And no one’s gonna save you from the beast about to strike (Because you live with them)

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<td>Supernatural AU - Freeform, Vampire/Coven leader!Chan, nature spirit!Woojin, werewolf!jeongin, fallen angel!Seungmin, Siren!Hyunjin, demon!Jisung, Dark Magician!Minho, Grimm reaper!Changbin, felix is a regular of human, Fluff and Humor, this is just basically slice of life/felix dealing w the boys creature shenanigans, Slice of Life, Light Angst, but it's all, Hurt/Comfort, other JYP idols will make brief appearances! Chan is everyone's emotional support vampire, Angst with a Happy Ending, Magical Realism, All the boys loving felix unconditionally, Some Horror Themes, Humor and Crack, Tooth Rotting Fluff, also this fic is completely smut-free lol, This will be updated every saturday by 7 pm U.S. eastern time!, HAPPY ONE YEAR OF THIS FIC, AND WE STILL GOIN........., i can't believe i've been updating this for a Year....wack thank u everyone for ur support!! IT'S OVER, I CANT BELIEVE THIS IT'S DONE, thank you thank you thank you for all the support this got I can't believe this is the last time this fic will appear in the tag, the end of an era</td>
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And no one’s gonna save you from the beast about to strike (Because you live with them)

by chronosaurus (kimnamjin)

Summary

“Ok, if you all like him, Felix can stay,” Chan started, “But just in case I wasn't clear, he is a HUMAN, as in like, mortal, homo sapien, the whole nine yards. If you feel like you can all behave with him here, I’m fine with it. But I better not find any of you gnawing on him in the middle of the night.” He said sternly, giving his coven a firm stare.

All the other boys nodded in earnest, except Jisung, who quietly laughed to himself and said “pffft, homo.” with a boyish grin.

Minho, who as always, was sitting glued next to the demon, slapped his arm lightly and said in exasperation, “Jisung, we’re literally dating. We are homo.”
Or, Felix, who is very much human, moves into what happens to be a coven of supernatural creatures. It takes some getting used to, but he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Notes

Hello Stays! I just wanna give a little intro to myself. I used to be a bts fic writer, so this is my first fic i've written for SKZ, and the first fic i've written in around 3 years. Bang chan is my ult idol in all of kpop, and SKZ is my ult group, so i hope i do them justice with this writing, because they mean the entire world to me.

I think thats it for now! I hope you enjoy.
Chapter 1

Chan was idly reading an article on his phone when Woojin’s voice piped up from his seat in front of his computer. “Hey, Chan?” He called, his eyes still glued to the screen before him. “Yeah, Woo?” Chan called back, trying to shift his position to see what the older boy was so intently looking at. “Remember that ad you put up a while back looking for another roommate? We just got a very eager response to it.” Woojin said with disbelief coloring his honey-like voice. “What? But that’s years old! Who would respond to that now?!” Chan asked incredulously, now getting up from his comfy spot on the couch to hunch behind Woojin’s back, his eyes intensely scanning the screen.

“Uh, a Felix Lee would, as it seems. He seems like a nice guy from his response to the ad, too. You’re not gonna like this Chan, but it’s our fault for forgetting to take the ad down, so we owe it to this, obviously desperate guy, to show him around. Then we’ll just let him down gently that we don’t actually need another roommate. Simple!” Woojin said with a bright smile, his warm eyes turning into little crescents. All the while he was speaking, Chan was scrubbing a hand across his porcelain white skin, feeling like the biggest idiot in the world for putting his coven in this situation. Although he felt he could share the title with this Felix kid! Of all the thousands of roommate wanted ads, he had to pick theirs? What luck he thought spitefully to himself.

“No, Woojin, not simple. Humans are not simple. Period. We can't do this, it’s too risky. When we first put that ad out, it was only the four of us, and we could handle a human here. We have eight now Woo, and some are barely adults. We can’t do this, I won't allow it.” Chan said with finality, his expression hardening as he thought of his members.

“Ah, lighten up Mr.Vampy-Pants. What’s the worst that could happen?” Woojin mocked with a good natured smile, turning his attention back to the screen, still showing that accursed ad. “Um, literally everything? Hello?” Chan said incredulously, crossing his arms over his chest. He couldn’t comprehend how his boyfriend seemed blind to the hundreds of ways this could go horribly, horribly wrong.

“Well, I don’t really think you have a choice, the kid said here he’s coming over tomorrow to check the place out.” Woojin said with a devilish smirk. If Chan had a beating heart, he's sure it would have stopped completely in his chest at Woojin's last bombshell.

Chan stood in stiff silence before he heaved a sigh that carried the weight of his almost 200 years of life. His arms flopped to his sides in defeat, knowing he was on the losing side of this “No humans within 50 feet” argument.

“When’s the kid coming, I'll bake some cookies.” He all but whispered through gritted teeth. Woojin just gave him a knowing smile in return.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Felix checked the watch ticking on his wrist as he pulled up to the address. 2 o’clock sharp, right on time, he thought to himself as he exited his car, now taking in the huge house before him. Although, house might be cutting it a little short, mansion seemed more accurate. It was a tall, elegant Victorian, painted pristine white with dark green trim around the intricate window panes.

Felix couldn’t stop his mouth from slightly hanging open as he regarded his possibly new home. The ads certainly didn’t do it justice, the place was absolutely gorgeous.

As he lightly stepped forward, unlocking the gate to the cute white picket fence surrounding the yard, Felix’s eyes were met with a plethora of candy colored flowers and bushes set up on either side of the porch. Felix couldn’t help but walk towards the garden, entranced by the rainbow of colors. He’s never seen such beautiful flowers before. They each seemed to almost glow with color, like something out of a movie. It was then that Felix noticed a small-circular wooden sign hanging from a thin metal spoke in the soil. Mindlessly reaching forward, Felix gently grabbed the sign, so he could read the message delicately painted on the milky wood.

Woojin’s Garden Rules:

Please look, but don’t touch!

The flowers are very delicate.

If I found out you messed with my garden

I’ll rearrange your organs!

Felix’s head tilted in confusion at the last line, expression contorting and eyebrows furrowing. “Rearrange your…? Oh well, I guess they just have an odd sense of humor, that’s all.” Felix said with an uneasy smile, running a hand through his bright orange locks nervously.

Getting up from his position on the ground, Felix regarded the garden with one last look of suspicion before walking up the wooden porch steps to the door. He fixed his shirt quickly, dusting some residual dirt from his knees, and knocked on the door.

Chapter End Notes
I wasn’t completely satisfied with the first chapter, so I thought I might as well post chap 2 to set more of a tone for the fic. The upcoming chapters are/will be much better, I promise!

This is also probably it for the really short chapter. They will be slightly longer from here on out!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Felix meets chan, and saying he’s shook is an understatement.

(i’m bad at descriptions)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Babe, it sure is a good thing I checked my email yesterday, or we’d have quite the interesting surprise on our doorstep!” Woojin called to Chan from the other room, putting the finishing touches on perfecting the living room before Felix’s arrival.

In the kitchen, Chan rolled his eyes at his boyfriend, taking the freshly made chocolate chip cookies out of the oven to cool on the counter. It never fails to make Chan laugh that a powerful nature spirit not only has an email, but checks it. Regularly. That’s just another reason Chan is so in love with Woojin, he’s definitely not how one would expect a nature spirit to be.

Chan had to admit, he had slightly warmed up to the idea of the human’s impending visit. Perhaps Woojin had made it all seem too simple, but he now saw no harm in showing the kid around before (politely) shooing him away. Although he might just be in too good of a mood from making cookies. Chan loves baking cookies.

Chan was roused from his thoughts by the pitter-patter of feet descending the wooden staircase, and as if on cue, an excited looking Jeongin was now in the kitchen with him.

“Those cookies smell so good, can I please have one Chan hyung?” Jeongin pleaded, giving Chan grade-A puppy dog eyes to boot. Chan hated when Jeongin acted like this, because he knew Chan would never say no to those eyes. Although, being a werewolf and all, Chan couldn't blame their youngest for using his puppy powers to his advantage.

“Alright, take one, but wait ok? I don't want you to burn yourself.” Chan said with a good natured shake of his head, his fluffy blonde hair getting in his eyes.

“Thanks Chan hyung!” Jeongin yelled with palpable excited, taking two large cookies in his hands before scampering out of the kitchen.
“Hey! I literally just said take one!” Chan called up after him.

“One for me, one for Seungmin hyung?” Jeongin said with a mischievous smile, his eyes sparkling with happiness. Chan could only bark out a laugh. *Yeah, I'll be sure to make sure Seungmin gets that cookie. Jeongin knows how hyper sugar makes him.*

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The wooden door to the house opened after Felix’s second knock, and he was then greeted by what must be the most handsome man he’s ever seen. He was wearing a black button up shirt and ripped jeans, although he must not have gotten the whole button up memo, because basically his whole chest was visible. The plains of porcelain white skin almost seemed inhumanely pale, but Felix didn’t pay it much mind.

What really caught Felix’s attention, was his eyes. They were a pallid, emerald green, the likes of which he had never seen before. He had the most beautiful eyes Felix had ever seen, and they worked perfectly with his fluffy blonde hair, which fell gracefully over his skin. He had a strong, masculine jaw, but Felix didn't get intimidated by his looks. His eyes had a sweetness, a caring quality to them that felt comforting and safe.

“Hi! You must be Felix Lee, I presume?” The man asked him, a beautiful smile growing on his lips, two lovely dimples finding their place at either side of his pink lips. Felix could only gulp in response.

After what felt like an eternity, Felix finally managed to get his jumbled thoughts in order. “Y-you presume correctly! Nice to meet you.” Felix said with a respectful bow. Although that was also partly because Felix couldn’t bare to see how big of an idiot he must seem to this guy.

“Nice to meet you as well. My name is Bang Chan, but everyone calls me Chan. Would you like to come in? I made chocolate chip cookies in honor of your visit!” Chan said with a bright smile, clasping his hands together excitedly as he awaited Felix's answer.

“Those are my favorite…” Felix whispered, more to himself than to Chan. A clutch forming in his heart at how kind and thoughtful Chan is. Not only was he hot, but he was a sweetheart too? Felix wouldn’t be surprised if this man was actually an angel in disguise.
“Perfect! Come on in!” Chan said happily, his dimples seeming to deepen somehow. As he gestured for Felix to follow him, another thought suddenly popped into the boy’s head. How did he hear me just now?

Just as Felix had guessed, he loved the house. It was the perfect mix of quaint, vintage charm, with enough modernity to make it just as easy to live in as any other house he’s been in.

“You should know that eight of us live here now, so it can get more than a little hectic, around here. Is that a deal breaker?” Chan asked the orange haired boy, not quite sure himself anymore if he wants the kid to say yes or no.

Chan would be lying if he didn't admit he had taken an almost instant liking to Felix. The boy was so sweet, so pure, Chan wanted nothing more than make sure he was safe and taken care of. The way his brightly dyed orange hair fell over his olive skin, the way his nose and cheeks were dotted with a constellation of freckles; the boy looked like a fairy. Chan contemplated asking him if he actually was a fae, but he thought that might be just slightly jumping the gun.

Felix’s expression instantly brightened at his question. “Oh, that's no problem at all! I love making new friends. Plus, any amount of roommates would be better than my last place.” Felix said with a small shudder.

“If you don’t mind me asking, what’s so bad about your last place?” Chan asked, his eyebrows furrowing.

“It’s cool, don’t worry. I was living with my friend Eric in his apartment. He’s a great guy, and one of my best friends, but that place was barely big enough for one fully grown adult, not two.” He said with a shrug, running a hand through his hair.

Chan had just about finished giving Felix a tour of the house, when they made their way back to the first floor of the house. Felix had briefly met a few of the boys, and he seemed to have positively hit it off with them, which made happiness swell in Chan’s chest. Seeing the boys laugh and interact with Felix made Chan realize that this might actually be a blessing instead of a curse. Not only would Felix be another friend for the boys, but he would give them the opportunity to learn how to act and talk with humans.
It was only after seeing these interactions that it hit Chan that he might be slightly overprotective of the boys, using every chance he got to keep them sheltered from the human world, and the dangers of being exposed that came with it. They can’t live with Chan forever, so it only makes sense that they learn how to behave with humans. Well, they technically could live with Chan forever, because of the whole immortality thing, but he doesn’t think that prospect is very high on any of his members’ bucket lists.

The two boys were walking in idle silence when suddenly, Felix’s deep voice rang through the room.

“This is random, but I love your contacts Chan hyung!” Felix suddenly blurted out as he walked beside Chan into the large living room.

“Thanks, I uh, get that a lot.” Chan said with a sheepish grin and chuckle. His hand coming to rub at the back of his neck. Chan’s been running with the whole “colored contacts” bit for years. Works every time.

“I’ve always wanted to try those, I think I will now. The color is so nice too, they’re like,” Felix said seriously, stopping in his tracks. His expression blanking as he got lost in thought, his hands grasping at the air in front of him as he tried to find the right words. “Like green grapes, but chic.” Felix finally said with a short nod, his mouth set in a firm line.

Chan could only stare blankly at the boy, before bursting into laughter at Felix’s...interesting description of his iris color. Matched with his expression of extreme seriousness, devoid of any joking air, Chan could only clutch his sides as endless bouts of laughter spilled from him. With his unnaturally acute hearing, Chan heard Jisung bark out a laugh and something along the lines of “This kid is hilarious!” From the upstairs floor. Luckily, Felix was blissfully unaware.

“Thanks kid,” Chan finally said after his laughter subsided, “I like you already.” He said without realizing, his carefree expression dropping slightly when the weight of what he just said hit him. But then Felix met his gaze with a smile so wide, so luminous, that Chan realized, fully realized that he didn’t care about what-ifs anymore. He likes Felix. He wants the boy to be apart of their weird little group, and it seems the human wants to as well. The nagging feeling Chan would be hit with one of Woojin’s patented I told you so’s later manifesting in the back of his mind.

So with a short nod to himself, Chan looked Felix in his honey-brown eyes, and said with finality, “I’m gonna go talk with the others for a few minutes, feel free to make yourself at home while I’m gone.”
“Ok, whoever wants Felix to stay, raise your hand.” Chan said from where he was standing in front of his little group, the others sitting on the myriad of chairs and sofas set up in the upstairs living room to accommodate them all.

Before Chan's eyes every hand, either slowly raises up, or quickly shoots up like a firework. Well, everyone’s except a certain grim reaper.

“Changbin, are you voting no or do you just not care.” Chan asked with a knowing sigh, running a hand through his blonde locks.

“I just don't care. The kid is fine in my book, if that helps.” He said coolly, with a shrug of his leather jacket clad shoulders. His dark eyes shifting from Chan, to an empty corner of the room.

“Well if that's not an overwhelming majority I don't know what is,” Chan whispered to himself, before looking out at the expectant faces of his coven members. With a final sharp exhale of breath, Chan prepared to say what he knew he wouldn't be able to take back.

“Ok, if you all like him, Felix can stay,” Chan started, and he could see Jisung about to start whooping for joy, so he quickly continued, “But just in case I wasn't clear, he is a HUMAN, as in like, mortal, homo sapien, the whole nine yards. If you feel like you can all behave with him here, I’m fine with it. But I better not find any of you gnawing on him in the middle of the night.” Chan said sternly, leveling his coven with a firm stare.

All the other boys nodded in earnest, except Jisung, who quietly laughed to himself and said “pfft, homo.” with a boyish grin.

Minho, who as always was sitting glued next to the demon, slapped his arm lightly and said in exasperation, “Jisung, we’re literally daring. We are homo.”

Jisung just continued to laugh, and Chan didn't expect anything different from the demon. Despite being thousands of years old, how Jisung still has the mentality of a 12 year old is beyond Chan.
Chan clapped his hands to get their attentions. “Well boys, it looks like we have ourselves the ninth member of our coven, and he’s a human.” He said with a wide-eyed look that conveyed the feeling of *did I really just say that?* Shaking his head softly, Chan continued. “Let's all go welcome him to the family, yeah?”

With a raucous chorus of “yeah!”’s and excited cheers, the eight boys went to give Felix the good news.

*Boy, does this kid not know what he's getting himself into*, Chan thought to himself, a soft smile playing on his pale pink lips.

**Chapter End Notes**

> a wild jeongin appears!
> wild jeongin uses “puppy dog eyes” on bang chan!
> it’s super effective!
> bang chan has fainted!
“Hey guys, sorry to break this up, but we’re having a little group meeting downstairs. Felix, there’s some stuff we need to tell you.” Chan said, his expression melting from one of serenity into seriousness.

Felix had a feeling he was severely unprepared for what this meeting entails.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Felix has been living with the group for around 2 weeks now, and Chan thinks it might be time to let the cat out of the bag in regards to who, or what he’s really living with. He’s talked it over with the other boys, and they also agree; it’s now or never.

Chan’s honestly surprised Felix hasn’t been more suspicious of them over the last few days. He didn’t even bat an eyelash after Chan successfully moved all of Felix’s furniture and belongings into their empty room on the second floor. By himself. Up two flights of stairs. Chan knew Felix was a little, quirky, but he didn’t think all of their accidental supernatural tells would fly right over his head.

As Chan’s light steps echoed through the hallway, noises of laughter emanated from Felix’s new room as he closed in on the last room in the hall. As he peeked through the crack left open in Felix’s door, he saw the aforementioned boy sitting on his freshly set up bed, next to a cackling Hyunjin. Felix was showing the other boy something, obviously hilarious, on his phone. Hyunjin’s silky black hair shimmering in the light as he threw his head back from the force of the laughter, clapping his delicate hands together in elation.

A light knock on the door was enough to get both boys’ attention, their heads snapping up to the doorway simultaneously.

“Sup Chan hyung!” Felix said brightly, a huge smile breaking out on his lips. Hyunjin mimicking his expression as his eyes formed little crescents.

“Hey guys, sorry to break this up, but we’re having a little group meeting downstairs. Felix, there’s some stuff we need to tell you.” Chan said, his expression melting from one of serenity into seriousness.
“H-hyung, were having that talk now?” Hyunjin asked quietly, as if taken aback. His glimmering eyes widening in recognition as he regarded the leader of his coven. All Chan did in response was give a curt nod.

Felix looked confusedly between the two boys, unsure of what this talk could be about. As he was lead downstairs with Hyunjin and Chan in tow, a tight knot formed in his stomach, anxiety taking root in his mind.

*Do they not like me? Are they kicking me out? Did they find someone better than me?*

A million thoughts ran through Felix’s head as he gingerly made his way down the stairs. With each step, he couldn’t help but feel he was one closer to leaving his new friends. It’s only been a few days, but Felix has already bonded and formed relationships with most of the boys in the house. The proposition of leaving so soon made a lump form in his throat.

He gulped as he rounded the corner only to find all the boys nestled in their respective seats on the plush sofas and armchairs scattered about the living room. Chan plopped down in the empty spot next to his boyfriend, Woojin, and Hyunjin took a spot cuddled up next to a very unamused looking Changbin.

Felix was left standing alone before the group. Awkwardly twiddling his thumbs as he suddenly felt the heat of a thousand spotlights directly on him.

“Felix,” Chan started, turning to look Felix dead in the eyes. For some reason, Chan’s warm, kind eyes had a strange, dark gleam to them. Felix forced a gulp down his suddenly desert-like throat.

“We have to explain some stuff to you. All of us do.” Chan continued, leaning forward on his elbows as he leveled Felix with a hard stare. Felix couldn’t help the shiver that ran down his spine as the emerald green eyes bored into him. He suddenly got the sinking feeling he *definitely* was not prepared for what he was about to hear.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! this is part 1 of a double upload this week! This chapter was pretty uneventful, and is basically just filler leading up to the next chapter.
Next chapter is a big one! pray for felix guys, he's in for it....
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

"Felix, what we need to tell you is," Chan said with a sharp intake of breath. "We’re all, well, not exactly human."

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Felix, what we need to tell you is," Chan said with a sharp intake of breath. "We’re all, well, *not exactly* human.” He said with a sigh, averting his piercing gaze from Felix's solitary form.

Felix could only furrow his brows at Chan. Not human? what on earth could he mean by that?

“I-I’m sorry Chan hyung, but I’m afraid I don’t understand…” Felix said softly, his eyes flitting from Chan to the floor at a rate fast enough to give him whiplash. His heart started beating faster and faster as his mind raced a thousand miles an hour, trying so *desperately* to rationalize the absurd statement.

“I know this is gonna sound insane, but please just let us all explain before you freak out?” Chan said with a weak smile, before saying with finality; “Felix, I’m a vampire. This is my coven. We’re all different supernatural creatures. We don’t want you to be afraid of us, but we have to be honest with you.”

The other boys nodded in solemn agreement. Some had looks of sadness in their eyes, like they felt they were betraying Felix by coming clean. Some looked uncomfortable, but knew they had to do this. Like ripping off a band aid; once the pain is gone, the healing will start.

“C-Chan hyung, this isn't funny…” Felix said, barely above a whisper. Chan’s expression didn't change. The hardness in his eyes didn't melt into one of jovial normalcy. The rest of the boys didn't jump up with a raucous “*gotcha!*”. There was just eerie silence blanketing the nine boys.

Suddenly all the moments of Chan acting, well, a little *above* the average human came flooding back to him.
“His eyes, Felix thought with a pounding heart, *they're not contacts are they.*

“The rest of the boys wanna explain to you what they are, if you'll let them. But if you want to leave, we understand.” Chan said, once again averting Felix’s gaze. A pale hand coming to rub at the back of his neck, his adam’s apple bobbing with the force of his uncomfortable swallow.

Felix didn’t say anything. He didn’t know what to say, and his throat was too dry to force out any words. The boys took that as a sign to continue.

“Uh, I’m a nature spirit! Like, flowers and trees and stuff? That’s cool...right?” Woojin started, an awkward smile playing on his lips. Felix didn’t miss how Chan put a comforting hand on his boyfriend’s thigh, Woojin grabbing the vampire’s hand like his life depended on it.

“I’m a dark magician, but you can also consider me a warlock, witch, conjurerer, whatever works for you. I can do stuff like cast spells, reanimate the dead, create potions, stereotypical wizard stuff.” Minho said with a sly smile, long fingers moving gracefully as he spoke. “I’m like Gandalf, but cooler.” He continued, his smile widening into a devilish smirk, dark eyes sparkling with mischief.

“And hotter, too.” Jisung whispered from his spot next to his boyfriend. Chan could only put his head in his hand at Jisung’s comment. Minho snickered, and gave his boyfriend a surreptitious high five.

Felix just continued gaping at the revelations bombarding him from his group of new friends. He assumed he must look like a dead fish with his eyes bulging and mouth hanging open, but his mind was too numb to care. *Nature spirits? Conjurers? This must be a dream, right?* It obviously wasn’t, because he would have willed himself to wake up by now. Plus his pulse, vibrating in his ears like continuous rolls of thunder, was too loud, too painfully real to be a dream.

Minho took his stunned silence as cue to carry on. “I can also summon ghouls and demons, which is actually how I got *this* thing in my life.” He said with a loving nudge to Jisung, who nuzzled into his shoulder in response.

“It’s true! He accidentally summoned me three years ago, and we hit it off so well, I never left!” Jisung said brightly, like falling in love with a *demon you summoned* is a totally normal occurrence on Earth.
“You-you’re dating a demon?” Felix asked incredulously, running a shaky hand through his hair. It also struck Felix this was the first comment he made since this meeting started.

“Well, if being gay is a sin, might as well make it the ultimate sin and date a demon, right?” Minho said with a nonchalant shrug. Felix supposed he couldn’t argue with that logic.

For what felt like an eternity, the boys went around the room and gave a brief summary of who, or what they really are.

Jeongin? A werewolf. But because he’s so young, he hasn’t had a full transformation yet, as he explained.

Seungmin? A fallen guardian angel. He recounted with a melancholy bitterness that the reason he fell from heaven was because he committed the ultimate sin a guardian angel could; the girl he was watching over attempted suicide, and knowing it wasn’t her time, he interfered and saved her. Thus, by meddling in the supposed “natural order of things”, he was stripped of his wings.

The barrage on Felix’s psyche seemed never ending; with each confession he could feel his chest pushing out increasingly choppy breaths, his lungs burning like he just ran a marathon.

Next, it was Hyunjin’s turn. Felix and the lithe, raven haired boy had gotten awfully close since he moved in, so an extra pin of anxiety was inserted into his heart as his friend cleared his throat.

“I-I’m a siren, like from the ocean and stuff? With the whole magic singing thing?” He said with a crooked grin, his beautiful features scrunching with awkward sweetness. Suddenly, his eyes widened, “I don’t drown people though!” He said frantically, waving his hands around, as if to dissipate any false idea he might have made Felix think.

Felix could only nod, his brain feeling like one giant cotton ball. Hyunjin is a siren. That's nice. He thought to himself with numb, matter-a-fact acceptance, pushing a gulp down his tight throat.

Finally, the last member to speak was Changbin. Felix would be lying if he didn’t admit Changbin didn’t slightly intimidate him. The boy exclusively wears black, has barely said ten words to Felix since he’s been here, and looks at anything and everything like he’s three seconds away from tearing its proverbial throat out.

He regarded Felix with a cold stare, his dark eyes giving the boy a final once over before a wicked smirk pulled at his usually stoic expression.
“I’m a grim reaper.” He said simply. The room was left in heavy, tangible silence. Until it was shattered like glass, by a familiar, lilting voice.

“Retired grim reaper, Bin.” Jisung said with a knowing smirk, a devilish grin breaking out on his lips.

Changbin’s cool expression instantly soured at the demon’s admission. “Fine, retired. But I used to collect the souls of the departed and help them cross over to either the good place,” He said gesturing at Seungmin, “Or, the bad place.” He continued, now throwing a mean glance towards a sheepish looking Jisung.

All Felix could respond with at this point was a weak nod, and an equally weak “Cool”, barely above a breath. It now hit him that his legs felt like jelly. How long had he been standing? Hours, it felt like. His pounding heart didn’t add to him feeling any better, and his swirling mind left him painfully dizzy. His skin felt like it was on fire, each deafening pound of his heart making his brain feel like it was in a blender.

“Is he ok?” He hardly registered the soft voice of Seungmin ask, the angel wringing his hands together in worry.

Chan instantly perked up from his seat next to Woojin, his eyes widening with horror. “Shit, he’s gonna pass out.” He said quickly, the other boys’ expressions now copying his as the words sunk in.

Felix felt the room start swaying like he was on a ship. He couldn’t say anything, couldn’t do anything as he felt his legs start to give out. He was about to collapse to the floor when, faster than the blink of an eye, he was caught in the strong arms of Chan. How the boy had made it from the sofa to catch Felix in time was beyond him.

Vampire. Vampire, right was the last thing Felix thought to himself, before everything went black.

Chapter End Notes

Well, there u have it! poor felix ;3; only one more chronological plot chapter before we start the one shot chapters! get excited, all my fave chapters are one shots aha.

Also any and all comments are very much appreciated! srsly i love all your comments so much, they always make my day ;')
Chapter Six

Chapter Summary

If I could be with you tonight
I would sing you to sleep
Never let them take the light behind your eyes

(Fluffy chanlix hours: activated)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Felix’s eyes gently fluttered open, greeted by the overwhelming darkness of his bedroom. The only source of light was the lamp on his bedside table, which bathed the figure of Chan in a soft golden glow, sitting a few inches from Felix’s bed. Felix felt like he’d been hit by a train, his body comforted by the bed and blankets cradling him.

*What happened?* was the only thought that he managed to comprehend.

“Hey, you’re up.” Chan said gently, perking up at the sight of Felix’s movement. “How do you feel?” He prodded lightly, leaning forward to run a comforting hand across Felix’s cheek. Felix unconsciously nuzzled into the touch.

“I’m exhausted.” Felix mumbled, making eye contact with Chan for the first time since waking up. Chan’s eyes seemed to radiate a luminant green in the low light, as if illuminated from the inside out. As he met those emerald green eyes, all the memories flooded back to him like a tidal wave.

*Vampires. Werewolves. Creatures. All of them.*

His breath hitched in his throat as he re-lived those conversations from before. Chan, obviously aware of Felix’s sudden change in demeanor, brought his hand down to Felix’s, gently taking it in his. His expression becoming slightly more serious as he rubbed comforting circles on Felix’s thumb.

“I know this is all crazy, and overwhelming, and probably terrifying. But Felix, we all really enjoy having you here. We only told you the truth because we want you to stay, and we all knew we couldn’t keep these secrets much longer. We’re not like the monsters in stories, and we would
never ever hurt you. Of course we understand if this is too much to handle, but we’d all be really sad if you left.” Chan spoke with somber matter-a-fact-ness, like he fully expected Felix to be gone by now.

Felix forced down a swallow as he considered Chan’s words. Yes, it was hard to comprehend that not only were all these supernatural creatures real, but also that he genuinely didn’t want to leave them. It’s only been a few weeks, but Felix already felt like he was a part of their little family. He truly believed Chan when he said they would never hurt him, as well. If they were going to kill me, they probably would have done it already, Felix thought to himself.

So he turned to Chan, and with a small smile he said, “I’d like to stay. If you all don’t mind, that is.”

Chan’s stoic expression instantly broke out into a huge smile, his adorable dimples greeting Felix for the first time since waking up. “Trust me when I say, we definitely don’t mind.” Happiness staining each word as they tumbled from his pale lips, his radiant eyes seeming to gleam even more intensely.

“Oh by the way, drink this.” Chan said breezily after he sufficiently celebrated Felix’s choice to stay, taking a solitary glass of yellow liquid from the table and holding it out to Felix.

Felix eyed the glass with suspicion. “What is it…” he said darkly, squinting at the mysterious drink.

Chan rolled his eyes, a smile still playing on his lips. “It’s apple juice, dummy. You passed out, you need to replenish your sugar levels.”

Realizing Chan was telling the truth, Felix gratefully took the cup and gulped some of the juice down his dry throat. “I don’t know, I had to make sure it wasn’t like, goblin piss or something.” He mumbled after finishing the glass, his dry lips now glistening. Chan, of course, burst into laughter. Felix joined in after a few seconds of stubborn silence.

Then the boys met each other with equally blissful smiles, a comfortable silence blanketing the two.

After a few minutes, Felix broke said silence.
“Chan hyung, are you really a vampire?” He asked carefully. He didn’t wanna press the subject, but he also wanted to know with one hundred percent certainty he wasn’t apart of some extremely elaborate prank.

Chan let a small laugh escape from his lips, before nodding. “Can you prove it?” Felix inquired, against his better judgement.

Chan looked at Felix through hooded eyes, like he was contemplating the best way to go about this. “Here,” he finally said, taking Felix’s hand and gently placing it over his heart. Felix couldn’t help the way his skin prickled as his hand was placed flush against Chan. The other boy felt so cold, like a marble statue come to life.

“Feel anything?” Chan asked after a few minutes. Felix had to admit, he had felt absolutely nothing. Not a single heartbeat reverberated through his chest. Complete radio silence. “No, nothing…” Felix admitted, a cute frown pulling on his lips.

“Yeah, that’s because I’m dead. Well, technically. After I was bitten, my heart stopped. It never came back. But I sure did.” He said with a wicked smirk, wiggling his eyebrows at Felix. “Plus, I got these babies.” Chan said playfully, opening his mouth just enough for Felix to see two razor sharp fangs where his normal canines used to be. Well those certainly weren’t there before. Felix gulped as he gazed warily at the fangs, he definitely didn’t wanna be on the receiving end of those things.

Felix could only nod blankly at Chan as he tried to process this information despite his brain still feeling like it was made of cotton.

Wow, he really is a vampire...I can’t believe they exist! Felix thought to himself, a new feeling of excitement bubbling in his stomach. Actually, that might just be the apple juice. But Felix likes to think it’s excitement.

“Not to quote Twilight, but how old are you, hyung? Actually.” Felix asked the blonde boy, the two still sporting playful smiles.

“I’m 187 years young, as they say.” Chan said sheepishly, looking down at his lap and rubbing the back of his neck. “Just a few more years and I’ll be the big 2-0...0?” He said with a breathy chuckle, like even he had trouble accepting that fact.
That sentence should have made Felix freak out. But after seeing those fangs, he’s come to accept the fact that Chan, well, he’s a vampire. And being 187 years just comes with the territory.

He’s also certain absolutely nothing Chan, or any of the other boys can tell him will surprise him anymore. Werewolves actually come from the moon? Sure. Mermaids live in the sewers? Sounds good. What’s next.

“Pfft, such an old man.” Felix joked with a devilish smirk. Chan just rolled his eyes at the younger boy, again.

“Chan hyung?” Felix quietly prodded a few minutes later. “Yeah?” Chan responded, shifting slightly in his seat opposite Felix.

“Where’s everyone else?” Felix continued, voice getting quieter and quieter as sleep started to prickle behind his eyes.

“They’re all sleeping, it’s after 2 am after all.” Chan spoke softly, with a small smile. “They all wanted to wait for you to wake up, but with each hour you were asleep, they would fall asleep.” He shrugged his broad shoulders, a loving glimmer in his eyes as he talked about his members.

“So instead of going to bed with Woojin, you stayed with me until I woke up?” Felix’s heart felt like it was going to burst. They care about him. They really care about him.

“Of course! You think I would just let you wake up alone in a house you know is populated by supernatural creatures? I may be a vampire, but I’m not that much of a monster.” Chan said like the answer was so obvious, he couldn’t believe Felix asked. “But, it’s late, and you’re still tired. So I’ll let you get some well needed sleep.” Chan whispered, getting up from his spot across from Felix, and making his way to the door.

Felix would be lying if he didn’t admit the retreating figure of the vampire made a clutch form in his heart. Something about Chan, despite his new supernatural identity, made Felix feel so safe, so protected, he didn’t want the other to leave his side. Although the older was right; Felix was beat, and he needed sleep. But this is Felix’s life now, he’s not leaving them, and they’re not leaving him. He’ll see Chan everyday, and he knows they will be days he will never forget.

“Goodnight, Chan hyung. And thank you, for everything.” Felix barely managed to mutter, his eyelids feeling like they weighed fifty pounds as the telltale warmth of sleep engulfed him. His
heart felt light, and full. Full of excitement for the future. As he finally drifted into the warm arms slumber, he missed a barely audible “Goodnight, Felix.”

Chapter End Notes

hi guys! posting today bc i’ll be out of town tmmr and might not have time/access to update. welp we're finally done with chronological plot chapters! which means next chapter will be the first of the one shots! no spoilers, but the next chapter is one of my absolute favorites, and in my top 5 fave chapters in this fic so far.

Also, stray kids tickets go on sale tomorrow and i’m So Nervous so pls keep kimnamjin in your prayers >=< hopefully with the next update i’ll have good news to share on that front!

ok sorry this is so long BUT LAST THING I PROMISE! thank you guys SO MUCH for all the comments on the last posts!! srsly i was so shook,„it made me so happy. so as always pls gimme all ur reactions!! also i’m so shook at the THEORIES abt felix y’all have?? they're so good?? pls comment any and all theories u have abt the boys, i'm so curious to see if u guys predict smth that's gonna happen!
I’m just another soul for sale (oh well)

Chapter Summary

Who are you? Are you my salvation who found me deserted?

Who are you? Are your wings in the same pain like mine?

Your existence changes my world like magic.

I’m not in pain anymore.

[ txt, crown ]

(Seungmin’s backstory? Seungmin’s backstory!)

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from: the pretender, by the foo fighters

Written to: you are not alone, by gfriend

(Warning: this chapter contains some brief mentions of blood/wounds, but is not terribly graphic. However, you can skip past these parts and it won’t affect the plot/ending of the chapter.)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Frigid wind clawed at Jeongin, howling gusts that reminded him of the calls of his kin. Despite donning a heavy coat and scarf, his skin still prickled with the familiar nibble of goosebumps. To say Jeongin isn’t a fan of winter is a gross understatement.

He was in the midsts of making his way home from the local library, his brain sufficiently stuffed with knowledge for an upcoming school project. Just a few more minutes and then I have a date with some hot chocolate! Jeongin thought to himself with anticipation, a small smile coming his lips at the thought of Chan’s famous hot cocoa.

Huddled masses swept by him on the streets, faces hidden behind fluffy scarves and knit beanies. A particularly vicious whip of wind ripped past him, his cheek feeling like it was kissed by Jack Frost himself.

Suddenly though, Jeongin froze dead in his tracks. Although this time, the winter weather had
nothing to do with it.

A few feet before him, a solitary boy was standing. He was wearing a simple white t-shirt, and matching white pants. This is what first caught Jeongin’s attention; how could anyone wear that in this weather?!

His eyebrows furrowed, and lips pulled into a frown as he carefully examined the boy before him. The more he looked, the less the boy’s interesting choice of fashion stood out to Jeongin. His sweet features were scrunched in confusion as he frantically looked about his surroundings, eyebrows bunched and lips pouting. His honey brown hair looked messy, tousled. His shimmering eyes wide, looking utterly lost and afraid.

But then the boy whipped around to get another look at the street, turning so his back now faced Jeongin. And when he did, Jeongin’s blood ran cold. Like the freezing temperature, his blood turned to ice in his veins at the sight before him.

Like two hideous, crying eyes, streams of blood matted the back of his white shirt. It looked like the thick, red fluid emanated from two wounds between his shoulder blades. Some of the blood was dried, caked onto his shirt, dying the edges of the white fabric a sickening pink.

“Oh my g—Sir! Hey!” Jeongin called frantically, his legs starting to move unconsciously towards the lone white figure. Despite still being stiff from the intense cold, his legs carried him into a jog up to the still unsuspecting boy. Why was nobody doing anything? Why are they just idly walking by the bloody, clearly terrified figure? What the hell is going on here?! Jeongin’s mind raced a hundred miles an hour as he skidded to a stop a few inches from the boy’s bloody back.

“E-excuse me, are you ok?” Jeongin choked out, lightly tapping the boy on one of his unstained shoulders. Obviously the kid wasn't ok in the slightest, but Jeongin is lucky he managed to cough out anything as the two gaping wounds stared back at him, like the hollow eyes of a doll.

The boy jumped at the touch, whirling around to meet Jeongin with wide, terror-stricken eyes.

“W-what? Can you…can you see me?!” He practically shrieked, throwing a hand to his forehead, peeling away some hair that stuck to the skin.

“See you? Of course I can see you! Why wouldn't I be able to?!” Jeongin countered, voice incredulous at the strange boy’s even stranger question.
“You're not supposed to see me! I’m an angel, we're invisible to humans! I don’t even know why I’m here!” He cried to a stunned Jeongin, eyes agape and shining with fear. Jeongin’s heart skipped a beat at the boy’s shouts; did he just say angel? Jeongin must have misheard. He must have, right?

“Before I knew it I was falling. Falling and falling, everything was so dark. Until I woke up here.” The words spilled out of the boys pouting lips before Jeongin could even attempt to comprehend them, his brown eyes flitting around the dimly lit street. The boy’s wide-eyed expression instantly fell when his words hit the air, his eyes glazing over in bitter recognition. “O-oh no, no, no. I’m on earth. I-I fell from heaven, I’m not a guardian anymore.” Tangible pain was evident in each word. Jeongin didn’t even know what was happening, yet each word was like a knife in his side, inflicting paper cuts against his heart.

Jeongin’s brain was just now comprehending that this kid is apparently an angel, his mind jumpstarting with comprehension. If Jeongin himself weren’t a werewolf, he would’ve called the boy crazy. But he is, and if the gaping holes leaking in the other’s back meant anything, he decided to give this boy, this angel, the benefit of the doubt.

The two were then plunged into pregnant silence, Jeongin’s throat incapable of forming any words, either of honest disbelief, or of comfort to the fallen angel. The other boy, lip quivering, just stared at the ground. The freezing winds seeming to get even more violent in response to the boy’s anguish.

“How can you see me? Humans aren’t supposed to see angels, fallen or not.” He whispered bitterly, voice hardly recognizable over the powerful gusts.

Jeongin considered how to best respond. He pondered for a few more seconds in silence, before deciding he might as well be honest with the distraught angel.

“Well, I’m not human. I’m a werewolf, so I guess, uh, that’s why?” He spoke carefully, not wanting to startle the poor kid anymore than he already was. The angel’s eyes grew in understanding, Jeongin seeing his own reflection on the glossy surface. “Oh, ok.” Is all the angel could quietly say, the explanation seeming good enough for him.

Well that was easy, Jeongin thought to himself with a small shrug. If only everyone could react like that.

He blinked, and the two bleeding wounds flashed before his eyes. He jumped slightly at the image,
“Hey, listen to me. You’re obviously hurt, so I want you to come back with me to my coven. We’ll help get you better, I promise.” Jeongin spoke slowly, as if the angel were a cornered animal, placing a gentle hand on his shoulder once again.

The two were thrown into silence for a second time as the angel contemplated his offer. With a small sigh of acceptance, the angel looked Jeongin in the eyes, and nodded. He obviously had no other option, since he was invisible to all humans until all traces of his wings healed. Might as well take the kind werewolf up on his graciousness. Plus, he couldn’t take the searing pain much longer, his skin tingling with want of relief. “Yeah, ok. This really hurts.” His voice carried that very sentiment, Jeongin not even wanting to imagine the immense pain he must be suffering.

With a small smile, Jeongin motioned for the angel to follow him, his legs already itching to get him into their warm house, to wrap a blanket around his small frame. “My name is Jeongin by the way, nice to meet you?” He suddenly spoke as he restarted the trek down the emptying streets, the angel now in tow.

“I’m Seungmin. Thanks for the help. I guess things aren’t as bad here as I’d feared.” The angel, or Seungmin, spoke softly, a minuscule smile pulling at his lips for the first time that evening. Jeongin gladly returned the gesture.

“So uh, what happened there?” Jeongin piped up a few moments later, motioning to the red patches on the angel’s back, sticking to his skin with sanguine wetness. How the kid was still functioning and coherent despite those wounds was beyond Jeongin.

A pout grew on Seungmin’s lips and his eyes squinted as he relived the, obviously traumatic, past. “My wings. My wings were ripped off. Fallen angels lose their wings.” He finally gritted out, delicate hands forming tight fists at his side. “I didn’t mean to fall. It’s the last thing I ever would have wanted. But I had to save her, I had to save the girl I was watching from taking her own life. I know I wasn’t supposed to, but if this is the consequence for knowing she’s still alive, then I’ll deal with it.” His soft voice became hard, stoic and stonelike as he recounted why he fell. His eyes mimicking, looking like polished, honey-brown marble.

Jeongin could only blink his eyes rapidly in disbelief; not only because Seungmin had his wings ripped off, but that he would chose falling from heaven over letting his human die. He truly is an angel, Jeongin decided in that very moment. “Well, you sound like a hero to me, Seungmin. It’s very brave what you did, and heaven made a huge mistake losing you.” Jeongin spoke from the heart, anger prickling in his stomach at the injustice of it all. Seungmin saves someone, and he’s kicked out of heaven, wings plucked from his back like the petals of a daisy.
Seungmin seemed taken aback by Jeongin’s words of sincerity; his lips trembling as the words hit him in the gut like a freight train. The werewolf just met him, he couldn’t actually mean that, right? So he voiced his inquiry, looking at Jeongin through his full eyelashes.

“Of course I mean that! Seriously, heaven doesn’t even know what they’re missing. You’re gonna do amazing things here, Seungmin. I know your introduction to earth wasn’t the best, but if you decide to stay with us, I know you’ll like it here.” Jeongin said with palpable genuineness, kind eyes widening as he spoke. Jeongin was so enraptured in his speech that he didn't even realize his feet unconsciously stopped at the picket fence of the house, Seungmin hanging behind him as he regarded the unfamiliar building. It’s tall, yet not foreboding; rather emanating the radiance of a protective shelter. The lights were on, casting a golden glow on the winter night. Each illuminated window held a familiar warmth, like a constellation of stars.

“I mean, if I were from heaven, I would never— oh, we’re here! Wow, I got so into that I didn't even realize I got you home!” Jeongin said with a breathy chuckle, his eyes disappearing with the force of his smile. Just from said smile alone, Seungmin felt the heat of a thousand summer suns.

“Home?” Seungmin parroted back, head tilting as the word fell from his lips. Jeongin nodded happily, taking Seungmin by the chilled hand and leading him to the front door.

The bone chilling cold suddenly forgotten, an even more intense warmth taking its place as they clasped hands. The stinging pain from the ghost of Seungmin’s wings subsided to a dull ache. He felt something tickle his heart, like a protective shield against the bone shattering pain he previously felt. Hope, he decided it must be. Hope ignited in him by the words of Jeongin, the glimmering eyes of the werewolf a constant reminder of which. To Seungmin, Jeongin is even more an angel than his brethren above the stars.

As they took matching, soft steps up the porch, Seungmin tightened his grasp on Jeongin’s hand. A smile grew on his lips once again and this time, as he gazed at the other boy, he knew it wouldn’t fade any time soon.

Home. Seungmin liked the sound of that.

Chapter End Notes

Hyunjin *flirting, forgot Seungmin’s a fallen angel*: hey Seugmin, did it hurt when u fell from heaven?
Seungmin *oblivious*: Um, yes? It was excruciating.
Hyunjin *freaking out*: abort abort MISSION

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Hey guys! Hope u enjoyed the first of the one shot chapters! Next week will be the first of 2 minsung chapters!

Also, i know no one cares but I have 1 braincell and never kno when to shut up, SO i am very very happy to announce i got an amazing P2 seat for not one, but BOTH days of the SKZ shows in Newark!!!! And p2 comes w/ a hi touch w the boys, so I cant believe I’m gonna hold their lovely hands and look into their beautiful eyes TWICE?!!? Srsly I gotta memorize 18 different pick up lines now.....fucc (jk there’s nothing I’d rather do also I’m done k bye)

As always, any and all comments/reactions make my day. See u guys next week, it’s SKZ comeback time, so lets hope they dont murder us too badly?
If I die before I wake, pray the lord my soul to take

Chapter Summary

Now I lay me down to sleep
Pray the lord my soul to keep

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from: Enter sandman, by metallica
Written to: iron man by Black Sabbath + piri by dreamcatcher (lmao two completely opposite sides of the music spectrum)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fire. Fire everywhere.

That’s all Minho could think as he ran through the seemingly endless hallway. He’s been here before, he know he has. Walls of fire surrounded him on either side as his legs quickly carried him, bright flames licking at his heels.

A door.

A single door finally appeared at the end of the stretch of flames. Minho could feel his heart pounding in his chest like an endless stream of gunshots. His breath hurt his chest with each heave in, his lungs burning like the glowing flames chasing him. He burst through the door like his life depended on it. Which it probably did, given his surroundings.

Suddenly, all the fire was gone and he was now standing in a small, white room. The room was totally bare, devoid of any objects, yet he was not alone. Opposite him, against the far wall of the room, he saw a figure hunched over, on his knees. He couldn’t see his face, but he saw a head of raven black hair, falling over the man’s face. He knew that hair anywhere.

Jisung
Minho’s heart started pounding faster as a new, overpowering sensation of dread wedged itself into his mind. His skin now feeling like the flames in the hallway, as viscous fear pricked across his body.

Jisung slowly raised his head, his stringy hair still falling over one side of his face. He looked sick, and weak. But the most striking difference was as they made eye contact, Minho could only stare into pools of pitch black. Jisung’s eyes haven’t been pure black since the first day Minho met him. Something is wrong. Very wrong.

“It’s too late.” Jisung whispered, barely audible. But to Minho, the words reverberated in his ears like a bomb. Something bad, very bad is about to happen. And Minho was positively helpless, his legs frozen in place like a statue. No matter how much he wanted to run to the demon, to take him in arms protectively, he simply couldn’t.

“Jisung, what’s wrong? What’s happening?!” Minho yelled from where he was still standing petrified, opposite his boyfriend. Jisung didn’t answer, his head weakly falling again so his hair covered his face once again. The silence blanketing the two was so palpable, so deafening, Minho’s ears rang from the lack of sound.

Then, before Minho’s eyes, a circular ring of fire opened behind Jisung’s form, like the gaping maw of a hideous dragon. Minho’s eyes widened in horror as the portal widened and widened, until it was slightly taller than Jisung himself.

*Hands.* Countless clawed, disembodied hands suddenly burst through the portal, each grasping a part of Jisung’s helpless body. “No, stop!” Minho screamed through the lump that formed in his throat. His desperate pleas were ignored, the hands only tightening their vice grips on Jisung.

At the sight of Jisung, in the clutches of these razor clawed hands, Minho’s legs finally got the memo to start working. And he ran. He ran for what felt like miles towards his boyfriend, but no matter how fast his legs moved, he never got any closer. Tears started flowing from Minho’s eyes, streaming down his cheeks. He wasn’t going to make it. *It’s too late.* Jisung’s words replayed in his head like a broken record, seeming to get louder and louder until it was the only thought running through his head.

The hands, still grasping handfuls of Jisung, started to pull him back, towards to dark abyss of the portal. Everything then seemed to slow down, seconds stretching into years. Minho threw out a hand, desperately trying to reach the demon before his worst fear came to pass.

He got close, he got *so damn close.* His hand was only a few inches from Jisung, when he jolted
upright in bed, his eyes bulging and a thin sheen of sweat glistening on his skin.

His chest was rapidly pushing shaking breaths in and out as he frantically looked around, only to find himself in the familiarity of his and Jisung’s bedroom. That nightmare, again.

He ran a hand through his slightly damp hair, peeling it from where it stuck to his forehead. His breathing slowed marginally as he realized it was only a nightmare; a very real and horrifying nightmare, but a nightmare all the same.

Cautiously, as if afraid of what he might see (or more accurately, not see), he hesitantly looked down to his side. Thankfully, the small, sleeping figure of Jisung was still curled up next to him. A huge sigh of relief ripped from Minho’s lips at the sight of the demon, his form nothing more than a lump beneath the blankets encasing him. His boyfriend looked so fragile, like he was made of glass and the slightest touch would shatter him.

Minho has always had this fear that Jisung would be taken from him, dragged back to Hell where Minho will never see him again. He knows it’s irrational, but three years is a very long time to be gone after a routine summoning. Minho finds it very hard to believe that no one down there has realized Jisung has been gone so long. Are there so many demons that they’re just expendable? Are there so many that Jisung’s absence was merely lost in the shuffle of time? Does it not matter if they return to Hell or not? These were the questions that kept Minho up at night.

He’s voiced these concerns to Jisung before, and the demon always placates Minho’s fears, telling him he’s being ridiculous, and he has no plans of going back to Hell. He knows his boyfriend wouldn’t lie to him, and he should believe Jisung. He would know the inner workings of demon society better than anyone, after all. But the fear of losing Jisung still struck icy terror in his heart.

Gently laying back down, Minho softly intertwined his fingers with Jisung’s. Minho counted each soft breath rising from Jisung’s chest; a pastime of his that always calmed his frayed nerves after a nightmare. A few minutes later, Minho’s heart slowed, and his eyes became heavy with sleep. Just looking at the peaceful expression on Jisung’s delicate features was enough to melt the sharp thoughts of anxiety from Minho’s mind.

Jisung’s comforting scent of musky, burnt wood enveloped Minho in a sense of familiarity, of much needed serenity. His long eyelashes fanned across his gently closed eyes, enamoured affection blooming in Minho’s heart as he lovingly gazed at the demon’s tranquil expression.

Minho loves Jisung more than anything in the entire world, and no one, not even Lucifer himself will take him away. He’ll make sure of that.
As his eyes closed once again, Minho whispered a soft “I love you” to the sleeping form of Jisung. He knew he couldn’t hear him, but he was sure he felt Jisung squeeze his hand a little tighter.

Chapter End Notes

See u guys next week w another minsung. The miroh teasers burned my crops and poisoned my water supply
You put the “Hell” in hello.

Chapter Summary

Our chemistry is like a fantasy, every moment
Is so perfect when we’re together
Through you, I see me and through me
You see yourself, such a great scene
I’ll stay by your side
Will you stay in the same place as me?

(I purposely posted this chapter after the last one b/c I wrote some parallels between the two! See if you can spot them!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Minho needed to pass this exam. Like he had to, no matter what. He studied his butt off, but the exam was rapidly approaching and he still didn't feel confident. So, he decided to do what any normal student his age would do; he was going to cast a memory spell so he made sure he wouldn’t forget the answers.

Minho has been dabbling in the art of spell casting and black magic for some time now, but he’d never dreamed of actually enchanting an item before. Well, no better time than now to try, right? His grades depended on it, so he didn’t see any other choice.

A nervous knot formed in his tummy as he awkwardly gave his enchanting circle a final once over. The runes he carefully drew in white chalk looked accurate, and the small crystals dotting the circle looked large enough for the spell he would be casting. An old necklace lay in the middle of the circle, the vessel Minho was (attempting) to cast the spell of memory on. Still, this was his first time enchanting an actual item, so saying he wasn’t confident was an understatement.

Well, let’s get this over with, Minho thought to himself, anxiously rubbing his hands together as he lit the candles surrounding the runes. His eyes rapidly darted around the circle, racking his brain over if he forgot anything. Everything checked out, despite the nervous pounds of his heart in his chest.
With a final sharp exhale, Minho closed his eyes, and started to whisper the incantation. The foreign words left his lips with practiced accuracy, flowing into the stiff air.

When he finished the spell, he opened his eyes to see, well, nothing. The runes looked exactly the same as before he spoke. Same goes for the crystals, and the necklace. Even the small flames of the candles idly bobbed from side to side, as if mocking Minho’s failure.

He sighed, pouting as he put his dreams of passing the exam to rest, along with his future in dark magic, if this was any indication of his talent.

Then, as if on cue, the crystals, the necklace, even the yellow dots of candle light started to shake. And not just shake like from a breeze, they were vibrating against Minho’s wooden floor with the ferocity of an earthquake. Except it couldn’t be an earthquake, because Minho was in his room, on the second floor of the house he shared with his friends. Plus, only the items within the enchanting circle were affected, all of the other belongings in his room stayed eerily still as he helplessly watched the trembling items.

Maybe I spoke too soon? Minho mused with a nervous gulp, the nagging thought that this seemed a little too intense for simply enchanting a necklace taking root in his mind. As if hearing his thoughts, the tiny points of flames blew out, thick tendrils of grey smoke wafting to the ceiling. Icy dread gnawed at his skin, bit at his pounding heart.

Then, before Minho’s widening eyes, a huge, gaping black hole opened in the floor behind the enchanting circle. It looked like a purely ebony abyss, with licks of flames swirling around its perimeter.

Minho’s heart started speeding, feeling each pounding beat against his ribs like it would burst out of his chest. Ok, just kidding, I fucked up. I definitely fucked up. Someone remind me why I thought this was a good idea again?! Minho frantically thought to himself, kicking himself for ever playing with things he obviously didn’t understand.

As if the newly situated black hole in Minho’s bedroom floor wasn’t bad enough, two hands suddenly tore their way out the endless darkness, grasping onto the wood of Minho’s floor to pull itself up. And out.

Minho’s mouth fell open in a silent scream, sliding his way backwards until he was pressing his back flush against his bedroom wall. Tears welled in his eyes as whatever that thing was finally pulled itself out of the gaping abyss in the floor. The portal instantly shut, like it was never even there. The figure was left kneeling before the altar, head down and pitch black hair obscuring its
Face? Hair? Head and hands? Why does this thing look human? The thoughts frantically raced through Minho’s head as he rapidly blinked, praying each time his eyes reopened that creature would be gone, merely his mind playing a very elaborate trick on him. But it was to no avail as he stared helplessly at the new addition to his room, not budging from its position at the circle. He felt sweat prickle on his hands, his fingernails leaving crescent indentations on his palms.

Suddenly, at inhuman speed, the figure’s head shot up, leveling Minho with an image he will never forget as long as he lives. And given the current situation, he can’t imagine that will be very long. It was like all the air was sucked out of the room, leaving a vacuum of eerie silence that was almost deafening.

Black. Two pure, pitch black eyes bore into him. They had no pupils, no irises, no whites whatsoever, just endless pools of onyx. They looked like two miniature versions of the portal that just vanished from Minho’s room, the deepness of the color the likes of which Minho has never seen.

Despite the thing’s lack of pupils, Minho knew it was looking directly at him. He wanted to scream, wanted to cry and yell and curse himself for medaling with dark magic. I deserve this. He thought through the waves of ice cold fear racking his body, I deserve to be killed by this thing.

Minho was then jolted out his racing thoughts by the sound of a soft, yet strong voice ringing out in his otherwise silent bedroom.

“Why did you summon me?” The creature asked lowly, his deep voice sending shivers down Minho’s spine. Still glaring at Minho with those obsidian eyes, he raised his head slightly, finally giving Minho a full view of his face.

This creature, this thing that climbed out of a flaming portal in Minho’s floor, is beautiful. He has surprisingly soft, elegant features, and full cheeks that made him look less like a monster and more like a squirrel. As he shifted in the light of Minho’s room, his pitch black hair shimmered as the light hit it from different angles, like the iridescent feathers of a raven.

“I’ll ask again, human. Why did you summon me. I suggest you answer this time.” That deep voice sounded again at Minho’s dumbstruck silence, reverberating in his ears and successfully rousing Minho from his stupor at how gorgeous the creature is. Shaking his head lightly, Minho forced a swallow down his dry throat.
“I-I um, I didn’t mean to. To summon you, that is…” He choked out, averting the piercing gaze of the black eyed boy across from him.

The creature seemed to consider his response, before humming lightly. His hard expression softening slightly.

“Is that so?” He quietly asked Minho.

Minho nodded his head in earnest. “Y-yeah, I’m serious. This is my first time ever casting a spell! I’m new to the whole dark magic deal, and I was only trying to cast an enchantment of memory because I think I’m gonna fail this test and I—“ Minho’s rambling tapered off as he noticed the small smile now playing on the creatures lips.

Sensing Minho’s confusion, the creature’s smile merely grew before saying airily, “Sorry, you’re cute, is all.” Minho could only gape in a very dead fish-like manner at the confession. Cute?! This thing thinks I’m cute?!

Minho screamed to himself incredulously. He also made the conscious decision to ignore the way his heart speed up for a different reason at the creature’s words.

“My name is Jisung. I’m a demon.” He said, tilting his head as he regarded Minho, expression unreadable. His features, before holding a terrifying air, now looked gentle, and almost kind. Even his colorless eyes seemed to have lost their threatening gleam from earlier.

But then, his words finally made their way into Minho’s swirling brain. Demon?! I summoned a goddamn demon?! Chan is going to kill me! Unless Jisung kills me first! Minho thought to himself in shock. Summoning demons is high level stuff, and he can’t comprehend how his simple enchantment ritual lead to this.

Seeing Minho’s obviously stunned reaction, Jisung let a melodious laugh pass through his lips, before saying “I’m not gonna kill you, don’t worry. You must be pretty powerful though, if on your first attempt at an enchantment you accidentally summon a demon.” He spoke with a bright smile, his rounded cheeks bunching endearingly.

“O-oh, thank you? That’s um, very flattering.” A breathy laugh fell from Minho’s lips as he replied, still not entirely free of nerves, despite the demon’s supposed harmlessness. “I’m Minho, by the way. Nice to meet you?” he added after a few seconds of awkward silence.
“Minho, the pleasure is all mine.” the demon’s breezy voice flowed into his ears, scooting forward and extending a lithe hand across the now forgotten enchanting circle. The way his name gracefully fell off the demon’s tongue made a heat blossom on Minho’s cheeks. Minho regarded the gesture for a few seconds, before reaching out a hand of his own, albeit hesitantly.

Jisung grabbed his, and a jolt of electricity zapped through Minho’s body. Jisung’s hand was soft, and warm, just like his voice. Minho would be lying if he said he was eager to let go.

“Well, since you’re already here, do you wanna stay and hang out for a while? No one else is home, and I have nothing else to do…” Minho asked sheepishly, deciding to take a chance, perhaps against his better judgement. But he felt his cheeks start to burn with the telltale sensation of the blush coloring his face, and as he gazed at the beautiful demon he realized his better judgment flew out the window a long time ago.

Jisung let an amused smirk grow on his pink lips as he looked at Minho through hooded eyes. “I’ve got nowhere else to be, so I see no harm in it.” He finally said after leaving Minho in agonizing silence.

Minho couldn’t believe he said yes, a new giddy sensation bubbling in his chest. Perhaps casting the wrong spell was a blessing in disguise.

“Um, by the way, what’s that?” Jisung asked innocently, pointing to Minho’s bed. His question effectively startling Minho from his excited stupor.

Minho couldn’t help but laugh at the ridiculousness of it all. Despite being a demon, Jisung seemed pretty clueless. “That’s my bed, Jisung. It’s like a big, soft rectangle human’s lay on when we sleep.” Minho managed through his bouts of good natured laughter.

Jisung’s expression widened in understanding, his mouth forming an adorable ‘O’ shape as he gazed at the bed as if the object itself were magical. “Sleep, huh? I’ve always wondered what that’s like…” Jisung whispered, moreso to himself than to Minho. “Can I try it?” He murmured in the same soft tone, like he was embarrassed to pose the question.

Minho gave it some thought. Let a demon try out his bed? That was a question he never thought he’d have to consider. He didn’t wanna admit to the teeny tiny crush he felt blooming for Jisung, but if it let the demon accomplish one his dreams, he saw no harm. At least, that’s what he settled on telling himself.

He met the demon with a small smile, and with more assurance than he’d expected, he said, “I
Minho and Jisung talked in his bed for hours. And it turns out he’s actually the biggest sweetheart Minho’s ever met, despite his home being literal Hell. The boys talked about anything and everything, laughing and bonding until the wee hours of the night. Minho prodded Jisung about the inner workings of Demon society, and Jisung had a laundry list of questions about the human world. Minho was happy to answer each one, despite how mundane they seemed to a human like himself. He was content to see the demon’s smile that bloomed after each lesson learned about earth in return. Jisung even joked that the feeling of being in a bed was nicer than he could’ve imagined, making a satisfied warmth take place in Minho’s heart.

Minho wasn’t sure how to come to terms that he might be falling for an actual demon. It probably wasn’t what his family would be happiest with, but Minho didn’t even care. He’s only known him for a few hours, but something about Jisung made a feeling of safety and comfort glow in his heart. He could see himself with Jisung, see them being happy together, laughing together, forever.

It seems insane, but Minho thinks he might be just slightly in love with the demon boy.

As the familiar warmth of sleep took place behind his eyes, Minho couldn’t help but lean his head in the crook of Jisung’s neck. He felt a comforting warmth radiating from the demon, and it only accelerated the feelings of exhaustion taking root in his body.

“Jisung,” Minho mumbled, eyes getting heavier by the minute, “can you stay until tomorrow?” His voice barely above a whisper. Minho couldn’t see the smile that grew on Jisung’s lips at the proposition.

Jisung leaned his head against Minho’s, pressing their bodies even closer together. “I don’t see why not.” Jisung whispered into Minho’s fluffy hair, as the human drifted off to peaceful sleep, feeling warm, protected, and most of all; in love.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys, i hope you enjoyed minsung’s backstory! This is one myfavorite chapters, and it is very dear to my heart :) fun fact: the orig title of this chap was “our love is hotter than hell” but i thought that was kinda bland/meh so i came up w this dad joke of a title...chan would be proud
I can't believe miroh is happening...I'm so not ready. I can't even comprehend the amount of SKZ content released every day...it is too much for my heart, cause of death: stray kids.

Anyways, next week is another one of my absolute favorite chapters! It's a little different because rather than member/member, a new character is introduced! Can you guess who it'll be?

Hint: they are also an idol under JYP. Take your bets on who it'll be!
Grrr (beeware)

Chapter Summary

Get lost, this is our district, get outta here,
No place for you here.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s a rare day in the world of Chan; he is actually alone. During the daytime.

The younger boys; Felix, Jeongin, and Seungmin are all at their respective schools. Woojin, feeling generous, took the older boys out for brunch. Chan of course, gladly stayed home to watch the fort, so to speak. Although it was a little strange for the house to be so quiet, the silence is calm and comforting.

However, Chan was roused from said peaceful silence by a sudden round of knocking at the door.

Once opened, Chan met a familiar pair of golden eyes staring back at him on the otherside of the threshold. His own eyes widening slightly in shock, instantly recognizing his visitor.

“Hey Channie, miss me?” The smooth voice of Kim Yugyeom rang out, shattering the stiff silence. His black hair falling gracefully over his handsome features as he regarded Chan through hooded, dark eyes.

Yugyeom, a fellow vampire introduced to him by Bambam, is an… acquaintance, of Chan’s. But to say Chan isn’t a fan of the younger vampire is the understatement of the century. He’s disrespectful, and rude, and cruel. Chan used to associate with him when he and Bambam lived together, but he’s done everything in his power to stay away from the younger since forming his own coven. It’s been countless years since the other vampire has made an appearance, to the point where Chan thought he would never have the pleasure of seeing him again. Looks like he spoke too soon. Chan immediately tensed at the sight of the vampire on their doorstep, his heightened senses awakening with each second passing.

“What do you want, Yugyeom,” Chan spoke lowly, not hiding his disdain for the other vampire. “I know you want something, so just tell me what it is so you can leave.”
Yugyeom just laughed at Chan, the airy sound contrasting with his razor sharp fangs, which glinted in the light as he did so. Chan however, was not amused in the slightest. Yugyeom is danger in every sense of the word, and he wants the vampire as far from his coven as possible.

“What, I’m not allowed to drop by and say hello?” He said with a wicked smirk, his golden eyes boring into Chan’s. “Plus, I heard you have a human living with you now. Interesting choice, if I do say so myself.” He continued, voice sickeningly sweet.

A clutch formed in Chan’s chest at the reference to Felix, icy claws of dread sinking into his flesh. Of course, Chan thought to himself, I should have known.

“How did you hear about that?” He questioned innocently, not wanting to show any type of reaction to the younger.

Yugyeom’s devilish smirk only grew. “You know word travels fast among vampires, Channie.”

Bambam, Chan thought ruefully, of course he told him about Felix.

Taking Chan’s silence as a cue to continue, Yugyeom spoke again. “So, can I meet your new friend or what?” He asked with a lopsided grin. The question seemed innocent enough, but Chan certainly wasn't born yesterday. He may not have seen Yugyeom for a couple decades, but he didn't become ignorant to his old tricks. There is a gleam of predatory intent in those golden eyes, like a lion stalking his prey, ready to pounce.

“No, Yugyeom, you can’t. Now please leave.” Chan said curtly, his expression still a black canvas, besides the sharp glimmer in his eyes.

“Aw, is someone afraid his little human will like uncle Yugyeom more?” He sing-songed, voice like disgustingly sweet cough syrup. Chan had to stop himself from gagging.

“Nope, that's definitely not why.” Chan countered breezily, barking out a hollow laugh at Yugyeom’s comment. Chan knows what the younger wants. He knows without a shadow of a doubt that the only reason Yugyeom stopped by today is because he fully expected to leave the corpse of a completely drained Felix behind him.

Although he’s prepared to do whatever it takes to protect Felix from the other vampire, Chan is
now thanking whatever higher power made Yugyeom come when the human isn’t in the house.

Chan may be older and stronger than Yugyeom, but the younger vampire is absolutely vicious, a trait that (thankfully) hasn’t lent itself to Chan since accepting his vampirism.

“What, you're afraid I’ll take a little bite from your new friend?” Yugyeom teased with a wicked smirk, eyebrow cocked. Malicious light swirled in his golden irises, like glowing flames that burned with increasing intensity.

“Yes, that’s exactly right.” Chan said with matter-a-fact seriousness, his expression still stoic, emotionless. His emerald eyes harbor a threatening gleam of their own, the look in them alone showing the other vampire his true emotions.

Yugyeom threw a hand over his heart in faux offense, his expression darkening.

“You're really protecting humans now? And from one of your own? That’s sad Chan, even for you.” Yugyeom uttered with feigned innocence, fully aware he and Chan live in two very different worlds of vampirism.

Chan rolled his eyes, a scowl twitching onto his lips. “The day I consider you one my own, is the day I deserve to be staked.”

Chan has seen Yugyeom do things to humans that made him feel sick, and he didn't even want to imagine what he would do if he got his clutches on innocent, sweet little Felix. The thought sent shivers down Chan’s spine.

“I know how you are, Yugyeom. Honestly, I’m surprised there isn't a trail of bodies left in your wake.” Chan mused, gesturing to the empty streets of his neighborhood.

A sick grin flickered onto the younger’s expression. “This is only one street, Channie.”

Primal anger started to boil in Chan’s body, willing himself with all his power not to tear the younger's throat out from where he stood on their porch. His fangs itched, animalistic urges to bite and slash threatening to overflow.
“I think it's time for you to leave, Yugyeom.” Chan all but growled, as his dark eyes hardened. “And if I learn you've killed anyone in this town, you're going to be very, very sorry.”

A spark of malice grew in the younger’s golden eyes as he regarded the older vampire through hooded eyes, a smirk still playing on his lips at Chan’s thinly veiled threat.

“Aww, does wittle Channie think he can kill me?” Yugyeom mocked as if he were talking to an infant, before his expression soured into one of repulsion. “What a joke. You, Chan, are a joke. You're a disgrace to all vampires, you soft, weak little—” The younger vampire was cut off by the sickening crack of Chan’s fist meeting his jaw, powered by a rage he hasn't felt course through his veins in decades.

Yugyeom was sent flying, catapulted across the street, before skidding to a stop in their neighbors yard.

*I hope the neighbors don't mind the trash in their yard,* Chan mused to himself as he kept his eyes locked on Yugyeom’s prone form, still poised to attack if the younger didn’t learn his lesson yet.

Chan scowled as the vampire writhed in pain, clutching his jaw. *Not so tough are you now, brat,* he thought to himself, disgust apparent on his features. The incredulous look on the other vampire’s face was enough to put Chan’s worries of him returning any time soon to rest.

Chan sent the wide eyed youngster a final cautionary glare that clearly translated as;

*If you want to live, you won’t come back.*

Chan thinks he got the message loud and clear.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, i guess this is the last time we’ll see yugyeom. Or...is it?! Dun dun dunnnn

Also i seriously think skz are trying to murder us stays in cold blood....i mean??? The victory song performances ???? HELLO???? MR BANG CHAN AND UR ROCK HARD GREEK GOD LOOKIN ABS???? IM BEYOND DEVASTATED CHAN IS
MY ULT HOW AM I STILL ALIVE (I’m not) and jisung?? Top ten anime betrayls tbh bc like...have u SEEN jisung...how does that man have a six pack... I’m bad at math but this doesn’t add up

Anyways comments are always super appreciated! Also, make sure to pre-vote for skz on the mnet app!! They’re super ahead, but pls vote and keep streaming so we can hopefully get them their 1st win!!
The ocean gusts whipped at Chan’s cheeks, particles of sand kissing his porcelain skin. The newly risen sun bathed the dunes in a golden glow, like a desert of molten gold. The crashing waves sent a continuous spray of glimmering mist into the morning air.

The beach was completely deserted, save for the packs of cawing seagulls. Which makes sense, because Chan’s watch just struck the early hour of 5:30 in the morning.

Chan loves going on early morning strolls along the beach, when no people are out; just the roaring waves and his thoughts. With the beach only a short drive away, it’s Chan’s favorite place to just relax and think.

Chan strolled down to the shoreline, the sand’s texture slowly morphing from velvety soft grains to a thick mush as the sea lapped at his feet.

The water was cold, refreshing, as the undulating current bathed over his feet. Despite his skin being in a constant state of chill, the cool water still brought a relaxing calm over Chan.

Going to the beach to enjoy the early morning sun’s rays, the blue waves of the sea, the supple planes of sand, they are one of the last joys in Chan’s life that made him forget his vampirism. The ocean doesn’t care if you are human or not, its waves will embrace you whether your heart beats or is frozen in your chest.
His eyes occasionally darted to the sand, on the lookout for the perfect shell to bring back for Jeongin. Their youngest has quite the collection in his room, each time whining to Chan about how he promises he’ll wake up early to go with him next time. Although Chan has a sneaking suspicion that sleepyhead Jeongin would rather choose marshmallow pillows and plush blankets over crystalline water and lustrous shells.

Suddenly, Chan’s serene contemplation was interrupted by a disturbance on the shoreline. Some feet away, Chan could make out a blob, a dark object being kissed by the waves.

Chan squinted, his supernatural vision activating as he tried to make out what the singular figure on the shoreline could possibly be.

Chan’s eyes then widened in shock, in horror.

*Oh my god!* Chan thought frantically, *it’s a person!*

Using his super-speed, unafraid to implement his powers on the empty beach, Chan was at the person’s side instantly.

Kneeling down, his knees sank into the wet sand, the uncaring waves bathing his jeans in saltwater.

Before him lay the figure of a young man, his body limp, damp black hair falling over his eyes. He was totally bare, besides a thin pair of white shorts. His skin is Milky smooth, but lean muscles are still visible from his prone position.

Chan’s worry increased at the man’s unconscious state, throwing a hand over the lithe boy’s heart. His shoulders slumped in relief as a slow, steady heart beat reverberated against his palm. Chan then noticed the man’s chest rising and falling evenly, running a hand through his blonde hair as worry melted from his tense muscles.

*At least he’s alive,* Chan thought to himself thankfully. The boy must be pretty lucky; not drowning is one thing, but his body looked pristine, devoid of any cuts or bruises from the fists of the powerful waves pummeling him against the sand.

Gently, Chan turned the man’s body so he was on his back, his silky black hair finally falling from
His face. His features fully came into view, and Chan has to admit, the man is quite beautiful. His angular jaw contrasted with his soft and elegant features, his plump lips lightly hanging open as soft breaths fell delicately from between them. A small beauty mark took residence under his eye, like a single star in the sky of his clear skin.

His lips pulling into a frown, Chan couldn't help wondering how the man ended up washed up on the shore of the beach; there were no possessions dotting the sand around him, no life jackets, no broken parts of a ship, absolutely nothing.

Putting a gentle hand on the man’s shoulder, Chan shook him lightly, hoping to rouse him from his deep unconsciousness.

It took a few minutes of the shaking, but Chan perked up when the man’s lovely features scrunched, his thick lips forming a cute pout as his eyes finally cracked open.

“W-what happened?” He asked quietly, as he slowly sat up from his bed of sand. His voice was sweet and soft, despite being hoarse as he awoke. His voice sounded like he hasn't spoke in years. He shook his head as thoughts streamed back into his head, raven black hair bouncing, shimmering in the sunlight.

“I don’t know, I was hoping you could tell me that.” Chan said with a soft chuckle, a smile pulling at his lips as he regarded the newly-awakened boy. Said boy just scrubbed a hand across the planes of his face, before finally taking notice of Chan’s presence.

His dark eyes widened as he met Chan’s, his mouth opening in a silent scream as his head whipped around, taking in his surrounding. His expression clearly showed one of newly recognized fear, of dread.

Chan’s expression fell at the man’s sudden change in demeanor. Chan was about to speak, to attempt to placate the man, but was unable to. “W-where am I?! Am I on land?!” The man’s voice, still gravelly from disuse, rang out on the empty beach, scaring some idling seagulls that flew to investigate the pair.

The man's wide, fear ridden eyes bored into Chan, his lips quivering in apprehension of the answer.

“Um, yes? I’m sorry, but do you know what happened to you?” Chan spoke as comfortingly as he could, sliding through the wet sand to get closer to the boy, putting a safe hand on his shoulder.
“Oh no, no no no!” The man cried, a thin sheen of tears brimming at his warm brown eyes. His head whipped to look at Chan, plump lips still trembling. “I-I don't belong here. I’m not human, I’m a siren! I have a tail, I’m not supposed to have legs! I’m supposed to be out there,” He desperately whimpered, gesturing widely at the ocean, waves still crashing and blue waters swirling, uncaring at the boy’s distress.

It was now Chan’s eyes that widened, his breath catching in his throat at the man’s statement. *He isn't human?!* Chan’s thoughts bounced around his now racing mind, his own mouth falling open in disbelief. Chan vaguely knew mermaids and other sea creatures existed, but to stumble across one on *his* local beach? You could've knocked a stupefied Chan over with a feather.

Taking Chan’s stunned silence as a cue to continue, the boy’s shaking voice flowed into Chan’s ears once again.

“T-there was a huge storm, the sea was so choppy and scary…” The freshly revealed siren whined with a sniffle, “I was swimming with my pod, and the sea got so turbulent, and I-I got lost and then I woke up here!” He wailed, his head falling in defeat and his shoulders shaking with desperate sobs. “I don't even know where I am, I’ll never find them again.” His voice was so broken, like each word cut his throat with the sharpness of shattered glass.

Chan, mind finally coming down from the whiplash of the man's admission of being a siren, shook his head of blonde hair. “I’m...really sorry?” He forced himself to eventually speak. His voice was gentle and quiet, both to try and comfort the siren, as well because he was still reeling.

The man just looked into his eyes, the warm brown irises filled with palpable pain, and grief. A shaking sigh rattled from his chest as his eyes darted from Chan, to the surroundings of the beach.

“If it makes you feel any better, I’m not human either, so don't worry about me. Pretty crazy coincidence, huh?” Chan mused, a small smile pulling at his lips as he started to rub comforting circles on the boy’s smooth, damp skin. The siren, obviously not accustomed to humans, might as well know as soon as possible he’s in no danger with Chan.

The man’s expression twisted into one of confusion, his head tilting like a little puppy. “Really?” He asked with a cute sniffle, his eyes still glassy as he regarded Chan suspiciously.

“Yeah! I’m, uh, a vampire.” Chan said with a crooked smile, flashing the siren his fangs, hoping his confession wouldn't strike fear in the heart of the crestfallen siren.
The siren’s mouth formed a cute ‘O’ shape as his eyes widened in acknowledgement. “But you're in the sun? Doesn't that hurt?” He softly inquired, his lips still pulled into an endearing pout.

Chan barked out a laugh, his eyes forming little crescents as he waved a hand at the siren. “Nah, that's just a myth. It’s not true.” Chan said with a good natured smile and shrug, green eyes meeting the siren’s brown pair.

A small smile pulled at the siren’s lips for the first time since their strange meeting. He softly leaned into Chan’s touch, his tightly muscles marginally loosening.

“That is a coincidence. I was afraid you were human, and you'd put me in an aquarium or something.” He said with a hollow laugh, his eyes still gleaming with tearful despair.

Chan chuckled again at the cuteness of the poor siren. The kid not only got lost from his kind, but ended up in a totally different world, where he feared he'd become a sideshow attraction. If Chan had a beating heart, he knew it’d be breaking. The siren is totally alone, and obviously afraid.

Chan refused to leave the heartbroken siren on the empty beach, a lunar landscape of unknown danger. Chan’s expression hardened, before softening as obvious realization sparked in his mind.

He knows what he has to do.

“I know this won’t fix everything, but I’m the leader of a coven of supernatural creatures. You're welcome to join us. We’re like a weird little family, and we’d love to have you join us. If you’d like?” Chan asked gingerly, velvety voice drowning out the crashing waves still bathing their feet.

Chan wanted nothing more than to protect the siren, to make his new life on land as comfortable and enjoyable as possible. Chan could only pray the siren would let him.

The siren's eyes widened once again at Chan’s offer, his eyes darting from Chan’s to stare at his freshly formed legs. A light pink flush bloomed on his cheeks, his mouth opening and closing as he tried to get his racing thoughts in order.

“Are you serious..?” He finally whispered to Chan, his eyebrows furrowed and eyes shimmering in
the sunlight. Chan eagerly nodded his head, turning to face the siren full on.

“My name is Chan. Vampire, at your service.” He said with a huge smile, holding a large hand out to the siren.

The siren regarded the hand, and Chan could basically see his mind going a hundred miles an hour. His eyes flew up to meet Chan’s. With a light gulp, the siren’s frown pulled into a small smile. He timidly reached out a delicate hand, grasping Chan’s with desperate firmness. The two shared looks of hope as they clasped hands, matching smiles growing on their lips.

“My name is Hyunjin. Siren. But you knew that already…” He said with a nervous laugh, rubbing the back of his neck with his free hand.

“Hyunjin, huh?” Chan said with a playful smirk. The siren quickly nodded his head, eyes full of earnest sweetness.

“So, Hyunjin, wanna visit your new home?” Chan said eagerly, pulling Hyunjin up with their still connected hands. The siren wobbled, legs buckling as he stood for the first time. He reminded Chan of a baby giraffe, an affectionate gleam shimmering in the vampire’s eyes as he pulled the siren to lean against him.

“Yes! Let's go!” Hyunjin cheered excitedly, a real, bright smile breaking out onto his thick lips. His eyes disappearing at the force of the expression, cheeks bunching with happiness. Chan thought that look alone could outshine the sun itself.

The two basked in comfortable silence as they trudged up the dry sand, the sound of the crashing waves retreating with each step. Hyunjin was still leaning against Chan, his legs not fully functional yet.

“Chan?” Hyunjin asked quietly, voice so soft it was as if he didn't want Chan to hear him. Of course, being a vampire, Chan heard him loud and clear. Chan just met the siren with an expectant smile.

“Do you like, have water? At your house?” He asked with sweetly scrunched brows, expression an endearing mix of expecting hope and apprehensive fear.
“Sure! We have tons of water! I know it's not the same as the sea, but we have a huge bathtub that can be all yours.” Chan said, tightening his protective grip on the siren as they walked. “Plus, you can come here as much as you want, and swim in the sea for as long as you want.”

Hyunjin’s expression instantly brightened, mouth stretching into a beaming grin, eyes sparkling with joy.

As they made their way to Chan’s car, idly chatting about this and that, Chan couldn't help but think it was fate that made him come across Hyunjin that morning. Chan didn't even wanna think about what could’ve happened to the siren if a human stumbled across him. But he didn't have to worry about that; the siren will be safe with Chan and his coven, and Chan will make sure his life on land will be filled with laughter, and joy, and love.

With a newfound sense of full, warm affection rooted in his chest, Chan had a feeling he would be making trips to the ocean much more frequently after today. And he wouldn't want it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

Tbh to be honest I’m not entirely happy/satisfied with this chapter...especially the ending :/ oh whale I tried >> also i know what ur all thinking: “ao3 user chronosaurus where is the Changlix” and I HAVE 3 WORDS FOR U!!! IT IS COMING!!! I dont write the chapters in a specific order, so ive been trying to post them in as much of a coherent/chronological order as possible! But next week the changlix will start!!! They’re some of my absolute favorites, so I’m very excited to get that started!

ALSO SKZ FINALLY GOT THEIR 1ST WIN IM SO HAPPY MY PEA BRAIN STILL CANT COMPREHEND IT....i can die happy guys my life has been fulfilled
Waist deep in thought because when I think of you, I don't feel so alone.

Chapter Summary

The stars lean down to kiss you,
And I lie awake and miss you,
Pour me a heavy dose of atmosphere.
’Cause I'll doze off safe and soundly,
But I'll miss your arms around me.
I'd send a postcard to you dear,
’Cause I wish you were here.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Changbin was roused from slumber by a familiar nudge against his subconscious. He sensed a disturbance in the energy of the house. A newly formed, tightly wound ball of negative energy tainting the otherwise pristine energy field.

The prickly ball of negative energy pounded behind his tired eyes, making his skin crawl and tingle. He knew there was no point trying to ignore it anymore, a huff falling from his lips as he swung his legs out of bed. A shock of chill ran up his legs as his feet met the cold floor, his shoulders shivering in the darkness.

The ability to sense, and subsequently exercise any and all negative energy is one of the many responsibilities that comes with being a reaper. While he may not collect the souls of the departed any longer, the presence of negative energy is like nails on a chalkboard to Changbin.

Changbin quietly padded into the hallway, the negative energy even more palpable in the empty corridor. His eyebrow quirked as he tip-toed to Felix’s shut door, his chest rising in surprise that the negativity emanated from the human’s room.

Felix is the polar opposite of negativity, in every sense of the word. Felix is childlike giggles, blowing bubbles through a straw, getting caught with your hand in the cookie jar. Felix is sweeter than Valentine’s day candy, and brighter than sparklers on the 4th of July. Felix is happiness incarnate, optimism personified.
Worry trembled against Changbin’s ribs as the intense negative energy bombarded his senses. Softly, he put a gentle hand on Felix’s door knob, slowly turning the golden metal so as not to wake him.

Changbin was greeted by the calm darkness of Felix’s bedroom, slivers of moonlight illuminating the single lump curled up under the covers.

Changbin couldn't help the small smile that grew on his lips as he tiptoed to the sleeping figure, endearing affection warming his chest. Changbin has to admit, he's certainly warmed up to the new addition to their coven, to the point where he even surprises himself with the affection he has for Felix.

Bending down to get a better look, Changbin realized the source of the negativity with a knowing furrow of his brows. Felix’s lovely features are scrunched up, twisted in the telltale expression of being trapped in a nightmare.

Poor kid, Changbin mused to himself as he gazed at the boy’s features, unconsciously taking notice of the human’s gorgeous face. Changbin shook his head as the uncharacteristic thoughts entered his head, trying to focus without getting distracted by the human’s impossibly soft tangerine colored hair, or his button nose dotted with freckles.

Felix’s eyebrows bunched marginally, eyes screwed shut and lips pulling into a deeper frown as his nightmare entered another bout. A frown now downturning on Changbin’s lips as the human’s unconscious turmoil increased before his eyes.

Through the thick darkness, Changbin reached out a pale hand. Softly, almost painfully gently, Changbin’s fingers made delicate contact with Felix’s forehead.

Changbin closed his eyes, squeezing them shut in concentration.

He could feel the negativity flowing into his hand, like his digits were plunged into an icy bath, before his skin buzzed with static. After a few minutes, the nightmare was completely sucked from Felix’s psyche, now contained within Changbin’s palm. With the recital of a familiar incantation, the negative energy was successfully exercised, completely banished from the human’s room.

Changbin heaved a satisfied breath as he felt the energy of the house stabilize, returning to its usual
blanket of comforting positivity.

Before his eyes, he watched as Felix’s anguished expression melted, his features evening into one of peaceful slumber.

A warm heat took root in Changbin’s chest as he stared at the now calmly sleeping boy, unable to tear his eyes away. Blinking, he shattered his Felix-induced trance. Changbin isn’t sure what it is, but he feels something when he looks at Felix. Feels the need to protect him from the dangers of his own unconscious, to only wrap him in a shield of positive energy. He’s even finding himself having a hard time leaving the human’s side, contented to bask in the calm of Felix’s tranquil energy.

Eventually pulling himself away, Changbin slipped out of Felix’s room, lightly shutting the door with a hardly audible click.

Back in his own room, Changbin wrapped his chilled body in his plush comforter, sleep beginning to welcome him once again. His mind is clear, unimpeded with the removal of the pockmark of negativity.

However, a new sensation now made its home in between his thoughts. As he drifted off to sleep, images of golden skin peppered in a galaxy of freckles flashed behind his eyes. For the first time in years, Changbin fell asleep with a smile gracing his lips.

Chapter End Notes

as promised, the changlix has begun!! i wasn't that in love w this chapter before, but after re-reading before posting i actually like it a lot?? it's ...perhaps....good?
Drip drop, on me

Chapter Summary

Darling it's better
Down where it's wetter,
Take it from me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Changbin’s ears picked up the telltale sounds of splashing water coming from down the hall, opening the door to his and Hyunjin’s shared bathroom to find the aforementioned boy loungin in the tub.

“Hey, BinBin!” Hyunjin called happily, looking at Changbin upside down from the way his head rested against the edge of the large tub. His human chest is totally submerged, but the fins of his tail peaked out from the end of the bath. Oh yeah, Hyunjin has a tail. It’s quite beautiful actually; the jewel like black and white scales twinkling like a celestial body beneath the water.

To say Changbin was surprised the first time he accidentally walked in on Hyunjin bathing, only to find his legs exchanged for a typical mermaid-like tail, would be quite the understatement. Saying he nearly jumped out of his skin would be a much more accurate description. However, he has since learned that once in water, Hyunjin’s lean legs are swapped for the muscular tail, the scaled appendage ending in a split, fanlike fin.

“Yo.” Changbin replied coolly, pulling over the stool from their vanity to the bathtub, and plopping down on the seat before the siren. Hyunjin pulled himself up more from the water, his arms leaning on the sides of the porcelain tub as water dripped down the smooth planes of his chest. He looked up at Changbin expectantly, his eyes large and shiny as his lips pulled into a smile.

Call Changbin weird, but hanging out with Hyunjin while he’s in the bath is one of his favorite hobbies; finding joy in the look of freedom in the siren’s sparkling eyes as his tail shifted below the glass like water. It also gave the pair a chance to talk, to catch up, to laugh in peace.

Changbin is close with everyone in the house, despite his cold facade, but he and the siren have always been very close, with Hyunjin taking the spot of Changbin’s best friend. Something about the siren’s childlike personality, how he looks at everything with such innocent wonder, made a
protective clutch form in Changbin’s heart at their first meeting.

Hyunjin makes Changbin feel less alone in the world, makes him feel like someone will always be there for him at the end of the day, no matter what. And Changbin will be eternally grateful for that, for him.

“Sup, ‘Jin?” Changbin finally asked the siren, resting his head on his chin as his dark purple hair shifted in front of his eyes. Before him, the crystalline water rippled with the shifting tail of the siren, the scales winking at him with each graceful movement.

“Ah, you know. Just hangin’.” Hyunjin said with a breathy chuckle, raising his tail out of the water, the smooth, glimmering scales radiating in the light like diamonds. The action splashed some warm water on Changbin, the reaper’s expression forming a small scowl as water seeped into his clothes. “Oops, my bad ‘Bin!” Hyunjin said with a bright laugh at the reaper’s unamused expression, brushing the residual water from his black jeans.

His scowl melted at the laughter; he could never be mad at Hyunjin, despite his dislike of wet clothing. His eyes met the siren's, the pair sharing equally affectionate smiles.

The two then sat in comfortable silence, until Hyunjin’s melodious voice echoed through the large bathroom.

“You like him, don't you ‘Bin.” Hyunjin mused with a knowing smirk at the reaper, his eyes twinkling slyly. It was more of a statement than a question, Changbin realized with a pout.

Changbin’s eyebrows furrowed, his expression twisting into one of confusion at the siren’s sudden question. “Uh, who?” He asked the siren, lightly shaking his head at his quirky friend.

“Felix, obviously.” The siren continued playfully, biting his lip as the human’s name spilled from his pink lips.

Changbin’s eyes widened incredulously at the casualness of the siren, his mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water. “I don’t like him! Well, of course I like him, bu—”

“And that ‘Bin, is all I need to know.” Hyunjin cut off the sputtering reaper, his expression satisfied, that wicked smirk still pulling at his lips.
Changbin’s mouth could only hang open helplessly at Hyunjin, his eyes blinking rapidly as his mind raced on how to deny the accusations. Well, they might be true accusations, but Changbin would admit that to Hyunjin when Hell freezes over. And given what Jisung has said on that matter, he doesn't think that will be very soon.

Maybe Changbin has a tiny crush on Felix. He’s been trying to discredit that fact for weeks, but with each passing day he couldn't deny himself anymore. He just happens to like Felix’s stupid, cute face and his dumb, bright personality. That’s it.

Ok, maybe Felix’s smile makes flowers bloom in between his ribs, and warm sunshine glow in his heart, but that's not important.

“Hyunjin, listen to me, I don’t have a crush on Felix. Got it?” Changbin spoke slowly to the siren, like each word is law.

“I never said anything about a crush, Binnie.” Hyunjin said, voice sickeningly sweet and tinged with mischief. That devilish grin is still playing on his lips, eyes sparkling like a predator closing in on its prey.

Changbin couldn't respond. He could only grunt, growl, and splutter in exasperation at his friend, shoving in face into his hands. “Ugh! I hate you!” Changbin grumbled into his palms, his fingers clawing at his dark hair in anguish.

“Aw, wittle BinBin likes wittle Felix! I knew it. You can't hid these things from a siren, so there's no use in lying to me, ‘Bin.” Hyunjin sing-songed, voice sweeter than a glass bell in the wind.

Changbin could only glare at the siren from in between his fingers, eyes dark and full of fire. But with a sigh, his shoulders dropped in defeat. Hyunjin is right, Changbin can't lie to him. Even if he did, Hyunjin knows Changbin better than he knows himself, so trying to keep a secret from him was futile in every sense of the word.

“Ok fine, maybe I kinda like Felix. Happy now?!” Changbin growled at the siren, his lips curled in a snarl. Looks like Hell froze over faster than Changbin hoped.

“But you better not say anything mister, or you are sushi, you hear me?!” Changbin angrily threatened the siren, pointing an accusatory finger in his face. Hyunjin however, simply let a
stream of laughter fall from his plump lips, unphased by the empty threat.

“Of course Binnie! True love must run its own course.” He spoke lightly, with mock grandeur, his delicate hands undulating gracefully in the air as he spoke.

Changbin let another low growl rumble from his chest, eyes squinting at the siren suspiciously.

“Yeah whatever, Mr. Disney-princess.” Changbin grumbled, accompanied with a roll of his eyes as he got up from his position next to the tub.

“You have my word! Your secret is safe with me, BinBin.” Hyunjin called brightly, throwing Changbin a playful salute as the reaper made his way to the door.

Changbin could only regard the siren with an unreadable stare, his mouth pulling into a small smile unconsciously at his friend’s antics. His tail is still peaking out of the water as he spoke to the reaper, fins translucent in the soft light.

Shaking his head good naturedly, Changbin retuned the mock salute, before opening the door to the bathroom and slipping into the cool hallway. The steamy bathroom air instantly dissipated in the dark hallway, refreshingly cold air now settling on Changbin as he stood on the other side of the door.

Downstairs, he heard the sound of loud voices mingling, laughing. A certain deep, yet jovial voice pricked up his ears. A small, knowing smile of his own grew on his lips, feeling a flush bloom on his cheeks in the solitude of the empty hallway.

Yeah, Changbin has a crush on Felix. Maybe, now that he’s accepted it, he’ll do something about it.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! While not directly Changlix, this is still one of my fave chapters concerning the couple! Poor changbin...hes rlly in for it lmao. Next week is kinda special bc it’ll be a double jeongin-centric upload!! Can u guess what they’ll be about??

And speaking of special...tomorrow is actually my bday lmao....I’m gonna be....20
*cries in stay* the lyrics to 19 have never been so applicable to my life asjsjdjdk where did the years go ;3;

See u guys next week~ cant wait to update as a 20 y/o as always, comments make my day <3 i read every single one and they never fail to bring a smile to my face!
Cry like a wolf

Chapter Summary

Throwback to the black nights that I used to devour.
Now I carry the sun’s crimson light,
The cold dawn on the wall
Shows a lonely moon and covers my face,
As if it was coloring me black.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was a warm summer day, golden rays of sunshine bathing the first floor in a blanket of comfort.

Felix, Hyunjin, and Chan were sitting around the dining room table, enjoying a lazy breakfast. Felix and Hyunjin were happily munching on stacks of fluffy pancakes courtesy of Chan, who was idly sipping on a tall glass of AB positive while watching the boys happily eat.

“Chan hyung, these are so good.” Felix mumbled, his words muffled by his mouth stuffed full of pancakes. Chan just smiled in response, not entirely sure what Felix said, but knowing the human, it was probably a complement of some sort.

“Felix that’s gross, don’t talk with your mouth full!” Hyunjin whined, squeezing his eyes shut as he recoiled in mock disgust. Chan’s airy laughter filled the room, a light flush of embarrassment blooming on Felix’s cheeks as he gulped down the huge bite.

They continued to eat their breakfast, reveling in the slow pace of the Sunday morning. The peace was interrupted when the figure of a panting Seungmin trudged up from the basement, a thin sheen of sweat dappling his forehead.

“Damn, that certainly wasn’t easy,” the angel said with a huff, wiping away the drops of sweat with the back of his hand before plopping down into one of the empty seats at the table.

“What happened, Seungmin? You look all sweaty.” Felix asked, head tilting in a very puppy-like
manner as he furrowed his eyebrows at the angel.

“Ah, I just had the fun job of making sure Jeongin is securely chained up in the basement.” Seungmin replied with fake enthusiasm, the sweat still peppering his dewy skin a clear testament to the difficulty of said job. The angel then darted out a delicate hand to steal one of the ruby red strawberries off Hyunjin’s plate, the siren throwing him a childish glare in response.

