple months since Erik had gotten out of the hospital and he has come a long way since. Erik’s hasn’t had nor nearly had any panic attacks since the first couple weeks and Christine and Raoul were able to be within the same room as him without Erik having any trouble in their presence. Neither Christine nor Raoul has taken any movement to going near Erik’s neck, which may or may not remained a sensitive spot, but were happy to be where they were at regardless. Erik had been the one to suggest their current position. He had told them that Dr. Webber had suggested it and saw no harm in trying if it was okay with them.

Of course they agreed, anything to help him.

Christine had been the one to volunteer her current position and while she didn’t regret it, it made her realize how awkward it was to have the person she loved that close to her in an intimate position yet not for those reasons. It had made her stiff and unsure of what to do.

“Merry Christmas!” Meg exclaimed, coming into the apartment with a beaming smiling.

Instantly, Erik straightened up from his spot on Christine’s lap and with a matching grin. He reached his hands out, which Meg immediately went to and clasped in hers. Pulling her uncle up from the couch, they embraced. Christine tried not to miss the warmth that had left her when Erik moved but her smile wasn’t forced as she watched.

“I have missed you!” Erik stated happily, pulling back from the hug but held his niece by her arms. “Let me have a look at you.”

“I look exactly the same!” Meg laughed, but didn’t pull away as Erik traced her face.

“Hmm…I would not say that.” Erik rejected with a frown but the tone of his voice was teasing. “Is that a new wrinkle?”

Meg gasped in mock outraged and playfully punched her uncle’s arm, making him chuckle.
Alright, you two, that’s enough.” Mme. Giry stated with an amused spark in her eye. She turned towards Raoul and Christine and nodded her head to them. “Merry Christmas you two.”

“Merry Christmas!” Raoul almost exclaimed in his excitement. Neither Christine nor Raoul really celebrate Christmas, to them there was never a need to because all they had was each other and that was enough. They did enjoy the season itself and the atmosphere it brought. This was perhaps the first time in a century since they had other people to share it with.

Another woman came out of the kitchen. “What? I don’t get a greeting?”

Mr. Khan smiled and went to her, giving her a kiss on the cheek. “Merry Christmas Rook.”

Rook smiled, a charming blush appearing on her cheeks. “Merry Christmas.”

“Has Nadir proposed yet?” Christine heard Meg whisper faintly to Erik.

Erik subtly shook his head. “Trust me, you would be told if he did.”

Meg let out a disappointed huff.

Mme. Giry ushered everyone to sit down. Erik sat back down on the couch in between Christine and Raoul while Meg sat down on the floor at his feet. Mme. Giry sat in the arm chair while Mr. Khan brought in two chairs from the dining room for him and Rook to sit in. One by one, everyone opened their gifts. Laughter and smiles went all around and Christine watched with a feeling of warmth in her chest. She and Raoul had told everyone to not get them presents, they had only wished to be part of the experience on the day. The others had agreed, but only if they agreed to not give them gifts either. Christine and Raoul saw it as a good compromise, they were tempted to break it for Erik, but didn’t.

So when Erik stood up to leave the room for a few moments and returned with his hands behind his back, Christine was instantly suspicious. Everyone had finished opening their gifts already and the others had a knowing expression. Meg moved from her spot on the carpet closer to her mother to be out of the way.

“Angel—” Christine began.

“Forgive me.” Erik interrupted with a sheepish grin, a light blush appearing on his cheeks at the nickname. “I had planned on this before you told me your desire to not receive anything and I could not think of another occasion where I would be able to give it to you soon enough.”

“What is it?” Raoul asked, the curiosity in his tone and posture as he straightened up on the couch.

Erik grinned and moved around the couch expertly until he was in front of the couch facing them. Christine hadn’t been able to get a glimpse of what was behind him since Erik had moved purposely in a way that they wouldn’t be able to. After a moment, Erik brought his hands forward and Christine saw what looked like two thermoses.

“You got us a thermos?” Raoul asked, his eyebrows drawing downwards in confusion.

“The gift is what’s inside them.” Erik replied easily, holding them out.

Christine took the one held out towards her and Raoul did the same. She turned the thermos in her hand before looking up and saw the wide grins on everyone’s faces. Curious, she began to open the lid.
“I would not open those until you are back in your apartment.” Erik announced suddenly, his hands clasped behind his back. “Based off what Nadir and Antoinette have told me, you would have a rather abrupt reaction to the content.”

Christine took a sharp breath in and almost dropped the thermos. Struggling to get her grip on it again, she looked up at Erik with wide eyes once she did.

“You mean it’s…” she started but was unable to finish.

“My blood? Yes it is.” Erik answered causally. “There’s about a pint in each of them, I would have gotten more but I did not know what your reaction would be to them.”

“How in…This is…” Christine struggled to get a complete sentence out but her amazement caused her mind to lose her words.

“Awesome!” Raoul finished in glee. He held his own thermos tightly to his chest. “This is the best gift ever!”

Erik let out a chuckle. “I’m glad you like it.”

“Like it? I love it!” Raoul countered. “How are we going to repay you? This is kind of too awesome to not do anything in return.”

Erik brought his hands in front of him. “No no, it’s a gift and should be treated as such. You do not owe me anything.”

“Still…” Christine began, finally getting her words back. “I feel like we should do something. This was an extremely thoughtful present.”

Erik shrugged.

“You know,” Meg abruptly joined in with a cheeky grin. “You haven’t been to see the light show yet, and I doubt Christine and Raoul know about it. They should take you.”

“The light show?” Christine asked with a curious tone.

“Meg—” Erik warned.

Meg, ignoring her uncle, nodded. “Yep, it’s something the city does every year downtown. They make the center park into a Christmas light show. Erik goes every year but hasn’t had the chance to yet.”

“Oh, that sounds cool.” Raoul stated, leaning forward in his spot.