*Chaining up Jeongin?!* Felix thought to himself in shock, his mouth flying open as the casualness of Seungmin's admission. He had to admit, their youngest had been acting a little odd recently; mostly keeping to himself in his shared room with Seungmin, his usual happy-go-lucky personality morphed into one of nervous isolation. But this seemed a little intense for the circumstances.

Seeing Felix’s wide-eyed reaction, Chan tapped the human on the shoulder, effectively rousing him from his frozen, shocked expression.

“The full moon is tonight, and Jeongin is gonna have his first full transformation. That’s why he’s been acting differently this week, because with each passing day he gets closer to transforming.” The vampire calmly explained, Hyunjin and Seungmin nodding sagely in agreement. Felix would be lying if he didn’t say he was still a tad lost.

“It’s basically werewolf puberty.” Hyunjin said with a cool shrug. Now *that* Felix understood. Nodding slowly at the siren, his eyes still agape and mouth lightly hanging open as his brain tried valiantly to process this barrage of information.

“That makes sense, I guess? I’m not gonna lie, when I first heard Seungmin say he chained up ‘Innie, I didn’t know whether I should call child protective services, or PETA...” Felix mused with a breathy laugh, his eyes becoming little crescent moons as he rubbed at the back of his neck.

The other three boys burst into laughter at the adorable human, the sweet sounds filling the room like a symphony of airy bells.

“No, no, it’s not like that at all. His super-strength is already coming in, and he was struggling quite a bit, hence why I look like just ran a marathon. Jeongin wanted to be chained in case he loses control when the night falls, so this was all his decision. His eyes are green right now, so that won’t be for a while, but I guess he just wants to be safe.” The angel, also Jeongin’s best friend, explained.
“His eyes?” Felix questioned again, pouting, because as soon as he thinks he understands these supernatural creatures, they throw another nonsensical explanation at him.

Jeongin with green eyes? That doesn’t make sense. Their youngest has warm, honey brown eyes, that sparkle like they are actually millions of minuscule diamonds. They certainly aren’t green, that Felix was sure of.

“Yeah, the closer to his transformation he gets, Jeongin’s eyes will change color. They’re green right now, but when he transforms, they’re gonna be bright, almost neon orange.” Seungmin continued, smiling as he explained the intricacies of their werewolf friend to Felix.

“Ohhh, so like a pH test.” Felix said like a true scholar, along with a long nod of his head, as if he now finally understood everything. Hyunjin and Chan snickered, hiding their laughter in the crook of their elbows.

Seungmin gave the human a quizzical look, lightly shaking his head at Felix’s quirky way of thinking. “Um, not really, but ok?” He mused with a small chuckle, voice brimming with good-natured affection.

Suddenly, the unmistakable sound of metal snapping, and the metallic jangling of discarded chains echoed into the dining room from down the basement stairs. The entire room was abruptly plunged into suffocating silence, like their lives were a movie and someone just hit pause. Their smiles froze on their lips, before twitching into nervous frowns. A chorus of loud gulps echoed in the eerily silent room, adams’s apples bobbing and knots forming in their stomachs.

They all looked nervously between themselves, and then to Seungmin, nobody wanting to speak first. The angel’s previously serene expression was now twisted into one of pure fear, forcing down another audible gulp as he cleared his throat.

“U-uh, I think Jeongin may or may not have gotten out.” He mumbled with a hollow, nervous laugh; the gesture clearly had no amusement behind it. The other boys just stared at him with incredulous, shock filled expressions. Seungmin’s wide eyes flitted between Chan and the other boys, hoping their leader would somehow know how to handle this.

Their fears were confirmed as the four boys stood stiffly in the dark, humid basement. Where
Jeongin once was, now only a pile of broken chains lay, glimmering and winking in the low-light as if mocking them.

They awkwardly twiddled their thumbs as their nervous eyes darted around the vacant basement, unsure of how, or what to do to fix this.

Suddenly, six pairs of expectant eyes landed on Chan, the vampire’s previously carefree attitude now morphed into one of complete seriousness. “Ok, this is fine. We’ll just go out and look for him. He couldn’t have gotten far, right?” Chan said apprehensively, a shaking huff falling from his lips as he looked to his coven members, like he himself wasn’t sure of the answer.

He couldn’t have gotten far, right? Chan’s own voice echoed through his running mind, hands wringing together as they filed out of the dank basement. With a painful twist forming in his churning tummy, Chan couldn’t help but think they were famous last words.

The quartet had been looking for their youngest for what felt like hours. And they probably have, because the once cloudless blue sky has now turned into a vanilla purple, a swathe of dark pink clouds kissing the setting sun goodnight.

Felix’s chest heaved from the hours he spent scouring every inch of their neighborhood for Jeongin, with no such luck yet. Felix would be lying if he didn’t admit he was worried; Jeongin was alone, lost and alone and scared. He wasn’t even himself, which only made matters worse.

The boys’ biggest fear though, was that in a few hours there could be a stray werewolf traipsing around the streets of their town.

The four boys split up a few hours before, thinking they could cover more ground individually. Felix, heart beating faster and faster as the light of the sun got dimmer and dimmer, somehow found himself back at the house. He was about to start down another street, when he heard something from their backyard. It sounded like a soft whimpering, or even crying. But as Felix cautiously got closer, he realized it’s not something, but someone.

Bursting through the gate to their backyard, Felix thought he was going to faint from relief; there, curled up in the grass, was Jeongin. He looked terrible, his chestnut hair sticking to his forehead from sweat, his skin sickly pale, and dark circles apparent under his sunken eyes. But he was ok.
He was there, and safe, and that’s all that mattered.

*His eyes,* the realization suddenly shot through Felix’s reeling mind. Jeongin’s eyes were now a bright, almost highlighter yellow. *Green, now yellow. Orange must be next,* he thought to himself as he took a few cautious steps into the backyard.

“Jeongin?” Felix softly called to the boy. He seemed almost painfully out of it, his glowing eyes empty, dazed, as he stared blankly at the sky. “Jeongin!” Felix said slightly louder this time, getting even closer to his friend. The closer he got, the sicker Jeongin looked. He was drenched in sweat, to the point where he looked like he had just been swimming. His already prominent cheek bones looked even more pronounced, making the boy look sickly thin.

Jeongin was finally shocked out of his trance-like state at the second call of his name, slowly turning his head to meet Felix’s worried gaze, like every movement hurt.

“H-hyung,” He choked out, his usually sweet voice now gravely, and rasping, like he hasn’t drunk in weeks. “Hyung, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to worry everyone. I-I’m just so scared.” He croaked out, forcing a pad of saliva down his dry throat as his yellow eyes lazily met Felix’s.

Overcome with emotion, Felix didn’t respond. Instead, he slowly walked up to Jeongin, still weakly curled in the grass, and sunk down to take him into his arms.

The poor kid was burning up, like his skin was made of lava. Thick droplets of sweat ran down his skin as he carefully shifted in Felix’s strong arms, nuzzling into his chest. From his position against Felix, he could hear the rapid pounding of Jeongin’s heart, like a never ending drum beat.

“We’re not mad, ‘Innie. We we’re just worried about you, is all.” Felix softly whispered to the werewolf, running a comforting hand through his damp hair. Jeongin just gave a short nod in response, a weak smile pulling at his chapped lips. Felix returned the gesture, his heart pounding with brotherly affection for the young boy.

“How about I get you back inside and give you a nice cold glass of water, then I’ll call the others and let them know I’ve got you. Sound good?” Felix asked with a tender smile, tightening his protective hold on the boy. Jeongin just nodded again, body feeling like he was about burst into flames.

Carrying the boy into the safety of the house, the bright, full moon started to appear in the navy
sky, like a single white eye staring down at them.

You could feel the palpable relief in the voices of the other boys, who were all back at the house within a few minutes of Felix’s multiple calls. But the boys couldn’t believe their eyes, entering the living room to find Felix on the sofa, the small form of Jeongin still pressed against his chest. An empty glass sat on the table, the last bits of ice melting in the summer heat. “Hey,” Felix spoke quietly to his wide-eyed friends, all standing in disbelief at the sight of the werewolf cuddled against the human.

“Felix! What are you doing?!” Seungmin gasped out as he trotted up to the pair on the sofa.

Felix’s eyebrows furrowed slightly at his friend’s demeanor; why was reacting like that?

“Just chillin’.” Felix responded softly, so as not to disturb Jeongin.

“I mean what are you doing with Jeongin…like that?” Seungmin asked again, gesturing to the curled up werewolf on Felix’s chest. Felix didn't like how he was referencing to Jeongin like some beast, simply because he was transforming later that night.

“As I said, just chillin’.” Felix repeated, a small shrug tugging at his shoulders as heunreadably regarded the worried looks on his friends faces. Jeongin’s rattling, humid breaths continued to fan across his skin, his trembling hands desperately clutching Felix’s shirt.

“F-Felix, you don't know how dangerous this is! The full moon is out, if he transforms here he could seriously hurt you.” A still wide eyed Seungmin uttered incredulously, running a hand through his brown hair.

A small frown of understanding pulled at Felix’s otherwise calm, stoic expression. He supposed the angel did have a point. “I guess, but I’m willing to take that chance if it makes him feel even a little bit safer.” The human murmured, his embrace on his young friend tightening unconsciously.

“Let's just take him back down to the basement, ok?” Chan finally spoke, his voice warm with sympathy, eyes glassy as he put a strong hand on Felix’s shoulder. He looked proud. And he was; Felix was brave enough to be there for his friend, even with the apparent dangers.

Felix just nodded in response, despite being hesitant to release his embrace on the boy. Yet
something about the newfound spark in Chan’s emerald eyes made comforting warmth bloom in Felix’s churning tummy, mellowing his racing heart. But Jeongin’s eyes were perpetually shut tight, like he was trapped in a nightmare, his hands gripping Felix’s just as intensely. “It’ll be ok, Jeongin. It’ll be over soon, just hang on.” Felix whispered into the boy’s ear, carefully walking down the basement stairs, the younger boy still cradled in his strong arms.

Hyunjin and Seungmin quickly re-attached the metal chains to Jeongin’s wrists, securely, this time. Chan put another comforting hand on Felix’s shoulder, noticing the younger’s unhappy expression at the image of his friend, bound and restricted in the dark basement.

The light of the full moon shone through the basement window, eliciting a small growl from Jeongin’s dry, pale lips. “We should go, he’ll transform any minute now.” Seungmin said with a heavy sigh, eyes uneasy as he looked on helplessly at his best friend, clearly suffering.

The boys silently nodded in agreement, before turning to make their way from the basement. Felix, who was last to ascend the staircase, heard a soft call of his name, whipping around to meet Jeongin. “F-Felix,” the werewolf called to him again, voice barely audible as his chest started to push out increasingly shaking breaths. “Thank you.”

That was the last thing Jeongin said, before his eyes finally turned from that neon yellow to a bright, glowing orange. Felix, heavy heart suddenly feeling light as air, threw the werewolf one last loving smile before finally scampering up the stairs.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Here is part 1 of the promised jeongin double upload! Chapter summary is from maze of memories aka skz best song ever u cant change my mind (in this house we are maze of memories stans ok)

Also i just wanna say thank you all SO MUCH for all the birthday wishes last update??! I honestly never expected that and it made my heart feel so FULL....i love yall sm and i will die for all of u and that is a promise.

Anyways enjoy part 2!
Chan checked his watch, the spindly hands just striking midnight. The vampire looked around at his members, eyes darting from Hyunjin, to Seungmin, and finally to Felix. The boys, too worried about Jeongin to sleep, were all curled up against Chan, his comforting presence putting their minds slightly more at ease.

The night had thankfully been pretty uneventful, the only disturbance being the echoing of animalistic growls and the metallic clanking of chains. But to their relief, that only lasted for an hour or so, the house plunged into dead silence since. Still, their worry for their friend was palpable, like a thick mist hanging above their heads, nestling on their tense shoulders.

“Hey guys?” Chan gently roused the pile of boys draped over him. “How about we go check on ‘Innie, so then you can all go to sleep.” His velvety voice successfully breaking the silence blanketing in the living room.

“Can we even do that?” Hyunjin mumbled, rubbing the tiredness from his eyes with petite fists. The other boys looked at Chan cautiously, his proposition seeming impossible. If Jeongin needed to be chained for their protection, how can they just go visit him a few hours later?

“Sure, it’s totally safe to go down there now. Trust me.” Chan reassured the boys, a bright smile breaking onto his pink lips. The other boys just looked between each other and Chan suspiciously, before shrugging their shoulders, gesturing for Chan to lead the way into the basement.

If Jeongin is gonna attack anyone, might as well put the immortal one first, right?
“Oh my god,” Hyunjin half-shrieked, half-whispered, “He is so cute!” Throwing a hand over his mouth to muffle himself from squealing too loudly. Their eyes widened in unison as the four boys stood before Jeongin. Or should they say, what they assume to be Jeongin.

Because there is no trace of their young friend anywhere in the basement anymore. Instead, a huge wolf is curled up where his human’s petite body once was. Hyunjin couldn’t believe his eyes, blinking as he took in the creature before them; it looked like a regular wolf, except it’s huge, around three times the size of a normal lupine specimen. It has thick, shiny brown fur, which looked suspiciously similar to Jeongin’s hair color. Its fluffy tail was curled around its long muzzle, as its muscular chest evenly rose up and down in peaceful slumber. Its large eyes were shut tight, yet it looked calm; the stress from before his transformation thankfully gone from Jeongin’s now canine features.

“I cannot believe that is Jeongin!” Felix said incredulously, barking out a breathy laugh as he ran a hand through his hair. Seungmin could only silently nod in agreement, his lips parted as he gaped at his best friend’s new appearance.

“See, I told you it’d be fine to check on him!” Chan’s lilting voice echoed happily in the basement, throwing his arms around the shoulders of his coven members. “He’ll be out for a while. Even after he transforms back, he’ll be so drained he probably won’t be totally up for another full day or two. The older he gets, the more he’ll be able to control it. In a few years, he’ll be able to transform at will.” Chan continued, voice taking on a quality of warm affection as he gazed at the huge wolf.

“I just wanna pet him so bad.” Hyunjin cooed, making grabby hands at the sleeping wolf. His fur looked so soft, Hyunjin would have a field day running his hands through the thick tufts. The urge to wrap himself with that puffy tail, to stroke his large velvetine ears became overwhelming.

“Okay, that’s enough for Hyunjin. C’mon guys, it’s time for bed.” Chan spoke with a knowing sigh, grabbing Hyunjin by the wrist and gently pulling him from the basement. Hyunjin couldn’t help the string of petulant whines that fell from his lips as the vampire dragged him up the stairs, giggles tumbling from Felix and Seungmin in turn. Chan supposed that being from the sea, Hyunjin isn’t familiar with the phrase “let sleeping dogs lie” and how it definitely applies to newly transformed werewolves.

And so, Chan tucked the boys into their respective beds, minds now at ease from seeing their friend’s altered, yet tranquil appearance.

In the basement, Jeongin shifted from his curled up position, internally feeling warmer, happier than before.
Welp while writing this I couldn’t help picturing giant wolf Jeongin as a supersized kkami, hence why hyunjin lost his absolute mind wanting to Totoro-style cuddle him lmao ....

Do these chaps even count as being Jeongin centric....I’m not even sure after re-reading I’m so sorry jeongin I love u son.....

ANYWHO i miss Chanlix so next chap is going to be THE fluffiest chalix to end fluffy chanlix (Aussie line stans make some noiseeee) and as always comments mean the world to me!
I can’t sleep (so tell me)

Chapter Summary

I try to forget but it comes back again,
I don’t wanna be caught up in this anymore.
I try rolling up the blankets, I try screaming.
But in the end, I get up again,
I can’t sleep.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

3:13 a.m.

The bright red numbers on Felix’s alarm clock mocked his tired eyes. He had spent the last three hours tossing and turning, trying to grasp the warm embrace of sleep, but to no avail.

Felix has always had trouble sleeping. He doesn’t have nightmares terribly often, or a fear of the dark; he just can’t turn his damn brain off. His endless stream of thoughts pounding like a noisy jackhammer against his skull.

With a resigned sigh, Felix scrubbed a hand across his burning eyes, and rolled out of bed to get a glass of water from the kitchen so he can take his sleeping pill. He tries not to use it unless it’s necessary, but that often leads to hours of wasted sleep until he’s too frustrated to try anymore.

As he padded down the stairs, Felix heard the soft sounds of the tv coming from the living room. At first he assumed one of the younger boys forgot to turn off the device, but he was taken aback to instead be greeted by Chan curled up on the sofa, his eyes glued to the black and white sitcom playing in front of him. The colorless images danced in the reflection of his eyes, like two little mirrors.

Felix couldn’t help but just stare at the sight before him; Chan sitting daintily with his knees to his chest and wrapped in a plush blanket, with a placid smile on his lips. The way the black and white scenes illuminated the room in a palette of gray, along with Chan’s pale skin and blonde hair, made the vision before Felix look like a photograph from the 1900’s.
There was also a tall, half-drunk glass of thick red liquid on the table in front of Chan, but Felix made the conscious decision to ignore that little detail.

Felix couldn’t help but realize how small Chan looked snuggled up in his spot on the sofa. He looked vulnerable and fragile, yet still serene and composed. Felix almost felt guilty for disturbing his solace, like he was intruding on something sacred.

Suddenly, Chan’s gaze flew to Felix, still frozen in the threshold to the living room. Felix couldn’t help jumping slightly as the vampire’s glowing eyes found his like a heat seeking missile.

“Hey ‘Lix, what are you doing up? It’s late.” Chan observed his new company with a sweet smile, Felix returning the gesture as he waddled into the kitchen.

“I’m just getting some water so I can take my sleeping pill.” Felix quietly called to Chan from the kitchen, idly pouring himself a glass.

“You take sleeping pills?” Felix just about jumped out of his skin when he heard Chan’s voice from right behind him. The force of the shock that racked through his body almost wrenched the glass from his hand, stopping himself before it could shatter against the tiled floor. Felix then whipped around only to find the vampire now in the kitchen with him, a look of concern apparent on his features. “S-sorry…” he mumbled softly at Felix’s startled reaction.

“It’s fine hyung, I just need to get used to the whole super speed thing.” Felix mused with a light chuckle, running a hand through his orange hair, extra fluffy from the hours of attempting to catch some elusive sleep. “And yeah, I don’t sleep well. Never have, it’s just how I am, I guess.” He continued, his shoulders raising in a shrug of acceptance.

“That sucks,” Chan said with a frown. “You know, when I was human I was the same way. I could never get more than a few hours each night...in a way it’s kind of nice I don’t have to worry about needing sleep anymore…” He murmured, seemingly more to himself than to Felix as his silken voice gradually trailed off.

“Hyung, you don’t sleep anymore?” Felix asked, tilting his head like a puppy. “I thought you’re just a late night kinda guy.” He admitted sheepishly, taking a small sip from his glass of water.

Chan barked out an amused chuckle at the human. “Nah, I don’t sleep. Well I mean, I can’t sleep
is more accurate. Technically Jisung can’t either, but I think he’s willed himself to be able to or something, since he’s been around sleepyhead Minho so long…” Chan remarked with a tinge of curiosity, looking off in the distance as he pondered the mechanisms of their demon friend.

“So, what do you do all night?” Felix questioned after a few seconds of comfortable silence, intrigue piqued at the vampire’s admission.

“Well, I usually just go to bed with Woojin, and if that’s the case I either read while he sleeps, or just relax and think about how much I love him. Gross, lovey-dovey stuff.” He cooed with a sickeningly sweet grin, eliciting a fevered pink flush to bloom on Felix’s freckled cheeks.

“Or, I just chill here and watch tv. I like to watch vintage stuff from the 40’s and 50’s…it reminds me of a time from my past…” He spoke softly, his voice taking on a tone of quiet wistfulness, like the programs really did connect him to something precious he lost in the sands of time.

It then hit Felix that this is probably the only time in Chan’s day (or should he say, night), that he can actually have some peace and quiet to himself. All day Chan has to deal with the other boys, which is not an easy task, take his word for it. At first Felix thought it must be lonely to be isolated all night, but he now realizes it’s probably the only thing keeping Chan sane.

“Hey Felix, how about I try and get you to sleep before you take that pill.” Chan suddenly blurted with a goofy smile and wink, his eyebrow raising as he awaited his response.

“Uh, ok? But how hyung?” Felix replied with knitted brows, now effectively jolted from his thoughts of Chan’s private life, his expression twisting into one of confusion.

“Vampire magic!” Chan eagerly declared with a huge smile, his hands molding the air before him with flourish akin to a children’s party magician.

“To your room!” He announced with too much excitement for almost 4 a.m., as he skipped out of the kitchen and up the stairs. Felix could only trail behind him like a lost puppy.

Before he knew it, Felix was tucked back into his comfy bed and wrapped in his warm blanket, with Chan sitting on the edge of his mattress. Felix couldn’t help shifting beneath the thick
comforter as his eyes flitted to and from Chan’s piercing gaze. Without explanation, Chan took Felix’s wrist in his hand, his thumb softly pressed over the pulse. Felix could feel each gentle pump of his heart reverberating from the veins in his wrist, into the gentle grasp of Chan’s hand.

“Look into my eyes.” Chan said quietly, “don’t do anything else, just look.”

Felix listened, his warm brown eyes meeting Chan’s unnaturally green ones like a magnet. Then, as if by magic, Felix felt the tension throughout his muscles melt, his limbs relaxing into the plush bed with each passing second. He couldn’t look away from Chan’s jade irises. He knew he couldn’t. He couldn’t explain it, but he felt trapped by them. Not in a threatening way; quite the contrary actually, as the more he stared into those emerald pools the more he felt the calm hands of sleep embrace him. Vampire magic, huh, Felix languidly thought to himself, his mind rapidly succumbing to the sleep he tried so valiantly to achieve on his own.

Before he could even mumble out a thank you to the vampire, Felix was out. His expression evened into one of peaceful slumber, his chest rising steadily from beneath his thick blanket.

Chan couldn’t help but appreciate the sight of Felix sleeping so peacefully, especially because he knew the feeling of not being able to sleep all too well, and how frustrating it is. A satisfied smile played onto his lips, as he leaned in and placed a gentle kiss on Felix’s forehead.

If Chan had a beating heart, he knew it would be full to bursting right about now, as he continued to gaze affectionately at the human. A small thought pricked at the back of Chan’s mind, muffled by the thick feelings of brotherly affection; imagine if you turned Felix away. The mere thought of not having Felix in their lives, of not being able to make such beautiful memories with him was enough to make Chan’s adoring smile twitch, to falter. But it quickly resurrected onto his pale lips, because they do have Felix. Nothing will change that, no what-ifs at dawn or could-have-beens at dusk.

Finally rising from his spot on Felix’s bed, Chan quietly left the room, slowly shutting the door as warmth bloomed between his ancient ribs. The single sleeping pill was left on Felix’s bedside table, alone, untouched. He slept better that night than he had all month.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I hope you like this chapter as much as i do! Fun fact: this is actually the first one shot chapter i wrote for this fic! It was one of those chapters that you can just see in ur mind so clearly, it came so easily to write :’
As always, comments make my day! Also...about 2 weeks until skz...if u listen closely u can hear me dying
I put a spell on you (and now you’re mine)

Chapter Summary

I’m rubbing the lamp baby,

Casting a spell so I can have you.

Sun, moon, stars, I’m asking them all,

To cast a spell.

Did the spell work? Let’s check.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Minho’s brain is starting to hurt from the sheer quantity of runes pummeling his tired eyes, the tattered pages of his trusted spell book staring at him blankly. He forced himself to focus, to try and memorize the myriad of spells as best he could, but the dull ache of sleepiness pounded behind his eyes.

Minho is sat on the floor, legs neatly crossed and ancient spellbook laid open before him. Minho’s room, which he shares with Jisung, is eclectic. To put it lightly.

All four walls are completely covered, not a spare inch of paint visible beneath the layers of decoration. A virtual garden of dried flowers and herbs dangle stiffly, stems tied with thick brown twine. Exotic, intricately carved masks pepper the walls, hollow eyes and mouths perpetually agape. Evil eyes and jewel encrusted charms are draped across the few empty spaces, silver and gold chains glinting in the light. Melted candles dot the corners where the walls meet the floor, thick dollops of wax petrified on the wood, and the old floor is tattooed with forgotten runes.

For most the over-abundance of occult and magical items is overwhelming, but to Minho, the clutter instead engulfs him in a sensation of familiarity. It’s home. Minho has been a dark magician for so long now, he feels like the countless items dotting the walls are truly a part of him, becoming connected through years of magic.

Hours ticked by, Minho’s lips idly moving with each newly learned spell, magical sparks igniting by his hands as the incantations flowed from him with practiced ease.

Suddenly, the tell tale creak of Minho’s door roused him from his concentration, eyes flying from the browned parchment pages to the figure now standing in the doorway.
“Hey, Minho! What a surprise finding you here!” Changbin’s raspy voice tumbled from his pink lips, dark eyes shining with a clear glaze of nerves. His pale hands wrung together from where they sprouted from his oversized black sweater.

Minho stared at his friend, expression unphased. “This is my room, ‘Bin. I kinda live here.” He said nonchalantly, heavy eyelids still droopy as he gazed blankly at the clearly uneasy reaper.

“Oh, well would you look at that—Hey! I actually have something I wanna talk to you about.” Changbin spoke quickly, cutting himself off. He punctuated his stream of consciousness with an anxious laugh, his eyes darting from Minho to a random corner of the cluttered room.

A small smile pulled at Minho’s lips at the state of the usually calm, cool, and collected reaper. “Sure, come here. I’d love an excuse to take a break from studying anyways.” Minho announced with a nod, gesturing for Changbin to join him where he sat cross-legged in the center of the floor, the spellbook already forgotten before him.

Carefully, Changbin padded into the room, before sinking to the floor opposite Minho. From his new seated position, his oversized black sweater seemed to somehow swallow him even more. With a delicate finger, Changbin moved a stray piece of purple hair from his eye, tucking it behind his ear.

They sat in only slightly awkward silence, Minho taking in the reaper’s small appearance while waiting for him to speak. Minho didn’t miss how the reaper pushed a gulp down his throat, his adam’s apple bobbing with the force. Changbin is clearly nervous about whatever he wants to ask of Minho, so the last thing he wants to do is rush the reaper and exacerbate his nerves. Minho is content to wait until his friend is comfortable enough to pose his proposition himself.

“So,” Changbin’s deep voice suddenly sounded, jarring Minho from the silence. “Would you, maybe, make me a love potion for Felix?” He quickly mumbled, like he wasn’t sure of his own words. The reaper’s usually strong voice sounding so fragile, so painfully small, Minho couldn’t help but be taken aback by his tone alone. But then his actual request hit Minho’s sleep-numbed brain, and his eyes widened.

“A what?” Minho couldn’t help but reply with, trying not to sound as stunned as he felt. Minho is acutely aware of the crush Changbin has on their human friend, and how desperately he wants to confess to the human, and subsequently be confessed to in turn. However, despite how deep his unrequited love runs, Minho never expected the reaper to ask for this.
Changbin barked out a hollow chuckle at his friend’s reaction, his teeth glinting in the light. As a red flush bloomed on his cheeks, he averted his gaze to his twiddling thumbs.

“A love potion, to make Felix like me back. I don’t know how it works, like a charm or a drink, or something. I know it sounds crazy, but I’m just so scared he doesn’t like me...” Changbin murmured, voice threatening to tremble as he pushed the words past the lump in his throat.

Minho just sat in a continually shocked silence. He blinked rapidly, Changbin’s voice ringing between his ears. Yes, Minho could easily make a love potion strong enough to make Felix propose to Changbin on the spot, so powerful it would assure the reaper the human would never have eyes for anyone else. Love potions are nothing for Minho, akin to a barista brewing a cup of coffee. Now if Changbin asked for someone killed, that would be a different story.

But Minho also knows something Changbin doesn’t know. He knows, without a shadow of a doubt, that Felix does in fact like Changbin back, possibly even more than the reaper likes him. Somehow. Minho isn’t sure how it’s possible.

Minho’s heart couldn’t help but give a particularly strong pound at the clear distress Changbin is under, the fear and anxiety that must be a constant prickle at the back of his mind whenever he sees the human nothing less than palpable. Minho briefly considered obliging the offer, merely to bring the reaper some much needed peace of mind, but he quickly shook that idea out of his head.

Felix and Changbin mutually like each other, and they will come together, eventually. It may cause Changbin strife now, but when it happens Minho knows all the sleepless nights will be worth it, forgotten. True love takes time, unlike the faux love instantly summoned by potions and spells.

“Bin, I can’t do that.” Minho spoke simply, realizing with a jolt he has yet to actually respond to the reaper’s desperate offer. Changbin’s expression instantly fell, doe eyes going wide and pouting lips opening to protest. Minho doesn’t let him.

“Changbin, listen to me. I have a suspicion Felix may actually like you. So please, I’m begging, just let this happen naturally?” Minho asserted slowly, carefully, reaching a hand over the long forgotten spell book to grasp one of Changbin’s.

The reaper’s eyes grew even wider at Minho’s words, spluttering silently before his lips formed a firm line. The light that briefly glowed in his eyes snuffed out, returned to the nervous gloss from earlier. A shaking sigh escaped his lips, the huff carrying the weight of the burden of love placed upon his shoulders.
“I appreciate that, but let's face it, Felix would never wanna date me. We’re such opposites, he’s so bright and happy and I’m so, well, not.” Each word is tinged with the bitterness that comes with hopeless thoughts. “I would just bring him down.” He finally spat bitterly, lips curling inadvertently.

Minho’s heart ached, the tangible pain evident in his friend’s words stabbing his chest with razor sharpness. He wanted nothing more than to scream at Changbin, to take his sweater in his hands and shake him back to his senses. He wishes so desperately he could confess Felix’s true feelings for Changbin right then and there, to ease the reaper’s suffering. But Minho loves and respects Felix too much to betray him like that, despite the wave of relief it would wash over Changbin.

Instead, he settled on this:

“Changbin, I don’t mean to sound harsh, but that is so dumb. Just cause you and Felix don’t have matching personalities doesn’t mean you can’t have a long, happy, successful relationship. Haven’t you heard the expression ‘opposites attract’? Just look at me and Jisung! Jisung is like, sunshine turned into a person, and I’m more like a…” Minho trailed off, lost in thought as he tried to grasp the perfect analogy.

“Moon?” Changbin piped up, a smile growing on his lips once again at his cute friend.

“Exactly! But the moral of what I’m saying is, you are an amazing person, and anyone would be lucky to date you. Just because you happen to be more mellow doesn’t take away from what a great friend and guy you are. If Felix doesn’t feel the same, which I highly doubt, it’ll be his loss. We all love you here, ‘Bin, and you’ll always have us to support you no matter what.” Minho finishes his speech with a sly smirk, a glint dancing in his eyes as he regarded Changbin through hooded lashes.

Changbin seemed to consider his words of encouragement, his deep blush mellowing to a light pink hue. His hand, still grasping Minho’s, tightened as his expression evened into a full smile. “I guess you’re right. Thanks, Minho.” He all but whispered, eyes downcast on their clasped hands, the fingers of his free hand tracing mindlessly on the wood floors.

Minho hummed in satisfaction, devilish smirk pulling into a wide grin. “Of course I’m right. I’m Minho, aren’t I?” He spoke mischievously, voice sickeningly sweet as he bit his lip.

A melodious round of laughter fell from Changbin’s lips, his eyes disappearing with the force of
the bouts. The reaper’s lips stretched into a huge smile, his expression making a steady warmth take root in Minho’s chest.

The setting sun cast lavender rays through the sheer curtains draped over Minho’s windows, bathing the pair in tranquility.

Changbin’s heart felt lighter than he could remember, an unfamiliar feeling of peace settling on his shoulders.

Minho is right, no matter what happens between Felix and himself, he’ll be ok. It seems so simple, so obvious, but Changbin knows he never would have made the revelation himself; perpetually caught in a web of jittery nerves regarding the human.

Changbin knew he made the right choice in seeking the dark magician’s council, even if he isn’t leaving with a small bottle marked “Love Potion”. No, in fact he’s leaving with something much more valuable; confidence.

And that, is something no casted spell or downed potion can give.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys! this is my last update before the show, meaning it might be my last bc idk how I’m gonna survive those 36 hours,..

as always i love u guys sm and ur comments make my day. pray for me yall,only 3 days until my death/best days of my life
It’s too cold to be alone outside. You’re here, so it’s getting warmer.

Chapter Summary

The path we took is like a constellation.
Let’s follow that path,
Remember me.
(Did somebody say.....WooChan?)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The year was 1945, and Chan was loving every minute of it. For the first time in decades, he was actually enjoying his life, a feeling he thought he could never attain since being bitten.

The sock-hop ended earlier than expected; all the teenagers now pouring into the streets and flocking to shiny, candy colored mustang convertibles. Well teenagers, and one not so much teenager. But that little detail didn’t matter.

“Chan, are you sure you don’t want a ride back with us?” Brian asked for the umpteenth time that afternoon, his girlfriend Nayeon looking at Chan expectantly from where she was plastered against her boyfriend’s side. Brian, or Younghyun, has been Chan’s best friend for the last year or so, since Chan decided to settle in this small town outside the city. He and the human instantly clicked, becoming nigh near inseparable and hanging out almost everyday. Chan would be lying if he didn’t thank whatever higher power is looking over him for sending him Brian, the boy being Chan’s first real new friend since becoming a vampire. Not to mentioned his first human friend, a testament to the importance Brian holds within Chan’s frozen heart.

Chan was tired of staying in one place for a few weeks before hightailing it to another to cover his vampiric tracks. Despite being the hunter, the overwhelming sensation of being on the run made him feel like the prey. He was only killing when absolutely necessary, but he wanted to try and grasp onto some semblance of humanity, of normalcy, because otherwise he knew he would devolve into his monstrous brethren.

Chan just brushed off the comment, idly pushing some of his slicked brown hair from where it was dangling over his eye. “It’s fine, really! I don’t wanna intrude on your couple time.” He sing-songed with a devilish smirk, wiggling his eyebrows at his friends. A light pink blush bloomed on Nayeon’s full cheeks as her eyes met the ground. “Plus, the way I walk back through the forest is a shortcut anyways.” Chan continued, patting Brain on the shoulder in a gesture of gratitude.
Brian threw Chan a suspicious look that said I shouldn’t believe you, but I’m going to anyways, before shrugging. “Well, I can’t force you I guess. Get home safe, and I’ll see you next week?” He observed his friend coolly, throwing an arm around Nayeon’s petite frame. Brain’s oversized letterman jacket was draped across her delicate shoulders, the cracked leather sleeves dangling by her arms. Chan just nodded, a small smile breaking onto his lips, before bidding the couple farewell for the day.

-chan-

Chan was peacefully making his way from the sock-hop, when he noticed what appeared to be fog wafting up into the spring sky. It was a relatively clear day, so Chan didn’t understand why there seemed to be one patch of earth swirling with thick, grey fog. As Chan got closer however, his eyes widened in recognition, his breath catching in his throat; it’s not fog, it’s smoke.

Using his superspeed, Chan ran towards the smoke, skidding to a stop almost instantly at the source of the wispy grey tendrils. Chan didn’t know what to expect, but he certainly never expected what his eyes landed on as he stopped dead in his tracks in the grassy plain before the forest. Or should he say, what used to be the forest.

Because where a lush wood of pine trees once stood, was now reduced to nothing more than a couple of burnt, smoking skeletons. They looked like matchsticks, pure black silhouettes against the smog-filled sky. Chan gulped as he stared helplessly at the destroyed forest, powerful pangs of sadness tugging at his chest and taking root in his mind. The forest was like a friend to him, since he would walk through it almost daily to get back to his apartment, its once verdant greenery like a familiar embrace. The fact that it was reduced to nothing more than an ashen wasteland felt akin to the death of a loved one.

It was only then that Chan’s eyes noticed a figure sitting right at the border of the plain and the smoldering forest. A man was sitting cross-legged, his head buried in his hands. As Chan got closer to the man, he noticed his broad shoulder softly shaking, racked by desperate sobs.

That’s certainly not good, Chan thought worriedly as he approached the unaware man, afraid to see his flesh as charred as the trees.

“Hey, are you alright?” Chan prodded carefully, cautiously sinking down to taking a place on the ground next to the man. As Chan suspected, his hands cradled his face, soft brown hair trembling with each pitiful cry that besieged his body.
At Chan’s voice, he slowly lifted his head from his large hands, finally looking at the vampire. Chan’s breath hitched in his throat once again, but not from visions of destruction. No, this time was because of beauty. The mysterious man, crying at the remains of the forest, is beautiful.

Warm brown eyes, still slightly red and puffy from the stream of tears still dripping down his cheeks. Tan, sun kissed skin that seemed to glow from within. Soft lips, downturned in a pout as he regarded Chan. The man didn’t seem injured, thankfully, but both his skin and simple white shirt and grey trousers were caked in soot and ash.

“O-oh, yeah I’m fine, b-but my forest, it’s destroyed.” The man’s shaking voice whispered to Chan, averting his gaze from the vampire to the blackened, charred ground of the forest.

*His forest?* Chan wasn’t exactly sure what he meant by that. Perhaps he owned the land? That would make sense as to why he was so upset, land prices were on the rise these days.

“What do you mean by ‘your forest’?” Chan questioned gently, sliding closer to the man, eyebrows still furrowed in empathy. The man seemed positively despondent, a look that didn’t suit his delicate, lovely features. But before the man could answer, Chan’s eyes widened in shock at the display before him.

The jewel like tears sliding off the man’s cheeks landed on the burnt dirt, and instantly miniature patches of green grass grew in their place. With each tear that fell from his skin and onto the earth, healthy, green grass would instantly spring up. The more tears that fell, the more little dots of vibrant grass would pop up around his body. Some even sprouted little wild flowers, like dandelions and clovers.

Chan watched in awe, the beauty astounding him to the point where he couldn’t even begin to try and explain how the Hell this was happening. “You...aren’t human, are you.” Chan finally choked out, pushing the soft words past the lump in his throat. It was more of a statement, rather than a question. After what he just saw, he thinks he knows the answer.

A small smile pulled at the man’s lips for the first time since their odd meeting. The gesture didn’t reach his eyes, still glossy from the layers of unshed tears. “What gave it away?” He murmured, bringing a dainty finger up to wipe at his eye. “I’m a nature spirit. This is, well *was*, my forest.” He spoke bitterly, expression morphing into one of frustration as he gestured to the black, fire-ravaged remnants of the trees.

“A nature spirit, huh. I can’t say I’ve heard of that before.” Chan remarked with a sheepish shrug, bringing a hand to rub at the back of his neck. The man just shrugged, eyes hardening and
shoulders tensing.

Chan couldn’t believe his luck, not only was the spirit absolutely beautiful, but he isn’t human as well. As a matter of fact, he’s the first supernatural creature Chan met in his new home. Chan could only hope this would blossom into something meaningful, like the flowers that now peppered the ground surrounding the spirit’s feet.

“Each nature spirit is born with their own forest, as a guardian and protector. This was mine. And now it’s gone.” He revealed with a hard swallow, a new round of tears brimming at his waterline. “I don’t even know what happened, everything was so normal and then before I knew it, fire was everywhere.” He croaked, his hands squeezing into tight fists as he recounted what happened to Chan, tangible pain brimming at cracks in his broken voice.

“I’m really sorry. You can’t get another forest or something?” Chan asked quietly, putting a gentle hand on the man’s shoulder, rubbing comforting circles. The spirit just shook his head, looking at Chan through a screen of tears.

“You don't understand, my sole purpose is to protect my forest, and I failed. Nothing can change that. There’s no do-overs, I can’t do anything to change reality. Not only do I have nowhere to go, but I have no purpose anymore. I’m a sorry excuse for a nature spirit.” He gritted with a hollow, shaking breath, his lip quivering as he desperately spoke from the heart. Pain punctuated each word, like every syllable was a paper cut against his throat.

Chan didn’t know how to respond, so he chose not to. Instead he just let the spirit’s words hang in the air in acknowledgement, no faux down playing of his rightful agony.

“I know this is devastating, but things will get better, I promise. I don’t know how exactly, but I know after some time has passed, this will just be a distant memory. It happened for me, and I know it will happen for you.” Chan finally spoke after getting his thoughts together, his voice tinged with melancholic earnestness. The spirit didn't respond, choosing instead to nod at Chan’s words of attempted motivation.

They sat in silence for a few more minutes, Chan continuing to softly stroke the man’s shoulder. The vampire felt the spirit’s tense muscles relax at the touch, giving Chan some hope of marginally brightening his somber mood.

Chan was roused from the heavy silence by the honey-like voice of the nature spirit; his next unexpected words effectively taking him by surprise.
“You aren’t human either, are you.” The nature spirit suddenly asserted, another small smile playing onto his lips. The vampire regarded him suspiciously, more than taken aback by his abrupt declaration to Chan. But after learning the spirit’s supernatural identity, Chan saw no use in hiding his.

“Nope, vampire.” He admitted, his once powerful voice now a soft murmur as he looked at the spirit from beneath his thick lashes. “How’d you know?”

The spirit shrugged his broad shoulders. “We can just sense these things. I’m Woojin, by the way. Thanks for comforting me, it helped a lot.” The spirit, now identified as Woojin spoke softly, his voice evening as he blinked away the residual tears lining his eyes.

“I’m Chan, and don’t mention it. I just wish I could do something to take your mind off all this.”

Silence engulfed the pair once again, Woojin’s expression darkening as he looked wistfully at the graveyard of pines, their jagged branches like headstones against the horizon.

“Hey! I have a great idea!” Chan suddenly piped up, effectively startling Woojin out of his daze. “Why don’t you come back to my place with me? It’s warm and cozy, and I’m sure I can do something to make you feel better.”

Woojin just met him with an unreadable stare, his honey-brown eyes harboring a newfound mischievousness, despite the varnish of tears still blanketing his irises. A sly smirk pulled at the corners of his lips, before asking: “Is this your way of asking me out, Chan?” His voice, once broken and filled will palpable grief, now harboring a playfulness previously unknown to Chan. The vampire however, was too busy reeling from the Woojin’s cheeky inquiry, his emerald eyes darting to the ground as he spluttered in response.

“U-um, no? No! Of course not. I thought that might make you feel better, is all…” Chan meekly retorted, his voice sounding much more unconvincing than he would’ve liked, as he shrunk under the spirit’s knowing gaze. Ok so maybe Chan fully intended on making a romantic move on Woojin in the near future, if he agreed to come back with him, but the nature spirit didn’t have to know that! Not yet, at least.

Woojin just let a bemused laugh escape his lips, a spark igniting in his eyes at the vampire’s cute antics. He then seemed to seriously considered the offer, his eyebrows cutely scrunching as he regarded Chan unreadably once again. Chan could only shift uncomfortably under his stare, realizing he might have jumped the gun with the suggestion.
But to Chan’s surprise, Woojin’s soft voice broke the awkward silence. “I would love that, let’s go.” He spoke softly, while leveling Chan with a real, genuine smile. His eyes sparkled, crinkling as he leveled Chan with a finally tear-less gaze.

A huge smile broke onto Chan’s lips, his eyes disappearing as his dimples greeted Woojin. Chan might sound selfish, but he has a sneaking feeling the destruction of Woojin’s forest will lead to something even more beautiful, for the both of them.

Chapter End Notes

*chanting* woochan backstory! woochan backstory! Can we just imagine 1940’s greaser chan in a letterman jacket and the slicked back hair.......ur welcome.
honestly...I’m not a huge fan of this chapter, which is a shame bc i love the concept so much. I tried to write it as elegantly as possible, but some sections just seem really clunky to me, if that makes sense. Idk I’m really critical of my writing so maybe it’s just me being hard on myself ;;

anyways ill make it up to you guys (and myself) with next weeks chapter! It’s another woochan, and my absolute favorite chapter in this fic to date. I know i say that a lot, but i really mean it for this one!
DuE tO pOpUlAr dEmAnD: my fave moments from SKZ in Newark!

Chapter Summary

You guys asked, so here it is! Enjoy me freakin it over my boys officially a week later :( I’m so sad chronosaurus was right we cant stop time :( 

Chapter Notes

keep in mind I wrote this right after night 2 in my phone notes so excuse any typos bc due to personal reasons i was losing my goddamn mind (and still am tbh)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

STRAY KIDSSSSSS

- my seat on day 1 was like 6 rows from the stage, so i could see EVERYTHING. minho and jisung were the members who stayed right in front of me, but me and minho had a special connection™,,,we had so many interactions during the night. like 4 times either he would make eye contact w me, or i would make eye contact with him and each time he would smile and wave and ofc i would freak out and wave back each time. at one point he liked...quirked/wiggled his eyebrow at me after waving??? it was amazing and now minho is my best friend sorry i dont make the rules
- ALSO ABT MINHO so he was the first member on line for the hi touch, and i was sooo excited to see him night one after all our moments during the concert, so as soon as i saw him i started bouncing around and i said “mr.lino!!!!!!” and he looked right at me and we made eye contact AGAIN (while he was still high-5ing other fans) and he started to giggle and got the biggest brightest smile, like his eyes were literally sparkling. i think he probs recognized me from the show?? he’s seriously the most beautiful person to ever exist, like looking into his eyes up close i was so shook that someone actually looks like That. He’s inhumanely gorgeous. also his hands are so warm and soft and i miss him so much. its kinda ironic bc him and hyunjin are my two bias wreckers, s o its like he KNEW and he wanted to come for my bias spot lmao,,, lee know rlly does know huh
- they wore their victory song mv outfits the first half of night one which means JISUNG WAS IN THAT GOTDAMN TANK TOP and since he was right in front of me all night i got such a great ;) view ;)) of those arms ;) i got such goods pics of them hnkajajksf
- also since minho and jisung stand next to each other during ments i got such a good view of all the minsung moments,,,there was A Lot lemme tell ya
- during night 1 changbin introduced himself with “MAAAAAAAAATRYOSHKA” and we all DIED INSTANTLY HE SAID FUCK STAY LIVES MY SOUL LEFT MY BODY
- on night 1 chris’s hair got kinda messy, so during their ment felix nudged him and STARTED TO FIX HIS HAIR AHSJDHHD  he fixed chan’s part and brushed his hair out of his eyes ;;;; my aussie line/chanlix heart couldn’t take it. luckily bc i was so close that night i got it all on vid/pics!!
- jisung is literally the sweetest person to ever exist, i was so excited to see him during the hi touch and i was like “i love you hannie!” and he got so excited and said “thank you so much!
"i love you too!” and his eyes were so bright and his smile was so sweet. i can die happy,,also his voice is so much higher irl?? his voice seems so deep but he truly sounds like a lil teen hsnndmd its’ so cute

• on night 1 before my pace hyunjin did the intro and literally said "this song is...my bias...?" I CANT MAKE THIS SHIT UP and chris was hysterical n said "your bias??" it was amazing

• i looked into every members eyes and told each of them by name that i love them during the hi touch, and i dont know how i managed it bc they are so much more gorgeous up close/irl.

• although with chris instead i held his hand and looked into his beautiful blue eyes and said “i love you so much” and he met me with one of his dimple smiles + bowed his head and looked so touched and said “thank you so much”

• i saw felix’s freckles!!!!!!! also he gave me such a lovely smile dhsdjdjj hes so amazing and wonderful

• seungmin smiled at me like i was made of literal sunshine, like i couldn’t even see his eyes bc he was smiling so wide when i hi-5ed him n said i love him

• woorin also looked at me with such a loving smile, like i was his daughter or something?? that shit hurted

• HYUNJIN AHDJDND hyunjin,,,first off is so sweet and genuine and beautiful and he looked at me with such a warm smile, like i was his child or smth ahshsjd ill accept it even tho i’m older than him 😊

• on night one during aegyo chris tried to skip himself and go right to felix, but all the members SWARMED HIM and would not let him live lmao hyunjin esp was outraged. he lit said “chan you gotta we need you to” hes the stay lorax he speaks for us

• aegyo on day 2 tho.,oh my GOD chan said “my name is chris bang, BANG!” and shot us w a cute finger gun it was incredible. but after he fell to his knees and fake cried and all the other members were Disgusted and once again @’ed him lmao

• hyunjin’s aegyo on night 1 was probs my fave,,he kept poking his cheek and each time he said in english “i love you!” and chris was loving it and was like “everyone this is the new hyunjin toy! its free!”

• MR FELIX THO SHDHJ on night one he said “i love you stay!” in that rlly high voice, but on night 2 he said “STAY” IN THE DEEPEST VOICE IMAGINABLE AND PRETENDED TO LIFT HIS SHIRT UP ADJDNJDN the duality is real

• the other members tried to get him to actually lift his shirt up but luckily for our sanity he cutely denied lmao

• lino did a sexy dance on night 2 which was somehow even sluttier than hyunjins from night 1. idk how

• on night 2 hyunjin was like “i got a camera recently and i wanna take a pic of you guys! you guys know what a camera is right??” i died i was like,,,,thanks jin i rlly didnt know what a camera was until now tysm

• when the staff brought out his camera he quite literally skipped both to get it and give it back. like he pranced no joke

• on night 2 after chris took a break in his ending ment, the entire venue started chanting “we love you” to chris and he looked so touched, and ofc i immediately started bawling bc chris ult here. but after a good minute of EVERYONE in the venue chanting “we love you” the boys starting chanting “we love YOU” to US and then we were both chanting “we love you” at each other. ive been to a lot of kpop concerts, and i’m not being biased when i say it was 100% the most beautiful, meaningful, emotionally charged moment of any show ive seen.

• just thinking about it gives me goosebumps.

• changbin’s english improved SO MUCH, i’m so proud of him. like he was saying full sentences perfectly i love him.

• also chris is so lovely, after changbin and woorin spoke english he would say “lets all give it up for ___’s english! so good!” hes literally the most amazing person to ever exist.

• on night 2 chris’s ending ment was about how he went though some dark times during his
trainee years, but now he has skz (he called then “his boys”) and now hes out of the dark and in the light. he said that he knows we all have our own stories and struggles and hardships we go through everyday, and how he wants to stray kids to be the light in our lives that gets us out of the darkness. after voices he spoke about how we all how those voices in our head that are unhealthy, but how we need to ignore and step out of them.

- on night 1 near the end of the show chris said “wait, i just realized this venue has seats?? you guys were standing all night, i couldn’t even tell! how are you guys so energetic??” it was so cute
- he said how stay are their batteries, and give them endless energy. chris said “stay, are you guys not tired?” we all ofc said no, and he was like “ok then, were not tired either!”
- night 2 Jisung and chris talked about they've only been debuted for a year and they still have a lot to improve upon and we all started saying "no! no!!" and chris started laughing and was like "it's a GOOD thing guys!" hes so funny
- on night 2 lino pointed up to the highest tiers and said “i’m really afraid of heights, are you guys ok up there??” it was sooo cute! and then he said “even though i’m afraid of heights, i know that if i was up there with stays i would be ok. please always take care of me.”
  ANGEL
- Before grow up on night 2 chris finished his ending ment with “no matter how old you are, i hope you can grow up with us!”

Chapter End Notes

I hope u guys enjoyed this special interlude chapter! As u can probs see I’m still so overjoyed abt my experiences at skz (even tho i wrote this last week lol) they are truly the most amazing people and I’m so lucky to be alive at the same time as them. They seriously are the most important people in my life lmao dont @ me

And if any of y’all have been to ANY skz event, pls comment your fave moments from that! I wanna hear abt ur skz stories if you have any!! I rlly wanted to include my fav pics in this but idk how to add pics to a chapter bc im old

Now back to ur regularly scheduled program lol since there will still be a new update on the normal day. I tried to post this at as much of an in-between time between the old and new chap lmao
Flowers must be blooming in my heart (and in our bedroom)

Chapter Summary

You’re my flower.
You’re my spring.
Because you keep blooming,
I can’t handle it, what do I do?
Now I’m here,
I’ll always embrace you.
Ever since we first met, you’re my flower.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Woojin and Chan have been living together for four months now, and dating for three. Chan had to admit, they’ve been the most blissful two months of his entire existence. He finally has someone, someone who won’t leave him from fear, or be taken from him from the clawed hands of death. Woojin is constant. Woojin is permanent.

Chan, who has lived through the deaths of his parents, of his younger siblings, of everyone he’s ever cared for, finally has someone as impervious to time as himself. His shoulders felt so light, so free from the burden of immortality.

Chan had just finished cutting the stems off some fresh strawberries, tossing the ruby colored fruit in a bowl. Woojin was still fast asleep in the shared bedroom of Chan’s modest apartment, the vampire quietly leaving their sun-filled room a few hours prior. Chan had gotten into the habit of making Woojin breakfast every morning, usually consisting of some form of fruity dish, since the nature spirit is a strict vegetarian.

With a satisfied nod, Chan put a finishing drizzle of honey on the vibrant bowl of fruit, before gingerly placing it on their dining room table. For himself, he poured a glass of type A positive. He couldn’t help sneaking a small sip of the thick, sanguine liquid, as the scent was too enticing to wait. As the blood flowed down his throat, a telltale tingle took root in his stomach, his mind feeling a little clearer, sharper. A contented sigh fell from his pink stained lips as his hunger subsided to a dull buzz, placing the still full glass across from the fruit.
Checking the idly ticking clock, Chan watched the spindly hands land on the next hour. *I better go wake up ‘Woo*, he airily mused to himself, reveling in the slow pace of their morning routine. Chan felt so *blessed*, so incredibly lucky to have Woojin in his life. Woojin keeps Chan grounded, keeps him as close to human as he can get. Chan shudders to think how he would have ended up if he didn’t have the nature spirit as his constant companion, how the years of loss would have destroyed him, mangled him into a beast otherwise.

He licked a residual drop of blood from the corner of his lips. He’s not human, no. But with Woojin’s help, he’s not a monster either.

Chan padded through the open apartment to their shared bedroom door. The large windows in the living room were open, the hustle and bustle from the city below flowing in, reminding Chan that the world is still turning right outside their little bubble. The constant buzz of the city was quite the dichotomy compared to the lives of Chan and Woojin; the two immortals taking each day slowly, gracefully, solely enjoying the presence of each other and ignoring the responsibilities that come with mortality.

Chan slowly turned the door knob, cracking open to reveal their bedroom. And when Chan’s eyes landed on said room, his jaw *dropped*. Their minimalist, clean bedroom, now looks like a *jungle*.

Flowers, more flowers than Chan has ever *seen* now took up residence in the room, along with the still sleeping figure of Woojin. Lilies, hydrangeas, birds of paradise, the variety of lustrous petals that now made home in their bedroom could put the nicest botanical garden to shame. Vines hung like drapes across the windows, dying the morning light a pastel green. Their hardwood floor was completely hidden, a carpet of moss and silky grass in its place. Huge palm fronds and leaves hung like beach umbrellas from the walls and ceiling, like a protective shield around Woojin. Velvety roses dotted the bedposts, lilac crept up their bedside table.

Chan could only gape in incredulous shock at the image before him. It looked like a surrealistic painting; the sleeping body of Woojin, cradled in their pure white blankets, surrounded by nothing but living *color*.

*Ok. This is new. Can’t say I don’t have a few questions,* Chan numbly thought himself as his eyes helplessly flitted around their once simple bedroom, now giving the Amazon a run for its money. Their room looked well, *normal* when Chan gracefully crept out of bed a few hours beforehand, so how this all sprung up in that small time frame shook Chan to his core.

“Uh, Woojin?” Chan called over to the sleeping form of his boyfriend, unsure of how to traverse the thick foliage separating them. “Woojin! Babe, please wake up!” Chan continued, a little louder this time from his place in the threshold.
After a few seconds, Woojin’s solitary figure shifted from beneath the blankets, his serene expression scrunching as slumber bid him farewell for the day. Slowing sitting up, Woojin ran hand through his black hair, rubbing the residual grains of sleep from his still shut eyes.

Finally, the other boy cracked open a tired eye. Once greeted by the hundreds of candy colored flowers now sharing the room with him, his expression mimicked Chans’: eyes instantly widening and mouth flying open in shock.

“G’morning babe! This is, uh, an interesting choice in redecorating.” Chan called to his now wide-eyed boyfriend, voice playful and jovial despite the abrupt change in scenery. Chan had to admit, he didn’t mind the new look of their room, the gorgeous flowers are quite the lovely sight as a matter of fact. He only would have liked a small heads up, is all. And perhaps a path so he can enter the room as well.

Woojin spluttered, mouth opening and closing rapidly as his eyes darted from the endless foliage, to Chan still standing alone in the doorway. “C-Chan! I’m so sorry!” Woojin cried, voice clearly shaken. Shifting his position, Woojin extended his hands, fingers splayed in a display of power. Then before Chan’s eyes, the flowers and shrubs blocking his path shrunk, slithering out of his way like endless green snakes.

Once finished, the jungle-like room looked more like greenhouse; rather than untamed greenery, the plants now hung back against the walls, peppering each one like clusters of stars in a galaxy. The grass melted, revealing their floor. The roses peeking out from beneath the bed retreated back under, to some unknown hiding place. The vines blocking the windows withered, allowing sunlight to stream into the room, bathing the boys in warm light.

Amazed, Chan took a cautionary step into the room, watching as the remaining foliage shrunk and wilted around his feet with each step. Finally, Chan made it to his boyfriend, taking a seat next to him on the bed. Chan was taken aback when his eyes landed on his boyfriend’s expression. He looked flustered, embarrassed even. His cheeks flushed a bright red, his eyes frozen on his hands wringing nervously in his lap. Chan’s eyebrows furrowed as he leaned in, scooting closer to Woojin.

“Babe? Is everything ok? You know I’m not mad right?” Chan softly prodded, lips pulling into a concerned frown. He could only hope the nature spirit didn’t think Chan was mad at him, as he wasn’t in the slightest. Sure, it was a bit of a shock, but it was a beautiful shock, and Chan truly didn’t mind at all.

Woojin just barked out a hollow laugh, before looking up at Chan through his thick lashes. He
nodded, a small smile growing on his lips as he regarded the vampire, expression unreadable. With a sharp exhale of finality, the older boy spoke, soft words lilting in the morning air.

“Chan, let me explain. When nature spirits fall in love, a garden grows around them the moment they realize. I was having a dream about you, and I guess I realized.” Woojin remarked slowly, carefully, as he turned to face Chan. His cheeks were still painted a heated red, his warm eyes glinting. “Chan, I’m in love with you. This is my garden.” He finished with a wide gesture to the flowers still winking at them from their new home on the walls.

Chan felt his breath freeze in his lungs, his eyes fluttering open and closed as he blinked rapidly. Did Woojin just say he loves me? This is a dream, right? I must be dreaming, right?!

A huge smile burst onto Chan’s lips, blooming like the pink carnations dotting where the walls meet the floor. His emerald eyes sparkled like they were home to a million fireworks, all exploding at once. Unable to contain his intense emotions, he threw his arms around Woojin, burying his face in the spirit’s neck.

“I-I love you too, ‘Woo. I love you so much.” Chan whispered against his boyfriend’s warm skin, each word trembling with feeling, their hands unconsciously tightening as they found one another. Chan had been waiting so desperately to say those very words, and the most tangible happiness he’d ever felt washed over him, prickled his skin after they finally left his lips. The happiness was so intense, so palpable, Chan wouldn’t be surprised if his long dead heart started pounding again, out of the sheer force of his emotions.

Chan loves Woojin, and Woojin loves Chan. All the years of pain and turmoil were worth it for Chan to be able to bask in this new revelation.

Woojin hummed contently in Chan’s ear, nuzzling his head in the embrace. “I guess we're in love, huh.” He murmured from his position in his boyfriend’s strong arms, their bodies gently pressed together, like two puzzle pieces.

Chan’s smile only widened in response, his chest feeling like the very sun itself made its home behind his rib cage. The pastel flowers watching them seemed to bloom even bigger, even wider, petals fanning open and pulsating with vibrancy as the pair whispered tenderly to each other. The droning noise of the city still sounded outside their windows, the world a constant stream of movement, and motion. The two immortal boys though, just sat in enamoured silence, their company sufficient, enough. The glass of blood out in the dining room was left abandoned, the bowl of vibrant fruit forgotten. They reveled in each other’s embrace, their love brimming at their eyes and swirling in their minds.
“Yeah, I guess we are.”

Chapter End Notes

hello guys i’m back again this week! i’m actually on vacay w my fam n were @ dinner rn (im actually having some 10/10 fried chicken woojin would be proud) and i was like ”oh fucc i forgot to update” SO it’s a lil late but this is my fav chap of this fic !!! idk im v proud of it lol also it’s woochan so わ(▔皿▔)wa

ALSO Ok this is the last thing imma say abt the concert BUT if u click on the link to this tweet and zoom in on the first pic in between lino and jeongin, u will see the Hangul “chan” shining in white right by Jeongin’s head....um....that is ME lol thats my chan slogan from glittery chan omfhfdjfn
**Better watch out (because it’s dangerous)**

Chapter Summary

If life ain't just a joke,

Then why are we laughing?

If life ain't just a joke,

Then why am I dead?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The evening sky is painted a pale lavender, the sun bidding the world farewell as Felix took languid steps down the empty street. He had just finished catching up with Eric, a long time friend of his, at their favorite coffee shop in town. The streets of their quaint neighborhood are completely barren, devoid of another soul. Felix felt safe, completely at ease.

Until he didn’t.

Suddenly, the hair on the back of his neck stood up, his skin prickling with a foreign sensation; fear. He felt eyes boring into his body, burning holes into his back. The unmistakable feeling of being watched sent a shiver down his spine. Forcing down a gulp, Felix whipped around, only to be greeted by the same deserted streets.

He shook his head, pushing the feeling of unknown dread to the back of his psyche. Adjusting his denim jacket so it hugged his body tighter, Felix continued down the sidewalk, his steps quickening unconsciously. *It's just my mind playing tricks on me, everything is fine,* Felix repeated to himself like a mantra, to the point where it was the only thoughts that ran through his mind. After a few more agonizing minutes, the tall profile of the house came into view, like a glorious oasis in a desert of terror.

A sharp breath of relief tore from Felix’s lips, his pounding heart slowing marginally as the white picket fence greeted him. But just as soon as relief came, it was snatched from him just as quickly.

“Excuse me?” He heard an unfamiliar voice sound behind him, his heart jumpstarting once again in icy fear. He saw absolutely no one when he last checked the surrounding streets, so how someone managed to sneak up behind him is beyond Felix.
Pushing yet another pad of saliva down his tight throat, Felix cautiously turned around, only to meet a pair of eyes boring into him. And they aren’t just any normal pair of eyes, they’re bright yellow. Not pure, concentrated yellow, as seen in Jeongin before his transformation. No, these eyes are like liquified gold was poured into two disks, hardening into this man’s very irises. 

Felix may be just slightly oblivious, but he has lived with the coven long enough to realize one thing, as he helplessly stared into those golden eyes. This guy definitely isn’t human.

Black hair elegantly fell over the stranger’s handsome features, his lanky body decked from head to toe in black leather. Although he’s dressed in a similar aesthetic to Changbin, this man has an air of unpredictable danger emanating from him, the unmistakable glare of predatory intent shining through those golden irises. Felix’s heart started to race, his fuzzy mind doing the same as clawed tendrils of fear took root in his core. Sweat prickled on his palms, hands forming tight fists at his side.

The unfamiliar man took Felix’s uneasy silence as a cue to carry on. “Are you Felix, by any chance?” His name fell from the stranger’s lips with almost too much ease, like he’d been practicing that one line for weeks, biding his time to finally say it to the man in question.

Felix, taken aback at the mention of his name, merely nodded. He didn't know what a mistake he made, in that simple movement alone.

A sickeningly sweet grin bloomed on the still unnamed man’s pink lips, and Felix officially felt like he was in the presence of someone, something he should stay far, far away from. The man’s eyes looked like a starved lion’s, poised to pounce, to hunt, to kill.

“My name is Yugyeom, I’m an old friend of Chan. I believe you live with him now, if I’m not mistaken?” He spoke airily, voice like thick, overly sweet syrup flowing into Felix’s ears. An electric jolt zapped through his heart at the mention of Chan, something vaguely threatening tinging the familiar name. Unable to force a response through the 50 pound lump in his throat, Felix could only manage a small nod once again.

This guy is a friend of Chan? I find that very hard to believe, Felix thought to himself, brain numb as methods of escape desperately bounced about his racing mind.

“Do you mind showing me back to your place? I would love to catch up with Channie.” Yugyeom’s cloyingly saccharine voice sounded once again in the stifling air, ringing in Felix’s ears.
like gunshots, deafening him. Despite it seeming outlandish, if this man truly is a friend of Chan, he knows he has nothing to be afraid of. Yet something inexplicable, something deep and primal in the recesses of his brain won’t stop screaming at him that he’s in serious danger.

His fight or flight instincts kicked in, but Felix knew they were in vain. Whatever kind of creature Yugyeom is, Felix knows he doesn’t stand a chance against him, and that he had nowhere else to go to throw the man off his trail. Seeing no other option, he pushed out a barely audible “S-sure.” Before quickly averting his fearful gaze from Yugyeom, bones stiff in his legs as he started robotically down the street once again. The heavy footsteps of Yugyeom’s combat boots echoed behind him, as if each loud step was mocking him, sneering at him because you cannot escape.

His fingernails formed stinging crescents in the tingling skin of his palm as he mechanically opened the gate in the fence, padding through the yard. He could feel Yugyeom’s eyes locked on him, and he has never felt so alone in his entire life, felt so helpless. The very air itself felt so thick, so dense, it was as if each individual particle was trying its best to protect Felix, to wrap him in a blanket of safety. But it was to no avail, with safety seeming like an unreachable sensation to Felix.

Yugyeom’s pounding footsteps assaulted his ears as he mimicked Felix’s up the wooden porch steps. With shaking hands, Felix reached to his jeans pocket to retrieve the house keys. His hand never made it.

With enough force to give him whiplash, Felix’s back was suddenly thrown against the wooden door, his brain feeling like it would fly right out of his skull with the power of the impact. Dull pain ached through his muscles and stung his bones, his rapidly beating heart fluttering even faster as his head spun. Strong, leather clad arms trapped his body on either side, barring him from escape. Yugyeom is grasping the door frame with such strength, the aging wood started to splinter. Felix couldn’t help thinking the wood is a mere preview of what would happen to his very bones.

A sick, wicked smile grew on Yugyeom’s lips again as he leaned in closer to the clearly horrified human. His golden eyes are pulsating with anticipation, with malicious excitement. Felix’s own shaking eyes landed on the smirk, a tight knot forming in his already churning stomach at what greeted him.

Two pearly white, razor sharp fangs. The knife-like teeth glinted at him, winking with the last remaining rays of daylight. A trembling breath rattled from his lungs, unable to tear his eyes from those fangs, a horror stricken realization prickling at the base of his skull.
breaths fan over his skin.

His mind is completely barren, *painfully* empty, Felix merely pushing his back flush against the cold wood of the door helplessly. The flow of his blood became excruciatingly palpable beneath his skin, feeling each hard beat of his heart reverberating against his rib cage, the blood pushed out with each beat rushing to his ears. Only one, singular thought permeated the barrier of terror. *He’s about to die.*

Chan took a well deserved rest on Jisung and Minho’s bed, the plush mattress sinking with his weight. The large piece of furniture is now successfully moved to face the large window on the opposite wall, as the couple had the spontaneous desire to watch the sunrise from the comfort of their bed. Chan didn’t mind that he is the dedicated furniture mover of the house, happy to use his super-strength to help his members when he could.

He sat in idle thought, content to watch Jisung and Minho chatter about everything and nothing, the two an endless stream of consciousness that came with their loving familiarity.

But Chan was suddenly roused from the calmness bathing the room, the couple’s lilting conversation becoming nothing more than a dull murmur in his ears. A mysterious sensation of *dread* now taking icy root in his chest, twisting his stomach with painful venom.

Gnarled icicles of terror sunk into his every muscle, his adam’s apple bobbing with a forceful gulp. Jisung and Minho, finally privy to their leader’s abrupt change in demeanor, sported matching expression of confusion as they regarded the vampire.

“Hyung? Are you ok?” Minho prodded, clearly blissfully unaware of the sudden fear plaguing their leader.

Chan didn’t look at the dark magician, he couldn’t, gaze still frozen on his pale hands. The couple continued to look at him expectantly, the air becoming tangibly stiff.

“But where’s Felix?” Chan could mumble out, his throat tight, excruciatingly dry. The human should have been back by now, they all are painfully aware of that fact. Nobody answered, eyes flitting about the dim room instead, the unknown location of the human causing sickly worry to grasp their racing minds.
Then, they heard the scream.

Yugyeom: surprise bitch, bet you thought you’ve seen the last of me

I've gotten quite a few comments about how felix might not be totally human...while up until now he has been, perhaps at the end of next weeks chapter we’ll have two vampires in the coven? You’ll just have to wait to find out~
Ashes to ashes, we all fall down (I wanna hear you sing the praise)

Chapter Summary

Who walks among the famous living dead,
Drowns all the boys and girls inside your bed.
And if you could talk to me,
Tell me if it's so, tell me I'm a bad man.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chan was at the front door in what felt like a nanosecond of the telltale scream hitting his ears, tearing the heavy door open with enough force to rip it right off its hinges. Minho and Jisung quickly followed, tripping over each other as they ran down the flight of stairs.

Icy shock racked through Chan when the body of a certain Felix Lee tumbled right into arms, from where he was cornered against the door. Chan’s arms instantly wrapped around his trembling form protectively, pushing him flush against his chest. The human looked sickly pale, a thin sheen of sweat glistening on his skin. Chan now felt how Felix’s heart pounded desperately from his position in the vampire’s hold, echoing through the stillness taking residence behind Chan's ribs.

Felix’s warm brown eyes are wide with unadulterated horror, clinging to Chan like his life depended on it. And when Chan met the golden eyes still hungrily trained on Felix, he understood the human’s intense terror.

Rage bubbled in his churning stomach, lighting each atom of body on fire. He felt electricity run through his veins, thunder roar throughout his muscles in recognition. His fangs grew, lips pulling into a snarl as a primal growl rumbled from his chest at the sight before him.

“Aw Channie, you spoiled my dinner!” Yugyeom’s sickeningly sweet voice lilted through the tense air, lips jutting into a pout of faux innocence. Felix’s breath hitched in his throat at being referred to as dinner, clinging to Chan a little tighter, knuckles threatening to turn white. Chan’s snarl only intensified, similar expressions twisting onto Minho and Jisung’s faces as they closed in behind their leader.

“I thought I taught you your lesson, brat.” Chan gritted through his itching fangs, hands
unconsciously tightening around the still shaking body of Felix. The human’s gaze could only helplessly flit between the two vampires, his blood turning to ice in his veins. Felix has *never seen* Chan look so *scary*. The indescribable look in the vampire’s emerald eyes is nothing short of terrifying. A realization then hit Felix, *fully* hit him for the first time since moving in.

Chan is a *vampire*. An unfathomably old and powerful vampire. And he is a force to be reckoned with. Of that, he is now certain.

“I *told* you to stay away from him. I *warned* you.” Chan bellowed, jade irises igniting in verdant flames as the molten fury that entered his ancient bloodstream fully took over. Primal, intrinsic vampiric desires enveloped his brain, his bones feeling forged by the very blazing power of the sun itself.

Yugyeom just shrugged in feigned naivete, the dangerous gleam in his golden irises contrasting with the disingenuous smile on his lips. “I just wanted a *little* taste, Chan. I see no harm in that.” He sing-songed, dagger like fangs shining in the low light. Chan’s emerald eyes harbored a deadly luster, deciding in that very second that the other vampire will not say another word. *Ever*.

Ancient power coursed through Chan’s veins, animalistic urges taking over, clouding his mind. With his last semblance of gentleness, Chan pushed Felix behind him, the human instantly engulfed by the protective arms of Jisung. The demon’s eyes are glowing a fiery red, a color the likes of which Felix has never seen. It’s like the very irises themselves were replaced by embers, ignited with fire strong enough, hot enough to char the world to its core.

Beside him, Minho’s hands splayed and fingers curled as dark magic swirled through his digits, vicious intent in his dark eyes. Black tendrils of magic slithered between his fingers, spells even the most powerful of witches would never even *attempt* to cast on the tip of his tongue.

Time felt so slow, agonizingly languid as the four boys stood in stiff silence, pregnant tension suffocating them. Suddenly, that silence was shattered like glass.

With lightning fast motion, Yugyeom raised a strong fist above his head, poised to land square on Chan. A silent scream ripped from Felix’s lips, the lump in his throat preventing any sound from forming. But before his arm could move another inch, a spell tumbled from Minho’s lips, his eyes glowing with dangerous power. The smoke like whisps swirling through Minho’s fingers instantly shot forward, enclosing around Yugyeom’s lithe body.

And just like that, the other vampire froze in place, fist still threateningly trained on Chan. The black smoke embraced Yugyeom, petrifying his body and rendering him a mere statue before
them. His golden eyes are eerily still, like two shimmering pools of metallic ice. His snarling lips, now suspended in motion, still curled to reveal his threatening fangs.

“I can only keep him frozen for so long. Do it, Chan. Finish him.” Minho’s velvety voice roused them from their collective stunned stupor, speaking for the first time since meeting their new visitor.

Chan, expression hard and eyes rage-filled, just nodded in response. “Make sure Felix doesn’t see.” is the last thing the aforementioned human heard Chan growl, before Jisung changed his position in his arms, now pressing Felix firmly against his chest. Tears brimmed in Felix’s eyes as he buried his face in the fabric of Jisung’s sweater, hands desperately grasping at his back. The demon ran a comforting hand through Felix’s head of orange hair, the soft touch bringing small comforts to the human.

Felix tried to block out the horrifying sounds of bones snapping, of flesh tearing and blood spilling. The unmistakable sounds wedged into his mind, echoing between his ears with horrifying accuracy. Minho just stood stiffly next to the embracing pair, eyes stoic and hard as he watched Chan dismember the other vampire.

And just as quickly as the sickening sounds started, the boys were plunged once again into pregnant silence. Against his better judgement, Felix slowly turned his head from where it was pressed flush on Jisung’s chest. His eyes threatened to pop right out of his head at the sight before him.

Where the intimidating figure of Yugyeom once stood, a small pile of black dust now sat, no higher than Chan’s ankles. The vampire just gazed at the soot with tangible disgust, his hands caked in dark, red sanguine fluid. As Felix watched numbly, the blood staining Chan’s strong hands disintegrated from his skin, falling to the floor as the same ash piled at his feet. Nothing but pristine, porcelain skin remained.

A whispered spell left Minho’s lips once again, and a phantom gust of wind was summoned from behind the boys. The powerful breeze successfully blowing the dust off the porch, scattering it to the uncaring wind.

He’s gone. Yugyeom is truly, finally gone. You could almost feel the relief washing over the tight shoulders of the boys, their shaking breaths slowly evening.

For the first time in what felt like years, Chan turned to face the other boys, to face Felix. His expression is unreadable, eyes a mixture of residual anger and bitter, agonized guilt. His pink lips
pulled into a frown as he took powerful steps towards Felix, before wrenching the human from Jisung’s embrace. Chan pressed Felix against him, his strong arms wrapping around his back like a shield. The vampire’s comforting embrace made Felix’s racing heart slow, his tense muscles loosen.

“He’s dead. He won’t hurt you ever again.” Chan whispered into Felix’s ear, bringing a large hand up to cradle the back of the human’s head. The familiar warmth of the vampire’s voice made the painful knot in Felix’s stomach vanish, the fear still gnawing at his bones dissipate to a dull prickle. Felix grasped the back of Chan’s shirt, leaning his head in the crook of the vampire’s neck. He could feel the shaking breaths rattling from his lips fan across the pale skin of Chan’s neck, his eyes shutting as he relaxed into the hold.

And that’s how they stood, bodies pressed against one another, neither wanting, or ready, to move. Minho and Jisung took careful, matching steps up to the two boys, each placing a comforting hand on each of Felix’s shoulders.

The unmistakable buzz of love bubbled up into Felix’s chest, engulfing his heart. Chan, and Minho, and Jisung saved his life tonight. Had it not been for them, he didn’t even wanna think about how he would have ended up otherwise. Grateful? Thankful? There weren’t words in the english language to express how Felix feels in this very moment, surrounded by his members, his best friends, his saviors.

Outside the door, some residual specks of black dust blew into the night air. That would be the first, and last time a rogue vampire threatened the human living with Bang Chan’s coven.

Chapter End Notes

And Felix is *drumroll*......still human!

Hey guys! WHEEW do i have a lot to unpack after this chapter! I was seriously shook reading all your comments on last weeks chap, i really never expected you guys to be so behind the idea of felix being turned ;;;; i just wanted to keep you guys guessing before this chap, but after reading your comments i was like “oh god oh fucc they’re into it oh god”

Sooo yeah i hope this chapter didnt...disappoint?? Bc Lix is still human >< pls *felix dab* dont be *han dab* mad if it makes u feel better there’s 0 chance Yug would have been kind enough to turn Lix...he wanted chan to suffer, and to do that he would have killed Lix and left his drained body at Chan’s door lmao (but we dont have to worry abt him anymore)

Ok I’m done i promise,,,.see u guys next week! Ive been doing so much writing lately omfg...I’m finishing up a chap right now actually ;) no spoilers, but ill tell u its Chan-
Chapter Summary

In this dark world,

You’re after all the greatest color.

Complementary colors that seem complete opposites,

I want to colour this world,

The two of us, us, us, babe.

The two of us, us.

(We could all use some fluffy changlix after the last 2 chaps; felix could use some lovin’)

Chapter Notes

Skz: we love stays so much! Stay is our everything :)
Skz 0.3 seconds later: murders us in cold blood with the teaser pics/vids/unveil tracks.

(I was JUST getting myself back together after the road not taken teaser yesterday and NOW IM LOSING MY GODDAMN MIND OVER TMT CAN U SAY SONG OF THE SUMMER?!?!? No one touch me no one even LOOK AT ME)

Anyways enjoy this chapter <3333

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felix was idly lounging on the sofa, his body draped across the cushions as his eyes lazily watched the tv in front of him. It’s just one of those days; the others are all out, leaving just two boys in the house.

Felix was enjoying his solace, when said other boy suddenly padded into the living room.

“Hey, Felix.” Changbin’s deep voice startled Felix from his tv-induced stupor, eyes blinking away his daze as he shook his head back to reality.
“Oh, hi Changbin.” Felix observed with a small smile, the older boy still awkwardly standing before him, twiddling his thumbs. As always, the grim reaper is decked head to toe in black, the only source of color being his dark grey denim jacket. However, Changbin's usual intimidating presence seems off; the boy looking softer, smaller than normal. It almost looks as if he’s retreating in on himself, his strong, powerful aura a wisp of its former self. The reaper's abnormal attitude didn't evade Felix, wedging itself in the back of his mind.

Felix is happy to say he and the reaper have slowly but surely gotten closer over the last few months, the pair forming a friendship of sorts, much to his delight. However, he'd be lying if he didn't admit the reaper still intimidated him, just slightly. It was for this very reason that Felix could tell when something was up with older boy, and it's obvious he has something on his mind.

“Um, I hope this doesn't seem like, weird, but do you wanna play some video games with me in my room?” Changbin mumbled, eyes glued to the floor, hands still wringing together.

Felix’s expression instantly perked up at the offer, a large smile breaking onto his plump lips, freckled cheeks bunching in delight. His room! I finally get to see his room! Felix thought with palpable euphoria, excitement bubbling in his tummy.

He’s always been so curious as to what the grim reaper’s bedroom looks like; said room always shut tight with a black ‘Do not disturb’ sign perpetually hanging from the knob, barring anyone's entrance. Changbin’s room is the only one Felix has yet to visit, and the anticipation was past killing him. Felix always imagined his room as, well, looking like a Hot Topic store. Or black, to put it simpler. He imagines four black walls, peppered with heavy metal band posters, skulls teetering on his bed posts, and skeletons hanging from the ceiling. Ok, maybe that last part is a little bit of an exaggeration, but he expects black. Lots of black.

“I’d love that! I’m so bored, playing some games is just what I need.” Felix accepted brightly, popping up from the sofa to bound over to Changbin’s side.

“G-great!” Changbin replied with a crooked smile, an uneasy chuckle falling from his lips. Why does he seem so nervous? Felix thought to himself as he followed the reaper up the stairs, eyebrows knitting in confusion. Changbin’s usual personality is one of cold glances, sly smirks, and sharp eyes. Changbin is like the very night personified, as mysterious as he is foreboding. The reaper is like a lone raven, with the way his lithe onyx form gracefully glides through the house.

Seeing Changbin nervous is a sight Felix never thought he'd witness. Shrugging his shoulders lightly as the two padded through the hallway to the reaper’s room, Felix made a mental note to ask the older boy if anything's bothering him.
“I should warn you, my taste in video games is a little, *unconventional.*” Changbin turned to Felix as they walked, stopping in front of Changbin’s (closed of course) door.

“Oh, that's fine!” Felix remarked with a nervous laugh of his own this time, running a suddenly sweaty palm through his orange locks.

*Oh great,* Felix thought to himself with a small gulp, *I’m sure he only plays horror games, with tons of blood and guts!* He shuddered at the thought of the games Changbin passes time playing. He’s a grim reaper for goodness sake! Oh well, to finally enter the secret sanctum of the reaper’s room, Felix can deal with some pixelated gore. Or at least that's what he's telling himself.

Felix steeled himself as Changbin placed a gentle hand on his door knob, turning the golden metal as if they were in slow motion. Then, after what felt like an eternity, Changbin’s door cracked open, the reaper pushing through the threshold with ease. Nothing but a black abyss greeted Felix through the now fully open door. Motioning for Felix to come in, Changbin flipped on the overhead light in his room, illuminating his long-anticipated bedroom for the first time.

When his eyes finally adjusted to the light, Felix’s jaw dropped open, his eyes bulging from his head like a dead fish. Because his eyes are greeted by one thing, and one thing only. And it *certainly* is not black.

*Pink.*

Changbin’s entire room, is *pink.*

Not just the walls, but his large bed is blanketed with a fluffy pink and white comforter. Sailor Moon and Studio Ghibli posters adorn the pastel peach walls, the paper attached with delicate lilac tape. Tons of stuffed animals took up residence on his plush looking bed, overflowing to dot the posts of the bed frame. Where Felix pictures tarnished skulls, twinkling eyed plush critters took their place.

Felix thought he was in a dream, because this *couldn't* be real. *Could it?* His expression is a clear indication to just how dumbfounded he is. His eyes are still popping open, to the point where they got so dry he *had* to blink. But he couldn't; he just stared, gaping in incredulity as he took in the pastel surroundings of Changbin’s room.

*Changbin’s room is pink. And full of stuffed animals.* Felix thought to himself numbly, forcing
himself to blink rapidly, willing himself back to consciousness.

“Felix?” Changbin softly prodded, poking the human’s shoulder gently. Felix, startled by the touch, shook his head of orange hair to try and get his jumbled thoughts in order.

“It’s not what you expected, huh?” Changbin commented with a small, knowing smile. Felix just nodded dumbly, staring at the grim reaper incredulously.

“Y-yeah. No offense, but I expected like, coffins and torture devices in here. Not pikachus and teddy bears.” He spoke breathlessly, gesturing to the countless plushies staring back at him with their polished black eyes.

“Yeah, everyone says that. This is what I truly like though, despite what my clothing and personality might say otherwise.” Changbin mused softly, sheepishly, a small shrug tugging at his shoulders.

Felix’s expression snapped up at the reaper, eyes wide as he waved his hands in the air. “N-no! I didn't mean it like that! I just didn't expect it is all! Actually, I kinda love this.” Felix spoke quickly, widely motioning to the pink clad room and barking out a breathy laugh.

It was only after Felix made this remark that he realized that he does love the dichotomy between Changbin and his room. That this is what Changbin chooses to surround himself with, that this is his happy place; it made a tingly heat blossom in Felix’s heart. It truly shows that you can't judge a book by its cover. Or in this case, you can't judge a grim reaper by its cover. It made Felix painfully curious to what other adorable secrets the reaper is hiding.

A feeling of endeared affection started to bloom in Felix’s chest, his heart enveloped in warmth as he gazed between the shy-looking reaper and his bedroom. Felix has toiled with the fact that he might have a small crush on Changbin, and this new development sent the human over the edge. It wasn't a small crush anymore, that's for sure.

“Thanks.” Changbin whispered, his small voice barely audible. Felix just met him with a huge smile, before skipping to fall onto his bed, the countless stuffed animals jumping with the newly added weight.

With a chuckle, Changbin walked over to take a place next to Felix on the bed, his gaze at the human soft, unreadable. “So, uh, how does some Pokémon Black 2 sound?” Changbin finally
asked with a lopsided grin, reaching to pull out a Nintendo DS from his bedside table. Of course, the device is pink, peppered with small stickers in the form of daisies.

Felix couldn't help thinking that this game is the only black thing making an appearance in that room.

“Sounds great! I’m quite the experienced trainer, if I do say so myself.” Felix announced with faux-haughtiness, turning his nose up to a giggling Changbin. The reaper's eyes twinkled with light, like they were home to thousands of pulsating stars. Felix felt his heart pound a little harder, pumping heat across his body.

And so the two played in comfortable companionship, Changbin showing Felix his stable of well-loved Pokémon, taking extra care to introduce him to Gyu, his prized Munchlax. Felix’s heart felt like it was going to burst at Changbin’s incomparable cuteness, hoping the pink flush burning up his cheeks wasn't as noticeable as it felt. At this rate, Felix’s skin is poised to blend right into Changbin’s peachy hued walls, the force of his heated flush refusing to dissipate.

Felix gazed at the reaper with noticeable affection, his eyes sparkling like the anime girls perpetually smiling at them from the posters hanging on the walls.

“And this is my rapidash, his name is--Felix?” Changbin said, the sound of his name falling from the reaper's lips startling Felix from his rapture. Felix shook his head lightly to rouse himself from his Changbin-induced trance, meeting the reaper with a wide grin.

“Sorry, you're just really cute right now, is all.” Felix murmured quietly, his eyes shifting nervously from Changbin’s dark eyes, to his lithe fingers still clutching the pink device. Something told Felix he needs to be honest about his feelings for Changbin, that he needs to confess. He just hopes and prays that whatever voice he decided to listen to is right.

Changbin’s eyes widened at the complement, a deep red blush painting itself on his pale cheeks. His mouth sputtering open and closed, forcing an audible gulp down his throat.

“T-thanks...I, uh, I think you're cute, too.” He finally choked out, his voice trembling with blatant nerves. He finally got the courage to look Felix in the eyes, staring at him bashfully from behind his fringe of dark purple hair. The human is looking at him with such warm, sweet eyes, Changbin
couldn't help the lump that formed in his suddenly desert-like throat.

“Changbin,” Felix observed quietly, shifting closer to the reaper on the bed, the mattress dipping with their close proximity. Changbin just stared at the human, dumbstruck.

“I like you.” He continued, and Changbin could’ve sworn fireworks just went off in his chest, shooting and flying between his ribs. His ears rang as the human’s words made their slow ascent to his numb brain. Changbin dropped the DS, the pink system landing with a soft thud on his plush, white rug.

Felix's expression shifted at the now fallen electronic, the bright, happy music of the game now a distant memory from its new home on the floor.

“Fe-Felix.” Changbin stuttered, his clammy palms white knuckle gripping his comforter like his life depended on it. “I-I like you, too.” He eventually managed to croak, pushing a pad of saliva down his throat. He couldn't look at Felix, he couldn't. He just stared intensely at the human’s soft, tanned hands, his brain buzzing like his skull is a beehive.

But he didn't have to force himself to look up, because before he knew it one of those large, warm looking hands is cupping Changbin’s cheek, turning his downcast expression to face the human. And before Changbin could say anything, the human’s plush, pink lips are pressed lightly against his.

Changbin doesn't have a beating heart. Being a grim reaper and all, he’s technically dead. Dead, meaning no beating heart. Which is good, because if he did, he's positive it would have stopped right then and there. Death by kiss? Not a very cool way to die. But Changbin feels like he died all over again, like he died and went straight to heaven this time.

His lips finally relaxed into the tender kiss, as his mind devolved into unreadable static, his wide eyes fluttering shut as he placed a hand over Felix’s.

The kiss lasted for what felt like nanoseconds, to Changbin's dismay, the human pulling away with a loving smile growing on those impossibly soft lips. A fond chuckle fell from Felix as he took in Changbin’s expression; his eyes once again bulging and mouth agape in shock because what the Hell just happened.

“Can we, uh, do that again?” Changbin ultimately mumbled out, blinking his dazed eyes as if he
just woke up from a dream. But if you ask Changbin, he might as well have.

Another round of sweet laughter tumbled from Felix, his honey brown eyes disappearing with the sheer force of the giggles. “‘Bin, you’re so cute.” He managed to say through the bouts of good natured laughter, before tackling the reaper in a strong embrace.

Changbin was about to protest the tight grasp, but before he could, he met Felix’s glimmering eyes, and his entire mind went blank again. Instead, he chose to lean forward, placing a chaste kiss on one of the human’s full cheeks. He made the executive decision that Felix would have liked that response better. And he was right, the human excitedly peppering the reaper's face with countless, feather-soft kisses in return.

The music from the forgotten Pokémon game still flowed into the room, bathing the pair in a dream like effect. Changbin could now only pray he isn’t dreaming, that this isn’t some illusion cast before him, only to be taken from him with the rising sun. But then Changbin felt Felix’s heart pounding against his chest, the steady beats like a lullaby, calming his nerves and keeping Changbin grounded; reminding him this is all real.

Changbin is comfortably cuddled up between Felix and his plethora of plushies, unsure which of the two is softer. Felix’s strong arm lazily snaked around his waist as the reaper nuzzled into the human’s neck, sleep threatening to overtake the pair.

As the sun set through Changbin’s window, casting a golden shimmer throughout the room, a realization prickled at the back of Changbin’s blissed mind. I’ve never been this happy before, have I, the reaper mused to himself. Changbin’s eyes languidly moved to Felix’s soft expression, eyes barely open as his chest rose up and down evenly.

A new sensation, one Changbin has never felt before, sent electric tingles through his core. As his body relaxed against the human his heavy eyes closed, and he thought with a smile; This must be love.

Chapter End Notes

CHANGLIX IS A THING?! CHANGLIX IS A THING!!!

Anyways i hoped u guys enjoyed this chap after such intense chapters last week! Sadly (depending on ur preference) we going→ Angsty again for the next 2 weeks and then the fluff train is officially leaving the station!!! Tbh all my upcoming changlix chaps are SO CUTE it’s like my 3rd eye is only open when i write changlix i swear
All my friends are heathens take it slow

Chapter Summary

What if I say I'm not like the others?
What if I say I'm not just another one of your plays?
You're the pretender.
What if I say I will never surrender?

Chapter Notes

Seungjin in the side effects mv:
Seungmin: *snappin pics, livin his best life*
Hyunjin: seungmin i swear to if you take 1 more photo i'm going to mcfreakin lose it
Seungmin: *click*
Hyunjin: y

See the end of the chapter for more notes

To say there’s been an air of tension throughout the house since Jisung’s decision to stay with Minho and his coven was a slight understatement. Although, tension seems a little too broad. Tension, as it were, came in the form of one person. His name? Kim Seungmin.

Minho was lounging on the sofa, a sleepy Jisung draped over him as they idly enjoyed each others presence. Changbin was sitting in a plush armchair next to the couple, lost in his own world as he absentmindedly scrolled through his phone. The other members were all out doing their own thing, so the trio sat in comfortable silence as hours passed in peaceful company.

That blanket of tranquility was broken, however, when a certain fallen angel trotted down the stairs and into the living room. He immediately shot a repulsed look at Jisung, without missing a beat. Minho was afraid this would happen, his once repressed feelings of dread coming to fruition.

“Ugh, why does he always have to be here.” Seungmin muttered through a scowl, his lip curling as he glowered at the demon.
This kind of reaction towards Jisung has been the angel’s constant reflex since learning the news Jisung would be joining his coven. Minho at first understood that angels and demons certainly don’t mix, he understood that they were the most primordial of enemies, but this has gone way past the point of acting on behalf of your kin.

Seungmin used every chance he got to put Jisung down. Either by calling him a monster, or the reason for everything wrong in the world, or simply just saying how much he wished he didn’t exist. Each insult hurled at the love of his life made a knot of rage form in the pit of Minho’s stomach, made his blood turn to molten lava in his veins. For Jisung’s sake, he hasn’t caused serious harm to the former guardian yet.

Minho and Seungmin used to be the best of friends as well, so the way his misplaced anger towards Jisung was also tearing apart their friendship frustrated Minho to no end. After the countless weeks of suffocating tension, Minho was past the point of hope, both for the resurrection of their once loving friendship and the barrage of venom towards his boyfriend coming to an end.

Yes Jisung is a demon, but he doesn’t act like a demon is the thing. He is the kindest, sweetest, most loving boy Minho has ever known, and the rest of his coven members agree. Jisung is as if sunshine became sentient, a spring day personified. His smile puts the sun to shame, the twinkling sparks in his warm eyes are the envy of the cosmos. He could light up a room just by entering, his overpowering positive energy making anyone instantly perk up. Well, almost anyone.

Minho’s expression darkened as he felt how Jisung tensed at the angel’s comment, his eyebrows furrowing and lip jutting out in a small pout. Jisung has revealed to Minho how hurtful these comments are to him, and the fact Seungmin still won’t lay off his boyfriend made Minho’s blood boil. Minho’s talked with the angel privately about the matter, about how uncomfortable the comments make Jisung, how damaging they are to his fragile psyche. He told Seungmin of the countless sleepless nights the demon has suffered because those insults were swirling between his ears, the grimace plastered on the angel’s face flashing behind his burning eyes as the hours ticked by on the clock.

But with each valiant attempt to get the angel to cease verbal fire, Minho’s words would always go in one ear and out the other.

No matter how many times Minho tried to explain to Seungmin that Jisung wasn’t like other demons, the angel would always reply with the same excuse; he’s a demon, I’m an angel. I’m supposed to hate him.

“Why are you so mean to me! I’ve never done anything to you Seungmin!” Jisung whined, sitting up from his once relaxed position on his boyfriend, eyes pleading and lips set in a thin frown.
“Pfft, are you stupid or something? I’ve told you a million times why.” Seungmin retorted with a haughty look, rolling his eyes as if he were scolding a petulant child. “You’re a demon, I’m an angel. How else am I supposed to act towards you?”

“But you we’re a guardian angel! You never even dealt with demons! It’s not like you were a Seraphim or something…” Jisung implored of the angel, voice trembling. Jisung looked so small, so fragile, as he desperately tried to talk some sense into the angel.

Minho’s lip twitched with a snarl, anger bubbling in his chest at Seungmin’s flippant reaction to a clearly distressed Jisung. “How about you try treating him with respect? Since he’s been nothing but nice not only to you, but to everyone else in the coven?” Minho tried to keep his voice as even as possible, but he could feel his patience starting to wane. He felt so hot, like his skin was covered in hundreds of prickling flames. This situation was going to come to a head today, Minho was sure of it.

Seungmin only rolled his eyes again, at Minho this time. “You’re so blind Minho.” He observed with faux benevolence, talking down to Minho as if he were a fool. “I just hope you realize what he really is before it’s too late for you.” A sickeningly sweet smile came to his lips, contrasting with the malice in his eyes as he looked at Jisung with tangible disdain.

Minho could see the breath hitch in Jisung’s throat at that comment, his elegant hands forming tight fists against his the fabric of his jeans. Minho felt like a ticking time bomb recently, and that remark sent him over the edge; he was going to explode. His vision turned red, shooting up with dangerous intent in his eyes, as the spell for a dangerous hex formed at the tip of his tongue. But before he had the chance to do something he would (probably) regret, a new voice entered the mix.

“Lay off him Seungmin.” The deep voice of Changbin suddenly rang through the room, effectively sucking the air out of everything like a vacuum. Changbin, who was usually apathetic about, well, everything, was now standing protectively in front of Jisung. The demon was still nervously fixed next to a seething Minho, eyes begging his boyfriend not to snap on his behalf.

And Changbin looked mad. His eyes as hard as rocks as he stared down Seungmin, who was effectively silenced as he shrunk under the reaper’s intense gaze.

Seungmin opened his mouth to say something, but was unable to, cut off by Changbin once again. “Don’t speak until I’m done, understand?” He growled at Seungmin, the angel quickly nodding with eyes agape.
“I’ve heard every damn thing you’ve said to Jisung since he moved in, and I’ve held my tongue thinking it would finally end, that you would finally get some sense. But you just won’t leave the poor kid alone, huh?” He barked at an incredulous looking Seungmin. “You know what I am, right? You know as a part of my job as a reaper I can sense any and all negative energy? Well I can tell you with certainty that there is not one ounce of negativity in Jisung’s soul. As a matter of fact, there’s only one source of negative energy I sense in this entire house,” Changbin announced, voice dark and eyes narrowing as he regarded the angel. “And that’s you, Seungmin.”

You could feel the way that remark shook Seungmin to his core, his eyes darting around the room as his mouth hung open in disbelief. Changbin merely ignored his look of stupor, continuing his verbal rampage.

Changbin has always had a close, older brother relationship with Seungmin; the two initially bonding because the positions of grim reaper and guardian angel have a surprising amount of parallels. Minho can only imagine the thoughts running through Seungmin’s head as the harsh reprimands from the elder continued.

“Jisung loves your friend. He treats your friend like a king and for that reason alone you should like him. Just because he happens to be a demon and you happen to be an angel doesn’t mean he deserves to be treated like garbage. You’re not winning some cosmic battle by making his life miserable, so I suggest you get real, and lay off.” Changbin finished his rant with a huff, crossing his arms over his chest.

The entire room was plunged into stifling, suffocating silence. The air itself felt like it was one hundred pounds heavier, Minho unconsciously sucking in a shaking breath as he waited for someone to break the deafening silence.

Jisung shared a wide eyed look with his boyfriend, who could only mimic his expression of shock. Minho has known Changbin for what seems like forever, and he’s never seen the reaper act so passionately about anything before.

Seungmin looked like he wanted to protest the accusations, but a look of agonizing realization crossed his face as he looked between Jisung and Changbin. Finally his eyes landed on Minho, and a wet glaze washed over his honey brown irises. His mouth moved, but no words came out, his breath trapped by the lump in his throat. “I-I’m sorry…” He choked out, voice trembling, before turning and running up the stairs, leaving the trio left in stunned silence.

A clutch suddenly took up residence in Minho’s heart at the look of absolute devastation on Seungmin’s soft features. Minho suddenly felt waves of guilt radiate from his head to his toes, making his skin crawl with regret.
Seungmin is still one of the sweetest boys Minho has ever met, and he truly does love the angel with all his heart, despite his clouded views of his boyfriend. It suddenly dawned on Minho that this must have been a very real problem to Seungmin, and not just an act to get a rise out his coven members. To him, Jisung was his enemy, by virtue of him being a demon. He probably thought he was lying in wait, manipulating Minho until it was too late and the worst had come to pass.

He really was just looking out for me. Minho realized as he rapidly blinked away the line of tears that welled up in his eyes, starting to worry if this was too much to handle for the young angel, now isolated in his bedroom.

Changbin looked at the space where Seungmin stood seconds before with a melancholic, yet satisfied gleam in his eyes, before turning to face Jisung.

“Just give him some time. He realizes he was wrong to judge you just because of what you are.” Changbin said to Jisung, voice soft and comforting. He put a strong hand on the demon’s shoulder, before pulling him in to engulfing him in a hug. Jisung’s hands gripped the material of Changbin’s shirt like his life depended on it, his face buried in the crook of the reaper’s shoulder.

“T-thank you, Changbin hyung.” Jisung, voice still shaking, whispered into Changbin’s ear. From where he was leaning his head against Jisung’s, Changbin looked up at Minho, making eye contact with the older boy. Minho’s eyes are still glazed, pent up tears threatening to cascade down his skin at any second. He mouthed a grateful thank you to the reaper, throwing him a small smile.

Minho knew the other boys didn't approve of Seungmin's behavior, but he never expected anyone to stand up for Jisung like that, let alone Changbin. Minho can only imagine how much this meant to Jisung, acutely aware that the demon secretly felt like the constant verbal abuse would never cease.

But a knot of churning worry continued to twist Minho’s stomach, his eyes unconsciously flitting to the staircase Seungmin escaped up a few minutes earlier. He should feel happy, he should feel relieved the angel finally realized the error of his ways. But Minho felt no such emotions, his mind replaying the horrified expression that crossed the angel’s features like an endless, broken record.

Minho placed a trembling hand on Jisung’s shoulder, the demon still engulfed in Changbin’s arms. Minho could feel the release of tension beneath Jisung’s skin, how his once permanently taut muscles mellowed and relaxed in the reaper’s hold.

He couldn’t help the warmth that bloomed in his chest at his boyfriend’s already improved condition, brining some much needed comfort to his still racing mind. He could now only pray Changbin was right, and that soon Seungmin would return with a new outlook on the demon.
Minho sent a final glance up the empty staircase.

Only time will tell.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Tbh to be honest the ending to this chap is super abrupt and just. Bad imo BUT i have an excuse this time: this chap was originally longer/w an actual legit ending, but a few weeks ago i got an idea i liked and made it into two chapters! So I promise next week’s chap we will get much needed closure ^^

also fun fact: after the hyunsung two kids room ep where they admitted how much they hated each other i contemplated changing seungmin to hyunjin in this chap aha! But i rlly wanted to touch upon the angels and demons trope so 😊
Tell me I’m an angel (take this to my grave)

Chapter Summary

Tell me I'm a bad man,

Kick me like a stray.

Tell me I'm an angel,

Take this to my grave.

S-I-N,
S-I-N,
S-I-N,

I S-I-N

Chapter Notes

Two wolves are at war in my head; one black, and one white.

The white wolf wants stray kids to promote TMT on music shows after side effects

The black wolf wants stray kids to rest and sleep for 16 hours a day.

The battle never ceases.

Seungmin felt like his entire brain was snuggly enveloped in bubble wrap. His languidly blinking eyes could see he was sat neatly on the sofa in the living room, yet his body itself might as well be hovering above the cushions. He felt completely, utterly numb.

Through the prickly static blanketing his mind, Seungmin belatedly took notice of Jisung trotting into the living room. The demon wordlessly threw himself onto the cushions with a resounding thump. Unsurprisingly, Seungmin felt nothing.

Jisung threw the angel a lazy smile, before reaching forward to grasp an unassuming glass of water on the table. Seungmin didn’t take notice of the glass before, yet something about it seemed off. The liquid appeared strangely murky, and cloudy. Something was swirling in that glass, lying in wait for Jisung’s lips to meet the cup.
Seungmin wanted to grasp the demon’s hand, to stop him from taking a sip. But he couldn’t. Despite how much he tried, his body stayed frozen in place on the sofa, his only movement being the slow flit of his eyes to the figure of Jisung. He didn't even understand why the urge to stop Jisung’s hand wedged itself into his psyche, as Seungmin’s less than amicable feelings towards the demon are not readily concealed.

It was too late. The demon brought the glass to his glossed lips, and took some grateful swigs of the liquid.

Jisung’s adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed the hearty gulps. Almost instantly though, he cleared his throat, like the drink tickled on the way down. And then it got worse.

That unassuming gesture suddenly turned to rasping coughs. The demon’s coughs became so intense Seungmin feared he'd spit out a lung. The coughs then turned to sickening, choking gags. It sounded as if hands were strangeling Jisung from the inside out, like they were trying to claw their way out of his throat and into the light of day. And then it got worse.

Jisung sprung up from the sofa, desperately clutching at his throat. Tears brimmed at his honey brown eyes, becoming more blood shot by the second. He squeezed his eyes shut, screwing them closed as he blinked away the tears. But when Jisung re-opened his eyes, there were no tears to be seen. There was nothing to be seen. Jisung’s eyes became pure obsidian black, two glossy pools of onyx.

The gags turned to agonized heaves, like his organs were trying to escape his body. Jisung’s knees then gave out from under him and he was on the cusp of retching on the living room floor.

He was almost instantly caught in the familiar arms of Minho. Seungmin didn't even notice him enter the room. Perhaps he was too distracted by the sight playing like a horror movie before him.

“Jisung?! What happened?!” Minho wailed as he desperately tried to shake some life back into his boyfriend’s limp form.

Jisung pushed a pitiful gulp down his tight throat. He screwed his pitch black eyes closed again before speaking, as if just placing the words on his tongue burned the flesh. “H-holy w-water.”

At the mere mention of those two words, Jisung’s condition took yet another sharp dive. Before Seungmin’s numbed eyes, the pale blue veins beneath Jisung’s skin darkened, and darkened. Soon
after, they turned pure black, his skin now looking like a cracked porcelain doll. The spider web of onyx veins crept up his neck, past his gaunt cheekbones and up to his head of messy chestnut hair.

Minho was still helplessly clutching the demon in his arms, his delicate hands desperately grasping the demon’s diminutive form. Seungmin thought it was over; it couldn’t possibly get worse than this.

He was very, very wrong.

Jisung’s toned arms tensed, muscles clenching and nerves jolting in pain.

Fire.

Miniature rings of flames suddenly broke out on Jisung’s exposed skin. They looked like a plethora of forest fires ignited across his body. And it was spreading. Rapidly.

The uncaring flames charred and ravaged Jisung’s skin, mingling with the pitch black veins that decorated the patches of unburnt flesh. Shaking breaths rattled from Jisung’s lips, fanning against Minho’s hair and reverberating between Seungmin’s ears.

Jisung looked like Hell itself was eating him from the inside out.

Despite his dislike for the demon, Seungmin wanted to help, wanted to do something to end the poor boy’s sudden suffering. Yet he could only helplessly look down at his hands; still daintily laying flat on his thighs, as if he were merely waiting for his water to boil for tea.

Rather than water, Jisung was the one boiling.

“You did this, didn’t you.” The deep, unwavering voice of Minho broke the stiff silence. Minho’s accusatory growl at Seungmin was in no shape or form a question. Minho was merely alerting Seungmin to a fact he himself was not aware of.

Minho is still cradling the rapidly withering body of Jisung in his protective hold, his eyes harboring a level of unadulterated rage the likes of which Seungmin has never seen. His handsome
features were twisted into a primal snarl, his lips curled in disgust as his vicious stare continued to bore into Seungmin.

The angel’s lips were still frozen in a silent line however, his eyes empty and verging on doll-like hollowness. Yet despite the ice injected beneath his pores, petrifying him in place, Seungmin knew with a sickening twist in his stomach that Minho was right.

He did this to Jisung. His hatred of Jisung finally got the better of him, he finally acted on the desire to rid the coven of the demon once and for all. He doesn't have any recollection of how or when he slipped the holy water into Jisung’s cup, but he knows it was committed by his hands and his alone. He is an angel after all, he must have a vile of the stuff on him at all times, right?

Jisung writhed in pain in Minho’s arms. His agony was so tangible, the angel felt like the flames licking Jisung’s skin sprung onto his own flesh, charring him to the bone. Jisung was suffering, in every sense of the word, and why? Because he’s a demon and Seungmin made it his angelic goal to smite him. Jisung has never been anything but kind to Seungmin, let alone everyone else in the coven. What did he do to deserve this? Exist within the same space as Seungmin?

Seungmin felt his heart pound against his ribs, a single blow to his bones that sent a jolt of realization from his core to his fuzzy brain.

Seungmin’s dislike of Jisung and his constant barrage of unabashed hatred was utterly, completely skewed, unwarranted, misplaced. Seungmin never should have taken his heavenly prejudices out on the sweet boy, merely because Jisung’s homeland is the bane of his kin.

He should have given Jisung a chance. He should have actually tried to get to know him before painting him in such a deadly light, and forcing him into Seungmin’s own perception of what a demon must be.

But now it was too late.

A piece of Jisung’s once full cheeks cracked, chipped, and turned to dust. His lithe fingers followed suit, swathes of skin disintegrating to black dust in Minho’s helpless embrace. The rings of fire climbing up his body abruptly extinguished, in favor of his blackened skin peeling away like old paint and falling to the floor as piles of ash.

Tears started to run down Minho’s cheeks, fat droplets raining down the planes of his skin only to
softly fall onto the charred body of Jisung. Yet, Minho's eyes harbored no misery, no agony, no horror. His eyes, dark and as hard as stones are filled to the brim with nothing but anger, with hatred. Seungmin thought he saw miniature flames akin to those that mauled Jisung flicker in his irises, from the pure intensity of his fury.

Minho’s gaze was still trained solely on Seungmin, despite the increasingly worsening state of Jisung pressed against his chest. More patches of Jisung’s skin turned to ash, creating a dusting of gray snow on the legs of his boyfriend. Deep in the back of his cotton-filled brain, Seungmin became acutely aware that the only reason Minho hasn't killed him yet is because of the dying demon in his arms.

Through the hive of venomous bees stinging his mind, through the haze of horror hanging in the air, Seungmin felt his lips move for the first time in what felt like an eternity.

“I did this.”

Jisung’s obsidian eyes fluttered shut. Tears continued to rain from Minho onto the mangled body of the demon. It wasn’t a question.

Seungmin did this.

Seungmin jolted awake, his heart pounding like a jackhammer in his rapidly heaving chest. He awoke with such force, he almost smacked his head on the metal frame of the top bunk belonging to Jeongin. The angel’s widened eyes flew to his bedside clock; realizing with a start he’d only been asleep for a measly hour and a half.

That dream, that nightmare felt like an agonizing eternity.

Throwing a trembling hand to his damp forehead, Seungmin forced a knowing gulp down his throat. Only one thought, one name permeated the almost painful fog left on his psyche from the nightmare. Jisung.

They were right, they were so painfully right about everything. He felt like such a fool, sharp tendrils of guilt weaving between his ribs as his racing heart started to slow.
“This needs to stop.” He whispered into the thick air of his bedroom.

He knows what he has to do.

Seungmin hesitantly approached Jisung, and apologized. Like really apologized, for everything. Seungmin explained how he really was just trying to look out for Minho and his safety. It was a dumb way of going about it, he admitted, but it came from a place of genuine worry for one of his best friends. Jisung, albeit glad the weeks of verbal torment were finally over, couldn't help but respect Seungmin for wanting to protect Minho so fiercely. Despite his technique being a tad, well, ineffective, Jisung truly did understand where he was coming from.

Minho and Seungmin shared a long, warm embrace. Their hearts both feeling lighter and fuller than they have in weeks, shoulders free of the oppressive weight of tension. The pair exchanged matching, grateful expressions while basking in the familiarity they've so longed to return to.

And in typical Jisung fashion, the demon instantly accepted the angel’s words of remorse, the insults already forgotten and a new space opening in his heart to make memories of friendship with the angel.

Since that day, Seungmin started viewing Jisung as Jisung, rather than as a demon. It didn’t happen overnight, but Jisung and Seungmin have actually gotten close enough to be considered good friends, much to Minho and Changbin’s delight.

It took some time for Seungmin to get past the guilt he felt towards to demon, but once he started to actually appreciate him for the ray of sunshine he is, the two haven’t looked back since.

Angels and demons may not mix, but Jisung is no typical demon, Seungmin no stereotypical angel. They are Jisung and Seungmin, and they’re slowly becoming the best of friends; Heaven and Hell be damned.

Chapter End Notes
Hello stays~ and just like that seungsung are friends! Took them long enough ><

As promised, we are leaving the angsty chaps for a while and the fluff train is officially pulling out of the station! The first stop next week?? Perhaps THE fluffiest minsung to ever FLUFF! Buckle ur seatbelts boys, it is going DOWN

ALSO can we just talk abt their fancy cover from yesterday ??? I would not only like to thank god but also jesus my eyes were so BLESSED (i was even more shooketh bc me and two of my best friends are seeing twice in concert at the end of july l m a o)

For once in my life i dont have much to say abt this chapter, sooo ill see u guys next week *smooches* keep streaming side effects and voting for the boys on mcount and idol champ plz ;3;
Chapter Summary

My heart still wants more,

But that sunlight is setting.

I wanna tell you more about my honest feelings,

I wanna get closer to you.

My heart melts at your sweet voice,

like marshmallows in cocoa.

And I’m showing my heart,

for you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jisungs hands grasped a steaming glass of tea, his petite frame pressed against Minho’s as the two cuddled on the sofa. The house was totally silent, the other boys long having retreated to bed. The couple however, would much rather relish in each other’s company than succumb to the tendrils of sleep gnawing at their muscles. Minho’s idle gaze flitted to the window, curtains still wide open despite it being the dead of night.

His eyes caught faint glints of white fluttering outside the window, contrasting against the rich black of the sky. Squinting for clarity, the dark night air became filled with unmistakable fluffy particles of snow. A knowing smile grew on Minho’s lips at the sight of the first snow of the season, lightly shaking Jisung to rouse his attention.

“Hey, wanna go out? It’s snowing.” He whispered to his boyfriend, the dim living room conducive to quite breaths and airy giggles.

Jisung gave him an inquisitive look at the offer, his sapphire eyes sparkling in the lowlight. Jisung, as Minho has since learned in the last few months after becoming official with the demon, can change both his eye and hair color at will. His hair has been a deep, rich navy blue for the last few weeks, his irises changing to a matching azure hue.

“Snow? Never seen that before...it’s like, the cold stuff that falls from the sky, right?” The demon
questioned innocently, lips pouting as he racked his brain at the mention of the white flakes. Minho nodded eagerly, shooting up from the sofa with Jisung’s wrist gently grasped in his hand. Minho started pulling the demon towards the door, his boyfriend quickly setting his still steaming cup of tea on the table before any of the hot liquid could splash on the couple.

Hastily, Minho donned his coat before throwing the door open, only to reveal the yard dusted in a delicate layer of freshly fallen snow. Languid, puffy flakes continued to lazily drift through the sky, before coming to stick on the white drifts already forming on the ground.

Minho didn’t miss how Jisung’s eyes widened in childlike wonder when he met the white flurries, taking light, careful steps to the porch before plopping down on the first step. Taking a matching spot next to his boyfriend, Minho pressed his shoulder to the demon’s, leaning forward to see how each particle of snow reflected in his mirror like eyes. Those cobalt irises looked like minuscule galaxies, with each dot of snow a star making its home in the two sapphire pools.

“Wow, it’s so beautiful. I’ve never seen anything like it before.” Jisung muttered, awestruck. Carefully, cautiously, he reached a dainty hand out from the covered porch into the open night air. Amazed, Jisung watched as a bobbing white flake landed in his palm, before instantly melting to a miniature puddle. His lips jutted into a pout, seemingly disappointed at the impermanence of the snow.

Minho hummed in agreement, enamoured affection growing in his chest as he watched his adorably perplexed boyfriend. “You don’t have anything like this in Hell, huh.” He mused, more of a statement than a question. Jisung had explained the inner workings of Hell to Minho before, and calm snow flurries were definitely not apart of the demon’s detailed description of his homeland.

Jisung shook his head, navy locks bouncing as silver reflected on the strands from the bright moonlight. “Yeah, there’s nothing like this. Hell is more like, fire and stuff. This is pretty much the exact opposite. It’s so calm, I feel like time has slowed down.” The demon spoke with a breathy chuckle, lips breaking into a smile as his soft voice tumbled into the winter air.

They then sat in serene silence, Jisung still wonderstruck as he gazed at the sparkling white covering the lawn, like a dusting of fine powdered sugar. With each breath, puffs of air left their lips, the thick whisps dancing in front of their eyes before vanishing.

Minho has never enjoyed silence so much as he does with Jisung, always subscribed to the notion that only a constant stream of chatter is the mark of a good, healthy relationship. But with Jisung, even the most boring of activities, the most silent company is comfortable, is enjoyable. Minho doesn't need to talk with Jisung to know they’re in a wonderful relationship, a sensation completely foreign to him prior. As he thought to himself, a realization suddenly burst into Minho’s mind, his heart jumping in a particularly powerful pound against his ribs in response. Minho is in love with
Jisung. He just realized it fully for the first time, but he’s never been more sure of something in his life.

I’m in love with Jisung. Just thinking it to himself made a tingling heat bubble in Minho’s stomach, rising through his chilled body until it blossomed on his cheeks.

“Jisung?” Minho murmured, his brain just now catching up with mouth, unconsciously grabbing his boyfriend’s raptured attention without thinking. Jisung just hummed in response, turning to look at his boyfriend for the first time since falling in love with the snow.

“I think I like, love you? Or something.” Minho simply stated, mind slightly numb from the realization he just left hanging in the snow filled air. His hands unconsciously started wringing together, both from nerves at his sudden confession, and because the cold air was finally starting to settle into his bones.

Jisung responded with a mere quizzical look, eyebrows raising. “Really?” He asked innocently, scooting closer to Minho. ‘Really? That’s how he responds to me confessing my love to him?!’ Minho thought to himself in faux exasperation, a good natured chuckle threatening to fall from his lips at his boyfriend’s quirks. He kept his thoughts to himself however, choosing to just nod instead, his cheeks still tinged a deep red.

Jisung seemed to consider his confirmation, eyes darting to the still falling snow flurries. For what felt like an excruciating eternity, Jisung sat in unreadable silence, before finally turning to meet his boyfriend’s eyes once again.

“Cool. I love you too.” He stated nonchalantly, a boyish grin bunching his full cheeks and a twinkle glimmering in his navy eyes. Before Minho could even attempt to get his racing thoughts in order to respond, Jisung darted forward to press his lips against Minho’s. His eyes briefly widened, mind jolting awake with electricity, until the familiar warmth of Jisung’s lips calmed his buzzing mind. Minho relaxed into the kiss, leaning in to drape a gentle hand on Jisung’s cheek.

The endless white flurries continued to float down from the heavens, threatening to melt with the intense, palpable love emanating from the couple. Swarms of butterflies took flight in Minho’s stomach as heat blanketed his body. The winter chill gnawing on his skin dissipated, forgotten in favor of the newfound sensation of comforting warmth.

If you asked Minho, he and Jisung might as well have been plunged into the heat of a summer day. Their love, like the rays of the midday sun, engulfed the couple in tender warmth; rendering them impervious to the pearly flurries swirling around them.
hi guys! honestly i'm pretty surprised i got this chapter posted today ^^ i'm on vacation again, and everyday has been so busy ;0; luckily we're traveling to another state, so i have some time to update!

next week we going...*drumroll*..... changjin!!! it's technically changlix...but it's still changjin ;)
From the outside edges, a little slow (From the corner of your heart, a little clumsy)

Chapter Summary

I’m getting closer to you, we take it a bit slow.
I’m matching my steps with you, we are a bit clumsy.
Those looks, looks, looks,
This touch, touch, touch,
You are surprising.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hyunjin’s room is very...well... Hyunjin.

The walls are painted a delicate azure hue, each adorned with countless posters of grand ocean scenes. His bed covers are printed with soft blue waves, his pillows with abstract caricatures of dolphins. Plush clown fish and seahorses hang down from the ceiling, tied with thin twine to keep them stuck in a perpetual undersea dance. Yes, Hyunjin’s bedroom is as if someone drained the very sea itself, and placed its remains between four modest walls.

The aforementioned siren is splayed across his bed, long limbs draped over the covers. The boy is obviously unaware of Changbin’s arrival, his eyes glued to his phone in complete rapture. Changbin saw little grey blobs wobbling in the shiny reflection of Hyunjin’s large eyes, along with soft mentions of “Antarctica” emanating from the device in his hand.

Changbin tapped his foot impatiently, waiting for Hyunjin to finally take notice of his presence. After five minutes of crossed-armed waiting, Changbin couldn’t take it anymore, releasing a resigned huff and dropping his arms to his side.

“Hyunjin!” Changbin barked in exasperation, effectively rousing the siren from his trance; startling him in fact to the point where he almost threw his phone across the room.

“Hyunjin, are you watching March of the Penguins? Again?” Changbin asked in faux exasperation, a knowing smile pulling at his lips as he idly fiddled with the cuff links glinting on
A bright red flush washed onto Hyunjin’s delicate cheeks, the siren quickly averting his gaze with a mumbled “n-no…” as he stuffed his phone under his pillow.

Changbin rolled his eyes as his smile grew on his lips, letting a small chuckle pass through his lips in response to his cute best friend.

“Anyways, what’s up ‘Bin? And what’s with the tux”? Hyunjin quickly inquired, ready and eager to move the subject off his minor obsession with a certain penguin clan. He gestured to Changbin’s dapper appearance, eyebrows furrowed as he gave the usually casual reaper a once over.

Now it was Changbin’s turn to let a light pink flush color his cheeks, twiddling his thumbs as he shifted under the suddenly tight neck of his dress shirt.

“W-well, I’m going on my first date with Felix tonight, so since you’re into fashion and stuff I kinda...wanted your opinion on how I look?” Changbin mumbled, suddenly feeling as if the heat of a thousand spotlights was bathing him in warmth.

Hyunjin just met him with a wide eyed, dead stare in response. He silently blinked, as if trying to jumpstart his brain.

“You’re wearing that to your date?! Are you gonna marry the guy?!” Hyunjin shrieked in horror, throwing a hand to his forehead in disbelief at what he was hearing. Don’t get Hyunjin wrong, his best friend looks quite dashing in his black suit jacket and matching dress pants; the fabric accentuating his lean legs and broad shoulders, while highlighting his muscular frame. The top button of his white blouse is left undone, exposing the milky planes of his collar bone. He looks wonderful, but not for a first date of all things.

“Hey! It’s our first date ok?! I wanted to look formal!” Changbin countered, his tux clad shoulders raising in defense.

“Forma—are you crazy?! What are you guys even doing, going to a red carpet?” Hyunjin continued his incredulous barrage, large eyes still agape as he thrust himself off his plush mattress to pad over to where Changbin was still awkwardly stood in his room.
“We’re going ice skating.” Changbin grumbled, voice barely audible through his child-like pout at his best friend’s disapproval of his new look.

Hyunjin’s eyes *somehow* bugged out even wider. He sucked in a sharp breath, obviously trying to get his thoughts in order at the reaper’s admission.

“You’re trying to tell me you were *literally* going to wear a full suit while *ice skating*?” Hyunjin stated, voice dull and sounding as dead as the look in his glazed eyes, now staring off into some random corner of his oceanic themed room.

“I thought it was a good idea! I’d be warm and stuff, because of all the layers!” Changbin hoped his voice didn’t sound as unconvincing as it felt, sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck as he valiantly tried to sell the siren. Hyunjin obviously isn’t buying.

Instead, the siren shoved his lovely features into his hand, scrubbing his palm down the smooth skin. “Sometimes I really worry about you, ‘Bin. This is one of those times.”

“Oh yeah, you’re one to talk! You didn’t even have *legs* before you moved here! Sirens don’t wear clothes underwater!” Changbin petulantly whined at his best friend, crossing his arms over his buttoned up blazer with a huff.

Hyunjin let a wicked smirk pull at the corner of his thick lips, a devilish glint shining in his eyes as he successfully cornered his prey. “Maybe so, but you still came to *me* for advice. What does that say about you, *hm*?”

Changbin sent his best friend a growl, but the low rumble quickly dissipated as realization dawned on the reaper; Hyunjin is right. He’d look like a fool if he went on his date dressed like this. And the last thing Changbin wants is to ruin his chances with Felix by sticking out like a sore thumb against the casual din of the ice rink.

“Can you find me something more... *appropriate* for tonight, ‘Jin?” Changbin finally gritted out, his heavy shoulders dropping in defeat.

“I thought you’d never ask! I’m still considering wearing a disguise and following you tonight though, so I make sure you don’t embarrass yourself too badly in front of ‘Lix.”’ The siren confessed, a sigh of relief tearing from his lips as he made a bee line for his closet.
“If you do, I’ll never talk to you again.” Changbin quickly retorted, trying to dispel the sirens desires to spy on his date.

“If I had a dime for every time you said that ‘Bin, I’d be very rich.” The siren mused, throwing the reaper a wink before plunging into his closet.

Changbin was left a sputtering mess, reduced to meekly playing with his gold cuff links once again.

“Now we’re talking!” Hyunjin exclaimed, palpable joy brimming at his voice as he clasped his hands together in delight.

After trying on a selection of hand picked outfits, the siren and reaper finally agreed on a new style for the date:

Changbin is now wearing a mustard yellow T-shirt, black skinny jeans that perfectly hugged his thighs, and a pair of circular glasses daintily perching on the bridge of his nose. A dark brown belt snaked across his waist, the bronze buckle glinting in the light.

“You like it?” Changbin nervously asked, his eyes flitting to his watch as the time he and Felix set ticked closer and closer. He scrutinized his every inch in Hyunjin’s mirror, mindlessly ruffling his jet black hair and pushing up the metal frames as they slid down his skin.

“You look perfect. Trust me, ‘Bin.” Hyunjin observed his friend; reduced to a ball of frantic energy as he adjusted himself, and then re-adjusted those hectic movements. Changbin’s nerves are virtually tangible, the tight knot in his tummy and the slight tremor in his hands obvious with each stiff move. It’s times like these Changbin is very thankful to not have a beating heart; almost painfully aware that it would be racing a hundred miles a minute right about now.

“I don’t usually wear yellow, what if he doesn’t li—”

“Seo Changbin, listen to me. You look amazing. You said I know fashion, so just trust me for once and chill out, ok?” Hyunjin spoke with a good natured roll of his eyes, shooing Changbin’s clammy hands away from his hair; the siren gently placing some stray strands away from his eyes instead.
Hyunjin smoothed out the fabric hugging Changbin’s shoulders, tucking in the shirt’s hem that threatened to pop out of his black jeans.

Changbin sent the siren a grateful glance as the boy put the finishing touches on his clothes, his full cheeks bunching as a smile blossomed on his lips. “Thanks ‘Jin.” He mumbled, dark eyes flitting to his black converse.

“‘Binnie! Are you ready?” The familiar, cavernous timbre that is Felix’s voice resounded in the room, flowing up from the first floor and effectively shocking the pair out of their moment.

“Oh god—I gotta go!” Changbin exclaimed with a sharp intake of breath, his eyes shooting open at the sound of Felix’s voice. He grabbed a leather jacket from where it was neatly laid on Hyunjin’s bed, to shield his exposed arms from the chill of the ice rink. He then instantly turned on his heel and jogged to Hyunjin’s open door, throwing the siren a sloppy wave and a rapid “See you later!” that tumbled from his lips as the squeak of his sneakers echoed down the hall.

“Have fun! Tell me everything!” Hyunjin loudly called after the reaper, warmth blooming in his chest and enveloping his heart as the yellow blob of Changbin disappeared down the stairs with the thunderous pounds of his converse.

Shutting his closet door, Hyunjin threw himself on his bed once again, stretching his tight muscles into the plush bed. He snatched up his phone from where he stuffed it under his pillow, pushing start on *March of the Penguins* once again and snuggling into his blankets.

From down stairs, he heard the telltale sound of the front door shutting, after Felix called out a final “Bye guys!”

An enamoured smile still pulled at Hyunjin’s lips.

“What would Changbin do without me.” He mused with a shake of his butterscotch hair. The glass eyes of the stuffed seahorse dangling above his bed stared at him blankly, seemingly unimpressed at the siren.

Hyunjin however, shuddered at the thought.
next week is *cough* changlix first date *cough* u guys are gonna learn quite a bit abt changbins backstory ohohoh also changbins 2nd outfit is based entirely on his look in the boxer street mv! that was such an Iconic binnie outfit so i had to~

welp im actually gonna go into smth kinda personal i wanted to get off my chest below...but it's abt the fic so it's still rElevanT (but if ur not into that i totally get it n ill see u next week! <3)

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i've felt kinda odd abt the fic the last few weeks. it's hard to explain...it's kinda writers block persay, but it's also a factor of lack of motivation to write? i've never experienced that since starting this fic, and it's a hard pill to swallow, tbh.

in all honesty, i'm too harsh on myself—i feel that my fluff chapters get boring, and people prefer the action of angsty chaps. but when i post angst, i feel like ppl want to go back to fluff >< it's...well...mori apeuda

i guess i say this because i just want you guys to enjoy every chapter, regardless of genre, because my readers mean so much to me. you guys give me so much happiness, so i want to give it back to you w my writing, even just a little bit.

just reading your comments every week motivated me to get this far in the fic—perhaps hearing some prompts from you guys can do the trick to get me writing again? so with that i guess i'll open up the floor to you guys if you have any chapter prompts for this universe to comment them? i cant promise i'll write them (if i get any) and if i do i can't promise it'll be exactly what you want.

tldr; you guys mean the world to me, and i just want to give you all some enjoyment in this harsh world we live in; and i hope i accomplish that. just know that every time you comment, they mean more to me than i can ever say, and give me so much motivation as a writer.
I’ll meet you up on cloud 9

Chapter Summary

This must be what sweet addiction is, darling.
I fall deeper into you,
Pounding more and more.
I’ll give it all, take my heart.
Surely you’re my destiny,
It shines fully in my heart.
This must be what thrill feels like, darling.
Eventually, I fall into you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Weah, careful ‘Binnie!’” Felix announced through endless bouts of melodic laughter spilling from his plush lips, reaching a hand out to steady a wobbling Changbin.

The reaper feels only slightly like a newborn giraffe; his legs buckling and arms splayed for balance as the couple ascended the large ice rink, metallic skates easily digging into the mirror like surface.

Of course, Felix instantly found his gate, slipping across the ice with the grace of a deer. Changbin would be jealous, but he was too busy staring at the sheer beauty of his date; the human looking like a winter fairy as he glided across the freshly polished ice. The bright lights of the rink reflected off his head of tousled orange hair, illuminating a halo-like ring in his shining tresses.

Felix threaded his fingers through Changbin’s, pulling him upright and close to his side, while steadying him almost instantly. Finally finding his balance, Changbin straightened his shoulders and puffed out his chest in a display of faux confidence, hoping his wobbly knees and flailing arms won’t linger in Felix’s mind.

The feeling of Felix’s impossibly warm, velvety soft hand gently grasping his is enough to force any thoughts from Changbin’s brain, his muscles unconsciously relaxing into the human’s hold. Their skates created small divots in the ice, forging a serpentine trail in their wake as they got lost
They talked about this and that, about everything and nothing. Changbin threw some of his patented “so unfunny they’re funny” jokes at the human, Felix taking the bait each time and letting waves of airy giggles tumble from his lips. Whether he actually found the jokes funny, or was merely laughing to make Changbin feel better is beyond the reaper. But he’s content to bask in the light that is Felix’s smile, committing the symphony of laughter to memory and wishing they could be the soundtrack to his life.

The constellation of freckles splattered across Felix’s button nose scrunched, his radiant smile steadily growing as the human’s gaze met Changbin’s. Changbin is convinced the pure warmth of Felix’s smile is strong enough, concentrated enough to melt the ice rink into a swimming pool.

Changbin had to stop himself from mowing down a stray child, his mind clouded by his Felix-induced trance. Multiple times.

Felix of course just chuckled each time Changbin unceremoniously skidded to a stop before a pint-sized skater, the reaper praying the heated flush painting his cheeks isn’t as obvious as it feels.

“So, ‘Binnie.’” Felix spoke softly after a few moments of silence, the only sound being the metallic slicing of their skates through the ice. “How many boyfriends have you had before?” His voice became so quiet, Changbin had to strain to hear him over the din of the crowded ice rink.

Changbin couldn’t help the hollow laugh he barked out, averting his eyes to their intertwined hands as their skates gracefully slid across the ice. Of course he would ask this.

“The thing is...I don’t really know.” Changbin stated matter-of-factly, his leather clad shoulders raising in a small shrug. Felix’s downturned gaze instantly shot up at the reaper’s admission, chestnut eyes wide and eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

“You don’t know?” The human parroted back, plush lips jutting into a pout.

Changbin nodded in response, shooting Felix a sympathetic smile before continuing. “Yeah, when I became a reaper I lost all my memories of when I was human. So I guess I can tell you you’re my first relationship since I died, but before that...your guess is as good as mine.” The reaper spoke gently, voice taking on a melancholic, wistful quality as he explained himself to Felix.
Felix’s eyebrows raised as a small wave of shock crossed over his lovely features, before evening into one of somber acknowledgement.

“O-oh, sometimes I forget you...died.” Felix remarked with an airy chuckle, warm eyes meeting Changbin’s as the pair rounded the bend of the rink once again, the mellow droning of the fellow skaters now a dull murmur in their ears. “How did you die anyways? If that's an ok thing for me to ask.” Felix inquired, eyes large with curiosity, before frantically attaching the final sentiment to the question.

“Don’t worry ‘Lix, you can ask me anything.” Changbin waved away Felix’s apprehension with a graceful flick of his wrist. “And...I don’t remember how I died either. I just remember a lot of pain, and suddenly waking up in nothing but pure white light. Sometimes I have nightmares about the ocean so...maybe I drowned, or something. I’m honestly fine with not knowing.” The reaper casually observed, eyes glazed and fixed on some far off point, voice sounding like the median between pure velvet and shimmering silk.

“You really don’t remember anything at all?” Felix couldn’t stop himself from letting the question hit the chilled air, his breath hitching in his throat after the words left his lips.

No, I don’t. Changbin thought to himself. Every word is true; he seriously remembers absolutely nothing from his once human life. And he's truly ok with that, genuinely. Perhaps the last 19 years of reaping made him more than a little numb to the loss of identity, but he's happy with his life now, with who he is now. He is perfectly content to leave the Seo Changbin who died some mysterious, supposedly tragic death where he belongs:

Forgotten in history.

“Nope, the only thing I remember is my name.” Changbin remarked with a chuckle accompanied by a shake of his raven hair, like sometimes that fact even surprises him. “Sometimes I wonder if it really is my name.” He whispered, almost more to himself than to Felix. Felix’s heart shook behind his ribs, pounding with enough force to shatter the bones to splinters. Changbin really has no memory of his human life.

“Since I died prematurely...before my time, I was given a choice. I could either let my soul move on, or I could come back as a reaper, and live again.” He continued, a small smile pulling at the corners of his pink lips as he met Felix’s gaze once again. A gloss of unreadable emotion is blanketing Felix’s doe eyes, his irises glittering in the artificial light as if they were bejeweled.

“W-who gave you the option?” Felix inquired with a puppy like tilt of his head. The pair skated in
tandem, silver blades slicing through the ice in perfect unison.

“Death. Who else?” Changbin replied with a bright smile, his full cheeks bunching as he tightened his grip on Felix’s diminutive hand.

“Death is like...a thing?” Felix asked with a small gasp, his pink lips forming an endearing ‘O’ shape at the revelation that hit his ears.

“Of course! He's a great guy, you’d love him. Haven’t seen him in years though, since I retired.” Changbin observed casually, with almost too much nonchalant for someone talking about his buddy-buddy relationship with literal death.

“I think I’m good on the whole ‘meeting Death’ front, but thanks for the glowing review ‘Bin.” Felix quickly retorted with a shake of his head of tangerine hair, the fluffy tresses tickling his freckled nose.

Changbin just responded with another breezy chuckle, the two continuing to skate in idle, comfortable silence.

“I’m sorry you don’t have any memories of being human, ‘Binnie.” Felix mumbled, words muffled by his thick lips as if he didn’t truly want Changbin to hear him.

Changbin’s muscular shoulders raised in another shrug. “It’s fine, honestly. Who knows, my human life might have sucked. Maybe it’s for the best I don’t remember.” Changbin mused, dark eyes trained on the petite human pressed against his side, on the steady rhythm of Felix’s heart flowing into the stillness that takes residence behind his ribs.

“All that matters is right now, with you. I’ll never forget this. This is what matters, ‘Lix.” Changbin asserted as warmth subconsciously bloomed in his core, rising through his body and taking root in his frigid chest.

Suddenly overcome with emotion, Changbin’s skates halted in place, Felix abruptly skidding to a stop in response. Pulling their still entwined hands, Changbin drew Felix right into his chest, and shot forward to place a fiery kiss on Felix’s parted lips.

Eyes fluttering shut, Felix returned the gesture, placing his free hand on Changbin’s full cheek as
they deepened their kiss. Skaters continued to fly and race around them, gracefully soaring and twisting through the air. The couple however, might as well have been frozen in time. They stayed in each other’s embrace, blissfully uncaring of the torrent of movement swirling by.

After what felt like both a split second and an eternity the pair reopened their eyes, instantly locking together as if pulled by magnets.

“I couldn’t have said it any better myself.” Felix whispered to Changbin, and Changbin alone. Matching smiles grew on their lips, reaching their sparkling eyes and setting off fireworks in their irises.

Changbin could have been a king in his human life. He could have been a prince, or a duke, or a count. He could have been the wealthiest man on earth, famous and beloved by all. He could have been, but that is meaningless to the reaper. Right now he’s Seo Changbin, and he’s the happiest man on earth. He’s the luckiest man on earth, the most blissful. He wouldn’t trade his present for any past life imaginable.

He’s Seo Changbin, who is madly, totally, completely in love with Felix Lee.

Chapter End Notes

I’ve said before n i’ll say it again: my 3rd eye is open only, and i mean ONLY when i write changlix

I dont rlly have much to say abt this chapt....but i like it quite a bit. It’s one of the chapters I’m most proud of based strictly on writing! I hope u guys,...agree?? Ajsjdj Also if anyone’s wondering: i already wrote a chapter about Changbin’s de*th, so all will be revealed in due time! It’s actually 2 chaps but not rlly but it still kinda is bc ill just say....there’s quite a surprise in that chap that i doubt anyone will expect ;)

Anyways, next week is hyunjin-centric! I know i have quite a few hyunjinators out there, so i hope u guys like it! The concept is kinda...interesting i guess?? Idk how to explain without spoilers so you’ll just have to wait till next week hihi ;)

Is this the sea or the desert? (Is this hope or despair?)

Chapter Summary

Ocean, desert, the world.

Everything is the same thing,

Different name.

I see ocean, I see desert, I see the world.

Everything is the same thing.

But with a different name.

It’s life again.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Ugh, I’m so full.” Hyunjin whined, arms clutching his tummy while his handsome features scrunched in discomfort.

“Same, I don’t even remember packing all that food. It was like as soon as we ate some, more would pop up.” Jeongin drawled, gesturing at the wicker picnic basket neatly clutched in Seungmin’s hands. Their large, red plaid blanket is held sloppily under Jeongin’s arms, the trio sluggishly trudging down the street after enjoying their feast in the park.

In their bloated daze, the boys were blissfully ignorant to how the once clear blue sky darkened as menacing grey clouds rolled in on the horizon. The threatening clouds blocked out the sun, casting a monochromatic filter on the streets of their quaint town.

Hyunjin’s head of butterscotch hair shook as a drop of water suddenly collided with his skin, his nose twitching as the droplet slid down his skin.

The siren shrugged away the stray water droplet, content to continue their walk home in comfortable peace. Until another drop assaulted his skin. And then another, and another.

It’s officially starting to rain.
“Oh no. No, no, this is bad.” Hyunjin abruptly mumbled, pushing a hard gulp down his throat as the barrage of fat droplets continued to pepper the trio. His heart started to race, to pound unforgiving beat against his ribs as his stomach churned in sickening knots.

“What’s wrong ‘Jin?” Jeongin asked the suddenly distraught siren, clearly oblivious to the reason for the terror glimmering in Hyunjin’s large chestnut eyes.

“Um, I’m a siren?! I kinda grow a tail when I get wet?!” Hyunjin shrieked at the werewolf, chewing on his bottom lip as he gazed helplessly at the foggy sky. His delicate hands wrung together as nervous energy electrified his skin, prickling it and gnawing on his bones.

Then as if on cue, the exposed skin of Hyunjin’s bare knees started to glimmer with an iridescent, inhuman sparkle. Scales then etched onto his milky skin, intensifying until his legs looked coated in bejeweled armour. Before their eyes, his white denim shorts began to melt and morph into his skin, until they completely vanished from view; leaving nothing but the same shining scales in their wake.

“That certainly isn’t good.” Seungmin croaked, his soft eyes wide and pink lips hanging open. Jeongin just nodded silently in response, his quivering lips barring any sound from escaping his throat.

“We gotta hide! Humans can’t see my tail!” The siren all but screamed in horror, his friend’s expression matching his in shock at the transformation taking place before them. Hyunjin’s legs wobbled, trembling as the two appendages gracefully fused, becoming one muscular column of scaled flesh.

“Can’t you stop transforming?!” Jeongin wailed, throwing up a large hand to run through his dark chocolate locks as his widened eyes met the black and white scales of Hyunjin’s tail. Plump beads of rain continued to pelt the trio, detached and uncaring at the chaos they were ensuing beneath the clouds.

“Of course not! Can you stop a transformation during a full moon? Didn’t think so!” Hyunjin growled at the werewolf, clearly unimpressed at his friend’s less than helpful suggestion.

The siren teetered on his newly formed tail, his arms flailing for balance. Jeongin gracefully caught him as the trio fled into a nearby alleyway for safety. Once as hidden from the street as possible, Jeongin gently helped Hyunjin down to the ground, his finned tail now totally visible. The drops of
accursed rain continued to pummel them, racing down Hyunjin’s scales and making them look even more like shining diamonds.

“Here, we can use this to hide your tail!” Jeongin exclaimed once Hyunjin was safely out of his grasp and laid unceremoniously on the ground, unfurling their forgotten picnic blanket and draping it over Hyunjin’s lean tail. The siren sent the werewolf a grateful nod, propping himself up on his elbows to pull the large swath of fabric to cover his fins, the translucent skin previously peeking out from beneath their newfound covering.

“Oh yeah, just three teens hanging out in an alley, and one of them is covered in a blanket. This isn't suspicious at all.” Seungmin grumbled under his breath, absentmindedly fiddling with the fabric so it completely hid Hyunjin’s jewel-like scales from the outside world.

Hyunjin could vaguely feel the dirt and gravel of the alley floor wedging into the grooves between his armor-like scales, but he could barely even care. His racing mind is too preoccupied imagining the seemingly infinite ways this could go horribly, horribly wrong.

What if a less than kind human sees his tail? What happens then? Will he be wrenched from his coven, from his home only to be destined for life in an aquarium? Will people pay exorbitant amounts of money only for a two second glimpse of him in a meager, cramped tank?

Jeongin and Seungmin wouldn't be able to fight off an all too curious human, and he’s about as helpless as a beached dolphin right now.

He shuddered at the mere thoughts.

But he steadied his breathing, forcing the terrifying, and undoubtedly unrealistic propositions from his head. Not only for his own sake, but for his best friends’ as well. The only thing he can do now is try to stay calm, and keep his tail out of sight.

“This is so bad.” Hyunjin bemoaned, heaving a trembling sigh past his plump lips, still downturned in a thick pout.

The other boys couldn’t help but agree; this is bad. Not only are they still quite a distance from the house, but now they’re stranded in the rain. In an alley. While trying to keep Hyunjin’s mermaid-like tail a secret from the outside world. Yeah, this is definitely bad.
“It’s not great.” Seungmin replied with a shake of his head, before sinking down to sit cross legged by the perturbed siren. Jeongin soon followed suit, nervously twiddling his thumbs as he sat next to Hyunjin, then placing a comforting hand on his shoulder.

“Seungmin! Don't you have some kind of angel magic that can make Hyunjin invisible?” The werewolf suddenly chimed in, meeting his best friend with wide, hope-filled eyes. They're lucky it's a slow day in their town; no unsuspecting humans have walked past their alley sanctuary yet, and only one car stuttered past. But Jeongin is unsure of how long this luck will last.

Seungmin’s expression twisted in confusion. “Why would angels have the power to make someone else invisible?”

“For situations like this! Obviously.” Jeongin retorted with a roll of his eyes, raising his eyebrows until they became hidden in his brunette tresses.

They were then shoved into only slightly awkward silence, the trio nervously twiddling their thumbs in tandem.

“Why couldn’t one of you have checked the forecast before we went out today?!” The siren abruptly whined, squeezing his eyes shut like a petulant child as he felt more droplets of rain collide with his skin. His tail subconsciously shifted under the large blanket, his fins greeting the misty air once again. Before Jeongin wordlessly pulled the fabric back over the inhuman appendage, that is.

“Hey! You’re the one who turns into a fish when you get wet, why couldn’t you have checked?” Seungmin snapped back, shooting the siren a small scowl.

Hyunjin didn’t respond, choosing instead to shrink under the angel’s piercing gaze, averting his eyes in sheepish acknowledgement. Touché, Seungmin.

“That’s what I thought, flipper.” The angel remarked with a good natured roll of his eyes, unable to truly mad at the siren.

“I told you, that nickname is offensive! They’re fins, ok?!” Hyunjin asserted with an accusatory finger pointed at the chuckling angel, his cheeks burning a deep auburn.
“Whatever you say, Free Willy.” The angel mumbled under his breath, barking out another giggle at the growl Hyunjin rumbled in his direction, his plush lips pulled into a snarl.

“Can you guys please grow up?! And someone call Chan already!” Jeongin whined, bouncing in place as his large hands formed tight fists at his sides.

Seungmin sent the werewolf a short nod, slipping his phone out of his pocket and quickly scrolling through his contacts. With two simple clicks, the metallic din of the ringing phone flowed into the otherwise silent alleyway.

After the familiar click that came with the answering of the call, Jeongin called out an unceremonious “Chan hyung!?”, scooting closer to the phone Seungmin held out to the trio.

“Guys? Is everything ok?” The velvety timbre of the vampire rang through the air, the boys pricking up their ears as they prepared themselves to break the news to their leader. As gently as possible.

“Yes! Everything’s fine! Totally, completely fine!” Hyunjin called out, his voice sounding as unconvincing as the uneasy gleam still glossing over his eyes. Seungmin rolled his own eyes at the siren once again.

“So, the thing is Chan hyung,” the angel started off, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth as he exhaled a sharp puff of breath. “There’s a small problem with Hyunjin.”

“With Hyunjin? Did he forget his inhaler again? I know he always leaves it in his room!” Chan wailed over the phone, clearly kicking himself for not slipping the small item into their picnic basket earlier. Another wave of embarrassed heat flushed Hyunjin’s cheeks, his eyes flitting from the phone as he shrunk into himself again.

“You use an inhaler?” Jeongin whispered to the siren, his eyebrows knitting together.

The siren’s head fluffy hair bobbed with his nod of affirmation. “Sometimes it’s not as easy as it looks for me to walk a lot...on land.” He grumbled, eyes still refusing to meet the young werewolf.

“No, it’s, um...we were walking back home from the picnic and it started to rain, hyung. And Hyunjin may or may not be fully transformed under our picnic blanket right now...?” The angel
wince as he muttered the current state of the trio into the phone, his features clearly bracing for impact.

The phone stayed silent for an agonizingly long time, the three boys holding their breath in apprehensive unison.

*Finally,* after what felt like years, Chan let a drawn out sigh flow through the phone. “I’ll be right there, just text me where you are. And make sure no humans see his tail, ok?” The vampire asserted, the three boys nodding their heads in shame despite their leader not even physically being with them. The phone hung up after that, plunging the trio into pregnant silence.

“He’s gonna *kill* me.” Hyunjin whispered, sniffling as his lips jutted out in a child-like pout once again. “He always tells us not to show our powers in public.” He continued, punctuating his words with a shaking sigh of defeat.

“Don’t worry ‘Jin, Chan hyung will understand. It’s not your choice to grow your tail.” Seungmin tried to comfort the moping siren, his knees clouding with dirt as he scooted closer to his friend.

The siren sent the angel a small smile, before his lips fell again, pressing into a firm line.

They fell back into stiff silence, the rain *finally* beginning to let up. But the damage has been done; the boys are soaked. And Hyunjin still has a scaled tail hidden beneath their picnic blanket.

After a few more minutes of stifling silence, the telltale sound of gravel crunching under tires assaulted their ears, as a sleek black car pulled up the sidewalk before their alley haven.

“You guys need a ride?” The three boys jolted in shock at the new voice that added itself to the mix, their expressions then lighting up in recognition. “Chan hyung!” Jeongin exclaimed, clasping his hands together in relief as the vampire dismounted from the driver's seat of his car, coolly strolling over to the trio sat on the ground.

Hyunjin doesn’t think he’s *ever* been so happy to see Chan, his racing heart already starting to mellow and lighten at the sight of their leader. But then the gravity of what could have been hit him square in the gut, and he instantly shrunk back into himself.

“Chan hyung, I’m so sorry…” Hyunjin whimpered, unable to meet the vampire’s emerald gaze.
The vampire held up a pale hand, effectively silencing the siren’s apology. “Don’t worry, ‘Jinnie, it’s not your fault. Let’s just get you all home and dry, yeah?” Chan spoke gently, his jade eyes gazing affectionately at his members, clearly ready to be plucked from their current predicament. Chan sent Hyunjin a warm smile, his dimples greeting the distraught siren and causing familiar heat to blossom in his tense core.

Wordlessly, Chan sank down to where Hyunjin is still laid beneath their blanket, wedging his strong arms under Hyunjin’s lithe back. Making sure he is still securely wrapped in the blanket, Chan easily picked the siren up bridal-style, as if he weighs no more than a feather. Hyunjin shoved his still burning cheeks into Chan’s porcelain neck, reaching his arms up to snake around the vampire’s broad shoulders. “Thanks, hyung.” The siren mumbled against Chan’s chilled skin, his warm breath tickling his pale neck.

The vampire just hummed in response, the two other boys trailing after their leader like a pair of lost puppies before piling into the back seat of the car; more than relieved to be out of that goddamn alley, once and for all.

“Hyung?” Hyunjin whispered from where his head gently rested against Chan’s chest. “Can I take a bath when we get ho—”

The siren was cut off by the silky voice of Chan, the vampire still sporting an endeared smile on his pallid lips.

“The water is already on, it’ll be ready when we get back.”

Hyunjin’s lips then twitched into a lazy smile of his own, nuzzling his head of dirty blonde hair flush against Chan. Today is definitely not something Hyunjin wants to repeat; his muscles still taught with residual stress, sharp lightning bolts of worry still striking his mind. But in Chan’s comforting arms, he felt his tightly knotted flesh begin to melt, to release into mellow softness. Even his tail idly flopped to the side, the lean appendage letting go of its tension as well.

The sun started to reappear from behind the screen of storm clouds, illuminating the droplets of rain that nestled onto Hyunjin’s damp tresses. The dark grey clouds languidly bid the sky farewell, dissipating into the same clear blue hue from earlier. The puddles on the sidewalk reflected the sunlight, bouncing it about like a kaleidoscope. Hyunjin closed his eyes, basking in the warmth of the spring sun as Chan gently placed him in the passenger seat.
His tail started to tingle beneath the now familiar weight of the blanket, the sun sufficiently drying his skin to the point where the scaled muscle is no longer needed. With a roll of his eyes, he felt his human legs begin to form, his skin prickling as the iridescent scales melted into soft flesh.

Seungmin and Jeongin rested their heads on each other’s shoulders, obviously drained from the day’s abrupt change in events. Hyunjin let his head fall against the seat’s headrest, his lungs filling with a deep, calming breath.

Next time they go outside for a picnic, Hyunjin will definitely be checking the weather forecast. Religiously.

Chapter End Notes

chan, after getting off the phone w seungmin: the boys got into trouble again. long drawn out sigh
minho:
minho: did you just verbally say "long drawn out sigh"?
.
.
Gday mates! As i said last week this chapter plot is kinda...strange perhaps BUT i liked the idea quite a bit so HERE WE ARE LOL! I just hope it translated well from my brain into writing lmao >< i do have a few lil things about mr hyunjin I wanted to touch upon tho:

- ive gotten many comments throughout the fic asking for a chapter in which Hyunjin rlly showcases his siren powers...but I’m afraid I think the major extent of his powers is being able to grow his tail? ;; ofc he can also breath under water and stuff like that! I also know he has that whole aqua-man thing goin on where sea creatures are super attracted to him. Like if he goes to an aquarium, the animals in each tank will immediately swim to him and congregate around him! I’ve been considering writing a chap in which he reveals his “siren song” that they are most known for, but i dont have any concrete ideas for that yet sadly :/

Anyways, can you guys believe next week we hit chapter 30?! I certainly cant! Ive only written one chaptered fic before, n it ran for around 10 chapters, so this is such a huge milestone for me!

So to celebrate reaching 30 chaps, next weeks chapter is a super fluffy ot9 special! I actually wrote it MONTHS ago, but ive been waiting for the perfect moment to post it, and i see no better time than for chapter 30! I have a feeling you guys will really like it :’)

See u guys next time! As always ur comments make my heart soar <3
If we’re together, it feels like summer

Chapter Summary

Let’s run away from this city for a while,
With memories of friends.
I built a sand castle,
A chorus of cool waves.
Blow the wind, we’re outlaws in the wilderness.
Cause baby, it’s summer,
And we’re hotter than the sun.

Chapter Notes

We made it guys! Chapter 30! I cant believe it, this is such a huge milestone for me in my fic writing career, so THANK YOU!

I’ve said this so many times (and ill probs say it more in the end notes), but truly the only reason I’m here right now is because of all of you and your incredible support for me/the fic! So thank you so much for sticking with me and lowkey changing my life <3

Anyways, enjoy the long awaited chapter 30!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ok, head count! Everyone stop!” Chan cried over the chaotic marass of excited boys buzzing around the car. It’s everyone’s favorite summer day; the beach trip. The first beach trip of the season, meaning the palpable euphoria emanating from the group is bordering on overwhelming. It’s Felix’s first beach trip with the coven as well, draping yet another layer of happiness across the boys.

The inaugural beach outing always makes an interesting mix of joy and stress bubble in Chan’s tummy, the vampire forcing a gulp down his throat as he helplessly stared at the tornado of motion before him. Chan threw Woojin a knowing look that spoke: I may be almost 200 years old, but how I ended up with 7 sons is beyond me.

Countless pairs of eyes landed on Chan at the sound of his voice, the raucous chorus of mingling
voices subsiding to a low hum, the whirl of movement slowing to a halt. “One, two, three—” Chan softly counted to himself as he moved from one boy to another, mentally checking off each member in his head. “Eight? That’s only eight, where’s Jisung? I just saw him!” Chan whined in exasperation at the sudden disappearance of the demon. They were so close to leaving. So close, yet so far.

“He’s right here, Chan. He’s just messing with you because he has the sense of humor of a five year old!” Minho grumbled, throwing a pointed glare at the empty air next to him. The other boys sent confused glances at the dark magician, eyebrows scrunching and shoulders shrugging.

As if on cue, lilting giggles rang into the humid summer air. Jeongin jumped at the addition of the sweet sound, clearly not coming from any of the other boys. Their eyes suddenly widened in shock at the sight before them, as the mysterious laughter continued to flow; the once empty space next to Minho shimmered, warped and distorted before the groups’ eyes. And just like that, a chuckling Jisung now re-appeared next to his boyfriend, throwing a carefree arm around Minho’s shoulder as countless bouts of laughter tumbled from his lips.

Chan could only roll his eyes, a good natured smile coming to his lips. Well, that takes care of that then. After a final accurate headcount, the coven piled into the car, with Chan taking the driver’s seat and Woojin plopping into the passenger’s side.

How they manage to fit nine boys into Chan’s car beats him every time, and somehow he can’t help but feel it’s not completely legal. As the engine started, triggering another round of cheers from the passengers, Chan could only pray they won't be pulled over for “too many creatures in one car” today.

The boys slathered themselves in gobs of waterproof sunscreen earlier, and their SUV reeks of zinc and the cloying scent of artificial coconut. Even Changbin delicately coated the skin exposed by his ripped jeans; apparently the reaper doesn't want a tan on his knees of all places.

Jisung begged for the AUX cord, as he usually does as soon as the coven start any road trip. While this road trip will only take around 20 minutes, that didn’t stop the sparkling puppy dog eyes the demon met Chan with as he implored him to hand over the cord.

“Just don’t put on anything weird.” Chan grumbled, absentmindedly throwing the aforementioned chord into the backseat as he pulled out of their driveway.

Chan didn’t know what he was expecting, but he certainly never imagined Jisung would immediately start blasting Hannah Montana’s The Best Of Both Worlds at what might be the
highest decibel possible. Actually, he should’ve expected this. Last time he drove with Jisung, the
demon put on *We’re All in this Together* from Highschool Musical on max volume.

Although, the influx of pained whines and groans from the other boys *might* have been a little
louder than the bubble gum pop verses booming through the speakers.

“Turn that crap off!” Minho barked, throwing his hands over his ears as he writhed in what
appeared to be pure agony. Jisung looked possibly too offended at Minho’s demand, his lips flying
open in horror at what he was hearing.

“How *dare* you insult Hannah like that!” He retorted, only increasing the volume of the familiar
kid’s show tune.

Chan sighed, trying to drown out the symphony of arguing boys that mixed with the cheesy pop
song. The two didn’t really mesh well, to put it gently.

Already off to a great start, and the beach is still 15 minutes away.

Hyunjin bounced with uncontainable joy as sand stuck to his feet with each step towards the
shoreline. Hyunjin swims in the sea often, when he goes with Chan, but a trip with his entire coven
is more a rarity; and he could *barely* contain himself. Seagulls soared above his head, as if
welcoming him home. The comforting scent of salt water wafted into his nose, making his heart
pound with excitement.

The group had barely set up their patchwork of blankets and towels on the silky sand before
Hyunjin ripped off his shirt, and bounded into the sea. The blue water jumped, rippled and splashed
with each step, quickly leaving the shore long behind. He barely registered Chan shouting “*Just be
back by sunset!*” before he dove beneath a crashing wave, his lithe body totally disappearing below
the blue water. When he popped back up, his golden skin glistened with droplets, like his very
body was suddenly bejeweled. A huge smile bloomed on his lips as he reached a hand out of the
swirling current to wave to Chan. Returning the gesture, warmth blossomed in Chan’s chest as his
eyes caught the telltale glimmer of Hyunjin’s scaled tail disappearing below the waves, the
diamond like scales winking at him as the siren retreated to his oceanic domain.
Felix let himself fall onto Changbin’s towel, crossing his legs as he leaned his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder. Changbin looks, well, just slightly out of place. For one he is, as always, dressed head to toe in black. His small frame looks even more diminutive wrapped in his oversized black hoodie, the only skin visible being his knees poking from the rips in his jeans. He even wore a black beanie today, like he has a personal vendetta against the very concept of summer.

A smile came to Changbin’s lips at the new addition to his lone towel, unconsciously leaning his body against Felix, the human’s exposed shoulders still damp from his dip in the sea.

“Aren’t you a little hot in all that?” Felix mused as a loving smile grew on his lips, eyes giving his obsidian clad boyfriend a once over. Of course he took notice of the droplets of sweat dotting Changbin’s forehead, and how his lips curled in a small scowl as the sun beat down on his back. BinBin is so cute, he would rather roast in all black than be comfortable in blue, Felix airily thought himself.

“Pfft no, Felix. I’m totally comfortable.” Changbin murmured, avoiding his boyfriend’s knowing gaze as he shrunk into his black hoodie. Felix just leveled him with a sly smirk, before darting a hand out to snatch the beanie right off Changbin’s head. His dark purple hair stood up in a tousled mess as it now met the bright sunshine, lilac highlights shimmering like threads of amethyst.

Endless giggles streamed from Felix’s plump lips as he shot up from the towel, waving the beanie before a gaping Changbin; now unconsciously smoothing his messy hair as Felix taunted him.

“H-Hey! Give that back or I’m breaking up with you!” Changbin loudly whined, only to be met with even more bright giggles falling from his boyfriend’s lips. He growled as he tried to snatch the black hat from Felix, only for the human to evade his every attempt.

“You gotta catch me if you want your beanie, Binnie!” The human yelled with tangible elation as he started to skip away from his boyfriend, leaving Changbin reduced to a mere black dot on the sand when he looked back again. Refreshing sea water bathed his feet with each undulating wave, seagulls cawed above his head, as if mimicking his chuckles.

A good natured sigh ripped from Changbin’s lips as he watched his boyfriend playfully jog to the shoreline, still waving his beanie as if it were a trophy. Ugh, why does Felix have to make me so happy, even when he acts like a child, Changbin mused with overwhelming affection brimming in his chest, as he rose up from his seat on the towel.
He rolled up the sleeves of his black hoodie, feeling the salty ocean air hit his newly exposed arms.

“You better run! You are in big trouble when I catch you!” He called to his boyfriend as he broke into a jog of his own, sand splashing his legs with each pounding foot step as he mercilessly chased after the tangerine headed boy.

Felix playfully shrieked in mock horror at the sight of the reaper closing in on him, breaking into a rapid clip as he valiantly tried to evade Changbin.

As the cool oceanic breezes whipped against his cheeks, Changbin’s chest is filled with intense, loving warmth; warm enough to give the summer sun a run for its money. But that might also be because he’s really getting sweaty now. Why did he think wearing all black to the beach was a good idea again?

“No, no, climb onto the rocks, then do a backflip into the ocean.” Jisung directed a perplexed Felix, the seriousness in the demon’s tone akin to if he was actually producing a Hollywood action flick.

Felix’s brows scrunched in confusion as he tried to understand the plot being fed to him by his best friend. “Why do you want me to do this, again?” He asked with a suspicious glance at the jagged rocks of the jetty Jisung is referring to. There’s a clear “No Climbing” sign shoved into the sand at the base of a particularly large algae-ridden boulder, but Jisung seems to have conveniently forgotten how to read.

“Because it’ll look sick on my YouTube channel, duh.” Jisung quickly retorted with a roll of his eyes, as if his explanation should be past obvious.

“Dude, you have like 5 subscribers.” Felix deadpanned, his lips pursing into an unimpressed frown.

“Hey! I have 7 subscribers, thank you very much!” Jisung grumbled, petulantly crossing his arms over his chest with a huff.

Little does the demon know, 5 out of those 7 subscribers are actually courtesy of Felix; the human using every email address he’s ever had to make accounts in order to bolster the demon’s meager
He would’ve made more, but he realized it was a lost cause after he saw the first video Jisung uploaded to the channel, named *HellSquirrel914* of all things. Felix can't help but imagine the channel moniker as something conjured up by a 65 year old biker guy, who also happens to be an extremely doting grandfather. On second thought, the username fits Jisung perfectly.

The video in question is an only slightly cryptic 30 second clip of a slug in Woojin’s garden, titled “*Alien creature caught live on tape!*”

The strange clip of the slimy critter has no audio, save for the din of Jisung's heavy breathing right into his phone's microphone. Unsurprisingly, the video has only 3 views. Even more unsurprisingly, they're all from Felix.

Jisung eagerly gestured to the empty jetty with wide, expectant eyes. With a resigned huff of his own, Felix’s shoulders slumped as he trotted over to the intimidating rocks. Jisung *better* realize that if he dies from this, he’s losing all 5 of Felix’s views.

“All...action!” Jisung dramatically announced from where is stood a couple feet away, phone poised in his hand and following Felix’s every move. Felix just rolled his eyes again, and took a cautious first step onto the jetty.

The thick coating of green marine algae might as well be a glaze of winter ice, with how slippery it made the already awkwardly shaped rocks. He teetered for balance as he took another small step forward, clambering onto another boulder as he inched closer and closer to the crashing waves smacking the jetty. He suddenly had a very bad feeling about this.

“W-woah!” Felix cried as he fumbled again, scrabbling for purchase as he felt his feet slide right out from under him. He’s officially murdering Jisung for this. *And* unsubscribing from his godforsaken YouTube channel. *If* he doesn't bash his skill open first, of course.

His vision started to spin, the world turning so the dancing waves became the very sky above. He vaguely heard a panicked shriek of his name, before he tumbled right into a familiar pair of pale, toned arms.

Oh. This is better than breaking his skull open on the sharp crags of the jetty. What a relief; he *can* successfully retract all his multiple subscriptions from Jisung’s channel.
Felix cracked his eyes open from where they were tightly screwed shut, only to be met with a frantic Chan cradling him against his chest. “Felix! Are you ok?! What on earth were you thinking!” Chan wailed, quickly jogging back to the shoreline with a shell shocked Felix still held gently in his arms.

“I-it was dumb, hyung. Thanks for saving me, as always.” Felix muttered as he unconsciously cuddled closer to chan’s pallid flesh. Chan just shook his head of bleach blonde hair in disbelief; he may be immortal, but Felix’s little spill took at least 100 years off his life.

“Nice save, Chan hyung!” Jisung joyfully exclaimed once Felix was out of Chan’s protective grasp and back on the drenched sand with him. In typical Jisung fashion, the demon seems completely unfazed by the fact his best friend almost died. For a YouTube video.

“Y’know, if you two weren’t already in relationships, I guess you could say Felix fell for you, Chan hyung.” Jisung teased with a playful wiggle of his eyebrows, puffing out his chest in satisfaction at his cheesy observation. Although, his look of pride didn't last long.

Jisung’s expression morphed into a knowing wince at the sight of Chan striding up to him, a growl rumbling from his chest and a snarl curling his lips. The vampire easily snatched Jisung’s phone from his hand, ignoring each whine of protest falling from the demon’s pouting lips.

“No phone for a week, Jisung.” Chan coolly stated as he held the device just out of the demon’s reach, before turning to stroll back to the tranquility of the sandbank.

“But I’m a Youtuber!” Jisung wailed in despair at the sight of both the vampire, and his prized smartphone, retreating into the distance.

Felix didn’t want to bring up that you probably need a little more than 7 followers to be considered a Youtuber, so he chose to keep his smirking lips shut instead.

“Jeongin! I swear if you put that crab in Seungmin’s hair you are grounded for a month!” Chan barked at the werewolf, his shoulders jumping in shock at the vampire’s sudden reprimand. Luckily Chan was able to intervene, sneaking up behind an unsuspecting Jeongin seconds before the angel got an unwanted visitor placed in his shining tresses.
The young werewolf at least had the decency to look sheepish as he slowly withdrew the wriggling crab from where he was holding it mere inches from Seungmin’s head of thick chocolate locks. He placed the innocent crustacean back onto the sand, where it quickly scuttled off to safety beneath the undulating current.

The angel threw his best friend a scandalized look, yet the fallen guardian is not as ignorant as he seems; he had a hand full of wet sand poised to wallop Jeongin’s face if he dared place that all-too eager to pinch crab in his hair. Chan definitely doesn't need to know about that, though.

Chan let an only slightly exasperated sigh escape his lips as he trudged up the sandbank and back to their makeshift homestead of technicolor towels, allowing his body to fall onto a particularly fluffy blanket next to Woojin.

Chan loves the beach. Chan loves his coven members, more than anything. By that logic, he should love going to the beach with his coven members. And he does, really he does! Seeing their smiling faces and eyes sparkling with pure joy thaws the permafrost blanketing his stilled heart.

He just wants to respectfully ask them...why do they always have to be getting into some kind of trouble?! They have been camped out on the sand for less than an hour, and Chan has already lost count of all the near death situations his coven members almost got into. First, Chan had to pry a hyperactive Jisung off a frantic Minho; the dark magician’s shrieks of “I can't swim!” seeming to fall on deaf ears as the demon kept trying to drag his whining boyfriend into the sea. Chan may have super strength, but even he had to struggle to wrench Jisung’s eager grasp from Minho’s poor arm.

Then he had to quickly stop Felix from slipping off the algae-covered rocks of the nearby jetty he was clambering onto. Why Felix decided to ascend the jagged, slimy rocks in the first place is beyond Chan. It was probably a dare from Jisung, he realized with a knowing sigh at the sight of the demon expectantly filming Felix from the safety of the shoreline.

Thanks to his superhuman speed and agility, Chan caught the human just as his foot gave way and he started to tumbled off the rock; luckily he only fell into Chan’s waiting arms, and not into the unforgivingly crashing surf. Jisung got his phone taken away by Chan once the human was safely set back on solid ground, much to the demon’s dismay.
Now Chan successfully diffused the great crab-in-hair debacle of 2019, and he’s just waiting. Waiting apprehensively for the next member of his coven to completely disregard any and all regard for their personal wellbeing. Surprisingly, the only member he’s not worried about is Hyunjin; being from the ocean, Chan can only assume he knows how to handle himself around the seemingly endless dangers at the beach.

*Oh god...what if he finds a shark and tries to play with it! He'll get eaten alive!* Chan suddenly thought to himself with a panicked gasp, throwing a pale hand to scrub down the planes of his handsome features. He contemplated diving beneath the waves to try and keep tabs on the siren, before he quickly shook those ideas from his head, realizing he’s *maybe* overreacting. Just a tad.

Well, being a vampire and all, at least he'll be the first one to smell any blood in the water.

At that morbid thought, Chan took a compulsory sip of blood from the matte black thermos he has wedged in the sand next to him. The swig of the sweet, sanguine fluid made a comforting buzz blanket his frayed nerves.

“We sure have our work cut out for us today, right ‘Woo?’” Chan quipped to his boyfriend, who is still silently splayed across a plush, multicolor towel. The silence persisted, and Chan’s brows furrowed. “Woojin—oh.” Chan started to ask again, before his gaze finally drifted to his boyfriend’s face; his gorgeous features are still, and even. His chest pushed out steady, consistent breaths into the salty ocean breeze.

Oh no *way* did Woojin *conveniently* fall asleep, leaving Chan to fly solo as the sole parental figure stopping the other members from their meeting certain doom. But he did. Woojin is out *cold*.

Chan couldn’t help rolling his emerald eyes at the sight of his slumbering boyfriend, yet loving warmth still embraced his perpetually chilled skin. Looks like lifeguard Chan is the only one on duty today. It’s not like the vampire could sleep on a velvety bed of sand himself, even if he wanted to.

Things seem almost suspiciously peaceful, Chan vaguely realized with a start. The younger members are all happily splashing in the cool waves, their beaming grins visible even from Chan’s spot on the sandbank. Minho and Changbin are idly strolling through the rolling waves bathing the shoreline, seemingly lost in conversation.

Chan allowed himself to relax, putting his (mostly) unrealistic worries to rest. He picked up his novel, a yellowed copy of *Peter Pan* he purchased soon after its release in 1904. He opened to his dog-eared page, instantly getting transported back to the Neverland he’s become so familiar with...
after countless readings of the book.

Woojin continued to peacefully sleep at his side, blissfully unaware of the waking world racing around him. Luckily for the nature spirit (and Chan), it appears they do only need one pair of watchful eyes periodically trained on the romping boys in the sea.

Although when Seungmin and Jeongin crept over and started to bury an unsuspecting Woojin in handfuls of thick sand, Chan didn’t even attempt to stop them. He just buried his nose into a worn page of the novel, swallowing his giggles and feigning the best innocence he could.

*If Woojin asks, I was busy saving Minho from drowning,* Chan mused to himself with a devilish chuckle, sneaking sly glances past the book in his hands to peep at the rapidly growing sand dune that is forming on Woojin.

“Whatcha think, babe?” Jisung asked, looking up from his spot on the golden sand, sparkling eyes meeting Minho’s. Jisung’s hands were busy putting the finishing touches on a grand sandcastle, long fingers moving with graceful purpose. The golden structure is exquisitely made, looking like a true grandiose castle was magically shrunk and painted pure gold. Intricately sculpted turrets formed the silhouette, painfully delicate filigree carved into the facade. Minho didn’t realize that “master sandcastle builder” is yet another of Jisung’s myriad of demonic powers, but he learns something new about his boyfriend everyday.

Jisung started the structure with Jeongin and Seungmin, but the two other boys eventually got bored and moved onto something they deemed more fun; burying a knocked-out Woojin in a thick blanket of sand. A snickering Chan sat in mock ignorance as the two boys packed handfuls of sand on his prone, sleeping boyfriend. The vampire knows he should stop them, but Woojin’s reaction will be absolutely priceless.

“It looks great! But you know what would make it even better?” Minho’s bright voice flowed into the summer air as he knelt beside his boyfriend, clumps of sand sticking to his exposed skin.

Jisung just met his boyfriend with a tilted head, lips forming an endearing pout as he shrugged his shoulders. A playful smirk grew on Minho’s lips, excitement bubbling in his chest as his heart began to beat a little faster in anticipation.
“Magic!” He announced with theatrical flourish, lithe hands gracefully moving before the wide eyes of Jisung.

Jisung’s mouth formed an excited ‘O’ shape, clasping his hands together in expectation. Scooting closer to his boyfriend, Jisung’s eyes were locked on the sandcastle, tangibly eager to see what Minho has in store.

Minho’s hands started to move with practiced ease, swirling above the sandcastle as a spell softly left his lips. Yellow sparks began to hover above the castle, like a crew of fireflies suddenly appeared. Before Jisung’s still widened eyes, the yellow dots exploded into miniature bursts of vibrant color, glittering above the castle’s roof.

“Mini fireworks! That’s so cute!” Jisung squealed, hands delicately clapping as he bounced in place. Minho met his excited boyfriend with a loving smile, the downsized fireworks reflecting in their shining eyes. “You like that? Now watch this,” Minho barked out a satisfied laugh, turning his attention back to the sandcastle.

With the recital of yet another incantation, the moist sand before the entrance to the castle bubbled up, rising as it diverged into two tiny figures. The two forms morphed and swirled until the models of two boys now stood before the grand door of the sandcastle.

“Is that us?” Jisung asked with childlike wonder, bending down to get a closer look at the two newly formed, minuscule figures. Sure enough, despite being made from golden sand, the two figurines are undoubtedly Minho and Jisung; the taller of the figures even holding a protective arm around the shoulder of the other.

“Yup! Not bad, huh?” Minho replied breezily, a proud smirk growing on his lips at his boyfriend’s reaction. A huge, beaming smile burst onto Jisung’s lips, rivaling the luminance of the summer sun. His eyes became hidden with the force of the smile, his rounded cheeks bunching with palpable joy. Minho’s heart could only pound a little harder as a pink flush painted his cheeks, love swirling in his mind and crashing against his skull like the waves behind them.

Minho lives to make Jisung smile. And today, he accomplished that goal.

Seungmin loves the beach, don’t get him wrong. The salty breeze, the seemingly never ending
expanse of sea, are all things he’s only dreamed of experiencing when he lived in Heaven. The beach does however, make him only slightly uncomfortable.

Why? Because most people, save for maybe Changbin, take their shirts off at the beach. Seungmin has always shivered at the thought, content to sweat from the intense heat than take off his thin cotton t-shirt, thus revealing the dark scars on his back to the world.

He and Jeongin are sitting on a stray sandbank, drawing images in the damp sand and trying to guess what on earth the other is trying to convey. Jeongin, taking notice of the thin sheen of sweat peppering Seungmin’s skin, finally gathered the courage to pose a proposition to his best friend that he’s been waiting years to say.

“You know, you can take your shirt off if you’re hot. No one would even bat an eyelash at your scars.” He murmured under his breath, like he wasn’t sure if he wanted Seungmin to hear him or not.

Seungmin barked out a breathy chuckle, a small smile coming to his lips as he idly drew random designs in the sand. His dainty shoulders raised in a shrug, before answering his best friend. “It’s not even the other people I’m worried about. I know human’s get scars, too. It’s more because I hate them. Even though I can’t see them, just knowing they’re visible makes me wanna hide.” His voice sounds so small, so vulnerable. Jeongin feels incredibly lucky Seungmin trusts him enough to open up about these things, despite the knot of churning pain it twists in his tummy.

Jeongin’s head of brown hair bobbed as he nodded in response, his lips pulling into a frown. Of course he understands his friend’s apprehension, as the jagged scars etched into his back are a constant reminder of his fall from Heaven, from guardianship. But more than that, Jeongin’s heart ached that his best friend is embarrassed of said scars, that he would do anything to keep them a secret from the world.

Jeongin considered how to respond, weighing different answers in his mind. Above his head, a particularly loud seagull cawed, as if yelling at him to just hurry up already. Turning to look at Seungmin through his thick lashes, Jeongin decided on what to say. He could only hope Seungmin will believe him.

“I love your scars.” He whispered, voice barely recognizable over the waves breaking at their feet. Seungmin regarded him with a puzzled expression, honey-brown eyes sparkling with the setting sun. “Really?” The fallen angel asked innocently, voice softer than the silken sand they sat upon.

Jeongin eagerly nodded in response. “Of course. I know they dredge up a lot of painful memories,
but to me they just remind me what an incredible person you are.” He spoke earnestly into the golden summer air. Seungmin fell in the first place because he intervened in his human's life, effectively saving her from the clawed hands of death. If that isn’t the mark of an amazing individual, Jeongin isn’t sure what is.

Seungmin considered his best friend’s response, letting a chuckle pass through his lips. His eyes landed on some far off point in the blue sea, glazed as Jeongin’s words seeped into his brain.

“Thanks.” Is all Seungmin stated simply, lilting voice mixing with the dancing waves. And with that, he reached his arms up, and quickly removed his t-shirt. From his seat next to the fallen angel, Jeongin couldn’t help but see the mangled scars carved into his skin, where his majestic wings used to take residence. But Jeongin doesn’t care about that. As a matter of fact, he couldn’t care less. The only thing that matters to Jeongin in that moment is the look of freedom on Seungmin’s delicate features, how his shoulders rose with newly found weightlessness. The setting sun bathed Seungmin in golden light, making him look even more angelic than wings ever could.

A huge smile broke out on Jeongin’s face, his eyes sparkling with tangible joy.

The two sat in comfortable silence, their hands still unconsciously drawing graceful lines in the sand.

“You know, I think angels are overrated. You’re the best thing to ever happen to me, not only by being an amazing friend, but by bringing me to the coven. I mean, Jisung is literally a demon, but he’s treated me with more kindness than any of my old ‘friends’ in Heaven did. I think you just made me realize that falling was the best thing that ever happened to me.” Seungmin spoke airily, voice now tinged with a newfound light and clarity that put the summer sky to shame.

Jeongin’s heart felt like it was going to burst, the intensity of the happiness flowing through his body incomparable. Shifting so his shoulder pressed against Seungmin’s, Jeongin let an overjoyed “I’m glad” tumble from his lips. His heart felt so light, lighter than air, lighter than the seagulls hovering gracefully above their heads; his best friend is finally freed of the residual trauma that plagued him until this very moment. Jeongin doesn’t think he’ll ever feel such happiness again.

“Wanna go pile more sand on Woojin hyung?” Jeongin piped up after sufficiently basking in Seungmin’s revelation, voice now unmistakably mischievous.

Seungmin met him with an equally devilish smirk. “Sure, lets go before he wakes up.”
And so the two best friends skipped over to the sand-encased form of sleeping Woojin, Chan still wearing a playful smile from his position next to his boyfriend.

Seungmin discarded his long forgotten t-shirt onto the plethora of colorful towels, more than happy to join Jeongin in taking huge handfuls of plush sand to pack onto Woojin.

Hyunjin never feels freer than when he dives below the crest of a wave, his glimmering tail expertly propelling him through the oceanic depths he’s known his entire life. He danced and twirled with the current, putting the graceful pods of dolphins that mingled with him to shame.

But, now the hoards of evening surfers have descended upon the open sea, meaning the undulating expanse of blue has become a tad more trafficked than Hyunjin likes.

He expertly avoided more than a few surfers that plunged beneath the waves after wiping out, the siren pivoting to hide behind a screen of seagrass on the shallow ocean floor. He better get out now, before he gives a wet-suit clad adrenaline junkie a little more than what they bargained for.

He peacefully swam towards a more deserted section of the shoreline, when his gaze suddenly caught something shining on the seafloor. Quirking a sculpted brow, Hyunjin dived down to investigate. His eyes widened at the sight of an impeccable conch shell nestled perfectly into the sand, glinting with the last rays of sunlight that permeated the ocean’s surface.

Hyunjin examined the beautiful shell, grasping it and observing how it reflected an iridescent shine as he shifted it between his hands. An idea suddenly prickled at the back of his mind, and a bright grin burst onto his plump lips.

He safely tucked the conch beneath the crook of his arm, before restarting his lap to the distant shore. Within a few minutes of idle swimming, the sandbar started to steadily increase as the ocean engulfing him got increasingly shallow.

Hyunjin poked his head above water, his large eyes flitting about to make sure he’s alone. Once the coast was deemed sufficiently clear, Hyunjin shimmied himself, tail and all, onto the damp sand of the shoreline. He purposefully swam leagues away from the still relatively crowded beach, until the groups of families and friends became mere dots in the distance.
Hyunjin waited, as patient as ever, for the summer sun to adequately dry his scaled tail. After a few minutes, the familiar tingle of his jewel-like scales melting into toned flesh blanketed his body. He briefly wobbled as he pushed himself off the sand, his legs almost instantly finding their balance once he stood in the misty air. Hyunjin didn’t want to admit to the sheer amount of pride pounding in his heart at his successful transformation back into his human form.

Last time he attempted to stand after a foray beneath the waves, he immediately fell right onto his back, the collision forcing a dull *smack* against the sand.

He readjusted the pearly white conch shell in his grasp, and dusted the fine coating of sand off his legs before starting his trek back to his coven.

It surprisingly only took around 10 minutes until Hyunjin spotted the familiar figures of his coven members, all huddling around their collage of blankets and towels.

“Hyunjin! Perfect timing!” Chan eagerly exclaimed at the sight of the siren trotting up to them, a lopsided grin already stretching onto his plump lips at the sight before him. The other members look positively exhausted, the boys unceremoniously draped across each and every towel like a mosaic of tangled limbs.

Woojin is sending a pointed glare at Seungmin and Jeongin, as the nature spirit brushed endless particles of sand off every inch of his skin. The two boys shrunk under the glower, yet they couldn’t keep the satisfied smirks off their lips. Hyunjin can only imagine the shenanigans those tornados of trouble got into while he was swimming.

He thinks he can infer however, given the freckles of sand dotting Woojin’s features.

And with that, Chan roused the boys and they started the arduous task of packing up their myriad of belongs before setting off for home. Hyunjin just finished folding the last towel with Chan, when his lilting voice drew the vampire from his stupor.

“Oh, Chan, I almost forgot. I got you this.” Hyunjin casually remarked, holding the ivory conch shell out to the vampire. He hopes the expectant glimmer and rosy hue to his cheeks isn’t as obvious as it feels.

The vampire’s jade eyes widened at the sight of the shell, his pallid lips falling open as he gently reached forward to grasp it. The shell’s coloration almost exactly matches the tone of Chan’s
porcelain skin, save for the pastel pink tinge to the swirled inside of the conch.

“Hyunjin, that was so sweet of you! I always knew you were my favorite!” Chan exclaimed, putting a little more emphasis on the final part of the sweet sentiment so the rest of the boys could hear.

He was met with a chorus of horrified, betrayed gasps. “Excuse me!” Jeongin unabashedly shrieked, his jaw hanging open in disbelief. “I thought I was the favorite...” Seungmin whimpered, his lips jutting into a thick pout.

Felix and Jisung scowled in tandem, their reactions drawing laughter from both of their respective boyfriends.

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding! I have no favorite, I promise.” Chan quickly placated his ticked-off coven members, sheepishly rubbing the back of his neck as he tucked the conch shell safely into his backpack.

“I’m your favorite, aren’t I?” Woojin whispered to Chan, once the coven started to make their way down the boardwalk to where their car is parked. Sleep still coated his hoarse voice, a thin dusting of sand still visible on his tanned skin.

A smirk lit up Chan’s lips, an implacable spark of mischief igniting in his eyes.

“Shhh,” he held a finger to his lips as he met Woojin’s expectant gaze, “don’t tell the others.”

The sun, now reduced to an orange orb setting below the horizon, winked at Chan from his side-view mirror. They are still parked in the lot, their car being one of the few stragglers remaining on the asphalt. The car is bathed in a tangerine light, tinged the nine boys in an ethereal glow. Turning from his position in the driver’s seat, Chan couldn’t help the loving smile that bloomed on his lips as he took in the boys piled in the back.

Hyunjin, hair stringy and damp from the saltwater, has a satisfied grin on his plump lips as he stared out the window. The siren is content to watch the last remaining rays of daylight sink behind the dunes, his muscles tired and aching from his adventure beneath the waves.
Beside him, Seungmin is busily writing in his journal, pen moving fervently. His tongue poked out of his lips in concentration, as he tried to recount every memory from the day into permanence on the paper. Jeongin rested his head on the fallen angel’s shoulder, his large eyes drooping with each second. His expression is calm and peaceful, despite his energy being completely depleted.

In the next row of seats, Felix draped himself across Changbin, the human long surrendered to sleep. The reaper’s cheeks are painted a bright pink, as he placed a gentle hand on Felix’s head of orange hear, lightly stroking the soft locks. The black beanie on his head is completely ascue, lopsided on his purple mop of hair, which stuck out at every angle possible. He didn’t seem to care, eyes locked in affection on his boyfriend’s evened expression.

Next to them sat the other couple; Jisung and Minho. Minho is currently holding up his phone, he and the demon wearing identical pouts as his phone’s camera clicked. Chan couldn’t even attempt to guess which filter they could be using this time, as they now threw up matching peace signs with yet another telltale click of the camera.

Finally, cozily sat in the passenger seat, is Woojin. The nature spirit has his headphones on, undoubtedly listening to one of the many poetry audiobooks downloaded on his phone. His lovely features are set in an expression of tranquility, despite the sand that still dotted his olive skin, a leftover gift from Jeongin and Seungmin’s shenanigans. He idly ran a hand through his black hair, forcing a shower of sand to fall into his lap in response. Chan just let a breathy chuckle escape his lips, shaking his head of blonde hair in good natured affection.

And so that ended the long anticipated beach trip for the coven, their hearts light and filled to the brim with joy. We should do this more often, maybe we can go again next week, Chan mused to himself as he started the car, pulling out of the lot of the beach at long last.

Well, maybe not next week, since he doubts Woojin will have removed all the sand from his body yet. He’s gonna have to have a talk with their youngest members about choosing a new victim for their antics next time.

He suggests Minho, for the record.

Chapter End Notes

chan @ the beach: ah what a gr8 day! :) love life, love my coven members! :)

the other boys: let loose and immediately become feral
chan: oh god :) oh fucc :) they're all gonna fucking die :) wooojin i need backup :)
woojin: zzzzzz y'all hear smth zzzzzz

I’m VERY eager to hear from you guys about this chapter, more than any specific chap i’ve posted recently! I would really love a lot of feedback on this one, especially because it’s the first legit ot9 chapter since the boys revealed their true identities to Lix?!?! TiME fLiEs
(there’s so many familiar usernames I haven’t seen in a while, so it’d be great if you haven’t commented in a while to let me know how you liked this one!)

I’m very curious to what your fave member interactions/section was in this chapter, since there were so many! So I’d love to see your comments about that as well :’)
i really enjoyed writing about Jisung’s chaotic YouTube channel, as well as overprotective mom chan so those are probs my faves!

Aight ill stop but i just wanna say thank you guys so much for supporting me/this fic and allowing me to get this far! Next weeks chapter is...oh Lordt...CHANLIX

It’ll be something...very new for this fic lol n it might be unexpected?? Or actually it might be expected as i wonder if some of u were thinking “is this gonna happen?? Will this happen??” about them....well guess what: it’s happening

Okie bye guys thank you again for the support! As i said before i put so much work into this chapter and i would love to hear all of your reactions!! I’m very eager to see what you guys have to say, so dont hold back~
I’m waiting all the way over there, the 20 year old me is waiting (Changbin birthday special)

Chapter Summary

A dream is a wish your heart makes,
When you're fast asleep.
In dreams you will lose your heartaches,
Whatever you wish for, you keep.
Have faith in your dreams and someday,
Your rainbow will come smiling through.
No matter how your heart is grieving,
If you keep on believing,
The dream that you wish will come true.

Chapter Notes

HELLO OK I know I said this week would be chanlix, but I’ve been meaning to write a changbin bday chapter for weeks and perhaps I didn't realized that his bday is well...today here in america, so I wrote this *cough* 4 days ago *cough*

I usually wait like...at least 3/4 weeks between when I write a chapter and when I post it so I have ample time to edit/add stuff, so I really apologize if this chapter is underwhelming/not up to par with all my other chapters :( I just really wanted to make sure I got SOMETHING done before binnie’s bday!

With that being said I really hope you guys enjoy this, even if it...isn’t my fave thing I've ever written ;;

happy birthday changbin! I love you so much and I hope you have the bestest day ever bc you deserve it <3 always keep smiling, cuz we’ll always be with you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Changbin awoke with a lazy yawn, stretching his muscles as the last ounces of sleep dissolved from his waking mind. He reached for his phone, clicking the device on to check the time. The screen displayed 11:30 a.m., on the dot.
Damn it, he slept through 11:11. Again. He usually sets an alarm to wake him up at 11:10, so he has ample time to prepare his wish, but the thought completely escaped his mind last night.

Wishing at both the morning and evening 11:11 has always been a part of Changbin’s routine, since becoming a reaper. He’s not exactly sure why, but something about whispering a wish or two in that 60 second period makes a mysterious warmth blossom in his chest. He can’t help but feel that they’ll somehow, someway come true. Perhaps he used to do it in his human life, and it is his subconscious subtly trying to tap into the memories of the previous existence he lost.

His silent wishes are mostly quite humble, and ordinary. If he plans to go out with any of the other boys, he wishes for the incoming weather to cooperate the night before. If an important event is coming up in any of their lives, he implores whatever unknown deity listening once the clock strikes that magic number to let it go smoothly. But sometimes he finds himself simply wishing for his coven members, the most important people in his life, to just be happy.

Although, a certain human’s name peppered a string of 11:11 wishes in the strenuous weeks before Changbin mustered up the courage to reveal his true feelings of romantic affection.

*Please let Felix be happy, please let him always be okay,* is nowadays what Changbin more often than not starts internally wishing, borderline pleading, once the clock strikes 11:11:01.

Thankfully, it appears those wishes have been coming to fruition, much to Changbin’s relief.

An annoyed huff escaped his lips as he glared at the time mocking him, before his eyes landed on the small date stamp written below his phone’s clock. The small, white letters read August 11th.

Oh, that’s even better. Changbin forgot to wish on his death day, of all things.

Since Changbin lost all of his human memories upon his death, he doesn't really...remember his true birthday. However, the first day he actually recalls since becoming a reaper, is August 11th, 1999.

He might have died on the 10th, or the 9th. Or maybe he passed in June, or July. Changbin doesn’t know the intricacies that take place when a human becomes a reaper; how would he know how long it takes for ones soul to be reborn? It could take at least 3-5 business days, let alone a month or two.
All he knows is that the first day he remembers, *truly* remembers after waking up in that pure white void, is August 11th. He told this very information to Chan, when he first moved in all those years ago. The vampire then took it upon himself to make that day into a celebration of sorts, akin to ones birthday. Except rather than a celebration of life, August 11th is always a celebration of death. *Changbin’s* death.

They don’t dwell too much on the details, and his coven members usually let the day pass gently, with a few hokey presents and a small, yet artfully decorated cake. Changbin honestly doesn’t pay the single date much mind; hence why he completely forgot the upcoming event when he went to bed the night before.

However, Changbin honestly is kicking himself for letting the morbid anniversary slip his mind right about now. This is his first death day since starting to date Felix, and he had a very simple wish prickling in the back of his head. But like an idiot, he slept right through 11:11 and missed his chance!

*Today is already starting off great*, he thought to himself with a grumble. He swung his legs out of bed, ignoring the shock of chill that ran up his body from the contact with the cold floor.

As he meandered down the empty corridors, he already picked up the sound of whispering voices from downstairs. He shook his head of raven locks, a good natured smile unconsciously pulling onto his lips. He wonders what his best friends will have in store for him this year.

He padded down the stairs, before peeking his head into the living room. All the boys are huddled around the small breakfast table in the corner, a conspiratorial glimmer bouncing between their shared glances. And they seem to be wearing...party hats? Yup, they all have jet black, cone shaped party hats perched atop their heads.

Changbin tilted his own head in confusion, his brows knitting together in turn. The boys are still unaware of his arrival into the living room, which gave Changbin ample time to wonder what the heck is going on right now.

The entire living room is nigh unrecognizable, having been decked out from ceiling to floorboards in layers of decorations. A curtain of dark silver glittering streamers hung down from the back wall, extending behind the couch. They look like someone melted down a vat of lead, and then poured the liquid remnants down the wall. Huge, matte black balloons are tied to every object possible, creating a colony of hovering onyx orbs.