Erik sent his niece a playful scowl. “You little minx, you know that we always go together.”

Even though he couldn’t see it, Meg gained an innocent look that match her tone. “And I’m perfectly fine with you going with them this year.”

Erik shook his head with a small sigh. For a moment, Christine thought that he would reject the idea but instead he grinned.

“Alright.”

***
“Wow, this is pretty nice for a small city.” Raoul remarked as the three of them entered the park where the light show was a couple days after Christmas.

Christine had to agree with him. The lights were lovely without being over the top, as some places and houses tended to do. More lights didn’t always make things a pleasant sight. But the park they were in had a good combination of lights and props. The theme this year was winter wonderland so instead of a bunch of Christmas specific props, there were instead snowmen and white and light blue lights among the trees to make the area look like snow.

The area was filled with other people, couples, friends, and families, but it wasn’t crowded. Christine’s senses were a little overwhelmed by all the different scents everywhere that were also intermingling but she stayed close to Erik, whose alluring scent was able to drown out all the other ones.

Erik walked in between her and Raoul, her having her arm interlocked with his while Raoul held Erik’s free hand in his, his other hand being used to hold his cane as it swerved back and forth on the sidewalk.

“Describe it to me.” Erik requested and Raoul did as asked.

Christine watched the two of them for a moment, feeling content. Sure she still had that nagging pull in her gut, but it was mostly silenced by Erik’s close proximity and had been tamed a little after drinking Erik’s blood.

Christine and Raoul had gone back to their apartment that Christmas night and the first thing they did was drink the gift that was Erik’s blood. When they had left Erik’s home, Christine could immediately tell whose blood it was inside the thermos, having been cut off from Erik’s scent in the apartment. They had warmed the blood and upon opening the thermoses, Christine and Raoul’s fangs descended and they drank.

It had been like eating the apple of Eden, the warm liquid running down Christine’s throat like velvet and filling her to satisfaction. The blood of her mate causing her body to feel like it was basking in the sun on a nice summer day.

It had ended all too quickly and she had wanted more but forced herself to be content. Maybe someday she’ll be able to have more, but for now, she will be grateful for the amount she had received. The fact that Erik had given them such a gift was huge in Christine’s opinion, for she never expected such a thing. After what Carlotta and her gang had done, Christine thought that she would never get the chance to taste her human mate’s blood, but Erik had found a compromise and it was an effective one.

How she loved this man.

Christine sighed peacefully and leaned against Erik, walking to his pace. She listened to Raoul trying to describe everything he could see for Erik and watched the people around them.

“It sounds lovely.” Erik remarked once Raoul finished.

“Angel?” Christine began. “Why do you like coming here? It’s pretty here but…”

“But I cannot see that?” Erik finished, the grin in his tone. Christine nodded against his arm and he continued. “I enjoy the atmosphere and hearing everybody. There is a lot of pleasant energy that one cannot help but feel engulfed by it. I enjoy hearing the sounds of the couple’s talking in love, the children playing, and the groups of friends laughing. It creates a wonderful sight to me.”
If Christine’s heart was beating she was sure that it would have burst from the achingly sincere answer. Instead, she squeezed her arm around Erik’s and continued to walk…

“I hope you two enjoyed yourselves.” Erik remarked later as they came back from the park and were standing in front of Erik’s apartment.

“It was nice.” Christine answered with a soft grin. “I certainly wouldn’t mind doing something like that again.”

“Me neither.” Raoul agreed.

Erik gained a happy grin that Christine wanted to kiss. “I’m glad and maybe we can someday. Goodnight you two.”

As Erik went to open the door, Christine stopped him.

“Ah, Erik?”

Erik paused and turned his head back towards them with a hum.

Christine glanced at Raoul real quick and understanding took in Raoul’s eyes. Together they spoke.

“We love you.” Both of them declared firmly and affectionately.

Neither of them has said it again since Raoul had accidently confessed it to Carlotta but Christine felt that the moment was right to say it again. This time in a less dire circumstance.

Christine saw the light pink shade come across Erik’s cheeks at their declaration.

“I…” Erik started but didn’t finish. His keys fumbled in his hand as he blushingly try again. “I…”

“It’s alright.” Christine soothed, going to him and pressed her lips to his cheek. “You don’t have to say anything.”

Erik was able to use her movement to clasp his hand onto her shoulder. He quickly slide his hand from her shoulder to her face.

“I care deeply for the both of you.” Erik admitted awkwardly, his eyes downcast and his cheeks a deeper pink.

It wasn’t what Christine had expected, so she made sure that Erik felt the wide smile that engulfed her face.


“Goodnight, Angel.” Raoul whispered with a small grin.

Erik took his hand away from Christine’s face, his blush getting deeper at the nickname as it always did, and nodded. “Goodnight.”

With that, their human mate went inside.

Chapter End Notes
And there we go for the latest chapter! How many of you guessed what was in the thermos before reading it? Sorry for the slight delay, I had just gotten back from a very exhausting week. Next chapter will be in Erik’s POV.

***Speaking of next chapter. I will be unable to update chapters for a while. I’ve mentioned this before and the time has come for a bit of a gap to happen. And I’m talking months, soo yeah. Rest assured. I will return and get the rest of the chapters updated. There are only three more chapters after this one. The only way this work will not be completed is if I die, which I would hope not. Lol

This is the last time, you’ll be hearing from me for a while. Hey, who knows? Maybe my little getaway will be cut short? But I will return.

See ya next time!
The Deadline

Chapter Summary

“I’ll tell you what he’s going to do,” Antoinette declared, coming back into the kitchen. “He’s going to tell them the truth.”

“Technically, I did tell them the truth.” Erik pointed out. “I do care about them.”

Chapter Notes

Comment Reply:
Pineapple_Phoenix - As always, thank you for your kind words. It's people like you that make me eager to come back and update my fanfics. Thank you for waiting.