Thick, ebony candles dot the multiple tables, pinprick flames gently bobbing and forcing gobs of
pitch black wax to sluggishly melt down. Only for the dripping wax to almost instantly freeze into abstract, artful formations as the lit wicks began to devour the dark candles. Changbin vaguely remembers seeing an unopened box of sturdy black candles half hidden in a bag a few days ago, but he thought they were purchased by Minho for some kind of occult ritual. He never imagined they’d be for him. Two disco balls now rest against the posts of the sofa, one large and the other a much smaller version; like father and son.

It looks like a birthday party straight from some 90’s alt rock music video. It’s undoubtedly Changbin, in every way, shape and form. He’s a little scared; he knew his friends know his tastes, but this is a little too uncanny.

What the Hell? We don’t even own one disco ball, let alone two! And why are they on the floor?! Changbin thought to himself with a long blink of his still vaguely sleepy eyes, to see if he could possibly be hallucinating the sight before him. He reopened them a few seconds later. It’s all still there, perfectly in place just like how it was before he shut his incredulous eyes.

“Oh—he’s here!” It’s Chan, the vampire’s eyes widening as he effectively roused the other boys’ attention.

Despite being a fearsome vampire, their leader looks downright adorable with the black party hat nestled onto his head of curly blonde locks, Changbin thought with a small chuckle.

A vampire in a party hat, huh. That's a new one, he’s sure of it.

Countless pairs of eyes landed on Changbin at Chan’s excited exclamation, with wide, beaming grins bursting onto all of their lips.

“Happy 20th death day, Changbin!” They all yelled in elated unison, before parting like the Red Sea to reveal a surprisingly large white cake sat neatly on the breakfast table.

A heated blush crept onto Changbin’s cheeks, taken aback at the elaborate party they've set up for him this year. Jeongin skipped forward to place the final black party hat on Changbin’s head, neatly tucking the thin elastic strap under his chin with one fluid movement.

With the pointed jet black hat sat on his mop of equally raven hair, Changbin looks more like some gothic unicorn than the person of honor.
But wait...did they say 20?

They did; this is Changbin’s 20th year as a reaper, as a shade of his once living self. Well that certainly explains why they went all out today, a stark dichotomy from the low key, casual celebrations of years past. He can’t believe he didn’t realize that himself, how could he not have connected those dots prior to their cheers?

It doesn’t matter how, but he didn’t. So now he forced a strangely hard gulp down his throat as he forced himself to stroll up to the large cake waiting for him on the table, as casually as possible. Something about the word 20 made goosebumps gnaw at his skin, made his frozen heart tremble behind his ribs.

He’s never felt very much emotion at all in regards to his death anniversary passing every year, but for some reason the number 20 seems to have been seared onto his eyes, branded on the skin of his eyelids to flash in his vision with each blink.

It’s an implacable feeling; some perverted median between dread and resigned acceptance. 20 years is a long time to be dead, a long time to be a walking corpse with a stilled heart in your chest. So much can change in 20 years. Do any of his old friends and family remember him? Do they still think about him, think about his tragic, unnecessary passing? Are they holding a somber memorial for him today in some unknown town, rather than the joyous celebration planned by his coven? Or has he faded from their collective conscious the same way everyone from his human past has been wiped from his brain?

Is it selfish to not want to be forgotten by those you don’t even remember yourself?

He imagines a framed picture of himself in the house of his faceless parents, tearstained and drowned in withered bouquets of mourning flowers. His passing must have caused them so much grief and agony. Does he even deserve the happiness he lives day in and day out at the coven after eliciting so much pain to those he can’t even recall?

The mere thoughts cause shockwaves of terror to stampede down Changbin’s spine, chasing down the icy tingles dancing on his skin.

But then he caught Felix’s sparkling gaze, and he melted, just like that. The human is looking at him with such tangible love and affection, Changbin has to will his knees not to turn to wobbling jelly with each meager step up to the elaborate set up on the table. The mysterious bramble of nerves that once blanketed him dissipated, leaving nothing but comfortable, easy warmth in its wake. Leave it to Felix to chase out the darkness that tries to clamber into Changbin’s mind, with
Changbin has been dead for 20 years. He left his old family, his old friends 20 whole years ago; only for them to be completely purged from his memory, not even a simple framed photograph allotted to him as a means to remember them by.

And yet here he stands, surrounded by his smiling and starry eyed best friends; surrounded by love, and brotherhood. He’s not alone. He’s never been alone, and he’ll never be alone.

He eyes found Felix’s once again, and suddenly he didn’t care, he couldn’t care anymore. He’s sure those once integral in his human past wouldn’t like to hear it, but he refuses to force himself to be sad on their unknown behalf. He’s happy. He’s content. He’s loved. He’s Seo Changbin, and he’s going to enjoy his 20th death day, goddamnit.

He steadied his breathing, straightening his shoulders as he walked up to the strikingly oversized cake; the thing seems bigger than Changbin’s own head for goodness sake. The cakes the coven get for Changbin every August 11th are usually quite understated and wordless, with a smattering of sugar coated fruit adorning its perimeter.

This cake however, is anything but understated.

“‘Happy 20th Death Day...Changbin?’” The reaper in question read aloud the message piped onto the cake’s surface in elegant pink icing, mingling with equally pastel colored fondant flowers. Of course, rather than an apprehensive question mark, the bright message on the cake ends in a happy little exclamation point.

“W-what the—did you guys actually get this done at a bakery?!” Changbin shrieked, in half-horror and half-palpable disbelief. He’s terrified of the answer already, but his stomach plummets to his toes when a typically overexcited Jisung opens his mouth to answer.

“Yeah! Me and Felix got it done special at the bakery in town! Nice, right?” The demon joyfully announced, bouncing in place from the sheer force of his excitement. At his side, Felix eagerly nodded in accordance.

“U-um, of course, it’s great. But you...asked an actual human being to write ‘Happy Death Day’ on a cake.” Changbin stated matter-a-factly, his eyebrows furrowed as he shook the incredulity from his mind with a gently ruffle of his hair. And they somehow agreed to do it? And didn't call the
cops? is what Changbin wanted to add onto the choked out statement, but he didn't want to risk insulting their overly kind gesture.

“Don’t worry, ‘BinBin! We told the girl it’s for a joke kinda thing, she loved it!” Felix cooed, before jogging over to all but tackle Changbin in a powerful hug. Changbin isn’t sure if it’s his boyfriend’s placating, or the familiar feeling of Felix’s arms wrapped tightly around his waist, but he thinks he can get behind that easy explanation.

“Is it—”

“Yes, it’s strawberry shortcake. Your favorite.” Felix whispered into Changbin’s ear, bringing a hand up to card through his strands of silken obsidian locks not obstructed by the party hat perched atop his head.

Another heated blush painted Changbin’s cheeks, a color suspiciously similar to fresh summer strawberries.

Changbin is on his 3rd slice of strawberry shortcake, and he’s pushing through the saccharine coating on his tongue with each hearty forkful. Although he’s not sure if the culprit of the cloying sweetness is truly the cake, or the chaste pecks Felix places on his lips in between bites.

As they were munching on the hefty slices, Woojin thrust a large bouquet of pure white roses into Changbin’s waiting arms, the stems wrapped in parchment and bound with a bow of twine. “I grew 20, one for each year!” The nature spirit animatedly announced, puffing out his chest in satisfaction at the sight of Changbin all but shoving his nose into the velvety ivory petals.

He breathed in, long and deliberate. The familiar, delicate scent of the impossibly aromatic roses washed over him, relaxing him from the inside out with each inhale of their fragrance.

He then opened his gift from Hyunjin: a small cartoon figurine of the Hollywood caricature of the Grim Reaper, decked in the typical black robes, silver scythe and all. “Thanks, ‘Jin.” Changbin started to tease the siren upon opening the cheesy gift, “But it doesn’t really look like me.”

Chan barked out a breathy chuckle, from where he is gracefully nested on the living room window
sill. There’s a vibrant paper cup in his pale hand filled with type O negative, the thick sanguine liquid sloshing about with the force of his giggles. According to the vampire, different blood types have distinct flavor profiles; apparently type O is the most decadent, and dulcet. Makes sense he would break it out for such a joyful day like today. Changbin feels a bit sad for the vampire, as he is the only one not partaking in large helpings of cake (for obvious reasons). Although, if you ask Chan, he’d say the blood in his cup is even sweeter than the slices of sugary confection scarfed down by the other boys.

Changbin is relieved to see Chan relaxed, and at ease. The poor vampire already had his hands full breaking up the hyperactive twin-tornados known as Jeongin and Seungmin from starting a full on icing-war, after Changbin blew out the set of iridescent candles stuck into the cake. The werewolf still has a splatter of powdered sugar on his cheek, while the fallen angel has a residual splotch of white frosting on his nose. Changbin is just glad they didn’t get any stuck in the carpet this year.

Changbin took a swig of banana milk, from the same variety of garishly printed paper cup that Chan is using; it has almost neon letters spelling out “Happy Birthday!” in hot pink font, along with cute little cartoon balloons. Except, there’s a large, messy red X drawn over the word “Birth”, with an equally unceremonious “Death” scrawled above in the same ruby red marker. That’s the treatment done to every one of the birthday party-themed paper goods, and Changbin can only imagine how long it took for them to scribble out each “Birth” in favor of a loud and proud “Death”.

It’s a small gesture, but it just goes to show much effort they put into today, just for Changbin. An unconscious grin upturned his lips, as a heated blanket of affection draped across his shoulders.

“Here, open my card next ‘Binnie.” Minho inserted himself into the raucous chorus of cackles, extending a lavender envelope to the reaper from his spot plastered next to Jisung. The demon has basically an entire fourth of the cake in front of him, fervently stuffing his already rounded cheeks with spoonful after spoonful of fluffy chiffon dessert.

Changbin grasped the envelope, examining it in his hands. A sloppy “To: My favorite reaper” is scrawled on the backside, with a tiny ruby rose shaped sticker effectively sealing the front flap closed. Changbin felt a small pang of guilt as he tore a jagged fissure in the floral sticker to retrieve the card.

“’I’m sorry for your loss’?” Changbin parroted the sentiment printed unabashedly in graceful, elegant font. A melancholic dove with a single tear drop escaping its closed eyes is printed on the card as well, its ecru wings folded in despair.

“Minho... why did you get me a condolences card?” Changbin asked with a good natured huff, unable to halt the smile that pulled onto his lips.
Minh shrunk into Jisung’s side at the question; the demon too preoccupied shoving large hunks of shortcake into his mouth to notice. “Well sorry I couldn’t find any ‘Congrats on being dead but also kinda alive for 20 years’ cards at Hallmark.” He grumbled, absentmindedly picking at the fabric of Jisung’s denim jacket as he muttered, more to himself than to Changbin.

Changbin rolled his eyes at his quirky friend, knowing full well there’s an actual, heartfelt handwritten message inside the odd choice of card. But he won’t read that now, he’s saving all the cards for before he goes to bed. That’s what he does every year, and without fail he wakes with is heart feeling fuller and warmer than he can remember.

“Binnie,” Changbin jolted at the whispered mention of his name. It’s Felix, the human pressed flush against his side now staring up at him with wide, expectant eyes. “Can I give you my gift now?” He whispered to Changbin, and Changbin alone.

“O-oh, you didn’t have to get me anything, babe! But of course, I’d love to see it.” The reaper eagerly replied, a spark of love shooting off golden fireworks in his dark eyes.

“Ok! It’s um...can I give it you somewhere private?” Felix continued, his deep timbre still hushed. Changbin tilted his head in confusion at the proposition; what on earth could Felix have prepared for Changbin that needs to be given to him away from the eyes of their coven members?

A heated blush painted Changbin’s cheeks as his mind took a sharp dive, imaging all the countless... possibilities Felix’s mysterious gift could be.

But he quickly pushed those thoughts from his head with enough force to give himself a concussion, screaming an internal get your mind out of the gutter Seo Changbin! at his subconscious.

“Sure babe, let’s go to my room.” Changbin found himself whispering back to his boyfriend, before knitting his fingers with Felix’s to pull them off the sofa.

Felix happily nodded in response, as the two silently left the party still in full swing in the living room. They deftly removed their onyx party hats, leaving the two accessories sat neatly on the sofa cushions in their wake.

If any of the other boys noticed their sudden absence, nobody said anything.
Sailor Moon and Sailor Jupiter stared at the couple from the countless magical girl posters dotting Changbin’s pastel pink walls; their dewy, exaggerated eyes appearing solely trained on the two boys comfortably sat on Changbin’s bed.

Gyu, Changbin’s newly acquired stuffed version of his digital Munchlax is neatly nestled between Changbin’s plush pillows, currently looking at them with an almost pleading glimmer in his embroidered eyes, as if he’s begging to be cuddled.

“So, Binnie,” Felix started, nervously worrying his bottom lip between his teeth as he slipped a velveteen box from his back jeans pocket.

He opened the box, to reveal an elegant silver bracelet. There’s a small plate fastened between the front chain links, with a simple ∞ embossed on the shiny metal. Changbin’s breath hitched in his throat as he gently plucked the beautiful bracelet from the satiny box, holding it mere inches from his eyes as he shifted the silver in the light.

The understated infinity symbol winked at him from the soft lighting of Changbin’s room. Changbin swears he felt his long dead heart pound against his ribs.

“Happy 20th, ‘BinBin.’” Felix mused, rolling up the sleeve of his auburn cardigan to reveal the same exact bracelet grasped in Changbin’s fingers elegantly wrapped around his wrist.

“B-babe, they’re so beautiful!” Changbin finally jump started his dazed brain, entranced on the matching bracelet shining on Felix’s wrist. He fumbled to clasp his half of the identical bracelet set on his own wrist, before clumsily shoving his now jewelry-clad skin in Felix’s face.

“I love it so much,” Changbin murmured, voice slurred through the intensity of the love engulfing his body. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

He darted forward to capture Felix’s lips in his own; they’re sticky, and still coated in the residual sugary aftertaste of the strawberry shortcake. Changbin thinks they’re even more delicious than the fruity slices he downed earlier.
They broke for air, Changbin’s lips now glossed from their heated kisses.

“I’m just as lucky, Binnie. I’ll always stay by your side.” Felix whispered, his voice barely audible even in his close proximity to Changbin. The huge, unnaturally wide grin stretching Totoro’s lips seemed to somehow increase, from where the fluffy gray plush is neatly sat at the foot of Changbin’s bed.

“Forever?” Changbin couldn’t stop the loaded word from escaping his lips.

Forever is a terrifying proposition, when you are a reaper. Forever is the antithesis of reaping; forever is grounded stability, reaping is detached taking. His very job was to pluck people from their living bodies, to snatch their own personal forever away from them with each soul he helped transfer over.

He thought he’d be afraid of the human’s answer, it would be like him to be fearful of the stretching seconds between the word hitting the air and Felix’s imminent response.

But Felix is Changbin’s forever, and Changbin is not afraid. Not in the slightest.

Because he already knows the answer, before Felix even opens his impossibly plush lips.

“Forever.” Felix spoke with feather softness, punctuating the single word with a chaste kiss against Changbin’s forehead.

Forever is permanence, forever is unbreakable. Forever is infinite; just like them.

Their matching, bracelets clad wrists bounced light about Changbin’s pastel bedroom, the twin engraved infinity symbols on full display.

Changbin and Felix might as well be two infinity symbols, personified.

They're going to be together. Forever.
Changbin belatedly realized, through the haze of heated affection engulfing his mind, that he doesn’t even remember the wish he so desperately wanted to speak into existence at 11:11.

It doesn’t matter; all of the wishes he could have ever had already came true. He doesn’t feel like he even needs to make a point to set his alarm at the specific time twice a day, as it feels like it’d be a mockery of the sheer beauty his life has become to even want to make simple wishes.

God, he’s happy. He’s so, so incredibly happy. His old life be damned, the faceless remnants of his human existence that still walk the earth be damned.

He kissed Felix again, his boyfriend’s silken hair tickling his nose.

This is hands down the best death day Chagbin’s ever had.

And he can’t wait for next year.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, I couldn’t rlly make it his legit “birthday” since bin is well, ya know, kinda very dead n doesn’t know when his human bday was….also I think it’s obvious but this is using his international age rather than his korean age!

another smoll note: I tried to make it as obvious as possible, but the decorations used for bin’s party are based completely on the 19 mv! I studied the mv so hard to try and accurately depict all I could! besides the "back" letters aha ;^^(^;

I really wanted this to be "Changbin being loved not only by Felix but all the other boys too: The Chapter" and honestly I'm uhhh not exactly sure I accomplished that? sadly I'm not very satisfied with this chapter :( but moral of the story is Changbin is truly so loved both in this fic + irl and I just *cries in stay*

I just really hope you guys liked this, and it wasn't disappointing >< as always, hearing from you guys lights my heart up with happiness, so please comment your reactions to this chapter! (Just pls don't tell me this was sub-par bc trust me. i Know)

anyways I hope you guys dont mind waiting until next week for the chanlix I promised in last week’s notes! It’ll be worth the wait, I promise! (I hope???)

Imma talk abt smth totally unrelated to THIS specific fic below the elipses, but speaking of comments I just wanna say THANK U ALL SO MUCH for so many incredibly kind and downright hilarious comments on last weeks chapter!! I'm pretty sure it broke the record for most comments on an individual chapter, so thank you all!
It made my heart soooo full, I love u guys sm :'(
.
.
.
Ok u guys I did smth I never expected to do any time soon last week,,,I wROTE A TOTALLY NEW SKZ ONE SHOT AJSSJSJ (keep in mind I've been writing nothing besides THIS FIC SINCE FEBRUARY)
It’s not supernatural,,,it’s just a super tooth rotting-fluffy carnival AU minsung omfg I know this is gonna sound incredibly dumb BUT would you guys be interested in reading it?? You dont have to comment saying u would or smth, as I’m def gonna post it since I wrote the damn thing (i’ll probs post it next saturday b4 I update this bc I like posting on sat lmao) but if u did wanna tell me pls do,,,that would be very noice lol
I’m honestly :) so terrified to post this completely new fic bc this fic did so MUCH BETTER than I ever could have dreamed of,,,n I’m so scared this one will flop but I will try to be optimistic! Anyways sorry for rambling I’m a fuckin idiot I know
See u guys next week ilysm + i wuv u mr bin !!
I’m a bad Dracula (yes I am)

Chapter Summary

When I’m in front of you, I get thirsty, yeah.

My whole body trembles, my breath gets hot,

But I’m nervous, sweating as if I’m being chased.

Losing patience, losing my rationale.

Oh god, forgive me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Felix isn’t the most observant person. Some may call him oblivious, and gullible—maybe even as far as ditzy. Felix isn’t the most observant person, but even he thinks Chan has been acting a little strange lately. He seems nervous, and jittery; always on edge, like a hunted animal. His bright and comforting demeanor warped into one of horribly empty smiles and a mask of faux normalcy.

His usually clear emerald eyes look glazed and cloudy; their color becoming so diluted they almost seem sepia toned. His strong jawline became gaunt, cheekbones sunken. Yes, something is up with the vampire. And Felix is determined to figure out what. He cares too much about Chan to keep his worries to himself, even if they are somehow misplaced.

“Hyung?” Felix’s voice piped up in the silence of the kitchen, as he softly padded behind the figure of a preoccupied Chan. The vampire’s broad shoulders jumped at the addition of Felix’s voice, whirling around to meet the human. His dulled eyes are wide, mouth slightly parted in surprise. Did I just scare Chan hyung? Felix thought to himself incredulously. Usually it’s the other way around, with the vampire’s displays of super speed or strength shocking Felix to his core.

His suspicions were confirmed in that display alone; something is definitely wrong with Chan.

“O-oh, Felix. You startled me for a second there.” The vampire observed with an uneasy laugh, sounding just as hollow as the emptiness in his eyes. His usually unwavering timbre is still tinged with that same detached, stilted attempt at normality—the weakness not so subtly hidden beneath still coloring each syllable. Felix felt his blood turn to ice in his veins, the pain laced within each word slicing through his heart like a poison-dipped arrow. Chan’s gaze nervously darted from Felix to stare at their feet, unable to meet the human’s concerned stare. Felix’s frown deepened, his heart starting to beat faster at the vampire's startlingly uncharacteristic behavior.
“Hyung, are you ok?” Felix asked gently, taking a tentative step towards the vampire. He tried to keep his voice as steady as possible, despite the almost unbearable helplessness igniting his skin with fevered heat. Chan opened his mouth to respond, before wordlessly shutting his pink lips. His facade of normalcy fell, his expression darkening as a frown pulled at his lips.

“I guess you noticed too, huh.” He spoke faintly, like he is embarrassed, ashamed to admit he isn’t himself. “I can’t lie to you, Felix. I ran out of blood a couple days ago, and I’m running on empty. I refuse to drink from live humans, and my friend at the bloodbank is out of town for the week. I don’t know how I’m gonna make it, I’m starving.” He admitted with a nervous gulp, eyes rapidly flitting about the room as he spoke. His voice sounds so small, so fragile, like each word is made of crystal.

Felix tried to hide the way his breath caught in his throat at Chan’s admission. So that's why he looks so sick, so weak, so hungry.

The pair were then plunged into suffocating silence, both pairs of eyes glued to the floor, their hands wringing together in unison.

“H-hyung, I know this is gonna sound weird, but you can drink from me if you want. You told me that a small bite wouldn't turn someone, so I don't see any harm.” Felix finally mustered up the courage to whisper, voice barely audible to himself. With his supernatural hearing however, he knows Chan heard him loud and clear. His suspicions were confirmed when the vampire's head snapped up, his eyes wide, green irises looking dimmer by the minute.

“No, absolutely not. I appreciate the offer, but I could never live with myself if I accidentally hurt you.” Chan spoke frantically, the panicked words messily tumbling from his lips as his pale hands waved away Felix’s offer.

Of course the thought had crossed Chan’s mind since finding himself in his current predicament; the human’s sweet smelling blood being a constant reminder of his burning hunger, the sensation pounding behind his eyes and churning his empty stomach. But each time he would always push the thoughts out of his mind with enough force to give himself whiplash. Chan loves Felix as much as his other coven members, and he would never take advantage of the human simply because his instincts tell him to.

But Chan is getting desperate. He needs blood one way or another, his primal hunger intensifying to the point that it's the only feeling he perceived. So with each passing second, the human's offer seems less out of the question, and more so his only option between living and starvation.
If you asked Chan when Felix first moved in if their friendship would ever lead to this, he would've called you idiotic, delusional even. But desperate times call for desperate measures. And Chan is nothing if not desperate.

Felix however, isn’t taking his no for an answer. He had made his mind up as soon as Chan divulged his issue to him. Chan is going to drink from him, of that he is certain.

“Hyung I understand, but I want you to. I know you won't hurt me, and I can't take seeing so off. Even if it does hurt, I’ll do it to get the old you back.” Felix spoke through gritted teeth, body unconsciously lurching forward to engulf the still wide-eyed vampire in a tight hug.

Felix felt the vampire's body tense at his embrace, before relaxing into the touch, his strong hands coming to grasp the back of Felix’s sweater with enough force to tear the fabric clean off his skin. Chan isn’t sure if the human did it on purpose, but his position against Chan angled his lips directly at the left side of Felix’s neck.

“Are you sure Felix. Are you truly, truly sure you're ok with this?” Chan mumbled as Felix's soft orange locks tickled his skin, the smell of tangerines and cinnamon calming his frayed nerves.

Chan’s chest started to push out shaking breaths as his fangs grew unconsciously, his close proximity to the human’s neck clouding his already jumbled thoughts. Chan’s skin felt like it was on fire as he closed in on the smooth expanse of Felix’s neck, his lips barely hovering above the tanned flesh. He could hear Felix’s blood pumping through his veins, feel it running just beneath his skin. His hunger, growing steadily over the last few days, is peaking. His vision began to swim as the flowery scent of Felix’s blood wafted into his nose, enveloping his body in static.

“I’m sure hyung, I trust you. I’ll be ok, I promise.” The human whispered, his voice trembling slightly as what is about to happen hit him square in the gut. He’s about to be bitten by a vampire. If you asked Felix a few months prior, he would’ve said vampires are merely the muses of campfire stories, told to scare children into fearing the dangers of a midnight forest. He would've said they’re nothing more than fictitious monsters reserved to stalking the sets of Hollywood blockbusters, and the yellowed pages of Victorian horror novels. Felix used to think vampires weren’t real—now he’s about to have his blood sucked by one. And not just any old vampire, Chan, one of his closest friends in the whole world. Chan, who he would do anything for. Chan, who he is going to let bite him, if it means stopping the torment of hunger plaguing him.

Vampires aren’t just real; this vampire is Felix’s best friend. This vampire is his rock, his ever present sun to chase away the darkness that tries to slither into his mind. And he is prepared to do whatever it takes to be there for Chan, the same way he is ever present for Felix. That’s what best
Chan has explained to Felix that a vampire has to bite directly on the jugular to turn a human, so he knows he isn’t in any danger of becoming one of Chan’s undead kin. But the proposition of the vampire’s razor sharp fangs piercing his skin still made his legs turn to jelly. He’s prepared to do whatever it takes to make Chan better, but he’d be lying if he didn’t admit that he’s downright terrified right now. He’s seen those dagger-like fangs in action, and he knows they are not to be trifled with.

But then Felix remembered how sick Chan looks. How small and weak his usually strong and healthy physique became. How his personality became so anxious, so trouble, so anguished. Felix never wants to see the vampire suffer like that ever again. So he steeled his nerves, hands forming tight fists and balling the back of Chan’s shirt that he is still desperately clutching.

He felt Chan’s cold breath fan against his neck, the vampire gently moving his head to the side. “Relax.” Chan’s deep voice sounded right against his ear. The single word carried a tone of confident control, of dominating surety. More puffs of frigid air ghosted across Felix’s flesh, eliciting goosebumps to rise in their wake. Chills ran down Felix’s spine, trying to listen as best he could despite the primal fear now laced beneath his skin. His taut muscles are still knotted as he laid his head in Chan’s palm, his pale hand cradling him comfortably.

“Are you ready.” Chan’s voice, unfathomably low and velvety soft, mumbled against Felix’s neck, each syllable vibrating against his skin. It seemed more of a statement than a question. Which is good, because Felix himself doesn’t know if he truly is ready for this. His heart is now officially pounding unforgivingly against his ribs, mingling with the sting of sweat prickling on his palms. Still, Felix quickly nodded his head with a quivering breath, squeezing his eyes shut as if he were about to get a shot at the doctor.

“I definitely owe you one for this.” Is the last thing Felix’s swirling mind registered Chan say, before he felt those razor sharp fangs plunge into his neck.

A choked gasp escaped Felix’s plump lips, his already white-knuckle grip on Chan’s back tightening as he felt his blood rush into the vampire’s fangs. He feels like his heart is going to break straight through his rib cage with the pure force of the beats, his eyes fluttering as Chan fed.

The bite didn't necessarily hurt, not anymore than the prick of a needle or pin. The sensation however, is one Felix has never experienced before. He felt the bite reverberate through his entire body, sending shock waves through each bone, each vein, each muscle. Every cell, every atom in his body buzzed with electricity. Amorphous black splotches danced before his blurred vision, like clouds of thick smog. His skin feels so hot, so tingly as he relaxed into Chan's strong hold.
The vampire drank from his neck for what felt like years, lapping up every drop of red that bled into his mouth. Finally, after drinking his fill, he released his fangs from Felix’s flesh with relative ease, then licking the two minuscule holes left by his fangs to close the wound and effectively halt the flow of leaking blood.

Felix’s brain felt like it was in a washing machine, like it was mercilessly banging against his skull; his once coherent mind reduced to an unreadable mush of stilted thoughts. His body fell into Chan’s waiting arms, which quickly tightened around his waist to hold him up.

“Felix?! Felix, please say something!” The human heard Chan’s distressed voice flow into his ears, yet the words sounded so muffled he could barely make them out. He feels like he was submerged underwater, and Chan is calling to him from above the waves crashing between his ears. After more effort than he would’ve imagined he managed to crack his exhausted eyes open, meeting Chan’s vibrant green pair. The previously faded and ahsen irises are now back to their usual vivid, dazzling emerald color. That alone is enough to bring a small smile onto Felix’s lips, despite how drained his body feels—both literally and figuratively.

Chan is back to normal, and that’s all that matters. He can deal with the aftereffects of the feeding; he’ll be fine as long as Chan is fine. Happiness bloomed in Felix’s jostled mind, relief washing over his still pounding heart.

“I’m ok.” Felix managed to murmur against Chan’s strong chest, shifting his impossibly heavy muscles in the vampire’s embrace to bury his head in the crook of Chan’s neck.

Chan’s arms tightened around Felix’s waist, bringing him flush against his cold skin. Chan’s permanently frigid flesh helped to cool Felix’s heated body, enveloping his dewy skin in a refreshing icy wave. He barely registered the vampire picking him up, cradling his limp body protectively as he left the kitchen, ascending the stairs to the second floor.

Felix’s heavy eyes fluttered open at the feeling of Chan gently laying him in his bed and gently pulling the covers over his body, before sinking down to sit at the edge of Felix’s mattress. Felix is so comfortable, so warm, he feels as if he could sleep for a hundred years.

“D-did I taste good, hyung?” Felix slurred, a crooked smile pulling onto his lips as his eyes lazily drifted open at an inconsistent rhythm. The human knows sleep will overtake him any second; the odd question leaving his lips before his groggy brain could approve.
Chan barked out a hearty chuckle at that unexpected question; acutely aware that his cheeks would be flushing a furious shade of red right now, if he had a functioning heart. Although, if he had a properly working heart he wouldn’t have just drank the blood of his best friend, now would he.

But he can’t lie, Felix’s blood tasted incredible. It tasted of rich vanilla cream and fresh summer citrus, with notes of aromatic spice and dandelion honey. Felix’s blood tasted just as unique and lovely as the boy himself.

Should he tell Felix this? Is it weird to tell one of your closest friends that their blood was one of the most delectable and heavenly he’s ever had the pleasure of sampling? Chan knows he must be too far gone, as he even contemplated that not being weird.

The same endearing grin of affection is playing on Chan’s lips, as he pondered how best to answer the clearly dazed human.

“Yes, Lix. It was very good, but I’m never doing that to you ever again for as long as I live. Which is forever, by the way.” He mused, voice airy and light like a tuft of cotton. Felix let out a small grumble of acknowledgement, his doe eyes glittering and shining like glass.

Chan placed a gentle hand on Felix’s cheek, his thumb softly stroking the skin. A softer smile has taken residence on Chan's pink tinged lips, his eyes glossy with gratitude, with affection, with love.

Leaning forward, Chan placed a soft kiss on the two small bite marks dotting Felix’s neck, the gesture sending small tickles across the still tender skin. The dark abyss of sleep is already engulfing Felix’s vision, his eyelids feeling like they weighed a hundred pounds each.

As his mind left the waking world, he softly heard Chan whisper “Thank you, Felix.” into his ear. A satisfied smile played onto Felix's lips as he drifted off to impossibly deep sleep. The vampire didn't leave his side, content to keep a watchful eye on the human’s condition.

His painful hunger thankfully completely gone, a feeling of palpable tenderness now taking its place in Chan’s mind as he fondly gazed at Felix’s sleeping form.

Yes, Chan truly is the luckiest coven leader in the world. No one can convince him otherwise.
He truly owes Felix, though. He doesn’t know how he can adequately repay the human for basically saving him from the jagged claws of starvation tonight. He’ll have to give some serious thought on how to show his gratitude to his impossibly kind friend.

But for starters, he’ll take the human out for some well deserved ice cream tomorrow; his treat.

Chapter End Notes

STAYS.....WHAT DID WE THINK AKSKSKS (i really apologize if there's any mistakes i didn't manage to catch while editing—unfortunately i am extremely rushed to post today and i wanted to make sure i got both works up)

did any of u ever wonder if chris was gonna drink felix's blood?! i’m so curious if anyone did, so lmk if u ever thought about it?!

ALSO A VAGUELY IMPORTANT PSA: i tried to make it as obvious as possible, but there is absolutely NOTHING sexual/romantic between chris and felix in this chapter (or ever). they are still exclusive with their respective boyfriends—they are just very physically affectionate with each other. chris is just a very affectionate vampire tbh, like i can imagine he always platonically kisses all the boys on their heads, hands, cheeks and such! (they're all used to it besides binnie who still squirms and blushes)

i just want that to be abundantly clear, as there WILL be other chapters in the not so distant future where chanlix are very physically affectionate with each other, and i don't want anyone to be confused

honesty not sure yet what next week's chapter will be....much to think about...anyways let me know if you guys liked this!! i cant wait to see ur comments <3
Minho the teenage witch (and hair stylist)

Chapter Summary

you like my hair?
gee thanks!
it's magic.

Chapter Notes

hi stays!! i'll keep this brief, but just a psa that this week we have a surprise double update! both chapters are up obviously, so don't forget to continue on after this one!

enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“3...2...1...open!” Minho announced breezily, his large hands covering Jeongin’s eyes releasing their gentle grasp in turn, light now flooding his sight.

Jeongin blinked as the bright light burned his eyes, his blurry vision finally mellowing as he squinted at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. And when his eyes did adjust, he saw red. Not because he’s mad, or anything of the sort. Rather, red is simply the only detail his eyes managed to bark up to his brain. His hair, a once ordinary chocolate brown, is now a rich, deep burgundy; the sanguine strands delicately falling over his pale skin as Jeongin took in his new look, his bubblegum pink lips hanging open in awe.

Minho has been dying (pun intended) to try out a new spell he learned, which would magically color hair any hue desired. Since Jisung comes pre-loaded with the demonic power to change his hair color at will, that ruled him out of being Minho’s test dummy. Jeongin however, desperately wanting to try something new, eagerly volunteered as the guinea pig.

Or guinea wolf might be more accurate.

“I love it! Thanks Minho!” Jeongin cheered, clapping his dainty hands together as he beamed. His reflection showed how his eyes sparkled with excitement, unable to tear his enraptured gaze from his burgundy tresses. Minho just met him with a satisfied smile of his own, puffing out his chest and raising his shoulders at the younger’s rousing approval. Not bad for my first try, Minho mused
to himself, pride taking root in his chest.

“Hey ‘innie, do you think your wolf fur will be red now, too?” Minho absentmindedly inquired after a few more seconds of the other boy wordlessly running a large hand through his freshly changed locks, his genuine astonishment at his new look halting any thoughts from translating into verbal sentiments. The crimson strands look like molten summer cherries were melted down into their purest form to dye Jeongin’s locks, the highlights reflecting a pastel pink in the artificial light —like the froth that bubbles up on freshly shaken strawberry milk. Jeongin’s expression scrunched in confusion, as he finally tore his vision from his reflection to meet Minho.

“Good question...I guess there’s only one way to find out!” The werewolf replied, voice airy and playful. His sharp eyes now harbored a mischievous glint as he sunk down to take a seat on the toilet lid—their makeshift “salon chair”—before screwing them shut in intense concentration. His lips pulled into a tight line, his hands forming white-knuckle fists against the denim of his jeans as each and every one of his muscles tensed.

Then, before Minho’s eyes, a pair of large, furry ears popped up from beneath his head of thick burgundy hair. The triangular tufts of fur instantly started to swivel and twitch, absorbing any minute noise that flowed into the airy bathroom. To Minho’s surprise, the canid ears are in fact matching Jeongin’s hair—the silky fur now the same deep scarlet hue.

Well, the thinner coat of the outer side of his lupine ears are that unmistakable ruddy color, while the fluffy pelt of his inner ears are a lighter, almost peachy shade.

Jeongin looks almost inhumanely adorable with his cherry red wolf ears flicking about his equally crimson locks, the animalistic extensions reacting to even the most hushed of noises that managed to permeate the bathroom door.

Wait, not almost inhumanely adorable— completely inhumanly adorable. Humans can't summon a pair of fuzzy canine ears at their own discretion, last time Minho checked.

That spell must have taken more out of him than he'd expected.

“Well, I guess we have our answer.” Jeongin mused, rising from his spot on the lidded toilet to examine his ruby ears in the mirror. It’s been a good few months since Jeongin’s first transformation, and their youngest has become surprisingly adept at controlling his wolffish attributes. His ability to invoke his wolf ears at will is the newest addition to his werewolf repertoire. They’re literally wolf ears: too large for Jeongin’s dainty features and fleecy enough to warm even Chan’s permanently frozen skin. He said he’ll grow into them, said that all wolves do.
At first glance they might look like an uncannily realistic headband—until they start swiveling about and perking up with each jolt of excitement to shoot through Jeongin’s body. They’re very much real; to the immense joy of Hyunjin, who spends way too much time stroking the pointed tufts of fluff.

Oh boy, the siren is gonna have a field day when he lays eyes on the new coloration of the velvety ears he’s nigh obsessed with petting—Minho can’t say he’s envious of Jeongin in that regard.

A small chuckle fell from Minho’s lips as he idly watched Jeongin reach up a large hand to leave some gentle strokes against the shiny fur of his canine ears.

Just give it a few hours, and Minho guarantees that Jeongin’s own hand will be exchanged with one belonging to a certain undersea native.

“You look more like a fox now, rather than a wolf. With that new red color, and all.” Minho spoke lightly, the endeared smile pulling at his lips only growing at the realization of Jeongin’s new vulpine appearance.

A stream of giggles tumbled from Jeongin’s glossed lips at Minho’s comment, clutching his sides as he doubled over in laughter. “Yeah, I guess you’re right!” He mumbled through the endless bouts of laughter, wiping a stray tear from the corner of his twinkling eyes.

Suddenly, a round of knocking rapped against the bathroom door, successfully startling the pair from their jovial stupor. “That must be ‘Lix. Well, I’m gonna go do my homework. Thanks again!” Jeongin remarked with a nod towards the door, sending Minho a grateful smile as he padded towards the threshold. With a final twitch, Jeongin’s pair of ruby red lupine ears suddenly vanished, now nothing but his head of shiny oxblood hair visible.

“Send in my next client!” Minho theatrically declared with an exaggerated flourish, throwing a sly wink at Jeongin. His grandiose antics only elicit a fresh batch of cackles from Jeongin, who left Minho with a good natured shake of his head.

“Wow! Love the new hair, ‘Innie!” The telltale cavernous timbre of Felix sounded from the hallway, before the human entered the bathroom to take Jeongin’s place; he all but skipped in, before neatly sinking to sit on the toilet lid. The porcelain top is still vaguely warm, courtesy of Jeongin’s prolonged stay. The human stared up at Minho with wide, expectant eyes, a bright grin already breaking onto his plump lips.
“Welcome to my salon, ‘Lix. What can I do for you?” Minho sing-songed, voice tinged with mischievous playfulness. The way the corners of Minho’s lips upturned in a startlingly cat-like smirk should have probably sent shivers racing down his spine; rather, it just made even more perceptible excitement fizzle in his tummy.

How could he possibly say no to getting his hair dyed with magic?

Yet Felix’s grin faltered at the question, doe eyes darting to an unknown corner of the bathroom as he brought up a petite hand to rub at the back of his neck. “That’s the thing, Minho...I don’t know what I want? Surprise me?” He asked with a small shrug of his shoulders, a light pink flush painting his olive cheeks. The delicate blush danced across his smattering of auburn freckles, creeping up to dye the skin across the bridge of his button nose. Despite his familiar mop of orange locks being a staple of Felix since moving into the coven, the human is ready for a change; the only issue being...he's not exactly sure what said change should be.

Minho hummed in response, dark eyes considering the proposition. “Ok, but be careful what you wish for!” Minho finally teased with a bright smile, with Felix only rolling his eyes at Minho's warning. “It's just hair. If I don't like it, it'll grow out anyways.” The human observed with a light scoff.

“Famous last words…” Minho grumbled under his breath, before straightening his shoulders and steadying his breathing.

Before Felix could say anything else, Minho plunged his large hands into his head of tangerine hair, his lithe fingers covering every inch of his locks. Felix couldn’t help but relax into the magician’s gentle grasp of his hair, drawing lethargic blinks and prickles of long-forgotten sleep to tickle his skin.

With practiced ease, a whispered incantation fell from Minho’s lips, his eyes fluttering and rolling back in his head so only the whites are visible. This is...new? Felix couldn’t help but think to himself at Minho’s uncharacteristic reaction to the spell.

Then, as if on cue, Felix’s scalp started to buzz and tingle, as if his head was plunged into an icy pool. As minutes passed, the numb prickle mellowed into a dull itch.

Then, the itch itself completely vanished, the only sensation being the steady weight of Minho’s palms still embedded within his tresses. With a long blink Minho reopened his eyes, to reveal his dark brown irises back in their respective places.
“Ok Felix, take a look.” Minho announced with a small yawn, finally removing his hands from Felix’s hair. A small pit of anxiety formed a knot in the human’s stomach, as Felix unconsciously raised a hand to run through his hair. It doesn't feel any different, save for perhaps a tad softer, marginally more silky.

Rising from his seat, Felix braced himself to meet his reflection. But when he finally forced himself to look, a huge smile, bright enough to rival the sun itself bloomed on his lips. “Blonde?! I've always wanted to go blonde!” The human cried, voice brimming with palpable euphoria as his astounded gaze met the golden hair falling gracefully over his skin. His eyes seemed to glow with happiness, like a swarm of lightning bugs took up residence in his chestnut irises.

Minho just let another satisfied smirk light up his lips, a twinkling light like the familiar glow of the harvest moon still hanging in his eyes. He merely brushed off the compliments, despite the warmth they ignited in his core.

Felix couldn't take his eyes off his new, lustrous blonde locks. The golden strands radiated in the soft light, looking like a crown of starlight nestled onto his head.

He feels like a prince. He feels unreal.

His orange hair may have been his signature all these months, but he has a feeling he just found his new favorite style.

And he didn't even have to use bleach?! Talk about perks of having a friend who has two feet in the human realm, and both hands firmly planted in the world of unfathomable magic power.

Minho should've learned this spell earlier; maybe it would've saved poor old Chan the crispy texture of his dehydrated locks, brought on by the bleach that ravaged his once luscious curls.

He can't wait to go show everyone his newfangled style. But wait—there's a specific someone Felix’s lovestruck brain is casting behind his eyes like an oasis' mirage in the desert.

“I gotta go send a picture to ‘Bin!” Felix suddenly exclaimed with a small gasp, his sparkling eyes glimmering even more intensely at the mention of his boyfriend. Minho nodded sagely in response, content to bask in the tangible happiness emanating from his human friend.
And with that, Felix scampered out of the bathroom, instantly met by a raucous chorus of *oh’s* and *ah’s* in response to his fresh look. Minho heard a typically excited Chan eagerly exclaim “*Lix! We match now!*”, in reference to the nigh identical color of their hair. Of course, whereas Felix’s tresses are silky smooth with nary a strand out of place, Chan’s unruly blonde curls look frizzy and parched—as artfully mussed as the acrid bleach he uses will allow.

Minho cracked his fingers as he idly listened in on the overarchingly positive reactions to his handiwork, the delicate digits popping with the action. Another yawn sluggishly flowed from his lips; casting those spells took more out of him than he’d imagined. He’s definitely gonna have to use some of his conduit crystals to recharge later on, before he passes out mid-step in the house and cracks his head open. *Oh well,* he mused to himself with a waggle of his brows, *I have enough energy left to try and convince Seungmin to do something about that boring brown shade he’s had forever.*

Felix nestled himself on the small window sill in the living room, the diaphanous curtains enrobing him like a ghostly cloak as fresh rays of sunlight kissed his skin. Holding up his phone, he tried to find the best angle to snap a picture for Changbin, his thick lips jutting into a pout after a myriad of unsuccessful attempts. After a few minutes of trying to attain the perfect lighting and pose, the telltale *click* of his phone’s camera sounded, and Felix gave a long nod in approval of the selfie.

He quickly texted the photo to his top contact, under the only name peppered with a menagerie of heart emojis; *Binnie bunnie.* His thumbs rapidly flew across the digital keyboard, typing out a simple message to go along with the photo.

*(Image Attached)*

*Hey babe! Whatcha think? ;)*

He momentarily hovered above the little send arrow as he scrutinized the message, before rolling his eyes at his own hesitation. This is Changbin we're talking about here—he’ll love Felix’s new look regardless of the hue. Hell, Felix could be straight up *bald* and Changbin would probably still verge on hysteric in his reaction. Changbin idolizes Felix, ravishes him like he's as fleeting as the last pillars of heated sunlight to slip below the winter horizon. He hit the button, and the two texts are instantly delivered. A buzz even stronger than the magic that flowed from Minho’s palms now prickled in the pit of Felix’s tummy, bubbling anticipation making his heart flutter like a monarch butterfly.
Nestling his phone in his jacket pocket, Felix left the window ledge, the comforting warmth of the sun bidding him farewell. He then went about his day, or at least tried to. The expectation at his boyfriend’s imminent reaction caused a tidal wave of hyperactive joy to wash over his body. His hands twiddled together unconsciously, his knobby knees bouncing with nervous energy as he awaited the telltale buzz to reverberate from his jacket.

He subconsciously carded a hand through his pale locks—he can't wait for his smaller hand to be replaced with the comforting mass of Changbin’s longer, infinitely tender fingers.

The weight of his phone never felt so heavy in his pocket.

Chapter End Notes

welp i try to avoid double uploading at All Costs but i felt it was a "necessary evil" if u will this week! as u can see this chapter was just. uneventful fluff filler...this chapter is literally only to set up for the next chapter, in which stuff ACTUALLY goes down ;)! 

although i do want u guys to remember Jeongins ability to summon his wolf ears! that will be a plot point in some other chapters later on!

also i kinda sorta wanted to post this in honor of skz all deciding to change their hair colors last week and, thusly, shooting my ass into orbit! :) ! i won't go off abt this too badly but pls know i cried for two full hours when we first got pics of Chan's dark hair, and then cried for 5 hours two days later when we saW HIS HAIR IS ACTUALLY STILL BLONDE (chan is a LIAR sometimes...minho better not betray me and lose his blue hair soon) ((which of their new hair colors is ur fav???? Imk! i love talking abt this....my faves are def blue minho and pink innie :) ))

can u tell i wrote this during MIROH PROMOS what is wrong with me. it's been literally 3+ months since jeongin changed his red hair i h8 myself (i know this bc he dyed it blonde the DAY before my unveils) hair color in fics stresses me out bc i want it to be as Accurate to irl as possible but tbh Jeongins hair (in the present time line) will continue to be red and felix + chris' will continue to be blonde im so fucking sorry i cant deal with stray kidseu

anygays, click on to the next chapter when ur ready <3 luv u!
Hairy situations make me wanna dye

Chapter Summary

Carve all your feelings onto my heart,

So it can never be erased.

Leave the marks saturated deeply,

Your ink is in my every breath.

Because of you I’m not wavering now,

You’re the only one filling it up.

I think I love you.

Chapter Notes

woobin rise

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The unforgiving rays of the spring sun continuously beat down on Changbin, his black muscle tee doing little to help alleviate the intense heat gnawing at his skin. Sweat dappled his flesh, making him appear like a sentient dewdrop. The reaper trudged after Woojin, dragging his aching feet while his shoulders slumped and chest heaved panting breaths.

The nature spirit however, seems completely unfazed by the relentless heat of the sun—his broad shoulders as straight as an arrow as he effortlessly ducked under hanging planters to slip down another aisle of candy colored potted flowers. Changbin isn’t exactly sure how he was convinced to accompany the nature spirit to the local flower nursery. He vaguely recalls Woojin going on about wanting to get his hands on the spring bloom before all the grannies beat him to it—blah blah blah, Changbin tuned out halfway through. But he still managed to wrangle Changbin into the passenger seat of the car, and after an unassuming ten minute drive, there they were; and Woojin doesn’t seem close to done.

The nature spirit is holding a potted bushel of azure hydrangeas in his arms, cuddling the flowers to his chest like one would a child. The usually level-headed Woojin has an apparent child-like pep in his step as he bounced through the maze of verdant foliage, the surrounding greenery obviously the cause of his uncharacteristic hyperactivity.
Changbin however, isn’t so joyful. They’ve been there for two hours now, and the constant barrage of pollen laden petals isn’t helping his springtime allergies. Another sneeze ripped through Changbin, causing his muscled shoulders to jump. Woojin didn’t even look back, didn’t even bat an eyelash. Changbin let a long suffering sigh fall from his lips as Woojin merely pivoted to explore a row of yellow magnolias. Changbin could just sniffle, bringing a small fist to rub at his itching, watery eyes.

Another pitiful sigh escaped Changbin’s pouting lips as he valiantly tried to keep up after Woojin as he flitted about the nursery; since when was Woojin this fast?! Was he practicing for a race before dragging Changbin along with him? Changbin skidded to a clumsy halt before a particularly low hanging potted bunch of poppies, nearly colliding head-on with their terra-cotta vessel—not that definitely would’ve left a mark. He wiped some sweat from his brow, before re-starting his endless journey of snaking through the quilt of living color unfurled around his feet.

Woojin is still blissfully ignorant to the struggling reaper trailing behind him, even periodically stopping to smell the roses—literally—while Changbin tried his darndest not to tamp down some stray chrysanths he hadn’t noticed in his path. He finally made it back to Woojin’s side, as the nature spirit was enthralled in wafting a particularly fragrant bouquet of lilacs into his nose. Changbin was currently engrossed in sucking in desperate gulps of oxygen, hunched over with his hands bracing his wobbling knees; until a telltale buzz in his jeans pocket roused his attention, that is.

Who could that be? Changbin thought to himself, righting his posture and forcing the glower off his expression as best he could.

Slipping his phone out of his back pocket, Changbin’s scowling expression instantly melted, morphing as his lips upturned into a bright grin. His eyes which previously burned with a visceral mixture of his pollen-induced allergies and the droplets of thick sweat that slithered down from his forehead are now bright and vibrant; glittering with sparks of familiar adoration. His demeanor changed so suddenly, because lighting up his phone screen are two text messages: from a certain contact saved as my lixie.

His legs absentmindedly trailed after Woojin, the nature spirit still totally preoccupied with the plethora of foliage peppering the fields, as he opened the messages from Felix. His breath caught in his throat at the selfie staring back at him from his phone screen. His legs froze in place, skidding to a stop and eliciting puffs of dirt to cloud the black fabric of his jeans.

Felix, Felix who has had a head of bright tangerine hair since the day they met, is blonde.

A huge smile broke out onto Changbin’s lips, his full cheeks bunching to the point where his muscles started to ache. A loving, all encompassing warmth took root in his core, bubbling up to
engulf his frozen heart. It's well accustomed, and feels like home. The vicious heat of the sun's rays are completely forgotten, Changbin’s only perception now being the intense affection for the boy on his phone screen.

In fact, the fever of the solar light pales in comparison to the unfathomably deep passion of Changbin’s reverence.

**Wow, he looks so beautiful,** Changbin mused to himself, a chuckle falling from his lips as he read Felix’s playful message. A small pang echoed between his undead ribs at the unavoidable truth that Felix's trademark orange locks are long gone—but trust him, he’ll survive. It's new, it's a change; something Changbin isn't a very big fan of in general. But change isn't always bad, change doesn't always signify the nearing end of everything beautiful. Felix is incomparably gorgeous, and just from the digital pictures lighting up his phone screen, Changbin doubts he'll miss the signature shade for long. Sniffling unconsciously once again, Changbin started to type out his response to his boyfriend’s new ‘do.

However, being Changbin, nothing is ever that *simple.*

Changbin was in the middle of writing the “*you*” in what was going to be “*I love your new hair!*”, his thumb hovering above the minuscule “*r*” key. In the midst of typing though, Changbin felt *another* sneeze prickle in the back of his nose, his eyes squeezing shut as the sensation became stronger and stronger.

The powerful sneeze racked through Changbin’s petite frame with force he didn’t even know he had. But that’s not what caught his attention; rather a tiny, barely audible *whoosh* is what pricked up his ears.

Horrified knowing twisted a knot in his tummy as he forced himself to look at his phone screen. And when he did, he couldn’t help the shriek that tore from his throat. The clearly distraught yell effectively grabbed Woojin’s attention, not to mention all the other geriatric women perusing the floral aisles with them.

Whipping around at the high-pitched scream, Woojin is met by Changbin sporting an expression showing just as much horror as encapsulated in said screech.

“C-Changbin?! Are you ok?” Woojin ran up to the reaper, still clutching the hydrangeas in his arms like they’re a life vest in a choppy sea. Changbin is frozen, bug-eyed gaze petrified on his phone, which is still grasped in his hand. All the color has drained from his skin, to the point where his flesh is the same alabaster shade as a stalk of white oriental lilies to their right.
Changbin doesn't have a beating heart; Woojin can still virtually see the frozen muscle shattering to splinters in his chest.

“I-I just texted Felix that I love him.” Changbin stuttered out, weak voice a mere mumble as he punctuated the statement with a thick gulp. His lips quivered as he stared helplessly at the screen staring back at him; the power of that accursed sneeze caused his hand to prematurely press the send button, meaning he just texted Felix a message stating only “I love you”.

Woojin’s tense shoulders immediately fell at Changbin’s explanation, a relieved sigh escaping his lips as he ran a hand through his head of thick black hair. “That’s it?! That’s what you give me a heart attack over?!” Woojin angrily wailed, placing a large hand over his still racing heart. “I thought something actually bad happened!”

Changbin sputtered at Woojin’s reaction, on the precipice of choking on his saliva because hello?! This is bad?! The countless ways this could go horribly, life changingly terrible for Changbin are flashing before his eyes like lightning strikes in a stormy sky. What if Felix says he doesn't love him back? What he said it too soon and ruined everything?

What if, what if, what if.

And Changbin voiced those very thoughts to Woojin, his whines bouncing around the myriad of potted flowers at their feet. The countless grandmothers just rolled their eyes at the dramatic youngsters, and turned their glasses-clad noses up at their loud banter.

“Hyung, you don’t understand! I’ve never told Felix I love him before, I was waiting for the right time!” The reaper whimpered, trudging forward to fall into Woojin’s strong arms. He sniffled for the umpteenth time, his pouting lips mere inches from Woojin’s prized bushel of sapphire hydrangeas. Changbin sent the delicate flora a pointed glare, huffing away some of the chiffon petals that dared encroach upon his nose.

Another heavy sigh fell from Woojin’s lips, huffing at Changbin’s over-dramatic antics. “But you do love him, right?” He whispered to Changbin, the close proximity of his breath making the petals of the blue hydrangeas tremble.
“Of course! I love him more than anything, more than anyone.” Changbin murmured through his petulant pout, tacking on a pitiful whine to the backend of the response.

A small smile grew on Woojin’s lips, his laundry list of desired flowers now completely forgotten as he pressed Changbin flush against his strong chest, rubbing comforting circles between his shoulder blades. “Ok, so? You love him, and I know he loves you. Just because you accidentally told him when you didn’t plan to doesn’t make the sentiment any less valid, right?” Woojin spoke softly, gently, tightening his comforting arm around Changbin as placated the reaper. His voice sounded just as pliant and smooth as the velveteen tulips swaying in the spring breeze. “Plus, now that you got it out of the way you don’t have to worry about when the right time will come! You know what they say, there’s no better time than the present, ‘Binnie.” Woojin continued, voice brimming with an almost fatherly undertone.

Considering Woojin’s words, Changbin couldn’t help realizing how much sense they make. He grumbled a small “Yeah, I guess.” despite the knot of anxiety still twisting up his churning stomach. But Woojin is right, as always.

While still pressed against Woojin’s strong chest, Changbin felt the dreaded vibration of his phone, from where it is still clutched in his hand. Despite being defunct in his rib cage, Changbin swears he felt his heart plummet to his toes at the buzzing, forcing a pad of saliva down his tight throat in turn. There’s no question as to who the new notification is from, Changbin is acutely aware of that. And so is Woojin apparently, as the nature spirit whispered a playful “I think that's for you.” into Changbin’s ear.

Releasing himself from Woojin’s protective hold, Changbin now stood alone as Woojin trotted down another row of living color, the solitary reaper on the cusp of forcing his gaze down at the phone screen. But to Changbin, the feeling felt more akin to being stood at the edge of a cliff.

With a sharp exhale, Changbin willed his eyes to flicker to the illuminated screen.

His breath froze in his lungs, before instantly melting like the last snow between winter and spring. Because the message on his screen read:

“I love you too Binnie!!! What took you so long you big dummy!!”

The words stared back at him, flashing behind his eyes with each incredulous blink. He loves me? He loves me! Changbin screamed internally, now giddily hopping in place like an overactive rabbit and kicking up plumes of dust at his feet. A huge smile broke onto his lips, his eyes becoming hidden by the force of the grin. He bounded up to Woojin, who managed to get quite a distance away from Changbin, while he was entranced in his Felix-induced stupor; an uncharacteristic skip now present in his step.
“Are you ready to go, ‘Bin?’” Woojin asked with a knowing smirk, the sparkle in his dark eyes showing he is more keen to the reason for Changbin’s change in mood than he’s letting on.

Skipping up to the older boy’s side, Changbin considered the inquiry, before a smirk of his own flickered onto his lips. He remembered a bouquet of fresh yellow roses he passed by earlier; bound with twine and almost pulsating with vibrancy. Perhaps Changbin will accompany Woojin on his floral escapades more often, from now on.

“Not yet, I wanna get some flowers to bring home to Felix.”

Chapter End Notes

SEE TOLD YALL STUFF WOULD ACTUALLY HAPPEN IN THIS CHAP!
changlix are in love hours: open
(this chapter was partly inspired by a prompt from the tumblr otpprompts! it just Screamed changlix)

was my 3rd eye open for this one lads? perhaps it was party cracked open...how did we feel abt changlix love hours?

i think next week's chap will be my last update before my new semester starts (yes i wanna die thank u for asking) so i wanna go out of summer with a bang....a christopher bang bc next week's chap is summer Chan-centric ot9 fluff !!! it is a Good one trust me i love this chap n i cant wait to post it
It's so hot, winter please come quicker

Chapter Summary

The hot sun is blazing, it feels like my insides are boiling and burning up.
I feel like a dead body under the air conditioner.
Applying sun cream when I go out feels like a race against the UV rays,
With the sun out in summertime, sun cream is annoying to have to apply.
I hate this weather the most, it's so hot, winter please come quicker.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chan’s attention was pulled from the current page of the worn novel in his hand by the familiar timbre of a newly awakened Woojin's grumbles. The noon sun’s position in the sky casts a spotlight of pure gold through their chiffon curtains, nestling on Woojin’s tanned skin like an insatiable kiss. Woojin’s nose scrunched as the heated solar glow burned his eyes, effectively snatching any and all remnants of slumber. His boyfriend stretched from where he was lazily draped over their bed, sleepily looking up at Chan from beneath his fringe of tousled caramel hair.

“Good morning, babe.” Woojin mumbled as he scrubbed a large hand across his features, still heavy with residual grains of fitful sleep. It always is a good morning, when Chan gets to spend the night entranced by Woojin’s ravishing beauty.

Chan can't sleep—it's not in his vampiric dna to submit to the silken hands of slumber that he so wishes would caress his cheeks. Woojin knows this of course; he wishes Chan good morning every day without fail. But the vampire is content to be ignored by the oh so ephemeral embrace of replenishing rest. In fact, he's more than happy to sleep vicariously through Woojin, to bask in the serene air of invigorated refreshment that radiates off the newly awakened nature spirit each morning.

It's a good morning indeed.

Chan returned the greeting by bending down to place a gentle kiss on Woojin’s lips—chaste and feathery soft—before gracefully slipping out of their shared bed and padding over to throw open the shades blocking the midday rays of sunlight from entering their room.
Light flooded the room like the breaking of a decrepit dam, seeping into each corner of their bedroom like Helios himself steered his chariot of sunlight straight through their window.

Chan keened into the gilded beams, his chest swelling with detached warmth.

A vampire who loves sunlight? Who would have thought.

*What a day!* Chan excitedly thought to himself as his emerald eyes scanned the perfect summer sky; there’s not an ounce of wind ruffling the trees, not a single cloud floating in the spotless azure sky. The unencumbered rays of sunlight bathed the streets in unfiltered light, virtually begging Chan to let its heat embrace his permanently frozen skin. It’s the kind of summer day you wait for, the kind of day where you just have to be outside.

Chan is counting the seconds until he can burst through the door and out into the open summer air, until he can try to grasp onto some meager straws of his forgotten humanity by letting the rays peck his skin.

The sun doesn't mind if you're undead or still have a beating heart in your chest—it will embrace you all the same.

And for that, Chan is eternally grateful.

“Cute pajamas babe, are those new?” Woojin’s voice roused Chan from his trance, the vampire finally tearing his gaze away from the sky to face his boyfriend, who is now patting down his messy head of sleep-induced fly away hair.

“Oh, yeah! Minho got them for me, he said they reminded him of me.” Chan happily announced, proudly puffing out his chest as he sent Woojin a playful smirk. The new pajamas in question are a black t-shirt and shorts set, printed with white bat silhouettes. Of course, Chan can’t actually turn into a bat like his fictional cohorts, but he appreciates the kind gesture from his friend nonetheless.

Actually...maybe on second thought he should be offended Minho thought of him when he laid eyes on the batty lounge wear.

“I wonder why on earth he would associate you with bats.” Woojin drawled, voice now equal parts snarky and sarcastic as he returned Chan a wicked grin.
Chan rolled his eyes—he would say it's too early in the day for Woojin’s sass, but it's not like there's any point when you're wide awake 24/7 like he is.

The couple were then drenched in comfortable silence, Chan lazily plopping back down on their bed to rest his head of fluffy blonde hair on Woojin’s strong shoulder.

“I think I’m gonna hang out on the roof today. It's so beautiful out.” Chan mumbled from where he still nestled his head in the crook of his boyfriend's neck, his icy breath fanning against Woojin’s tanned skin. No goosebumps rose on Woojin's flesh in the wake of his frigid breath; his body has grown completely acclimated to the permanence of Chan's everlasting chill.

“Not as beautiful as you, Channie.” Woojin cooed, letting a stream of loving chuckles fall from his lips as he watched his boyfriend squirm and writhe from embarrassment at the cheesy line. The vampire virtually melted into an undead puddle. Chan, still reduced to a sputtering mess, just choked out a pitiful “S-shut up!” into Woojin’s skin.

Woojin merely hummed in response, seemingly adequately satisfied with the reaction he easily drew from Chan.

Chan still firmly stands by the fact that it's much too early for this.

“Seriously though babe, make sure to wear sunscreen if you go out later.” Woojin eventually spoke casually, after his endless bouts of laughter subsided to a mellow lilt tinging each syllable.

“Pfft, sunscreen is for suckers.” Chan mused with a graceful wave of his hand. Chan has never used sunscreen throughout his ancient existence, and he certainly doesn’t plan to start now.

“Yes, bloodsuckers. Who are super pale like you, babe.” Woojin didn't let up, sending his boyfriend an expectant smile in turn.

Chan just rolled his jade eyes in response to Woojin’s nagging. “Honey, don’t worry about me! I’ve never gotten sunburnt in my entire 187 years of vampire life, so I think it's safe to say vampires just don't need sunscreen.” The vampire continued with a playful shrug, an enamoured smile blooming in his lips as he placed a chaste kiss on Woojin's cheek.
It's too early for this, Woojin thought to himself with an internal—read, silent—long suffering sigh of exasperation.

Chan is as stubborn as a bull and just as ornery, so Woojin is acutely aware that trying to convince him is beyond a lost cause.

I've become complacent, Woojin mused to himself with a barely noticeable shake of his toffee hued hair.

Woojin still sent his boyfriend an unimpressed stare all the same, visibly showing how unsatisfied he is with the vampire’s decline of sun protection. But this time he allowed a very much audible, and just as much defeated sigh escape his throat. But he acquiesced, leaning closer to place an equally velveteen kiss on Chan’s pale lips—all too aware that he would not win over Chan’s stubbornness this day. Or any day probably, for that matter.

Little did Chan know, however, that he seems to have quite the penchant for famous last words.

Chan carefully poured the freshly opened blood bag into the empty coconut shell in his hand, his movements calculated with almost scientific precision, as if one misstep would be absolutely dire. Once the frosty bag of AB positive was successfully transferred into the fuzzy coconut shell (with nary a drop spilled, he’d like to add), Chan placed an orange bendy straw and a delicate yellow paper umbrella in the thick sanguine liquid, before proudly admiring his handiwork.

The vampire took a long swig of blood through the bendy straw gently bobbing in the hallowed coconut shell; courtesy of their resident vegetarian Woojin, who has been quite a fan of the cooling water found inside the brown shells.

The blood made a telltale, energizing tingle bloom in Chan’s tummy. A lazy smile pulled at his lips, unconsciously bringing the straw to his lips again for another long sip of the refreshing blood.

“Chan, why do you look like you’re about to set off on a vacation cruise to Transylvania?” Changbin asked with a raise of his eyebrows, giving Chan a confused once over from where he is sat in the kitchen with Felix, sharing some hearty spoonfuls of much needed ice cream to combat the intense heat.
The reaper is so astounded, because the vampire is now donning a mustard yellow muscle tee printed with the words *I’m going to Hell anyways* in bold white lettering. He must have stolen that from Jisung’s closet. Aqua shorts hugged his muscular thighs, printed with tropical pineapples. He definitely didn’t swipe those from any of the other boys—that’s all Chan right there. Their leader’s current look is certainly... new. The vampire usually wears (partially unbuttoned) black dress shirts and ripped jeans; seeing him head to toe in vibrant color is quite the surprise.

While ordinarily refined and understated, Chan looks downright... *flamboyant*. Garish, even. He looks like one of those impossibly colorful tropical fish you’d see bobbing about in a pet store display tank.

For a split second, Changbin was sure the heat must be making him hallucinate. Those neon pineapples are gonna haunt his dreams for weeks.

“To *Binnie*, I am going to *relax* today. Which means I need all of you to stay *out* of trouble, ok?” Chan evenly explained, sending a pointed glare at Jeongin and Seungmin, the inseparable pair currently nesting on the floor beneath the air conditioner as the cooling air bathed their exposed shoulders. The two boys shrank under Chan’s knowing stare, choosing to turn the air conditioner up in power rather than reply. The strained mechanical hum may drone out Chan’s voice, but even the overworked unit’s screech can’t disguise the warning sent by the vampire’s glower.

“What’s up with that tiny umbrella? That wouldn’t help at all in the rain!”

Chan’s supernatural hearing picked up the hushed whispers of Minho and Jisung on the sofa, the couple a mess of tangled, sweat dappled limbs and uncaring of the increase in heat their cuddling produced. Chan looked at the clock on the wall in the kitchen, the spindly hands sweeping across its white face with barely audible ticks.

The hand’s read 1:46 p.m.

It’s officially *not* too early for this.

“I can hear you, you know.” Chan sighed in exasperation, not even bothering to tear his gaze from the soft clacking of the clock. He apparently didn’t even need to—the couple instantly shut up and
zipped their lips, before turning their attention back to what they deemed more important; the cartoons softly playing on Minho’s phone.

“Those shorts are...how do I say this...ugly. They’re ugly, hyung.” Hyunjin murmured from where he was stiffly stood in the kitchen, doe eyes empty with his horrified gaze trained on the almost fluorescent pineapples printed on Chan’s turquoise shorts.

“If we go out today, you need to stay at least five feet behind me at all times. So people don’t think we’re together.” Hyunjin continued with a shake of his chestnut hair, thick lips curled in disgust at the vampire’s interesting fashion choices.

“Thank you, Hyunjin. What would I do without your input.” Chan gritted through a plastered-on smile, his emerald eye twitching as he watched the siren throw him a bright grin—clearly oblivious to his disgruntled leader’s irritation.

The siren then turned on his heel to gracefully stroll up to the refrigerator, plucking one of his homemade saltwater popsicles out of the freezer. Not only can Hyunjin drink seawater, he thrives off the stuff. So the last time they went to the beach, he brought a jug back, now frozen into the perfect treat for a blistering day like today.

Chan made a mental note to hide the bunch of salty pops from Felix’s prying grasp—too much salt water intake makes humans lose their minds, and the last thing they need is even more eccentric behavior from the already peculiar boy.

“Well, if no one else wants to insult my outfit, I’ll see you guys later. Feel free to join me on the roof, ok?” Chan declared with a good natured sigh, pushing his outlandish worries clean out of his head. He’s going to relax today, goddamnit! He’s certainly earned it, he likes to think—if his endless barrage of self-imposed fears for his boys’ safety means anything.

A smile twitched onto his lips at the plethora of tired groans and grunts in response to his offer, his beloved members unanimously choosing to chill out in the comfort of the living room instead.

And he means chill out literally; the living room has slowly but surely become the same temperature as an arctic wasteland, to the point where he fears Jeongin and Seungmin might blow a fuse with the intensity of the frigid whirring of the air conditioner.

Oh well, Chan can only hope for the best as he excused himself from the overcrowded room—
what’s the worst that could happen while he’s gone, anyways?

The coven has turned their small rooftop patio into a virtual summer oasis. A large beach umbrella is unfurled, bringing some much needed respite from the uncaring rays of the sun. Countless lounges and wicker chairs are set up in a constellation on the roof, peppered with small tables and forgotten lemonade cartons.

They even blew up a kiddie pool for Hyunjin, so the siren can stretch out his fins while still enjoying some fresh air. Chan doesn’t have the heart (literally) to ever tell it to his undersea friend, but the sight of the siren’s muscular tail scrunched up in the diminutive plastic pool is more comical than majestic.

Chan flopped onto one of the lounges—pure white, shiny, and right below the umbrella—which thankfully cast shade over his face so he could still have visibility to scroll through his phone. His pale arms and legs however, were completely unhidden from the blistering rays of sunlight. Chan thought nothing of it, content to bask in the heat that marginally thawed his everlastingly chilled body.

It’s so quiet, free of the constant din of noise that is the interior of the house. Rather than the nagging and whining of his members, the only sounds are the melodic chirps of the sparrows and blue jays, mingling in the sky in an aerial ballet. Don’t get Chan wrong; he loves his coven more than words can describe. But sometimes, more often than not in fact, they can be a tad high maintenance. To put it gently.

*This is nice. I should do this more often,* Chan happily thought to himself, letting a long and relaxed breath pass through his blood stained lips.

Chan vaguely remembered Woojin’s warning about getting sunburnt, but he pushed those thoughts out of his head with a breezy chuckle. He’s a vampire for goodness sake! Vampires don’t need sunscreen, that’s ridiculous.

Vampires don’t need sunscreen, right?

Chan took another languid slurp of blood through the reusable straw gently floating in his coconut shell cup, relishing in the automatic buzz it blanketed over his body.
And just like that, he fell down the hole. The hole of watching countless cat and dog videos on his phone, that is. He sucked down the last drops of blood around halfway through, leaving the ruby-stained coconut shell a forgotten husk on the nearest side table he could find. He now realizes he should’ve stuffed their portable mini cooler with more blood bags in preparation for this inevitability; he’s much too comfortable to leave his lounge in order to retrieve more packs from the freezer inside. Hours passed, Chan unabashedly cooing at the adorable critters toddling about on the screen and blissfully unaware of how the sun's rays beat down on the exposed skin of his arms and legs. Well, that ignorance was quickly shattered with the padding footsteps of a certain human onto the roof.

“Hey hyung, just wanted to come say hi— woah. Hyung, you’re all pink!” The telltale deep timbre of Felix startled Chan from his puppy-induced trance, quickly blinking his jade eyes to bring himself back to reality.

“Felix, what do you mean I’m pi—ow!” Chan suddenly winced in pain as his skin stung when he shifted to an upright position on the lounge. Uh oh.

“Look at you! Hyung, you got a sunburn!” Felix exclaimed, eyes wide as he trotted over to sit on Chan’s lounge with him. Chan’s eyes widened in horrified disbelief at the human’s declaration, his pale lips flying open as he helplessly gave his exposed skin a once over. The vampire’s usually alabaster flesh is indeed dyed a light pink, clearly a product of the prolonged kiss of the summer sun.

“But I’m a vampire, I can’t get sunburnt!” Chan wailed pitifully, before screwing his eyes shut in agony once again as another wave of stinging pain prickled at his skin with each movement.

Felix leveled Chan with an unimpressed glare, crossing his arms over his chest as he stared down the vampire, clearly in denial of the rosy tint on his once pale skin. Chan shrunk under the human’s piercing stare, forcing a pitiful gulp down his throat. Is this how his members feel when he reprimands them? It’s more than strange to be the one getting his own patented “you messed up and I’m going to make you very aware of that” stare expertly parroted at him. Being on the other side doesn’t feel very good; but that might just be the residual fiery sting gnawing at his skin.

He suddenly felt a pang of sympathy echo behind his rib cage—this certainly isn’t a very fun feeling. He’ll have to rethink his “parenting” techniques later, because he has much bigger problems to deal with right now.

Chan thought he knew everything about vampirism; knew all its ins and outs, all its tricks and secrets. After 187 years of undead life, you’d think he’d have a pretty adept understanding, right?
Well, he just learned something new about vampirism.

Vampires can get sunburnt.

“Chan.” Woojin said airily, expression completely even and devoid of emotion—save for a knowing glint in his eyes.

“Please, don’t say it.” Chan grumbled, unable to meet his boyfriend’s expectant stare.

“I told—”

“Babe!” Chan whined, eyes screwed shut like a child throwing a tantrum.

“You so.” Woojin finished with a good natured shake of his head, letting a huff fan against Chan’s head of blonde hair. The nature spirit reached a large hand forward to ruffle his boyfriend’s mop of fluffy locks; the loving gesture only made Chan’s pout deepen.

Chan’s exposed shoulders dropped in defeat, falling back against the sofa cushions with a resounding thump. His eyebrows knitted together in response to the movement, as his skin ignited with molten pain once again. Yes, Woojin warned him. And for once, he should have listened.

Damn his profoundly ingrained stubbornness. Damn it to Hell.

Hell, which is precisely what Chan feels chewing on every inch of his skin. Fire and brimstone and pools of lava all embracing him like an all-too-tight hug from the one relative you try to avoid at a family reunion.

“Your tan lines are gonna be insane, hyung.” Jeongin teased, his sharp eyes glittering with mischief.
“I’m a vampire, remember? I can’t get tan! Does no one realize none of this makes sense?!” Chan wailed, large hands clawing at his unruly blonde tresses in frustration. All the jostling movement did was make the flesh of his biceps prickle with twinges of agony, while ruffling his permanently-disheveled curls beyond repair. By the time he wrenched his hands from his locks, his hair looked like the wispy cotton fluff from the inside of a pillow—one that had been mauled open by a particularly aggressive dog.

“All I know is that you look like a tomato, Chan hyung.” Seungmin mused from where he and Jeongin are still neatly sat beneath the hum of the air conditioner, stifling their smirks and snickers at the current state of their leader. The fallen angel is exaggerating, but the marigold hue of Chan’s muscle tee and his garishly bright shorts didn’t help calling attention to the reddened tinge on the vampire’s skin.

Chan sent them a threatening growl, the pair pushing gulps down their throats and immediately ceasing their laughter in response.

*I still got it! Take that sunburn!* Chan proudly thought to himself with a smirk. He may be in excruciating pain, but he's still a terrifying vampire through and through. Well, relatively terrifying. He does what he can.

“Wow, I guess vampires really *are* allergic to sunlight!” Jisung eagerly exclaimed from where he and Minho are sat at the kitchen table, the demon’s excitement akin to a scientist making a groundbreaking discovery.

“Humans can get sunburns too, baby.” Minho leaned in to whisper into the demon’s ear, his boyfriend’s joyful grin immediately faltering as his lips jutted into a disappointed pout. He petulantly crossed his arms over his petite chest with a huff, eliciting a round of breezy chuckles from Minho.

“Can’t you heal yourself, or something?” Changbin then piped up, he and Felix now sat with Hyunjin and sharing some more grateful scoops of ice cream. They’re on their 3rd carton of the frozen treat—some mint chocolate brownie concoction—and Chan is already regretting giving in to their pleas to stock up on any and *every* flavor of ice cream available when he last went grocery shopping. Their collective sugar rush will be something *fierce.* As if sensing Chan’s trepidation, Hyunjin and Felix shot each other matching glances, the pair sporting playful grins as they left to go to the kitchen in tandem.

Chan’s pouting lips pressed into a firm line. “I can only heal cuts and wounds, not something like *this.* ” He muttered, lithe fingers vaguely gesturing at his body before returning to sheepishly twiddle in his lap. Chan’s eyes scanned the skin of his muscular arms, the flesh still flushed a furious shade of pink—bordering on scarlet. The frown pulling onto his lips deepened.
“I’ll make a potion that will cure you, Chan.” Minho suddenly announced with an enthusiastic thumbs up—effectively startling Chan from his despondent stupor—before grabbing Jisung’s wrist and scampering up the stairs to their shared room. Jisung said nothing, wordlessly letting himself be dragged behind Minho like a child towing their kite. Chan didn’t miss how the demon’s previously stoic expression morphed into a goofy grin as he trailed after his boyfriend, however.

Chan sent the rapidly retreating figures of his friends a small smile, before his expression contorted into a wince for the umpteenth time.

He can now only pray that potion of his will be easy to make. And be ready fast.

“Here Chan hyung, this will make you feel better.” Hyunjin, now standing before the vampire with Felix plastered next to him, lightly announced while holding a bright red popsicle out to Chan. He didn’t even notice the two boys enter his line of sight; he just blinked, and there they were, patiently stood right next to him as if they’ve been idly waiting for him to release his mind from the torrent of thoughts swirling within.

Chan looked at the frozen pop quizzically, before subconsciously reaching a stinging hand out to gently grasp the wooden stick protruding from the shiny, ruby colored morsel.

“Is this blood?” Chan couldn’t help asking, despite his senses already telling him the answer. The unmistakable scent of melted cotton candy and sugar coated strawberries wafting into his nose could mean nothing else. What a relief; some blood is exactly what he needs to smooth the loose ends of his ragged nerves. And, if his preternatural sense of smell means anything, it’s type A negative—one of his favorites. With painfully careful motion, Chan brought the popsicle to his lips to leave some kitten licks on its frosty surface. The frozen blood brought welcomed waves of relief over Chan’s body, gradually releasing the tension laced beneath his muscles.

“Yeah! Hyunjin and I made it for you while you were roasting yourself.” Felix teased with some airy giggles, he and the siren meeting with shimmering stars twinkling in their eyes.

“How sweet! You guys shouldn’t have.” Chan cooed at his members, a loving smile pulling onto his blood stained lips. His boys are so kind. In fact, they’re even sweeter than the dulcet notes of the honey-like blood on his tongue, he thought with a mild chuckle. But then Felix’s explanation fully ascended to his brain, and it almost made Chan choke on the aforementioned popsicle. Chan sputtered, forcing some stray sanguine droplets from his windpipe as he felt the wooden floorboards start to fall out from under him.
“Wait, you both made it? Oh god—whose blood is this?!” Chan shrieked in horror, his emerald eyes threatening to pop right out of his head as his gaze darted from the crimson pop in his hand and the human stood before him. Sickening dread churned his stomach; effectively curdling the once heavenly, caramelized flavor of the blood into a bitter and rancid amalgam.

“We used Felix’s, duh.” Hyunjin mused, unable to stop the stream of devilish cackles that escaped his thick lips. On cue, Felix reached his arm forward, revealing an unassuming nude bandage plastered on the olive skin of his wrist.

Chan’s tummy has officially plummeted to his toes.

His blood-dyed lips flew open at the sight of the beige band-aid, his jaw threatening to hit the floor. “You what?!” The vampire roared, throwing his free hand up to scrub across his forehead. The blood didn’t taste very much like Felix’s, he had to admit; his had more citrusy undertones, like a vanilla creamsicle. However, Chan’s brain is much too far gone from the pain of the sunburn to even attempt to rationalize the situation; so he didn’t. The popsicle still clasped in Chan’s other hand is now officially starting to succumb to the intensity of the summer heat, with thin streams of melting blood unabashedly running down Chan’s fingers. The vampire couldn’t care less—he has greater priorities right now.

Change his parenting tactics his foot! They have a lot more than a bristling glare and some carefully chosen reprimands coming their way.

“You two are in so much trouble, I’m grounding you both for—why are you laughing?!” Chan cried in exasperation, unable to even finish his tirade at the sight of the two boys now doubled over in laughter before him, uncaring at the punishments hurled at them from their leader.

“We got you so good, hyung!” Felix exclaimed with palpable euphoria, smacking a hand on Hyunjin’s shoulder as the siren mimicked his endless cackles. “It’s not mine, I swear! We used one of your unopened blood bags.” Felix managed to admit through his chuckles, wiping a lone tear that threatened to fall down the plane of his cheek.

Chan was about to protest, but through his fit of melodious giggles Felix easily peeled the bandage from his wrist, with nothing but pristine skin underneath. No puncture wounds, no residual sanguine splotches to be seen. Chan couldn’t help the sigh of relief that tore from his lips.

“What is wrong with you two?! Why would you make me worried like that?!” The vampire whined, squirming against the sofa cushions and shaking his head of mussed blonde locks. He almost accused them of giving him a heart attack, but even he knows that allegation wouldn't hold
much water.

The two had the decency to look humble for a few grateful seconds, before their reserved expressions burst into cheek-splitting grins once again. Well, that was nice while it lasted, Chan thought bitterly; all hope of his boys learning some moral lesson about not swiping 100 years from poor ol’ Chan’s infinite lifespan flying the proverbial coop.

“We took your mind off the sunburn though, right?” Hyunjin drawled with a wicked smirk, wiggling his brows at the still clearly perturbed vampire. Felix nodded in agreement, taking his bottom lip between his teeth to stifle his giggles. Felix has always been the most self-effacing of the squad of younger, devilish boys to call the coven home—even if white-hot sparks of elation are bouncing about his hazel eyes, barely contained by the gloss of affection for the vampire before him.

Chan sputtered in incredulity, unable to stop a drawn out sigh form leaving his lips. It easily died in his throat, snuffed out like a candle in the breeze. He had to admit, they certainly did move his focus from the continuous burning that plagued his skin. His lips jutted into a pout, gaze now flitting back to the rapidly melting popsicle in his hand. He left some more tiny licks against the not-so-frozen-anymore pop, lapping up the river of blood that continued to melt down its sides and onto his skin. That was all he would give them as an answer to Hyunjin’s seemingly rhetorical question; they didn’t appear to have any qualms.

Hyunjin and Felix’s hands met in a satisfied high five, expressions of approval gracing their features at the sight of the vampire enjoying their homemade blood pop once again.

Chan pushed his body even deeper into the plush cushions of the couch, ignoring the venomous sting the motion produced in favor of officially wishing for today to be over already. Maybe he could ask Minho to whip up a potion to make the thick sofa cushions just swallow him whole already; he wouldn’t have any issues with that proposition. The ruby dyed popsicle stick is now sat forgotten and alone of the coffee table, the frigid blood bringing some much needed relief to the vampire.

Chan thought after 187 years of undead existence he would be immune to embarrassment. He thought he was beyond impervious to feeling flustered—he assumed he left those emotions with the last beats of his living heart.

Today certainly proved otherwise.
“Here Chan, drink this.” Minho declared as he proudly held out a sapphire blue vile to the vampire, who has yet to move from his spot on the sofa; the pain the movements would have caused virtually freezing him in place. A true fearsome vampire, Chan thought to himself bitterly.

Chan carefully reached out a hand to grasp the glass vessel, biting down on his lip as his skin reignited with sharp pangs. The potion lightly sloshed as Chan brought it closer to his emerald irises, like waves in a miniature ocean. The azure liquid didn’t have much of an odor; it vaguely smelled of rain-saturated soil and wilted violet petals. He eyed the viscous, deep blue potion cautiously, watching how the rapidly diminishing rays of sunlight bounced through it and illuminated turquoise light about the room like a kaleidoscope.

He wanted to ask what on earth it was; at least what ingredients it’s made of. He may drink human blood on the daily, but even he has some standards. What if this stuff is made of frog eyes and slug slime? But he decided asking would be no use—he already knows whatever explanation Minho would give him would sound just as foreign to him as the incantations the dark magician expertly reads from his grimoires.

Plus, the expression don’t look a gift potion in the mouth is flashing behind his eyes with each apprehensive blink. Is it gift horse? Chan doesn’t remember, too entranced on the possibility this unassuming azure shot will single handedly cure his accursed sunburn.

So with a small shrug, Chan brought the glass vile to his lips and downed the entire potion in one swig. While the liquid didn’t have much of a taste, it left a slightly metallic aftertaste on his tongue, like he melted a batch of pennies in a smoothie.

But he couldn’t care less about the less than pleasant aftertaste, because almost instantly Chan felt an icy wave wash over his skin, like his skin was enrobed in the chill of a December night. Before their eyes, the dark pink tinge on his skin lightened, and soon returned back to its normal porcelain shade.

Chan let a large sigh of relief fall from his lips, the stinging pain of the sunburn now thankfully forgotten. He popped up from the sofa, eager to stretch his limbs now that they’re free from the oppressive sting. He rolled his shoulders, twisting at the waist and relishing in the light pops of his long stagnant joints cracking to life.

God, he really is an old man, huh.
Chan sent Minho a grateful smile, placing a large hand on his head to ruffle his chocolate brown locks. The dark magician winced at the strong hand mussing his once artfully styled hair; he preened at the rousing approval nonetheless.

Man, is Chan glad *that’s* over. He wants to dance, to run and swim and climb a tree; he can move freely again, and he wants to savor every painless motion his body can muster. He looked out the large panes of the living room window, only to see the once spotless cerulean sky now a milky peach, as amethyst clouds bobbed with the setting sun.

There’s still some ounces of daylight left, and he’ll be *damned* if he lets the wasted hours suffering inside stop him from squeezing out the last drops of the summer day. He turned on his heel, all but skipping to the front door as he threw it open to reveal the supple hands of dusk rapidly encroaching on the quiet streets of their neighborhood.

Chan plopped onto the front porch step like a king onto his throne, heaving in a full breath of thick midsummer air. The humid droplets of dew roosted in his curls, frizzing them out like a dollop of cotton candy. The telltale shrieking of the cicadas is the only soundtrack to the lone listener that is Chan, mingling with the occasional crunch of a far-off car’s wheels against the gravelly road.

Chan hates the eerie song of the cicadas; it’s a doleful reminder that summer is undoubtedly coming to a close. But this isn’t the last summer of his endless life. Not in the slightest. He’ll be there for every pure day of light and warmth the summer months have to offer; it’s not like he has anywhere else to be, it’s not like the jagged claws of death will ensnare him anytime soon.

“Chan? Oh! There you are babe,” it’s Woojin, his honeyed voice a welcome intrusion to the wordless droning of the cicadas. Chan turned to see his boyfriend stood in the doorway, the screen door propped on his hip as he gazed lovingly at the vampire. One foot in the comforting safety of the house, one foot firmly planted on the weathered wood of the porch.

“Come in, Channie. You know what tonight is!” Woojin cooed, nodding towards the interior of the house with an endeared smile upturning his lips. With his above-average hearing, Chan didn’t have to strain to hear the muffled voices of his coven members, listless and whining for the vampire’s presence.

“Is it movie night already?” Chan asked with a smirk that showed he knew the answer well and good. Woojin didn’t need to respond. The nature spirit just let his smile grow and bloom, like the petals of the flora he expertly creates.

He retreated into the house with the metallic clank of the screen door shutting, leaving Chan alone.
on the porch once again. Chan sent one last revered gaze out to the magenta sky above, now twinkling with the stars that just awoke from their slumber.

This isn’t the last day of summer; he has time. They all do.

He nodded his head at nothing, no one in particular. He sufficiently basked in the so-called perfect summer day, he thinks.

One might even argue he basked a little too much. He wouldn’t disagree.

Chan slipped through the door a few minutes after Woojin, bidding the muggy air of the summer night farewell. He padded back into the living, and flopped onto the sofa next to Woojin; what a surprise. The other boys cheered at his reappearance, through their mouths stuffed with popcorn and sugary drinks. A DVD was slotted into the player, and some Studio Ghibli film started to play.

Looks like Changbin was on movie-picking duty tonight; not like anyone had any complaints.

Chan snuggled into Woojin’s side, grateful to fully enjoy the feeling of nuzzling against his boyfriend’s golden skin without his own pallid flesh burning and anguished. He won’t take it for granted again, that is for certain.

And, next time Chan decides to sunbathe, he’ll definitely be applying a healthy coating of sunscreen. Woojin doesn’t have to worry about that anymore.

You can be a terrifying vampire and still wear sunscreen. Chan will prove that very sentiment.

Chapter End Notes

some of u may have noticed (if u did let me hug u), but the chapter title + description are lyrics from 3racha's domestic banana! which is not only one of my all fave time fave 3racha tracks, but in my humble onion one of their best SONGS EVER PERIODT no room for discussion...i will protect domestic bananas honor w my LIFE

anyways, how'd you guys like the chapter?! welp this started out as crack/fluff bc i thought the idea of a vampire getting sunburned was very cute...but it ended up
morphing into me accepting the fact that summer is indeed ending...through writing the ending parts of this chap...its my fave season so i gotta cope. Somehow. it's weird, i know, but it did kinda help.

sigh this is one of the chaps that make me wish i had one tenth the talent of some of the stay fan artists i follow,,,i wanna draw chan in his bat pjs + pineapple look so bad but sadly i have the art skills of a drunk changbin and that's putting it gently

speaking of which i wanna hug each of you individually, but my charms (chronosaurus arms) can't reach thru the screen SO sadly i am forced to just say THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH for the staggeringly kind/supportive/generally wonderful comments you guys left last week ;; i just expected a couple prompts, maybe, but y'all really went all out with the kindness and i'm so fucking grateful. more than one of you (more than TWO of you) made me cry. like actual tears. they were there.

not even gonna blame that one me being hyunjin kin and crying easily. moral of the story; thank you guys so much for going out of your way and taking time out of YOUR DAY to write such incredibly kind messages so a humble fic writer like me. i love you all so much and you are the reason i'm still writing today

i rlly hope i didn't make any of u worry (??) abt me?? like as much as u can worry abt an ao3 writer lmao.... i promise i will work harder to become a writer you and i can be proud of! anyways @ me this is kpop fanfiction karen it's not that deep! i just want this fic to be a distraction in this hard ass world we live in, so if i'm doing that and can make you guys smile (even just show a lil teeth) i feel like i've accomplished smth! see u next week my loves <3
Felix yawned as he trudged down the hallway, forcefully rubbing the remaining sting of sleep from his eyes with the heel of his palm. He woke up earlier than he planned, his bedside clock mocking him with a neon \textit{9:45 a.m.} in searingly bright digits. It's a Saturday, and Felix \textit{officially} hates himself. He basically got up when he does for school! Annoyance prickled beneath his skin, as he tried to will the hours of wasted sleep from his mind.

Tears pricked at the corners of his eyes as another yawn stretched his lips, his freckle-splattered nose cutely scrunching in turn.

He heard the telltale lilting sounds of the tv blaring in the living room, trotting down the stairs and into the sun-filled room only to see none other than Jisung in his usual Saturday morning reverie.

Jisung is neatly sat crossed legged on the floor, his petite frame sandwiched between the plush couch and the shiny wooden coffee table. There's a sloppily opened box of Froot Loops, and a half drunk carton of milk sat on the otherwise pristine table.

Felix’s heart instantly warmed at the sight of the demon before him, unconsciously wanting nothing more than to poke the squishy flesh of his rounded cheeks. Jisung and Felix became best
friends almost instantly after the human moved in, and Felix shudders at the mere thought of not having the demon as a constant companion at his side.

Felix and Jisung are two peas in a pod, two swatches cut from the same cloth. Their personalities are startling similar, despite one being a human and one being a literal demon from Hell. But that never stops them from being the light in each other's darkness, the blinding hope in their rare moments of despair.

Their combined optimism and enthusiasm for life is potent enough to blot out the rays of the sun, and their smiles shine even brighter than the molten star perched in the morning sky. If the sun ever stops hanging in the heavens, the smiles Jisung and Felix draw from each other can single handedly reignite the world with light.

Jisung is currently neck deep in his umpteenth bowl of the sugary cereal, stuffing countless spoonfuls of the pastel pieces into his mouth; ultimately filling and puffing out his already full cheeks. He looks more like a diabetic chipmunk than some fearsome demon straight from the bowels of Hell, that's for sure.

His dark hair is helplessly fluffy from sleep, sticking up in every direction like an electrocuted crown. He's wearing an oversized t-shirt and shorts; the shirt printed with Crazy? Sometimes. Cat lady? All day every day! in bold lettering, alongside a smiling cartoon feline. It's clearly a Minho number, in spite of the fact that the coven doesn't even own a cat. Perhaps it's Minho's way of subtly pining for them to adopt a kitty companion (or several, given the cat lady monicker loud and proud on the shirt).

The demon is still unaware of Felix's arrival, clearly entranced on the cartoons flickering in the tv: it's early Saturday morning, so some silly program about talking dogs is just finishing up on the screen. The animated canines reflected in Jisung's large eyes, as the demon absentmindedly poured more milk and cereal into his bowl.

Jisung is known for his intense love for the simpler things in life; i.e., most things that are usually only directed at children, not centuries old demons. Jisung basically has the sensibilities of a six year old on a constant sugar high, and that's putting it lightly. In a world of humdrum beige, Jisung is a shock of much needed vibrancy. He is a whirlwind of hyperactivity, a virtual blur of euphoria as he zooms through the mundane every-day with a persistent dazzling smile bunching his cheeks. He spends his free time glued exclusively to lighthearted cartoons, sometimes a lollipop stuffed in his cheek, sometimes a rapidly melting ice pop. With Jisung, you aren't living if you aren't ingesting some kind of sugar at all times.

Demons must process sugar differently than humans—no matter how many fistfuls of pop rocks or hefty slices of cheesecake Jisung virtually inhales, he never seems overtly jittery or antsy in the
wake of the barrage of sugary delights. That, or his body has simply become acclimated to the high volumes of processed treats he shovels down his throat from dawn to dusk.

_Eat your broccoli, Jisung_. Chan would sternly warn with a fatherly glower sent the demons way, during their nightly “family dinners”.

_Only if I can have some chocolate sauce to dip them in._ Jisung would easily fire back, taking a break from absentmindedly pushing his vegetables around his plate to meet Chan with an expression of palpable hope. Chan eventually gave in, consciously ignoring the exclams of “terrible parenting” from Woojin and Seungmin.

_Whatever works_; that’s what Chan always says.

The fluorescent imagery of the current cartoon playing on the tv petered out, melting into black as the credits started to roll. Jisung’s rapt attention faltered, his doe eyes drooping as he shoved some slightly more meager spoonfuls of cereal into his mouth.

Until the next program on the schedule lit up the screen, bathing the living room in muted, clearly vintage color.

Felix shouldn’t have been so surprised to see Jisung’s attention instantly perk up at the once familiar theme song now flowing into the living room, but the tidal wave of nostalgia still threatened to knock him right off kilter. He hasn't heard the heartwarming tune in maybe...10? 12 years? But Felix would recognize it _anywhere._

_Can you tell me how to get,_

_How to get to Sesame Street_

_Come and play_

_Everything’s A-OK_

_Friendly neighbors there_
That’s where we meet

Can you tell me how to get

How to get to Sesame Street

Felix couldn't stop getting more than slightly taken aback at the sight of Jisung quietly mouthing the words, as if he has every line committed to memory. He even halted the hearty spoonfuls of cereal he was gorging himself on in favor of whispering each lyric into the early daybreak air—not just anything can do that. Having an interest in cheesy Saturday morning cartoons is one thing, but really? Sesame Street? Isn't Jisung a little...out of its target demographic?

Felix can't imagine the producers had unfathomably old demons jotted down on their list of marketed audiences, right along side preschoolers and kindergartners.

Demographic? More like demon-graphic! Nice one, me! The human thought to himself with a lazy smirk, mentally patting himself on the back for coming up with such an astute pun even when his brain is still covered in a fog of exhaustion.

His attention was roused once again with Jisung murmuring the last set of lyrics, a newfound, unreadable glaze blanketing his eyes; which were still blissfully unaware of Felix’s presence.

“Jisung?” Felix finally called the demon’s name, right as the opening credits faded to black. The other boy jolted at the sudden addition of Felix's cavernous voice, before meeting the human with wide, expectant eyes.

“You like Sesame Street?” Felix couldn't help but ask, despite the seemingly obvious answer—if Jisung's dedication to singing the opening theme song by heart meant anything. The human padded over to his friend, before sinking down in a matching cross legged position next to the demon in question.

“Of course. It's the closest we can get to true poetic cinema in this day and age.” Jisung observed sagely, swatting one of Felix's hands away from where he was picking some stray Froot Loops from the rapidly emptying box.
Felix isn’t sure he's buying that, exactly. Of course he loves the uplifting children's show too, but he hasn't watched an episode since he was well...a kid. But to each his own; And Jisung is nothing if not wildly unexpected, and unique, and himself. Felix should have seen this revelation coming a mile away.

“Aren't you a little old for that? I'm sure even demons are taught their A B C’s.” Felix mused with a chuckle, snatching the milk carton off the table and chugging a few hearty gulps.

Jisung shrugged, a wistful smile flickering onto his lips as he considered Felix's words. Big Bird just appeared on screen, starting a whole spiel on the importance of sharing. *Jisung should take notes, he's pretty possessive over those Froot Loops,* Felix thought to himself, as he continued to eye the rainbow cereal hoarded by the demon like a dragon with its jeweled loot.

“Well, I was never really afforded my own innocence. As demons, we are kinda created to be the exact opposite of innocent. Were bred to be summoned for peoples’ evil bidding, to murder and destroy without a second thought.” Jisung spoke softly, an almost glass like-coating to each word, as if they would shatter as soon as they hit the thin air.

“That's how I was before Minho summoned me, before I realized there's more to life than being devoted to nothing but darkness, simply because it's what we're born to do.” He continued, turning to level the human with an indecipherable expression, yet his rich chestnut eyes are still varnished in a melancholy shimmer. *Barely contained joy at his new sense of identity? Detached desolation at the years wasted forcing himself into the monstrous mold created specifically for him?*

Felix can’t read Jisung’s emotions when it comes to his Hellish past; he notoriously feels every emotion conceivable at once until the messily constructed house of cards comes crashing down. His eyes still harbor a spark of sentimentality that Felix can never— will never understand.

“When I watch this stuff...I feel like it gives me the innocence I never had. They make me feel *normal,* you know?” Jisung finished with a small sigh, his gaze drifting back to the tv, where Bert and Ernie are getting into some of their usual shenanigans.

Felix pushed a strangely hard gulp down his throat. He *does* know what Jisung means, despite the two coming from completely different worlds. He empathizes as much as a human can.

Felix now realizes, with a small electric jolt, that Jisung's obsession with anything and everything childlike is his way of rebelling against the constraints placed on him in Hell. He behaves like a child, because his entire existence was built on being the exact opposite; cruel and bloodthirsty, rather than pure and joyful.
Jisung didn't have a childhood. As he said, he was created solely to be another soldier of darkness and evil. He was created—he was manufactured to be nothing more than an emotionless conduit for the wicked wishes of those who dare summon him. So it seems he sometimes reverts to such a childlike state as a way to grasp the meager straws of childhood innocence he purposefully wasn't dealt.

Jisung was molded to be abysmal black, but he made himself bubblegum pink because it's what he wanted.

It's just as beautiful as it is heartbreaking.

A demon loving Sesame Street may seem odd to most, but it sums up Jisung perfectly; he is unafraid to be himself, to enjoy what he wants, to act the way he wants now that he is free from the standard practices of demon society.

Felix scooted closer to the demon, nuzzling his ruffled head of blonde hair onto his shoulder. “I understand, ‘Sungie.” he murmured into Jisung's neck, his velvety strands of hair tickling the tanned flesh. Jisung just lightly hummed in response, leaning his head of dark brown locks to rest against Felix's.

“Can I stay and watch with you?” Felix grumbled, a sheepish glimmer in his eyes as a peachy blush painted his freckled cheeks.

“Of course! They're about to get to the Cookie Monster segment, so you haven't missed the best part yet.” The demon eagerly exclaimed, bouncing in place as he snuggled closer to the human. The jostling movement forced Jisung’s silken hair to wildly fly up into Felix’s face, tickling his skin and easily tugging a blinding grin onto the human’s lips.

The famed Cookie Monster scene came and went, drawing giggles from both boys as the blue fluff ball shoved endless chocolate chip cookies down his gaping maw. No wonder he's Jisung’s favorite character, Felix internally mused with a silent, albeit knowing grin.

The Count now appeared, poised to teach some lessons on numbers through his exaggerated Transylvanian accent. Jisung snickered at the sight of the goofy purple vampire, the puppet’s fangs looking more like walrus tusks than anything truly supernatural.
“Look, it's Chan hyung!” Jisung teasingly cooed at the caricature of Chan's undead kin, a devilish smirk stretching his heart-shaped lips as he unabashedly laughed at his own joke.

Felix good naturedly rolled his eyes, leaving a small *smack* on the demons shoulder in response to the comparison. Chan could be listening in with his supernatural hearing right about now, and Felix *refuses* to be included in any possible punishments in regards to the unflattering tease.

Jisung stuck his tongue out at the human; a very on brand move for him.

They watched the remainder of the episode in comfortable silence, reveling in the familiarity of each other's presence.

Jisung quietly grasped the technicolor box of Froot loops from where it sat forgotten on the coffee table, and poured a generous helping into his palm. He munched on the sugary rainbow circles, like a pet rabbit with its favorite pellets. The ever smiling toucan mascot printed on the vibrant box seemed to eye them suspiciously, like even he couldn't believe the two were still crunching on the last bits of cereal.

Felix held a hand out, not even looking at Jisung to get the message across. And it seems the demon understood perfectly, as he poured some of the cereal into Felix's waiting palm. Guess he *did* take a certain giant yellow bird’s message about sharing to heart.

The show came to a close with the cast of humans and puppets singing a sweet song about the power of friendship. Felix snuck a glance at Jisung, the demon’s gaze darting to look at Felix from beneath his full lashes in tandem.

They shared matching smiles, brimming with affection and gilded sparks of happiness.

Once the box of Froot Loops is left discarded and empty on the table, the two boys melted into a puddle of tangled limbs as they crashed from their sugar high.

Felix sighed against Jisung's tummy, his breath brimming with the same stale sugary aroma one gets after a successful night of Halloween trick or treating.

Jisung and Felix are partners in crime. They're the best of friends, soulmates in a way incomparable to their relationships with their respective boyfriends. They couldn't imagine life without the other.
Another episode of Sesame Street started to play on the tv, the boys too tired to sit up from their positions messily splayed on the floor, and on each other.

They sang the opening song together, the off-key and vaguely slurred verses harmonizing and mingling in the sunlit morning air.

Felix is starting to see the appeal of watching the children's show every weekend, with Jisung.

He'll make a point to get up early next Saturday to catch more episodes with the demon. Except, he's definitely bringing Lucky Charms next time.

He doesn't think he can even look at Froot Loops ever again.

Chapter End Notes

*casually psychoanalyzing demon!jisung* little ao3 user chronosaurus things

have you have ever wondered how—or perhaps more importantly, WHY chan became a vampire?

Well over the next two weeks, those questions will be answered

Also I posted a new skz fic yesterday, here’s the link if u wanna read it lol maybe idk
I look inside myself and see my heart is black (I see my red door, I must have it painted black)

Chapter Summary

And if your heart stops beating,
I'll be here wondering.
Did you get what you deserve?
The ending of your life,
And if you get to heaven,
I'll be here waiting, baby.

Chapter Notes

hi guys! before we get into it, i just wanna say HAPPY BDAY TO MY TWO FAV BOYS lixie pixie and hanie bananie!!! i love them so much and i hope they had the happiest days ever bc they deserve nothing but joy and love <3
tbh i should've posted last weeks hanlix this week in honor of their bdays but u know what they say: im a fucking idiot. that's it. that's what they say
anyways i did a lot of research and worked extremely hard on this/next week's chapters and i've been saving them for so long that's it's honestly surreal to finally be posting it—with that said, i hope you enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The year is 1832, and Christopher Bang is dying.

Weakly propped up in bed, his limp body cushioned by a colony of plush pillows cradling his back. His skin is dappled in sweat, twinkling like stars when he shifted in the candle light. The intense fever ravaging his body was only getting more vicious, more merciless by the minute. Thick, rattling breaths escaped his aching lungs. The end, his end is near.

A blight of yellow fever has devastated the city, and it finally sunk its claws into Chris. He thought he could make it out alive—he foolishly thought he could somehow escape and eek out the fangs of disease that have plunged into the other citizens. He clearly wasn't so lucky. It all started a few days prior, when Chris awoke with his body feeling unnaturally achy. And then it got worse—the fever kicked in. And then it got worse—his lungs felt trampled by the meaty feet of an elephant. It
got worse, and worse, and worse.

And now here he lies; reduced to nothing more than a human-shaped pile of pulp. His brain felt like mush, sloshing against his skull with each jumbled thought. The semester at his university is paused, as half the student body is bedridden. Or dying. Most accurately, both.

Chris feels like he's living through the goddamn apocalypse. Passive, painfully helpless. Except the concept of “living” is becoming increasingly strained, and temporary. Fleeting. Yesterday the doctor made a house call to his shared flat, a thick protective mask covering the lower half of his face. He left Chris with some much needed pain medication. And the news that he probably won’t live through the next day.

He's not sure if it's from the sickness or the diagnosis of his own imminent demise, but the heaviness in his chest feels like a physical being. Chris fully expected to see some hellish imp perched on his chest, leering at him with a crooked, fang-toothed grin at the sight of the agony its weight is eliciting.

All sinew and visceral mass and lead bones squeezing every last drop of life from Chris's heart like a dumbbell placed on his flesh. His fatigue is debilitating, piercing his every muscle like he was slain by a poison dipped blade and he's watching the streams of tangible life pour out like a broken spout.

Chris forced his eyes open—they felt virtually sewn shut from the needle of exhaustion enlacing his matted lashes. His sight is coated in a virtual sepia toned filter; the once vibrant world nothing more than grayscale shades and tawny splotches of muted color. There's no imp. No goblin. No demon to be seen curled up on his chest like a docile house cat. The only sight greeting him is his thin, beige linen shirt, damp and soaked through with sweat.

Perhaps, in some deranged sense—with whatever mental strength mustered by the clouded remnants of his once coherent thoughts, past dissolved into a fizzing bath of nonsense as death crept nearer and nearer—Chris would have preferred to see some monstrous creature squeezing the last drips and drops of vigor from his body like one would juice a fresh summer orange.

Maybe it would mean he'd be closer to the end. Closer to the pain ending, shedding from his waking corpse like one would shrug off a jacket in the muddled weeks between winter and spring.

No.
No, he can't just become complacent in his final moments. He can't proverbially sit back and let his soul escape his chapped lips without putting up a fight. He can't betray his family like that, despite them being hundreds of blissful miles and more than a few countries away. Innocent. Ignorant. Chris is about to die and they're none the wiser. He prefers to keep it that way. Until they receive that unavoidable letter from the coroner—*We're terribly sorry to alert you of the loss of one Christopher Bang. He was 21 years old. Please retrieve his body within the next 3 days if you wish to hold a private burial. If not, he will be assigned to one of the mass graves by order of the law*—he has to fight for them, if not for himself.

But it's a lost cause. He won't survive this. *No one* survives this. The mass graves and charred funeral pyres littering the outskirts of the city are a macabre reminder of that very fact. A permanent smog of the ashen remains of family, friends, sons and daughters hung in the infinitely gloomy sky; as if mother nature herself is in mourning. They haven't seen the sun in what feels like weeks. Maybe it's been months. Chris isn't sure if it's because of something as simple as a particularly ornery cloudbank, or because of the smoke from the mobs of cremated corpses blotting out its light.

There's no hope. He knows this, with the last scraps of his thoughts he was able to scoop together. His brain feels like a sieve, his mindfulness mere grains of sand slipping through the microscopic pinprick holes.

Chris is nothing more than a lone soldier; wounded beyond repair and helpless against the onslaught of internal invaders maiming him from the inside out. He's lying on the battlefield that has become his once familiar bed, invisible bullet holes and dagger slashes bleeding him out like an animal to a barbarous hunter. He's waiting, like a stalled prisoner at the gallows as the guard hovers above releasing the rope to hang him. Waiting for the enemy to fully overtake his weakened defenses, to storm the ramparts that are the last vital systems of his body.

He wishes he could just wave his white flag. Surrender.

He swallowed, thick and loud like his saliva became a bushel of cotton balls. He swears he tasted blood.

He was suddenly drawn to a black silhouette outside his bedroom window. Squinting his blurred eyes for clarity, Chris was able to identify the form of a raven stood outside on the sill. It's nothing more than a blocky, inky smudge through the warped glass of the panes; but it's there. Staring at him. It cocked its head, the movements uncannily stilted and jerking. The very symbolic harbinger of his dwindling mortality has trained its beady little eyes on him. How appropriate.

The raven flapped away, the din of feathers nothing more than a barely audible rush of wind outside the window. The door to Chris’s bedroom opened, with the strained creak of the rusted
hinges—it sounded suspiciously similar to the feeble breaths he willed from his lungs.

His warm brown eyes, once full of bright zest are now dull, glazed and empty. Forcing down a gulp, Chris looked up to the figure who now entered his oppressively humid bedroom. He was met by two familiar, piercing blue eyes.

No one survives this illness. And then in strolls Bambam—nothing but nimble steps and agile movements, each with purpose and an air of dignified grace. Bambam doesn't walk like someone surrounded by crumbling humanity. He glides about like a ballroom dancer without a partner, like every surface his feet touch is polished ice.

He promenades through the horror swirling in the air like he's impervious to death. Like death would be a fool to even cast its fickle glance his way.

Chris might be starting to believe that.

Bambam, being Chris’s best friend and roommate from university. They’ve been living together in a modest apartment for the last year, and Chris has never felt happier. Until now, that is. The sight of his best friend caused a painful clutch to form in his chest, a knot twisting his already churning stomach. His irregular heartbeat fluttered at the thought of never seeing the tall, lanky, and oh so quirky boy ever again. Tears threatened to fall down his already damp cheeks as he helplessly gazed into those blue eyes.

Bambam is unique—to put it nicely. He's more than a little eccentric, if Chris were to be completely neutral. He's odd. If he were to put it bluntly.

For one, Chris doesn't think he's ever seen Bambam guzzle down a glass of water. Ever. The kid—man? Chris doesn't know his exact age, just that he's at minimum a few years older than he himself—exclusively drinks some unknown, mysterious liquid from matte, opaque black bottles. Chris has asked what on earth it could be, and Bambam always responds the same way: “that's for me to know and you to never find out.”

He's unsure if Bambam is aware that his patented vagueness only exacerbates Chris’s voracious curiosity.

They’re not alcohol, that's for sure. Despite the glass vessels appearing similar in shape, Chris has never smelled the telltale, fetid aroma of beer on Bambam’s breath after he downs one of the onyx
bottles in just a couple gulps. He never spills a drop, in defiance of the sometimes frenzied urgency
the other boy sucks the forgein liquid down. His lips look marginally more reddened in the wake of
the drink, but Chris never paid that much mind.

*You really like that stuff, huh.* Chris once casually observed, idly watching Bambam’s adam's apple
fervently bob as he finished another of those ambiguous obsidian bottles in under a minute.

*You could say that.* Bambam replied, as innocent and unassuming as ever.

Chris once examined one of the myriad of pure black bottles one day, when Bambam was out of
their apartment. The bottle was impossibly cold, even if he just plucked it out of their rapidly
melting ice box. It looked like a normal beer bottle, except one that was dipped in pure, abyssal
shadow. He couldn't see the liquid within sloshing about whatsoever, even when he held the vile
up to the flickering candles in their home.

He contemplated taking a swig—just to finally satisfy his insatiable curiosity. He wafted whatever
scent the liquid had to offer towards his nose; it had no perceivable fragrance. It smelled vaguely
metallic, a little earthy. Chris couldn't place it, but something about the scent made his stomach
twist with nausea. He suddenly felt overpowering sickness overcome him, as if the otherwise
innocent bottle cast some sort of magical hex on him just from him attempting to investigate its
contents.

He placed the bottle back exactly how it had been before, something primal and recessed within
him screaming at his hands to *get it away*. Bambam was never the wiser. He made a point to stay
a safe distance from those ebony bottles, from then on.

His strange roommate also never seems to sleep. Ever. Not even for a single minute. Chris thought
he had a penchant for overworking himself through all hours of the night, but Bambam is in an
entirely different *league*. Chris has become desensitized to it, numb even. Now he doesn't even bat
an eyelash when he creeps out of his room for a glass of water at 5 in the morning, only to see
Bambam vigorously slapping oil paints on one of the once pristine canvases he stores in their
apartment.

During their early days in university, Chris would spend half the night fretting over if Bambam
would keel over the next day, induced even more each time he left his room only to see the other
wide awake as if the velvety night sky has been replaced by the midday sun.

But he never even *appears* tired. He never has any violet bags tattooed under his sapphire eyes,
ever has the gaunt cut to his sculpted cheeks that can only be from endless nights of watching the
sun rise through your window. He never stumbles, never staggers.

He told Chris not to worry about it, not to worry about him. Despite “worrying” being his second nature, Chris couldn't help but acquiesce. Bambam is nothing if not convincing.

Putting his peculiar tendencies aside, Bambam is still the most incredible friend Chris has ever had. He's loyal, and unfathomably caring. He's goofy, and childish, despite his imposing and equally refined aura. They're a package deal, one cannot imagine life without their counterpart. They complement one another; Bambam the gothic black to Chris’s heavenly white.

They can't imagine life without each other, and now those glittering azure eyes are looking right at the sweat-dappled puddle that once was his best friend. Looking at the life flick away from Chris with each lethargic blink. Looking right into his soul; watching it wither like paper held over an open flame.

Pulling over a chair, Bambam sunk down to sit next to Chris’s side, his thick lips pulled into a firm line and sapphire eyes hard as stone. Chris tried to force a smile onto his chapped lips, but he knew the gesture looked as vacant as it felt.

“You shouldn’t be around me, ‘Bam.” Chris weakly murmured, the words feeling grated on sandpaper as he pushed them from his impossibly dry throat. He’s begged Bambam to stay away from him, to take every measure to keep himself from catching the disease mangling Chris’s body from the inside out. But each time he was met with the same response; don’t worry, I don’t get sick easily.

Chris wrote it off as another one of Bambam’s infinite list of quirks at first. But this is getting ridiculous.

Bambam is certainly eccentric, but putting himself at risk just to keep Chris company is insane. However, as always, the lithe black haired boy just waved away his desperate plea.

Chris’s eyes flitted across the street, as he and Bambam made their way home from university. It's a day as mundane and ordinary as can be; they have an astronomy group assignment they need to get moving on, already starting their preemptive discussion as they made the trek back to their flat. Every time a person caught sight of his blue-eyed friend, their expression would shift into one of
fear, eyes widening and feet stumbling in any other direction. That, is also completely typical—
when Bambam is involved. Men cowered, girls clasped hands and ran, mothers put protective arms
around their children while hurriedly ushering them away. Chris noticed it every time he went out
with Bambam, and every time he racked his brain over why on earth they seem so scared of him.
It’s as if Bambam is a lone wolf in a city full of sheep.

Sure, his unnaturally sky blue eyes are a little strange, but they are no reason to demonize such an
amazing person, purely on looks. If only they could give him a chance, they would realize he is
the sweetest, kindest, most incredible friend anyone could have. Chris’s heart gave a particularly
painful pound as the streets cleared with each step Bambam took.

Like most things in regards to his best friend, Chris has become more or less emotionally detached
during the routine occurrence of strangers fleeing from Bambam’s idle gaze—like just meeting his
eyes would turn them to stone.

Yet Chris felt particularly bold today, and mustered the courage to finally voice his long
anticipated question to Bambam; praying it wouldn't offend his best friend. “Hey, why does
everyone look so scared when they see you?” He asked gently, trying to pose the query as
harmlessly as possible. A flock of birds noiselessly flapped above their heads, like silent missiles in
the grey sky.

Bambam merely hummed in response, his plump lips pulling into a thin smile. He shrugged his
broad shoulders, a knowing glint alight in his eyes. “People don’t like what they don’t understand.”
He stated simply.

Chris nodded sagely in response—that's good enough for him. He threw a comforting arm around
Bambam’s strong shoulders, pressing himself against his best friend and uncaring of the horrified
gasps that echoed around them at the gesture. Bambam is always so cold. Chris could feel the
frigid temperature of his flesh radiating through the thin coat hugging his frame; Chris felt his own
skin prickle with goosebumps as Bambam’s internal chill coursed through him. Sure, they're in the
throws of late autumn, but the boy perpetually feels like he just had his body dunked in an arctic
bath. It's not completely normal. Nothing about Bambam really is.

But that's ok. It is—normal is overrated, that's what Chris likes to say.

Before him, masses of people fled, turned on their heels and scattered at the sight of the blue eyed
boy. Chris couldn’t care less. He only tightened his arm around his friend.
They sat in stiff silence, the only noise being the shaking breaths pushed from Chris’s chest, and the audible swallows forced down his throat. He looked down at his hands—fully expecting to see his flesh rotting from his bones. He feels like a decomposing corpse anyways. Might as well get a head start on the inevitable.

Suddenly, the pregnant silence was broken by the telltale voice of Bambam.

“Chris, be honest with me. Do you want to die?” He spoke slowly, carefully. The plethora of candles seemed to quake at the question, small pricks of fire wobbling in the heavy air.

Chris barked out a hollow laugh, eliciting a round of painful, rasping coughs. “Really, ‘Bam? I’m on death’s fucking doorstep, and that’s what you ask me? Of course I don’t want to die. My sister just turned fifteen, I would give anything to live to see her and my brother grow up and have their own lives.” He weakly spoke, voice trembling with each word.

“I thought I had my whole life ahead of me, to see the world. No one wants to die in their 20’s.” Chris spat bitterly, each word tasting like poison on his tongue. It was only at this moment that Chris realized with numb acceptance that tears were falling from his eyes. Thick droplets raining down the plains of his cheeks, snaking down his skin to drip off his chin. He didn’t care, didn’t have enough energy to care. He just sniffed helplessly as salty tears continued to flow from his tired eyes.

A sympathetic smile grew on Bambam’s lips, as he nodded in response. He shifted in the candlelight, the fire hitting his sapphire irises and making them twinkle like jewels.

“What if I told you I have a cure for death. Would you trust me?” He whispered in the lowlight, leaning forward to level Chris with an unreadable stare. Chris saw the aurora borealis dance across his eyes, undulating and shimmering like glittering waves.

Chris has absolutely no idea as to what on earth Bambam could be referring to. A cure for death? Sounds like another of his best friend’s bizarre ideas—read, unattainable. Far fetched. Impossible. But he is past desperate, his heartbeat weakening by the minute as darkness closed in on the corners of his blurry vision. The tendrils of black look like the jagged claws of a lion, slicing gashes of finality across his eyes. Images of his family flashed before his eyes with each languid blink—familiar smiling faces that began to seem twisted and perverted as his heartbeat became increasingly irregular. A cure for death sounds wonderful right now.
Peppered in with the intimate visions of his family, a certain cerulean-eyed boy snuck his way into the stuttering film flickering behind his eyes. Chris realized, through the bramble of disease, that Bambam has become like a second family to him. The least he can do is trust him—it might be the very last thing Chris does period.

So Chris could only nod his head in acceptance of the strange offer. His matted brown hair tickled his skin with the movement, swiping sweat across his flesh like a paint-dipped brush. Bambam’s smile grew marginally, his eyes shining and glossy.

Before Chris could even attempt to ask him what was happening, Bambam rose from his seat next to the bed, and clambered on top of Chris so he was straddling his thighs. From Chris’s position against the headboard, Bambam’s lean torso towered above him, features now obscured by darkness. The newfound intimacy isn't what made Chris choke on a slimy pad of saliva. It's Bambam’s eyes—which still somehow glowed a pale blue in the shadows. Now that Chris thinks about it, his eyes look different. They have a new, inhuman luminance that seemed to radiate from the inside out. It must be the sickness playing tricks on his numb brain; at least, that’s what he told himself.

A weak stream of chuckles left Chris’s pallid lips at the new position his friend took on top of him, mind too jumbled to question it. “Are you gonna kill me now? Is that what’s happening?” He weakly joked, using his last drops of energy, of life. He wouldn't have been completely opposed to that idea. If he's gonna die, might as well be at the hands of his best friend; that at least will save him his last meager ounces of dignity, won't automatically make him one of the faceless thousands offed by the rampaging disease only to be tossed into a mass grave like a piece of trash.

Bambam hummed in response, a small giggle of his own falling from his lips. “Yeah, something like that.” His voice flowed into the darkness, pearly teeth glinting. Chris is confused. But that might just be from the static hive of bees scraping against his skull. He feels so hot, like lava raced through his veins. He swears he feels his brain about to melt through his ears, the fever like a stampede of raging bulls pounding behind each eye.

Bambam’s plump lips twitched into a smile of sorts, the candle light casting eerie shadows across the sculpted planes of his face.

It was only then that the last rattling breaths shaken from Chris’s lungs caught in his throat. Because where Bambam’s canines once were, two razor sharp fangs now took up residence. Chris may be seconds from death, but he has enough of his mind left to realize with horror that those definitely weren't there before.

His mind devolved into his incoherent thoughts from earlier. A creature sitting neat and pretty on his body. A fang-filled smile bearing down on him.
It’s just the disease playing tricks on me. My mind is a mess, this isn’t real, Chris frantically thought to himself, failing heart picking up speed to the point where he worried it was going to burst right from his chest. Each violent pound echoed behind his stinging eyes, exacerbating his already throbbing headache.

His stomach churned in a venomous wringing different from the nausea of the sickness. His skin felt like it was zapped by lightning, those inhuman fangs virtually tattooed onto his rapidly dimming eyes.

His mind is much too far gone to attempt to rationalize what is happening, yet even the wordless pandemonium whizzing about his skull seemed to scream to him that this is very, very bad.

It’s fear, the undeniable icicles of terror jammed like pickaxes through his eyes. The horror clasped its gnarled hand with the ragged claws of the disease; creating a torrent of dread, a miasma of incomprehensible panic the likes of which Chris could barely grasp.

The black bottles. The sleepless continuum that is Bambam. His unnatural, inhuman sapphire eyes. Those fangs. He felt blind, but now he can see—but what exactly is this mosaic of living nightmares trying to convey to him? The puzzle pieces coming together in Chris’s brain are forming an impossible, perverse conclusion. It can't be. This can't be.

Time slowed, each second feeling like hours, days. Chris wanted to cry, to plead. He just wants to know what's happening, what's going to happen to him. No words escaped his pallid lips, just a pitiful whine.

With inhuman speed, Bambam flew to Chris’s neck, easily sinking his newly formed fangs into the flesh.

With force he didn’t know he had left, a scream tore from Chris’s pale lips, glazed eyes bulging in his head in tandem. His body felt like it was set on fire, and the fever had nothing to do with it. Each atom, each cell of his body felt like it was igniting into a microscopic bonfire, as venom coursed through his veins. Electricity danced on his skin, abstract blotches swirled in his vision. His heart became a freakish, dissonant chorus of straining beats. He could vaguely feel the pair of fangs plunged into his skin, releasing what felt like pure liquid fire into his bloodstream. Chris has never felt pain so excruciating in his life, already regretting not choosing the slow release of death instead.
It would have been so much *easier*, so much *simpler* to have just let his soul naturally seep from his body. He should have just let death lead him into the inky abyss of eternal sleep, like an innocent sheep to the slaughter.

Anything would have been better than *this*. What is he going to become?

A last, broken breath clawed its way through Chris’s throat. And then everything turned to thick, all encompassing black.

Chapter End Notes

**sooo yeah chan’s been through some shit lmao**

you know what they say: the people who have been through the most pain smile the brightest or whatever. also let's suspend our disbelief and pretend someone actually exists in the 1800s (possibly in england?) with the name bambam ok? ok

also, in an ironic twist of fate, i came down with quite an illness last night so i apologize for any mistakes i may have missed while editing—i don't feel much better than human! chris right now (ok that's a little dramatic, it's not THAT bad....but bambam can u turn me into a vampire pls n thnx)

shit will continue to go down next week
What we do in the shadows

Chapter Summary

The sharpest lives are the deadliest to lead.
A light to burn all the empires,
So bright the sun is ashamed to rise and be in love with all of these vampires.
So you can leave like the sane, abandon me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chris jolted into consciousness, only to find his body submerged beneath the clear water of the bathtub. The water is cold, peppered with the few remaining ice cubes that haven’t succumbed to the muggy heat yet. The melting cubes bobbed in the water at Chris’s movement, nudging against his skin like a soft kiss. Except Chris felt nothing; his hair didn’t stand on end, goosebumps didn’t nibble at his flesh. The freezing temperature completely unaffected him, his body totally numb to the polar degree of the water.

That's not right. That's not normal. Chris has always had a low sensitivity to the cold— always. He used to break into a fervent shiver after only a few minutes out in the biting chill of a winter's night. But the obviously frigid water in the tub has absolutely no effect on him. It's not right.

Chris feels like he is the cold. He feels like a bank of snow became a sentient being. His internal organs feel like miniature ice bergs, his limbs like elongated glaciers. The freezing water feels like an extension of his body, like it's seeping from his pores. He's cold. He is the cold, and the cold is him. They are one.

Chris’s dizzy brain felt like the swirling ice chips in the rippling water, his head pounding with a ferocity he’s never experienced. His eyes. His eyes are absolutely killing him, like each iris was injected with acid. A disgusting, coppery taste coated his tongue, and he’s never felt so thirsty. He’d be lying if he didn’t say he felt like he had been run over by a locomotive, his knotted muscles finding much needed comfort in the icy bath water.

Where am I? What's happening? Chris’s slowly re-forming coherence managed to generate, as his hazey eyes darted about his new surroundings. He's in their bathroom, in their apartment. But he doesn't know why. And that is what’s causing a bubbling volcano of fear to erupt in his stomach.
The familiar bathroom looks odd, and startlingly foreign. It's filtered in a sterile and almost septic cast—like he's actually in one of the inundated hospitals flooded with the sick in town. He feels numb. Numb is the operative feeling since he awoke; he's numb to the cold, numb to his surroundings, numb to the events that somehow placed him there.

But suddenly, like a crumbing dam, all the memories of last night flooded back to him. They washed over him like a fearsome tidal wave, his shallow breaths catching in his chest as the events of last night replayed in his brain like a stuttering broken record.


Chris’s lungs pushed out increasingly shaking breaths as the realization hit him that not only is he alive, he feels _fine_. Sure he feels like he got creamed by a train, but all the symptoms of the disease are completely gone, as if banished by magic. The fever that ravaged his skin is now a distant memory, the painful coughs that racked his lungs all but forgotten. This news should have made Chris ecstatic; he’s alive! He feels good!

But it didn’t. It struck icy terror in his chest instead. He should be _dead_. How is he still breathing, living, _existing_?

_What did that bite do to him?

He looked at his hands, feeling so disconnected from his body that it's as if he were gazing through someone else's eyes. His skin is a shade of colorless alabaster. He's always been on the paler side, but his flesh looks as white as a fucking _sheet_. As white as a pristine piece of paper, as white as fresh snow, as white as the pure ivory of opulent porcelain china. He looks like he's actually a classical greek statue that somehow came to life; his skin is as cold as a block of marble anyways.

His skin almost looks _translucent_. If he squints hard enough, he swears he would be able to perfectly see the network of dark blue veins running just beneath the surface. It's not normal. _None_ of this is fucking normal.

Unconsciously, Chris reached a pale hand to the side of his neck. His eyes widened when his fingers ghosted over two puncture holes in his flesh, unfeeling and hollow. His mouth fell open as he ran his fingers over the two wounds, trembling breaths causing light ripples in the bath water. They elicit a dull and detached ache, but they're crusted over and mostly healed. They're there. They're a part of him.
He wanted to cry, to scream, to tear at his numb flesh. *What happened to me, what happened to me,* is the only thought that managed to readably bounce through his racing mind, his chest heaving as if he ran a marathon. His hand is still placed on the side of his neck, the two bite marks mocking him with each dazed touch.

Finally, Chris rose from the tub, water cascading off him as if he became a rain cloud personified. Quickly throwing a towel around his waist, Chris braced himself to look in the mirror, to *see* the damage done to his neck for the first time.

With a sharp inhale and rattling exhale, Chris’s hands formed tight fists at his side, muscles tensing with fear as he whirled around to face the mirror.

But when he did eventually force himself to face his reflection, a horrified shriek escaped his pale lips.

Because where his visage *should* be—still bejeweled with water droplets—an empty bathroom stared back at him. He saw *nothing* in the mirror, as if he himself temporarily ceased to exist. His reflection is missing. Gone.

He frantically looked from his hands, then up to the empty mirror, still winking maliciously at him in the light. His eyes felt like they themselves were trembling as he stared helplessly at the reflection of the perpetually empty bathroom. He’s here, he’s here *damn it*.

It’s at this moment he realizes his heart must be beating so fast, that Chris can’t even *feel* it. Which is understandable, because his goddamn reflection is *nonexistent*. But after a few more deadened seconds ticked by, it dawned on him that he has yet to feel his heart beat again. His breath froze in his throat once again. Dread—colder than the last remaining ice cubes in the bath—took root in his stomach, churning it with sickening venom. He’s never been more terrified in his entire life, as he slowly raised a quaking hand and placed his palm over his bare chest. And then he waited. He waited, and waited for what felt like *years*, but not one heartbeat rang through his chest, echoed between his ribs into the skin of his hand. Silence. Dead, unfeeling silence.

That’s the last straw; Chris needs answers. *Now.*

With enough force to tear it off its hinges, Chris threw open the door to the bathroom. He was greeted by the lanky figure of Bambam in the hallway, as if he were waiting for him.
Chris was about to open his mouth, to beg for some reasonable explanation for all of this. But no words left his lips. Bambam, as if sensing the bombardment of incoming questions, held up a delicate hand to placate his horrified friend.

Bambam gracefully walked up to Chris, still standing frozen, terrified in the dim hall. He seemed to float over the wood, each step like his feet were made of clouds.

Chris stared at him helplessly, a lump preventing any words from leaving his quivering lips. Tears welled in his eyes as he gazed numbly into those piercing blue eyes.

“What am I?” Chris finally managed to push from his tight throat, each word like a knife against his flesh, like injecting poison into his veins.

Bambam leveled him with a sympathetic expression, full lips pulling into a small, comforting smile. Despite having his fair share of suspicions, saying Chris was unprepared for what his friend said next would be an understatement.

“You’re a vampire.” Bambam whispered into the stale air, voice barely audible. Yet to Chris, his voice sounded like gunshots, it pounded unforgivingly between his ears, reverberated in his skull and tore at his skin.

His mind became a tornado of thoughts, unable to process the revelation of his new identity. So instead of forcing out any sound, Chris fell to his knees, stilted breaths escaping his trembling lips and nails leaving crescent indentations on his palms. Vampire. Vampire. The singular word flashed behind his eyes with each blink, buzzing like a swarm of bees in the back of his mind.

The thought of course crossed Chris’s mind, the fangs that sunk into his flesh the night before seeming to have no other explanation. But this is the real world we’re talking about here; the world where vampires and monsters are merely tales told to scare children into behaving. They’re not supposed to be real, they’re not supposed to be Chris’s goddamn best friend. They’re not supposed to be him.

Silently, Bambam sank to kneel before Chris, wrapping his best friend in a strong embrace. He cradled Chris against his chest, running a hand through his head of curly brown hair.

“Chris, I’m sorry, but I didn’t want to watch you die when I could fix it. It was the only thing I could do, please forgive me.” Bambam murmured into Chris’s head of fluffy hair, the newly turned
vampire still in a detached stupor as he laid his head on his friend’s chest. He heard no heartbeat echo from Bambam’s body into his. Just dead, unfeeling silence.

*I’m sorry?*

*That’s it?*

*Sorry* is what Bambam says when he accidentally forgets to pick up Chris’s favorite brand of sarsaparilla at the grocer. *Sorry* is what Bambam says when he mistakenly loses track of time and stands Chris up at the student union when they were supposed to go over their philosophy notes before class.

Sorry is one dimensional. Hollow. Vapid and condescending.

*Sorry* isn't what Bambam should be saying when he casually drops the asteroid-impact-level of an admission that he turned Chris into a fucking *vampire*.

Chris pushed a gulp down his throat, his skin feeling like it was doused in gas, and Bambam threw the match that made him combust.

He doesn’t know how he’s supposed to feel. He has some guesses; anger. Betrayal, perhaps. Rage, and fury at his vanished humanity to name a few. Sadness, agony. What would he tell his family? What *could* he tell his family?

*Hey mom, dad. Just writing to let you know I'm a member of the walking dead now. Love you, see you for Christmas. I'll bring the blood, don't worry.*

He would much prefer for them to receive the letter of his demise from the coroner's report. He might as well be dead to the world, anyways.

How is he *supposed* to feel? How does one properly react when your best friend turns you into a *vampire*? His emotions feel like a maze; incongruent, and utterly untranslatable. He skirted around a jagged corner—white hot anger. *How could he do this to me?* He rounded a bend—sorrow. *How am I going to get through this?* He stumbled into another dead end—barely restrained joy. *I’m alive. That counts for something.*
He's sure a specific, *fiendish* few would feel unfathomably powerful at the revelation of their new monstrous identity. That'd be *quite* the power trip, huh? He's sure becoming an unfeeling, fang toothed walking corpse with a dead heart in your chest is all it would take to push a seldom few off the proverbial cliff of sanity, and into the pit of villainous cruelty.

Not Chris—not in the slightest. Thankfully. He doesn't know what he's supposed to be feeling right now. But it's moot; he feels *nothing*. Perhaps, he's feeling *everything*, so concentrated and all converging at once inside him that it cancels out in an emotionless void. He won't argue. He'd rather have the pulsating emptiness than the typhoon of temperament he can only imagine is lurking, ghosting beneath the sheath of ice blanketing his brain.

Well, at least he got his wish. Death is the last thing on his mind now.

“Please,” Chris choked out, hands clutching the back of Bambam’s shirt like his life depended on it. It is even a life? How can he *live* when he’s become a beast that's not supposed to *exist*. An inhuman creature with a frozen heart in his chest and two bite marks tattooed on his neck. “Please teach me how to be like you. I don’t want to be a monster.” He sobbed against his best friend, broken voice carrying the weight of the desperate request.

Bambam only hummed in response, comfortingly stroking Chris’s back. “Of course, Chris.” He spoke softly, voice almost painfully gentle. He sounded as if he were calming an injured animal. Maybe in some sick sense, he was. “Just put some clothes on first, ok?” Bambam joked, a string of good natured chuckles falling into Chris’s unruly curls.

Despite the world feeling like it’s falling around him, Chris couldn’t help the small, breathy laugh he managed to push through his tight throat. His dazed brain is too far gone to do anything else but laugh.

And that’s how they stayed: Chris held in the other vampire’s arms as he shook, eyes vacant and glassy as he tried to process what was happening. Bambam is a vampire. *He’s* a vampire. He’s dead, but he’s alive.

He concentrated on his chest; still no heartbeat. Chris had a sinking feeling it wouldn’t be coming back anytime soon.
Chris had to do everything in his power not to retch. It took hours of convincing, but Bambam finally forced him to down a small sip of blood. He also finally found out what truly takes residence in those opaque black bottles. He would've preferred to stay blissfully ignorant.

The disgust evident on Chris’s features was clear, the trepidation freezing his hand from where it was holding the red filled glass. He made the conscious decision not to ask the other vampire where he got the blood from, but Bambam’s absence before returning to push the liquid towards Chris made a sickening knowing prickle at the back of his mind. Just don't think about it. Don't think about anything, he repeated to his subconscious like a mantra.

He doesn't want the sanguine fluid touch his tongue. He'd rather do, quite literally, anything else. But Bambam told him he has to drink, to feed, or else he would die. For real, this time. And if Chris is gonna go through the trouble of being turned into a fucking vampire in order to not die, he’ll be damned if he lets starvation take him now.

His tongue unconsciously ran over his fangs, their knife like points digging into the flesh. Yes, Chris has fangs now. They grew in place of his canines as soon as his best friend brought the sanguine filled glass into view. He didn't feel them make their debut appearance; his tongue merely grazed across the pointed teeth, and there they were. Their sharpness so dagger-like he's shocked they didn't slice his tongue clean open. It's like his body is already acclimated to them, like they've always been apart of him. Now is a good time to say Chris is very glad he can’t see his reflection.

Against his better judgement, he brought the glass to his lips. The blood rushes forward and kisses him, like a forbidden lover. His pale lips were immediately dyed a scarlet red. He didn't want to admit to the spark of vigor the small contact with the blood ignited in his core.

The thick, burgundy fluid dripped down his throat, leaving a metallic taste on his tongue. He gagged, his reeling mind trying to comprehend the fact he just drank human blood, but to no avail. But what makes matters worse? It actually isn’t that bad. In fact, it tastes good. His tongue poked out from between his lips, licking a stray drop of red from the corner of his mouth. Even the tiny sip made a heat blossom in his stomach, rising through his core. He feels alive. Well, as alive as you can get despite not having a beating heart.

After a few hesitant seconds, Chris steeled himself again, and brought the glass to his ruby tinged lips. This time, he took hearty gulps from the glass, his Adam’s apple bobbing as blood flowed down his throat. He felt the velvety liquid run over his newly descended fangs, sliding down his throat before making warmth pool in his tight stomach. When he finished the glass, he couldn’t help but pant, his lungs heaving grateful breaths as he slammed down the cup on the table. His hands shook, mind buzzing as the liquid made electric energy bubble through his aching muscles, relaxing the knots beneath his pale skin.
“Not bad, is it?” Bambam asked with a knowing, satisfied smile. A glint shone in his azure eyes, as he gave Chris and his now red stained lips a once over.

Chris’s crimson tinged lips pulled into a firm line, eyes flitting from the empty glass, then to Bambam. With a heavy, resigned sigh, Chris murmured a barely audible “No, not bad at all.”

The golden sun is setting on the horizon, the towering silhouettes of the countless buildings of the city skyline cast in black. The skyscrapers look like a jagged row of headstones against the orange fire of the solar light. The city that has become his haven looks like a decrepit mausoleum as the plumes of ash billowed past towards the heavens.

*The sun.* Chris doesn't even remember when it made its long awaited reappearance—perhaps while he was transforming into a *beast* under the cover of shade. Their world which was once a maelstrom of churning, septic gray is now bursting with sheaths of pure, diaphanous light.

In spite of the acrid stench of death in the air, in spite of the wisps of thick smoke wafting from the funeral pyres, the world looks beautiful for the first time in what feels like a millennia.

Irony? A metaphor? Chris is sure the sun finally managing to claw its rays through the screen of seemingly impenetrable clouds must mean *something.*

He just wishes he knew *what.*

Speaking of which, it took some prodding on Bambam’s part, but he finally got Chris to take some cautious steps onto the sun-filled roof of their apartment complex. Bambam told an anxious Chris that it’s just a myth that vampires can’t be in the sunlight, but the newly turned boy was suspicious, to say the least. “Chris, how many times have I been out with you in the sun? I’m still here, aren’t I?” Bambam coaxed gently, trying to lightly pull Chris from where he cowered in the last remaining spot of cool shade. Despite the nervous knot in his tummy, Chris supposed his best friend has a point, and he took a stiff first step out of the shadows.

Although once the warm rays hit Chris’s face he fully expected to disintegrate, to helplessly watch his porcelain skin peel from his bones to leave nothing but a pile of dust where he stood.
Of course, that didn’t happen. Rather, the last golden rays kissed his cheeks, bathing the pair in familiar warmth. A relieved sigh fell from Chris’s lips, running a hand through his head of curly brown hair. He met Bambam’s turquoise eyes, a small smile pulling onto his lips. He missed the sun. He feared he’d never reunite with its heated glow ever again. Bambam matched the expression, making a heat take root in Chris’s frigid core.

They took matching strides forward, before sinking to sit on the ledge of the roof. Their legs dangled off the building, yet they felt no fear of the stretch of air beneath their feet. They’re immortal; a fall of that height would be akin to nothing more than stubbing one’s toe. Stories below them, life carried on. People walked down the street, carriages bustled down the cobblestone. Yet they sat in comfortable silence, time seeming to slow just for them. Chris’s tense shoulders relaxed as he basked in the sun’s rays, his eyes fluttering closed.

“Hey, I got you something.” Bambam suddenly spoke, jolting Chris from the serenity blanketing him. Cracking open his eyes, Chris was met by the once golden sky now tinged a vibrant orange as the sun made its final descent below the city skyline.

Reaching into his coat pocket, Bambam pulled an ornate, golden hand mirror into the evening light. Chris’s eyebrows furrowed as the intricately carved mirror reflected in the setting sunlight. His eyes widened as he noticed that even the face of the mirror is tinged gold, contrary to the accursed silver one in their bathroom. Why Bambam would give him a mirror, despite his reflection unable to appear in them is beyond Chris. Perhaps the other vampire just wants to desensitize Chris to the intense pain that comes from knowing you’re there, yet the mirror having other thoughts.

Bambam held the hand mirror out to Chris, who continued to stare at it blankly, before reaching out a hand to carefully grasp the handle. He didn’t look into the reflective surface, couldn’t bring himself to.

“It’s special. The mirror is made of gold, rather than silver like most other mirrors.” Bambam spoke gently, slowly. Chris just stared at him dumbly, eyes flitting from the shimmering mirror then back up to the other vampire. “What I’m saying, is that you can actually see yourself in this one, Chris.” Bambam finally announced with a good natured roll of his eyes, a grin breaking out on his lips. His fangs glinted in the light, winking at Chris from behind his lips.

Chris’s eyes bulged in his head, mouth flying open at Bambam’s explanation. His chest started to push out increasingly rapid breaths, lips quivering at the thought of seeing himself again. He pushed a thick pad of saliva down his suddenly tight throat, steeling his nerves as his hand held the mirror up.
His breath hitched in his throat, his brain feeling racked with bouts of dizziness as he gazed numbly at the face staring back at him. At his face. But he isn’t himself, at least not the old version he once knew so well. He looks so different in fact, that it took Chris a few agonizing seconds to comprehend he was truly looking at himself.

His eyes. His eyes, once a warm honey brown, are now a pallid emerald green. Green, like the sun flitting through a canopy of leaves. Green, like the verdant fields of rolling grass outside the hustle and bustle of town. Green. He doesn't understand; he fears he never will. He could see how wide his eyes flew open in the reflection, blinking rapidly to see if this is just some kind of optical illusion. But no such luck, as each time he re-opened his eyes he was met with a pair of unnatural, vibrant emerald irises.

His gaze then traveled to his lips, still hanging open in shock at the mirror’s reflection. His chest heaved a particularly shaky breath as he stared at the two fangs poking out from behind his lips, razor sharp and shining with a deadly gleam. A lump formed in his throat, moving the mirror to examine his new fangs from different angles with methodical precision. His features have a newfound sharpness to them, an angularity in his jaw and cheek bones that make him look marginally more threatening than before.

He'd be terrified of himself. He is terrified of himself.

Then, he turned his head to the side, his sharp jawline casting a diffused shadow on the two tiny dots in the flesh of his neck. The wounds, now mostly covered and healed, still took residence on his skin, the only pockmarks on the otherwise pristine expanse of alabaster flesh.

I'm a vampire. I'm really a vampire, Chris dazedly mused to himself, as if his new taste for blood and the fangs behind his lips weren't proof enough.

“I know it’s a lot to get used to, but you’ll be ok, Chris. We’ll be ok.” Bambam eventually spoke softly, after Chris sufficiently re-acquainted himself with his reflection, despite the newfound changes to his once familiar visage.

A small hum left Chris’s pallid lips, his head of brown hair bobbing as he nodded his head. Yes, it is a lot to get used to. And that’s putting it simply.

Bambam threw a strong around Chris, pulling him against his side. Chris wedged his head in the crook of his best friend’s shoulder, eyes traveling to the navy sky to meet the freshly risen moon. “It’s not totally what I had in mind, but thanks for saving me anyways, ‘Bam.” Chris whispered into the velveteen night sky, twinkling stars awakening with each passing second.
A breathy chuckle left the other vampire’s plump lips, the two meeting with matching, fang-filled smiles. “Well, when I turned you your heart stopped, so technically speaking you're kinda dead right now. But that's just details, not important.” Bambam said playfully, lithe fingers gesturing gracefully as he spoke. The cool night air hugged the pair, welcoming them into the comforting darkness.

“You know, ‘Bam, I don't think I want to be known as ‘Chris’ anymore.” He spoke softly after a few seconds of amicable silence, his fangs momentarily sticking into his lips like little needles. Ouch.

“Ok, what do you want to be called?” Bambam easily supplied back.

Chris—or whoever he is now—shrugged. Non-committal and encapsulating his uncertainty.

“Chan?” The way he said the name made it sound like that was the first option to pop into his head. Maybe it was.

“Chan? What does that mean?” Bambam asked with a cock of his head, his impeccably styled raven locks falling over his sapphire eyes.

Chri—Chan shrugged once again. “Nothing.”

Which is why it's so perfect.

Bambam hummed in acknowledgment, an almost startlingly knowing smile flickering onto his plush lips. “Whatever you say, Chan.”

It sounds right. Sounds downright meant to be.

Chris was supposed to have died. Christopher Bang was mere minutes away from being erased from the world of the living, seconds away from his name being destined to become a faded memory. His life was supposed to be snuffed out like a candle in the wind. Not anymore, he thought as his tongue grazed his fangs. No, now his life is reignited, is starting again.
Despite his new supernatural identity, despite the fangs poking into the soft flesh of his lips, despite it all, Chris couldn't help but feel hopeful. Honestly speaking, he doesn’t feel like a monster. He merely feels like a new version of himself; a version which happens to have a hankering for a cold glass of AB positive, but that’s besides the point. Perhaps being turned into a beast, into a supposedly nonexistent monster will be the best thing to ever happen to him.

He's not Christopher Bang anymore. That man is long dead, long lost to the disease that decimated the city. That facet of his newly undead life is gone—by that logic, so should be the name that followed him throughout his dwindling humanity.

Now, he’s Chan. Bang Chan. Yeah, that sounds good. Sounds like the name of a vampire, alright.

A smile flickered onto Chan’s lips, the full moon shining upon the pair and illuminating their jewel-like eyes. He's a vampire. But he's not alone. He's not human, but he’s not some bloodthirsty beast either. And maybe, everything is ok. Maybe he'll be ok.

Immortality, the stillness in his chest, the fangs resting behind his lips and the residual buzz of the blood in his stomach never felt so good.

Chapter End Notes

And so human chris is dead, and vamp chan is born! woo hoo! What did we think lads? Are u satisfied w chan’s Tragic Anime Backstory
(I’m proud of the writing in this, but i fear it might be boring sooo hopefully it’s not? Oof)

I swear I’m going to write a chapter where chris goes to bath and body works to stock up on vampire blood handsanistizer. Chan goes to fucking bath and body works should i make it happen.

AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST: in honor of Seungmin’s bday today (happy bday to my fav angel!!) i posted my first seungmin-centric fic! (Seungjin fluffy college au) im very proud of it and would rlly appreciate it if u considered checking it out! so if u want to read it and support your local chronosaurus then click HERE!
I purple you

Chapter Summary

Your color and mine are purple,

Sometimes the two change as if they were yellow.

Those who are going to listen to this song,

They won't understand.

But I don't care,

But, you, I don't care.

Chapter Notes

This one goes out to the user who asked for some minsung a few weeks ago!! I hope you enjoy, and this satisfies your minsung Thirst™

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chan heard the unmistakable rushing of water flowing in the kitchen. Trotting into the room from where he was previously sunbathing in the living room, Chan felt quite taken aback by the sight before him:

It’s Minho, his unmistakable lanky body hunched as he craned his neck to fit his head under the running faucet of the kitchen sink. Chan cocked his head to the side in confusion, before a drawn out sigh left his lips; muffled by the cascading water engulfing Minho’s head.

“Minho, you can’t drown yourself in the sink. We’ve been over this, it just won’t work.” Chan drawled, voice brimming with exasperation.

Minho startled at the vampire’s words, jumping with enough force to collide the top of his noggin with the metal faucet of the sink. An awkward, vaguely metallic thunk echoed in the kitchen. Chan winced. That’s gonna leave a mark.

A childlike frown downturned Minho’s lips, bringing a hand up to rub at the top of his soaked head. His hair looks darker than usual, sticking to his skin and sending clear streams of residual
water down the planes of his handsome face.

“That’s not what I’m doing Chan,” Minho grumbled, continuing to rub comforting circles on the sore spot he knocked onto his skull. “I’m trying to get this shit out of my hair.” The dark magician continued, voice clearly well past the point of annoyance as he gestured to his sopping wet locks—as if Chan should automatically know what he’s alluding to.

“What shit...are we talking about, exactly?” Chan inquired, his confusion only exacerbated by Minho’s unknown anger at his tresses.

The dark magician rolled his eyes, before snapping his fingers; a perfectly crisp, clear sound that seemed to reverberate through every corner of the kitchen.

Chan unconsciously blinked, and when he opened his eyes he was met with the image of a meticulously groomed Minho, his once drenched hair now perfectly styled and dried as if by magic.

Oh right, this is Minho we’re talking about. It is by magic.

“This shit.” Minho repeated his previous statement, pointing to his feather soft locks, shimmering in the light like he had diamonds threaded through the strands. Also, Minho’s hair is now a deep shade of purple.

Oh, that shit, Chan thought to himself with a long nod of his head, stepping closer to examine Minho’s mop of dark violet hair. That certainly is new; when he last saw the dark magician last night, his hair was its normal light brown shade.

“I don’t know what happened! I felt kinda weird when I went to bed last night, and I woke up with my hair looking like a goddamn eggplant!” Minho whined, taking Chan’s contemplative silence as a cue to continue his rant. “It’s obviously something magical but I just don’t know what, or why it happened.” He finished with a petulant huff, crossing his arms over his chest as he angrily blew a stray strand of lilac hair out of his eyes.

It’s true, Minho felt almost excruciatingly tired last night, crawling into bed hours before he usually would. He vaguely remembered feeling a slight tingle, a dull buzz blanketing his body—but more focused on his head and scalp. He thought nothing of it; he’d been using a lot of magical energy lately, so maybe he just needed to recharge. He surrounded his bedside table with every
conduit crystal he owned, until the small accent piece looked more like the inside of a gem-encrusted cavern than anything. The plethora of magic filled crystals acted like an arcane satellite, bouncing occult power directly into Minho.

But rather than recharging overnight, his powers decided to gain a mind of their own—and so Minho awoke with a head of orchid colored locks. Sure, he learned that hair-changing spell recently, but he couldn’t have...there’s no way he...invoked the spell in his sleep? No, there’s no way. Minho has been known to sleep talk, but sleep *casting*? That’s a little too crazy, even for their resident eccentric Minho.

*God*, he really does need to set up one of those baby-cams in his and Jisung’s room. To see what his magic really does while he’s supposedly lost in slumber.

Chan couldn’t stop the small smile he felt blossom on his lips at Minho’s little tantrum. He’s so cute, even when he's mad.

“Well, I for one think it looks good.” The vampire observed with a shrug, his emerald eyes shining with warmth.

Minho just leveled him with an unimpressed glare. “Chan, I look like I skinned Barney and put his carcass on my head.” He all but growled, his lip curling in a scowl.

“That’s a description I never needed to hear, thanks for that Minho.” Chan whispered with a shuddering shake of his blonde hair, forcing images of mutilated purple dinosaurs from his brain. Minho always did have a certain way with words.

Minho just barked out a hollow laugh, falling back to lean his body against the kitchen counter. “Did Jisung see yet?” Chan decided on asking, partly because he’s simply curious, partly because he’s desperate to break the stifling silence now blanketing them.

A quick gloss of nerves flashed on Minho’s eyes, before returning to their normal dark, unreadable shimmer. “No…” Minho grumbled, “He’s still sleeping.” Chan didn’t miss the strangely hard gulp Minho pushed down his throat as he talked of his demon boyfriend.

A knowing gleam suddenly sparked in Chan’s jade eyes, easily putting two and two together. “You don’t want Jisung to know, do you.” His voice is now undeniably sly, a wicked smirk lighting up his lips as he watched Minho splutter at his abrupt observation.
“No! That’s...you’re right. I don’t.” Minho valiantly tried to prove Chan wrong, but broke almost instantly; meeting Chan’s expectant gaze with a small, sheepish smile of his own.

A sympathetic grin blossomed on Chan’s lips as he coolly stepped to lean against the counter, right next to Minho. “How come? He’d love the new color.” The vampire prodded as innocently as possible.

Minho’s head fell a little, chewing on his bottom lip as he considered his response. “You don’t know that...he could hate it.” Minho murmured, and Chan is sure his voice came out much more meek than Minho would’ve liked.

It’s Chan’s turn to roll his eyes this time. “Minho, I don’t think Jisung hates anything. Let alone something to do with you.”

The dark magician in question just let his shoulders raise in a meager shrug. He threw Chan one last smile—still teetering on the edge of vacant—before pushing himself off the counter, only to trudge out of the kitchen with his mop of purple hued hair hanging low.

“Babe, why are you wearing that hat inside?” Jisung inquired with a tilt of his head, puffy cheeks bunching as his lips pulled into a pout.

“Hm? What hat, sweetie.” Minho awkwardly responded, voice sounding as uneasy as the equally nervous gloss blanketing his eyes.

“Uh, that one?” Jisung quickly retorted, pointing a dainty finger at the black bucket hat perched on Minho’s head, obscuring not only his hair but half of his face in the process.

“Oh! That hat, why didn’t you say so.” Minho punctuated his stream of consciousness with a round of hollow laughter, clearly stalling the curious demon before him. “I don’t know, I just...felt like it?” He decided on, as convincing as ever.

The demon though, obviously isn’t buying Minho’s more than uncharacteristic behavior. Minho is
always, has always been sarcastic wit, dry humor as fast as a whip, and a slight edge of something a little darker. This Minho however? He’s awkward and sheepish, stumbling over his poorly chosen words like a drunkard clumsily meandering through the night.

Jisung sent his boyfriend a blank, unimpressed stare; Minho merely shrinking under the piercing, knowing gaze.

“Babe, what are you hiding from me?” The demon asked, simply. Minho willed an audible gulp down his throat, chomping on his bottom lip with enough force to draw blood.

Minho scrubbed a hand down his face, and with almost painful acceptance he realized he better be honest with Jisung. What’s the worst that could happen? The demon break up with Minho on the spot because his hair is a different color?

Yes, actually. Because that’s Minho’s greatest fear right now.

With nearly trembling hands, Minho screwed his eyes shut, bracing for impact as he removed the oversized bucket hat from his head. He heard a small gasp escape Jisung’s lips, and his heart plummeted to his toes.

“Oh my god,” He heard Jisung exclaim, and he swore his heart momentarily faltered in his chest. *This is it, Jisung is gonna break up with me because he obviously has some deep seated vendetta against the color purple. Good job, Minho.*

These are the thoughts running through the dark magician’s brain at a hundred miles an hour, painfully knocking around his skull like blindfolded crows.

“I love your new hair babe! When did you do it?!” It’s Jisung. He sounds excited; elated even. The tangible happiness in his voice is enough to rouse Minho from his mental anguish, hesitantly cracking open his eyes as he steeled himself.

But he didn’t need to, because his vision is instantly flooded with the sunshine that is Jisung’s smile, the impossibly deep warmth that radiates from his eyes. Minho felt dizzy.

His eyes started to blur from relief as he unceremoniously fell back in the chair he was so stiffly sat in prior, allowing his tense muscles to loosen into the cushions.
“Minho, are you alright?” Jisung prodded with visible confusion, padding over to sit on the arm of
the chair Minho is now splayed over. He poked his boyfriend’s cheek, effectively startling Minho
from his stupor.

“Y-yeah ‘Sungie, I’m fine. I just...was so scared you wouldn’t like the new color and you’d...break
up with me, or something.” Minho couldn’t stop his mouth from moving, couldn’t block his honest
feelings from releasing into the sunlit air.

Jisung just stared at him; eyes owlish and seeming bigger than the moon. And then he started to
laugh. And laugh, and laugh some more. The demon clutched at his sides as an endless symphony
of melodic laughter fell from his lips.

Jisung wiped a lone tear from where it prickled in the corner of his eye, sucking in a steadying
breath as he turned to face Minho again. “You really thought that?! What, you thought because
you have a new hair color I was gonna instantly run back to Hell?” Jisung virtually shrieked at
Minho, through the overpowering giggles still engulfing his petite form.

Sure, it sounds more than a little ridiculous when Jisung expertly parroted Minho’s fears right back
at him. So ridiculous in fact, that Minho finds it hard to believe those very thoughts even crossed
his mind. But if anything, his misplaced dread is simply a testament to how much he loves Jisung;
how he would do anything to make sure the demon would never be upset from his doing.

Minho shrugged, feeling fevered heat paint onto his cheeks. “Sorry I love you and don’t wanna do
anything stupid to ruin this.” He grumbled through a thick pout, gesturing vaguely to the two of
them before sinking even deeper into the plush armchair, wishing the cushions would just swallow
him whole already.

Jisung’s laughter ceased; replaced with an expression of slight surprise, before mellowing into a
loving gaze of overwhelming affection.

“I love you too, babe. And you getting a new hair color without telling me wouldn't change that,
you silly goose.” The demon softly observed with a roll of his eyes, darting down to place a sloppy
kiss on the tip of Minho’s nose. The dark magician’s features scrunched in mock disgust,
exaggeratedly wiping away the residual wetness left on his skin from the smooch.

“I love you so much, in fact,” Jisung suddenly announced, before screwing his eyes shut in
concentration. All his muscles visibly tensed, his diminutive hands forming tight fists against his
jeans. And then, right in front of Minho’s gaping eyes, Jisung’s hair color started to shift.

His previous shade, a surprisingly conservative brown, started to morph. It lightened, and then darkened again, shades of red and blue shimmering on his tresses before his locks settled on a tint: a dark, violet purple. The same as Minho’s.

“That we match now!” The demon excitedly exclaimed, raising his arms in an adorable display of success. Minho just did everything in his power to not let his jaw hit the floor, willing himself to blink. Jisung looks gorgeous.

Minho couldn’t help expressing his amazement at his boyfriend’s new look, showering the demon in endless compliments. The amethyst color works perfectly with Jisung’s olive skin, he noticed through his lovestruck daze. Minho belatedly realized even the demon’s irises are now the same violet hue, looking like the Milky Way descended to take residence in his eyes.

Jisung waved away the barrage of praise, content instead to pounce on Minho and pepper his face in velvety soft kisses.

They pressed their foreheads together, matching orchid tresses mingling and tickling their skin. Minho realized, with a jolt, that maybe he doesn’t mind the purple hair that much anymore.

Although, he owes his change in opinion to a certain demon; now curled up against his chest like a kitten.

A week later, slightly to Minho’s dismay, the violet shade finally washed out of his hair. It left his normal brown locks in its wake, and a small pang in his heart.

Next time his magical powers decide to mess with him, he’ll have to hope they at least chose a color he likes.

Like pastel pink.

Yeah, that wouldn’t be half bad.

Chapter End Notes
I think it’s obvious lol but Minho’s hair was based off the purple hair he had for like five minutes during side effects era! Also this is the bucket hat in question, if anyone’s curious.

ok opinion time: I’m starting to worry that this fic is becoming a bit of a burden to you guys? at 39 chapters, i feel this fic is starting to "drag on" (by that, i mean ppl might have lost interest and its becoming a chore as I keep posting every week). i might start posting twice a week rather than once, in order to quicken the end of the fic? Or are u guys happy with the current uploading schedule and maybe it’s *placebo voice* all up in my mind?

as a possible new uploading schedule, i can keep posting the usual chap on saturday, and then maybe add one on wednesday? it's an off day for me so i'll have time ^^ i think i'll try that out next week and see how u guys like it!

which means...*gasp* the next i might see u guys is on the upcoming international holiday AKA CHANS BIRTHDAY AKSJSJ BANG CHAN LOCKDOWN IS ALREADY ACTIVATED (y’all already KNOW i wrote a dedicated chan bday fic)

TLDR; i fear that this fic is becoming a “chore”/burden to you guys each week as the chapters continue, and i want to nip that in the bud asap! i can safely say i will not be writing any more chapters for this, so it is “finished”, but i have SO MANY chapters i have yet to post. i will try double uploading next week, but i don’t want 2 chaps a week to get overwhelming, since i think 1 chapt is already becoming a burden ;3; but it might be worth it to get this over quicker? So yes pls let me hear your opinions/thoughts!

until next time! i hope ur all preparing ur sacrifices and offerings for chan’s bday :)
The screen door of the house squeaked open, Chan easily slipping through to embrace the sticky summer air. The evening sky is painted a lovely shade of pink, melting into a fiery orange as the sun dipped below the horizon. The occasional firefly flickered in the dimming light, like a cluster of stars descending just for him—for them.

As Chan took a step onto the porch, the old wood creaked, alerting the figure seated on the stoop to his arrival.

“Hey, babe.” Woojin spoke softly, a serene smile on his lips as he turned to meet his boyfriend’s emerald eyes. Chan didn't reply, only mimicking the smile as he plopped down next to Woojin on the top step.

They sat in comfortable silence, shoulders pressed together lovingly. When you’ve been together as long as they have, you learn that there is just as much beauty in enjoying each other's absence of chatter just as much as the opposite. The crickets serenaded the couple, the nesting birds singing of love over the chorus of chirps.

“You know what today is, right ‘Woo?” Chan eventually mused, voice low and smooth as it flowed into the balmy summer air.

A breathy laugh escaped Woojin’s parted lips. “Of course, what do you take me for?” He replied lightheartedly, with an expression of faux offense. “What kind of boyfriend would I be if I forgot
“A not very good one, I suppose.” Chan countered, voice just as sly and playful. He pushed himself even closer to Woojin, snaking his arm around the older’s broad back to play with his hand.

“How many years has it been, again?” Woojin prodded, leaning his head of soft, black hair against Chan’s blonde one.

Chan’s loving smile only grew as he contemplated the question, his eyes greeting the pale, newly awakened stars as he pondered.

“74 years? Last I checked.” Each word is tinged with the love that surrounded the two in every one of those years.

“Wow, time flies, huh. I think I can officially say you’re stuck with me, Chan.” Woojin airily observed, his eyes twinkling in the diminishing sunlight. Yes, Chan and Woojin have been dating for a full 74 years. They stopped fully celebrating their anniversary around the 40 year mark, content to just let the day pass gently; a simple acknowledgement sufficient.

There’s just so many romantic dinners you can have when one half of you can only drink blood, only so many bouquets of flowers a nature spirit can receive.

“And I wouldn’t have it any other way, ‘Woo. Here’s to another 74 years?” Chan declared with an endearred gaze, holding out a pinky to Woojin. Knowingly, the nature spirit locked Chan’s digit with his own, a silent vow of the next decades to come.

Chan leaned over to place a soft kiss on Woojin’s cheek, a flush of heat blooming on the tanned skin in his wake. Silence engulfed the two thereafter, like a relaxing hug.

“Oh, that reminds me. I wanna give you something, babe.” Woojin’s silken voice successfully roused the pair from the contented silence. Chan tilted his head at the sudden proclamation, as it’s been a good few years since they last got each other anniversary presents. Also, Chan has nothing substantial prepared for Woojin, so a pinch of worry took residence next to the warm affection churning in his stomach.

Without another word Woojin leveled Chan with one last mischievous smile, before rising from the
top step. However, rather than retreating back into the house, he descended the rest of the steps before ultimately kneeling at his prized garden.

Once on his knee, Woojin held a strong hand over a patch of empty soil. Chan could only stare intently, eyes transfixed on his boyfriend’s figure. Woojin’s delicate fingers splayed and clenched as he methodically pushed down on thin air towards the soil, before placing his palm flat on the dirt.

With a soft gasp, Chan’s eyes widened as Woojin raised his hand from the earth; a fresh, beautiful red rose following his palm, growing tall and strong within mere seconds. Gently pulling the single vibrant rose from the soil, Woojin coolly strolled back to his waiting boyfriend.

Placing his free hand over his heart, Woojin bowed his head, holding the flower out to Chan. The burgundy petals looked as soft as velvet, as smooth as glass. Chan, still amazed at his boyfriend’s display, daintily took the long stem in his pale hands to cradle the rose to his chest like one would a child.

“Thank you, ‘Woo.” Chan whispered, palpable love staining each word. The sun is now fully below the horizon, the two boys sharing adoring gazes beneath the freshly risen constellations.

As his radiant green eyes met Woojin’s chestnut pair, Chan couldn’t contain himself anymore. Springing up from his spot on the stairs, he bounded down the porch, before flinging himself into Woojin’s arms.

The two held each other, impassioned in each other’s familiar embrace. The rose was still clutched in Chan’s hand, the flower now resting on Woojin’s back, the scarlet petals kissing its creator’s shoulder blades.

The silver moonlight bounced off Chan’s blonde hair, casting the vampire in an almost magical glow. They pulled away, just briefly, before their lips met as if attracted by magnets.

“Happy anniversary, Chan. I love you.” Woojin whispered to Chan and Chan alone once they pulled apart, the words a hushed secret to the raucous chorus of crickets and birds.

“I love you too, Woojin.” Their hands found each other’s in the summer night, the twinkling stars winking at the couple from their cosmic home.
74 years is a long time, but when you spend it with someone you love, it goes by in a blink. Chan doesn't know what the next 74 years will bring the two, but he knows that no matter what, they’ll be together.

Of that, he is certain.

Chapter End Notes

Me? Posting a not even overtly chan-centric chap for his bday? It’s more likely than u think!

Honestly tho i think we all could use some woojin-loving-chan content on our fave day of the year (Chan’s bday!!!!!!)

Also quick lil thing abt the schedule: SO i think i have some clarity on what I’m gonna do! I have a few chaps (~3) that I’m not too fond of, so i think for the next 3 weeks or so ill post a mediocre (imo) chap on Wednesday, and then a more dramatic (better) chap on saturday! After that, we will go back to the usual “one chap on saturday” schedule!

Get excited for Saturday’s chap guys...it is *drum roll* jeongin’s backstory!!! Also with an appearance of badass!woochan, and who doesn’t love that?

Finally: as i briefly mentioned in the last chap’s notes, i posted a dedicated chan bday fic!! It is literally just tooth rotting fluff of skz loving chan on his bday, so if u like that pls consider supporting me and checking it out [HERE](#)

As u can see i didnt go terribly off for Chan’s bday in the notes here, and thats uh bc i did that in the notes for my bday fic SO if u want to read “loving bang chan” in fic form and “loving bang chan” in ending note form then pls stop by my new fic and scream abt loving bang chan in the comments w me!!!!

Love u guys (and mr bang chan)<3 see u saturday! Have a fun chan day!
You never walk alone

Chapter Summary

Hear the sound,
The angels come screaming.
Down your voice,
I hear you've been bleeding.
Make your choice,
They say you've been pleading.
Someone save us.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was open mic night at Hoodie Season Cafe, and a certain grim reaper was nervously preparing to take the stage. Woojin put a comforting hand on Changbin’s stiff shoulder, rubbing gentle circles across the tense muscles.

“You sure you don't want any coffee, Chan? You never get a drink when you come by.” The familiar lilting voice of Youngjae roused Chan out of his idle daydream, the human sending him a petulant pout in turn.

“No thanks ‘Jae, you know it's too bitter for me.” Chan mused with a sympathetic smile at the older man, a friend of Minho and the owner of the cafe. Youngjae’s pout deepened as he set a steaming cup of green tea before Woojin, a large mug of hot cocoa in front of Jisung, and handed an iced americano to Minho.

“Tea?” Youngjae inquired with a puppy-like tilt of his head.

“Gross.” Chan quickly retorted with a breathy chuckle.

“Water?”
“Never really been a fan.” A light shrug pulled at his shoulders. He couldn't help the pang of guilt that rang through his chest, momentarily considering ordering something just for the sake of his friend. He would've, but he has too much respect for his pallet; all beverages besides blood taste like pure ash to Chan.

“I'll never get you, Chan.” Youngjae murmured with a good natured roll of his eyes, then turning his attention to Changbin. The reaper was silently going over the worn lyric sheet of his first self composed rap, his lips silently moving with practiced ease despite the anxious knot in his stomach.

It was a huge step out of the usually introverted reaper’s comfort zone to sign up for the weekly open mic night, let alone with a rap he wrote himself. So of course, the whole coven came out to support.

“You're up next, ‘Bin!’” Youngjae called to Changbin, jolting the reaper out of his trace before racing off to serve another table. Changbin didn't respond, merely sending him a quick nod of his head, lips pressed into a firm line as he slipped from their table and up to the stage.

“Break a leg ‘Binnie!’” Woojin and Chan yelled in tandem, throwing their friend a pair of matching thumbs up. The reaper let a small smile twitch onto his lips, a light blush heating up his cheeks as he averted his gaze from his friends. The smile instantly fell from his lips as Changbin’s eyes nervously darted across the packed cafe, pushing a trembling breath from his lungs.

Luckily for him, his coven members were sat right in front, his first line of defense against the gnarled claws of fear climbing up his stiff body. Changbin sent them a thankful glance, the group too engrossed in their own conversation to take notice. Changbin is so grateful to have them here tonight; he knows if he looks at them, he’ll be ok.

Chan couldn’t help feeling like a proud parent watching one of his children climb the first rung of their dreams as he wistfully observed Changbin shove his tattered lyric sheet into his jacket pocket. Changbin had been perfecting this rap for months, getting the rhymes and flow down to a scientific accuracy, so knowing all his hard work was about to come to fruition made a powerful warmth ignite in Chan’s perpetually chilled core.

“Babe! Mine’s too hot.” Jisung abruptly broke the sentimental mood with a whine and childlike pout, batting at Minho's side like a kitten.

“So? Just be patient.” Minho retorted with a roll of his eyes.
“But I’m impatient! Please help babe?” The demon continued to whine, leaning his head on Minho's shoulder as he leveled him with sparkling puppy dog eyes.

“Ugh, fine.” His boyfriend finally broke, gracefully moving his hands as surreptitious magical sparks ignited in the air above Jisung’s steaming mug. Before their eyes, a miniature cloud ascended above the hot cocoa, and a shrunken flurry of snow lazily drifted into the chocolatey liquid. Jisung’s eyes widened in amazement as he stared at the impossibly small cloud bobbing in the air above his drink, the tiny snowflakes glinting like miniature diamonds in the dim cafe light.

“Try it now.” Minho whispered to Jisung as the current singer finished his set, meaning it was time for Changbin to show his stuff.

The snow cloud quickly vanished into unassuming steam, while Jisung took a dainty sip of the thick beverage. “Perfect!” Jisung exclaimed with a huge smile, leaning over to leave a peck on Minho's cheek. Minho sent a silent thank you to the lighting director, as the dimmed lights hid his pink blush from the other cafe patrons.

“Our next performer is Seo Changbin, who will be rapping an original for us. Give it up!” Youngjae announced at the mic, gesturing for Changbin to ascend the stage.

Chan could almost feel the coven hold their collective breath as the reaper gracefully walked up to the mic, grasping it in his pale hand and clearing his throat. Changbin closed his eyes, reopening them with a newfound confidence shining in his dark irises. He sent the coven a last glance, translating as I’m ok, let’s do this.

The entire cafe was plunged into silence. Changbin sucked in a breath, pushing out a sharp exhale of finality. The first words exploded in the air like fireworks.

The entire cafe erupted into a raucous ovation, cheers and whoops peppering the wild waves of applause. A pound of tangible emotion reverberated between Chan’s ribs as he gazed at Changbin, a huge smile now on the reaper’s lips as he took in the overwhelming response to his first rap; an angsty, hard hitting number about his personal struggles called “If”.

The reaper rubbed at the back of his neck as Jisung let out a particularly loud cheer, turning to the couple behind him and excitedly announcing: “That’s one of my best friends!”
Woojin placed his hand on Chan’s, squeezing and intertwining their fingers as the pair met with equally proud smiles.

The cheers eventually died down to a mellow din as Changbin descended the stage while the next act took his place. He was met with a plethora of compliments and praise from his coven members, yet none of them were surprised at the incredible job their friend did. Changbin waved away their incessant adoration, as humble as always. “Thanks, guys.” He mumbled through his sheepish smile, his full cheeks bunching with joy as his skin flushed a pretty shade of pink once again.

They ordered another round of coffee to celebrate Changbin’s more than successful first performance. Once the steaming mugs were set before their respective owners, Chan couldn’t help the way his lips jutted into a firm line; he felt just slightly left out. And thirsty. More thirsty than left out, actually.

“Hey, seeing you guys drink all night made me hungry. I’m gonna head out to the woods and see if I can hunt down some squirrels.” Chan announced with a cheeky grin, his emerald eyes glimmering with mischief. Chan refuses to feed from live humans, and he’s too far from their house to go back just for a frosty blood bag. While Chan readily prefers human blood to that of animals, the blood of living critters is a happy middle ground to that of stagnant human blood.

“Ah, the humble squirrel. Nature’s blood bags.” Minho mused with a sagely nod of his head, sending Chan a knowing wink.

Chan barked out a laugh, secretly praying none of the other patrons were privy to their conversation right about now. “Anyways, I’ll meet you guys back here later.” Chan said with an easy sigh, placing a small kiss on Woojin’s lips before rising from their cozy table.

“Ew, that’s nasty.” Jisung mumbled with a scowl of mock repulsion, shielding his eyes as if he their kiss would turn him to stone.

“Jisung, remember that conversation we had about you acting your age?” Woojin asserted with a fatherly stare at their demon friend, unable to stop the smile that bloomed on his lips soon after.

“Well, I’m technically acting my age. Since I’m 1,500, I just ignore the zeros!” The demon declared with a bout of bright laughter, eliciting giggles from his boyfriend at his antics.
The group couldn’t help the chorus of mingling laughter that wafted from their table into the cafe, becoming the new soundtrack in the cozy shop.

Chan excused himself, placing a final loving pat on Changbin’s back. Taking one last look back at his members, he and Woojin’s eyes met as if pulled by magnets. He sent his boyfriend an enamoured smile, the nature spirit gladly returning the gesture as he whispered “I'll meet you in the woods soon.”

No one else in the cafe heard the mumbled words. Chan of course, heard every word loud and clear.

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The cool, misty air of the small woods outside of town embraced Chan’s broad shoulders, pecking his cheeks with dewdrops as the last waking birds sang him goodnight.

The forest to most would be relatively silent; the only ambience being the final chirps of the birds and the droning song of the crickets. But to Chan, it is a veritable symphony. The rustling of the leaves in the wind, the low croaks of frogs and the dull heartbeat of the critters that call the woods home echoed in his ears.

He was about to pounce on an unsuspecting squirrel on the trunk of a maple tree when a new sound assaulted his superhuman ears. And it definitely wasn’t something as mundane as a hopping chipmunk or frolicking deer.

No, what Chan heard was running. The unmissable patter of human feet racing through the bed of fallen leaves.

That’s certainly not normal, Chan thought to himself as a frown twitched onto his lips, putting his dull pangs of hunger to the back of his mind as he tracked down the source of the footsteps like a heat seeking missile.

It didn’t take much to find said source, as before Chan knew it a young boy virtually threw himself into Chan’s arms, his eyes wide with unadulterated terror.

“Run, run! He’s coming—w-wait, you’re not from my pack.” The boy quickly warned Chan,
before realization crossed his horrified features as he extracted himself from Chan’s embrace. He was undoubtedly young, too young to be alone in the forest. But then a specific word rang in Chan’s ears; did this kid say pack?

“No, I’m not. Are you a werewolf?” Chan inquired as gently as possible as he placed a comforting hand on the clearly terrified boy’s petite shoulder, steadying his wobbling form. He was vaguely aware of a pack of werewolves making their home in the forests surrounding their town, so he couldn’t see any other explanation for a kid alone in the forest talking about a pack.

The boy rapidly nodded his head, as he blinked away a newly formed line of tears at his sharp eyes. “Y-yeah. But you need to run, there’s a hunter in the woods trying to kill my pack. I’m the runt and I’m not very fast so I got separated from them, and now I-I don’t know what to do.” The kid explained to Chan, wringing his dainty hands together as the words messily tumbled from his lips.

Chan’s breath hitched in his throat. A hunter. It’s been decades since Chan last had a run in with a monster hunter, as they usually target more animalistic creatures. Like werewolves. Chan tightened his grip on the poor wolf’s trembling shoulder, his lips pressing into a firm line as he felt his muscles ignite with primal power. He would be damned if he let some cocky hunter hurt this helpless kid, of that he was certain.

“We've never hurt anyone! We just stay in the woods, why does he want to kill us?!” The frantic werewolf’s stream of consciousness bombarded Chan, his desperate pleas echoing throughout the trees. Chan wasn't exactly sure how to properly answer.

“I...I don't know, kid. He’s just one bad human, ok? I don't want you to think all humans are terrible, because that's simple untrue. He just happens to be the type of human who fears what he doesn't understand, who wants to take revenge on those who possess more power than him, yet don't abuse it. He assumes you are monsters because he doesn't care enough to change his perception.” Chan found himself rambling longer than he'd expected, shaking his head lightly to get his mind back on track. The distraught wolf boy merely met him with a silent, wide-eyed stare at Chan’s rant, his large eyes reflecting the sliver of moon in the sky.

“And don’t worry about that hunter. I’m a vampire, so I’ll make sure nothing happens to you.” Chan continued, as cautiously as possible, well aware that werewolves were not the fondest of vampires.

Shock twisted onto the boy’s already horrified expression, his quivering lips flying open as his eyes bored into Chan. “Y-you are?” He murmured, pushing a pad of saliva down his throat.
Chan nodded, rubbing comforting circles into the wolf’s tight muscles. “I’ll protect you. What’s your name? I’m Chan.”

The werewolf sniffled, bringing up a small fist to rub the residual tears from his eyes. “My name is Jeongin. Thank you for helping me, Chan.”

Chan was about to respond, when the telltale pounding of a human heart assaulted his ears. It’s undaubably the hunter. And if the powerful footsteps he sensed against the forest floor meant anything, he’s close.

“The hunter is coming, quick, run and hide behind one of those tree trunks. Don’t move. I’ll come get you later, ok?” Chan carefully directed the trembling werewolf, Jeongin nodding at the order as a new round of glossy tears blanketed his eyes.

Without another word, he sent Chan one final look of apprehension before scampering deeper into the forest and skidding behind the trunk of a huge oak.

As if on cue, heavy footsteps crackled and crunched the freshly fallen leaves behind Chan.

Chan innocently turned around, despite the rapid racing of the werewolf’s heart still a low din in his ears. He was met by eyes as dark as the velvety night sky above them, and as cold and hard as the bark of the ancient trees surrounding them.

“Lovely night for a stroll, hm?” Chan mused with feigned naivety as his jade eyes met those of the hunter. He was a man not much older than Woojin appeared, with a strong jawline and ruffled jet black hair. He wore a black leather jacket and brown leather pants; fresh splotches of sanguine blood covered his arms, clawed scratches torn into the fabric, exposing his skin underneath. But what caught Chan’s attention the most was a glinting object holstered at his waist. A silver gun. Undoubtedly loaded with deadly silver bullets.

The hunter stared at Chan with an unreadable expression. “Who are you?” He grumbled, tone overtly threatening.

“Name’s Chan. Who might you be?” The vampire spoke evenly, not taking the hunter’s bait and keeping his expression as innocent as possible.
“Im Jaebum. I’m a hunter.” He responded after a few seconds of silence, as if pondering the repercussions of telling Chan his name.

“You’re not one of them, are you.” He growled lowly at Chan after another eternity of rigid silence.

A light chuckle fell from Chan’s lips as he stared down the hunter. “Nope. But I might as well be, because I’m not gonna let you lay a finger on any of those wolves.”

A malicious grin pulled onto the hunter’s full lips, an equally vicious gleam in his dark eyes. “Don’t need fingers when I have silver bullets.”

Chan couldn’t help how his fangs unconsciously grew at that comment, the two razor sharp canines itching to dismember the human.

“But I wouldn’t worry about that anymore. I killed all of them already, easily. Except one, the runt. I suggest you let me put him out of his misery. He’s weak and useless anyways, I’d be doing him a favor by offing him.” Jaebum mused with a sick laugh of his own, his teeth shining in the moonlight.

It felt like something broke inside Chan at that admission. Like something snapped, like he awoke from a deep slumber. His powers were fully running through his frozen veins, fire was seeping into his archaic bones. The pitter patter of Jeongin’s heart finally faded from his ears, so Chan could only pray the werewolf was fully out of earshot, that he was unaware of Jaebum’s admittance.

“Big mistake.” Chan observed simply, his quiet voice hiding the incomprehensible power taking root in his chest. Chan’s emerald eyes started to glow in the darkness, and the vampire could virtually feel the breath hitching in Jaebum’s throat. The hunter jumped, eyes flying open as his hand shot to his holstered gun.

“W-what are you?” He mumbled through a heavy gulp, pointing his gun directly at Chan.

Chan didn’t dignify him with a response. Instead, he leveled him with a wicked grin, his two fangs greeting the hunter.
Realization crossed Jaebum’s features, his expression hardening once again as he steadied his hand. And then he pulled the trigger.

The silver bullet exploded from the gun, flying towards Chan with deadly accuracy.

Without taking his intense gaze off the hunter, Chan threw up a pale hand, effortlessly catching the bullet as if it were nothing but a tossed ball. Through his supernatural vision, the speeding bullet lazily soared towards Chan like a child’s paper airplane. It might as well have been, with how Chan instantly plucked the bullet right out of the air without even a blink.

The hunter spluttered in dismay as Chan let out a breathy chuckle, examining the bullet held delicately between his fingers. “Hm, you’d think any self respecting hunter without a death wish would know silver bullets are useless against vampires.” Chan remarked with a nonchalant shrug, flicking the bullet off into the dense foliage of the forest.

Jaebum let another bellowing growl rumble from his chest, his lips curling in a snarl as he reloaded his gun. He held it up to fire again, but this time Chan didn’t even need to lift a finger to halt the bullet.

The very soil beneath their feet started to quake, puffs of dust rising like crashing waves from the usually stoic ground. Before Jaebum could react, the roots of the huge trees around them came to life, shooting at lightning speed to wrap around his ankles, holding him in place like wooden shackles. The roots crept around him like chains, ensuring he would not move another inch. Thick branches shook, flying down to knock the gun right from his hand, the weapon subsequently flying into some unknown corner of the woods.

Jaebum struggled against the snake-like roots bounding his ankles, but it was no use; the human’s legs might as well have been turned to stone.

A knowing smirk lit up Chan’s expression, not taking his eyes off the now seething hunter, still valiantly trying to free himself from his living prison. “As always babe, your timing is impeccable.”

“I had a feeling you would get yourself into trouble, Channie.” The familiar, soothing voice of Woojin resounded from behind him, the nature spirit casually taking a spot next to Chan. The couple shared matching expressions of confidence, of control. Woojin sent Chan a devilish wink, and Chan’s growing grin in response bounced moonlight off his fangs.
Their attention was then roused by the rageful growls and grunts of Jaebum, trying to wrench the roots off his ankles. Woojin rolled his eyes, clearly unimpressed.

“There’s a werewolf hiding in the forest, his name is Jeongin. Go find him and make sure he’s ok, I’ll meet up with you after I finish this.” Chan whispered to Woojin, his emerald eyes still glued to the writhing hunter. Woojin nodded, turning on his heel and jogging into the woods to try and collect Jeongin.

It was now just the two of them in their wooded arena: Jaebum ensnared in Woojin’s trap of timber, while Chan nonchalantly stood before him unencumbered, arms crossed and luminant eyes deadly as the forgotten pangs of hunger reignited in his stomach. That’s right; Chan did originally come into the forest for some food. Looks like the squirrels got lucky that night.

The poor, unsuspecting hunter didn’t even notice Chan stalking up to him, creeping through the misty air like he was the very night personified. Chan realized with a wicked smirk that he’s not just hungry anymore, he’s starving. Chan ran his tongue over his fangs, tingling fire releasing into his veins as his predatory stare locked onto his target.

The human’s eyes shot up from where he was still engrossed with trying to claw his way out of the roots snaked around his ankles, eyes wide and full of fear. Chan couldn’t help the devilish grin that bloomed on his pale lips, his fangs poking into the flesh as his hooded eyes bored into Jaebum.

Chan hasn’t killed a human in too many decades to count, renouncing that facet of vampiric culture ages ago. But he can make an exception; Jaebum killed Jeongin’s family. He bragged about murdering the kid’s pack, and made the helpless boy his next target. As far as Chan’s concerned, he’s no human. In fact, Jaebum is the real monster, the one who deserves to be erased off the face of the planet.

“W-what are you doing?! Get away, you beast.” Jaebum snarled at Chan, swatting at the vampire. Chan cocked an unimpressed eyebrow at that pathetic display.

“If I’m a beast, I don’t even want to know what you are.” Chan mused with a quirk of his lips, putting his fangs on full display once again. Jaebum was about to open his mouth, no doubt to protest the accusation, but Chan’s hunger has official taken over. That, and he’s had enough of hearing the human’s incessant voice.

Faster than the blink of an eye, Chan shot up a pale hand to Jaebum’s throat, effectively halting the
stream of words about to fall from his lips. The human’s eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head, the horror and terror almost tangible. Chan felt no sympathy. The image of Jeongin flashed behind his eyes, each vision of the terrified young boy—now an orphan—causing a new round of venomous rage to mingle with the overpowering hunger in his core.

Chan threw the human one last look of disgust, licking his fangs in anticipation.

And with that, a final choked gasp escaped the human’s throat. Blood flowed into Chan’s fangs, dancing on his tongue and igniting a tingling prickle across his skin.

Jaebum’s skin went cold, his eyes rolled back in his head. Chan let the human’s body fall to the ground like a stone. He licked some residual blood off the corner of his lips, reveling in the sweetness of the thick sanguine fluid.

A lone squirrel eyed Chan suspiciously from where it was perched on a nearby tree branch. Chan sent the critter a knowing smirk. “Yeah, you got off easy tonight, huh.”

The small bell above the door to the cafe sounded its telltale chime, all eyes flying to the trio now standing in the doorway.

The coffee shop was totally empty, save for Minho, Jisung and Changbin, who were nursing their umpteenth drinks with an exhausted Youngjae at their table.

They all wore matching shocked expressions, eyes agape and mouths hanging open as they took in the lithe boy nestled in between Chan and Woojin. Jeongin anxiously twiddled his thumbs, unable to meet the expectant gazes of the mysterious boys staring at him.

“Jae, can you get him a glass of water, please?” Chan finally requested, jolting the other boys out of their trance-like stare at Jeongin. Shaking his head to reignite his brain, Youngjae sent Chan a quick nod before scampering off to the bar to get Jeongin some much needed water.

“So, who is this?” Jisung eventually asked as casually as possible, once Woojin and Chan brought a still shellshocked Jeongin over to their table. The small werewolf took some grateful gulps of the ice water placed before him, as if cueing Chan to explain the situation in his place.
Minho and Changbin sent each other confused glances, their eyebrows furrowed as they examined the gaunt, terrorsticken boy plastered against Chan and Woojin like his life depended on it. Jisung, as oblivious to the gravity of certain situations as ever, merely sent the uneasy boy a bright grin, his warm eyes sparkling with excitement at the proposition of a new friend.

“This is Jeongin, he’s a werewolf we helped out of some trouble in the woods.” Woojin revealed with a soft smile sent towards the diminutive wolf, the petite boy seemingly shrinking in on himself as he sunk even closer to the two older boys.

“A werewolf? Aren’t they supposed to live in packs?” Changbin asked with a puppy-like tilt of his head, his full lips jutting into a pout. Chan winced as the word “pack” hit the stifling air. Chan and Woojin hoped this wouldn’t come up, the couple meeting each other with matching frowns downturning their lips.

Chan felt how the mention of his pack made Jeongin instantly freeze, his muscles petrifying as his heart started to pound against his ribs. The vampire warped a strong arm around his shoulders, praying the gesture would marginally loosen Jeongin’s tightly wound nerves.

They were plunged back into deadly silence, the other coven members not taking their expectant stares off Jeongin. Chan was about to try to give as much of a censored account of what happened as he could, but he was beaten to the punch.

“They’re dead. They were killed by a hunter.”

It was Jeongin; his voice broken beyond repair and barely a whisper above the quiet jazz flowing from the cafe’s speakers. But Chan knew they all heard, if the way all their expressions immediately fell, morphed and metamorphosed into ones of horrified understanding meant anything.

Chan didn’t know how Jeongin found out about the murder of his pack members. Perhaps he did manage to hear Jaebum’s proud declaration of their demise, maybe we saw things in the woods he didn’t want to mention, maybe he simply put two and two together.

All their eyes fell to their hands, either frozen solid or wringing together with newfound nervous energy.
“I’m so sorry.” Jisung mumbled through his lips pressed into a firm line, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he pushed a heavy gulp down his throat. Jeongin didn’t answer; taking a small sip from his glass of rapidly melting ice water instead.

“Jeongin, we’re your pack now.” Chan asserted after they were forced into another bout of pregnant silence, puffing out his chest and straightening his broad shoulders.

Jeongin’s heavy, tear stained eyes flew open at this, his meager sip of water catching in his throat. “W-what…?” He muttered in disbelief.

“We’re your pack now. We all live together in a coven, since all of us are supernatural creatures. While you’d be the first werewolf, that doesn’t mean we can’t be your new pack, right?” Chan spoke softly to Jeongin, leaning in so the gentle words fanned against his damp hair.

Jeongin’s sharp eyes blinked rapidly, clearly still trying to comprehend Chan’s proposition through the bramble of residual fear and sorrow that engulfed his mind.

The other members all nodded eagerly in accordance with their leader’s offer, gloomy eyes brightening with hope.

Jeongin slipped one hand into Chan’s hand, and one into Woojin’s, squeezing with enough power to break their bones.

He sent both of them an expression of incredulous gratitude, as if he were simply dreaming and at any moment reality would be snatched from him. A new layer of tears rushed onto his waterline, threatening to spill onto his cheekbones like a broken dam. But this time the gloss of tears were not from emotions of unbearable grief, of the terror that accompanies running for your life. No, these were tears of joy. Well, as much detached joy as Jeongin was capable of feeling at the moment.

“I would love to be in your pack.” The wolf boy ultimately responded to the countless eyes awaiting his answer, his permanently downturned lips twitching up into a miniscule smile.

“Minho,” Chan whispered to the dark magician, the aforementioned boy distractedly scrolling through his phone after the group sufficiently celebrated Jeongin’s decision to join their weird little family. Minho hummed in response, not taking his eyes off the artificial light bathing his sculpted features.
“Can you help us with something later? In the woods?” The vampire continued to murmur, making sure his voice was inaudible over the bright chatter of Jisung rambling to Jeongin.

“What kinda help, hyungie.” Minho teased, a smirk lighting up his lips as he continued to absentmindedly scroll through his phone. Chan swears he saw orange tabby cats reflected in Minho’s eyes from his phone screen, but he’ll have to ignore that for now.

How should Chan put this, exactly.

“Do you have magic that can get rid of...a human body?” Chan spoke through gritted teeth, eyes darting about to make sure Youngjae was out of earshot.

That question at least made Minho’s thumb stop scrolling over his phone screen. It didn’t last long however, as Minho’s smirk grew even bigger on his lips before he continued to idly swipe across the screen.

“Of course, Channie. I thought you’d never ask.” Minho lightly cooed, a sickly sweet glimmer in his eyes as he met Chan’s gaze; he obviously knows what, or who Chan was alluding to.

Well, that takes care of that then. Chan supposes Minho isn’t called a dark magician for nothing.