Aaymeirah - lol it wasn't a break it was my work! Anyway, I'm back so thank you for the wait! Happy that you enjoyed my last chapter.

AshflameTheWaffle - Thank you! I really worked hard on that part!

Maddie - This comment was just super flattering and made me happy! I knew that you had binge read my fics! lol That's also extremely flattering! The wait is finally over!

Christiana Erika Caspian Daae - You are too kind! Thank you!

NotAGhost3 - Better late than never! Glad you enjoyed the chapter!

Evonna - Ahhh! Thank you for your kind words!

TheKaraboudjan - I'll admit, I hesitated on clicking the link, but I'm glad I did. I burst out laughing when I saw it. Thank you for the laugh and comment. Your wait has ended.

Disclaimer: I do not own PhofOp. Do not copy to another site.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You said what?!” Antoinette exclaimed in frustration, her voice almost echoing off the walls.

Erik cringed at the volume of the madam’s voice and her words. He had a feeling that her anger was not going to go away anytime soon. “That I, ah, care for them.”

“Are you serious? Really Erik? You care for them?” Antoinette growled in disgust. The sound of her pacing, more like stomping back and forth, clearly heard by Erik.

“I know!” Erik groaned, placing his face in his hands and his elbows on the table. “I panicked.”

“You panicked? Erik, these two have been in love with you for months. Months! And you knew
that! Now you’re telling me that when they finally tell you that they loved you again, you panicked?”

Erik did not lift his face from his hands, not wanting to face Antoinette. She was easier to deal with when mad when he was hiding behind something, even if it was only his hands. “Yes?”

He heard Antoinette make a frustrated sound and a picture formed in his head of her throwing her hands in the air.

“I’m done! I’m too mad at you right now! Nadir! You talk to him!”

Erik heard Antoinette’s footsteps stomp away towards the living room and the angry pacing she was doing inside. Erik paused a few moments, waiting to make sure she was not coming back right away. When he was sure that she wasn’t, he carefully lifted his head. “I did not do it on purpose, I truly did panic.”

He heard Nadir’s sigh from the wall with the refrigerator and heard his footsteps coming his way. They stopped on what Erik knew to be the other side of the table Erik was sitting at. The chair across from him was pulled out and he heard Nadir sit down.

“I’m sure she will be fine in a few minutes.” Nadir offered, yet there was a tone of amusement that Erik did not like.

“Yes, but to only calmly lecture me, she’s too frustrated to do it at the moment.” Erik replied dryly. A giggle rang through the room and Erik rolled his eyes. “I am glad that you are amused by this, my pearl.”

“Sorry.” The smile in Meg’s tone obvious. “But you got to admit it’s a little funny.”

“I believe I would find it hilarious if it was someone else.” Erik admitted with a grumble. “But since it is me, I only find it mortifying.”

“Oh come on, it wasn’t that bad.” Meg protested, her voice coming closer and Erik felt her hand on his shoulder.

“Maybe not, but that does not stop it from feeling that way.” Erik countered, leaning back in his chair and into Meg’s hand.

“What happens now?” Meg asked curiously.

Erik shrugged and was going to reply but was cut off.

“I’ll tell you what he’s going to do,” Antoinette declared, coming back into the kitchen. “He’s going to tell them the truth.”

“Technically, I did tell them the truth.” Erik pointed out. “I do care about them.”

Antoinette let out an annoyed huff, Erik was sure she rolled her eyes. “You know what I mean. Tell them you love them back.”

Even though the words were true, Erik felt a slight heat come onto his cheeks at them being said out loud. “That is easier said than done, my dear.”

“Not nearly as hard as being the first person to say it.” Nadir replied in amusement. “Erik, they love you, all you have to do is say it back.”
Erik let out an exasperated sigh.

“Have you ever said you loved someone?” Meg cut it, questioning.

“Not in this way.” Erik answered. “The only people I have are you three, which is a vastly different type of love. I have never felt this way towards anyone else before, it’s a little daunting.”

“Well yeah, but that’s love!” Meg exclaimed the last word in excitement. Her other hand came to Erik’s shoulder and she squeezed them. “It’s scary and exciting! It’s warmth and makes you shudder! You feel like you can fly yet also the most down to earth you’ve ever been!”

“And what makes you so experienced in how love feels?” Antoinette’s voice cut through with suspicion.

There was a pause but Meg patted Erik’s shoulders. “We are talking about Erik, let’s not get distracted.”

Erik smirked, knowing that the madam would not let the topic go lightly. He was also curious as to his pearl being able to describe such an emotion that easily, but he knew he would not get an answer there. He turned his head towards his niece.

“Either way, that was an accurate enough description.” Erik stated before turning towards Nadir and Antoinette. “It’s not like they are expecting an answer anyway. I have time to work on my courage.”

“But why would you wait? There’s no point in it.” Antoinette countered.

“Maybe I’m not comfortable with them knowing yet.” Erik replied abruptly but softly. The cut off of sound told him that they all heard him.

There was a silence that descended over the room. It lasted long enough that Erik started to wonder if he should have admitted that last part to them. Finally, Nadir broke the silence that had engulfed the kitchen.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” he asked slowly with a hesitant tone.

Erik faltered for a moment. The confession was already out there, Erik might as well explain it.

“There seems to be a sort of…finality sense at the thought of me admitting my feelings for them as well.” Erik confessed, turning his head towards the table in front of him. “There is a strange thought that plaques my mind constantly. That if I were to be with them, I would have to give up you.”

More silence. Erik was startled when Meg moved her hands from his shoulders to wrap her arms around him from behind, her long strands tickling the side of his face as she placed her head on top of his.

“Erik, you’re not going to lose us.” Nadir finally spoke, a softness in his voice that Erik did not hear often. “Just because you are with them, does not mean we won’t be together anymore.”

“If anything, we are going to be more involved.” Antoinette added with a lightness in her tone. “There is no way I’m going to let you not tell me everything going on between the three of you.”

“And mom will tell me everything so that I can talk to you about things when I come back.” Meg joined, talking into Erik’s hair.
Erik sighed through his nose and raised his hand. He rested it on where Meg’s hands were intertwined on his chest.

“Besides,” Antoinette continued. “Apparently, the three of you are soulmates, it would be hard to not be with them the way you are supposed to be.”

“That’s true.” Erik admitted, Antoinette’s words reminding him of the bond they shared and tried to ignore the tugging in his gut to find the only two people that could make the sense go away. But he still couldn’t help but think about the possible outcomes of him admitting his emotions towards the couple.

“Alright!” Antoinette suddenly declared, startling Erik when she slapped her hands on the table. “You’re going to tell them, and you have until New Years to do it!”

Erik blinked than straightened in his chair, breaking Meg’s hold on him. “Why on earth are you setting a deadline? And, really, one that’s less than a week away?”

“Because if you didn’t have one, you’ll never do it.” Antoinette countered, the smirk in her tone.

Erik scowled. “And if I ignore your deadline?”

“Then I will tell them.” Antoinette announced triumphantly. “And I do not think you want me to be the one to do it.”

Erik gulped and knew without a doubt that he was going to have to find a way to tell Christine and Raoul how he felt.

Later that night, Erik laid in his bed thinking. Ayesha was curled up against his side, purring like a motor while his hand absently stroked her fur. He had no idea how or when he was going to tell Christine and Raoul his true feelings. The fact that his madam had given him a deadline made him more nervous about it all and the last thing he needed was more nerves. Maybe he could wait until the last minute…no he could not do that, if he did his mind wouldn’t think about it and when the last day came, he would panic.

He was trying to avoid panicking, especially after that mess up last night.

The thought of last night brought back all they did together that evening. It had been a lovely night that Erik was sure he would remember even without the embarrassing conclusion. And then Christmas when he had given them his blood. Their reactions had been amusing and heartwarming, Raoul expressing childlike glee while Erik could tell that Christine had almost been overwhelmed.

Erik put the thought of giving his blood again to the side for a later time. He did not know how often he would be able to do it, but he could figure out that part later.

At that moment, he had to worry about how he was going to tell the two vampires that he loved them.

Chapter End Notes

Hello again my dear readers! I told you I would be back and so here I am. I’m actually here later and earlier than I should be but whatever. I hope everyone enjoyed the new chapter and will leave a comment. Next chapter will be in Erik’s POV and it will be
the second to last chapter. See ya then!
New Year's Confessions

Chapter Summary

“HAPPY NEW YEAR!” everyone cheered as the first firework zoomed into the air and let out a burst in the sky.

But Erik paid that no mind, instead, his senses were focused on the two in front of him as they leaned away after brushing their lips against his cheeks in a short kiss.

“Happy New Year Erik.” Christine and Raoul stated softly that was barely heard over the sound of fireworks exploding above them.

Chapter Notes


Do Not Copy To Another Site.

Comment Reply:
ThEmAnWhOsPeAkSiNhAnDs - Ahh! Glad to be back! Especially when I get such lovely comments! I love Ayesha! I try to include her when I can. She adds more flavor I think! ;)

Aaymeirah - Thank you my lovely reader! Erik can be a bit of a dork sometimes. :)

YungRichelle - Oh my goodness! What an enthusiastic comment! I'm extremely flattered by your words! I'm so glad that you found my fic so good! I do love making Erik a romantic disaster! I hope you had a good night rest after binge reading this fic! Thank you!

arKK - You are so sweet! Thank you for that lovely comment! I enjoy romantic disaster Erik, so try to put that in when i can! Lol Glad to see it appreciated! And I love writing the friendship between Nadir, Antoniette and Erik, they get me all fuzzy inside! And it's ALWAYS fun to slip in the musical references! Glad you enjoy!

Kyoharu_Alexeis - Ahh, thank you! At least I know your mentally sent the kudos!

Christiana Erika Caspian Daae - Glad to be back! Thank you for your comment! I enjoy writing their friendship so glad that people enjoy reading them!

AliceWandering - Sublime? Oh my, you make me blush! Thank you for such a comment and flattering words!

NotAGhost3 - Glad you enjoy it! Thank you for the comment!

See the end of the chapter for more notes
“I don’t think I can do this.” Erik proclaimed when he heard the doorbell ring for the apartment.

“Seriously? You have one day left, it’s not going to be that hard.” Nadir replied, his footsteps heading towards the front door.

Erik scowled. “I do not need a reminder of Antoinette’s deadline.”

And he didn’t. The past week had gone by painfully slow in Erik’s opinion. Antoinette’s promise constantly repeating in his ear every time he was with the vampire couple. But each occasion he thought there was the slightest possibility of him making his confession, he would chicken out and the moment would be lost. He knew that Antoinette was waiting for him to tell her he did it, but Erik had not been able to do it. Today was the last day of his so-called deadline and Christine and Raoul were here to go out to celebrate New Year’s Eve.

And Erik had no idea about how he was going to go about confessing.

“Ooh, you’re calling her by her first name only? You must be extremely nervous.” Nadir teased.

“Nadir—” Erik started but the cop opened the door.

“Hello, you two.” Nadir greeted and his footsteps moved back.

“Hello, Mr. Khan.” Christine’s voice replied pleasantly.

“Is Erik ready?” Raoul asked.

At the sound of the vampire’s voices, Ayesha, who was lying on Erik’s lap, jumped off and by the sound of her bell, made her way to Erik’s bedroom. Erik sighed at that, she still wasn’t accepting of the couple’s presence but at least she was no longer hostile towards them. He stood up from the couch, grabbed his cane, and moved towards the door.