The crescent moon sent streams of silver through the lace curtains of the cafe, illuminating the six boys sat neatly at the table. Content to leave the boys in their own world, Youngjae took lazy steps to flip the wooden sign on the door to closed. The smooth jazz flowing from the speakers ceased, leaving a newfound comfortable silence in its wake.

Jeongin met each of their enamoured gazes, as feelings he never expected to re-encounter bubbled up in his tummy, warming up his core and encompassing his heart.

It was safety. It was comfort, and peace.

Jeongin then realized with a particularly light beat of his heart; it was love.
Poor Jeongin :( he's been through it and sadly there is much more jeongin angst to come lol,,,,

Also to my Jus2 stans I’m so sorry for killing off yugyeom and then jb ashssjfc yug is my got7 bias i swear i don’t hate them!! and I promise no more g7 members will be killed by chan...the Merderer he is (See? Youngjae is fine!)

Aight see u guys next timeeee love u muah let me know how you felt about this one! Did ya like it? Let me know~
A potato flew around the room before you came

Chapter Summary

I love you bitch!

I ain't never gonna stop loving you....bitch!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jisung’s head of auburn hair fell onto Minho’s shoulder, his puffy cheek squishing against the skin of his boyfriend. The curtains of the living room windows are wide open, letting copious amounts of sunlight flood into the room, bathing its inhabitants in peaceful warmth.

“Damn, they are so cute. I would totally boat them.” Jisung whispered to Minho, his eyes locked on the forms of Changbin and Felix, the love-struck couple cuddling on the carpet in a particularly sunny spot under the window. Like two house cats—one pure onyx, one heavenly white. Yin and Yang, a long lost sock that finally found its matching counterpart.

Ok, Changbin is a very intimidating sock, but the sentiment still holds.

Minho just hummed in agreement, his eyes lazily landing on the cute couple at Jisung’s words. Changbin is splayed across their area rug, his firm muscles a veritable bean-bag for his boyfriend; Felix’s head is nestled comfortably on Changbin’s tummy, his head of golden locks a ruffled crown of starlight tresses.

A Chang- bean bag, if you will.

Their hands are intertwined, in spite of their arms’ positions that teetered on awkward and vaguely contorted. The two didn’t seem to mind. In fact, if Minho squints he’s sure he’d be able to pick out the fevered blushes painting the skin of their cheeks, diffused from the pillars of sunlight kissing the skin; Changbin’s a delicate crimson, Felix’s verging on dusty rose.

The whole coven was overjoyed at the announcement of Felix and Changbin finally getting together, but Minho was a little more euphoric at the news, as he’d known first hand the anguish Changbin was going through from the unknown feelings of his crush. Minho didn’t miss the new carefree attitude the reaper has adopted since becoming official with the human; how his once
slumped shoulders are now held high and strong, and his lips are stretched in an almost perpetual
smile. Even his dark eyes now harbor a newfound glimmer, like Felix is the match that ignited the
sparklers in his irises.

But then Jisung’s words actually sunk into Minho’s ears, and his brows furrowed, scrunching the
skin on his forehead. “Wait, you’d what?” He asked the demon in confusion.

Jisung just looked at his boyfriend with wide, sparkling eyes, his rusty hued locks falling over his
delicate features. “You know, humans say that when they think a couple is cute. That they’d put
them in a boat?”

Minho cocked his head at his boyfriend, eyebrows still knitted in confusion. Put them in a boat?
Like…a love boat? A pleasure cruise? What on earth is Jisung talking about?

Then, realization washed over his features, and soft chuckles flowed from his lips. Confusion left
as soon as it arrived. “You mean you ship them, ‘Sungie. It’s called a ship.” He spoke gently,
despite the bouts of laughter racking his body.

A deep flush not too far from the shade of Jisung’s hair colored the demon’s cheeks, a small giggle
tumbling from his own lips as he sheepishly rubbed at the back of his neck. “O-oh, yeah, that. You
know I’m bad at learning human slang.”

Minho just shook his head of chocolate brown hair, and with a good natured roll of his eyes he
placed a chaste kiss on one of Jisung’s full cheeks. “It’s ok, sweetie. You’re doing a great job.” He
spoke through a bright, enamoured smile, throwing an arm around Jisung petite frame and pressing
the demon flush against his side.

The demon met him with gleaming eyes full of love, snuggling up even closer to his boyfriend.
“Yeet?” He whispered, an expectant smile stretching onto his lips.

Minho barked out a laugh at his boyfriend’s antics, his heart feeling full to bursting with affection
for the demon. “Yes, Jisung. Yeet.” He cooed through countless rounds of airy chuckles, the
realization that Jisung might be getting a little too influenced by Felix’s lingo popping into the back
of his mind. But he couldn’t care less about the new additions to the demon’s vocabulary, the
hours of laughter it brings well worth the almost painful misuses of the words.

“Hey, Felix!” Jisung suddenly called to the human, who up until now was still quite literally
wrapped up with Changbin on the floor.

At the mention of his name, the blonde-haired human poked his head from where he was laying it on Changbin’s tummy, eyes wide and expectant at the demon. The rays of noon sunlight flowed through Felix’s dyed hair, and each individual strand seemed to radiate heated light from the inside out. Like a tiara forged by the sun god Helios was placed upon his head.

Jisung, of course, didn’t miss a beat. When does he ever?

“Let’s get this bread!” The demon then yelled out to the human triumphantly, throwing up a proud thumbs up; gesturing towards Minho, and then hooking his thumb over to Changbin with a sly wiggle of his eyebrows.

The human just leveled the demon with a perplexed look, before a smile broke onto his lips. He merely mimicked the dainty thumbs up right back at the demon, and threw him a playful wink before silently returning to lay his head on Changbin’s tummy.

Yet another tick on the already filled-to-bursting box labeled “Jisung really has no idea how human slang works”. Minho supposes Hell doesn’t have its own dialect of memes—maybe the proposition of being sent there for all eternity isn’t as bad as it sounds.

Changbin is either asleep and missed the entire conversation, or is pretending to be lost in slumber; his softly closed eyes a playful farce. The minuscule smile pulling onto his lips made Minho think, with a small chuckle, that it’s the latter.

Chapter End Notes

this chap is so dumb im so sorry for making u read this bs

anyways i did some Calculations and i think this will be the last wednesday chapter ^^ after this, we will return to one chap once a week on saturday!

this week is gonna be so busy for me w fics akskskdj im working on a new woochan project that i’m so so so excited about that i will be posting on friday (i'll link it in the chap notes for sat's chap!), AND also on saturday i'll be posting part two of the seungjin fluffy college au i posted a few weeks ago!! quite a few of u guys read that (thank u!!) so i hope part 2 doesn't disappoint ><

love you guys <3 pls stream double knot :( i heard the voice of jesus say: I CAN GO WHEREVER I WANT GO GO
O Death, won’t you spare me over another year

Chapter Summary

Surprise guest?

Surprise guest!

Chapter Notes

Oh boy, were gonna meet another got7 member character!

I wonder who it could be?!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Oh, Felix! Come here, I have some exciting news!” Changbin eagerly exclaimed at the first sight of his boyfriend, who just entered the living room after getting out of the shower. The human is wearing a fresh pair of pajamas, pastel pink and printed with cartoon kitty cats.

“What’s up ‘Bin?” Felix asked, bounding over to Changbin with a wide smile at the reaper’s uncharacteristically excited demeanor.

“Death is gonna come by today!” The reaper joyfully announced, bouncing in place with palpable euphoria.

“Oh, ok—wait, what?!” Felix virtually shrieked at his boyfriend’s declaration, his lips falling open in confusion. Did he say Death?!

“Yeah! Remember how I was talking to you about him on our date? He texted me this morning about how much he missed me, so I suggested he come over so I can finally introduce you two!” Changbin happily explained to a still dumbstruck Felix, the human’s eyebrows scrunched together and eyes agape at the sheer casualness of his boyfriend talking about death itself.

And how...apparently he’s gonna... come over? To their house? To meet Felix?!
“You-you were texting Death?” Felix mumbled, numbly. Changbin nodded eagerly, shoving his phone into Felix’s face, the human’s eyes now seeing his most recent text conversation; a contact simply named “Death” with a skull emoji.

Yup, he was texting Death.

“A-and you want him to meet me?” Felix forced through the fifty pound lump in his throat, as his heart started to race in his chest at the proposition of meeting Changbin’s friend. Call him crazy, but meeting the physical incarnation of death isn’t high on his bucket list.

“Of course! Why wouldn’t I want to introduce him to the love of my life?” Changbin cooed, bending forward to place a soft kiss on Felix’s forehead, still damp from his shower. The reaper seems almost painfully ignorant to the incredulity almost radiating out of his human boyfriend.

Felix couldn’t stop the blush that painted his cheeks at that particular exclamation, before shaking his head back to reality. “That’s sweet babe, but this is Death we’re talking about here. It’s kinda scary to think about...meeting death itself, you know.” Felix commented with a hollow laugh, pushing his stringy hair back and worrying his bottom lip in his teeth.

Changbin rolled his eyes playfully at his boyfriend, an enamoured gleam lighting up his dark eyes. “Don’t worry, ‘Lix! You’ll love him, I swear.” The reaper tried to placate his clearly dumbfounded boyfriend, placing a hand on Felix’s cheek to gently stroke his velvety soft skin.

But before Felix could react, there was a loud round of knocking at the front door. Felix’s heart plummeted to his toes.

“Oh! He’s here!” Changbin animatedly announced, a huge grin breaking out on his lips as he all but skipped to the front door.

Felix sputtered in place, throwing a hand to his forehead as his wide eyes shot down to his legs; still donning his pastel kitty pajama pants. “Wait! Can’t I at least change clothes?!” Felix desperately called to his boyfriend, already poised with his hand on the doorknob.

“Nope! Don’t worry about it babe, they’re adorable!” Changbin playfully replied back to Felix with a devilish wink, a bright red flush now coloring his boyfriend’s freckled skin. And with that, Changbin threw the door open, leaving Felix to helplessly stare at the imposing figure standing neatly in the doorway. His pink cat pajamas never felt so oppressively heavy on his skin.
“Changbin!” A deep, gravelly timbre loudly exclaimed, strong arms coming to engulf the reaper in a powerful embrace. Well, if Felix had to imagine how Death would sound, that’s not too far off what he’d guess.

Changbin hugged the taller man back, despite the stranger virtually towering over him in height and stature. Pulling back, Changbin motioned for him to enter, thus giving Felix his first good look at Death.

And when Felix’s eyes met the man Changbin just released from his grasp, he had to stop his jaw from hitting the floor.

Oh, he numbly thought to himself, Death is kinda hot.

He appears to be a man in his late 20s, with beautifully angled features and sculpted brows equally as sharp. He wore a Changbin-esque leather jacket, with a simple white t-shirt underneath. A silver necklace hung down onto his chest, a small pendant in the shape of a scythe glinting in the sunlight. Indigo ripped jeans hugged his lean legs, his slick black locks pushed off his forehead with a cap.

Death is wearing a snapback. Backwards.

“You must be Felix! Changbin has told me so much about you!” Death excitedly announced, a bright smile breaking onto his pink lips as he took powerful strides up to Felix. The human couldn’t stop himself from shrinking back under Death’s imposing figure strolling up to him, a clearly overjoyed Changbin following behind him like an overactive puppy.

“Y-yeah, I’m Felix alright.” The human uneasily muttered through his lopsided smile, forcing a clammy hand out to the imposing figure of Death now standing before him.

“Oh, I would love to shake your hand, but I can’t. If I touch you, you’d literally die.” Death stated with a lazy smile of his own, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly. The sheer volume of casualness in his words almost numbed Felix to what he truly said; he might as well have told Felix he accidentally forgot his house warming gift for the couple, not that his touch would literally kill Felix instantly.

“R-really?” Felix couldn’t help but ask, blinking his wide eyes in disbelief. He forced a gulp down
his impossibly dry throat.

“Sure! Watch this.” Death nonchalantly announced, taking languid steps up to the bouquets of roses grown by Woojin that innocently sat in a vase on the dining room table. Reaching out a large hand, Death lightly touched one of the velveteen roses neatly placed in the vase. Before their eyes, the petal under his touch instantly withered and browned, spreading through each and every one until the once vibrant rose is left a dried, brittle husk alongside its still healthy brethren.

Felix’s jaw dropped open at that display, his heart jumpstarting in his chest. “We can’t let Woojin know about that.” Felix dazedly mumbled to Changbin, who is now stood at his boyfriend’s side. The reaper nodded in agreement, his expression pulled into a wince at the state of the prized rose, now reduced to a crumbling, dull ghost of its former glory.

Changbin is already planning on how best to destroy the evidence of the wilted rose before Woojin could find out about its demise. Not even Death himself would stand a chance against the nature spirit’s wrath.

Death just met them with a wide, innocent smile. His dark eyes sparkled with playful mischief, clearly full of pride at his display of power.

“Well,” Changbin piped up with as he cleared his throat, “I’ll make us some drinks. Let’s catch up, yeah?”

Death happily agreed.

Death sipped his glass of pink lemonade daintily, before setting the icy glass back onto the coffee table in the living room.

“So ‘Bin, how’s the retired life treating you?” Death asked the reaper, who is sat flush against an uneasy Felix on the sofa. Despite the sickening knot churning in Felix’s tummy, the familiar weight of Changbin’s muscular body pressed up to his brought pulsing waves of comfort to the clearly unsettled human.

Maybe Felix is just slightly overreacting, but the fact that the personification of Death is neatly sat
less than a foot before him didn’t help slow the rapid pounding of heart. He should be used to this by now, after living in the coven for so long. His boyfriend’s best friend is Death, and now Death is drinking pink lemonade with them in the living room. Doesn’t seem terribly far fetched for their clan.

Changbin seemed to consider the question, before his gaze shot down to Felix. Unconsciously, an enamoured smile bloomed on his lips, a pink flush painting his cheeks. “It’s great. I’ve never been happier.” He mumbled, words muffled by the force of the lovestruck grin on his lips.

Death nodded, a satisfied smile crossing his handsome features as he gazed at the couple before him.

“You know you were my favorite reaper back in the day.” Death spoke wistfully, letting a heavy sigh flow from his pink stained lips. “They don’t make reapers like you anymore.”

“Or, I should say I don’t make reapers like you anymore.” Death suddenly said with a lighthearted chuckle, coaxing a similar round of giggles from the reaper himself. Changbin rolled his eyes with a good natured shake of his jet black hair. Felix just sat awkwardly next to his boyfriend, body stiff and clammy hands white-knuckle gripping his glass of lemonade.

“Well Death, maybe one day you’ll find someone as good as me. Doubt it, but maybe one day.” Changbin teased with a playful smirk, a devilish glimmer in his eyes.

“Oh, that reminds me!” Death abruptly exclaimed, expertly dodging Changbin’s boasts with a wicked grin of his own. “I go by Jackson now.”

“You changed names again? I swear you change every decade, you only had the last one for a few years!” Changbin quickly retorted, a wide grin bursting onto his lips once again.

Death, or Jackson, merely rolled his eyes at Changbin’s incredulous reaction. “I had my last name for like, two hundred years, ‘Bin. I needed a change.” He punctuated his explanation with a cool shrug.

Felix took a small sip from his icy glass of lemonade, the refreshing liquid cooling his overly hot body. He is completely content to sit back and let the two catch up in their own little world, to bask in the smile that Death easily draws from his boyfriend.
Seems like the newly named Jackson has other plans.

“So, Felix.” He suddenly spoke, the sound of his name forcing Felix’s swig of lemonade to halt in his throat, the sourness of the drink burning his throat and up into his sinuses. Forcing the gulp down his now stinging throat, Felix looked into Death’s eyes. They are glossed with unreadable emotion, their previously mischievous glimmer completely forgotten.

“You’re afraid of me, aren’t you.” He stated simply, his lips pulling into a minuscule smile as he watched Felix sputter at the comment.

“N-no! Of course not! It’s just...weird, to meet death is all.” The human quickly replied, valiantly trying to steady his obviously nervous voice.

Jackson hummed in response, seemingly accepting the human’s answer. “That’s fine. I can still read your aura all the same.”

Felix tilted his head to the side, akin to a confused puppy. “My aura?” He parroted back.

“Yeah, you have wonderful energy. Your aura is bright white, meaning you’re completely pure of heart.” Jackson explained with an almost melancholy smile, his dark eyes lazily moving from Felix, to the figure of Changbin pressed up against his side.

“I’ve known Changbin for a while, and I’ve never seen his energy this clear. It’s like you detoxed whatever negativity used to infect his own aura. I’m very glad you two are dating.” He continued with a long, sagely nod of his head. He quickly readjusted his backwards cap from where it shifted on his head, pushing it back so his black hair stayed off his skin.

Felix couldn’t help but be taken aback by the sheer impact Jackson’s words had on him; feeling his heart tremble behind his ribs and his breath catch in his throat like he’s been frozen solid by the words alone. His previous feelings of apprehension suddenly vanished, replaced by powerful tremors of heated love.

His widened eyes and then shot to Changbin, meeting his boyfriend’s equally affected gaze. Changbin’s pink lips are hanging open lightly, his glazed eyes trained solely on Felix.

“You’re the reason he’s so happy, Felix.” Jackson observed, watching the couple in front of him
like a proud parent would on their child’s wedding day. “So thank you.”

Felix couldn’t stop the gloss of tears that washed onto his honey brown irises, quickly blinking them away before they could spill onto the planes of his skin.

“No, Jackson, thank you.” Felix spoke, voice now brimming with assurity and free of the trembling nerves from earlier.

Felix met Jackson’s gaze, and a bright smile burst onto the human’s lips.

Changbin was right; Felix is so grateful to have met Death.

Who would’ve thought Felix is actually upset that Jackson has to leave. He certainly never would have believed it, but the painful pang of his heart that resounded through his chest is unmistakable.

They had continued their easy conversation for around another hour, until Jackson checked his phone with a start; pouting as he announced he’d stayed later than he’d planned. As Felix suspected, Death has an iPhone. And a pop-socket with a skull on it—very on brand, he has to say.

“Promise you’ll come visit again soon?” Changbin implored Jackson with sparkly puppy-dog eyes, clasping his hands together as the couple walked their guest to the door.

“Yeah, come back soon!” Felix agreed with an equally powerful pout of his own, Jackson letting breezy giggles tumble from his lips at the couple’s child-like behavior.

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“Ok, ok. I promise I’ll come back as soon as I can.” Jackson spoke airily as he reached a hand out to ruffle Changbin’s head of black hair. He almost placed his hand on Felix’s head of blonde hair as well, but he quickly pulled his hand back before he made contact with the human’s soft locks. That would’ve been an... awkward end to the day, to put it simply. Felix can see the headlines now:

*Local boy gets his hair ruffled—instantly dies. Jackson is at it again, folks.*
He met Felix with a sympathetic smile instead, before opening the door and readjusting his leather jacket.

A shiny black motorcycle is parked outside the house, a large white decal in the same form as the scythe on his necklace gracefully adorning its side. Jackson sent the couple a final grin and wave, then strolling through the yard and over to mount the motorcycle.

Death rides a motorcycle, huh. That certainly beats the emaciated and sickly pale horse Felix imagined him galloping away on.

If there’s one thing Felix learned today, it’s that Death is nothing like he imagined him.

With a roar of the engine Jackson sped off into the sunset on the onyx bike, the couple watching him disappear on the horizon with matching wistful glimmers in their eyes.

“See? I told you he’s great.” Changbin spoke with a grin as he shut the front door, only to engulf Felix in a tight hug soon after. “You were so brave, babe.” He placed a sloppy kiss on the human’s cheek, tickling his skin and eliciting bright giggles from his boyfriend.

Felix squirmed in Changbin’s embrace, the tickles racking his body making him writhe in the reaper’s strong arms.

“You were right,” Felix eventually spoke, now breathless from his boyfriend’s tickle attack.

“Let’s invite him over for dinner next week.”

Chapter End Notes

wait a minute....if changbin is dead...does that make felix....a necrophiliac??!!? i've cracked the code

also: i've been TRYING to reply to more comments ajsjsjs but i'm so bad at it as soon as i read any comment from u guys my heart NYOMMS out of my chest from love and i forget to press "reply” akskskd it's a vicious cycle of me loving u guys too much
but yeah if i don't reply to ur comment pls don't hate me i’m just rlly forgetful but i read every single one and they mean so much to me!! i love you so soso much thank u for taking time out of ur day to comment on this piece of crap

Annnnd now it's time for everyone's (least) favorite part of the notes: chronosaurus' shameless self promotion hour!

for those of u who have read my fluffy seungjin college au from a few weeks ago (if loving you is basic, call me alkaline) well good news!! part two aka SEUNGJIN DATE is here!!! i hope it doesn't disappoint! the Fluff Never Stops, u can read it right here!

See u guys next saturday! Things have been...calm recently in the story. Too calm. It’s time for some drama i think! Aka....Minho’s backstory next week? Which will then set up for a ~special~ minho centric bday chap! Get excited!
They always told me that “You’ll never get to Heaven” (With a life like yours)

Chapter Summary

Mama, we all go to hell,

Mama, we all go to hell,

It's really quite pleasant, except for the smell.

Mama, we all go to hell!

Chapter Notes

POSSIBLE TRIGGER WARNINGS FOR THIS CHAPTER: extremely religious parental figure, fear of a parental figure, general parental violence (?)

Please keep that in mind before reading. But as always, this chapter DOES have a happy ending! Enjoy <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The tarnished bells above the door jostled, sending metallic chimes through the small antique shop. Minho slipped through the familiar weight of the heavy oak door, his eyes already overwhelmed by the countless objects inhabiting the store.

Egyptian jackals expertly carved out of obsidian stand guard throughout the countless aisles, intricately carved ceremonial masks keep watch from the cluttered walls. Tapestries depicting mythical creatures unfurl across large tables, laden with urns and goblets. Items from every corner of the world have passed through the antique shop Minho enjoys frequenting, one of the many reasons he’s become almost addicted to the musty, comforting heft of the shop’s air; clearly weighed down with tangible history.

Minho has always loved visiting antique shops, always. Something about so many items from such different eras, such distinct places all converging under one roof sparks an implacable heat in his core. So many unknown stories of those long departed are connected to these items—yet he will always be kept ignorant by the walls erected by the hands of time.

Minho has never purchased anything from the store in town, however. His overly conservative mother would simply never allow it. So he has become content to merely enjoy the archaic items from afar.
“Hey! Good to see you, Minho!” Mark Tuan, the bubbly and often overly excitable clerk eagerly called to Minho with a wave. Mark happens to be the owner’s son, meaning he is more often than not left at the helm of the store while his adventurous father is out collecting more wares for the shelves. Minho can’t blame the older boy for jumping at every chance for human interaction he can get; hollow-eyed masks and dust ridden statues aren’t very good at holding conversation.

“‘Sup, Mark.” Minho drawled with a knowing smirk, leisurely strolling through the maze of exotic items as he met Mark’s expectant smile. “Just you again today?”

Mark’s smile faltered slightly, lips pulling to a small frown as his dark eyes shifted in the dim light of the store; the windows are rendered virtually useless by the piles upon piles of objects lining the walls. “Yeah, dad’s off at another estate sale. You know how it is.” He mused with a resigned sigh, meeting Minho with another petite grin.

Minho nodded, understanding glimmering in his eyes as he shot his friend a sympathetic smile in return.

They were then thrust into silence, the only sound being the eerily quiet and staticy opera playing over the outdated speakers.

“So, you uh...got in anything new?” Minho easily broke the silence, fingers absentmindedly tracing the elegant filigree of a silver chalice.

Mark seemed to consider the question, looking around the store as his eyebrows furrowed in concentration. His expression instantly broke into a goofy, beaming grin when his gaze landed on some far off corner of the shop. “Oh yeah! Dad recently got that book over there.” He observed, pointing as he spoke.

Minho followed the gesture, before his eyes landed on an unassuming leather bound book laid neatly on a vintage, mother of pearl-inlaid table. He's honestly surprised he found it so easily, with how its worn, tawny color almost perfectly camouflaged in with the rest of the shop. Minho quirked an eyebrow, head cocking to the side as he strolled over to the book in question.

He rarely sees literature in the store, so he can only assume it must be pretty special for Mark’s dad to deem it worthy for sale.
His eyebrows knitted together in confusion as he took the book in his hands; the cover is barely even legible with the thick layer of dust blanketing the leather. It seems like it hasn’t been opened in decades, centuries even. Minho’s interest became even more piqued.

He easily swept the coat of dust off the tome, forcing an ashen cloud into the air and eliciting tandem sneezes from both Minho and Mark.

“‘The Hollow Grimoire’?!” Minho parroted the newly revealed title of the book into the dust ridden air, his lips pouting as his confusion only increased. The title is elegantly scrawled in bronze ink, as if each letter took hours to pen. Clouded gemstones are nestled into the leather face, with delicate gold designs gracefully mingling around the muted jewels. “What is this thing?”

Mark’s lips pulled into a cute little pout, like even he isn’t exactly sure how to answer himself. “I think it’s like...some kinda spellbook? Like black magic for beginners, basically. At least that’s what dad told me.” He remarked with a shrug, the gesture encapsulating his unsurety.

A spellbook? These things really exist? Minho thought to himself with a breathy chuckle, his eyes nothing short of entranced on the beautifully crafted tome; a few minutes prior locked beneath a prison of dust, rendering its detail lost to the sands of time.

“Where’d your dad even find this?” Minho asked, taking it upon himself to start flipping through the actual pages of the book. His vision met pages upon pages of what he can only assume are spells, countless lists of ingredient measurements and perfectly drawn depictions of herbs gracing the worn paper. Some of the corners of the crinkly pages are charred, as if after a run in with a particularly ornery candle. Runes and diagrams of what appear to be enchanting circles grace some of the other yellowed parchment pages, each with a lofty name scribed on the top of the paper.

“Some old castle in Europe that was being foreclosed. The place was really run down apparently, so this is the only thing he brought back.” Mark spoke lightly, a smile gracing his lips as he watched Minho finger through the book.

Minho barked out a laugh, good naturedly shaking his head of brown tresses. “So your dad finds an old spellbook in a decrepit castle, and his first thought is that it'd be the perfect thing to sell?”

Mark let a stream of giggles escape his lips, throwing back his head of light peach hair with the force of the chuckles. “Yup, sounds about right.” He observed with a sly gleam in his eyes.
Silence engulfed the pair once again, after their waves of laughter subsided. Minho’s gaze shot back to the book, vaguely taking note of its comforting weight in his hands.

“Well...are you gonna buy it? You seem to like it.” Mark inquired of Minho after a few more minutes of easy silence, large eyes looking at his younger friend expectantly.

A clutch formed in Minho’s chest at the innocent question. He’s not sure what, but something inside him is telling him to buy the spellbook. But his mom would absolutely kill him if she finds out about the addition of the tome to her son’s cluttered bookshelf. He shuddered at the mere thought of her reaction, injecting ice into his veins.

But Minho just can’t ignore the voice in his head imploring him to just buy the damn thing already; when will he get another chance to have an ancient spellbook of his own? That’d be quite the icebreaker at parties.

As if on cue, Mark’s voice suddenly roused Minho from his internal battle. “I’ll even give you a discount, since your visits are one of the reasons I’m still sane after working here for so long.” Mark brightly announced with a blinding grin, bringing a hand up to rub at the back of his neck as he spoke.

Minho considered the offer; but honestly he didn’t even need to. He knew what his answer would be before Mark even opened his mouth.

His eyes rose to meet Mark’s, a smile pulling onto his lips as he took confident strides up to the counter.

He placed the spellbook down before Mark, his heart starting to pound in his chest from excitement.

“I’ll take it.”

Minho quickly scampered up to his room; immediately locking the door as soon as he entered the familiar space.
He threw the paper bag onto his bed, ivory colored and printed with *Tuan’s Antiques: You never know what you might find!* in bold navy lettering.

Jumping onto his bed, Minho eagerly snatched the spellbook from the bag as anticipation started to bubble in his tummy. He held the ancient book in his hands, examining how the light of his bedside table bounced through the jewels embedded into the cover, long dulled by the march of time.

But then his lips pulled into an unconscious pout. What now?

*Should I...try a spell?* Minho thought to himself, honestly taken aback that such a thought would even cross his mind. But he laughed away the tightness that pulled at his stomach in response to his own suggestion; it’s not like this stuff is *real* anyways. What’s the worst that could happen? He say some strange words in the solitude of his bedroom and feel like a fool?

Minho can deal with those odds.

He flipped open the book to a random page; the top of the yellowed parchment reading “*Dawnlight, Memory of the South*”, scribed in the same regal font as the book’s title. On the opposite page is an expertly rendered diagram of a human palm, seeming to allude to the position the user’s hand should be in while casting.

Minho silently read the spell’s title to himself, eyebrow quirking as he did so. There’s no description of what the spell is for, or what the repercussions of casting it could even be; the only other thing on the page being a few measly lines written in an unknown, foreign language. But Minho couldn’t deny the strange, tingling buzz that blanketed his body after the whispered words left his lips. It seems he didn’t choose this spell, it chose him.

He sucked in a sharp breath, gnawing on his bottom lip as unmistakable nerves mingled with the mysterious prickle dancing on his skin. He doesn’t know why on earth he’s so apprehensive about reading the incantation aloud—this stuff *isn’t real*. It can’t be real, spells and magic are only reserved for wizened old sorcerers in fairy tales. It’s all *fake*. A sham! Yet the churning in his stomach is clearly the result of anticipation. Minho found himself unconsciously hoping the spell may be more than the forgotten magical myths people assume it to be.

His heart started to race behind his ribs as he gently extended his hand forward, palm up in a perfect mimicry of the drawing on the opposite page. With a trembling breath of finality, Minho
started to whisper the incantation. Despite being in a strange and implacable language, the words easily tumbled from Minho’s lips as if he’d read the spell numerous times before.

The tingling on his skin morphed into numbing pins and needles, his heart fluttering and muscles tensing. His vision started to blur as the final line of the spell left his lips, his chest pushing out increasingly heavy pants. He punctuated the final word of the incantation with a small gasp, taken aback at the way his body reacted to reading the page aloud.

He waited, his body coming down from the frenzy the foreign tongue ignited within. Nothing happened; Minho was just sitting patiently with his palm still outstretched. He started to feel more and more like a fool with each passing second.

He was just about to start mourning the hard earned money he spent on the tome, when his attention was roused by an onset of numbness in his hand. His breath caught in his throat, eyes snapping up in attention before widening in shock at the sight before him.

Right before his eyes, a small spark ignited in the center of his palm. It didn’t hurt—as a matter of fact he felt nothing at all. The prick of light grew and grew, before blooming into a small ball of churning flame in his hand. It seemed to hover in the air, floating barely above Minho’s skin. He still felt nothing, with absolutely no sensation of burning against his flesh.

A choked gasp tore from his throat, his unblinking gaze held solely on the miniature fire calmly bobbing in his hand. This can’t be happening, shouldn’t be happening.

But there Minho is; neatly sat cross legged on his bed, with a magical flame snuggled up in his palm.

“Oh my god.” Minho whispered, trembling voice brimming with shock. A huge grin broke onto his lips, stretching his flesh to the point where his cheeks started to ache. “T-this is real.” He mumbled, and it wasn’t a question.

This is real. Magic, so it seems, is real.

Not only that, but casting the spell made him feel incredible. He felt light, and full, and powerful. He vaguely realized, with a particularly powerful pound of his heart, that he can’t wait to learn more.
It was at this point that the flickering fire in his hand seemed to get bored of Minho’s incredulous stupor, easily extinguishing itself with a puff of wispy smoke. Much to Minho’s dismay, the grey smoke quickly vanished, leaving zero trace of the flaming ball he summoned.

Although that was probably for the best, because the telltale thudding of his mom’s shoes up the stairs assaulted his ears. His blood ran cold, stomach instantly twisting into painful knots.

Her footsteps got closer, and Minho officially started to panic. His eyes tore around his room, desperately looking for somewhere, anywhere he can safely hide the spellbook from his mother’s prying eyes. His gaze landed on his fluffy pillows, sitting innocently on his bed with him; it’ll have to do. He sloppily stuffed the book under said pillows, and just in the nick of time too, because only seconds after it left his vision his mom started to jiggle his locked door knob.

“Minho? Is everything alright?” His mom called through the barred door, lightly knocking on the wood as she did so. Minho forced an audible gulp down his throat, wiping beads of sweat off his brow before padding over to unlock his door.

“Y-yeah, I’m fine. Really.” Minho attempted to keep his voice as steady as possible as he tried to placate his constantly worried mother, but the thought of the spellbook hidden under his pillow wedged an uneasy tone into the words—a veritable icpick of terror barely hidden below the surface of mock-self assurance. “I was just doing some homework, so I needed privacy.”

God, he hopes his plastered-on smile doesn’t look as strained and agonized as it feels. He prays his excuse doesn’t sound as hollow and flimsy as it feels on his tongue.

His mom sent him a skeptical stare in response, before turning to go back down stairs with a small shake of her head. She bought it—she actually bought it! Minho doesn’t think he’s ever let such a huge sigh of relief fall from his lips, his shoulders slumping as his taut muscles began to loosen. He had to grab onto the door frame for support, as his knees immediately turned to wobbling jelly in the wake of his mom’s exit.

That was close. Too close.

Minho and his mom have always been close. They haven’t really had a choice though, as he’s the only child of a single mother. It’s always just been them.
Minho loves his mom, with all his heart. But she’s just a *tad* over protective. And a bit too conservative. And more than a little overly-religious; basing almost every decision on the favor it would bring her in the eyes of God. Crosses pepper almost every wall in their house, undoubtedly outnumbering their plethora of family photos. Hushed prayers escape his mother’s lips more than genuine conversations with her only son.

If Minho were to be completely frank, he’d admit that his mother *probably* loves God more than she loves him. Although, he’s still not completely sure if her extreme acts of piety are out of a desire to get to Heaven, or a desperate plea to stay *out* of Hell.

Despite personally subscribing to no religion himself, Minho *does* understand where his mother’s beliefs stem from; perhaps there was a bit of divine intervention to allow just the two of them to survive day to day life with relative ease. He’s just grateful his mom stopped forcing him to accompany her to church—those dress pants *always* pinched his muscular thighs, the lofty chapel always made him feel horribly, painfully *small*.

Minho adjusted his heavy backpack, laden with textbooks as he slipped through the front door. Another day of school completed; and he’s *exhausted*. He shifted his pack, eager to remove the weight from his body. But the wish for relief didn’t last long, because he was then met by the towering figure of his mom stood before him in their foyer.

And she looked *furious*. Her features stone hard and pulled into a tight lipped frown. Minho felt his stomach plummet to his toes, threatening to break through the wooden floorboards. In fact, furious is an *understatement*. Minho doesn’t think he’s ever seen such *rage* encapsulated in another human being’s eyes. She looks like a wild beast, like a rabid wolf and man-eating lion all conjoined into a human amalgam of animalistic wrath.

Minho suddenly feels fear—icy claws fastening around his throat and choking him from the inside out. Hammer strikes of terror smashed against his skull, and his vision began to cloud with a screen of murky panic.

“M-mom? What’s wrong—’’ Minho managed to force past the excruciating blockage in his throat. The fury in her eyes sent shivers down his spine, as if he had frost laced beneath his skin.

“Minho, what in God’s name is *this?!*” She suddenly exploded, effectively stopping Minho’s words in their tracks. They tumbled to an ungraceful halt at the base of his throat, poking into his flesh like a bushel of nails. She whipped around her arm from where she was holding it behind her back, and Minho swears he must be trapped in a nightmare, this *has* to be a nightmare.
Because she’s clutching Minho’s spellbook in her hand, knuckles white from the intensity of her grip.

Minho swore his eyes were about to pop right out of his head. He felt dizzy, felt faint as he helplessly stared at the all too familiar leatherbound book in her hands. *How did she find it?!* Is all Minho’s rapidly melting cohorency managed to internally scream, jumbled thoughts forming a sickening symphony with the thunderous pounding of his heart in his ears.

“I-it’s just a stupid book I got from the Tuan’s, it’s nothi—” Minho desperately tried to ease his seething mother, his hands starting to tremble as he willed himself to speak.

“Don’t you realize what this is?! This is black magic, this is the work of the Devil!” She roared, and Minho visibly flinched. He swears he saw fire even brighter than the small blaze he summoned last night swirling in her eyes.

“No! It’s not l-like that, I swear!” He couldn’t help himself from whimpering, his quivering voice reduced to a pitiful mess.

“Get out, Minho.” She spoke evenly, her once bellowing tone now completely forgotten. However, the lack of anger in favor for powerful surety didn’t make her any less terrifying.

But then her actual words finally exploded in Minho’s reeling brain. And he’s positive he felt his heart stop dead in his chest.

“W-what?” He whispered, a thick line of tears rushing onto his horrified eyes.

“Get out. I can’t have a child of the Devil living in this house.” She snarled, pointing at the front door. All Minho wanted to do was scream to her that *I’m your child, goddamnit!*

“M-mom, please—”

“Get out, now!” She bellowed, striding forward to grasp Minho’s shirt in her hands as she threw the front door open. He felt her nails digging in his flesh, like venom coated needles. If this is a nightmare, now would be a *wonderful* time to wake up.
But then Minho’s vision began to swim and turn upside down, and he felt the telltale burning of concrete scraping his skin as he skidded across their front yard. Tears started to run from his eyes, staring up at his mother from his new spot crumpled up on the ground. She’s standing in the doorway, seemingly satisfied with the distance she managed to toss Minho. She was leering at him with palpable disgust, with disdain, with hatred. She reared her hand back, and flung the spellbook at him; the soft leather colliding with his shoulder with a dull thud.

And with that, she slammed the door shut. No goodbye. No I’m sorry. No I love you. Just the metallic clicking of the front door locking.

Minho’s lip trembled, messily wiping the cascading tears from his eyes. He gently grasped the spellbook in his hands, numbly watching his tears drip onto the front cover. With detached, unfeeling movements Minho unzipped his backpack and slipped the spellbook inside. The magical tome added a somehow comforting weight to his already hefty bag.

He picked himself off the pavement, dusting off the patches of dirt that stained his knees. He sent the house he’s known his entire life a final wistful glance, yet he surprisingly felt no sadness. No, the only emotions he managed to comprehend are venomous anger, and excruciating betrayal. Mother of the year, huh, Minho thought to himself with a bitter laugh, wiping another round of tears from his puffy, reddened eyes.

She wanted him gone?

Well she got her wish; he’s gone.

Minho had been aimlessly walking the winding streets of town the entire day. He had no destination in mind, except away. Anywhere else, except there. His head is throbbing and his feet are already aching, but the trudging of his sneakers down every stretch of sidewalk in sight verged on cathartic.

Halfway through his journey to nowhere he heard a familiar mewl at his feet, his tearstained eyes flitting down to see a pudgy brown and white kitten toddling behind him.

A knowing, endeared smile unconsciously pulled onto his lips. In spite of the searing pain in his
The grin is nothing short of genuine. “Hey, Dori.” He murmured, bending down to scoop the kitty in his arms. The small cat answered with a seemingly excited meow, clambering onto minho’s chest to leave dainty licks on his chin.

Minho vaguely remembers reading that pets can sense human suffering, in turn giving their owners extra love and affection. Despite Dori being a simple stray kitten Minho has only interacted with a handful of times, he’s starting to believe the validity behind that statement.

Minho vaguely realized, somewhere deeply recessed in his mind, that he’s a stray now too.

The kitten curled up in Minho’s arms, forming a fluffy purring ball against his chest. Her densely furred body is impossibly warm, like a living, breathing hot water bottle. The smile on his lips bloomed even wider, unconsciously thanking whatever higher power sent the kitten to his side. His heart feels marginally lighter—he felt one of the pile of emotional chains draped across the muscle dissolve into nothingness.

And so he continued on his way, with his new feline companion held in his arms.

The only problem being, he’s not exactly sure which way he should be going.

The sun has long since dipped below the horizon line, the only light being the dim glow of the street lamps and the twinkling stars in the sky. The full moon seemed to shine directly on Minho, as he aimlessly rounded another corner of a random street in his neighborhood.

Dori has long since left him behind, loudly mewling for Minho to put her back on solid earth a few hours prior. Only for her to immediately scamper off after a fluttering butterfly, jumping into a bank of bushes without a second thought.

He was thus left alone with his thoughts, the morning’s events flooding back like a tidal wave. He fluctuated between soft sniffling and sizzling anger; his emotions feeling like a rollercoaster with a broken emergency brake.

He tried to distract himself by focusing on the houses he mindlessly traipsed past, committing each address to memory as a feeble attempt to busy his mind. He took note of meaningless, trivial things
about each house—how many lights are on in the windows, if their mailbox is metal or plastic, if they have a plaster garden gnome standing guard in their yard. All in the name of distraction, all to keep his mind some semblance of detached from the crushing weight of reality.

Reality, being that Minho officially has no family anymore. That he’s, for all intents and purposes, an orphan. And now, he’s homeless. Despite how hard he tried, keeping track of the amount of rose bushes rather than tulips in his neighbors’ gardens didn’t really do the trick.

It was only during this desperate little game that Minho’s attention was roused by the sight of a grand, elegant mansion coming up on the street he was meandering down. It’s a large, white Victorian; as beautiful as it is inviting.

Minho couldn’t help gaping at the house, his glossy eyes wide as his stare flitted about the stately architecture. The house is clearly old, yet the appointments are still sparkling clean and coated with spotless white paint. The window trimmings are rich hunter green, an elegant contrast with the understated ecru paint job of the paneled siding. The lights are on in every window, seeping cozy pillars of golden light onto the otherwise dingy streets. The house is...lovely. Homely, in spite of its refined, dignified Victorian design. Whereas many mansions of such imposing size and architecture appear cold, sterile and painfully austere, this beautiful Victorian is nothing short of welcoming, comforting, and wonderfully quaint.

Just from a cursory inspection, Minho already considers the large house an oasis of gilded warmth in desert of murky, frigid fear.

It was only because of his enamoured dissection of the mansion that he belatedly noticed a boy sitting on the porch; barely visible as he is dressed from head to toe in black. He would have completely blended in with the velvety night had it not been for the pale shade of his full cheeks.

He and Minho made eye contact, and he couldn’t help recoiling as he forced his gaze onto some random point on the street. He spent too much time staring—damn it. He better leave, and fast, before the boy on the porch gets suspicious and calls the police on Minho.

Not like he would blame him; he’d also be more than a little wary of a red-eyed, dirt covered boy with sweat matted hair staring hungrily at his house. He needs to restart his trek, before the boy accuses him of profiling his residence for a robbery and things get unnecessarily messy and—

“Hello.”
Minho’s head snapped up in shock, wildly beating heart jumping to attention at the sight of the boy now strolling over to stand before Minho—the only thing separating them being the idyllic white picket fence surrounding the house’s yard.

“O-oh, hi.” Minho mumbled, forcing a gulp down his throat. Fear started to bubble in his core once again; how is this gonna end? What is this mysterious boy gonna do?

“Are you lost?” The boy asked Minho, cocking his head to the side as his dark eyes gave Minho a once over. Perhaps it’s the residual red tint to Minho’s puffy eyes, perhaps it’s the way his haunted gaze nervously flit about the street, perhaps it’s the scuffs of caked dirt on his knees that just can’t be accidental, perhaps it’s just the overwhelming sadness Minho is radiating, but the boy is looking at him with tangible compassion and warmth.

At their closer proximity, Minho can see the boy’s features even clearer—the kid seems like a walking contradiction. In spite of being dressed head to toe in spotless, pristine black, his aura is rosy pink. His eyes, hooded and dark like a raven, are glossed in a candy coating of sympathetic acceptance. Rounded cheeks clash with his sharp jaw, his wide nose calls attention to peachy, petite lips. Intimidating gothic sensibilities failing to mask a thinly veiled contrast of large, sparkling eyes and adorably pouty lips.

Minho likes him already.

Minho barked out a laugh, hollow and painfully vacant. “You could say that.” Minho grumbled, pushing down another hard gulp. “I don’t really have anywhere to go.”

The boy raised his eyebrows so high they reached up into his head of jet black hair. Minho could tell the boy was about to ask him why; why a nice looking boy like him would have nowhere to go at close to midnight, why his clothes are stuck to his skin with sweat and why his skin is sallow and dappled with a sickening tack of dried tears and perspiration. Minho took it upon himself to answer before he could even get the question out.

“It’s a long story.” He said with a heavy sigh, bringing a hand up to run through his brown hair, long since sticking to his forehead from the hours of endless walking.

The boy gave a sagely nod in response, seemingly satisfied with that answer. Or maybe he just doesn’t want to pry. Minho is grateful either way.
“You can stay with us, if you want.” The boy spoke gently, a sympathetic smile gracing his lips as he nodded towards the large house behind him. “My two other friends are kinda... unique, but they definitely won’t mind.” He continued, and Minho felt comforting heat enter his heart.

Minho was going to ask the boy if he’s serious, if he really means such a generous offer. The kid just met Minho less than five minutes ago after all. But he didn’t want to press his luck with the kind stranger—the phrase don’t look a really kind neighbor in the mouth prickling at the back of his mind. Or maybe it’s don’t look a gift horse in the mouth, but the semantics don’t matter.

All Minho knows is that he’s suddenly very eager to get to know both the boy and his so-called unique roommates. Also, his feet are past killing him, and he’s all but itching to finally rid his aching back of his hefty school bag. So he turned to the boy with a thankful smile of his own; mumbling a barely audible “I’d love that.”

A huge grin burst onto the other boy’s lips, eagerly unlocking the gate on the picket fence and ushering Minho through the front yard. He trailed after the boy like a long-lost pet finally returning home.

As he padded through the yard, Minho vaguely noticed two wonderfully manicured gardens on either side of the porch, the flowers so vibrant they almost seemed to glow in the night. A smile quirked onto Minho’s lips. This place doesn’t seem half bad. In fact, it seems too good to be true; like a heavenly mirage in the desert of despair Minho was trapped in. Like a dream that will be snatched from him with the rising sun. But this is no dream—his eyes are still burning from the hours of sobbing, and his heart still physically aches with each beat. But it’s getting better. Getting softer, and duller with each step towards the front door.

Minho’s heart began to feel lighter by the second, releasing the oppressive weight that held him down so viciously. He virtually skipped after the obsidian clad boy, a clearly joyful pep in his step.

“Oh, my name is Changbin, by the way.” The boy suddenly turned to Minho, leveling him with an umpteenth blinding smile. Changbin, huh, Minho thought to himself. He has a feeling he’ll get very used to saying that name.

Minho matched his grin, heart feeling full to bursting in his chest. The emotions of anguish, of horror and fear have all but vanished from his mind, replaced instead by newfound feelings of hope, happiness and gratitude.

“Lee Minho. It’s very nice to meet you, Changbin.”
This chapter at a glance:
:(
:/
:|
:)
)

I hope this is obvious but Minho’s mom in this is Completely Fabricated!! I made her up solely for this, and it is not based on reality whatsoever! Next week is kinda part 2 of this but not rly? But it kinda is? Idk, but it’s the minho bday special featuring a SpeCiAL GuEsT member (who do u think it is? Feel free to comment which member u hope it is!!) but yuh i worked hard on this chap sooo...thoughts?
(Dawn)

Chapter Summary

The night when all sorts of thoughts come to my mind.
As usual I look up to the night sky,
As there are more stars twinkling.
I'm afraid of falling like the falling stars,
I guess I'll never ever find out.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Minho flopped over in his shared bed with Jisung for the umpteenth time that night. He’s been tossing and turning at a fevered pace, anger starting to prickle beneath his skin as he helplessly watched the hours tick by on his bedside clock. Every time he almost surrendered to the exhaustion pounding behind his eyes, the peaceful slumber was snatched from him just as quickly.

He can't blame it on nightmares this time around; no, Minho can’t sleep because of something much closer to home. He can't sleep because of his own thoughts.

Minho’s life is good now. He's happy every day; because of Jisung, and his coven members. They're the reason he smiles, the reason his heart beats in his chest. But his life wasn't always this serene; what happened to those memories?

What happened to the memories of being disowned by the only family he's ever known because of something as simple as a book? Of being thrown from his childhood home like he was no more important than a speck of dust? Memories like that certainly don’t just cease to be, don’t just vanish once your life has become sufficiently happy.

So where do they go?

Minho has always been adept at compartmentalizing. Or in other words, he’s learned how to expertly detach any and all negative experiences from the rest of his otherwise perfectly happy and healthy psyche. He metaphorically locked them in a box within the deepest trenches of his mind, and threw away the key. When you've been through what Minho has, sometimes that's the only
way you can live, can *cope*.

But even he has his moments; ugly, vicious moments when the cracks in his mental armor become painfully apparent.

Minho can't sleep, because he can't stop thinking about his past. Each time he blinks he sees a familiar pair of eyes flash behind his eyelids, hard as stone and filled to the brim with rage. With *hate*. He swears he sees them staring back at him from the dark recesses of his shared bedroom, eliciting venomous tingles to run down his spine.

He needs to get out here. But he needs some fresh *air* more than anything.

With a shaking sigh, Minho carefully extracted himself from beneath the covers. Each movement is almost painfully cautious and deliberate, so as not to wake Jisung.

The demon is reduced to nothing more than a pint sized lump under the plush comforter he’s encased in. The only part visible of the demon being his mop of messy chestnut locks poking out from his blanket cocoon. His beautiful features are even, completely free of any signs of distress.

A small smile pulled onto Minho’s lips as he gazed at the sleeping demon, his tired eyes igniting with fiery sparks of love. With feathersoft touches, Minho bent across the bed to leave a chaste peck on Jisung’s forehead.

Minho held his breath; thankfully, the demon didn’t stir in the wake of the gentle kiss.

Minho heaved another silent sigh, yet this one is more of relief at not waking his boyfriend than anything else.

He had to tear his enraptured stare off the slumbering demon, his dazed mind finding comfort just by looking at the familiar face snuggled against their pillows. If he didn’t pull his gaze away now, he knows he would spend the whole night awkwardly stood by the door, watching Jisung sleep.

And that’s just a *tad* creepier than what Minho is comfortable with.
So he shot a final enamoured glance at the love of his life, before softly opening the bedroom door.

He slipped through the threshold without a sound. The petite form of Jisung, now cuddled up alone in their bed, never looked so small.

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Despite the hallways being drenched in pitch darkness, Minho expertly piloted down the maze of doors and corridors. He soon found himself softly creeping up the unassuming staircase leading to their rooftop patio, before clambering through the small wooded hatch and into the pure night air.

He is immediately greeted by the billions of twinkling stars unfurled across the velvety black sky, winking at Minho as if greeting him personally. But that’s not what caught him off guard. What made his sleep ridden eyes widen slightly in surprise, is the single figure sat on one of their many lounges at the edge of the roof.

His broad shoulders are held high, and confidently straight. A familiar mop of bleach blonde curls reflected an ethereal glow beneath the new moon sitting proud within the painted sky above them. Each strand of his hair might as well be golden thread, with how it shimmered under the moonlight.

“Oh, hey Minho.” Chan observed, not even turning to look at the dark magician as he spoke; rather keeping is gaze fixed on the blanket of stars mingling above the clouds.

Minho couldn’t help getting taken aback at the vampire’s immediate acknowledgement of his arrival, without him even needing to greet Chan himself.

He shouldn’t be so taken by surprise to see the vampire relaxing on the roof at such an ungodly hour; the boy doesn’t sleep after all. But Minho has come to their small rooftop sanctuary many a time to clear his racing mind, and he has yet to cross paths with the leader of their coven. Until now, that is.

A small voice at the back of his head cheered in delight at the sight of the vampire, knowing he’ll be able to bring some much needed comfort to Minho.

“How’d you know it was me?” Minho inquired, strolling over to plop down on Chan’s lounge
chair with him. The vampire’s luminous jade eyes are trained solely on the sky, each individual star appearing to glimmer tenfold in his inhuman irises. Moonlight bathed the handsome planes of Chan’s features, making his already pale skin look even more like carved porcelain.

He looks like a statue come to life.

The vampire shrugged, a small smile pulling onto his lips as he finally tore his eyes away from the stars to meet Minho’s expectant gaze. “Your heartbeat sounds different from Felix’s.” He stated simply, as if Minho is supposed to understand what that could possibly mean.

Minho assumes his confused pout spurred the vampire to elaborate; the implacably endeared smile only growing on his pallid lips.

“Your heart sounds much stronger, like each beat has a purpose. Your heart is as powerful as you are.” He mused, his emerald eyes getting lost in the sea of stars above them once again. “Not that Felix’s isn’t strong as well, but they’re just different. Felix’s heartbeat is light and excited, and always bursting with happiness.”

Minho didn’t know how to respond. So he chose to nod his head of caramel locks instead. Sometimes he forgets he has a heart. Sometimes, he forgets he’s human himself.

Minho then realized, in the wake of Chan’s explanation, that he is still human. Despite how entrenched in dark magic he is, he still lives, and breathes. He’s not some unfeeling crystal, used as a conduit to charge magic spells.

He’s alive. He’s a human being. He’s Minho.

Minho suddenly became very grateful to have forced himself out of bed and onto the roof. But more so grateful to Chan. He always knows exactly what to say to wrench Minho from the bramble of uneasiness prickling his mind. Maybe it’s some vampiric power he has yet to divulge to the coven.

Before them, their quaint neighborhood is enveloped in velvety darkness; save for the few pinpricks of light shining in the widows of the few stragglers who have yet to retire to bed. It’s late, but Minho now finds himself wide awake.
And Minho is desperate to keep talking to Chan, to bask in the comforting warmth the vampire drapes across his tense shoulders. He cleared his throat, willing the sudden lump within it to vanish.

“Chan,” Minho started, rousing the vampire’s star-bound attention once again. “Was it hard for you when I first moved in? Like, did I make you...hungry?” He continued his seemingly random stream of consciousness, internally smacking himself for the awkward way of phrasing the final question.

Luckily, Chan took it in stride. As always.

He let a stream of airy chuckles escape his lips, before turning to Minho again.

“Maybe when you first moved in—but that's so many years ago, I can't even remember.” Chan mused, barking out a hollow laugh. “Sometimes I forget you were the first human to move in, before Felix. But your magic is so powerful, so enmeshed within you that, in a way, it elevated you from the normalcy of other humans. Sometimes it's hard to tell where your magic ends, and you begin. Minho, you are your magic.”

The vampire’s words are so assertive, so powerful, Minho couldn’t help the shiver that ran down his spine. An unreadable gloss flooded Minho’s dark eyes, forcing a hard swallow down his throat. Chan is right, he is his magic. And he wouldn’t have it any other way.

He felt his heavy heart immediately lighten within his chest, filled to bursting with brotherly affection. “Thank you, Chan.” He mumbled.

His shoulder’s jumped slightly at the sudden feeling of cold, velvety soft skin coming to grab his hand. Looking down to his lap, Chan now has a pallid hand gently holding one of his. He grasped his hand back, unconsciously squeezing the frigid flesh. And in a very out of character move for Minho, he draped his other hand over Chan’s.

Minho has never really been one for skinship, never been one for platonic intimacy. He was never even a fan of romantic intimacy, until the accidental summoning of a certain demon flipped that on its head.

But Chan’s hand softly clasping his feels right. It feels like comfort, and unbreakable friendship, and it feels like home.
So in an even more un-Minho like gesture, the dark magician scooted closer to the vampire, only to nestle his head in the crook of his pale neck and shoulder. He felt Chan hum in response to their sudden close proximity, and Minho couldn’t stop the small smile that flickered onto his lips.

Silence engulfed them, the pair refocusing on the constellations that make their home within the heavens. Until the telltale timbre of Chan broke said silence.

“You’re upset about it, aren’t you.” He casually remarked, and Minho felt his cheeks start to burn against the chilled flesh of Chan’s neck.

*It.*

It, is how Chan has always referred to the amorphous horror that is Minho’s past, before he came to move into the coven. They all know the details of how he found himself on their doorstep that one fateful night, yet they all made the conscious decision to keep any and all reference of his past censored. For Minho’s own sanity, of course. So they merely refer to his past as “*it*”.

Minho can’t stand how intuitive Chan is. How he is privy to even the slightest glimmer of sadness in any of his members’ eyes, to any minute shift in their personalities.

Of course, he saw right through Minho.

Minho just shrugged, wordlessly. That’s all Chan needed as a confirmation of his suspicions. The vampire wrapped a strong arm around Minho’s shoulders, pulling him flush against his side. Minho let himself melt under the vampire’s protective hold, as if his mere touch is powerful enough to halt the negativity infecting Minho’s mind in its tracks.

And it looks like that’s true, and it’s *working* ; he felt his taut muscles loosen as he nuzzled his head even deeper into the crook of Chan’s neck. His eyes flitted to the endless stars peering down at them from the cosmos, seeming to shine a little brighter in the sky as if trying to comfort Minho as well.

He feels safe. He feels protected from the memories the deepest recesses of his mind try to wound him with. In fact, he feels impervious to their stinging blades.
More than anything, he feels *loved.*

Silence blanketed them once again, yet it is comfortable and tranquil. Minho’s heavy eyes scanned the heavens, searching for as many constellations he can pick out of the mosaic of stars nestled above their heads. He spotted the familiar forms of Pegasus, and Scorpio. And the North Star, which looks like a lone silver flame reflected within Chan’s eyes.

Minho has always loved the stars, has always felt an affinity for them and the galaxies they inhabit. Sometimes when he can’t sleep, he looks out his bedroom window; content to either form his own constellations by connecting the dots he sees in the sky, or simply trying to find as many of the set constellations he can discern from their heavenly kingdom of stars.

“Chan, look.” Minho observed with a lazy smile, pointing a delicate finger into a far off corner of the sky. “It’s the Corona Borealis.” His spoke gently, languidly as his eyes met the telltale twinkling of the Northern Crown.

Chan squinted as he valiantly tried to follow Minho’s gesture into the unfiltered sky, his expression instantly breaking out into a beaming grin when he too found the formation of the Northern Crown hanging gracefully above their heads.

“It’s beautiful! I don’t think I’ve ever seen it before, in my whole life!” Chan exclaimed with childlike wonder brimming at his voice. The joyous sparkle in his eyes is so bright, they make the stars they are talking about look dingy, and disgraced.

“C’mon! You’re like, 200 hundred years old, Chan. I’m *sure* you’ve seen it before.” Minho teased through a goofy grin of his own, finally retracting himself from Chan’s shoulder so as to meet the vampire’s luminous gaze.

Chan however, just let a stream of breezy chuckles fall from his lips. “Nope! Never seen it until right now.” He asserted, crossing his arms over his chest with an exaggerated huff.

“It’s probably always *been* there, but I never had the eyes to realize. Sometimes you just need someone to show you the beauty that’s hidden right in plain sight.” Chan airily observed, his emerald eyes easily finding Minho’s in the darkness. “So thank you, Minho.”

The dark magician shrunk under the vampire’s words, praying his heated blush is not as visible in the darkness as he fears.
“You sound like a fortune cookie, hyung.” He mumbled, forcing his gaze away from the vampire’s glowing eyes, and the knowing glint harbored within them.

Chan, unsurprisingly, just laughed.

Minho joined in a few moments later, their giggles forming a symphony so melodic, they put the newly awakening songbirds to shame.

Minho hasn’t spoken in a while. Chan belatedly realized this as he idly watched the stars that became their second home slowly but surely vanish with the first rays of the sun.

Dawn is breaking on the horizon, painting the once rich navy sky a beautiful pastel pink.

“Minho, can you believe it’s morning already—Minho?” Chan absentmindedly observed, his whispered voice halting at the sight before him. Minho is passed out on the lounge they shared throughout the night, his eyes evenly shut and breath steady. But his peaceful expression of much needed slumber twitched into a grimace as the freshly risen sun’s rays decided to shine directly on his face. His brows furrowed, lips pulling into a petulant frown as he grumbled in annoyance.

“C-Chan?” Minho muttered, cracking his eyes open as he brought a small fist up to rub the residual sleep from his features. Chan just let a good natured chuckle escape his lips.

The vampire rubbed gentle circles into Minho’s shoulder, the dark magician forcing himself to sit up despite the exhaustion still stinging his eyes. “It’s dawn, Minho.” Chan softly declared, with Minho just lightly nodding in response.

Dawn, huh.

His eyes met the freshly painted pastel wash over the sky; a peachy pink that dissolved into a fiery golden. The sky looks like someone spilled a glass of pink lemonade above the clouds, eventually seeping down to stain the horizon.
The dawn is constant, the dawn will never cease to chase out the darkness of the night.

Minho’s heart felt lighter than it has in days. Light and free, and happy. He leaned into Chan’s comforting touch, unable to tear his gaze off the slowly ascending sun.

Minho is constant. Minho will never cease to chase away the darkness of his past.

He will always come out victorious. He will always rise.

Like the dawn.

Chapter End Notes

#KeepMinhoWeird
hi my loves.

this will be deleted in a day or two, but I just want to make an explicit announcement that this fic WILL continue to include woojin, woonchan, and other woojin/member chapters. He will NEVER be proverbially left behind. ever. He's still a part of the their family, whether he's physically on stage with them or not.

My brain has felt like mush since last night and this is honestly one of the hardest moments of my life—and i'm not even woojin biased. This wound is so open and visceral that my heart aches with each beat. Reality feels like a nightmare that i can't wake up from and honestly i'm starting to wish i would never wake up again at all.

I don't want to rant because i'm sure you guys are hurting just as badly as me and you don't need me preaching about how amazing and wonderful woojin is and how much we'll miss him. But please, i'm begging you, for stray kids and woojin PLEASE don't let the sadness consume you. SKZ have worked so hard to make us feel as secure and happy as possible, and while this is nothing short of earth shattering for their sake we need to be strong. I consider you guys my family, and if you need a place to vent/rant please use the comments as a conduit to get stuff off your chest. if you need someone to talk to about this, i will try to respond; but it might not be very speedy.

And to my other stay writers: PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE don't stop writing woojin. please don't stop writing woonchan or minbin or woomin or WHATEVER but please don't make woojin into a memory. Fan art and fan fiction is all we have now to keep him alive and in our hearts, so please for his sake and our sake as a fandom, keep him present in your writing.

This will (hopefully) be the hardest thing we ever face as a family with skz, but all we can do is take deep breaths, drink water, and continue to support him and them and not let the darkness eat us alive. And who knows—maybe when the metaphorical winter thaws woojin will come back, after things are easier for him. I wouldn't put it past jyp, or a family like skz

Im sorry, i'm crying too hard to even think straight anymore, but please be ok my beautiful stays who give me so much happiness and joy. You guys help me keep strength and remember that there is light in the midsts of the darkness. I love you, and I want to hug each and every one of you. And woojin, but i think he knows that.

9 or none, stay with stray kids forever. Thank you
to whoever needs to read this:

I'm sorry for two announcements two days in a row; I know you guys don't need to hear anymore ranting from me, but I wrote yesterday's announcement while I was—for all intents and purposes—a fucking mess. Literally a human adjacent puddle of tears and sadness. But I've actually been THINKING abt this, and trust me when I say that is just as much to give me closure as it is to possibly make one of you feel a bit lighter. (This is it for talking about Wooj, and this will also be deleted in a day or two)

I know how much we're all hurting right now, we're ALL hurting like this and you are not alone and you're not overreacting. This is nothing short of earth shattering; I have an Woojin-shaped hole in my heart forever more.

But you know what us stays have that's indispensable? we have hope—hope that he'll get better, that maybe he'll even come back to SKZ once his life has gotten easier. Maybe he'll go solo? Just please don't lose hope, it keeps us going when life seems impossible. Even if it never comes true, just hoping that MAYBE in a year he'll return can do wonders.

And please think about it this way; he was obviously hurting inside. Bad. He must have been suffering so horribly in silence that he couldn't take it anymore to put on a brave face for us and had to do some self preservation and leave. But imagine if he wasn't allowed to leave? What if something REALLY devastating happened then? He may not physically be with Stray Kids right NOW, but he's alive and he's still here with us and he's ok and trying to get better. When you think about it that way, it doesn't seem so bad right? Well of course it's bad, all of it is bad, but with things like Sulli and Jonghyun we just have to thank god that Woojin had the courage to say "I'm not mentally or physically capable of doing this right now so for everyone's sake i need to do this" we do know why he had to go, but I think he did that for our sake; "personal reasons" is vague, but perhaps purposefully so. If Woojin came out and said "I can't do this because___" it would only make us more terrified. He did that because he loves us and cares about us, trust me.

A alive Woojin that may not be in SKZ is ALWAYS better than the other side of that coin. And Stray Kids is still OT9—they'll ALWAYS be OT9. Just be Woojin isn't there with them physically, doesn't mean he's banned from seeing his brothers. JYP doesn't hate Woojin; he was removed from the site and the photo book because he terminated his contract and they LEGALLY can't use his image after that. It's not malicious, and not personal; that's simply the law, and it must have been agonizing for JYP to do that. SK and Woojin are probably texting right now, supporting him and sending him cute AF stickers in the chat. I'm sure Woojin and Chan will still go out for fried chicken on Sunday, I know he'll still be a replacement for Jisung's dad when he needs that. They're still brothers and soul mates and FAMILY; if anything this brought them even closer, I'm sure.

You know what else you can think if it helps? Woojin IS with them. But he's just... invisible? On stage? Temporarily! Maybe he got into trouble with a witch and ended up a tad transparent? But he's a magic man! He's always with us even if we can't see him! Isn't that amazing? He loves us so much.

Life has a funny way of working. It gets good, and then it gets bad. For Woojin right now, life isn't great. But it WAS; so please don't refuse to listen to SKZ again. His voice is honey and beauty and the last thing we have to connect to us right now. For now. He loves SKZ and he WAS happy and now he's not but he WILL BE AGAIN. He's young and resilient and you know what? So are we. We'll ALL get through this together; stays SKZ and Woojin. But for now, all we can do is try to take some deep breaths, drink water, and shake the dust off our shoulders. Cry if you need to, but
remember to sleep and eat and drink even if you feel sick.

Let's support skz with enough love for us AND for woojin, yeah? This is a bad spot for all of us, but we'll soar out of it with our nine angels at our sides. I'm so sorry for ranting and going on so long, but I needed to get all of this off my chest. Thank you to everyone who commented such beautiful things on the last announcement. I'll never stop writing woojin and I hope you guys don't either. Turn that agony into something beautiful, yeah? I'll be here to support your work, always.

I love you guys, skz loves you guys, and WOOJIN LOVES YOU GUYS. It may not seem like it, but made his decision for the greater good. It may take some time to realize that, but all in all it's the truth. Thank you for reading and all I can do is hope this gives one of you the strength you need.
If life is a movie, then you’re the best part

Chapter Summary

I think we could all use some OT9 fluff ❤️

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The familiar scent of butter doused popcorn and hot chocolate wafted through the house. The living room is buzzing with activity, all the boys finding their comfiest places to settle as endless bowls of salty snacks poured in with them. Countless steaming mugs of hot cocoa adorned the table, mingling with the bowls piled high with fresh popcorn. Yet the boys all stared awkwardly at a blank, black TV. It’s movie night in the coven, and the hardest part of the night is upon them; picking the goddamn movie.

The boys all quietly talked amongst themselves, shoveling fistfuls of crunchy popcorn into their mouths. No one wanted to throw out the first suggestion, content to enjoy each other’s presence at the moment.

Chan padded into the room and wedged himself into the last empty space on the sofa; right next to Woojin. His boyfriend wrapped a strong arm around Chan’s broad shoulder, gently pulling him so his head of blonde hair fit perfectly in the junction between his tanned neck and shoulders.

Chan couldn't help the smile that graced his lips as his eyes landed on the figures of Changbin and Felix, huddled together on the floor. Changbin is leaning his back against the plush sofa, with Felix nestled neatly in between his legs. The reaper snaked his arms around the human’s waist, his hands clasping over Felix’s tummy as he pressed the human flush against his chest. They wore matching enamoured grins, eyes locked as they communicated exclusively through shy glances and flushed cheeks. Chan couldn’t help but think about what a package deal they’ve become; it seems impossible to imagine one without the other. They truly fit together like puzzle pieces, Chan mused to himself as he unconsciously leaned closer into Woojin’s protective hold.

Hyunjin is gracefully draped over one of the many armchairs peppering the living room, his legs hanging over one arm, his head resting against the other. “I say we watch Moana. Or The Little Mermaid. Or both.” The siren piped up, as if on cue, raising a lithe arm to get everyone's attention. Oh boy, here we go, Chan thought to himself, mentally buckling himself in for the rollercoaster ride that is about to embark.

“Oh my god ’Jin! We've watched both of those like, 500 times! Can't you suggest a film that
doesn't involve water and princesses?” Jeongin asked exasperately, running a large hand through his freshly dyed burgundy hair.

The siren met the werewolf with a cold stare, his thick lips pulling into a petulant frown. “No.” he coolly replied, before squirming in his chair to face his back to the group. Well, that certainly ended that. The group was then plunged into a slightly awkward silence, with Jeongin sticking his tongue out at the oblivious siren. Chan rolled his eyes at the childish behavior of his members, too keen to the fact that reprimanding them is meaningless. The silence however, as normal in their house, didn't last long.

Seungmin then suggested Kiki’s Delivery Service, a personal favorite of his. The proposition was met with... mixed reactions. “That movie always makes me hungry for animated bread. It makes me mad that I can’t eat it...” Jisung grumbled under his breath, idly playing with Minho’s delicate fingers as he spoke; more to himself than to the group. But with that, the other boys took it upon themselves to voice their ideas for movie night.

“I vote we watch a nature documentary. You boys could use to learn more about our natural world!” Woojin spoke with a fatherly wag of his finger and a sagely nod of his head. Chan could only hope his boyfriend missed the collective eyeroll in response to his suggestion.

“I vote for the original Pokemon movie. It's great, and you'll all love it. It does get really sad though so make sure to have tissues ready.” Jisung stated with almost too much seriousness for a sentence containing the word “Pokemon”. His lips pulled into a firm line, like his warning better be heeded by the boys, if they know what's good for them. However, he was merely met by a plethora of unimpressed stares.

“Wow, you really are a 12 year old, huh.” Jeongin couldn't help but reply to an unphased Jisung, the demon’s expression still one of oblivious earnestness. Minho is just grateful his boyfriend didn't even attempt to suggest High School Musical for the umpteenth time. He just got those songs successfully out of his head.

“Uh, I don’t think I am? You know I stopped counting my age after I turned 1,500.” The demon replied with a nonchalant shrug of his shoulders, meeting the werewolf with a bright smile that bunched his puffy cheeks. “Ew, I can’t believe I’m dating such an old man. And he's not even a sugar daddy.” Minho mock-whined with an exaggerated sneer, before engulfing the petite demon in a tight embrace and bringing his thin frame flush against his own.

“Ugh, you better stop or I’m gonna hurl.” Changbin muttered from his spot with Felix on the floor, doing everything in his power not to gag at the couple. The human in his arms just leveled him with a good natured frown at the comment, raising a tiny hand to leave a light smack on the reaper's shoulder. “Oh yeah, that's funny coming from the guy who’s holding Felix like a goddamn
koala.” Minho quickly retorted, snarky voice matching the sly smile and wicked gleam in his eyes. The sharp glint is enough to successfully make Changbin shrink under his gaze.

The reaper just shoved his face into the human’s neck in response, content to hide his heated blush from the knowing eyes of Minho. Felix just let a round of bubbly giggles fall from his lips. The sweet sounds didn't help Changbin's intense flush lessen.

“Guys! The popcorn is getting cold, can we please pick something already?!” Hyunjin whined, his silky voice making an appearance for the first time since his little spat with Jeongin. All the boys, Jeongin included, nodded in agreement with matching pouts jutting onto their lips.

Silence engulfed the group once again, before a new, yet familiar deep timbre entered the mix. “What about a horror movie?” The telltale voice of Felix rang out in the quiet living room, effectively getting his members’ attention with the suggestion. “You guys are...you know...spooky?” The human continued, gesturing vaguely at his supernatural members with a small smile.

“Can't say we're not spooky.” Minho mused with a long nod of his head, a satisfied smirk stretching onto his lips. His response was met with even more nods in agreement, as well as a chorus of “I’m in!” and “let’s do it!”

They all seemed to finally agree on something, what a surprise. Except that’s what they thought, naively, before Woojin took notice of the uncomfortable expression now twisted onto Chan’s features.

“Babe, are you ok?” He quietly probed the vampire, who’s brows are now knitted together, lips pressed into a tight line as his emerald eyes darted around the room uneasily. “Yeah hyung, are you ok?” Seungmin added, the other boys now taking full notice of their leader’s newly perturbed look.

Chan just squirmed under their collective gaze, before muttering something under his breath, his words nothing but slurred whispers to his coven. At the continued confused glances sent his way, Chan let a sharp huff pass through his lips, before squeezing his eyes shut and choking out “I said I hate horror movies, ok?!”

He was met with expressions of incredulity, of wide eyed disbelief at his admission. “You don’t like horror movies?” Jisung basically shrieked as he doubled over in laughter, clutching his sides as his small form shook with endless giggles. “But you’re a vampire. You literally drink human blood on the daily, Chan.” Minho now teased, matching his boyfriend as mischievous snickers
tumbled from his lips.

The other boys then devolved into laughter, except Woojin, who as always leveled his boyfriend with a sympathetic grin. It’s times like these that Chan is eternally grateful to be undead; the embarrassed blush that would be coloring his cheeks if he were human would be too much to live down.

Thankfully, the spotlight was taken from Chan when Jeongin rose from his seat on the sofa, meandering to stand before the coven. He clasped his hands together, his shoulders straight as an arrow. Their youngest now looks like a polished politician, poised to make his speech as to why he should be voted into office.

“I think we should was Jaws tonight. Why, you ask? Simple, it satisfies off all of our suggestions—it’s horror, like Felix suggested. It involves plenty of water, for Hyunjin. And it technically counts as a nature film...because sharks live in nature...right?” He finished his confident speech with on a slightly uneasy note, his sly eyes sparkling as he gazed expectantly at his members. From his spot next to Chan, Woojin eagerly nodded his head, eyes full of a triumphant gleam that translated as: *yes! Sharks do live in nature! I’m so proud!*

Chan couldn’t help thinking that Woojin *might* wanna heighten his standards, just a tad.

“Hey, what about me!” Seungmin whined to his best friend from where he sat cross legged in a plush armchair.

“What *about* you?” Jeongin chided in return, letting an unabashed snicker pass through his lips, before bringing a large hand up to his mouth to muffle the giggles. Seungmin just sent him a glare, but the glittery sparks lighting up his eyes showed there is no real malice behind the scowl.

However, with a chorus of nods and rousing cheers, Jeongin slipped the dvd into the player, and the classic horror film started. *Finally.* “Oh, by the way Chan hyung, you might wanna get some blood for the film. Some scenes might make you a little hungry.” Their youngest playfully jeered as he fell back into his place on the sofa, an impish grin stretching onto his lips as he leveled the vampire with a knowing smirk.

Chan just puffed out his cheeks, before his shoulders fell with a resigned sigh. He shot up from the sofa, and zoomed towards the kitchen; only to return mere seconds later with a frosty water bottle in hand. Except, where the telltale clear liquid should be, thick red fluid took its place. The boys didn’t even bat an eyelash. Even Felix merely snuggled closer to Changbin as the opening scenes of the film bathed the coven in artificial light.
Chan is old enough, and secure enough in himself to readily admit he didn't see more than five seconds total of the campy film. Rather, he spent the entire duration with his eyes squeezed shut, his face shoved into one of the many throw pillows dotting the sofa. He only raised his gaze one time, only for his eyes to be met with bloody waters and severed limbs; he buried his face back into the comfort of his trusted pillow sidekick before the title shark could even make an appearance.

However, the credits just started to roll, and with a relieved sigh Chan discarded the pillow and cracked open his eyes. But he couldn’t help being taken aback when said eyes scanned his coven members, who he hasn’t seen since starting the film.

_They all fell asleep, really?! They made me go through that only to get knocked out halfway through?_ The vampire thought to himself with a good natured roll of his eyes, as he realized with a chuckle that he is the only member still awake. He vaguely noticed that around halfway through the film the low hum of whispered commentary, shocked gasps, and amazed giggles mellowed and quieted until it became completely silent. Chan just assumed, from where he had his face stuffed into a pillow, that the boys simply became too engrossed in the film to continue their chatter. Chan couldn’t believe how wrong he was, as he gazed at the sight before him.

Felix and Changbin are totally conked out on the floor, the couple lying down unceremoniously on the hardwood floor, limbs tangled and hands still intertwined. Hyunjin is curled up in his arm chair, his handsome features even as his chest rose with steady breaths. Soft snores flowed from both Minho and Jisung, the couple leaning their heads on each other’s slumped shoulders. The positioning looks less than comfortable, but the two look nothing short of cozy; in spite of the awkward crinks in their necks. Seungmin is blanketed in peaceful slumber, resting his plump cheek on his fist from where he daintily slept on his chair. Jeongin mimicked his best friend, lanky limbs hanging off the sofa cushions as dreams flickered behind his closed eyes. Finally, is Woojin; the nature spirit’s mop of shiny black hair is tickling Chan’s neck from where his head is nestled on the vampire’s shoulder, his thick lashes fanning over his tanned skin as soft breaths blew against Chan’s skin.

The bowls of popcorn are left forgotten, reduced to cold and soggy lumps. Chan, despite being fully aware that the velvety hands of sleep will skip him and him alone, is content to curl up once again on the couch so as not to rouse Woojin. He took a gentle, slow sip of the blood on the table next to him, a smile blooming on his lips as his eyes bounced from one peacefully sleeping member to the next.

He took another swig of the sanguine liquid, its telltale tingling buzz taking root in his stomach. Jeongin was right, the film did make him thirsty.
I wasn’t planning on posting this chapter for a WHILE, but i think we could all use an infusion of ot9 fluff, yeah? Also this is kind of a quasi-halloween special bc they watch a horror movie?!? u decide ! Next week will be the first of a 2 part chanlix flangst (fluff+angst)!

This chap isn’t much, but I really hope it was able to make one of you smile a bit. But if not, here’s a smoll list of my recommendations for taking your mind off Stuff/relaxing if ur not feeling well mentally:
-try this super fun site to generate ur own magic book name
-here’s a ghibli piano compilation that is very calming
-watch old skz vids! Ep one of finding skz?? The 9th ep when they go to the amusement park?? Dingo dress room aka the birth of giraffe minho?! Those memories aren’t any less beautiful or happy because of what’s happening now. We have to try to compartmentalize the current bad from the past good! just bc things aren’t great now doesn’t mean A) they weren’t great then and B)they wont be just as great in the future! Chan and the boys didnt spill blood sweat and tears for us to be perpetually sad ok they want us to be happy and we wiLL BE HAPPY AGAIN IF IT KILLS US
-watch some good ol’ vine compilations!! Perhaps even...stray kids as vines/tik toks?!?! this this and this are my faves they’re so funny
-remember the lyrics to miroh: “im not tired, i ran into this rough jungle, i’m ok” so right now we're tired and stay kingdom is a bit of a rough jungle, but it's OUR rough jungle that we gladly ran into, yeah? We’ll support our boys no matter how rough it gets, right? right!
-think of 3-5 things you’re currently grateful for. This can be mental—or you can physically write them down, but it’s really helpful during hard times to list things you’re grateful for/things that make you even the smallest bit happy)
- try the yoga complete breath!
- get PhYsIcAL~! it has been clinically proven that exercise releases dopamine (aka the Happiness Chemical™) in ur brain! so…dance to ur fav kpop choreo! try to learn the double knot dance?! do some yoga! run around like skz at the end of side effects mv!! terrify ur friends and neighbors!!! EMBRACE THE RUNNERS HIGH LIKE CHAN WANTS

sorry this is so long but i love u guys and i wanna support u the way u have always supported me ;^; honestly I’m feeling pretty #awful mentally today (I’m sure u know why) so i better use some of my own suggestions l m a o
Sometimes we must grow stronger (you can't be stronger in the dark)

Chapter Summary

Something's wrong, shut the light,
Heavy thoughts tonight.
Sleep with one eye open,
Gripping your pillow tight.
Never mind that noise you heard.
It's just the beasts under your bed,
In your closet,
in your head.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys! This week’s chap (as well as next weeks) take place around a week after Yugyeom assaults felix (i know what ur thinking—“Chronosaurus i thought we were done with yugyeom” and THATS WHAT I THOUGHT TOO until i wrote these two chaps lmao) but yeah it’s been a minute since yugy tried to make felix into his own personal blood bag, so if u want to reacquaint urself with those chapters yugyeom appears in chapters 10, 21 and 22!

Anyways stream astronaut on the 14th, vote for skz on the STARPOLL app for AAA and pls appreciate the beauty that is Changbin’s caramel hair, Jeongin’s navy hair, Jisung’s airport fashion, and chan returning to his emo roots and lookin like he came straight outta the district 9 mv

Felix’s padding footsteps stopped at the threshold to the living room, white-hot exhaustion burning his eyes.

He was unsurprised by the sight before him; Chan is neatly sat on the sofa, emerald eyes completely focused on the vintage sitcom flickering on the tv. Rather than the black and white shows he's known Chan to enjoy, this one was shot in muted, obviously primitive color. A small, dimpled smile is pulled onto the vampire’s lips, but his eyes are clearly in some far off place—and time. An era forgotten by the sands of time, but as real and tangible to Chan as the petals of a withered rose.
Felix let an unconscious yawn stretch his lips, bringing a small fist to rub at his eyes. He's *exhausted*. He's exhausted, because he's been suffering from a recent bout of insomnia.

He has insomnia, because he's terrified.

It's been about a week since Yugyeom’s assault on the human. The attack traumatized the entire coven, but the most profound effect was on the very target himself; Felix.

Ever since that day, he's found himself increasingly skittish and paranoid. He skirts around the house, avoiding any and all darkness like the plague. His room has become a virtual torture chamber of darkness, his eyes refusing close for fear of something slinking out of the dark and creeping up to his prone form, poised to strike and kill.

Even the smallest patch of shadow causes painful claws of fear to sink into Felix’s flesh, his mind painting horrifying pictures of monsters lying in wait in the velvety darkness; eager to pounce on Felix and bleed him dry.

Felix has never suffered from a fear of the dark, not even as a child. He never would have expected it to rear its ugly head *now*, not like this.

But his fear of shapeless beasts stalking him from the shadows is not as amorphous as Felix makes it seem. He's not afraid of werewolves like Jeongin, or Hellish demons like Jisung. No, Felix is now terrified of one type of creature, and one alone.

*Vampires.*

“Oh, Felix! Didn't see you there.” Chan softly called to the human with a bright smile, eagerly waving Felix over to join him on the sofa.

Felix is terrified of vampires. And then there's Chan.

Felix ignored the goosebumps gnawing on his flesh caused by the darkness of the living room surrounding him, and spurred his stiff legs to trot over to Chan.
Felix plopped onto the cushions, a small smile upturning his lips as he met Chan's wide, goofy grin. Just the familiar sight of the vampire's lopsided smile is enough to calm his perpetually speeding heart.

“What's up, Lix? Want me to make you fall asleep again?” Chan asked with a puppy-like tilt of his head, fluffy blonde tresses falling in his jade eyes.

Felix shook his head, with a small giggle. “No, hyung. I can't sleep, but I actually was wondering if I could spend some time with you here.” The human murmured, his thick lips jutting into a pout as he absentmindedly twiddled his thumbs. Felix couldn't stand being alone in his bedroom, insatiably craving the comfort Chan almost instantly blankets him in.

Chan seemed appropriately taken aback by the request, his eyes marginally widening and pale lips parting in surprise. That is, before a huge, beaming grin burst onto said lips.

“Of course you can! Get comfy, Lixie.” Chan cooed, patting the flesh of his thigh.

With a good natured roll of his eyes, Felix curled up on the cushions, his head comfortably nestled on Chan’s muscular thigh. The vampire leveled a pallid hand to Felix’s tangerine locks, leaving calming strokes against the silken strands. The chilled flesh of Chan’s palm helped ease Felix’s frayed nerves, helped to lessen the burning of his fevered skin.

They stayed like that for some time, the tranquility occasionally broken by a string of breezy chuckles from Chan; elicited by the cheesy vintage sitcom still playing in the otherwise pitch black room. It featured a married couple, constantly bickering and at each other's throats. He couldn't help but notice the stark dichotomy between the sweet giggles of Chan, and the uncannily robotic laugh tracks that flowed from the tv.

Felix tried to concentrate, but he was too distracted by the all encompassing darkness of the rest of the living room. With a wild beat of his heart, Felix swore he saw a pair of glowing, golden eyes staring at him from the obsidian abyss.

But with a shaking sigh, he realized it was merely the shining metal of the front door knob, reflecting the stray bits of light cast by the tv.

He subconsciously clutched at the fabric of Chan's jeans, desperately grasping for purchase against the telltale venomous bubbling of horror in his stomach.
“Hyung,” Felix virtually whimpered, before his racing mind could catch up with him, could stop his lips.

Chan hummed in response, continuing to leave gentle strokes on Felix’s orange locks.

Felix forced a gulp down his throat, and steeled himself for the words about to leave his mouth.

“I’m scared.”

Felix felt Chan’s consistent pets freeze in their tracks, his hand hovering mere inches from Felix’s fluffy tangerine hair.

Chan turned, pulling Felix up in the process so the two now sat facing each other. His hand easily found the remote, muting the sitcom without a second thought.

“Scared? Scared of what, Felix?” Chan whispered, taking his bottom lip between his teeth to chew on the flesh. His eyebrows knitted together, a spark of worry glossing his jade eyes.

Felix’s gaze darted from those luminous green eyes, staring anywhere else as he mustered the courage to come clean to Chan. But his eyes accidentally flitted to the recessed, dark corners of the living room. He felt the familiar gnarled hands of terror creeping up his spine.

“Vampires.”

His voice was barely audible even to himself, but he didn't miss how Chan’s breath stuttered in his chest, how his Adam's apple bobbed with the force of his swallow. Of course, Chan heard his whisper loud and clear. Because Chan is a vampire.

And Felix could've sworn he just heard Chan's stilled and frost covered heart shatter behind his undead ribs.

“Are you afraid of me, Felix.” Chan spoke after what felt like an eternity of silence, voice now
seeming even deeper than the blackness at the edges of the room, held off only by the artificial light of the muted tv. It didn't even seem like a question, more like a hollow, pained statement.

Felix’s head snapped up, eyes wide and jaw threatening to plummet through the floor. “N-no! Of course not, hyung! I could never be afraid of you. I'm just...I’m afraid of vampires who aren't you. Who aren't like you.” Felix desperately tried to get his messy, incoherent thoughts in order enough to prove to Chan he’s telling the truth; Chan means more than the world to Felix. Chan is the reason he's still alive today.

Felix felt fat droplets land on his hands, and he belatedly realized that he’s crying. He didn't even notice the streams of glass like tears rushing down his cheeks, too numbed by the vampire’s statement to notice. To care.

The vampire seemed to consider his frantic words, his thick lips still pressed into a firm, blank line. His eyes, incandescent and lit from within, look so sad. Sad and broken, and empty; the two glowing rings flashed behind Felix’s eyes with each blink, seared onto the skin of his eyelids.

Chan let a rumbling, impossibly heavy sigh fall from his lips before speaking.

“Honestly, Felix,” Chan whispered, “I’m scared of vampires too.”

Felix froze, body paralyzed by the words Chan just let hit the midnight air. He didn't speak, didn't know what to say in response to such an admission. So he merely brought a tiny fist up to wipe at his watery eyes, a silent cue for Chan to elaborate.

Chan seems to have heard him loud and clear once again.

“I'm not like most vampires, you know that. After being turned, I made it my goal to be as different from them as I could. Vampires are...animalistic, and needy. And cruel more often than not, ready to betray anything and anyone for the smallest sip of blood.” Chan spat out, lips unconsciously curling in a snarl. Disgust coates each word, palpable bitterness drenching his tongue.

“I was so close to becoming a detached, bloodthirsty monster like them. I was standing on the edge of a cliff and if I fell, I would've become like them: a mindless killing machine, controlled from the inside out by the beast within us all. But I fought that beast, I fought so hard. And I won.” Chan all but growled in the darkness. Felix felt the electric tingle of chills rundown his spine.
“I have no loyalty to vampires,” Chan continued, rousing Felix out of his stupor. “Especially after…” the coven leader trailed off, emerald eyes seeing how Felix instantly tensed, muscled petrifying in place as fear reentered his vision.

“After what happened.” Chan managed to force out, voice barely a whisper. Felix just silently nodded with a sniffle, a new round of tears already spilling onto his cheeks.

“Hyung, I-I'm sorry, I shouldn't have—” Felix choked past the lump in his throat, suddenly feeling burning guilt paint his skin for burdening Chan with the revelations brought about by admitting his newfound fear.

“Felix,” The vampire cut him off, voice a velvety mixture of power and loving comfort. Chan brought his pale hands up to cup Felix’s damp cheeks, his thumbs gliding over the skin and easily swiping away the cascade of droplets falling from the human's eyes.

“I will do anything to protect you. I don't care how many of my kind I have to kill to make sure you're safe.” Chan announced, confidence staining each word despite the soft timbre of his voice.

Felix felt his heart stutter in his chest, unconsciously melting into the two hands still gently cupping his cheeks.

“Thank you, hyung. For everything.” Felix mumbled, voice still a slurred mess from the tears raining down his skin.

Chan let a smile, small and gentle, bloom on his lips. Silently bending forward, Chan placed a chaste kiss onto Felix’s forehead, the human’s flesh flushing a fevered ruby hue in the wake of his plush lips.

It was only after the impossibly soft peck that Chan removed his hands from where they seemed permanently attached to Felix's cheeks; gently taking the human in his arms to press him firmly against his body.

Chan gently laid back down on the cushions, Felix nuzzling into the vampire's strong chest. The human curled up in Chan’s comforting embrace, the familiar weight of his toned arms around Felix’s waist already allowing sleep to seep into his muscles.
“Sleep out here with me tonight, Felix. I’ll make sure you're safe.” The vampire whispered, seemingly privy to the way the human’s eyes bobbed shut, head gently lolling on his chilled skin.

The human took one final glance into the shadow ridden corners of the living room; he felt no fear.

Felix didn't answer, only nestling his cheek onto the porcelain planes of Chan’s chest as slumber overtook him.

Felix vaguely noticed the emptiness behind Chan’s ribs as he drifted into slumber, from his position on the vampire’s body. But he doesn't care, not one bit.

Chan may be a vampire, but that's ok; as Felix doesn't think he's afraid of his undead kin anymore.

Because Chan will always be there to protect Felix. Always, and forever.
“Chan hyung, I don’t feel good.” Felix murmured to the vampire, his lips pressed into a worried line. “I feel like something bad is gonna happen.”

Chan’s stomach twisted at Felix’s admission, as if the human's nerves infected his own body after his words hit the air. Felix has never said such a thing to Chan before, so the vampire can’t help but think his premonition must have some validity. He plastered a smile onto his lips nonetheless, trying to ease the human as best he could.

“Don’t worry, Lix. Everything’s fine—” But his words of good will were instantly halted in their tracks, like the universe itself wanted to prove them wrong.

Because it was at this moment Chan heard a loud round of knocking on the front door. His eyebrows furrowed; they weren’t expecting anyone over today.

With the use of his super speed, Chan was at the door within seconds of the knock hitting the wood. Throwing the door open, Chan’s eyes instantly locked onto a pair of all too familiar piercing blue irises. His jaw flew open, a small gasp escaping his lips.

It seems Felix is more intuitive than he lets on.

“B-Bambam?!”

Felix was assured he has successfully gotten over his fear of vampires. Thanks to his talk with Chan the other night, the human has been free of the oppressive weight of the constant terror that...
nibbled at his flesh.

Until a round of rapping at the door effectively plunged him back into the throes of excruciating fear.

He can’t deny the oppressive churning twisting his stomach since that morning, accompanied by the unmistakable prickle of goosebumps on his skin. It’s fear, the deep-seated, primal sort of fear Felix wished he’d never feel again. The knock on the door made his heart drop, each pound sending shockwaves through his body. He can’t help but worry that his implacable feelings of dread will come to fruition with the arrival of the stranger.

Felix was sat on the sofa with Minho, a preoccupied Jisung playing some childish game on his phone in the chair beside them. However, their attention snapped up at the knocking, eyes darting to the door in unison.

“B-Bambam?!” Chan exclaimed, after he opened the front door to reveal their mysterious visitor. Felix’s blood instantly turned to ice in his veins, his eyes bugging open in his head. He’d recognize that name anywhere.

And apparently Minho did too. The dark magician instantly perked up, hard eyes wary as he wrapped a protective arm around Felix, pulling the human flush against his side. Even Jisung instantly tucked his phone into his pocket at the mention of the name, rich hazel eyes suddenly changing to a deep burgundy hue.

After the dust settled from Yugyeom’s attack on Felix, Chan divulged to the boys that it was his long time friend and fellow vampire Bambam who took it upon himself to tell the now deceased vampire about Felix’s addition to the coven. Because of Bambam, Felix was seconds away from death; hence their less than pleasant reaction to finding him now stood at their front door.

Chan, seeming more than a little stunned to see his oldest vampiric friend at their house, as he silently ushered the other man in with widened, vacant eyes. Bambam is undoubtedly beautiful, but as soon as Felix caught sight of his pale turquoise eyes he felt his heart start to pound unforgivingly against his ribs. He swears he felt a bone or two crack like twigs in the wake of the thrashing beats. Those eyes; he felt they could see right through him, directly into his soul, into his quivering heart.

“‘Bam, what are you doing here?’ Chan whispered through gritted teeth, the reality of the repercussions Bambam’s visit could ensue clouding his brain. Don’t get Chan wrong; he loves Bambam. Loves with him with the entirety of his frigid, dead heart. But Bambam should not be
Chan *just* counseled Felix out of his fear of other vampires, so the last thing he needs is for his friend to reignite the terror now snuffed from Felix’s heart. Not to mention Felix *knows* Bambam is the reason Yugyeom knew of his whereabouts, of his very *existence*. To say Bambam is not a welcome guest right now is beyond an understatement. And if the petrified expression frozen on Felix’s face meant anything, it seems Chan’s worst fears have already come true.

The human kept his eyes trained on his hands, palms clammy as he white knuckle gripped the coarse grain of his denim jeans. Felix vaguely registered Minho tightening his hold on his trembling body, but he could barely process it over the deafening ringing in his ears.

“What, am I not allowed to visit my oldest friend and finally meet those boys you haven’t stopped gushing about?” Bambam mused with an airy chuckle, waving away Chan’s clearly perturbed demeanor.

A knowing sigh ripped from Chan’s lips. *Not unannounced like this, no*, he thought to himself. He should have at *least* let Chan know of his impending visit, so he could have safely gotten the human out of the house. But no, Bambam said nothing, and now here he is. And Chan is sure he sees tears about to fall down Felix’s cheeks.

But with that, Bambam instantly took notice of the trio of boys sat in the living room, quirking a perfectly manicured eyebrow as a small twitched onto his full lips. “Ah, these must be some of the coven members I’ve heard so much about.”

Before Chan could say another word, Bambam started to stroll up to the other boys, his steps so light and graceful he might as well be hovering above the floor boards.

Felix’s chest started to push out increasingly short, spasming breaths. He feels dizzy, feels his brain dissolve into static as the other vampire walked up to them. He feels like a poor little deer caught in a bramble, as the biggest, baddest wolf you could imagine stalks up to his prone form. He screwed his eyes tightly shut; both to will away the tears that flooded his waterline, as well as the block the sight of the blue eyed vampire from his vision.

Minho and Jisung kept their eyes locked on Bambam, like two lions poised to pounce at any given moment. They were *there* during Yugyeom’s attack, the horrifying memories of that day flooding their minds like a broken dam.
Not again, their eyes said. We won’t let you hurt him again.

Bambam’s crystalline, azure irises landed on Minho first, seeming to purposely gloss over the figure of a clearly terrified Felix. His smile stayed in place on his lips, despite the glower Minho leveled at the other vampire.

“And who might you be?” He inquired of the dark magician, elegantly bowing his head as if Minho were royalty. Minho’s glare morphed into a full blown scowl, his lips curling a snarl. He looks like he’s mere seconds away from tearing Bambam’s chest cavity clean open.