“I’m here.” Erik stated to get their attention.

Nadir moved out of his way and he stepped out of the door.

“See you later, Mr. Khan.” Raoul stated.

“Don’t keep Erik out too late.” Nadir teased. “He has a curfew!”

Erik rolled his eyes but kept walking, easily keeping track of where he was by his cane. When he felt Christine and Raoul come up on either side of him, he let out an irritated sigh.

“He acts as if we are teenagers and he’s my father.”

“I think it’s charming.” Christine replied, the smile in her voice. “He’s just having a little bit of fun since his best friend is dating.”

“Don’t I know it, however, I have to make sure I pay him in kind about Rook.” Erik declared lightly, already thinking of ways he could even the score. Nadir knew Erik was already nervous as it is about tonight, he did not have to add more for his own amusement.

“Are they doing well?” Raoul asked.

“I’m certain that Rook is waiting for Nadir to propose but he hasn’t brought it up yet.” Erik
informed them. “He changes the topic every time someone tries.”

“Do you think he wants to propose?” Christine questioned this time.

“Positive.” Erik answered immediately. “I believe he is only letting his nerves get in the way.”

And wasn’t that a double standard, Erik thought, considering his own situation.

Erik could feel Raoul shrugged next to him. “Maybe, but it’s obvious that she’ll say yes. Those two are probably the most in love couple I have ever met.”

“He’ll propose when he wants to.” Christine countered. “Personally, I think the wait will make the proposal all the more special when it finally does happen.”

They continued to walk and eventually got to the park that they wanted. There was firework show that was to take place at midnight to bring in the New Year. It had been Erik’s idea and he had been amused when the couple had hesitated because they thought he wouldn’t enjoy it with his lack of sight. Erik had been able to convinced them when he told them that it would be like the time they had went to ‘see’ the Christmas lights. For Erik, it was not about the sight of the place, but the feel of the atmosphere of everyone around him.

“We got here just in time.” Raoul remarked as they stopped, shifting next to Erik in what he assumed was to check his watch. “It’s 11:50pm.”

“There are a lot of people here.” Christine stated curiously.

“It’s the only place in the city where it’s legal to set off fireworks.” Erik answered, listening to the excited chatter around him. “Because of this, the city makes a show every New Years and 4th of July. This way, people do not try to acquire their own and set them off near houses.”

“That makes sense.” Raoul agreed. He took hold of Erik’s hand that didn’t have his cane and started to pull him forward. “Come on, let’s see if we can find a decent spot.”

Erik allowed him to pulled him gently along, using his cane to easily get out of the way of any obstacles. Christine walking alongside him at a steady pace. It took a few minutes before Raoul was satisfied with the spot he choose. Christine described the place they were at, telling him how they were in a small clearing in the trees of the park. Around them, trees stood and there was a little fountain and bench nearby. Erik heard the chatter of others and Christine explained that there were a couple families with children, a group of teenagers, and a few couples.

“Oh, okay. Here we go!” Raoul started in excitement. “11:59pm. Countdown should begin at any moment!”

Christine laughed. “Someone’s excited!”

“Well, yeah! When’s the last time we were able to see fireworks like this?” Raoul questioned.

“Ah…about a decade ago?” Christine guessed.

“Exactly!” Raoul answered. “Let me be excited about this!”

Christine laughed again and Erik felt warm at Raoul’s enthusiasm and Christine laughter. The tug in his gut had quiet down as well, as it always did when he was in their presence.

A loud bang was heard, indicating that the countdown had begun.
“Ten!” the crowds everywhere in the park began. Counting down second by second.

“Nine!”

“Eight!”

“Seven!”

“Six!”

“Five!” Erik felt Christine and Raoul take each of his hands in one of theirs, the smiles in their tones as they counted down apparent.

“Four!” Erik squeezed both of their hands.

“Three!” He felt the two of them get closer.

“Two!” Erik almost took a step backward at the distance but remained where he was.

“ONE!” the crowd yelled the final number but they were mere whispers from Raoul and Christine as they got close enough that Erik could feel their breath on his cheeks.

“HAPPY NEW YEAR!” everyone cheered as the first firework zoomed into the air and let out a burst in the sky.

But Erik paid that no mind, instead, his senses were focused on the two in front of him as they leaned away after brushing their lips against his cheeks in a short kiss.

“Happy New Year Erik.” Christine and Raoul stated softly that was barely heard over the sound of fireworks exploding above them.

Erik could feel the heat enter his cheeks and hoped that it looked like it was from the weather. A smile pulled at his lips. “Happy New Year.”

They stayed until the show was over and waited a little bit after for the majority of people to leave. Erik did not want to try to maneuver through the crowds with his cane.

“Anyone got any New Year’s resolutions?” Raoul asked as they eventually began to make their way out. Erik could tell that he was walking backwards a few paces in front of him and Christine.

“That things are silly.” Christine replied, from next to him. “If you want to get something done, you just do it. It shouldn’t depend on the start of a new year, most people don’t finish them anyway.”

“I don’t know, some people find motivation in them.” Raoul countered. “What do you think, Angel?”

“For the most part, I agree with Christine.” Erik answered, trying to will the heat of his cheeks away from the nickname. He heard Raoul grumble to himself. “However, I made my own for this year.”

“Oh? What is it?” Raoul questioned eagerly.

Erik slowed down and then stopped. He heard the couple do the same and could feel their curious gazes on him from a couple feet away. He hoped that they did not noticed how fast or hard his heart seemed to pound in his chest.
He shifted his cane to be straight up on the ground and placed both of his hands on top of the handle. In a causal voice, he stated, “I suppose I could tell it to you. Christine, if you would be so kind.”

Erik held out his hand and waited. When he felt Christine’s hand touch his, he tapped her palm and she guided his hand to her face.

“Raoul.” Erik called. The other vampire came to him and Erik handed over his cane to him before having Raoul do the same that Christine. Erik pulled the two of them forward, the two following his guide, until his front was in between the two of them, his head inches away from both of their ears.

Erik felt like his heart was going to explode by how fast it was beating, but knew that he would not be able to talk his way out of this one, which is part of the reason he did it this way.

“I love you.” He breathed out softly, knowing that they would hear it with the distance and vampire senses.

It was only confirmed as he felt both of them freeze in his arms, his hands feeling the jaws drop and eyes blink in shock. They stayed like that for a few moments, but eventually Christine pulled away, but not enough to remove’s Erik’s hand.

“You…love us?” she inquired hesitantly but with hope.

“With all my heart.” Erik replied firmly. He brushed his thumb across Christine’s cheek. “I have for a while, but could not find the courage in me to say it.”

“How come?” Raoul joined in, taking a step back to be able to see Erik again, but not break their contact.

Erik felt heat enter his cheeks, how he hated blushing. “I have never felt this way about anyone before. I was going to say it on Christmas when you said it but I…”

“Freaked out and said something else?” Raoul filled in teasingly when Erik didn’t finish. Erik felt the smile on the vampire’s lips. When Erik nodded, he continued, “Angel, don’t you know? We would wait years for you to tell us you love us. You’re the most important person to us.”

“Ah,” Erik felt as if his heart skipped a beat and took his hands away from their faces, not wanting to ‘see’ anymore. He turned his head to the side for them to not have a full view of his expression either. The words causing him to blush harder because of their sincerity.

“Is that why your heartbeat was fast earlier?” Christine wondered.

Erik nodded, grateful for the slight change of direction, not turning his head back towards them. “It’s nerve wrecking, when one confesses.”

“If you were that nervous, why didn’t you wait?” Raoul questioned.

“Because tonight was my last night to be able to.” Erik told them, facing them. “The madam was not happy with me about last week and said I only had until New Years to tell you, or she would.”


“You might have gotten closer over the past few months, but she is far more capable of things you would not begin to imagine.” Erik stated gravely.
He heard them snicker and Erik made a mental note to tell Antoinette about that particular reaction later. He knew how much the madam loved to be underestimated because it gave her the opportunity to prove people wrong.

“It worked out in the end though.” Christine stated lightly. Erik heard her moved to him and felt the gentle press of her hand against his cheek. “Say it again.”

Erik blinked, not knowing what she was asking at first but then grinned.

“I love you.” He whispered to her, his grin widened as he felt her shudder against him.

“Again.” Christine demanded, her finger curling themselves in his hair.

“I love you.” Erik complied.

“Sheesh. Don’t hog him to yourself Christine.” Raoul stated in amusement.

“Then get over here and stop complaining.” Christine countered, stepping back from Erik, but kept her hand in his hair.

“Don’t mind if I do.” Raoul replied and Erik felt him get close.

“Why do I get the feeling I’m going to be saying these words a lot.” Erik questioned playfully.

He felt Raoul’s hands cup his face. “Because you are but don’t worry, we’ll say it too. Every single day if you want.”

Erik raised his eyebrow. “High promise, think you would be able to do it?”


“I love you.” Erik replied honestly.

“We love you too.” Raoul and Christine answered, and Erik felt himself warm at the words.

Chapter End Notes

And there we go! You know me, I always like an ending where they officially get together! That is it for the main story but next chapter is an epilogue which will be the last chapter. It’ll be in Raoul’s POV. Hope to see you then and leave a comment if you liked this chapter! See ya next time!
“We won’t be able to stop once we start.” Christine informed as she stood up from the bed and made her way over. She took Erik’s hands in her and led him forward. “If we do, you could die.”

“Yes, as you have explained to me countless times.” Erik countered. He squeezed Christine’s hands in his. “You two are the ones that brought the subject of me turning in the first place. I finally say yes, and you hesitant.”

Two years later…

“Are you sure about this?” Raoul asked hesitantly as he walked inside the bedroom that he shared with Christine.

Erik sent a grin in his direction. He had just finished taking off his shirt. To avoid the possible stains, Erik had told him. “One would think that you want me to change my mind.”

Raoul shifted from foot to foot. “Of course not, but…”

“I know.” Erik replied softly in a knowing tone. “This isn’t exactly going to be fun for me, but it’s what has to be done.”

“We won’t be able to stop once we start.” Christine informed as she stood up from the bed and made her way over. She took Erik’s hands in her and led him forward. “If we do, you could die.”

“Yes, as you have explained to me countless times.” Erik countered. He squeezed Christine’s
hands in his. “You two are the ones that brought the subject of me turning in the first place. I finally say yes, and you hesitant.”

Two years. It has been two years since the night Erik first told them he loved them, after which they had taken their relationship to the next level and started an official relationship. Since then, not much has changed with everyone. The biggest thing that had happened within the year span was Mr. Khan proposing to Rook and them getting married. Because of it, Mr. Khan had moved out of the apartment but still paid his part of the place for Erik to stay in it.

As for the three of them, not much changed except that they went out more on what could be considered ‘dates.’ The vampire couple could still be found hanging out in Erik’s shop when they could, however, they also were able to invite Erik back to their apartment or the other way around. After a year of their relationship growing, Christine and Raoul had decided to tell Erik about being turned. It took another year of a lot of questions and discussions before Erik finally said yes.

That day had been the happiest and scariest day of Raoul’s life. Today, however, was quickly taking its place.

“When you said yes, it suddenly became real.” Raoul explained. He walked over until he stood behind Erik and wrapped his arms around his waist, letting his chin rest on Erik’s shoulder. “Honestly, we weren’t sure you would ever agree but wanted you to know that it was an option.”

“Oh?” Erik questioned, turning his head to meet Raoul’s. “Why’s that?”