“Minho.” Is all he managed to grit out, feeling his magical power start coursing through his veins. Ice and fire, lightning and thunder all converging in the body of one very angry man. Minho is a force to be reckoned with on his offset of days—right now? He might as well be a blight of occult fury about to raze Bambam to cinders.

Bambam however, seemed satisfied enough with his curt response; then turning his attention to Jisung. When his eyes landed on him, the demon let a loud, unabashed growl rumble from his chest—animalistic and terrifyingly primal.

Bambam was totally unphased at said growl. Either that, or he’s a very convincing actor.

Before the other vampire could even ask Jisung for his name, the demon’s voice rang into the living. “Jisung. Demon.”

His usually joyful timbre is now impossibly deep and threatening, sending an icy wave over the room. The words sounded like rolls of thunder as they left his lips, and his eyes are officially glowing a fiery red, like molten lava entered his irises.

Unfathomably old power is coursing through every muscle of Jisung's body. The kind of power that pummels the air into submission until you can feel his presence three continents over. The kind of power that short circuits fuse boxes and makes the power grid throughout the entire neighborhood flicker in and out of existence. The kind of power deeply rooted with the magma beneath the earth’s crust and the caldera of active volcanoes.

Bambam merely hummed in response. “You’re far from home, aren’t you.” He observed the demon, his lips quirking in a smirk as his turquoise eyes gave him a once over. The expression verged on vapid, and billows of thick smoke might as well be wafting from Jisung’s pores.
Jisung didn’t answer; unless you count his second intimidating growl an answer.

“Well, I can’t say this is the warmest of welcomes.” Bambam remarked with a breathy laugh, turning to look into Chan’s jade eyes. Their leader is now stood a little behind the other vampire, looking apprehensive and more than a tad angered himself.

“Bambam, they’re a little—” Chan started, trying to keep his voice as steady and even as possible. He didn’t get very far.

“You’re the reason Felix almost died. Sorry we’re not overjoyed to meet you.” Minho barked, teeth glinting in the light as his snarl deepened, igniting lightning in his eyes.

Chan’s breath hitched in his throat, nails indenting crescents on the skin of his palms. From his spot plastered against Minho, Felix couldn’t stop himself from burying his face into the dark magician’s side, his stuttered breaths fanning against the older boy’s sweater. Tears started to cascade from his eyes, dampening the fabric of Minho’s jumper.

Bambam cocked his head in confusion, poised to inquire what on earth they could be talking about. Jisung had other plans.

“He was almost killed because of you,” the demon bellowed, his eyes glowing such an intense red light that they truly look like volcanic embers. “You’re lucky I haven’t ripped your fucking throat out.”

Chan forced down a swallow, in spite of the tightness smothering him from the inside out. This is bad. Very, very bad. Like life or death bad. He has to de-escalate things, and fast; before Jisung acts on his violent desires.

“Bam...the whole Yugyeom thing?” Chan forced past the hundred pound blockage in his throat, making sure to pose the statement as censored as possible with Felix still present in the living room.

“I...I don’t understand?” Bambam whispered, his eyes finally seeming to take notice of Felix as horrified realization crossed his features.
The human let a pitiful sob escape his lips; he couldn’t take it anymore. Prying himself from Minho’s protective vice grip, he all but ran out of the living and up the stairs. The sound of his pained cries echoing down into the first floor as he did so.

A trembling sigh fell from Chan’s pale lips, feeling as if his entire world is falling down around him and he’s just standing there: numb and helpless.

With final, palpable glares of hatred leveled at Bambam, Minho and Jisung rose from their seats and trailed up the stairs after Felix.

Bambam met Chan’s gaze, his pale eyes wide and sculpted brows knitted in confusion. “Chan, what are you talking about?”

Chan couldn’t believe his ears. He doesn’t know. He genuinely has no idea the horror his little comment to Yugyeom thrust them into.

Chan sighed for the umpteenth time that afternoon, gesturing for Bambam to take a seat on the now empty couch. He looked directly into his friend’s eyes, placing the right words on his tongue. Although if you asked him, he’s not sure they even existed.

He sucked in a sharp breath, and let the words tumble from his lips.

“Yugyeom tried to kill Felix.”

“C-Chan, I had no idea! I never thought Yugyeom would do that after I told him you moved a human into your coven!” Bambam wailed, voice a broken husk of its once confident timbre after Chan finished his explanation of the situation.

“I know, ‘Bam. But I just want you to understand why the boys were...not very happy to see you.” Chan spoke as gently as possible, bringing a pale hand up to rub at the back of his neck.

Bambam’s head of shiny raven locks bounced with a long nod of understanding. “I don’t blame
“I...I should go.” He quickly added, sapphire eyes nervously darting to the flight of stairs Felix escaped up. “Please tell Felix how sorry I am.” Bambam murmured, pushing a hard swallow down his throat.

Chan merely nodded, unsure of how to respond. He walked Bambam to the door, his hands wringing together with residual nervous energy.

He enveloped Bambam in an only slightly awkward hug, a pang of sadness echoing in his silent chest at the tangible despair shining in his friend’s eyes. Bambam has been a huge part of Chan’s existence; both living and undead. Hell, he’s the reason Chan is even walking around today. He would love nothing more than to catch up with his long time friend, to reminisce on the rise and fall of eras they lived through together. But his coven members—and their peace of mind—takes precedence.

“I’ll invite you over soon, when things are...easier for him. I’m sure he’d like you very much if you two really talked.” Chan couldn’t help himself from rambling. When you don’t have a beating heart to race in your chest, sometimes your mouth races in its place.

Bambam considered Chan’s words, his thick lips still downturned in a firm line. However, he allowed his expression to slightly soften as his friend spoke, the marginally hardness melting from his features.

“I’d love that.”

-chan-

Chan turned the knob to Felix’s room, relief washing over his taut muscles at the silence emanating from inside; thankfully free from the anguished sobs Felix cried earlier.

Entering the bedroom, Chan couldn’t stop the endeared smile that flickered onto his lips. Felix is cuddled up in Minho’s arms, eyes softly shut and expression even. Jisung is neatly sat cross legged on the remaining space on the bed, his petite hands stroking Felix’s silky locks.

Minho’s eyes landed on Chan, and he couldn’t stop the ruby flush that tinged his cheeks; clearly
less than proud of his behavior from earlier. Chan however, was the furthest thing from mad at the boys. Of course it hurt him to see their less than pleasant reactions to one of his best and oldest friends, but he understands where it came from. They love Felix. They want to protect Felix just as fiercely as Chan. How could he fault them for that?

As if sensing Chan’s comforting presence, Felix’s eyes gently cracked open, instantly finding the vampire’s jade eyes like a magnet. “Hyung?” He asked softly, as if the image of Chan was merely a shimmering mirage in a desert, ready to be snatched away from him.

“Hey, Lix.” Chan spoke with feather softness, reaching a pale hand forward to stroke the velveteen skin of Felix’s cheek. “He left. And he felt terrible, about everything.”

Chan noticed how Felix’s gaze flitted away as he spoke, the skin beneath his palm heating up with each passing second. Felix just nodded, pushing a small gulp down his throat.

“I’m sorry, hyung.” He mumbled, his bottom lip quivering. Jisung looked away into a far off corner of Felix’s room, obviously not keen on watching the pain seared on his best friend’s expression.

Chan barked out a breathy laugh, lightly shaking his head at the human’s apology. “For what? Having emotions? You have nothing to apologize for, Felix.” Chan observed with a loving smile, his emerald irises sparkling as the human nuzzled into the hand still cupping his cheek.

“In fact, I thought you were very brave.” Chan continued, eyes meeting Minho’s gleaming pair; the dark magician nodding in accordance with the vampire’s statement.

“Brave?! Hyung, did you forget I ran away crying?” Felix whined, lips jutting into a pout, the warmth on his cheeks only steadily increasing to heat the skin of Chan’s chilled palm.

“So? You can cry and still be brave, Felix. You don’t have to subject yourself to your fears to prove yourself. You’re allowed to run away for your own wellbeing, and not be any less courageous.” The vampire couldn’t stop himself from rambling again, reduced to a babbling, humanoid stream of consciousness.

Felix, however, seems more than taken aback by Chan’s sentiments. A smile pulled at his lips, barely noticeable; but undoubtedly there.
“I love you guys.” Felix whispered, sniffling as a new round of tears brimmed at his eyes. But rather than from fear, this time it was from overwhelming emotions of gratitude.

“We love you too, Lixie!” Jisung exclaimed, the instant Felix’s words left his lips. Despite him speaking for the first time since the addition of Chan, his voice has returned to its usual childlike, excitable tone. His once threatening aura thankfully vanished in favor of blinding smiles and star-filled eyes.

Minho and Chan let airy giggles pepper the air, allowing Jisung’s joyous declaration to speak for them all.

Hours ticked by on Felix’s bedside clock; the boys stayed together. Felix fell back asleep in Minho’s arms; the boys stayed together. Jisung drifted off into slumber, follow soon by Minho; the boys stayed together. Chan kept his watchful gaze on his beloved members as night melted into morning; the boys stayed together. The sun started to rise as the lilac dawn turned to pale blue morning; the boys stayed together.

They will *always* stay together. Nothing—*no one*—will ever change that.

Chapter End Notes

welp, idk why i always end up making minsung the designated Felix Protection Squad™, yet here we are! and i’m gonna be real w yall, it does indeed happen again. This isn’t even the last time. Welp

anyways i lowkey h*te this chapter and suffice it to say it's my least fave of this entire fic. but i will make up for it with next weeks chapter! it's one ive been saving for a while; a very pretty hyunchan i think u guys will like!

i'll see u guys next week! oh oh also i'm posting the changlix part of my ongoing skz university series tmmr, so look out for that if u care! and yesterday i posted my first woochan one shot since It happened and i am: tiredt

jk, life is slowly but surely becoming easier. I hope u guys can say the same? i always find myself worrying about you guys. please feel free to update me on how you're holding up! and finally, i rlly wanna write but i have 0 ideas, so if any of u have a skz pairing/prompt you'd like me to write pls comment it!!! just not for this specific fic/universe pls ^^

If u need me ill be crying abt skz’s performance of 3rd eye from v live awards (they all looked like sexi delinquents and i want the chair sequence tattooed on my eyeballs and carPE FUCKING DIEM AND O CAPTAIN MY CAPTAIN AND IM JUST LOSING MY GODDA,MN MIND i haven’t had this much will to live in Weeks i love skz). Ok
I’m done pls vote for skz on starpoll for AAA! Let’s show Big Tasty Smemes we’re a force to be reckoned with!
Chapter Summary

There's a tree back far,
I see the fifth season.
I felt the first time,
Beyond your shoulder over there,
I see the fifth season.
The obvious thing is love.

Chapter Notes

This one goes out to the user who requested more hyunjin/inhaler content….i hope this satisfies ur hyunhaler lust ;)  

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hyunjin adjusted his backpack as he slipped out of the passenger seat and into the thick, misty air of the forest. The palpable, heavy air swirling through the towering trees pricked the skin on Hyunjin’s exposed legs, nestling on his shoulders like a hug.

Huge, ancient oaks made Hyunjin feel like a minuscule ant, their towering trunks like skyscrapers against the pale blue sky. The siren heaved in a long breath; the droplets of dew hanging in the air kissing his skin, as if acknowledging his oceanic past.

“Shall we get started?” Hyunjin jumped from his trance at the sound of Chan’s voice, the vampire observing him with an expectant smile. The vampire’s emerald eyes looked like the all encompassing swath of vibrant foliage shrunk down to take residence in his irises. Hyunjin just nodded, throwing Chan a small smile. Something about the citadel of strong trunks surrounding them, the carpet of moss and cobblestone of roots made an implacable lump form in Hyunjin’s throat.
“Chan hyung, can I ask you something?” Hyunjin prodded as he unceremoniously threw himself across a previously solitary Chan, the vampire quietly engrossed in a worn novel on the sofa.

“I don’t think I have a choice, but of course ‘Jin.” Chan responded with a small chuckle and good natured roll of his eyes, carefully slipping his bookmark into the yellowed page before tossing the book to the side; all too aware he won’t get anymore reading done with Hyunjin draped over his lap.

The siren then suddenly looked off into an unknown point, his large eyes harboring an unreadable spark. His thick lips jutted out in a sweet pout, his fingers absentmindedly drawing random designs on Chan’s sweater. “Can you take me hiking up the mountain trail? It’s my dream to make it to the top.” Hyunjin mumbled, the words muffled by his pout.

Chan couldn’t help being taken more than slightly aback by the seemingly random request. He remembers Hyunjin mentioning this infamous “mountain trail” before, but the siren calling it his “dream” is news to him. Chan’s lips twitched into a grin as his eyes lazily landed on Hyunjin, the boy’s eyes still trained on some far off corner of the room as he anxiously awaited Chan’s answer.

“And you wanna go with me? You wouldn't rather go with Woojin?” Chan couldn't stop the playful inquiry from leaving his lips. Hyunjin’s downcast gaze instantly shot up, meeting Chan with a wide-eyed expression. “Of course hyung! I wouldn’t wanna do it with anyone else! It might make Woojin hyung mad, but it's the truth...” the siren earnestly implored the vampire, his delicate hands unconsciously grasping Chan’s.

Chan’s endeared smile just grew in response, his perpetually chilled skin feeling marginally defrosted at Hyunjin’s sweet sentiment.

“Ok then. Get your stuff together, let’s go now.”

Hyunjin’s foot caught on one of the myriad of snake-like roots protruding from the soil, forcing his bare knees against some of the exposed rock peppering the trail. He yelped as the world of misty green began to tip over and flip upside down, until the universe righted itself with Hyunjin crumpled up in an awkward heap on the soil. His skin stung, tears prickling at his waterlines as his eyes were greeted by two red patches now painting his knees.
“I thought you we’re used to walking on land by now, ‘Jin.’ Chan joked with a sympathetic smile, sinking down as he pulled some supplies from his own large backpack. “I thought I was too, hyung.” Hyunjin grumbled from his spot on the ground, heat coloring his dewy skin as his eyes flitted from the bloody scrapes on his milky skin, to the endless sea of green closing in on them.

With lighter-than air grace, Chan pulled some antiseptic wipes and bandaids from his pack, wordlessly taking one of Hyunjin’s hands in his as he cleaned the minor scrapes. Hyunjin squeezed the vampire’s frigid hand, his eyes screwing tightly shut as the lacerations stung with the power of a hundred lightning bolts.

After sufficiently disinfecting the exposed skin, Chan gently placed two pink band aids over the scrapes, shielding them from the elements. “Better?” He looked up at Hyunjin with affection sparkling in his jade eyes. Hyunjin nodded, his cheeks still burning with embarrassment.

“Do you need your inhaler?” Chan asked while gesturing to Hyunjin’s asthma medicine, nestled safe and sound in the bowels of Chan’s backpack.

Hyunjin shook his head, unable to meet Chan’s expectant stare. His lungs are holding up quite well as of now, to his own surprise, but he might need a puff or two later on in the hike—trials of being a sea creature on land, and all.

Chan got the message loud and clear, expertly placing the medical supplies back in his bag with practiced ease.

“Sorry hyung...about the blood and stuff.” Hyunjin then whispered, gesturing at his bandaged knees with is chin, while bringing a hand up to rub at the back of his neck sheepishly.

Chan barked out a laugh, his emerald irises disappearing with the force of the giggles that racked through his body. “C’mon Hyunjin, don’t be silly. You know that little doesn’t bother me.” He mused with a graceful wave of his hand, extending the other to grasp Hyunjin’s, pulling him up from the bed of velvety earth they made their makeshift doctor’s office.

“I fully expected you to get some kind of cut today, with how clumsy you are in the house and all. Why do you think I brought the first aid kit?” The vampire continued, sweet chuckles flowing from his pale lips as he threw an arm around Hyunjin’s dainty shoulders.

“Hey! For someone who’s supposed to have fins, I think I do pretty well for myself!” Hyunjin
quickly retorted with a child-like huff, petulantly crossing his arms over his chest.

Chan just leveled him with more melodious laughter, the pair now re-starting their journey down the verdant path.

After a few more pouting seconds, Hyunjin joined in as well; the two leaving a proverbial trail of giggles in their wake.

“Chan hyu—” the words died in Hyunjin’s throat, reduced to a pitiful croak as the last ounces of oxygen squeezed from his burning lungs. He knew this would happen.

Chan whipped around, eyes wide and worried at the sound of the now wispy quality of Hyunjin’s voice. “Need,” Hyunjin wheezed, shaking his hand up and down in a desperate pantomime of what he desires. “Breathe stick.”

Hyunjin is at his limit. Or he should say, his lungs are at their limit. Each inhale and subsequent exhale feels like knives are plunging in and out of his chest, maiming him and puncturing his organs like darts through balloons. Almost rhythmically, the pain would roll in and out like a tide. Like ocean waves. As if mocking him for being where he doesn’t belong. The heavy, wet air did little to combat his lack of oxygen—the dew drops kissing his skin brought him meager scraps of relief in the face of such internal agony.

He’s a sea creature. He’s not supposed to be walking on land for this long in such rugged terrain. He’s literally—in every sense of the term— not made for this. He’s meant to be dancing beneath wave crests and diving through incoming currents, not hiking up a mountain. But Hyunjin’s never been a fan of his prescribed limits. In fact, he’s quite the fan of shattering those supposed restraints placed on him by his own physiology. That’s one of the reasons he wanted to conquer the mountain trail in the first place; and a bout of asthma is not gonna stop him.

But he needs his inhaler. Or, his breathe stick, as Hyunjin sometimes calls it when the combination of lack of oxygen and exhaustion puts his brain in an industrial strength blender.

Chan’s lips formed a knowing ‘O’ shape at Hyunjin’s demand; he slung his backpack off his shoulder, and in a blink it was effectively zipped open and Hyunjin’s inhaler was plucked from inside the bag. Hyunjin didn’t mean to snatch it from Chan’s hand at the first sight of the familiar
plastic tube, but that funky little doodad looks like heaven to Hyunjin right now. Like an oasis in a desert. Or, perhaps more accurately, in a forest.

With greedy, almost hungry shakes, Hyunjin rattled his inhaler like the thing is seconds away from vanishing from his grasp.

His lungs filled with cooling relief as he sucked down the puffs of medicine, his eyes threatening to roll back in his head in response. That’s the stuff—he can’t believe he made it this far without needing rescuing from the magic touch of Mr.Inhaler. Maybe that’s a good sign.

Maybe he’s not as weak as he thought.

“Thanks, hyung.” Said Hyunjin, after sufficiently gulping down enough oxygen to last him through the rest of the hike. His voice is strong and steady, gone are the wild pants and cracked hissing from within his chest.

Chan waved away the gratitude with a graceful flick of the wrist. “You made it a lot farther than I thought. Without needing it.” Chan didn’t need to elaborate. Hyunjin would have understood.

But he sent the vampire a smile nonetheless, matched by Chan in luminance and affection.

He’s proud of himself, he realizes with a calming pound of his heart.

Hyunjin might just be stronger than he thinks.

They’d been idly walking the heavily forested trail for around another hour, when Chan suddenly threw a strong arm in front of Hyunjin, effectively stopping him in his tracks.

The pair were frozen in awkward silence, with a perplexed Hyunjin on the cusp of asking the vampire why on earth they stopped. But then Chan lifted a pale finger, pointing somewhere off in the near forest surrounding them.
“Look, a deer.” Chan whispered, guiding Hyunjin’s gaze through the all encompassing green. As if on cue, Hyunjin’s eyes landed on the figure of a young deer, the creature grazing in the mossy undergrowth at the trunk of a huge oak. Its velveteen chestnut fur blends perfectly with the countless trees of the forest; he never would have noticed it if not for Chan.

“How’d you even see it?” Hyunjin whispered, taking a few cautious steps closer to the animal, still nibbling and unaware of their stares.

Chan shrugged, trailing behind Hyunjin. “I can hear its heartbeat.”

As if the creature heard Chan and understood the danger his presence signifies, its head instantly shot up, large eyes trained on the pair. Its muscles tensed, poised to leap away at any slight movement from the two. It stared at them unreadably, before gracefully turning and bounding away into the sanctuary of the inner forest. Where the only danger is a hungry coyote, not a stray vampire.

Hyunjin’s shoulders slumped, falling in disappointment as he helplessly watched the deer fly through the bushes. He turned to Chan, the vampire now wearing an unreadable expression as their eyes met. “Well, that was nice while it lasted, right Hyunjin?” Chan declared with a shaking sigh, readjusting his backpack as he walked back to the well worn trail. His voice carried a newfound melancholy undertone, his eyes rapidly blinking away the uneasiness that now glimmered in the emerald pools. His smile is tight and teetering on pained, and it made Hyunjin’s heart ache.

He didn’t want Hyunjin to notice, that much is obvious. The siren of course, perceptive as ever, is keenly aware of the way Chan’s muscles instantly tensed at the sight of the fleeing deer, how the retreating creature made his pale hands tighten into fists.

Hyunjin knows exactly what thoughts are running through Chan’s mind right now; *I’m a monster, why wouldn’t it run from me.* It’s almost as if the terrified deer reignited something repressed, something clearly buried in the recesses of Chan’s ancient psyche.

Hyunjin was about to speak, to try and talk some sense into Chan that it’s probably more his fault the deer ran from them, as he made the stupid choice to creep towards the skittish animal. But before he could open his mouth, he was cut off by Chan’s silken voice, now back to its usual confident timbre.

“Let’s try to get to the top soon, before it gets dark.” The vampire continued, looking back and
throwing Hyunjin a dainty smile. Realizing now isn’t the time for a motivational tirade, Hyunjin just eagerly nodded while grasping the straps of his backpack as he skipped up to Chan’s side, throwing an arm around the vampire’s strong shoulders.

He felt the vampire’s knotted muscles loosen under his touch, his tense flesh melting at the familiar weight across his back.

Warmth bloomed in Hyunjin’s chest.

Somewhere deep in the wooded forest, the deer jumped and bounded in terror at the wind rustling the leaves.

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The trail started to rise. They trudged up the steep incline to the point where it felt like they were walking up a wall of living green. Hyunjin’s chest pushed out increasingly heavy pants, his heart fluttering as he tried to keep up with Chan’s unwavering pace.

His lungs are once again on the cusp of burning—perhaps he spoke too soon, and he will in fact need a second huff from his trusty inhaler. He’s supposed to be hundreds of feet below the sea, not thousands of feet above it! He really isn’t cut out for hiking; let alone hiking up a mountain.

Speaking of which; without even realizing it, the almost vertical incline plateaued into an even plain, but poor Hyunjin was too engrossed in hunching over with his hands on his knees as exhausted heaves left his parted lips to notice.

He sucked in grateful, albeit sharp inhales, reveling in how the gulps of oxygen marginally lessened the sting in his chest.

Chan rolled his eyes as a whispered giggle fell from his lips. Walking up to the doubled over siren, he placed a strong hand on his shoulders, jolting Hyunjin from his daze.

At Chan’s touch, Hyunjin’s gaze lazily rose from where it was trained on the worn trail. And when he finally looked up, his jaw almost hit the very soil beneath their feet.
Did they somehow sprout wings when Hyunjin wasn’t paying attention? That was his immediate thought, because it looked like they were even higher than the cotton candy clouds floating in the sky. The trail ended. The worn path halting at their feet, as the familiar carpet of grass morphed into a sparse and rocky lunar landscape.

Hyunjin’s eyes are unblinkingly agape as he wordlessly took in their new surroundings. Walking forward, a sea of velvety green greeted them from hundreds of stories below. The trees, the forest that became their second home today is nothing more than a patchwork quilt of lush emerald miles and miles below the pair. The setting sun painted the sky a delicate orange hue, hypnotizing Hyunjin to the point where he had to quickly stop himself from walking clear off the edge of the mountain top.

*The mountain top,* Hyunjin numbly thought to himself, his pounding heart now a dull murmur in his ears. *We made it.*

“Not bad, huh.” Chan mused with a long inhale of the crisp mountain air, his chest puffing out as the fresh air mingled with his undead lungs.

“No, not bad at all.” Hyunjin whispered with an audible gulp, feeling the same lump that made its first appearance at their arrival return to his tightening throat.

“Are you ok, ‘Jin?” Chan suddenly asked, taking notice of the siren’s abrupt change in demeanor.

Before he could blink them away, fat droplets fell from Hyunjin’s eyes, racing down the planes of his smooth skin before dripping onto the parched soil.

“I-I just never thought I would be here. When I lived in the ocean, me and my friends would always talk about the human world, and the one thing we wished we could see if we had the chance. I always said I wanted to go to the top of a mountain, because I didn’t think they really existed. How can you be so high in the air, while still being on earth? We have nothing like that in the ocean, so that was always my wish.” Hyunjin choked out with a small sob, bringing a delicate hand up to brush away the tears that continued to brim at his eyes.

“I thought my life was over when I washed up on shore, but I’ve experienced so much more here than I ever did in the ocean.” Hyunjin’s plump lips trembled as he whimpered out the heartfelt words before his racing mind could catch up with himself.
Chan didn’t respond. Instead, he engulfed Hyunjin in a powerful embrace, leaning the siren’s head on his shoulder so that his eyes can still look out over the carpet of trees unfurled below the mountain. “I’m so glad I found you that day, Hyunjin.” Chan remarked, voice powerful as he whispered into Hyunjin’s ear, the siren’s silky hair tickling his pallid skin.

“I can’t believe my dream came true.” Hyunjin unconsciously mumbled into Chan’s neck, his hands grasping onto the material of the vampire’s t-shirt like his life depended on it. “Thank you, Chan hyung.” He whispered as a flock of sparrows darted around the pair, shooting past them and down into the safety of the verdant wood below.

“Well, all I can say is it's time to get a new dream, ‘Hyunnie.” Chan announced as a playful grin burst onto his lips. The sun made its final dip below the jagged horizon, the tops of the evergreens silhouetted against the single yellow eye bidding them goodnight. Stars began to awaken in the violet sky, as a symphony of crickets and songbirds started to serenade the embracing pair.

A new dream? Hyunjin thought to himself with a snuffle. His glossy eyes rose to meet the newly ascended crescent moon; from their position on the mountain top he felt like he could reach out and pluck the moon right from the sky, and tuck it in his pocket for his eyes only. He took a final, long inhale of the mountain air, the musky scent of the evergreens making a warmth bloom in his chest.

“You’re right, Hyung. On to the next dream.”

Chapter End Notes

Can u tell I haven’t used an inhaler in a hot minute....I’m sorry i did such a shitty job of describing it being used l m a o

See u guys next week! The chapter is a Doozy, and by that I mean it’s one of the saddest chaps of this fic but also one of my absolute favorites.....buckle up buckaroos. IMMA go keep looking at first con pics/vids and try not to cry bc i wish i could be there,,,,also chan if ur reading this relEASE THE STUDIO VER OF WE GO RIGHT NOW THIS INSTANT MR BANG
Please, don’t take my sunshine away

Chapter Summary

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know dear, how much I love you,
Please, don't take my sunshine away.

Chapter Notes

TRIGGER WARNING: this chapter contains BULLYING

Please keep that in mind before reading, however as always the ending is very very happy :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Thanks for helping me with my homework, Chan hyung.” Jeongin mumbled as he averted his sheepish gaze from the vampire, his cheeks flushing a furious ruby tint.

Chan just waved away their youngest’s words of gratitude, a loving smile lighting up his lips in response. “I don’t know why you asked me of all people, but I’m happy to help.” The vampire mused with a round of lilting chuckles.

“Well, you’re kinda...old, hyung. So I thought you probably have the most knowledge out of anyone here.” The werewolf remarked with an innocent shrug, seemingly oblivious to how Chan’s emerald eye twitched at the comment. Of course, Jisung is technically older than Chan by a couple hundred centuries, but he also has the maturity level of 6 year old. If anything, Chan should feel flattered. Suffice it to say, he doesn’t.

“I’m not old Jeongin, I’m just...” Chan tried to place the right descriptor on the tip of his tongue, but nothing appropriate came to mind. Plus, 187 doesn’t exactly make him a spring chicken. “Ok, fine. I’m old. But that doesn't automatically make me some omniscient, all knowing being.” The vampire grumbled, his thick lips pursed in a pout.

“Hyung, I don’t even know what that word means. See? You really are omnivorous!” Jeongin
exclaimed with a sagely shake of his head. Chan had to stop himself from doubling over in laughter. It’s going to be a long night, Chan is now starting to realize.

Instead, he chose to scrub a porcelain hand down his handsome features, mumbling “I said omniscient, it means—forget it, let’s just try and finish this assignment, ok?”

The werewolf eagerly nodded in response, and so the pair were thrust into the living Hell that is high school homework.

Chan has to admit, he doesn’t blame Jeongin for requesting some backup; this stuff is hard. Much harder than what Chan had to deal with when he went to high school.

Although, Chan went to high school in the early 1800’s, so he can’t imagine the curriculum staying stagnant after all these centuries.

His eyes met the clock ticking on the wall of the kitchen: reading 10 minutes to midnight. Jeongin is slumped over on his arm, his chest pushing out even breaths as his heavy eyes fluttered shut. An endeared smile grew on Chan’s lips, as he carefully pulled Jeongin’s textbook over to scribble in the final set of answers on the page. Thank god that’s over. Next time the werewolf asks for school work assistance, Chan’s pushing it on Minho or Woojin. He’s the leader, he’s allowed.

Softly shutting the seemingly hundred pound textbook, Chan rose from his seat at the kitchen table to gently pick up a slumbering Jeongin in his arms. Within seconds, the vampire is stood outside the werewolf's shared bedroom, a long sleeping Seungmin cuddled up in his bottom bunk bed.

Chan placed Jeongin on the mattress of the top bunk, the young wolf boy unconsciously snuggling into the plush bed and curling up beneath the blanket. Chan’s affectionate smile only grew, silently bidding Jeongin goodnight before quietly slipping out of their bedroom.

-chan likes to consider himself a fairly observant vampire. He’s keenly in-tune to his members’ personalities, their quirks, their emotions. Which is why Chan realized within a nanosecond that something is terribly off with Jeongin.

He’s vaguely noticed the werewolf acting slightly more skittish, more jumpy around the house;
almost like he’s afraid of something about to pop out at him. His usually clear, bright eyes started to look haggard and sunken, like he’s been spending the majority of the night up worrying rather than dreaming.

And then he started imploring, begging Chan to let him stay home from school. Chan of course gave in the first night he asked, ruffling the werewolf’s fluffy locks and telling him to get a good night's sleep.

But then it started becoming a near nightly occurrence; Jeongin meekly creeping up to Chan’s side without fail, large eyes harboring an implacable glimmer of fear as he softly asked Chan if he can stay home from school again.

Chan is beyond the point of worry, beyond helplessness, as Jeongin will not budge despite Chan’s countless attempts to get the werewolf to admit why he has a sudden aversion to high school. Chan ultimately convinces Jeongin to go to class each time, sometimes with promises of ice cream after school, sometimes just by explaining to Jeongin how important his education is.

But Jeongin uses countless excuses: he’s too tired, he didn’t finish his homework, he just doesn’t feel like going. Chan wasn’t born yesterday, and Jeongin knows the vampire doesn’t buy any of his myriad of falsities.

But then it all came to a head, one fateful day when Chan accidentally walked in on Jeongin getting changed after a shower.

That’s when Chan saw it.

A bruise. Nasty and mottled purple on Jeongin’s forearm. It almost looks suspiciously in the shape of a fist, contrasting with the otherwise pristine planes of the werewolf’s milky skin.

Chan’s breath caught in his throat at the sight of the dark bruise, his jade eyes widening in his head and his pale lips flying open in shock. He knows Jeongin didn’t get it in the house, despite his penchant for rough housing with the other boys. Fury started to inject beneath Chan’s skin, tensing his muscles and causing his hands to form tight fists at his side.

Jeongin let a small gasp fall from his lips at the sight of Chan in the doorway of the bathroom, his large eyes flitting from the vampire’s intense stare, to the bruise on his arm, and then back again to Chan. He looks horrified; like he’s been desperately trying to hide the angry bruise from the
vampire, only for his efforts to be ripped from him in a single moment.

“Who did that to you.” Chan stated, voice cavernous and impossibly dark. His emerald eyes started to glow, illuminating from the inside out as he took powerful strides up to Jeongin. The werewolf shrunk under Chan’s piercing gaze, his lips forming a terrified, quivering frown. Jeongin whimpered, staggering back and pressing his body flush against the tiled wall.

The werewolf didn’t answer; merely forcing an audible gulp down his throat as his trembling gaze bored into Chan’s glowing eyes. Chan is mad. Livid, furious even. Not at Jeongin personally, of course. But that didn’t stop Jeongin’s knees from turning to jelly under the vampire’s luminous eyes. He knows he can’t hide the truth from Chan anymore.

“Jeongin,” Chan’s voice rang out in the bathroom once again, his pink lips curling into a snarl as his eyes trained themselves on the large bruise taking residence on Jeongin’s arm. “Who did this to you.” He repeated himself, voice just as intimidating.

Jeongin unconsciously turned his head to the side, exposing the pale expanse of his neck to Chan. Rather than inviting the vampire to feed on him, it is instead werewolf body language— a sign of submission. Chan has more or less filled the role of Jeongin’s alpha, so his werewolf instincts are subconsciously taking over. He knows that if he were in his wolf form right now, his fluffy tail would be helplessly tucked between his hind legs, and his ears would be laying flat against his skull.

Jeongin cowered. He’s never felt afraid of Chan before, but right now the coven leader is downright terrifying. His blood turned to ice in his veins as he took a final glance at Chan’s rage filled emerald eyes. It’s time to come clean, whether he likes it or not.

The whites of his large eyes shimmered in the light, as Jeongin exposed more of the smooth flesh of his neck to Chan—to his alpha—as he fully submitted under the vampire's piercing gaze.

“K-Kevin Moon. He’s a s-senior at my school.” Jeongin managed to choke out, his adam’s apple bobbing with the force of the gulp he pushed down his throat.

Horrified realization crossed Chan’s features, before his expression hardened once again. His lip curled in an animalistic snarl, his jade irises seeming to pulsate with deadly light.

He didn't say another word to Jeongin. The vampire merely turned on his heel, and with two
powerful steps he was out for the bathroom—leaving Jeongin in stunned solitude.

Jeongin was idly meandering down the winding school hallways, taking his time as he had some extra minutes before his next period. His tranquility was abruptly shattered however, when a sneering voice assaulted his ears.

“Hey, orphan!”

Jeongin felt his breath freeze in his throat, screwing his eyes shut as he valiantly tried to ignore the all too familiar nickname hurled at him. He should have ran. He should have escaped before it was too late. Nothing is ever that simple.

He heard the telltale snickers of Kevin’s posay closing in on him. Despite being of lupine ancestry himself, Jeongin suddenly felt like a pack of rabid wolves were hunting him down. Before he could slip from their clutches, a horde of imposing shadows surrounded him.

“Orphan! I’m talking to you?” was all but screamed in his ear—he swears he felt his eardrums snap in two—before he was forcefully shoved against a bank of nearby lockers. He felt meaty hands and sharp nails pierce the flesh of his shoulder, as they took Jeongin hostage until his body hurtled into the wall of corrugated lockers. All he could do was yelp in pain, helplessly. Hopelessly.

A sickening metallic thud echoed through the empty halls. Jeongin’s muscles ached upon the impact, his brain knocked around his skull with the force. The world was spinning and blurry and everything hurt. His bones and his skin and his heart, all seared with pain; both physical and emotional. Cracking open his tightly shut eyes, Jeongin’s vision met the smirking face of Kevin Moon leering at him, his friends sporting equally malicious smirks at the sight of a whimpering Jeongin.

He should have ran.

“It’s not very nice to ignore people when they talk to you, Jeonginnie. But I guess you wouldn’t have any family to teach you that, would you.” Kevin taunted, lips curled in a cruel grin.

Jeongin felt his blood boil at that chiding remark, and he felt fire engulfed his vision. “I do have a
family.” He spat back, a snarl pulling at his own features now. Jeongin’s flank is still burning with pain, but he fought the urge to clutch at the assaulted flesh; he refuses to give Kevin the satisfaction.

Kevin and his sniggering friends just laughed at Jeongin’s answer. “What? Those other *freaks* you live with? That’s one sad excuse for a family, Jeonginnie.” Kevin cooed with faux benevolence, the predatory malice sparkling in his eyes a clear dichotomy from the insincere smile pulled onto his lips.

Jeongin isn’t sure *how* exactly, but word somehow spread that he doesn’t have a biological family. Not anymore, at least. Of course no one knows what happened to Jeongin’s family, to his *pack*. No one knows of the boy’s secret identity, knows of his transformations during full moons and the howls he sings to it. They just know that Jeongin’s family is dead. Simple as that. That fact has never been a problem during his school career; in fact, most people are overly kind to Jeongin since learning about that facet of his life. Emphasis on *most* people.

Because once a certain senior found out, Jeongin’s life has become *Hell*.

The verbal assault became a daily occurrence, with Kevin now peppering physical attacks into his arsenal. No matter how many different routes Jeongin tries to take around campus, Kevin seems to *always* find him, no matter what. And he’s always poised with a new insult on the tip of his tongue, a new derogatory name ready to launch at the younger. A new fist raised to strike the cowering boy.

“Don’t fucking call them that!” Jeongin barked at Kevin, his vision clouding with rage at the human’s insults at his coven members. He can call Jeongin whatever names he wants, he can hurt Jeongin to his heart’s content, but *don’t* mess with his coven.

Kevin and his friends seemed almost taken aback at Jeongin’s boldness today, as the young boy is usually content to silently shrink in on himself until Kevin gets bored of tormenting him.

But Kevin’s look of surprise didn’t last long; soon replaced by a devilish smirk, igniting sickening sparks in his dark eyes.

Before Jeongin could react, Kevin reached a large fist back, before shooting forward to collide with Jeongin’s arm, just below his already aching shoulder. A pained scream ripped from Jeongin’s lips, the boy instantly clutching at his arm and crumpling into a heap as searing fire burned his muscles. Kevin just laughed. Soon becoming a chorus of malicious giggles as his friends joined in, parroting his sick chuckles at Jeongin’s agony.
“That’s no way to talk to your friends, Jeonginnie.”

Chan clapped his hands, a single loud slap that effectively roused the attention of his coven members. They’re all gathered in the dining room, sat around like some corrupt knights of the round table. Everyone except Jeongin, that is.

All the boys looked at Chan with rapt attention, clearly privy to the hardened look in the vampire’s usually soft, warm eyes. His jade irises look like glass; cold, unfeeling, hollow.

Chan cleared his throat, standing to level his friend with a stoic gaze.

“Jeongin is being bullied.” He said simply. But in those words alone, you could feel the way the air was sucked out of the room—Chan’s voice might as well have been a black hole incarnate.

“I saw a bruise on his arm. He said some kid at his school did it to him.” The vampire continued, voice as hard and unwavering as marble.

A chorus of horrified gasps echoed around the dining room table. A particularly loud one tearing from Seungmin’s lips, the angel’s eyes widening and his hands starting to tremble. It seems even Jeongin’s best friend was ignorant to the horrors he is being put through at school, despite the two attending the same academy. Chan tried to look away from the angel’s expression of sheer devastation, but he didn’t in time. He just helplessly watched as a line of thick tears rushed onto the angel’s waterlines.

They were plunged into pregnant, suffocating silence. No one wanted to speak, no one knew what to say. Jisung buried his face into Minho’s shoulder, trying to stifle the soft sobs that wracked his petite frame. The dark magician cradled the demon in his arms, uncaring of the wetness that now permeated his shirt, too preoccupied with containing his own tears from falling.

Hyunjin and Felix followed suit soon after. Hyunjin’s thick lips quivered, before devolving into pitiful snuffles as fat droplets cascaded from his eyes. Seungmin reached over to grasp the siren’s hand, despite the angel’s world feeling like it’s crumbling beneath his feet. Felix shoved his face into his hands, but the soft shaking of his shoulders gave away his despair. Changbin draped a protective arm around the human’s trembling form, pushing a hundred pound sigh past his lips.
“Chan, what are we gonna do?”

It’s Woojin, his soft voice barely audible above the din of sobs flowing into the dining room. The nature spirit’s eyes harbor a sadness the likes of which Chan has never seen. If he had a functioning heart, it would be past shattered right about now.

Chan sucked in a sharp breath, before straightening his shoulders. He forced the horror from his eyes, willing them to return to their previous stone-like blankness.

“We’re gonna go to his school.” Chan declared with more surety than he expected. Countless pairs of eyes snapped up at his announcement, the majority red and tearstained.

“And we’re gonna show that brat what he gets for messing with our Jeongin.”

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The metallic ringing of the final period bell echoed through the empty school yard, before the doors open and a virtual flood of students stampeded from the halls.

The coven is stood at the street, but close enough to see for sure when Jeongin exits the school. Chan lost count of the amount of wide eyed staring’s they’ve gotten so far by the clearly dumbstruck students, but he honestly can’t blame them—given the conven’s current appearance.

Chan is coolly stood with his arms crossed over his chest, handsome features hard and stoic. He’s wearing a leather jacket, black ripped jeans, and a black satin blouse. His onyx combat boots are expertly laced tight, as if he’s preparing for war. But if you asked Chan, he’d say he might as well be poised to descend onto a battlefield. Woojin is hovering behind his boyfriend, his usually graceful aura exchanged for an intimidating posture of powerful confidence. Next to him is Minho, decked from head to toe in leather in a similar fashion to Chan. But despite his downright gorgeous face, Minho carries a threatening glimmer in his hooded eyes, sending chills down the spine of any unsuspecting student to meet this gaze.

Jisung is plastered at Minho’s side, as always. The demon’s irises are pitch black, uncaring of the inhuman appearance in favor of their intimidating and downright terrifying look.
Changbin is well...kinda threatening anyways. So he didn't have to put in much effort to look scary this morning, unlike most of the other members of the coven. However, his cold stare seems even more frigid, as if just looking into the reaper’s eyes would turn you into a pillar of ice.

Hyunjin and Felix are...trying their best. They donned their most intimidating fashion; that being skin tight leather pants and matching burgundy velvet blouses. Their handsome features are pulled into scowls, hard eyes scanning the crowd for any sign of Jeongin’s bullies. They look more like high fashion models smoldering for an editorial shoot than anything, but Chan appreciates their effort.

Seungmin is about as intimidating as a spring daisy. But he fervently insisted on tagging along, and since he goes to the same school as Jeongin anyways, the vampire couldn’t say no to the angel. Despite him looking nigh adorable juxtaposed with his threatening coven members.

Chan perked up when his emerald eyes finally landed on Jeongin, their youngest bidding farewell to one of his many friends before he took notice of his entire coven sticking out like 8 sore thumbs at the curb. The werewolf’s eyes bulged in his head, his jaw threatening to plummet right through the pavement.

His lip quivered in shock, wordlessly jogging up to his coven members with tangible fear in his eyes. “What are you guys doing here?!” Jeongin half-whispered half-shrieked at his friends, wide eyes darting to each of the boys.

“Don’t worry about it, ‘Innie. Just point out the kid who’s been giving you trouble, ok?” Chan spoke gently to the wolf boy, placing a comforting hand on his trembling shoulder. Jeongin chewed on his bottom lip in apprehension, eyebrows knitting together as possible scenarios coursed through his racing mind.

But he realized with a jolt that they’re here to help him, here to protect him. They have the power to end the torment at the hands of Kevin dead in its tracks. And Jeongin would be a fool to stop them.

As if on cue, Jeongin’s eyes flitted to the lanky figure of Kevin finally strolling out of the grand school doors, accompanied by his cohorts as always. Tapping Chan on the shoulder, Jeongin surreptitiously gestured at Kevin, an unconscious look of disgust twisting his features. “Just don’t do anything too embarrassing ok? And no murder, remember.” Jeongin murmured to the vampire, vaguely conspiratorially. Chan nodded silently in response, his eyes narrowing and once again glowing from the inside out, looking like two emerald flames.
Nudging Minho and Jisung, Chan started to take powerful strides towards an unsuspecting Kevin, the trio towering over the kid within seconds. The brats were still blissfully unaware of the three intimidating boys staring them down, but Chan made sure to change that with a loud growl at the back of his throat.

Kevin’s eyes instantly shot up to meet Chan’s, and he shrunk back into himself just as quickly. Chan stared at the human with hooded eyes, his luminant green irises almost seeming to hypnotize the kid.

“You wouldn’t happen to be bullying our Jeongin, would you?” Chan languidly drawled, velvety voice causing goosebumps to gnaw at Kevin’s flesh. Minho and Jisung silently cocked their heads, awaiting the human’s answer. Sick satisfaction bubbled in Chan’s core at the sight of Kevin’s entourage slowly backing away, their eyes wide with unadulterated terror.

“N-no! Of course not, s-sir.” Kevin finally managed to force past the lump blocking his throat, only after dumbly staring at Chan for what felt like an eternity. He pushed down an audible gulp, his frightened gaze flitting from Chan, to Minho, to Jisung.

A menacing smirk blossomed on Chan’s lips, quirking to reveal his teeth. “That’s good to hear. Because we love Jeongin very much. And we wouldn’t take kindly to someone messing with him.” Chan continued, relishing in the horrified gloss blanketing Kevin’s agape eyes.

With a graceful flick of his wrist, magical tendrils shot from Minho’s splayed fingers, invisible to the myriad of students milling about. The wisps of occult power wrapped around a nearby tree branch, snapping it clean off the trunk only for it land mere inches from Kevin’s head. The human jumped as the branch crashed beside him with a dramatic puff of dirt, then whipping around to stare at the three boys before him with palpable fear emanating from his body.

Minho met him with a wicked smirk, his dark eyes glimmering with magical power. Jisung mimicked the devilish grin, his black eyes reflecting the image of a terrified Kevin like two miniature mirrors.

Chan didn’t say anything else, didn’t need to say anything else. Because as soon as the dust settled from the plummeting tree branch, Kevin clumsily turned on his heel and bolted.

Chan shared matching satisfied expressions with Minho and Jisung, throwing his arms around their shoulders as the trio coolly strolled back over to the rest of the coven.
They were met with applause by Hyunjin and Felix, a proud smile from Woojin, and awestruck looks from Changbin, Seungmin, and Jeongin himself.

Chan placed a loving hand on Jeongin’s cheek, softly stroking the velvety skin in comforting circles. “Don’t worry, ‘Innie. He won’t be bothering you ever again.”

Jeongin beamed, the force of his smile rivaling the very sun itself. The last remaining students trickled out of the rapidly emptying campus, but Jeongin couldn’t care less; he doesn’t care who sees. He shot forward to envelope Chan in a tight embrace, burying his face in the vampire’s chest. Chan carded a hand on Jeongin’s velveteen tresses, letting an endeared chuckle flow from his lips.

And that’s how they stayed; until the familiar voice of Woojin broke their loving silence. “Ok, who wants ice cream? My treat.” The nature spirit asked with a knowing smile, his eyes glimmering with affection at the countless raised hands and chorus of excited “I do!”.

Ever since that day, Kevin now cowers at the sight of Jeongin. He never spoke to the younger boy ever again, choosing instead to turn tail and run at the mere sight of him.

And since that day, Jeongin has never asked Chan if he can skip school, much to the vampire’s immense delight. Although, that does mean Chan will probably called for more homework duty. But he’ll happily deal with it, despite the blows dealt to his ego.

Chapter End Notes

Chan: *basically 2 centuries old*
Also Chan: almost threw hands with an 18 year old

I understand if u hate me after this. I hated me after writing this (before the ending at least lol) but to make up for it the next two weeks will be fluff! next week will be cruff (crack+fluff) hanlix, and the week after will be tooth-rotting HyunIn!

also to all my deobis: i’m rlly sorry for making kevin the bully hhhhhh i needed a non-jyp male idol and the name kevin just gives me bully vibes?? maybe bc of kevin the sea cucumber from spongebob idk

Love u guys!! Let me hear ur reactions to this chap!!!
You ain’t never had a friend like me

Chapter Summary

So dontcha sit there slack-jawed, buggy-eyed,
I'm here to answer all your midday prayers!
You got me bona fide, certified,
C'mon whisper what it is you want,
You ain't never had a friend like me!

(I think we all could use a jisung in our lives)

Chapter Notes

hey guys, first ever friday update?! i'm gonna be in NYC all day tmmr, so since i'm free today i thought i might as well use the time to update!

anyways, enjoy!

this makes no sense! how cool is that!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Felix and math are not friends. They don’t mix; like oil and water, cats and dogs, fire and rain. To say math is Felix’s mortal enemy would be beyond an understatement.

Felix burst through the front door, his skin burning like lightning kissed his cheeks and tears brimming at his chestnut eyes. He all but ran up the stairs without a word, making a beeline to the sanctuary of his bedroom. He unceremoniously threw his backpack to some unknown corner of the room, happy to get the overwhelmingly heavy pack off his muscles. He then tossed himself onto his bed, shoveling his face into one of his myriad of plush pillows. His stomach churned with sickening venom, twisting and knotting beneath his tense flesh.

Felix, as he learned during his last period today, has a less than perfect chance of passing calculus. His professor revealed to the class today that their final exam next week will be the deciding factor as to passing or failing the class. Felix has been teetering on the fine line between the two, his countless nights of hard work to perfect his homework being the only saving grace keeping his grades above failing. But he knows he won’t do well on this test; he knows he’s gonna fail the
He heaved a trembling breath into his pillow, the rattling sigh so loud it almost completely blocked out the telltale creak of Felix’s bedroom door opening.

“Felix? Are you ok?” The melodic voice of Jisung rang through his otherwise stiflingly silent bedroom, effectively startling Felix from his tearful stupor.

With a pitiful sniffle, Felix forced himself away from his plush pillow friend and sat up to meet his actual friend. The demon’s head poked through the opening of Felix’s door, his fluffy chocolate fringe falling over his wide eyes, lips pressed into a firm line as he stared at Felix.

Felix just nodded, bringing up a tiny fist to wipe at his glossed eyes. Jisung took that as a cue to enter, softly padding into his room and plopping down on Felix’s bed with him.

“I’m just upset because I suck at calculus, and if I don’t do well on my final next week, which I know I won’t, I’m gonna fail the class.” The human mumbled through another round of pitiful sniffles, his shining eyes meeting Jisung’s.

The demon gave a long nod of understanding in response, his lips still pulled in a sympathetic frown. They stayed in pregnant silence for a few more seconds, before an expression of mischievous knowing flitted across Jisung’s otherwise stoic visage.

“Y’know, I’m really good at math, ‘Lix.” Jisung cooed with a playful wiggle of his eyebrows, nudging Felix as if the human is supposed to understand what on earth he could possibly be alluding to.

Felix, of course, just leveled him with an unimpressed stare. “That’s great for you, Jisung. Also great that you’re a demon and don’t have to suffer through human school, unlike me.” He sneered with a petulant huff.

“Felix, I have a plan to get you to pass this test.” Jisung declared with a good natured roll of his eyes at Felix’s childlike attitude. Felix motioned for him to continue, ears clearly pricked up in attention at the proposition.

“Ok, so...I’ll possess you, and take the test for you! I’ll pass it with flying colors, and then you’re
done with calculus, just like that!” Jisung rambled with palpable excitement, bouncing in place as if he could barely contain his joy. His blinding smile is so radiant, it almost entranced Felix to the point where he could barely even comprehend what the demon is saying.

Almost.

“Oh, ok—wait, what?!” Felix all but shrieked at the demon’s plan, his eyes bugging out in his head at the word possess.

“Yeah! I’m a demon after all, so of course I can possess a human like you. It’s fine, I do it to Minho all the time!” Jisung placated the clearly disturbed human, Felix still frozen with his mouth hanging open and eyes popping out of his head.

“Y-you’ve possessed Minho?!” Felix screeched incredulously, slapping a hand to his forehead as his racing mind tried to desperately decipher what Jisung is telling him.

“Hey, not so loud! If Chan hears he’ll never let me live it down! It was an accident the first time, but it’s...strangely intimate, so we do it some times to spice things up.” Jisung nonchalantly admitted with a graceful wave of his hand, like he was telling Felix this week’s weather forecast, and not how he’s literally possessed his goddamn boyfriend. Multiple times.

“It doesn’t hurt him or anything, it’s just really—” luckily for Felix’s eardrums, he cut Jisung off before he could finish that sentence.

“Ok! That’s it! I’m done, thanks Jisung but I really don’t need to know the details of you and Minho’s weird demonic sex life!” Felix loudly whined, screwing his eyes shut and throwing his hands over his ears. Not enough bleach in the world could cauterize that image from his head.

Dulcet laughter flowed from the demon, completely ignorant to red hot blush that now painted Felix’s freckled cheeks. “Sorry, sorry. But seriously, please let me possess you and take the exam for you? It’ll be great! Minho is still normal, right?” The demon implored his human friend, clasping his dainty hands together as he begged Felix to accept his plan.

“I wouldn’t go that far...” Felix mumbled under his breath at the mention of Minho.

Felix’s mind is now official zooming at a hundred miles an hour; let his friend possess him?
Maybe Felix is too oblivious, but he never imagined in a million years that he would find himself in *this* position since moving into the coven. Demon possession is some people’s worst nightmare, the fuel for campfire stories and midnight horror films. It’s not something you *let* happen to you.

But if it *is* as harmless as Jisung says, then it might be Felix’s last resort to pass this godforsaken class. He *knows* his brain couldn’t take another year of that stuff.

Felix is dating a grim reaper, and he’s had his blood sucked by a vampire; getting possessed by a demon might as well be the next step. Seems logical enough.

Felix nervously chewed on his bottom lip, his heart pounding against his ribs with enough force to crack them in two. But with a final shaking exhale, he met Jisung’s honey-brown eyes, and gave a curt nod.

“Let’s do it.”

It’s the morning of the dreaded exam, and rather than having his nose buried in his textbook, Felix is neatly sat in the middle of a summoning circle. The expertly drawn runes almost glowed white in the early dawn light, the newly risen sun’s rays reflecting off the archaic chalk symbols.

Jisung is daintily sitting cross legged in front of Felix, a bright smile stretching onto his lips as he gave the clearly nervous human a final once over. “Ready?” He prodded, Felix’s tense muscles jumping at the question.

The human just quickly nodded in response, increasingly shaky breaths falling from his lips. His hands anxiously wrung together, sweat prickling like needles across his skin.

“Do you trust me?” Jisung asked, expression becoming unreadable as he gazed at Felix through his thick lashes. “Y-yes.” Felix grumbled through his quivering lips, unable to tear his eyes away from the runes drawn beneath his petite form.

Jisung didn’t respond. He merely gave a nod of his own, his chestnut hair falling in front of his large eyes. He cleared his throat, steadying his shoulders into a straight line. And then he started
the incantation.

Foreign, unknown syllables easily tumbled from Jisung’s lips, each mysterious ancient word causing Felix’s already racing heart to pick up speed. The runes started to give off a pale white light, the glow becoming brighter and brighter until Felix had to shield his eyes from the intensity of the illumination.

Felix’s skin started to burn. Burn like he was doused in a bucket of molten lava, like his every cell was struck by lightning. Icy tinges chased down the unbearable heat, causing his muscles to shiver and twitch. Black splotches danced behind his closed eyes, and his ears started to ring. He didn’t feel any pain per say; but to say the sensation is unpleasant is putting it lightly. How on earth does Minho find this enjoyable in any way?! His nails unconsciously dug into the buzzing skin of his palm, desperately trying to feel something other than the numb pins and needles that blanketed his body.

Through his tightly shut eyes, Felix could still pick up the room becoming so bright, with nothing but white bathing his surroundings. After a few more blinding seconds, the light subsided, until nothing but comforting black greeted him. The unrelenting mix of fire and ice that racked through his body thankfully dwindled, the loud ringing in his ears mellowed into a dull throb. Taking this as the end of the ritual, Felix cracked his eyes open, quite frankly terrified of what he will see.

But much to his surprise, he sees nothing. Well, no Jisung, is what he should say. Felix’s eyes rapidly flitted around the room, but Jisung is nowhere to be found.

“Jisung?” Felix spoke into the empty air. His voice is rasping, and broken, like he was just plucked out of a desert wasteland.

“I’m here, ‘Lix!” Felix suddenly spoke again, but the new voice is certainly not his own. Felix is known to have a deep timbre, but the voice he just heard is downright terrifying. The words he just spoke, without even realizing, sound like a black hole became personified.

“W-What the Hell!” Felix, voice now his own, shrieked into the cool dawn air permeating his room. He smacked a trembling hand to his forehead, peeling away the damp locks that stuck to his dewy skin.

“Exactly! It worked, I possessed you! I’m proud of you ‘Lixie.’ The supernaturally deep voice cooed, Felix’s eyes wide in horror as he felt his mouth move without his consent. “Hey! Stop talking through me, it’s weird!” Felix couldn’t help whining in disbelief, his heart still pounding in his chest.
“Sorry, but that’s how this works! I’m in you, ‘Lix.” The demonic voice reverberated through his throat, echoing between his ribs. Felix could only stare helplessly as he felt his eyebrows knit together, his lips pulling into a pout without before he could stop Jisung from controlling him from the inside out. He might as well be one of those anime mechas, helmed by a hyperactive demon rather than some war-hardened captain. Sounds like a recipe for disaster if you ask Felix.

Why did he think this was a good idea, again?

“P-please don’t say it like that. Especially if Changbin is around.” Felix’s normal voice whispered shakily into the thick morning air.

Impossibly deep laughter flowed from Felix’s lips, but he felt no amusement in his own mind. “It’s getting late, ‘Lix. Let’s ace this test!” Jisung happily blurted through Felix’s parted lips, the human wobbling as he rose from the ground unconsciously. He felt like he’s being piloted, like Jisung is neatly nestled in his mind, his delicate hands gracefully pulling the levers and turning the knobs on the control panel in his brain.

“Woah—ok, just take it slow Jisung. I don’t want a broken leg or something.” Felix grumbled as he took more robotic steps down the stairs.

As Felix left the house, he couldn’t help but think failing the test would have been a lot easier.

Felix assumed Jisung knew some things about math, but he was absolutely astounded by the abilities his demon friend truly possesses (pun intended). He couldn’t believe his eyes as his own subconscious figuratively sat back and relaxed, while Jisung took the reins of his brain.

Felix’s hand flew across the test paper, pencil expertly scribbling the answers to each problem in a split second. He had to keep his mouth shut, to stop his jaw from hanging open in disbelief as he mindlessly watched his hand unconsciously turn to the last page of the exam—and with a few flicks of the wrist the problem was already finished. His calculator sat tucked away in the recesses of his book bag, no match for the power of Jisung.

With a final stretch and crack of his knuckles, Felix rose from his desk and languidly strolled to hand the exam to his professor; who looked a little more than suspicious to see Felix confidently
standing before him, and in record time at that.

The older man looked over his exam, scrutinizing each page. Felix’s heart couldn't help picking up speed, a nervous knot forming in his tummy as he anxiously awaited his professor’s response. In his head however, he heard a familiar, comforting voice reverberate between his ears.

*Don’t worry ‘Lix, it’ll be fine.* Jisung’s soft voice sounded from some unknown corner of his subconscious, calming him like a familiar blanket was wrapped around his tense shoulders.

Then as if on cue, a small smile grew on his professor’s lips, his eyes shooting from the paper to meet Felix’s gaze.

“Congratulations, Mr.Lee. You passed.” He announced simply, with a proud nod at his student.

A huge grin instantly broke out on Felix’s previously stoic expression, his eyes glittering with joy as he bounced excitedly before his teacher. He mumbled out a quick “thank you” and bent over in a sloppy bow before all but skipping out of the classroom.

Calculus may be Felix’s arch nemesis, but it’s certainly no match for Jisung.

“I owe you one, Jisung. You really saved me.” Felix remarked with a grateful sigh, throwing an arm around Jisung. The demon has already successfully extracted himself from Felix; which was surprisingly easy and painless, much to Felix’s relief.

The demon is now sat with Felix on the sofa, the two sharing a heaping bow of celebratory ice cream. Jisung’s head of fluffy chestnut hair looks marginally more ruffled, as if he just rolled out of bed and not from Felix’s own mind.

“Ah, don’t mention it! It was actually kinda fun. I told you I’m good at math.” Jisung chirped with a lilting wave of his hand, a blinding smile breaking out on his lips and bunching up his full cheeks.
“You and I certainly have different definitions of fun.” Felix mumbled, words muffled as he shoved another spoonful of chocolate ice cream in his mouth. In typical Jisung fashion, the demon just let a stream of bubbly laughter flow from his lips, before matching Felix and taking another huge spoonful of whipped cream and chocolate.

“So, was me possessing you as bad as you thought?” Jisung inquired after a few minutes of comfortable silence, the two successfully polishing off the towering bowl of dessert.

Felix had to admit, it wasn’t bad, necessarily. Sure the sensation of Jisung entering his mind wasn’t pleasant, and it was more than startling to idly (more like helplessly) watch his body move without his consent, to hear words flow from his lips without passing through his brain. But it more than paid off in the end, of that he can say with confidence.

Felix’s lips formed a small pout, before his shoulders tugged up in a sheepish shrug. “No, I guess not.” He grumbled, large eyes flitting to some far off corner of the room. “I do kinda feel closer to you, in some weird way.” The human continued, barking out a light chuckle.

Jisung merely sent Felix a playful wink, and equally devilish smirk.

“Just don’t let Minho hear you say that.”

Chapter End Notes

i’m so sorry for this chapter it is top 10 most nonsensical things in this fic. maybe even top 5. anyways next week is the cutest hyunIn you’ve ever seen….perhaps…..

also!! abt last week’s chapter: i didn't mean to rustle anyone's jimmies abt bully!kevin ^^- i dont stan DBZ besides liking their music, so i know literally nothing abt their personalities. it wasn't a personal thing against kev, it was literally only on a name basis! this is a work of fiction so i obviously don't think kev would bully anyone, just like how JB wouldn't actually try to murder jeongin irl (at least i hope so) lol!

ok bye stream levanter stream wind this comeback has already shot my ass into orbit im so not prepared for what's coming also jeongbin are interdimensional beings???

wild!
Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?

Chapter Summary

Maybe I’m sick. Have I fallen ill?

Yeah I’m in trouble.

That’s right, wolf. I’m a wolf. Awhooo~

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chan softly closed the door to Hyunjin’s bedroom, ensuring it would not disturb the siren. The poor thing is seasick; and not in the way a human would be.

No, Hyunjin is sick because of a lack of the sea. The siren has explained to Chan that if a siren spends too much time out of the ocean, they will come down with seasickness until they return. Apparently it affects different sirens after different spans of time; the sickness hit Hyunjin after a week and a half. While Hyunjin takes steaming baths almost everyday to stretch his fins, nothing compares to the salty waves of his marine homeland. And apparently, his biology realizes that as well.

Chan usually takes the siren to the beach a few times a week, but a string of violent thunderstorms have barred their weekly trips; rendering the beach an isolated wasteland of grey skies and lightning strikes.

Luckily, the wicked weather is set to let up tomorrow, and Chan is counting the minutes until Hyunjin can free himself from the aching sting plaguing his muscles by slipping beneath a crashing wave crest. But right now, the siren is curled up under his covers, a wet compress on his forehead and an icy glass of seawater rapidly melting on his nightstand.

“What’s wrong with Hyunnie?” It’s Jeongin, the young werewolf neatly sat on the sofa, with his legs pulled up to his chest. His large eyes snapped up at the sight of Chan entering the living room, wide and shimmering with worry for one of his best friends.

Unsurprisingly, it's currently raining outside. Not hard enough to be considered a torrential downpour, but somewhere in the median between a drizzle and a shower. The sky is an all encompassing blanket of rolling gray, with the occasional charcoal splotch of a threatening thunder cloud stalking through the atmosphere.
The fat droplets crashed against the glass panes of the living room window, sounding like a 
hopelessly off beat drum line. Chan knows the pitter patter of the beads of water colliding with 
Hyunjin’s own bedroom window is all too apparent.

He can't help but think it's the very heavens mocking the siren’s pain;

This water is what you need, right? Well too bad, you can't have it. Now be a good boy, and suffer.

Of course Chan could carry Hyunjin to their rooftop patio, and drape him across the tiles so the 
rainwater bathed him in their refreshing chill, allowing his tail to grow and stretch in the misty air. 
But, like his daily baths, the rainwater too would be a perverted sham of the salty ocean waves his 
body so desperately craves. So now the vampire can only pray the sun will triumph over the 
overarching gloom blotting out its light. All he knows is that the sooner he can get Hyunjin to the 
shores of their familiar beach, the better.

Chan plopped down on the couch next to Jeongin, almost instantly reaching an arm around the 
werewolf's petite shoulders. “He’s ok, ‘Innie. He just came down with some kinda...siren...flu?”
Chan’s lips pulled into an uneasy smile as he attempted to placate Jeongin, while valiantly trying to 
accurately describe Hyunjin’s current condition in the process.

Jeongin responded with a long nod of his head, his lips jutting into a pout as he unconsciously 
snuggled closer to Chan’s side. “So he’s sick?”

Chan nodded in accordance, leveling the werewolf with a sympathetic smile at his adorable worry 
over Hyunjin. “You should go try to cheer him up later. You know how happy petting your ears 
makes him.” The vampire spoke lightly, gently, like his voice became softer than clouds.

Jeongin, however, instantly frowned at the proposition, his eyebrows furrowing as he mindlessly 
played with the fabric of Chan’s sweater. “I have a lot of ears, hyung. you’re gonna have to be 
more specific.” The werewolf grumbled, yet his words were barely discernible through the childish 
pout still down turning his lips.

Chan rolled his eyes, a good natured smile blooming on his pale lips at the wolf boy’s sudden 
change in demeanor. “Your wolf ears, ‘Innie.” The vampire drawled, leaning in closer to level their 
youngest with an expectant stare.
Of course Jeongin knew Chan was alluding to his lupine ears. This is Hyunjin we’re talking about after all. The siren is nigh obsessed with Jeongin’s fluffy canine ears, constantly begging his friend to let him pet the tufts of silky fur on an almost weekly basis. Heck, on an almost daily basis.

Jeongin gives in most of the time; he can rarely say no to Hyunjin’s sparkling eyes, despite how hard he tries.

It’s not like Jeongin doesn’t like the loving strokes Hyunjin leaves against his furry ears—in fact, they feel pretty darn good. The way the siren’s large hands bury in his hair to pet the fur of his fuzzy ears never fails to make Jeongin instantly relax; his eyes fluttering shut and a lazy smile pulling onto his lips every time.

But Jeongin is a werewolf. And Hyunjin’s gentle petting sessions make him feel a tad more like a lap dog, than anything. People are supposed to be afraid of him! Not want to pet him like the family puppy!

Although, sometimes even Jeongin can’t even fully commit to that line of thinking. He of all people is all too aware that he’s about as intimidating as an angry Pomeranian. Actually, the Pomeranian is probably scarier.

“Jeongin?” The familiar voice of Chan roused the werewolf from his thoughts, slightly shaking his head of burgundy hair in turn as he returned to reality. Jeongin’s large eyes lazily drifted up to meet Chan’s emerald pair; the vampire is still gazing at him with an endeared smile. But now there is an implacable spark shining in his piercing eyes, and Jeongin couldn’t stop the small gulp he pushed down his throat.

“Promise me you’ll go try to cheer up Hyunjin later, ok?” The vampire whispered, bending down to leave a small peck on the top of Jeongin’s mop of fluffy oxblood locks. The werewolf’s cheeks heated in a fevered blush in response, shoving his face into Chan’s chest as he meekly nodded.

Something about the innocent kiss against his hair sparked a memory deeply recessed in Jeongin’s brain. His father, the alpha of his pack, used to kiss the top of his head in almost the exact same manner. Jeongin tries not to think of his pack, for obvious reasons. Yet the vampire’s peck brought those loving memories back after being left untouched for years, causing a tidal wave of warmth to engulf Jeongin.
He vaguely realized, through the buzz of affection bubbling in his tummy, that Chan really has become like a second father figure to him. The least he can do is follow what the vampire asks of him, and try his darndest to bring a smile to Hyunjin’s face.

Despite the blow it might deal to his werewolf pride.

“Fine.” He finally mumbled into the fabric of Chan’s jumper.

Jeongin’s knuckles lightly tapped against the wood of Hyunjin’s door. Silence greeted him. He knocked again, slightly louder this time, while pressing his ear to the door to try and pick out any signs of life behind the wood.

He thought vaguely heard a sloppy, muttered groan from deep within the recesses of Hyunjin’s room; Jeongin took that as his cue to enter.

“Hyunjin?” Jeongin softly called once he crept into the room, his brows knitting together as he scanned Hyunjin’s ocean-themed bedroom for any signs of the siren. His best friend seems nowhere to be found. Did Chan hyung pull some kind of joke on me? Hyunjin isn’t even in here! Jeongin thought to himself with a pout, mindlessly strolling over to plop down on the edge of Hyunjin’s bed.

There’s a huge morass of blankets unfurled on the mattress, culminating in a particularly large lump of plush fabric right next to Hyunjin’s night table. At the newly added weight of Jeongin on the bed however, that lump started to move. And whine.

Oh, there’s Hyunjin.

The siren might as well be a caterpillar, with how his entire body is cocooned in countless comforters and blankets. After some minutes of ungraceful wiggling from within his blanket fortress, he eventually managed to turn to face Jeongin.

The werewolf couldn’t help wincing at the sight of his best friend; he looks awful. His skin is dappled with sweat and has a sickly pale sheen, his large eyes are sunken and noticeably dull. The wet compress on his forehead slipped from his skin with his languid movements, landing on the
bed with a soft, wet thump. Hyunjin may be inhumanely gorgeous, but there’s only so much his beauty can mask when he looks about five minutes from death.

Ok maybe not five minutes away from death, that’s a bit extreme. Ten minutes, twenty at most is more accurate.

“Oh, Jeongin.” Hyunjin grumbled, forcing an unconvincing smile onto his plush lips as his hollow eyes dazedly met the werewolf’s. His words sound painfully slurred and messy, as he forced them past the blockage in his throat.

Jeongin unconsciously reached a hand forward to push Hyunjin’s damp hair out of his eyes, feeling the intense fever ravaging his flesh from the brief touch alone. The frown pulling onto Jeongin’s lips deepened. Chan wasn’t exaggerating; the poor siren really is in need of some major cheering up.

“Hey, ‘Jinnie.” Jeongin whispered, unable to stop himself from scooting closer to the sickly siren cuddled up in his blanket cocoon. “You aren’t feeling too good, huh.” It’s more of a statement than a question. It’s more than plain to see Hyunjin is seriously ill. The siren nodded, pursing his plush lips into a pitiful pout.

Jeongin let a small huff pass through his lips, steeling himself for what he was about to say. But more so for what he was about to do. He squeezed his eyes shut, his entire body tensing with concentration. After a few silent seconds, his canine ears popped up from his head of silky ruby locks, instantly swiveling about like two furry satellites.

Jeongin didn’t miss how Hyunjin’s heavy eyes widened marginally at the sight of his newly summoned lupine ears.

“Pets?” Hyunjin whispered, his thick lips hanging open in surprise; usually he’s the one imploring Jeongin to make his furry ears appear, not the other way around.

Jeongin barked out a breathy chuckle, his canine ears continuing to idly twitch and flick atop his head. He gave Hyunjin a long nod in response, lying down next to the other boy so his mop of burgundy hair laid just a few inches from Hyunjin’s own caramel tresses. “Yes, ‘Jinnie. Pets.”

The siren couldn’t stop the weak stream of cheers he let fall from his lips, his eyes seeming to regain the blinding spark Jeongin is so used to. Some raspy coughs punctuated Hyunjin’s meager
celebration, dampening the glimmer Jeongin was so excited to see return to his eyes. But without another word, Hyunjin reached his hands forward, and started to leave gentle scratches against the velvety fur of the two canid ears. His thumbs rubbed small circles on the plush backside of Jeongin’s wolf ears, the werewolf instantly keening in response to the touch.

Jeongin couldn’t help melting at the familiar sensation of Hyunjin’s loving pets, a blush the same tinge as his burgundy hair painting his cheeks in turn. But before his eyes Hyunjin’s smile gradually became brighter, and stronger, and more alive; to the point where Jeongin felt his own heart become enveloped in powerful heat.

“So...soft...” Hyunjin mumbled, his voice cracked and rasping as if he’s hasn’t drank in days. Another lazy smile upturned Jeongin’s lips, letting himself totally relax into the feather soft pets Hyunjin continued to stroke against his furred ears.

Hyunjin caressed Jeongin’s fluffy ears for what must have been hours, until his pats became increasingly inconsistent and unstable. Then his hand abruptly stuttered, faltering to softly land on Jeongin’s hair. The siren’s eyes fluttered shut, snuggling even deeper into his of blankets as sleep suddenly overtook him. Surprisingly, Jeongin followed soon after, allowing himself to drift off to gentle slumber with Hyunjin’s hand still caressing his hair. Perhaps the extra long petting session made Jeongin more than slightly sleepy.

But more than anything, Jeongin is content to keep the siren company overnight, to make sure his condition is stable and that he knows he isn’t alone.

Werewolves are supposed to be feared; they are the stuff of nightmares, of campirefire stories and late night horror films after all. But Jeongin is nothing of the sort. Jeongin isn’t like most other werewolves, that much is clear to see. People are supposed to run from werewolves, not coo and lovingly pet their ears. But Hyunjin is not “people”. He is Hyunjin, and he is one of the most important friends Jeongin has ever had. He is Hyunjin, who Jeongin would do anything for. Jeongin would rather be pet like a docile puppy and bring comfort to a suffering Hyunjin than fulfill his lupine kins’ role as a terrifying beast of the night.

He can deal with the possible disapproval from his werewolf ancestors, if it means making Hyunjin smile.

Chapter End Notes

i hope u guys liked this one! i apologize for any mistakes i may have missed while editing, as im actually sick rn myself >> which is pretty twisted if u ask me, bc this is
the SECOND TIME i’ve posted a chap where a member is sick and i’ve been sick as well....can we stop w the whole life imitating art thing or whatever....not a fan
It won't be long (till happiness steps up to greet me)

Chapter Summary

My Way Home Is Through You

(Aka: ChangBang’s backstory~)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chan clutched the bouquet of flowers against his chest, shielding the delicate petals from the cutting autumn wind whipping at his pale cheeks.

The grand, imposing stone gates of the graveyard came into view, Chan taking languid steps down the sidewalk as he adjusted his wool coat to hug his body a little tighter. Of course, the cold had no real effect on the vampire, but sometimes he likes to pretend to feel semblances of humanity.

The endless rows of headstones greeted Chan, their silhouettes like chess pieces on the perfectly manicured lawn. Looking at the names etched onto the stone surfaces, Chan turned on his heel, slipping down another aisle of the dead.

Some graves were adorned with roses, some with lilies, some with peonies. The dichotomy of the small splotches of color resting against the grey expanses of stone was an eerie, yet beautiful sight. Going to the graveyard never got any easier for Chan, even after all these years.

His boots halted before a simple, unassuming grave. Chan forced a gulp down his throat.

Younghyun Brian Kang

Loved and missed by all

A shaking sigh rattled from Chan’s chest as he read the headstone for what must be the millionth time. Steadying his hands, Chan gently placed the bouquet at the base of the headstone.
The gravestone next to Brian’s reads:

_Nayeon Im_

_Love beyond death_

Of course they chose to stay together, even in the after life. Reaching into his coat pocket, Chan pulled out a tiny teddy bear and sat the petite plush at the base of Nayeon’s headstone.

It’s been 15 years since Brian passed; naturally, from old age. Nayeon followed 6 months later, of a broken heart.

Chan visits their graves once, maybe twice a week. Each time he brings a new trinket for Nayeon, and a freshly picked bouquet of wildflowers for Brian, tied with a bow of twine. It’s during these weekly visits that Chan feels incredibly lucky to not have a functioning heart; acutely aware of the immense pain that would have shattered the muscle frozen behind his ribs, splintering it into glass like shards at each sighting of the names engraved on the stones.

But he’d be kidding himself if he didn’t admit to the torment that ravages his mind, that plagues his psyche during each trip to the graveyard. He tried to make himself believe he wouldn’t feel any pain, as his heart is long dead in his chest. But he’s since learned you don’t need a beating heart to feel the agony of loss. Grief doesn't care if you’re alive or dead.

Chan pushed another trembling sigh past his pallid lips, reaching a hand out to trace the elegant curve of Brian’s headstone. The granite is smooth and cold, and the same frigid temperature as Chan’s own skin. He was then roused from his trance at the sound of crunching leaves and light, padding footsteps.

A man, probably no older than 20, came to a halt before the headstone to the right of Brian’s. He was dressed head to toe in black, as if he had just returned from a funeral. The man stared at the name on the headstone, expression unreadable as his eyebrows knitted together in thought. As Chan thought about it, he didn’t remember the grave being there last week. It must have been a recent addition to the cemetery, he realized with a frown.

Chan couldn’t help staring at the boy; he’s seen the occasional mourners paying their respects of course, but something about this kid seemed different.

“I’m sorry for your loss.” Chan gently said to the obsidian clad boy to his right, his eyes still
boring into the headstone with laser-like focus. At the sound of Chan’s velvety voice, the boy jolted, his shoulders jumping in surprise.

His gaze shot up to meet Chan’s, dark eyes wide and pink lips slightly parted. “O-oh thanks, but I really didn’t...know her.” The kid spoke with an only slightly uneasy chuckle, raising a hand to rub at the back of his neck.

“Really? Then why are you visiting her?” Chan couldn’t stop himself from asking, jumping at the excuse to take his mind off the two headstones before him.

The boy shrugged, lips pressing into a firm line. “It’s hard to explain.” He mumbled, voice muffled by his lips.

Chan took a step closer, intrigue piqued at the strange boy. And when he did, said boy jolted once again, with even more force than before. His eyes threatened to pop right out of his skull as he jumped in place as Chan moved closer, eyebrows raised in disbelief.

“Y-You’re a vampire…?” The boy whispered, voice brimming with incredulity.

Now it was Chan’s turn widen his eyes, his own brows knitting together in shock at the boy’s sudden admission. “Wha—how did you know?” Chan couldn’t stop himself from asking, in turn confirming the stranger’s suspicions.

“I...I’m a grim reaper. We can sense the energies of different creatures.” The boy divulged, his large eyes rapidly flitting around the graveyard. “When you came towards me, your energy hit me like a brick. I knew you were a dark creature, maybe a selkie or a shade. But when I saw your eyes, I knew you must be a vampire.” He continued, taking his bottom lip in his teeth and gnawing on the flesh.

Chan’s never met a reaper before, and he certainly never knew they were such expert energy readers. The kid saw right through him.

“Should I be offended you called me ‘dark’?” Chan joked with a breathy chuckle and a shake of his blonde hair, still more than taken aback at the sudden turn of events.

“Oh, n-no! It’s not like that, I just mean that certain creatures have darker auras than others. Your
energy is definitely the opposite of, say, a pixie.” The reaper quickly explained, throwing up his hands to dissipate any possible offense thrown on Chan.

*I’m certainly no pixie*, Chan mused to himself with a laugh. The vampire merely waved away his frantic explanation with a graceful hand, and so the two were abruptly plunged into silence.

“My name is Chan, by the way.” The vampire suddenly announced, extending a pale hand to the reaper. The boy looked at the porcelain flesh with slight suspicion, before reaching out a hand of his own to grasp Chan’s.

“Seo Changbin.” The reaper stated, voice steadier than before.

“Since you know what I am, I guess I can tell the reason I’m here right now.” Changbin observed with a small smile, gesturing to the simple grave at his feet.

“I collected her soul, yesterday. She seemed like a nice girl, but the only thing I knew about her was her name.” Changbin spoke softly, voice taking on a melancholic tinge as his words mingled with the early autumn breeze.

“I see.” Chan mused softly, strolling over to take a spot next to Changbin. The reaper didn’t necessarily seem sad about the girl’s death; more wistful than anything. It’s as if it was merely an unavoidable circumstance—an unfortunate one, but an unstoppable one as well.

“How’d she die?” Chan asked, peeking up at Changbin from beneath his full lashes.

“Some kind of medical condition. She was in a hospital when she passed. I think she knew what I was when her soul saw me.” Changbin observed, his black converse idly kicking at the pebbles strewn about the grass. “Her soul smiled at me. I think she must have been suffering when she was living.” He continued with a small shrug, his delicate hands coming to wring together.

Chan’s lips pressed into a firm line. Changbin’s job must be a very difficult one, and a horribly sad one at that. This boy, this *kid* is tasked with being a guide to those who leave the living world, ushering them into the afterlife like a shepherd to his flock. Chan can only imagine the immense heft Changbin’s job must weigh upon his shoulders.

Chan’s eyes suddenly caught the candy colored petals of his bouquet, still neatly laid against
Brian’s headstone. Chan pushed a heavy swallow down his throat, and turned to walk up to the bushel of flowers.

Bending down, Chan extracted a stalk of fluffy, vibrant lavender. After plucking the single flower from the bouquet, Chan set the pastel foliage back down in its rightful spot. You don’t mind, right Brian? Chan sent the silent question to his deceased best friend. He thinks he can assume how he would have answered.

“Here, for her.” Chan spoke with a small smile of his own, reaching the bright, puffy lavender out to Changbin. The reaper observed the outstretched flower wordlessly, before gently grasping the stem in his hand.

He sent Chan a grateful glance, and placed the flower at the base of the woman’s grave.

“So, Changbin.” Chan stated after a few minutes of peaceful silence, effectively startling the aforementioned reaper. “Do you have your own place?”

Changbin barked out a laugh, his teeth glinting in the sunlight. “Yeah, but it’s not...the nicest. Reaping doesn't pay very well.” He responded with a smirk and shake of his raven hair.

Chan hummed in acknowledgement, his lips twitching up in a grin. “Do you wanna move in with me and my boyfriend? We live in this huge Victorian, and there’s tons of room for you!” Chan suggested airily, biting down on his bottom lip as he awaited the reaper’s answer.

“Move in with a vampire and his boyfriend, hm. I think I’ll take my chances with the leaky pipes and air drafts in my place, but thanks for the offer.” Changbin remarked with a quirk of his sharp brow, dark eyes glimmering as a small smirk played onto his lips.

“C’mon! At least give it some serious thought!” Chan whined, lips jutting out in a pout. “Just because I’m a vampire, doesn't mean I'm some freak who’s gonna lock you in my basement and torture you.” Chan grumbled through his childlike frown, words muffled by his plush lips.

“Damn! Now that is a real shame. I was really hoping for some good basement torture.” Changbin exclaimed with a shake of his fist, lips pulled in an exaggerated frown. His sarcasm was so wicked, Chan swore he even heard the corpses laugh.
With a good natured roll of his eyes, Chan retrieved a small slip of paper and pen from his coat pocket, and his hand began scribbling with practiced ease.

“Here’s our address. Feel free to stop by and check the place out?” Chan reached the small paper out to Changbin, the reaper cautiously grabbing it as his eyes flew to the address gracefully scrawled on its surface. “Or you can just come to hang out. You seem like a cool guy.” Chan mused with a shrug, eyebrows quirking as he took notice of the heated flush that painted Changbin’s cheeks in the compliments wake.

“O-ok...I’ll come by tomorrow.” The reaper murmured, stuffing the paper deep into his jeans pocket. Despite its minuscule size, the piece of paper somehow added a comforting, grounding weight.

With a satisfied hum, Chan sent the reaper a final nod in anticipation of his impending visit. Biding Nayeon and Brian farewell for the week with a final glance at their matching graves, Chan turned on his heel and started his trek out of the maze of stone.

As the elegantly carved entrance of the graveyard started to disappear on the horizon, Chan couldn’t help the airy steps he almost skipped down the pavement. For the first time since starting his weekly trips to the graveyard, he’s actually happy after leaving. His shoulders stood straight, unencumbered by the all too familiar weight of forgotten eras, of the burden of living when your loved ones die.

The once biting fall breeze from earlier dissipated, leaving a clear and cloudless sky in its place. The unimpeded sun bathed Chan in warmth, placing chaste kisses on his porcelain skin.

I better make some snacks before Changbin comes over tomorrow, Chan pondered to himself, his lips forming an unconscious smile.

Maybe I’ll bake some cookies. They’re Woojin’s favorite, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! I hope u all enjoyed changbang’s origin story! This isnt it for Changbin’s past however—i still have to post the chapters about his death hehe.....

As for next week.....i have two words for u guys: buckle. Up. (Ur not ready, trust)
Ok, see u guys next week! Oh and before i go...... wink wonk
Save yourself (I'll hold them back)

Chapter Summary

In which Chan needs to enroll in vampire anger management classes. Luckily though, he has Woojin. And, well, that's more than good enough.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It’s Chan and Woojin’s weekly date night, and they decided to shake things up. The couple usually spend their romantic evenings by taking moonlight strolls through the park, or going to the theater to see a play. But they both craved a change; well, Woojin actually did most of the craving, as he suggested the pair go to one of the many restaurants in town for dinner.

Of course, it’ll only be dinner for one; they are both acutely aware of that fact. While being around so much human food does make him slightly uncomfortable, Chan didn’t want to disappoint Woojin. So the couple are now sat in a dimly lit, awfully romantic restaurant. The bobbing candle on their table illuminated Woojin in a gorgeous golden glow, and Chan felt his vision sway like the little prick of fire as he got lost in his boyfriend's chestnut brown eyes.

Their waitress–a peppy young lady–bounced over to them, eager to jot down their order. Chan shrunk into himself, already feeling shame start to bubble up in his chest. He forced his gaze away from Woojin, his eyes flitting around the restaurant as his boyfriend told the waitress his order.

The clientele is mostly young couples, much like them. Well, like them in appearance at least. Chan forced down a gulp at the sight of the plates set before each pair of lovebirds in the restaurant, twiddling his thumbs as he willed the feelings of embarrassment out of his brain. He feels so out of place, like at any wrong move his true identity will be revealed, forcing a flood of terrified patrons from the restaurant.

Their waitress turned her rapt attention to Chan, her pen poised over her little notebook as he awaited his order. Chan just plastered a lopsided grin onto his lips.

“O-oh, nothing for me, I’m afraid. I’m feeling a bit ill.” Chan spoke through his only slightly unconvincing smile, feeling more flustered than he would’ve liked in the wake of the excuse. He knows if he was alive right now, his cheeks would be flushed a furious ruby tint. Although, if he was alive right now, he wouldn't be in this current predicament.
It's not like he can outright say “your menu appears to have a severe lack of vampire-friendly options”, yet he still internally smacks himself. A mere sickness? Is that what vampirism is now?

I'm sorry, I can't make it tonight. I'm terribly under the weather, my heart stopped beating and I have a craving for some human blood, Chan bitterly mused to himself, forcing the metallic coating of disgust off his tongue.

Luckily, the waitress bought the white lie without a second thought; leaving Chan with a sympathetic smile before dashing over to one of the other tables.

Chan pushed an inaudible sigh past his lips, relieved the hardest part of the night is over. They’ve gone out to dinner many times before, but it never fails to remind Chan of the humanity he lost so many decades ago. He used to love going out to eat when he was human, but now he nearly dreads stepping foot into a restaurant. All he does, all he can do is sit there, trying to act as normally as one can when all your senses are bombarded by the myriad of fresh human blood walking around you.

Is it even considered a date if only one member of the couple is eating? Chan will have to ponder what constitutes romanticism when half of the couple is undead.

But then he met Woojin’s gaze once again, his large brown eyes soft and filled with understanding. Woojin doesn’t like to dwell on Chan’s internalized hatred of his vampirism, so instead he chooses to reach a hand across the candlelit table to grasp one of Chan’s. The vampire instantly knit his fingers with his boyfriend’s, his tense shoulders loosening as they spoke exclusively through affectionate sparks and knowing glints in their eyes.

Holding Woojin’s hand, Chan can’t help but feel ok. He feels normal when he holds Woojin’s hand. A loving, lazy smile bloomed on Chan’s lips as he tightened his hold on Woojin’s digits; with Woojin he’s not a monster. With Woojin he’s not a beast, not something to be afraid of.

With Woojin, he’s just Chan.

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It’s nearing 10:30 p.m., and Chan and Woojin are just leaving the restaurant. They were one of the last stragglers to vacate, as once they start talking they just can’t stop. Chan spent the majority of the night relaxed in his chair, content to watch Woojin happily munch on his watermelon salad.
without a care in the world. But it wasn’t uncomfortable, it was actually surprisingly...nice? Maybe the vampire will suggest the cozy restaurant again for their next date night.

Stranger things have happened.

Woojin laced his fingers with Chan’s as they lazily strolled down the moonlit streets, reveling in each other’s presence. “Thanks for going out to eat with me, honeysuckle.” Woojin cooed, leaning in to place a sloppy kiss on Chan’s cheeks.

The vampire’s handsome features scrunched in mock disgust, his eyebrows furrowed. “Ew babe, don’t call me something with the word ‘suckle’ in it.” Chan whined, his lips pursing into a childish pout.

Woojin rolled his sparkling eyes with a chorus of melodic giggles. “It’s the name of a flower, baby.”

Chan’s petulant pout only deepened. “Doesn’t make it sound any less icky…” he mumbled, absentmindedly rubbing circles on Woojin’s hand with his thumb.

Of course, the nature spirit met him with a clearly unimpressed glower. “Chan, you’re immortal. Please try to act like it?” He chided, but the glimmer in his eyes showed there is no malice behind the teasing reprimand.

Chan turned his nose up in a display of faux haughtiness, unable to stop the smirk that pulled onto his lips at Woojin’s whining in response.

“C’mon babe—Oh, I’m sorry sir.” Woojin let the quick apology leave his lips after he accidentally knocked shoulders with a man he hadn’t noticed walking down their street.

The large, burly fellow absolutely reeked of alcohol, as if his slouched body and reddened face didn't immediately give it away. With his supernaturally heightened sense of smell, the man's fetid stench of beer made Chan’s stomach churn with disgust.

The man whipped around at the small collision with Woojin, his eyes dazed and brimming with dull rage. “Watch where you’re going, brat!” He snapped, before lurching forward with his two meaty arms extended. And then he made contact.
He pushed Woojin, with enough force for the nature spirit to stumble back a few feet. Rather than reacting to the drunkard’s assault, Woojin was content to keep his expression even, and blank. He kept his eyes trained on the concrete sidewalk beneath their feet, waiting for the man to get bored and continue on his alcohol fueled journey.

Chan only stared; eyes wide and helpless. That piece of shit just put his hands on Woojin. He tried to hurt Woojin. And what did Chan do? Just stand there dumbly, silently as the drunkard violently pushed his boyfriend. Fury started to bubble in his chest, igniting his supernatural senses and injecting venomous rage beneath his pallid flesh.

*He won't let him get away with that. He'll protect the love of his life like he's supposed to.*

Most people would have ended the encounter then, eager to leave the man to his alcohol induced stupor. Perhaps not without a biting insult at the stumbling degenerate, or a protective arm wrapped around their loved one, but most people would have nipped the incident in the proverbial bud by now. Most people would have went their own way into the dark of the night, never to cross paths with the man again.

Chan certainly isn't most people.

He felt it. Acutely, more than any other time in his vampiric existence.

The snap. The breaking. The *shattering* of the mental wall he has erected in order to prevent his monstrous instincts from taking over.

Well, now that wall is down. And it is taking over.

The bloodlust; the primal, animalistic fog that infects a vampire, transforming them into a ravenous killing machine. Most vampires can, and will enter it willingly. Chan hasn't experienced it in too many decades to count, and has done everything in his power to seal the beast inside him deep within, where it cannot escape to see the light of day.

It seems, however, that everything in his power wasn't enough.
Chan’s eyes started to glow, illuminating with deadly luster in the moonlight. Burning fire entered his undead veins, before freezing to icy rivers beneath his skin. Incredible power flowed through his archaic bones, like his pale flesh would not be strong enough to contain it. His brain dissolved into darkness as the last semblance of coherency seeped from his mind.

Only singular words flashed behind his eyes, lighting up his superhuman powers with each passing second.

_Woojin. Hurt. Destroy. Human._

_Kill. Human._

_Kill, Kill._ The single word soon became the only concept Chan could understand, could comprehend.

And who is he to revolt against his own deeply ingrained instincts?

With lightning speed, Chan grasped the drunkard in his hands, before all but flying to slam the man against a nearby brick wall. He swore he heard some of the bricks crack and chip from the sheer impact of the man's body colliding with the wall.

Sick, predatory satisfaction started to fizzle in Chan's stomach; giving way to all encompassing hunger.

Chan's lips curled in a snarl, putting his dagger-like fangs on full display. The drunkard, now reeling from the force of Chan’s assault, widened his dazed eyes in incredulous horror at the sight before him.

One of Chan's pale hands flew up to the man’s throat, closing around the column of flesh and effectively cutting off his air supply. “You think you can just hurt him?!?” Chan roared, molten fire dancing beneath his skin as he tightened his vice like grip on the man's flesh. “Well I’ll hurt you. I’ll drain every drop of blood from your sorry corpse.” He managed to grit past the bloodlust pounding behind his glowing eyes, clouding his every thought and making his stomach churn in starved knots.

The man let a pitiful whimper escape his now sealed throat, and Chan couldn't help the smirk that
quirked his snarling lips. He can’t wait to watch him die, to watch the light seep from his eyes after what he did to Woojin.

Woojin?

Chan vaguely heard his boyfriend behind him, his sweet voice now trembling with fear. “C-Chan, please—” He picked up his boyfriend whisper, suddenly taking cautious steps up to the seething vampire.

The man was starting to turn a delicious shade of purple when Chan felt a familiar hand grasp his shoulder. Whipping his head around, Chan is met with the wide, horrified eyes of Woojin. The look glossing his eyes alone is enough to momentarily make the bloodlust subside, Chan’s stone-like gaze instantly softening at the sight of his boyfriend now at his side.

Woojin. Chan managed to comprehend through the still overwhelmingly predatory desires elicited by the bloodlust.

Woojin. Love.

Even Chan’s vice grip on the man’s flesh marginally loosened, the vampire seemingly entranced by the mere sight of the nature spirit.

That's all the opportunity Woojin needed.

Before Chan could re-fasten his choking grip on the man's throat, Woojin engulfed the vampire in a tight embrace. He wrapped his arms around Chan’s, pinning them to his side as he wrenched the vampire away from the human.

Chan snarled in opposition as he helplessly watched his prey fall from his grasp, the drunkard now heaving shaking breaths as he collapsed to his knees.

Woojin ignored his inhuman roars of protest, too focused on forcing the vampire as far away from the human as possible. Chan is writhing and thrashing beneath Woojin’s tight hold; he himself is quite strong, but the vampire is undoubtedly stronger. And the bloodlust still swirling between his ears only exacerbated that. Woojin fought with everything he had to keep the vampire from breaking free of his grasp, because he knew the consequences otherwise would be deadly.
Woojin will be damned if he lets Chan become what he fears the most, will be damned if he allows Chan to leave a trail of drained bodies in his wake.

_Not on his watch._

Finally, Woojin manages to drag both him and a clearly unhappy Chan down a nearby alleyway, until the two were as safely hidden from the prying eyes of the human world as possible.

“Ch-Channie, please calm down.” Woojin attempted to keep his shaking voice as steady as possible, as he valiantly tried to soothe the seething vampire in his arms. He loosened his protective grip on Chan's tense body, choosing instead to gently take him in his arms as he rubbed comforting circles into his back.

Chan just snarled again in response.

“K-kill. _Have_ to kill.” The vampire gritted out, his fangs still painfully itching behind his lips.

Woojin felt his heart plummet to his toes.

He _needs_ to stop this, to stop the bloodlust before both of their worst fears become reality. They've both worked too hard to keep the demons inside Chan at bay for them to claw their way out _now_. Not like this, not because of _him_.

“No, you don't sweetheart. You _don't_ have to kill.” He somehow managed to keep his voice calm and even, despite the venomous twist churning his stomach. Woojin continued to stroke gently across the flesh of Chan’s muscular back, taking the way the taut muscles loosened as a sign he might be getting through to the vampire.