“Madam Giry.” Christine answered. “Mr. Khan. Meg.”

Erik hummed in acknowledgement, intertwining his fingers through Christine’s. “I will admit, it was a large factor to overcome.”

Raoul felt Erik’s shoulders roll as he let out an exasperated but fond sigh. “However, they certainly never let the topic go once they had found out. Dear Antoinette was especially avid about it.”

“Madame Giry, got to love that woman.” Raoul sighed admirably. Raoul had learned over the past couple years that the madam was truly a force to be reckon with and had grown to admire her.

“Yes,” Erik snorted before taking on a serious frown. “The four of us talked about this immensely and they are aware of what will happen after.”

“That’s it then?” Christine asked, leaning forward and standing on her toes to be at Erik’s height. “You ready?”

Erik shrugged, but Raoul saw the cautious grin appear on his lips. “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“We’ll try to do it as quick as possible, hopefully, since there’s two of us, it will be.” Raoul trying to be reassuring. He knew that if he had a working heart, it would be pounding in his chest with how nervous he felt. Christine had turned him centuries ago and now he was going to help turn their human mate into one of them. That was already enough to make him edgy, but there was also the fact that, unlike him, the transformation will be painful for Erik.

Raoul listened to Erik’s heartbeat spike up a little however outwardly Erik nodded calmly.

“I know.” Erik whispered, shifting in Raoul’s arms and tightened his grip on Christie’s hands. “Best get started then.”

Raoul’s eyes met Christine’s and she nodded. Licking his lips, Raoul willed his fangs to come out.
They poked out of his gums and he swallowed as his vampire side came forward, instincts demanding that he claim and turn Erik. Forcing himself to focus, he cleared his throat and glanced at Christine one more time. He saw her fangs also out and the encouraging smile she gave him.

Together, they leaned forward and bit into either side of Erik’s neck.

Instantly, Erik let out a choked gasp in pain and tried to move away, but Raoul and Christine tightened their grip on him to make sure he didn’t. Raoul quickly withdrew his fangs from Erik’s skin and began to suck the blood out. His senses exploded as his mate’s blood touched his tongue, almost causing him to groan. Erik had given them more of his blood through the years, but only through a needle, never directly. Erik’s blood had been delicious from those thermoses, but Raoul felt like he was tasting ambrosia and he wanted it to last as long as possible.

He snapped back into focus as he felt Erik’s legs collapsed from under him. Raoul easily caught his weight and he and Christine brought him down slowly onto the floor, neither one breaking their hold. As he did, Raoul suddenly became aware of the harsh trembling Erik’s body did against his, the sweat that covered it, and how hard his heart fluttered in his chest as it tried to fight back the rapid loss of blood.

The thought of Erik truly dying made Raoul hesitant. What if they messed up? What if they caused Erik to die? What if…?

Raoul felt a hand touch his and instantly knew that it was Christine’s. She squeezed it, but made no move to back away from what she was doing. Raoul took comfort in that. If nothing else, his vampire mate knew what she was doing. Squeezing her hand back, Raoul focused on what he was doing, this time not allowing himself to be consumed by Erik’s taste.

Eventually, Erik went completely limp in his arms, telling him that he lost consciousness. Raoul yanked his head back from Erik’s neck and saw Christine do the same, her lips ruby red from Erik’s blood, she quickly licked it off.

“The bed. Hurry!” Christine ordered.

Raoul lifted Erik in his arms and quickly but gently place him in the middle of the bed on his back. He watched as Erik’s breathing stuttered and slowed, his heartbeat struggling to maintain a beat.

“Here!”

Raoul turned to see Christine holding out a knife to him, her wrist bleeding. He took the knife and followed her example, slashing his wrist open. Ignoring the pain, he sat down on one side while Christine sat on the other. Together, they raised their bleeding wrist over Erik’s mouth and the blood drops fell.

Raoul watched anxiously as their blood trailed down Erik’s lips and down his throat. Erik let out a choked noise before falling silent completely. Christine had told him that this was part of the transformation but being no longer able to hear Erik’s heartbeat and seeing him perfectly motionless was unnerving to Raoul. Even though Christine had warned him about this, the fact that Raoul no longer felt the pull towards Erik made him angsty.

He stood up from the bed, not caring about the blood dripping down from his wrist, and began to pace to try to calm his nerves. Christine stayed where she was, her gaze fixated on Erik as she waited for a reaction.

Raoul didn’t know how long he paced and Christine stared but when Erik suddenly let out a large
gasp, Raoul felt like a giant weight had been lifted from him.

He walked back to the bed and found Erik still unconscious but breathing. He watched as Erik’s eyebrows furrowed down and he let out a pained whimper.

“This isn’t going to be pretty.” Christine whispered sadly, reaching out to take Erik’s limp hand in hers.

“Now he has to heal.” Raoul agreed, sitting back in his previous spot and took Erik’s other hand. Together they waited.

They watched as the color drained from Erik’s skin and held him when he regained half awareness to slump forward in agony as their blood healed everything.

Including his blindness and disfigurement.

Raoul watched in fascination as the scars burns on Erik’s face healed, leaving behind sharp complete features and unblemished smooth skin. It revealed what Erik really looked like if it hadn’t been for the fire incident as a child.

When they knew it was going to be over, Raoul turned off all the lights and closed the curtains to make it as dark as possible. Erik was asleep on the bed, completely transformed and Raoul wanted to make sure that the first thing Erik sees wasn’t going to blind him from the harshness of light. An hour after they had done this, Erik opened his eyes.

Upon seeing him, Raoul had to hold back a gasp at the sight of those eyes. Before they would glow like molten gold but now they blazed as if two liquid suns were in Erik’s eyes.

“Angel?” Christine whispered gently, taking a cautious step towards Erik whose eyes zeroed in on her.

Erik squinted towards them before looking away, eyes roaming over everything around him. The sight made Raoul breathe out in relief, Erik could see again.

“Was it always this dark in here?” Erik remarked. “Or am I forgetting what it was like to see before?”

“No no. We made sure the lights were off, we wanted to give you a chance to adjust. How are you feeling?” Christine explained, making her way over and sat on the bed facing Erik.

“Hungry.” Erik mumbled, pressing his hand to his eyes, but jerked back startled.

Raoul smirked at the reaction. “Your eyesight wasn’t the only thing that was healed. Want to see what you look like?”

Without waiting for a response, Raoul went to the bathroom and came back with a hand mirror. He held it out to Erik, who took it with shaky hands. He brought the mirror up and gasped at his reflection, using his free hand to touch his face as if not believing what he saw. “I’m…”

“Absolutely gorgeous? Yes you are.” Raoul cut in cheekily. He sat down next to Erik and snickered. “Christine and I are going to have to beat all the women and men back for the rest of our lives.”

Raoul knew that expression, and if Erik could still blush, he would be. Instead, Erik placed the mirror down and squinted his eyes at them.
“You two mostly look as I imagined you.” He remarked, then frowned. “Though I did not think about freckles.”

Christine giggled and poked at Raoul’s face which had a three freckles. One next to his mouth, another on his cheek and the last one at the corner of his eyes. Raoul rolled his eyes and brushed her hand away from him. “As long as we aren’t a disappointment.”

Erik raised his eyebrow. “Raoul, I might have not physically seen what I looked like before but I know that it wasn’t anything pretty. I would never judge a person by appearances, especially you two, who were able to look past the deformity and still love me.”

“Got that right. I can really call you Angel now.” Raoul grinned. “But first, let’s get you something to eat.”

It took three months before Erik was able to fully get the hang of things. He had taken longer than Raoul had but unlike Raoul, Erik was not only adapting at being a vampire, but also being able to see again. At first, Erik would even purposely close his eyes because it was easier to get around for him, but practice made perfect and he was able to get the hang of it eventually.

During this time, Erik had remained in contact with the others, but refused to let them see him, or him them until he felt ready. When the three of them were completely confident in Erik’s ability to handle himself and he invited his family over to his apartment.

Raoul and Christine were waiting with him on the couch, Ayesha resting in the arm chair across from them, eyeing them warily. The Siamese had been suspicious at first towards Erik, since he was the same creature as Raoul and Christine, whom she still didn’t like. But after a few minutes with Erik, the cat had batted her head against his hand in affection, recognizing and acknowledging her owner.

Raoul heard the doorbell ring and felt Erik tense up next to him. He grabbed his hand and brought it to his lips in comfort.

“You’ll be fine. They want to see you as much as you do.”

Erik sent him a grateful grin before standing up. Raoul had to hold back the urge to grab him and pull him back down.

He really needed to get used to those eyes intensity when they were focused on him.

Raoul heard the door open and two gasps in shock. There was a thug sound and Raoul turned around to see Madam Giry with her arms thrown around Erik’s neck and Erik’s arms around her torso. They leaned into each other as if they were the only thing keeping them upright, the sounds of the Madam sobbing echoed in the room.

Erik eventually pulled back and cupped Madam Giry’s face, his thumbs brushing away her tears.

“Antoinette?” Erik whispered in awe, his eyes taking in his best friend’s appearance. “You look…”

“Old?” Madam Giry offered with a watery smile.

“Never.” Erik replied firmly. “I was going to say even more beautiful than I pictured.”

Then Mr. Khan walked in with Rook and Erik gave each of them a hug. When he pulled back from Mr. Khan however, his hand clasped against the elder’s neck and gave him a long look.
“You look older than I thought.” Erik stated seriously but there was a spark of mischief in his eyes.

Mr. Khan, having noticed the spark, huffed and brushed Erik’s hand away. “I’ll have you know that every wrinkle and gray hair was caused by you.”

“My turn.” Meg’s voice came from the front entrance.

Erik’s body froze for a moment at the sound of his niece’s voice and slowly turned around to face her. Unlike Mr. Khan and Madame Giry, Erik had never seen Meg before, and he was seeing his niece for the first time.

“Wow, you look younger than I thought you would.” Meg stated humoredly as she walked further inside.

“And your mother named you well.” Erik countered, his voice choked up. He held out his hands for her to take. “For you are as beautiful as the pearl you are name for.”

Raoul’s chest filled with warmth at the sight of Meg rushing into her uncle’s arms and the two embracing each other.

Later that night, when everyone was gone and it was just the three of them again, Erik took both of them by surprise by giving them a long and sweet kiss each.

“What’s that for?” Raoul asked after Erik pulled back, forcing himself to not follow his mate’s lips.

Erik smiled and it was breathtaking to Raoul.

“For puking on my front door step.”

Raoul snorted in surprise and Erik turned back towards Christine, he continued. “Funny how that was what started everything.”

“For once, Raoul making a fool of himself paid off.” Christine agreed teasingly.

“Hey!” Raoul protested, but was cut off by Christine’s lips. He hummed in content and was grinning when she pulled back.

“Are you two going to stand there or join me?”

Raoul glanced up and saw that Erik was smirking playfully at them. When Erik noticed Raoul looking, his smirk widened, and he suddenly disappeared, using his new speed to move. Raoul turned back to Christine and saw her smiling happily at him.

“Let’s go catch our mate.” Raoul stated, taking Christine’s hand in his.

Together they sprinted after Erik’s scent.

Chapter End Notes

And…that’s it my dear readers! It was a long ride but thank you for sticking with it! Now all I have is one more fanfic for this fandom. It’s not my normal favorite threesome but instead an Erik/Nadir fic. It’s also a Hogwarts AU, so give it a try if you
like once I update it! My health has actually been really really poor so I don’t know when I’ll post it but we’ll see. See ya next time!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!