“N-Need to kill. Need to kill humans.” Chan slurred, desperately trying to break free of Woojin’s embrace: to _act_ on the desires brought about by his bloodlust. The nature spirit just silently tightened his grip once again, preventing the vampire from escaping.

“Shhh,” Woojin tried to placate his boyfriend, gently sinking down so the two are now kneeling on the damp floor of the alleyway. Chan buried his head of tousled brown hair into Woojin’s
shoulder, panting audible, rasping breaths.

“You don't have to kill, Chan. I'm fine, see?” Woojin remarked as causally, as calmly as possible. He felt Chan’s impossibly frigid breath fan against his skin. Chan’s arms came to wrap around Woojin now, his hands desperately clawing at his back. It was as if Woojin became a sentient security blanket to the vampire, the personification of safety and comfort.

“K-kill—” Chan muttered, his vision starting to swim as he relaxed into Woojin’s familiar embrace. His chest kept pushing out heaving breaths, and his heightened senses continued to mock his burning hunger.

“Chan, stop.” Woojin asserted, taken aback by the surety and force behind his voice. “You don't want to be a monster, right? That’s what we've worked so hard to prevent, right?” Woojin continued, powerfully whispering right into Chan’s ear. “Everything is ok, baby. Just come back to me, Chan.”

The vampire whimpered, wriggling in a final, pitiful attempt at releasing himself from Woojin’s grasp, before letting his head limply fall into the crook of his boyfriend's neck. His fangs withdrew, the animalistic instincts to bite and tear finally dissipating from his jumbled mind.

“W-Woojin?” Chan mumbled, shifting in the nature spirit’s strong embrace. His muscles feel impossibly heavy, and his eyes threatened to roll back in his head from the sheer force of coming down from his intense bloodlust.

“I'm here, babe. Everything's ok, Channie.” Woojin comfortingly whispered to his boyfriend, ultimately bending forward to place a chaste kiss on Chan's forehead. Kissing a vampire before they’re fully free of their bloodlust probably isn't the best idea; but Woojin couldn't care less.

Chan groaned, each atom of his body feeling like it weighed a thousand pounds. The nature spirit cradled Chan against his chest and he cuddled deeper into his strong arms, unconsciously chasing the enticing scent of Woojin’s blood rushing beneath his tanned skin.

“I-I'm sorry...just wanted to protect you…” Chan continued to slur, voice a broken husk of its usual confident timbre. Woojin felt his heart quake behind his ribs.

“I know, baby. You did a great job protecting me. I’m very proud of you Chan, you would've really regretted it later.” Woojin spoke almost painfully gently to the vampire, removing one of his arms
from where it was wrapped around Chan’s back to reach up to bury it in his curly brown tresses. They both knew what he was alluding to when he mentioned it.

Chan let a meek scoff escape his lips, forcing himself up to look right into Woojin’s eyes. “I wouldn’t have regretted tearing that shithead’s jugular out.” He muttered, yet deep down he knows woojin is right. He’s worked so hard to separate himself from the rest of his cruel, vicious undead kin; and killing the drunkard would have put him firmly in their ranks.

But it was only when Woojin met Chan’s gaze that his stomach dropped to his knees. Chan looks awful. His already sculpted cheekbones look sunken, and hollow. His porcelain skin has a newfound sickly shimmer, and his eyes look horribly empty and blank. Their usual vibrant emerald hue reduced to a cloudy and bleached mossy tinge.

It makes sense, really, that Chan looks about thirty seconds from death right now. The energy expended during bloodlust is profound, and is usually quickly replaced by the blood from the slaughtered humans the vampire spent the night hunting. Chan wasn’t so lucky, and now he’s paying the price.

Of course Chan has no shortage of blood bags in their ice box at home, but they’re still quite a distance from their apartment. Chan doesn’t even look like he can stand, let alone make the trek home. His exhaustion is almost palpable, and Woojin wants nothing more than to free him from the aftershocks of the bloodlust.

He knows what he has to do.

“Chan,” Woojin started, rousing the vampire from where he let his head fall against his chest once again. “Please drink from me.” He murmured, voice barely above a whisper.

Chan’s head snapped up, with as much force as he could muster. His diluted green eyes look like the glass beads of a doll, hollow and horrifyingly unfeeling. “N-no, Woojin. I promised myself I would never—”

“Chan, please. I’ll be fine, I know you can control yourself.” Woojin asserted, screwing his eyes shut as he brought one of his wrists mere inches from Chan’s lips. The skin of his wrist hovered before Chan’s pallid lips, and the vampire can hear Woojin’s blood dancing beneath the flesh.

“You won’t be able to make it home at this rate, Chan.” Woojin stated with finality, pushing his
wrist until it was pressed lightly against Chan’s mouth, his lips giving the skin an inadvertent kiss. The vampire’s arched brows knitted together as he considered Woojin’s words. After a few seconds of contemplation, his expression fell, eyes squeezing shut as he gently grasped Woojin’s wrist in his hands.

His boyfriend is right. He needs to feed in order to regain some semblance of strength back. He just prays he won’t prove Woojin wrong; that he will be able to control himself.

Woojin unconsciously tangled his fingers in Chan’s brunette locks, bracing himself for the incoming sensation of fangs plunging into his flesh. Chan’s trembling breath prickled his sensitive skin, igniting goosebumps across his body.

Chan licked his lips, his fangs reappearing once again as he prepared himself for what he’s about to do. He reared his head back, before his fangs sank into Woojin’s wrist. The nature spirit let a small gasp escape his lips as he squeezed his eyes shut even tighter, tingling electricity playing across his skin as his boyfriend lapped up the stream of blood flowing into his mouth. Chan’s fangs instantly nestled into one of woojin’s veins, allowing maximum blood flow to enter his starving stomach.

It didn’t hurt as much as Woojin had anticipated, thankfully. The sensation is much duller, with an almost detached ache. While not completely pleasant, it is more than bearable; especially if it’ll bring some life back into his undead boyfriend.

Chan continued to drink from his wrist, sucking and licking every drop that flowed from the flesh. Woojin vaguely realized, through the thick haze now blanketing his mind, that it’s a good thing Chan is gently grasping his arm in his hands. He’s not sure how much longer he’d be able to hold it up on his own.

After what felt like both a century and a nanosecond, Chan managed to wrench his fangs out of Woojin’s flesh. Dark blood stained his lips, dying them from their previous sickly pale hue. He licked the remainder of blood from Woojin’s wrist, effectively closing the pinprick bites as he did so.

He pulled himself off Woojin’s lap after what felt like years pressed together in the familiar position. His chest felt lighter than air, his previously excruciatingly sore muscles free of the oppressive weight of hunger and bloodlust. His eyes finally returned to their usual verdant gleam, as he gently cupped Woojin’s cheeks in his hands.

“Thank you, babe.” Chan whispered, jade irises alight with love. He bent forward to place a small
peck on Woojin’s cheek; not before wiping the residual drops of blood from his lips, of course.

Woojin melted in the wake of the kiss, allowing the exhaustion that permeated his bones after the feeding to take hold. “Course, babe.” He grumbled, virtually falling into Chan’s waiting arms. Their positions completely reversed, the vampire increased his protective grasp around the nature spirit’s waist, pulling the pair up from the dank floor of the alley after what felt like years.

“Can we go home now? I want cuddles.” Woojin mumbled against Chan’s neck, letting a breathy chuckle fan across his boyfriend’s chilled skin. Chan mimicked the airy giggle, a beaming grin blooming on his lips as he good naturedly rolled his eyes at Woojin.

“We basically cuddled this entire time, babe.” Chan mused with a teasing smirk, tightening his hold on Woojin as they re-started the remainder of their walk home.

“I mean non dramatic cuddles, Channie.” Woojin deadpanned, eager to collapse into his and Chan’s shared bed and just sleep. He noticed the warm tingle of his skin knitting back together on his wrist, and the two minuscule wounds already vanished from his flesh within mere seconds.

Chan let another stream of melodic giggles flow from his grinning lips. He intertwined his fingers with Woojin’s for the umpteenth time that evening, and he feels ok. He feels safe, he feels like himself. Not like the bloodthirsty monster he almost became.

He almost devolved into the mindless killing machine he’s dedicated his whole life to avoiding; key word, almost. Because of Woojin, he stopped the beast inside him from taking over. Because of Woojin, he didn’t become what he hates the most, what he fears the most.

He’s not a monster. He’s Chan.

And that’s all because of Woojin.

Chapter End Notes

Last chapter of 2019!!!! Aaaaa!!! Where did the year go?! It feels like just yesterday i posted the 1st chapter of this aha! In a few weeks it’ll be this fic’s one year anniversary, and thats...well...that’s pretty wild (i couldn’t have gotten this far without u guys, so thank u thank u thank U!)
And...while this chapter was a rollercoaster, this is actually Not the chapter i alluded to in last week’s notes, i did some Calculations n decided to change the order of some stuff before the year ends! So to start off 2020 next week I PROMISE it will be the first of the two wildest chapters in this fic (arguably) so keep ur seatbelts fastened lads, the ride is just about to start ;)

Before i go, i just wanna say thank u again for making this year so special. I never imagined i would get back into fic writing, and the support this fic received spurred me to venture out and write more for skz! So without u guys, this year would’ve been a lot more boring~ thank u for staying with me in 2019, and here’s to more adventures with skz in 2020!

Have a happy new year everyone <3 muah
Look into my eyes, it's where my demons hide

Chapter Summary

Get away from me now.

Blacken my heart,

Creepin’ dark night,

Stainin’ my soul.

Get away from me.

Disappear.

Get away from me.
Minho’s lips mumbled an incantation with practiced ease, the summoning circle instantly coming to life before them. A cloud of grey smoke swirled in the middle of the circle, the archaic symbols glowing a ghostly white as the thick tendrils got darker and darker.

And just as soon as they appeared, they vanished from sight; leaving nothing but a single black rose in its place. Its pure, velvety onyx petals laid gracefully on the floor, almost as if it levitated above the wood.

Jisung’s eyes widened as he stared at the flower, reaching a dainty hand out to gently grasp the long stem.

“It’s so pretty! Thanks babe!” The demon exclaimed with joy, holding the ashen rose to his chest like an heirloom. Minho however, seemed more than vaguely disturbed by the flower he summoned for his boyfriend.

*Why...is it black?* Minho thought to himself, brows furrowing in confusion as his glance flitted between the now empty summoning circle, and the obsidian rose still clasped in his boyfriend’s arms. An electric jolt ran down his skin, lighting his nerves on fire; something seems *off*. Very off.

“So sure babe...but it was supposed to be red.” Minho murmured, muscles still tense and taut beneath his skin. He pushed a strangely hard gulp down his throat, a venomous twist wedging in his stomach. He couldn’t help the feeling of dread that permeated the blanket of love and warmth radiating off Jisung.

Jisung just shrugged, as oblivious to Minho’s abrupt change in demeanor as ever. He leaned over and placed a chaste kiss on Minho’s cheek, a devilish smirk lighting up his expression. “I guess you’re not as good of a dark magician as you thought.” The demon teased his boyfriend, airy giggles tumbling from his parted lips.

“No, maybe I’m not.” Minho whispered, more to himself than to Jisung, his eyes still glazed and brimming with apprehension.

Little did the couple know, but Minho’s sudden onset of terror is more than warranted.

Because *something* came through the summoning circle along with that rose. Something dark, so dark its soul can only be described as pure, abysmal *black*. 
Felix awoke with an electric jolt, his heart fluttering in his chest. A nightmare; the telltale prickle enveloping his clammy skin can mean nothing else. But he remembers nothing, besides an abyss of pure black cast behind his eyes.

Hidden in that velvety darkness was a pair of equally onyx eyes, staring back at him through the haze of endless obsidian. How he even picked those eyes out of the all encompassing black of his nightmare is beyond Felix. But they were there; watching him, like a predator stalking its prey.

Scrubbing a hand across his burning eyes, Felix swung his legs out of bed, eager to splash some cold water on his face to rouse him from the bramble of uneasiness still entangling his mind.

He padded through the deserted hallway of the house to the bathroom, his shoulders still tense with the unmistakable feeling of being watched. He felt the telltale oppression of danger, the familiar hallways of the house now more akin to a maze of pure terror. His skin tingled, hair standing straight up as he quickly slipped into the safety of the bathroom.

Or so he thought.

His hand was reaching for the faucet when he heard it.

“Hello, Felix.”

It’s a voice as deep as the now familiar darkness of his nightmare, and equally foreboding.

Felix just about jumped out of his skin as his name hit the empty air of the bathroom, as clearly no one else is present in the room with him. His eyes bulged out of his head before rapidly flitting around the room, looking for some explanation to the mysterious voice.

And then, his eyes met his reflection. Or, what used to be his reflection, that is.
Felix’s breath hitched in his chest, freezing like a blizzard swept down his throat. His heart started to race behind his ribs, pounding unforgivingly against the bones.

Because staring back at him from the mirror is Felix Lee.

But not the Felix Lee he knows as himself; this Felix Lee has eyes as black as coal and as shiny as glass. The two pools of soulless onyx are the very same that were gazing at him through the abyss in his nightmare, unblinking and hollow.

*I’m dreaming, I’m dreaming. This isn’t real, this can’t be real,* Felix shrieked inside his swirling mind, a lump forming in his tightening throat as those obsidian eyes stared at him, their inhuman depth like two miniature black holes.

“This isn’t a dream.” His reflection mused casually, yet the voice that left Felix’s lips in the mirror is a far cry from the one that actually takes residence in his body.

Felix jumped back in horror, his hands starting to tremble as his mind began to race a hundred miles an hour. His reflection however, stayed perfectly still, neatly standing in the mirror like a portrait in a frame.

“J-Jisung, if this is a joke it’s not funny.” Felix managed to choke out, forcing the words past his quivering lips as he gazed helplessly at the perverted version of himself that made its home in their bathroom mirror.

A look of disgust washed over his reflection’s expression, his plump lips pulling into a frown at the mention of the demon. But as soon as the snarl crossed his once even features, it was gone just as quickly, leaving a blank expression in its wake.

“So it’s true. He is here.” The Felix in the mirror growled, gravely voice seeming to deepen.

Felix unconsciously stumbled back once again, until his back is pressed flush against the cold glass of the shower door. “W-who are you?” The human croaked past the hundred pound blockage in his dry throat. He blinked away the line of tears that rushed onto his waterline, the intensity of the fear mauling his body the likes of which he has never felt.

A smirk quirked onto his reflection’s lips, a wicked smile that clearly has no innocence behind it.
“What a silly question. I’m you.” It stated matter-a-factly, tilting its head as it gazed unreadably at Felix through the glass of the mirror separating them.

“M-me? No, you are not me.” Felix asserted, his brows knitting together in confusion. That thing is not Felix Lee, that’s for certain. It may look like him, but Felix isn’t taking the bait.

Another sly smile twitched onto his reflection’s lips, and Felix could tell he was rolling his onyx eyes at him, despite the absence of any pupils.

His reflection reached a dainty hand up, seemingly pressing it against the other side of the mirror. “Of course I am. Touch my hand and you’ll see.”

Felix knows he shouldn’t place his hand over his reflections. He knows with a sickening twist of his churning stomach that he should bolt from the bathroom, find Chan and tell him what’s going on.

He knows what he should do. Why he didn't follow those instincts is as much of a mystery as the creature mimicking him in the mirror.

Instead, with almost agonizingly slow movements, Felix raised his hand and placed it over the matching one of his reflection. He knows he shouldn’t have, but he did.

Perhaps his morbid curiosity got the better of him.

But he was right; he really, really shouldn’t have.

Because before he could even attempt to react, a blast of frigid air tore from the mirror, shooting through Felix’s still parted lips and racing down his throat.

A single choked gasp escaped Felix’s lips, before his head fell limply to his chest, forcing his head of tousled blonde hair to cascade forward.
Slowly and deliberately, Felix raised his head to stare into the mirror once again.

His reflection matched his every move.

Felix managed to comprehend one, solitary thought. *He’s not himself anymore. He’s not in control.*

He gazed at his reflection, helplessly.

His eyes are pitch black.

Chapter End Notes

Side effects of demon possession may include: nausea; anxiety; weight loss; psychosis; blackening of the eyes; your voicing becoming impossibly deep; loosing control of your thoughts and actions; the possibly uncontrollable urge to murder your best friend.
Boy meets evil

Chapter Summary

Got a hole inside of me.
Living with identities,
That do not belong to me.
In my life, I got this far,
Now I'm ready for the last hoorah.
Dying like a shooting star,
Racing down into oblivion.
I can feel it coming to the end,
The end.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Something isn’t right.

That is the only feeling Minho managed to perceive. He still hasn’t dropped the agonizing dread that is now permanently laced beneath his skin, a constant chill gnawing at his taut muscles since summoning the rose for Jisung.

Everyone else in the house is out for the day, leaving only a nervous Minho and a blissfully ignorant Jisung behind. And a certain human boy, as well.

Minho realized with a jolt he has yet to see Felix today; such behavior a far cry from the usually bubbly and social human. In fact, to his knowledge, Felix is still locked away in his room.

A sickening twist continued to wring out his stomach. In that moment, Minho decided he needs to go check on Felix, despite something deeply recessed in his psyche begging him not to.

Jisung is splayed across the sofa, absentmindedly scrolling through his phone without a care. The
demon is clearly unaffected by the same feeling of implacable danger plaguing Minho. The dark magician couldn’t help but be grateful for that.

With soft, padding steps up the stairs, Minho soon found himself frozen outside Felix’s door. He leaned his ear closer to the wood; the room is deadly silent.

Forcing a gulp down his throat, Minho placed a shaking hand on the door knob, twisting the metal until the door cracked open.

He slipped through the door, only to find Felix sat neatly on his bed, cross legged and back to Minho.

Minho was about to open his mouth, to ask his friend if he’s ok. Felix beat him to it.

“Hi Minho.” The human drawled in the dim light of his room. His voice—usually a deep timbre—seems somehow even more cavernous, and darker. It sounds terrifyingly ominous, and tinged with an overtone of predatory intent.

“I missed you.” Felix continued, now gracefully getting up from his bed and strolling over to Minho.

And when he turned, gaze finally meeting Minho, the dark magician thought he was about to pass out on the spot.

Felix’s warm, honey brown eyes are black. Completely, purely black. No whites, no irises. Just doll-like, soulless black.

A shaking gasp tore from Minho’s throat, tripping backwards in shock. His back fell against the door, easily shutting it and trapping the two in the room.

A malicious smirk lit up Felix’s expression, languidly stalking up to Minho as if he slowed down time itself.

Minho’s worst fears are true, as if his nightmares came to life. Felix is possessed.
The demon must have slipped through the summoning circle, Minho realized with a horrified pound of his heart. Felix is the only true human in the house, of course it sought him out as its target, its prey. Well, this certainly explains the fear constantly clawing its way up from his churning core.

Minho screamed at himself to cast a spell, he needs to cast a spell to try and wrench the demon from Felix's helpless body. But he couldn’t force any incantations past his lips, his eyes frozen on the onyx pools getting closer and closer by the second.

Before he knew it, Felix, or what used to be Felix is standing mere inches from Minho, his shaking breaths fanning against the other’s head of dirty blonde hair.

Felix gazed at him unreadably, his black eyes hard and stoic. But then, with lightning fast movement, Felix shot up a hand and wrapped it around Minho’s throat.

Minho’s eyes threatened to pop out of his head as he sucked in a breath, feeling Felix’s vice grip tightening around his throat and effectively cutting off his air supply.

This is it, Minho thought to himself with horrified acceptance, through the stinging pain burning his throat, I’m gonna die at the hands of one of my best friends. And he doesn’t even know it.

“You, you took Jisung from us. You’re the reason he’s still here.” Felix growled at Minho, expression darkening as he increased his hold on Minho, a sick glimmer flickering in his onyx eyes at the sight of the dark magician writhing under his grasp.

Jisung?

The familiar name shot through Minho’s racing mind, illuminating the darkness that is rapidly closing in on the corners of his vision.

“So I’m gonna kill you, and take Jisung back where he belongs once and for all.” The demon inside Felix announced with terrifying certainty, lips curling in a snarl once again.

It’s official: he’s about to die.
Or so he thought.

“Excuse me? Did you say you’re gonna kill my boyfriend?” A telltale, lilting voice now entered the room, causing Minho’s heart to pound even faster; but this time not from fear, from hope. “I don’t think so.”

Jisung is now stood in the room with them, shoulders ramrod straight and a scowl on his lips. He undoubtedly summoned himself to the room at the other demons mention of his name, as the tendrils of dark smoke that followed his summoning are still swirling around his feet. His eyes are glowing a fiery red, like glistening rubies.

Shooting out a strong hand, Jisung let a threatening growl rumble from his chest. At the motion of his hand Felix winced in pain, finally retracting his hand from Minho’s throat.

Minho collapsed to the floor, heaving grateful breaths as much needed air flowed to his lungs. The darkness encroaching on his sight dissipated, vanishing with the stinging pain that was choking him.

“You made a big mistake.” Jisung barked at Felix, still doubled over in pain from the power shot by Jisung’s splayed fingers. “This is where I belong.”

Jisung strolled up to the husk of his friend, black eyes screwed tight and unaware of the other demon’s close proximity.

Jisung shot a hand up to grasp Felix’s jaw, tilting his head up to look directly into his ember hued eyes. With a snarl, the demon inhabiting Felix’s body tried to wrench itself from Jisung hold; to no avail.

Using his free hand, Jisung sent another invisible shockwave through Felix, the demon in his body bellowing in pain as it crumpled under Jisung’s power. Felix fell to the floor, landing on his knees with a dull thud.

“I’m here because I want to be. I’m here to be away from scum like you.” Jisung bellowed with a scowl of tangible disgust, of palpable hatred. “You hurt the love of my life. You hurt one of my best friends. So I’m gonna send back where you belong,” Jisung seethed as he sunk down to be level with Felix, his hand still clasping the human’s jaw and keeping him powerless.
“Go to Hell.” Jisung roared, tightening his grip on Felix’s jaw and forcing his pitch black eyes to meet his pair of glowing red irises, gleaming with molten fury.

An incantation spoken in a foreign tongue began to spill from Jisung’s still snarling lips, the ancient words causing a dull buzz to blanket Minho’s skin. He could only stare helplessly from where he was still catching his breath on the floor, taken aback by this new side of Jisung; this Jisung is damn near terrifying.

An agonized shriek fell from Felix’s lips, the demon inside him clearly affected by the spell. His black eyes screwed shut once again, Jisung’s incantation only intensifying at the demon’s pain.

A bright, white light illuminated Felix’s skin, the boy throwing his head back as the demon’s tortured screams continued to fall from his lips. The light got brighter, more vivid and luminant until Felix’s entire body is engulfed in the magical glow.

A final, choked gasp escaped his lips, and then Felix limply fell forward only to be instantly caught in Jisung’s arms. The unearthly white light mellowed until it too completely vanished, leaving nothing but a passed out Felix in its wake. The human’s eyes are softly shut, his features even. Despite the fact that a demon was just exercised from his body, the human looks downright peaceful.

Jisung’s arms snaked around Felix’s back, pressing the human flush against himself.

“It’s gone. Felix is ok.” He finally murmured, heaving a shaking sigh past Felix’s now messy tresses.

Cautiously, wordlessly, Jisung rose from the floor, adjusting Felix in his arms as he walked over to lay the human gently on his bed. The demon covered Felix’s unconscious body in his plush comforter, the human’s relaxed expression making a minuscule smile flicker onto Jisung’s previously downturned lips.

Finally gaining back his strength, Minho pushed himself off the floor, before sinking down once again and wrapping his arms around Jisung; the pair now sitting on Felix’s bed while the human idly slept beside them.

“Will he remember this?” Minho whispered to his boyfriend, horribly afraid of the answer. Jisung
laid his head on Minho’s shoulder, pressing their spent bodies together. The demon’s eyes are now a light shade of gold, their once bloody hue long forgotten.

“’Nope, none of it. If anything, he’ll think whatever he does remember was a nightmare.’ Jisung responded, looking up at Minho through his full lashes. Finally, some good news.

“Thanks for before, babe. I don’t know what I would’ve done without you.” Minho spoke through a lazy smile, placing a deep kiss on Jisung’s full cheek. A pink flush painted the demon’s skin in the wake of Minho’s lips, Jisung then burying his face in his boyfriend’s neck.

Jisung didn’t answer, choosing instead to bask in the comfort of their familiar embrace. The barely audible sound of Felix’s even, tranquil breaths slowed their hearts, releasing the tension beneath their skin.

The house is silent; calm. The energy thankfully returned from its previous overbearing terror and dread.

Felix woke up the next day marginally more tired than he would’ve expected after such a deep night’s sleep. He let a loud yawn pass through his lips, wiping some stray tears that pricked at the corners of his eyes.

Felix’s sleepy gaze then landed on two figures entangled on his bed; it’s Minho and Jisung, still long engulfed in peaceful slumber on the end of Felix’s mattress. Their limbs are messily intertwined, soft snores flowing into the morning air.

His eyebrows furrowed in confusion at the sight of his two friends sleeping on his bed, their matching expressions of relaxation causing a small smile to pull onto Felix’s lips despite their unexpected presence. Felix has absolutely no idea as to why his friends are long passed out on his bed, but for some reason he doesn’t care in the slightest. In a mysterious way, he’s not even surprised to see them there.

Softly, so as not to wake them, Felix slipped out of bed, his shoulders light and heart warm. He’s strangely starving, and more than eager to eat breakfast with the other boys. He sent his slumbering friends a final glance, good naturedly shaking his head of blonde hair as he silently opened his bedroom door.
Seems like they had a long night, Felix thought to himself before finally tearing his eyes away from the couple on his bed and padding downstairs.

If only he knew.

Chapter End Notes

i know what ur all thinking: “chronosaurus where was changbin while all of this was happening?” and….well….just don't worry abt it ok? he was off doing...reapery things...important business...felix has the lix protection squad to look after him

welp i hope the conclusion of this “arc” wasn't terribly disappointing (even tho i feel like it was lol), but fret not! i’m not done fucking w felix so :) just keep that in mind :)

and as for next week: hmm keep urselves strapped in mayhaps? we're done w angst for a while but...next week….y'all ain't Ready i can tell u that (week after will be a ~special chapter~ in honor of chapter 60!)

aaaaand the final announcement (dear god no): if any of u are bored, i have 2 skz fics that are kinda (very kinda) close to their next kudo milestones (i crave those sweet sweet whole numbers) so if u have time to check out either/both n help ur local chronosaurus, ill link them below! also, yes, i have no shame anymore.

HyunIn, bad boy!hyunjin, humor and fluff, pretty short

HyunSung, enemies to lovers, kind of a Long Boi
You attack my heart

Chapter Summary

When you get one step, two steps farther away

I will take three steps toward you,

So we won’t get any farther apart.

When you take one step, two steps closer,

I will stay right here,

So it doesn’t feel like our love is going too fast.

Say you love me, say you love me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Seungmin and Hyunjin are the best of friends. Bros, even. Dare he say best bros.

As soon as Hyunjin moved in, he and Seungmin became virtually attached at the hip; shortly after one boy rarely seen without the other. They quickly formed an impenetrable bond, along with Jeongin.

But lately, Seungmin can't help but think about Hyunjin in a way much different from how he perceives his other best friend, Jeongin.

Lately, Seungmin thinks of Hyunjin as something more than just one of his best bros.

He first noticed his change in thought regarding Hyunjin around a week ago; when he caught himself staring at the siren as he played with Jisung on the sofa. He distinctly remembers shoving a particularly loud gulp down his throat when Hyunjin’s elated gaze absentmindedly flitted to Seungmin, how his cheeks started to burn and he forced his eyes away from the siren’s glance.

Very un-Seungmin like behavior.
Now he more often than not finds his brain clouded with swirling thoughts of the gorgeous siren, his inhumanly beautiful features all but tattooed behind his eyelids. Seungmin catches himself wanting nothing more than to peck the single birthmark under his eye, to bask in the light of Hyunjin’s goofy, beaming grins as if they are the summer sun itself.

Which is why Seungmin’s breath hitched in his throat when a certain siren gracefully strolled into the living room, sending the angel a familiar, blinding smile before tossing his lithe form on the cushions.

“Sup, Minnie?” Hyunjin inquired, chestnut eyes finding Seungmin’s like a magnet from where the angel is curled up in his favorite plush armchair.

There it is again; that surefire increase in Seungmin’s heart rate whenever the siren mentions him, accompanied by the telltale heat of a light pink blush finding its way to his cheeks.

“N-nothing, just...thinking about stuff.” Seungmin choked out, shaking his head of chocolate locks to get his jumbled thoughts in order.

Smooth Seungmin, very smooth.

“Well, what kinda stuff?” The siren asked, cocking his head to the side as he leaned forward to stare at the angel even more intently. His plush lips look glossed in pure satin, not helping to ease the jackhammer that is Seungmin’s heartbeat.

Uh oh. Seungmin didn’t think this far ahead.

“Just...stuff about my old life in Heaven.” He eventually decided on, his tense shoulders dropping slightly at the sight of the siren nodding sagely in response; Seungmin can't believe he bought that.

They were then drenched in silence, the midsummer breeze whistling through the open windows and singing to the pair of boys. Until Hyunjin broke said silence, that is.

“Did you ever date anyone in Heaven?” The siren asked casually, an implacable glint now shimmering in his eyes.
Seungmin couldn’t stop choking on air at the word “date” leaving Hyunjin’s plump lips. But he quickly collected himself as best he could, for the sake of his own ego. “Nope, I wasn’t allowed.” The angel murmured, his lips pursing into a frown as he recalled his life above the clouds.

“Why?” The siren asked with a pout of his own, matching the downturned expression now on Seungmin’s features.

The angel shrugged. “We just weren’t. It’s considered ‘unprofessional’ to have romantic relationships in Heaven. Everything up there is really...strict. And regimented.” Seungmin observed with a small shudder, memories of the countless rules enforced on him and his angelic kin flooding back.

Hyunjin just met him with an understanding glance, his doe eyes shining with acknowledgement.

“Luckily, since I was a guardian I spent most of my time trailing whoever I was tasked with protecting on Earth. I actually had more freedom than most other angels.” Seungmin continued, surprisingly going into more depth than he’d expected. Maybe he subconsciously made that his excuse for a reason. Maybe he needed to talk about these memories with someone, with Hyunjin.

“Did you ever fall in love with someone you were guardian over?” The siren kept on, his barrage of questions seemingly never ending. Seungmin, however, doesn’t mind in the slightest.

“Pfft, no. That’s like falling in love with a movie star, it’s unrealistic and never works out. Guardians watch their humans from a distance. We can never get close enough to actually know them. Plus, humans can’t see angels anyways. I’ve heard stories of angels purposely falling to be with the humans they watched, but they’re probably fake.” The angel finished with a breathy chuckle, bringing a dainty hand up to rub at the back of his neck.

“Why are you asking me all these questions about love, anyways?” Seungmin couldn’t help asking the siren, a small smile upturning his lips as his eyes met Hyunjin’s once again.

A knowing glint ignited in the siren’s eyes, his lips curling in a sly smirk equally as devilish. “Because we’ve never talked about this kinda stuff together. And I’m curious if you do, or ever have liked anyone romantically.” He continued, a graceful shrug tugging at his shoulders. Breezy giggles fell from Hyunjin’s pink lips as he watched Seungmin sputter in response.
“O-of course I’ve liked people before! I like someone right now, for your information!” Seungmin haughtily barked at the siren, crossing his arms over his chest and turning up his nose. Until what he just said finally struck his mind, reverberating between his ears like church bells.

Seungmin’s hands instantly flew to his mouth, his eyes bugging out of his he’d as he valiantly tried to halt the words from hitting the air. But it was no use; they're echoing in his skull, hanging limply in air.

A look of surprise crossed Hyunjin’s features, before evening as another expression of mischievous knowing upturned his lips. “Oh? Do tell who you like, Minnie.” He sing-songed to the angel, biting down on his thick bottom lip to stifle his chuckles.

Seungmin’s life is officially flashing before his eyes. How can he be so stupid?! He basically walked himself into confessing to Hyunjin! He made up one convincing ruse already today, he knows he can’t pull another one out of his now melting coherency.

“Uh, u-uh,” Seungmin intelligently spluttered, his wide eyes desperately darting about the room, to look anywhere besides Hyunjin’s all too knowing gaze. But with a particularly powerful pound against his ribs, Seungmin realized his heart is trying to tell him something. He did lead himself into this current predicament, so he might as well take advantage of it. Who knows, it might end up working in Seungmin’s favor.

Or it might kinda sorta ruin his life, and his relationship with Hyunjin.

But he’s trying to be optimistic, as he cleared his throat and steadied his quivering lips.

“I like you?” Seungmin forced past the huge lump in his throat, swallowing his nerves along with the audible gulp he pushed down.

Hyunjin leveled him with an unreadable stare, merely humming in response to Seungmin’s nerve stricken confession. That is, until his even features melted, expression exploding with a blinding grin.

“I know you do. I just wanted to hear you say it yourself.” He mused with a shrug, sending Seungmin a wicked wink as the angel’s mouth threatened to hit the floor at the siren’s admission.
“Y-you knew?! How?!” He virtually shrieked at Hyunjin, his eyes bugging out of his skull as he helplessly watched the siren giggle at his incredulity.

“Um, I’m a siren, remember? We’re kinda really in-tune with the whole love thing. Especially when it’s directed at one of us.” Hyunjin remarked with even more melodious laughter, his chocolate brown irises like a pair of shimmering galaxies. “Plus, you’re kinda obvious, Minnie, with your googly-eyed staring and all.”

Seungmin’s brain officially short-circuited at that chiding observation.

“Why do you think I brought up the topic of romance in the first place? I knew I would get you to confess! And I was right. I really do know you too well.” The siren observed with a shake of his raven tresses. Before Seungmin could even attempt to get his racing thoughts in order, Hyunjin pushed himself off the sofa, extending a hand to wordlessly pull Seungmin off his armchair so the pair are now standing face to face.

The tall siren easily towers over Seungmin, his warm eyes harboring a gloss of tangible affection. Seungmin had to stop his knees from turning to jelly under Hyunjin’s intense stare.

“I like you, too.” Hyunjin all but whispered into the comforting air of the sun-filled living room. Seungmin felt his heart drop to his toes, before rocketing back up to his chest at lightning speed. His legs threatened to give out from under him, his vision started to swim. Seungmin didn’t respond, couldn’t respond. He simply willed a thunderous swallow down his desert-like throat, and numbly nodded his head in response.

Hyunjin likes him back.

Looks like his forced optimism worked out this time around.

“Ah! That reminds me,” Hyunjin suddenly declared with a gorgeous smile gracing his lips, seemingly taking Seungmin’s stunned silence as a cue to continue.

“Here.” He announced, his hands gracefully reaching up to remove the long silver necklace he’s currently wearing, before taking a step closer to Seungmin and draping the chain over the angel’s head of brown locks.
The silver chain ends in a large pendant; a shimmering opal in a matching silver border. The iridescent gem hung right above Seungmin's clavicle, adding a comforting weight to his chest.

Unconsciously, the angel raised a dainty hand, leveling it over the opal and pressing his palm over the newly added necklace. He felt the tear-shaped outline of the pendant digging into his skin, but rather than hurting the flesh, it made a feeling of overwhelming warmth blossom in his core.

“W-why did you…?” Seungmin choked out through the hundred pound lump in his throat, his gaze wildly flying from the glimmering opal to Hyunjin, the siren’s twinkling eyes giving the gem a run for its money.

“It's an ancient siren mating ritual. Giving your partner something shiny and pretty, as a token of your...affection.” Hyunjin eventually settled on, his glittering eyes flirting to the floor as he softly spoke to the angel.

A fevered blush painted itself onto Seungmin's cheeks; at the siren's explanation, but more so because of one specific word that flashed behind his eyes with each dazed blink.

“M-mating?! W-woah Hyunjin, can't we slow down a bit?” The angel sputtered, pushing an umpteenth heavy gulp down his impossibly tight throat.

The siren threw his head of ebony locks back as endless waves of enamoured giggles flowed from his lips. Seungmin is just glad he can be of such amusement to the siren.

“I don't mean mating like that, Minnie. By ‘mate’ I mean significant other, silly.” Hyunjin mused with a shake of his head, his lips pulled into a grin so bright Seungmin is sure he put the sun out of business.

His breath hitched in the back of his throat as the words “significant other” left the siren’s plush lips. He just referred to Seungmin as his significant other. He gave Seungmin his necklace; what sirens do for their significant others.

Oh, Seungmin numbly thought to himself as his heart spasmed behind his rib cage.

Oh.
“That's ok right? Us being...boyfriends?” Hyunjin inquired with a puppy-like tilt of his head, his plush lips forming an inhumanely adorable pout. The siren obviously asked in response to Seungmin's dumbstruck expression, his lips lightly parted in tandem with a wide eyed stare.

The angel is acutely aware that he looks like a dead fish right now, and Hyunjin can attest to that better than anyone. He did live most of his life in the sea, after all.

“Yes.” Seungmin answered within a nanosecond of the question leaving Hyunjin's lips, externally wincing and internally smacking himself for barely giving Hyunjin a chance to finish speaking before voicing his answer.

Never one for awkward silences, Hyunjin eagerly clasped his hands together in delight, seemingly ignoring Seungmin's all too eager response in favor of the waves of elation that radiated off his body.

But before he himself could celebrate, an idea popped into Seungmin's head with enough force to give him a concussion.

“I’ll...I’ll be right back. Promise you'll stay right here, ok?” Seungmin forced past the blockage in his throat, chomping down on his bottom lip as he gazed at the beautiful siren before him. The siren leveled him with a quizzical look at the angel’s sudden announcement, but Hyunjin being Hyunjin, he took Seungmin’s awkward antics in stride.

“I’ll try my best, Minnie.” Hyunjin quipped with a bout of playful snickers, in turn igniting fireworks in his chestnut irises.

Seungmin just nodded in response; his buzzing mind purposefully glossing over the siren’s teasing.

And with that, the angel abruptly turned on his heel, and all but sprinted up the staircase. The large opal pendant bounced on his chest with each powerful step, glinting at various angles in the air as it tossed about. His thunderous footsteps echoed through the otherwise empty house, as he jogged through the halls only to skid to a stop at his and Jeongin shared bedroom.

Throwing open the door, the angel made a beeline to his target: an unassuming box on his nightstand.
He rummaged through the familiar wooden box, ignoring the tangled mess of tarnished gold chains and worn gem encrusted bracelets, until his fingers finally plucked what he was so desperately searching for from the marrass of jewelry.

The angel all but flew down the familiar flight of stairs, fully expecting Hyunjin to be gone from where he left him in the living room, fully expecting this all to be some fever dream cast before an unsuspecting, slumbering Seungmin.

But to his immense relief, Hyunjin is gracefully stood right here he left him, twiddling his thumbs as he awaited the angel’s return. And Seungmin will never forget the way the siren's downcast expression instantly perked up at his arrival back in the living room, how his eyes formed loving crescents and his lips bloomed into an adoring smile.

With confident, padding footsteps up to the siren, Seungmin suddenly stuck his hand straight out to the other boy; a small silver ring laying flat on his palm.

“For you.” The angel stated simply, taken aback at the surety now present in his once trembling voice.

Hyunjin's eyes flew open at Seungmin's declaration, his irises so bright and shiny Seungmin is sure he could see the ring reflected in the honey brown pools like little halos.

The ring isn't much, just an unassuming silver band. Yet engraved on the underside are the words *I am you*, giving the piece the perfect romantic edge. It's simple and understated design contrastes perfectly with Hyunjin's otherworldly beauty.

To Seungmin, the ring might as well have been made for the siren.

Hyunjin reached a hand out to gently grasp the ring, as if unsure of his movements, unsure if Seungmin is *serious*.

As if reading the siren’s thoughts, Seungmin sent him a small smile, the gesture enough to spur Hyunjin to finally grasp the ring in his own hand. He daintily grasped it between his fingers and held it up in the light, eyes trained on the polished silver like a magnet.
“I am you’, huh.” Hyunjin mused, his beaming smile only widening as his sparkling eyes tore from the ring to meet Seungmin's gaze.

“Y-yeah, it's cheesy I know, but—”

“I love it.” Hyunjin effectively stopped Seungmin's words in their tracks, taking powerful steps up to the now stunned angel. Hyunjin finally slipped the band onto his lithe finger, and it looks like it belongs there.

“And I love you, Seungmin.” He spoke softly, gently; his voice sounded like a whizzing rocket in Seungmin's ringing ears.

The angel was officially reduced to a spluttering mess at that revelation. His skull might as well have become a blender, with how his brain feels like it was mashed into a smoothie.

Hyunjin said he loves him.

Oh.

“W-wha—no! I just confessed to you, Hyunjin! You can't say you love me five minutes after I confess, that's not fair!” The angel whined, uncaring of how his lips jutted into a childish pout, how his cheeks are still redder than summer cherries.

The siren, as always, just chuckled at the angel.

“C’mon, you know you love me back.” He cooed, bringing his newly ring-clad hand up to cup Seungmin's burning cheek. The comforting warmth of his soft skin didn't last, much to Seungmin's chagrin; the siren removing his hand just as quickly to instead move some of Seungmin's chocolate brown hair off his forehead.

He then bent forward, placing an almost painfully soft kiss on newly revealed skin of Seungmin's forehead.

Seungmin definitely prefers that over Hyunjin cupping his cheek, he dazedly decided in that very
The angel pushed yet another audible gulp down his throat, already missing the feeling of Hyunjin's velvety soft lips against his skin.

“Ok. Maybe I love you back. Just maybe.”

The coven erupted in raucous cheers at Hyunjin and Seungmin’s announcement; the two are now officially a couple.

Chan clutched at his chest, despite his heart long having stopped beating behind his archaic ribs. A blinding smile burst onto his lips at their announcement, to the point where his cheeks started to hurt from the sheer force of his grin.

The vampire buried his face in Woojin's chest, his strong arms coming to grasp at his boyfriend's back. From his position in Woojin's arms, Chan sucked in a breath, Woojin's familiar scent wafting into his nose. It's a heady mixture of peonies, wild roses, and the mossy undergrowth of the forest floor. It's totally, unmistakably Woojin.

“Babe! All my babies are growing up, and dating each other!” Chan wailed into Woojin's chest, sniffling as his shoulders shook with fake, exaggerated sobs.

The nature spirit rolled his eyes at the vampire’s theatrics, but decided to play along; reaching up to bury a hand up in Chan's fluffy bonds locks, comfortably stroking the soft tresses.

“Don't worry Channie, at least we still have Jeongin?” He playfully whispered into the vampire’s ear, the pair sharing devilish grins as matching sparks lit up their eyes.

Speaking of Jeongin, the werewolf let a gasp of faux disgust tear from his mouth, his lips curled in a mock frown with a hand thrown over his heart.

“I can't believe you're leaving me for him, Seungmin.” Jeongin exclaimed, gesturing at the siren
plastered against Seungmin's side with a flippant flick of the wrist.

Seungmin’s brown hair bounced with a good natured shake of his head, a knowing gleam in his eyes as his tried not to double over in laughter at his best friend’s antics.

Soon, the werewolf’s facade broke, melodic giggles tumbling from his lips as he skipped over to wrap Seungmin in a tight embrace.

“Congrats, ‘Min. I’m so happy for you.” He whispered to his best friend, Jeongin’s heart reverberating a particularly powerful pound against his bones.

The angel simply hugged the werewolf back, just as tightly and his heart equally as full.

That night, Seungmin decided to spend the night in Hyunjin’s room. Moreso to spare his poor werewolf roommate their perpetually elated chatter than anything else.

The newly formed couple are laying on Hyunjin’s bed, the mattress dipping with their shared weight. The countless stuffed sea critters hanging from Hyunjin’s ceiling seemed to stare directly at them, seahorses and otters and dolphins all gazing at them in glossy-eyed approval.

The room is completely dark, save for the slivers of moonlight slipping through Hyunjin’s curtains. The two boys are content. Exhausted, but content.

Seungmin, feeling bolder than he would’ve expected, laced his and Hyunjin’s fingers together from beneath the sheets. The siren met him with an enamoured gaze; barely visible in the lowlight, but Seungmin could feel the warmth of his stare blanketing his body in comfort.

Seungmin can feel the unmistakable tendrils of sleep pulling at his eyelids, getting increasingly heavy by the second. Before he could succumb to the slumber creeping up his muscles, Seungmin pulled himself into Hyunjin’s arms, the siren snaking said arms around the angel almost instantly.

Now flush against Hyunjin’s chest, the steady beating of his heart became a lullaby to the angel,
matching the beats of his own heart as the pair drifted off to sleep in unison.

Their hearts beat as one.

Seungmin is so blessed, so lucky to have fallen from Heaven.

In fact, it was the best thing to ever happen to him.

Chapter End Notes

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Call me beep me (if you wanna reach me!)

Chapter Summary

no lyric summary this week; just that this is legitimately my fave chapter in this entire fic and. i think that really just Says It All

Happy ch 60 everyone!!!!!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Felix* has created a new chat: *Monster Mash*

*Felix* has added: *Bang Chan, Minho, Woojin*, and 5 others to *Monster Mash*

*Felix* has renamed *Bang Chan* to: *Chan the impaler*

*Felix* has renamed *Minho* to: *Maleficent*

*Felix* has renamed *Woojin* to: *Mather Earth*

*Felix* has renamed *Jisung* to: *demon spawn*

*Felix* has renamed *Jeongin* to: *Furry*

*Felix* has renamed *Seungmin* to: *Cupid*

*Felix* has renamed *Hyunjin* to: *Oh Neptune*
Felix has renamed Changbin to: Binnie Bunnie uwu <3

Chan the impaler: Felix

Chan the impaler: what the heck is this

Mather Earth: Lix we already have a group chat

Felix: Perhaps

Felix: but that one is too normal. U guys are all supernatural spookies for goodness sake! We needed a weird chat so i took it upon myself to make that happen. Ur welcome

demon spawn: I’m here for this ur a genius lix

Felix: thanks bro ur the mine to my craft

demon spawn: that's the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me

Chan the impaler: ignoring….that, but how is the other one “too normal”??

Felix: hyung

Felix: u were literally ranting about how much u hate taxes last week in the other chat

Chan the impaler: I DO HATE TAXES THEYRE THE WORST
**Felix:** dude you’re a VAMPIRE shouldn’t u be talking about like...i dont know...wanting to suck the tax people’s blood or smth???

**Chan the impaler:** :( i do that too...

**Maleficent:** At least I got the coolest name out of all u losers

**Binnie Bunnie uwu <3:** i beg to differ

**Maleficent:** then Beg

**demon spawn:** how come mine is the only one not capitalized

**Felix:** bc ur my best bro and as my best bro we are Cool and Casual n i dont need to capitalize ur nickname

**demon spawn:** bro <3 :(

**Cupid:** is no one gonna mention that felix unnecessarily capitalized two words in his previous message talking about not needing to capitalize.

**Furry:** HELLO @Felix CHANGE MY NICKNAME THIS INSTANT

**Furry:** i am nOT A FURRY!!!!!!

**Cupid:** I guess no one is @ my last message but ok

**Felix:** i mean
Felix: u kinda are but

Felix: what do u want ur name to be? It’s not like ur the big bad wolf ‘Innie.

Furry: GASp

Cupid: I’m with jeongin right now and he actually just said the word “gasp” out loud. That is all

Furry: I GOT IT!!

Furry has been renamed to Small good wolf

Felix: Jeongin! That’s brilliant! U are a small good wolf!

demon spawn: smoll

Small good wolf: thank u ill be here all week

Mather Earth: I like my name. but mother is spelled wrong @Felix

Felix: thats on purpose hyung it’s for meme-atic effect

Oh Neptune: for what???

Felix: dramatic effect + memes = memeatic effect
Cupid: sigh with each passing second i can feel our single shared brain cell calcifying. also @Felix why are u the only one w ur legit name as ur nickname!

Felix: Because i made the chat so i get to decide >:3 also i’m the only human so it makes sense i have the most boring name aka my legit one lol.

demon spawn: ur name isn’t boring bro...it’s beautiful

Felix: thank u jisung I’m so happy I’m bromosexual with u

Maleficent: felix it’s 2020 if u ever use that emoticon again i’m putting a hex on u no room for discussion.

Felix: no!! pwease downt hwex me minho :3c

Maleficent: here i come bitch

Oh Neptune: FELIX RUN NOW

Chan the impaler: oh yeah before minho turns u into a frog @Felix why the heck did u make this my nickname?? Just cause I’m a vampire doesn't mean I’m Vlad the impaler!!! I've never impaled anyone in my entire life

demon spawn: hmmm I think woojin hyung might disagree with that ;)

Felix: ;)

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: ;)

Maleficent: ;)
Oh Neptune: ;)

Chan the impaler: if one more of u reply with that stupid face I swEAR

Mather Earth: ;)

Cupid: I think I just heard the sound of Chan’s soul leaving his body nice one Woojin hyung

Felix has renamed Chan the impaler to Vlad Chanula

Vlad Chanula: …

Vlad Chanula: pls put the other one back

Felix has come online to Monster Mash (4 others currently online)

Felix: good morning lets get this bread. love u all

demon spawn: good morn felix lets obtain the wheat this fine day

Felix: interesting choice, jisung. I respect it. Ur slowly but surely improving in the meme department :’)

Maleficent: @Felix pls don’t encourage jisung to be even stupider than he already is
demon spawn: babe :((((((

Felix: ouch

Cupid: top ten anime betrayals

Chan the impaler: oh no lix :( i was just at the store and could’ve gotten you the bread you wanted! You should have said something sooner!

demon spawn: hyung that’s a meme dont worry

Chan the impaler: a what

Felix: oh n o

Felix: we are not having this conversation now Chan hyung it's too early for this

demon spawn: it's never too early to talk about memes bro

Felix: u know what? ur right jisung but i think we need to physically sit Chan down when we give him his first memes 101 lesson

demon spawn: how can someone be as old as Chan and still not know about our lord and savior Memesus Christ

Cupid: ...as a demon...should u really be making That kinda joke…

demon spawn: ¯\_(ツ)_/¯
Maleficent: run @Chan the impaler it’s not too late to save yourself

Cupid: yeah i REFUSE to let u heathens corrupt our innocent Channie with your stupid memes!! not on my watch!

Maleficent: “innocent Channie” seungmin he’s killed ppl before

Maleficent: no offense Chan!

Cupid: ...so?

Maleficent: touché

Felix: i feel so bad for the poor FBI guy assigned to spying on our chats...this must be so confusing

Chan the impaler: i dont know how i feel about this conversation but. i think i’m just gonna go back to the store to buy felix his bread

Chan the impaler has gone offline

Felix: HYUNG WAIT

Felix: I DONT ACTUALLY WANT BREAD

Mather Earth has come online to Monster Mash (2 others currently online)
Mather Earth: best recipe for banana pancakes

Oh Neptune: what?? How would we know??

Mather Earth: oh. This isn’t google

Maleficent: wow Woojin hyung

Maleficent: long night huh

Mather Earth: you could say that.

Oh Neptune: uh oh keep it PG hyung we dont need to know about you and Chan’s wacky sexscapades.

Mather Earth: hyunjin.

Mother Earth: be quiet or no banana pancakes for you.

Oh Neptune has gone offline

Mather Earth: that’s what I thought.

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Small good wolf has come online to Monster Mash (4 others currently online)
Small good wolf: CHANATHAN

Small good wolf: I NEED TO ASK U SMTH IMPORTANT @Chan the impaler

Chan the impaler: ok what is it? also please don't call me “chanathan”

Small good wolf: whatever u say chanathan bang

Small good wolf: ANYWAYS can u bite me and turn me into a vampire so i'll be a werewolf vampire hybrid

demon spawn: that's a great idea!

Oh Neptune: THATS the important thing u wanted to ask??

Small good wolf: ummm yeah becoming the most powerful combo of supernatural creatures sounds pretty important to me

Chan the impaler: Jeongin ??? no ?? that's not going to happen sorry Innie

Small good wolf: :( but i would be so cool :( it would be amazing

Chan the impaler: you're already cool enough Innie <3

Small good wolf: aw thanks hyung :’) ily! But...i could always be...Cooler?

Oh Neptune: honestly if jisung thinks it's a great idea then i think that's enough of a sign not to do it
demon spawn: Excuse Me™

Oh Neptune: dude u think shoving your hand into an open flame is a fun and calm way to spend your friday nights

demon spawn: im a demon!!! we just be like that hyunjin!!

demon spawn: ya know, fire and brimstone, stuff like that

Small good wolf: on second thought i think Hyunjinnie is right…

Chan the impaler: phew! thank goodness Jisung is such a bad influence

demon spawn: @Maleficent minho pls curse all of them i’m feeling very attacked!!!

Felix has come online to Monster Mash (6 others currently online)

Felix: hey guys wanna hear a joke?

Cupid: your social life?

Small good wolf: your math grades?

Felix: OK I GET IT

demon spawn: i'd like to report a murder
**Binnie Bunnie uwu <3:** hey!!! stop being mean to my boyfriend or else!

**Small good wolf:** no offense Bin but you're about as threatening as a ladybug

**Felix:** but he's my ladybug uwu

**Cupid:** do u guys hear that? it's the sound of me projectile vomiting from what i just read

**Chan the impaler:** boys >:( let Felix tell his joke or you're grounded

**Cupid:** sorry mom

**Felix:** thank u channie hyung also i think u will like this one ;~)

**Felix:** ok so what do you call the worlds tallest vampire

**Felix:** COUNT EVEREST

**Chan the impaler:** LOL! that is funny!

**Cupid:** boooo

**demon spawn:** i don't get it

**Maleficent:** I love how Chan is basically 200 years old but still says lol
Cupid: yeah he made it all caps that's how i can tell he's almost 200 years old

Cupid: Chan types like a facebook dad and that's just the facts.

Mather Earth: ??? @demon spawn like mount everest???

demon spawn: i'm going to assume that's a human thing i don't need to know about

Cupid: deep breaths woojin hyung it's ok

Cupid: in and out in and out

demon spawn: what's the big deal? so what if i don't know what mount armrest is

Cupid: IN AND OUT IN AND OUT

Mather Earth: seungmin when are those deep breaths going to start working

Maleficent: jisung please don't make me regret summoning you

demon spawn: cmon babe you could never regret summoning me ;) even if i don't know what mount beverage is

Maleficent has gone offline

Mather Earth has gone offline

demon spawn: was it something i said?
Maleficent has come online to Monster Mash (8 others currently online)

Maleficent: the gangs all here

demon spawn: minho!!!

demon spawn: i love u

Maleficent: i love you too sungie!

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: ummm this is a group chat excuse me

Maleficent: are u not the same person who SCREAMS “felix come cuddle me!!!!!!” at literally the highest decibel every night. we can all hear that ya know

Felix: HAHA HE GOT U SO GOOD NICE ONE MINHO

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: no cuddles for a week lix >:(

Felix: uhh i mean how dare u @Maleficent i will fight you behind a dumpster tonight

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: now THATS more like it babe

Maleficent: fine @Felix, but ill just use some magic so you’ll kinda lose instantly
Chan the impaler: don't worry Felix ill back you up in your dumpster fight !!

Felix: thank u Chan hyung what would i do without you

Chan the impaler: you’d be like. very much dead. no offense of course

demon spawn: he’s got a point :0

Felix: no lie...it’s true and he should say it

Cupid: um is no one gonna mention the fact we’re ALL hanging out together in the living room right now and we’re still texting in the group chat???? why dont we just speak???

Oh Neptune: I’m more interested in felix using both “u” and “you” in the same sentence honestly

demon spawn: um

demon spawn: can you say THIS out loud

demon spawn: ( ᵃ ᵃ ᵃ ᵃ ᵃ )¬_anchor¬*¬_ω*¬

demon spawn: didnt think so

Cupid: which is probably for the best. I dont trust that thing

demon spawn: ( ⁰ ⁰ ⁰ ⁰ ⁰ ) look u made him sad

Cupid: good >:)}
**Small good wolf:** jisung My Dude. My Guy. Ur a demon and u use all these cute ass emoticons……

**Oh Neptune:** CHAN JEONGIN SAID A CURSE WORD

**Small good wolf:** ???? I said ass how is that a curse word

**Chan the impaler:** hes right, it's not a curse word ...but ur on thin ice jeongin

**demon spawn:** so @Small good wolf? I like them, theyre so adorable

**demon spawn:** ˚•˚ see, this one looks like u jeongin!

**demon spawn:** and this one is seungmin!

■(■´ `)

**Small good wolf:** I take it back. I too, love this these funky little friends

**demon spawn:** YAY ง(๑rouch ๑)

**Small good wolf:** (■uciones :■■)■ ■ ■

**Chan the imapaler:** this is so pure i love my kids

**Small good wolf:** i love u hyung!!!!!

**demon spawn:** same!!! But how am i ur kid Chan I’m more than a thousand years older than u :0
Chan the impaler: I DONT CARE ABOUT SEMANTICS. U ARE MY KIDS AND THATS FINAL.

don spawn: OK STOP YELLING

*Felix* renamed the chat to *Chan’s kids*

Chan the impaler: !!!!!!

Mather Earth: where does that leave me :(

Felix: oh no ;3;

*Felix* renamed the chat to *Chan’s kids and loving boyfriend*

Mather Earth: nice!

Chan the impaler: i love it!

Felix: we love you hyung <3

Oh Neptune: ok group hug irl i cant take all this affection over text

*Oh Neptune* and 8 others have gone offline
Small good wolf has come online to Chan’s kids and loving boyfriend (6 others currently online)

Small good wolf: CHAN

Small good wolf: I NEED TO SAY A CURSE WORD

Chan the impaler: why!?

Small good wolf: PLEASE JUST THIS ONCE I NEED TO SAY A CURSE WORD

Chan the impaler: UGH FINE BUT JUST ONE

Small good wolf: ok...this a big moment

Small good wolf: here i go

Small good wolf: .....FIDDLESTICKS

Cupid: what. WJAT HOW IS THAT A CURSE WORD

Small good wolf: ??? isn’t that the F word?? thats what Chan told me the F word is!?

demon spawn: @Chan the impaler EXPLAIN

Maleficent: that is certainly AN F word but not THE F word innie...

Chan the impaler: sigh. i knew this would happen someday
**Chan the impaler:** i may or may not have exclusively taught Jeongin swears from when i was growing up in the 1800’s….? ones that were popular in the Victorian era onward, and stuff…

**Small good wolf:** WHAT

**Small good wolf:** MY WHOLE LIFE IS A LIE HYUNG

**Felix:** this is so cursed oh my god

**Cupid:** CHAN HYUNG I CANT BELIEVE U DID THIS

**Chan the impaler:** i just didnt want our sweet Jeonginnie to be a potty mouth :( im sorry…

**Small good wolf:** hyung. u told me people acTUALLY SAY “what in tarnation” WHEN THEY’RE CONFUSED how could u do this to me,, ive said that at school in math class

**demon spawn:** yikes

**Small good wolf:** no wonder ive never heard any of u say “gadzooks” when you're surprised…..

**Felix:** jeongin i would die for u without hesitation but not even i would legitimately say “gadzooks” verbally for u I’m sorry

**Small good wolf:** it’s ok lix! Also, ur a bootlicker! >(:( @Chan the impaler

**Chan the impaler:** YOU TAKE THAT BACK RIGHT NOW MISTER

**Felix:** great, now we need a Victorian curse word translator for these two…
demon spawn: I think we can assume what that one means tbh to be honest

Cupid: we’ve had a lot of chaotic text conversations but...i think this takes the cake

Chan the impaler: why did you even want to say a curse word in the first place Jeongin?

Small good wolf: oh right….

Small good wolf: i dropped my ice cream cone outside

Small good wolf: it was a tragedy...it left me too soon

Maleficent: haha dummy cant even eat ice cream

Chan the impaler: Mingo if you’re mean I WILL ground you!

demon spawn: Mingo

Felix: Mingo

Cupid: Mingo

Maleficent: Mingo

Chan the impaler has gone offline
Felix: quick jeongin he’s gone say fuck

Small good wolf: ok….f….f

Maleficent: take ur time

Small good wolf: ffffff,,

Small good wolf: fuck

Small good wolf: that wasn’t so bad

Felix: proud of you Innie.

Small good wolf: fuck :) 

Cupid: ok lets not get ahead of ourselves

Small good wolf: fuck :( 

demon spawn: u better delete those messages before Chan comes back online….he will not HESITATE to verbally kick ur ass. But nicely, and sweetly. Be it’s still Chan we’re talking about here

Small good wolf: oh shoot ur right

Small good wolf has deleted 3 messages
Felix has come online to Chan’s kids and loving boyfriend (0 others currently online)

Felix: i know it’s late and ur all asleep but...i just wanna say i love you guys so much

Felix: sleep well and have good dreams

Chan the impaler has come online

Chan the impaler: i love you too lix! Go to bed, it’s very late

Felix: oops! I forgot you’re still up Channie hyung

Chan the impaler: always am~ its okay ^^

Felix: goodnight hyung

Felix: i love you

Chan the impaler: i love you too <3

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3 has come online

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: ok this is cute but back off chan i love felix the mostest

Chan the impaler: i think thats kinda obvious binnie ^^;
Felix: calm down BinBin~~~ u know i only LOVE love u baby

Felix: also why are u up!! It’s after 2 am babe

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: i was asleep but then my “must make sure everyone knows I love felix more than anything” senses started tingling

Felix: omg...well to make up for waking you, how about i spend the night in your room tonight? Cuddle party!!

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3: i just THREW gyu out of my bed to make room for u babe...i think that says my answer

Felix: this is so sad poor gyu

Felix: I’m coming over, goodnight again everyone

Felix has gone offline

Binnie Bunnie uwu <3 has gone offline

Chan the impaler: sigh

Chan the impaler: i love you guys so much

Chan the impaler has gone offline

Chapter End Notes
This chapter is literally just. “My sense of humor boiled down into a fic”....like this is unironically how i talk to me friends irl sjdjjjj I’m so sorry

But um I’m curious SO let me know in the comments which member ur texting style is most like!! I’d have to say I’m most similar to hanlix bc.....i am Very Chaotic but u know its chill

Aight see u guys next time!! Wish me luck for unlock I’m alr so nervous :( and as u may or may not know: i started uploading new skz work on this acc again, and ill be posting a fun n funky new minsung oneshot tmmr so look out for that lads!!
~sPeciAL cHaPtEr~ skz 2: electric skzaloo

Chapter Summary

Buckle up, strap urselves in, fasten ur gotdang seatbelts bc the rIDE IS ABOUT TO START

(I wrote all of this last night on the train ride home from the concert, so pls excuse any typos hhdndmdk i was (and still am) loosing my fucking Mind)

(also can we just talk abt how ive been updating this fic for So Long that it's overlapped with both skz concerts?! sadly this will be the last skz recap chapter, as there's only around ~10 chapters left in the fic!!!)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

ok last night was literally the best night of my life let's go:

FIRST THINGS FIRST I HAD MAJOR INTERACTION WITH 4 (four) MEMBERS (INCLUDING BANG FUCKING CHAN) THIS CON WHEREAS WITH UNVEIL I ONLY HAD MONENTS WITH MINHO AKSKSKKDV AKA WHY THIS WAS THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE LES GET IT

first interaction was with jeongin during MIA (WHICH WAS LIFE CHANGING LET ME TELL U) it wasn't Major but he was in front of me and i looked into his beautiful eyes and smiled and he gave me THE MOST gentle, loving (i sound delulu but TRUST ME) smile u have ever SEEN. like my heart literally Stopped when he smiled at me like i think i'm jeongin biased now

DURING MIROH I WAS DOING THE CHOREO HARD AND JISUNG WAS LOOKING DIRECTLY AT ME LIKE NO LIE HE WAS STARING DEAD AT ME AS WE WERE DANCING IN SYNCH ANSNSN like ive never posted a dance cover but i literally gave jisung a Private Dance cover (we held direct, unblinking eye contact for around ~20-30 seconds as we danced)

also jisung looked at me a lot and smiled at me lot uwu he's such an angel i was so impressed with him but also i’m not surprised han jisung god

ME AND FELIX HAD SO MANY MONENTS ANSNSMDK friendship ended with minho now felix is my best friend:
just in general he smiled directly at me like. no joke 3 or 4 times. maybe even 5 times?? and during grow up we made eye contact and his lips BLOOMED (using fanfic jargon) into THE most cheek splitting grin and he put his head down to will the smile off for his next lines and i just. Died. like i made Felix REACT like that????

and then AND THEN during the ending ment we and felix made eye contact AGAIN and i smiled and he tilted his head to the left, and then I TILTED MY HEAD TO THE LEFT and then he tilted more and i tilted more and we had such a Moment i will never forget it it was so special...we tilted our heads together in absolutely perfect unison while keeping eye contact it was Magnifique. it was the first time in my life that despite the screaming and talking of the members everything got quiet and time kinda slowed down? it was really strange and magical and ive never experienced anything like that before (felix magic? felix time lord?)

AND NOW. THE MOMENT YOUVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR. CHRIS FINALLY NOTICED MY FUCKING EXISTNWCE (TWICE)

CHAN GESTURED AT MY SLOGAN I WAS WAVING IT RLLY HARD AND HE LIKR SQUINTED AND MADE THAT FACE HE MAKES WHEN HES TRYING TO ACT COOL AND HE SNAPPEd AND DID A FINGER GUN DIRECTLY AT ME ANSNSNDNMD I VSNT BELIEVE HE FINALLY NOTICED ME HE LITETALLy FINGER GUNNEd AT M E THERE WERE NO OTHER CHSN SLOGANS IN MY SECTION ALSO WE MADE DIRECT EYE CONTACT WHEN HE DID IT JSJDJDJ I CAN DIE HAPPILY (also let it be known that channie wasn't finger gunning randomly throughout the concert, he did it ONCE and that was @ me ;;)

it's even crazier bc i started waving my slogan rlly vigorously n i thought to myself "i want chan to see it!! i rlly want him to see it!!!" and i kid u not, no more than 10 seconds later he made eye contact, finger gunned at me, and made that cute face and it's almost like he read my mind! just kidding haha......unless?

AND I MUGHT BE DELULU BYT I THINK HE GESTURED AT MR AGAIN AND HE SHOWED FELIX AND HE GESTURED AT MY SLOGAN WITH OPEN ARMS LEGIT AFTER HE GOT FELIXS ATTENTION ANSJDJDJ IM THE ONLY CHAN SLOGAN IN MY SECTION HE WAS LOOKING RIGJT AT ME

like at first i thought maybe he was gesturing @ the crowd but my seat was near the end of my row and to the left side, and chan gestured TO THE LEFT DIRECTLY AT ME LIKE IF HIS HANDS WERE LAZERS THEYD HAVE SHOT ME IN THR FUCKING FACE

him and i held eye contact for a good ~10 seconds and all the while he was being a cutie and like...motioning at me/my slogan and i was in shock and numb and trying to make a heart but bc of my slogan i just ended up kinda flailing a bit...which he saw...
i wanted to make sure i wasn't crazy so before hi touch i asked my friends next to me if they think chan gestured @ me a second time to felix and THEY SAID THEY THOUGHT TO THEMSELVES "chan just showed felix her slogan" SO THEY VERIFIED ME OK IM NOT NUTS I PROMISE WE INTERACTED T W I C E IN A 5 MINUTE SPAN

it's quite literally the most amazing thing to ever happen bc i was also ~5 rows from the stage @ unveil and chan didnt acknowledge me or my slogan but HE FINALLY DID AND IN SUCH A CUTE WAY LIKE I GOT MY OWN PERSONAL CHAN FINGER GUN SJDNDJDJDJ WHAT IS LIFE

i literalllt cannot even process it that my fave person in the ENTIRE WORLD noticed me twice but not only that HE SAW THAT IM SUPPORTING HIM AND THA I LOVE HIM AND NOW HE K N O W S and it's just such an incredible and indescribable feeling and all i can say is i'm very happy to be alive rn

(also: i almost didn't bring my slogan bc i thought i'd be awk w my lightstick....can u IMAGINE IF I DIDNT BRING IT?! that slogan was the MV FUCKING P)

basically if stray kids weren't my besties before they Sure As Hell are now ! sorry i don't make the rules

AND DURING HI TOUCH CHAN WAS FIRST AND I WAS LIKE "!!!!!! HI CHAN!!!!" and he had SUCH big beautiful smile as he looked like AT ME not like generally at me but AT ME and was like "hello!" in Such a sweet like....sappy voice u know the one

minho gave me such a lovely smile @ hi touch :(((( i wonder if he remember me from the last time aaaaaaaaaa

rest of hi touch was a Blur since chan was first but they're so beautiful and jisung had such a cute expression when i greeted him and they're beautiful have i mentioned they're beautiful (ALSO WHEN I SAID HI TO JEONGIN HE GOT SO EXCITED I LOVE MY SON HE LITERALLY WENT :D)

NOW ONTO THE ACTUAL CONCERT MOMENTS!!!!!!!!!! also!!! i resurrected my <a href=https://bangcb97.tumblr.com>tumblr</a> to post concert pics/vids, so if u wanna check that out before hand there's a link to my blog! I posted A Lot so u can scroll for a While haha...ha (all the pics or vids u see are mine!! i'm simply too lazy to watermark everything aha ><)
i will be intermittently adding links to the tumblr posts i uploaded (for some reason all the links aren’t compressing?? I use that code all the time and this has never happened ajskdjj fuckkkk! I tried to fix it but it wont work I’m sorry guys pls excuse the weird/awkward links :((...ao3 is being a dingus)

of a specific moment, so guys can see what i’m talking abt!! (i was 5 rows from the stage so my content is High Quality organic pls check it out uwu)

(these are out of chronological order and purely as my pea brain recalls them)

- jisung is the cutest, most energetic boy to ever Live like his stage presence is no joke. he's amazing. han jisung God
- I Will Not Say Anything About Chan
- CHANGBIN IS SO BEAUTIFUL like i know this isn't news but he's so much more gorgeous irl then he in pictures u cannot even Believe it (also his ass? incredible. it's not my bday but thank you for the cake
- changbin introduced himself as "your baby changbin" uwu (or something along those lines.....babie)
- jisung seemed so unequivocally genuinely completely happy and joyful and elated and FREE the entire night and it made my heart so full it almost burst
- also chan and changbin/han would like. subtly hi five/fist bump during songs/after their respective verses and it was so cute and endearing and such genuine displays of their friendship
- (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554911343/wego-we-go-wr-goo-i-can-die-in-peace-thanku-3racha">WE GO. THAT IS ALL.</a>)
- there was So Much minsung content and i got 95% of it on film hell yeah brother (they kept doing this weird dance together it was wild they were wildin) (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554747632/minsung-vibingmov">Link!</a>)
- they did korean versions of levanter and double knot!! i was honestly shook bc i thought foR SURE they’d do the eng vers!! not complaining tho, they know what their fans want and they Give it to them
- ALSO CHANGLIX CONTENT felix caressed changbin's neck at one point while he rapped and it was so cute :( 
- hyunjin mentioned hes studying english and chanlix motioned for us to cheer for him :( i love supportive besties
- during we go, while jisung was rapping and changbang were on the couch, chan n changbin were tickling/poking each other's chests and .um. fellas
- they did i sm you ballad ver. that's it that's the tweet
- during i am you there was a silent pause before the final chorus and ofc is stays being Idiots kept singing the chorus and then the lights/music came back on and the final chorus started ajsjsjs even tho they were trying to be Dramatic chan couldn't help but laugh it was so cute
- WOW WAS A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE I AM CLEANSED
- at one point minho PICKED UP SEUNGMIN BRIDAL STYLE and pretended to THROW HIM INTO THE AUDIENCE. BRUH MINGO IS STRONC ALSO WTF
- during the ending ment, chan said "we heard you all cheering (during the vcr game) and i'm not gonna lie, it was really cute." AHSJSJ HE CALLED US C U T E so ofc we uno reverse carded his ass
like last time, stays started chanting: "we love you!" to chan as he spoke, and like clockwork he got all shy n cute and then the boys started chanting "we love stay!" and it was valiant battle but they eventually won...this is so sad (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/19055015142/stays-vs-strays-chanting-abt-how-much-we-love-each">Link!</a>)

chan wore a tank top (AND BANDANA AROUND HIS ARM) during encore. that is all u now know why i'm dead and posting this from beyond the grave

SEUNGMINS VOICE IS SO BEAUTIFULLLL like i know we been knew but during my universe,,,bruh,, his voice sounded like a BELL he's so amazing

Changsung what goes on....changbin was Angrily Rapping @ jisung was Angrily Rapping back at him....loved it but also theyre crackheads

cuties being cute (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/19054731053/what-goes-on-minsung">Link!</a>)

FELIX DID A SICK ASS TAEKWONDO SPIN KICK DURING BOXER SNDNDJKD IT WAS AMAZING (there is So Much happening <a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/19055039473/this-vid-is-so-chaotic-welcome-to-stray-kids">here</a>) pls watch

i must have mentioned this last time, but on film jisung's voice sounds SO DEEP but irl his voice is RLLY HIGH PITCHED and squeaking and he Sounds like a cartoon squirrel ok no lie. also he sounds very "boyish" while speaking english, idk how to describe it but jisung biggest cutie

ANOTHER THING THAT NEVER CHANGES: Chan once again said "i didn't even know there were seats in here! u guys were standing the whole time!" and the jisung was like "?!?!! there's seats?? O_O." he literally made that face

Please for the love of god look @ <a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/19055082853/currently-viewing-these-images-my-pics-pls-dont">these pics</a>

jisung is literally the funniest person to ever exist like everything he does is hilarious either intentionally or unintentionally......jisung comedy king

changbin is SUCH A GOOD DANCER i was watching him a lot and DAMN his dance skills are so underrated ?! changbin big sexsi

chan quite literally referred to themselves as "lost children" i wish i was making this up. i don't stan stray kids i stan lost children Bitch

hyunjin is so cute. hyunjin best boy. as he was taking our picture with his camera jeongin was in the corner and he was like "oh! IN is in the photo, IN is stay now!" SO CUTE

also hyunnie said that bc he's studying english hard that soon new york will become his "best friend" or smth like that? BEST BOY

also as hyun was preparing to take the pic the other boys were trying to photobomb, and they FLUNG themselves in front of his camera with 0 regard for their personal well being.

hyunjin wore not one but TWO MESH SHIRTS AJSJDJ the first was black and the second one was red and super oversized (basically cut like a gotdang poncho) so whenever he made ANY big enough dance move his entire shirt would fly up :) cool :)

also said oversized see through red blouse was with a MATCHING VELVET CHOKER. HAHA. FUCK.

chan and jisung kept goofing on wow ajdjdjdj they kept doing cute versions of the body roll during the dance break i hate them

These Images. that is all (pics of chanjin)

when stays started chanting "best leader!" during chans ending ment and skz joined in hyunjin started DANCING TO IT he was literally vibing to us chanting best leader (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554598427">Link!</a>)

minsung were vibing the whole night and i have Video Proof

FELIX LIFTED HIS ENTIRE SHIRT UP DURING HIS WOW SOLO HE DID IT I SAW
IT I SAW THR LIGHT

- THEY DID THE KCON LA DANCE BREAK AND THE SBS GAYO MIROH REMIX W THE DRUMS!!!! felix stood on it and chan jumped 20 fucking feet into the air !!!! ALSO SPECIAL INTRO BEFORE HELLEVATOR!!! it was military-esque and they were marching?? IT WAS AMAZING
- ALSO KEEP IN MIND felix was wearing That Mesh Shirt from first concert.....like the one that is basically completely see through....lol
- there was So Much hanlix content like they NUZZLED THEIR FOREHEADS TOGETHER @ THE END OF AKW SILENCE U CAN'T MAKE THIS SHIT UP
- <a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554479053/whats-better-than-this-just-guys-being-dudes-my>Just Two Dudes Standin Normally="/a>
- seungmin wanted to do a heart w minho at the end of get cool, but minho instead put his half of the heart over changbin.....who wasn't even making a heart ajsjsjsj i hate him
- jisung said "you guys were PERFECT tonight" in his ending ment and i cried a lil
- <a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554541833/its-what-he-deserves>This Happened="/a>
- <a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554604998/i-love-these-nerds-my-favorite-nerds>Just guys being dudes="/a>
- during his beginning ment, jisung got SO EXCITED while speaking that he misspoke/tripped over his korean, and he apologized to the translater :( he's such an angel
- jisung is the brightest star in the entire universe. send tweet
- jisung has a never ending battery i SWEAR like he never seemed tired once during the entire show and he KEPT GOING AND BEING GOOFY AND WACKY AND SMILING AND I LOVE HIM SO MUCH
- pls keep in mind skz performed for over 2 and a half hours....straight save for a couple vcrs....their stamina is insane
- changbins english GOT SO GOOD like i was taken aback at how much he improved! he spoke just as well as chan or felix, and the other boys were extremely proud and motioned for us to cheer extra loud for him!!
- changbin made a really beautiful ending ment. he said how every day can't be happy, but hopefully our hardships will leave quickly like the wind (not exact, but generally what he said!)
- <a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554855070/look-at-changbin-rapping-the-other-boys>This Happened="/a>
- changbin is so Beefy like his body....Bruh....i may have a totally small imperceptible crush on bin after tonight (<a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554954703/changbin-blease-kill-me-blease-snap-my-neck-in-two> case and point="/a>)
- they did a ROCK remix of rock (skz best comedians) and theres an interlude with electric guitars, and jisung was going OFF on an air guitar like he was fucking SHREDDING and then changbin came over and PLAYED JISUNGS AIR GUITAR FOR HIM FROM BEHIND AJDJDJDJ
- CHANGJIN BEING CUTIES AND THEN HANLIX BEING CUTE IN RAPID SUCCESS (<a href= https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554681812/changjin-being-cuties-and-then-hanlix-being>Link="/a>)
- during the encore when they did miroh again, all the backup dancers came out and everyone was going WILD I WILL NEVER FORGET IT
- skz were going totally nuts which made US go completely nuts and we were just building on each other's excitement and it was kinda magical
- during encore miroh skz and their backup dancers formed a HUGE circle and they were skipping around and then jisung got in the middle and started dancing aksksksdk it was
amazing and heartwarming and beautiful (<a href="https://bangcb97.tumblr.com/post/190554806353/this-is-pure-unadulterated-joy-captured-in-38">Link!</a>)

- during the encore when skz were loosing their minds it was so easy to see how happy they were....like it's obvious they weren't just "putting it on" or doing fan service, they were authentically having the time of their lives and loving life and it was honestly inspiring
- i've seen a lot of skz, but i don't think i've ever seen them That happy and with such few inhibitions than during the encore
- this is gonna sound weird/sappy but....being w skz at a con is so different from any other kpop concert i've been too? and i've been to A Lot so i'm BS when i say there's something special in air during a skz concert. they don't seem.....inaccessible? what i mean is, they're just THEM they're not godly or unearthly or on a higher level than us, they're totally equal with us and its extremely hard to explain. Basically during a stray kids con, esp during encore when all hell breaks loose, you don't feel like you're at a kpop concert. you feel like you're at a banging house party with your bestest friends and you're having the time of your LIFE. they don't feel like idols they feel like FRIENDS and that's because you are, and stray kids ARE our best friends and that's why their shows have such an unexplainable air of familiarity and mutual adoration between us and them....once again hard to explain but it hit me like a brick last night.
- chan called us their family and tbh that just about says it all

anyways, i'm so sorry this got so long ajdjdjd how do i have MORE CONTENT FROM ONE SHOW than from TWO CONCERTS AT UNVIEL AAAAAAAA DAMN U STRAY KIDS!!! but as i mentioned u can check out the spam of pics/vids i posted on my tumblr if u wanna see what i'm talking abt first hand!!! i'm going back on indefinite hiatus however so pls keep that in mind before following me! ❤

this was pretty much the best night of my life and smth i will never forget it and yeah i love skz!!!!! my arms are so fucking sore from lightsticking all night...i better be Jacked after this or i'm calling chan

anyways this is why stray kids are my muse. they're our family. i love them with my entire soul, and i'm so lucky to have them in my life—if i didn't, theres no doubt i wouldn't be here posting this right now.

Chapter End Notes

If u made it through this entire thing....Thank U....u have my deepest gratitude for reading my skz induced rambling. Also @ anyone who couldn't go to unlock i really hope you were able to glean some second hand enjoyment from what i posted :( I’m sure u guys saw some of this content on twitter or smth, but i wanted to post what stuck out to me personally!! I really hope u guys liked it a lil bit :

Welp I’m gonna go wallow in post concert depression and rewatch all my vids :( i miss my boys,,,, come back,,,pls
See u guys for the next regular update on Saturday !! Also posting a new chanlix on sat, so i may link that in the end notes bc I’m the worst author to ever exist
The street only the two of us walk on becomes a red carpet

Chapter Summary

Honestly, the last thing you want is stubbornness.

Although I might be a nuisance,

I've been thinking about this for a long time.

My friends are making fun of me.

Stop for a moment and focus on your gaze,

Your entire aura is shining.

I'll focus on expressing my inexperienced heart,

My sweat keeps flowing and I'm getting goosebumps.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Why in Hell am I awake so early, Changbin? Do you realize I’m missing valuable Minho-cuddling time?!” Jisung angrily grumbled from his seat at the dining room table, petite shoulders slumped over and chestnut hair a ruffled mess.

“One, don’t say that to me ever again. Two, I never ask you for favors, so can’t you be more like Chan and not complain?” Changbin asserted in the dim light of the dining room, sending the clearly cranky demon a small scowl. Only a single lamp is illuminating the trio, as the lavender hue of the breaking dawn started peaking through their curtains.

“Chan doesn’t even sleep!” Jisung whined, writhing in his seat.

“That’s true, but I am missing one of my favorite episodes of I Love Lucy, so this better be good.” The vampire remarked with a quirk of his brow, gesturing to the abandoned sitcom still softly playing in the living room.

“Ok! The reason I called you guys here is because…” Changbin started, waving away his less than amicable partners’ attitudes, “Me and Felix will be celebrating our one month anniversary next week, so I think I wanna write a rap to perform for him.” He finished with a small huff, squeezing
his eyes shut as he braced for their reactions. And it’s a good thing he did.

“You’re bringing back Spear B?!” Jisung all but shrieked in the otherwise silent house, the other members still in deep slumber on the second floor. The demon’s eyes went wide in his head, pink lips hanging open in disbelief. Chan mimicked him; jade eyes, glowing from within in the lowlight, bugging open as his lips flew open in shock.

“Shhh! Not so loud! The only reason I called you both here so early is so Felix won’t hear!” Changbin quickly tried to placate his incredulous friends, both for the sake of his eardrums, and to successfully keep this plan a secret from Felix.

“Wait— that’s why you woke me up so early?! Couldn’t all three of us have just gone out somewhere to talk?!” Jisung exclaimed, expression morphing into an outraged snarl as the hours of lost sleep started to thud behind his eyes.

Oh. I guess we could have done that, Changbin thought to himself. Oh well.

“Well, we’re all here now, so can you guys please help me come up with some verses for this song?” Changbin implored the two boys blankly staring at him, clasping his hands together and jutting his plush lips into a pout.

It seems, as they soon find out, writing a rap dedicated to the love of your life is harder than it seems.

Jisung suddenly perked up from where he was resting his head on his forearms, bright eyes wide and lips pulling into a smile. They had been stuck in contemplative silence for what felt like an eternity, their mediocre ideas not sparkling creative flames in any of their heads.

“I got it!” The demon declared, bouncing excitedly in his seat as he reached over to shake a despondent Changbin out of his stupor.

“‘Binnie, you think Felix is hot, right?’” The demon carefully asked the reaper, like his life depended on the answer.
The reaper’s brows knitted together in confusion; this is his great idea?

“Uh, yeah? Obviously.” He responded with a good natured shake of his head.

“Have you ever told him how hot you think he is?” The demon inquired with a puppy-like tilt of his head, reaching up a dainty hand to flatten his tousled mop of fluffy bed head.

Changbin felt the telltale heat of a fervent blush pour onto his cheeks, painting them bright red in the dim lighting. “N-no…I’m too shy.” he mumbled, more to himself than to the others.

“There you go! Base the rap around how hot you think Felix is!” The demon announced with palpable excitement brimming at his voice. Chan’s lips pulled into a firm line as he considered the idea, before his expression changed into one of...approval?

“That’s not a bad idea. Since you’re too shy as Changbin to tell him those things, why not have Spear B tell Felix everything you’ve never had enough confidence to say?” The vampire remarked, biting his lower lip as he wiggled his eyebrows at the reaper in question.

“Exactly! Tell him about all the expensive dates you wanna take him on, and how you wanna hold doors open for him, stuff like that!” Jisung declared, voice as euphoric as ever as he reached a diminutive fist to bump Chan’s; the pair sporting matching expressions of satisfaction.

To call Changbin apprehensive at first after hearing their plan is a bit of an understatement. But once giving it some thought, he had to admit, it really isn’t a bad idea. Not bad at all.

“Yeah...I like it. And if he’s not into it I can just blame it on Spear B.” Changbin mused with a sly glimmer lighting up his dark eyes, an equally devilish smirk twitching onto his lips as he regarded his friends.

“Right. Always blame it on Spear B.”

---------------------------------------------------------------------
As always, Hoodie Season Cafe is absolutely packed. Open mic night draws quite a crowd, word only spreading after a certain reaper made his rap debut all those years ago.

It’s a good thing Minho is so close with Youngjae, the owner of the cafe, as the human secured a section of tables to accommodate the coven right before the stage. Each boy is neatly sat at their stretch of tables, nursing their respective coffees and teas while the current singer began her last song.

Jeongin laid his head on Woojin’s shoulder, placing his mug of steaming tea back on the table. There is a far off, almost wistful look in the young werewolf’s sharp eyes as he languidly took in the familiar cafe; as if being there, entwined with Woojin’s comforting warmth reminded him of something long ago, something almost forgotten.

Felix sipped his pumpkin latte, eyes wide as they flitted across the cozy cafe, absorbing the energy of the crowd.

“I gotta go to the bathroom, be right back babe.” Changbin suddenly whispered into Felix’s head of dirty blonde hair; after making eye contact with Youngjae, the human surreptitiously gesturing for Changbin to take the stage after the next artist.

Felix just nodded in response, placing a sloppy kiss on Changbin’s cheek as he left their table.

The human checked his watch after what felt like years slipped by. Changbin sure has been gone a while, he thought to himself with a pout. As if reading his mind, Jisung tapped Felix’s shoulder from his seat next to the boy, rousing his attention from the spindly hands ticking on the watch face.

“Don’t worry, ‘Binnie takes a while.” The demon mused, throwing Felix a sly wink as he spoke. Felix couldn’t help but raise his brows in suspicion; something is up.

The cafe suddenly erupted in applause as the singer at mic finished the closing notes of her last song, Youngjae now trotting upon the stage to introduce the next act. “Give it up for Chaeyoung Park everyone!” He announced from atop the stage, his eyes landing on the coven as he spoke. Even Youngjae seems to have an unreadable, mysterious sparkle of mischief in his honey brown eyes, as if even he is privy to something secret.
“We know him, we love him. But more importantly, we missed him. Give it up for Seo Changbin! Let’s go Spear B!” Youngjae eagerly announced, cheering in tandem with the audience, who exploded in raucous applause as if they all just collectively won the lottery at the mere mention of his name.

Felix however, just choked on his small sip of luke-warm latte, the liquid catching in his throat as the familiar name hit his ears. His eyes flew open in his head, forcing the gulp of creamy drink down his throat as his mouth hung open in disbelief. “D-did he say Changbin?!” The human half-whispered, half-shrieked to Jisung, his friend only gazing at him with a knowing gleam in his hooded eyes. The demon merely shrugged in feigned innocence.

“Spear B! Spear B!” The entire cafe started to chant as an all too familiar pair of ripped black jeans and matching onyx sneakers ascended the stage. Felix just stared in wide eyed shock at the sight before him; his boyfriend, his introverted, shy, awkward boyfriend is being greeted like a rock star.

“B-Binnie has a stage name?!” Felix balked as the cheers continued to flow from the patrons, Changbin waving away the applause with a graceful flick of the wrist.

The reaper cleared his throat into the mic, effectively silencing the wild crowd. “This is a song I wrote with help from some friends. It’s dedicated to someone who I love more than anything in the entire world.” Changbin spoke softly into the mic, gaze finding Felix’s in the crowd like a magnet. Felix’s eyes somehow widened even more at his boyfriend’s unexpected declaration, his heart pounding harder in his chest after each word made their slow ascent to his brain.

“Happy anniversary, babe.” Changbin let the sweet words hit the mic as an enamoured smile grew on his lips. He sent Felix a small wink, the human mouthing a silent “I love you” to the reaper on the stage.

Besides him, Jisung clasped his hands together in anticipation, before squeezing his eyes shut and burying his head in his hands; as if bracing for an impact. On Felix’s other side is Chan, the vampire’s emerald eyes sparkling with mischievous knowing as he chewed on his bottom lip, unable to stop the delighted grin that stretched out on his lips.

Changbin cleared his throat once again, refusing to take his eyes off Felix.

A jazzy, whistling beat started to reverberate through the cozy cafe, igniting the energy of the crowd like a match to gasoline. Chan and Jisung sent each other matching expressions of excitement, mingling with their undoubtable knowing of what is about to come.
“Excuse me, sir,” Changbin drawled into the mic, voice sly and the perfect mixture of rasp and velvety smoothness. He pointed a dainty finger at Felix, still sat agape in the audience.

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

“‘Binnie! I can’t believe you never told me you could rap like that!’ Felix exclaimed with palpable joy as he welcomed Changbin back from the stage with a powerful embrace. The cafe is still engrossed with continuous waves of applause; the return of Spear B certainly didn’t disappoint.

Changbin’s shoulders raised in a sheepish shrug in response, burying his face in Felix’s neck to shield his pink flush from the countless eyes still trained on him. “I do what I can.” The reaper mumbled into the silken skin of his boyfriend.

“Great job, ‘Bin!” Jisung and Chan yelled in unison, proud smiles lighting up their eyes. The rest of the coven mimicked their praise, piling compliments on Changbin’s modest shoulders. In typical Changbin fashion, he humbly waved away their endless cheers. Yes, Changbin is only interested in a certain person’s thoughts on his rap.

“So...you liked it?” Changbin grumbled out the question through the love-struck grin blooming on his lips, reaching a hand down to intertwine his fingers with Felix’s.

“I loved every second of it! I’ve never heard you talk like that before!” Felix excitedly declared as he placed a chaste kiss on Changbin’s lips, still stretching in a dumb grin as he gazed lovingly at the human.

“But...who decided on the ‘Shrek and Fiona’ verse? We’re both dudes...shouldn’t you have said Shrek and Donkey, or something?” Felix couldn’t stop the question from leaving his plump lips, his sparkling eyes disappearing with the force of the chuckle that accompanied the inquiry.

“Oh my god, Felix. Did Shrek and Donkey get married?! No, Shrek and Fiona get married. This is basic human knowledge, seriously.” Jisung animatedly exclaimed, arms flailing about and expression as dramatic as ever as he set the human straight.
The coven just stared at the demon blankly, before exploding in a collective fit of laughter. Chan clutched at his sides, Minho wiped a stray tear from his eyes as never ending giggles tumbled from their lips.

Changbin rolled his eyes at his demon friend, before his gaze flitted back to meet Felix’s.

“So, ‘Binnie,” Felix observed as his doe eyes suddenly flew down to stare at their feet, “Can I call you Spear B?”

Changbin had to stop himself from choking on air, unconsciously tightening his vice grip on Felix’s innocent hand.

The reaper pushed a gulp down his throat, cheeks burning as if the sun itself descended to place kisses on his skin.

“I thought you’d never ask.”

Chapter End Notes

Chapter title? From wow
Chapter summary lyrics? from wow
Changbin’s rap? (basically) wow
Written to? Wow
Hotel? Trivago

Unpopular opinion: wow is unironically a good song, 3racha are just mean

(Can u believe i actually used to l*ke this chapter.....disgusting luv! Welp, i guess thats a side effect of improving your writing abilities: older stuff starts to look worse and worse ahah!)

Anyways i hope YOU guys enjoyed this!! Also pls don’t mind how it’s changlix’s one month anniversary even tho they’ve been dating for like....7 months in fic time...jus dont worry abt it....

Next week is smth fluffy and jeongin-centric for our baby boy’s birfday!! Also posting a Jeongin-centric one shot so stop by for that as well uwu and here’s that chanlix link I mentioned!
Jeongin awoke with a lazy stretch, relishing in the way he felt the final grains of sleep seep from his muscles. He scrubbed a large hand across his features, cracking his eyes open in turn. He carefully extracted himself from his cocoon of blankets, before climbing down the metal ladder connecting his and Seungmin’s bunk beds.

But his brows instantly knitted together in confusion at the sight before him; Seungmin’s bottom bunk is empty. Only the residual mess of rumpled blankets on the bed is left as a remnant from his angel best friend. That’s odd—Seungmin usually doesn't leave the house until he says good morning to Jeongin.

The werewolf’s lips pulled into a pout, until his idle gaze suddenly landed on a sheet of paper carefully laid on their shared accent table. Jeongin’s confused pout only deepened, cocking his head as he strolled over to examine the mysterious note.

*Jeongin*

*I’m going shopping with Channie hyung and I didn’t want to wake you~ you looked so cute while you were sleeping!*
Oh no, I didn’t mean for that to sound creepy...

Anyways, see you later ^^

— Minnie

A bright grin unconsciously bloomed on Jeongin’s lips as he read the letter; beautifully penned on crisp line paper, in true Seungmin fashion. Each individual word is written so elegantly, Jeongin wouldn’t be surprised to hear the simple note took the angel an hour to scribe.

But that’s the epitome of Seungmin: he is perfection personified. When Seungmin does anything, even the most menial of tasks, he does it perfectly. Jeongin isn’t sure if it’s some self imposed desire to be impeccable, or if it’s just another facet of angelic life that Seungmin has yet to mention.

Either way, Jeongin couldn't help thinking he needs to start working on his own penmanship. Just to keep up with the angel.

So that’s where Seungmin is, Jeongin thought to himself with a breathy chuckle, gently placing the pristine sheet of paper back on the table so as not to crease it.

Well, now that one mystery is solved for the day, Jeongin decided he can reward himself with some much needed breakfast.

Jeongin padded into the kitchen, his tummy rumbling for some much needed food. He settled on some vanilla yogurt and blueberries—a meal perfectly fit for a werewolf, if he does say so himself.

Like clockwork, he reached over to the cupboard and retrieved his trusty wooden spoon; carved out of a single slice of bamboo. Jeongin exclusively uses wooden utensils. Saving the earth, and stuff like that.
But he more so uses them to save himself; just a brief touch of the myriad of silver cutlery used by the rest of the coven causes his skin to break out in painful hives. He’ll never forget that time he accidentally grasped Hyunjin’s metal fork instead of his own, and how his flesh almost instantly erupted in angry, stinging rashes.

Just the sight of metal spoons and forks makes him shudder.

*Little werewolf things,* Jeongin thought to himself with a good natured shake of his head, as he quickly pivoted his hand to avoid grazing a stray silver knife in the drawer.

Once safely out of the pit of danger that is the kitchen cupboards, Jeongin skipped over to the couch, before throwing himself onto the cushions with a resounding thump.

He happily munched on his bowl of freshly washed blueberries, the little fruits tasting like someone concentrated pure summer into a singular flavor.

He’s happy.

He’s content.

He flipped on the tv, the first thing greeting him being a pack of wolves gracefully storming through a snowy forest. It’s some nature documentary, about animals found in northern climates.

It’s clearly a leftover gift from Woojin, as the nature spirit himself almost exclusively spends his tv-watching time glued to the—you guessed it—nature channel. Jeongin thinks he might wanna try being a little less predictable, but he wouldn’t dare voice his opinions to the nature spirit in question. Plus, maybe nature documentaries aren’t so bad, given the current creatures striding across the screen.

Jeongin snuggled into the sofa cushions, his eyes transfixed on the familiar canine forms leaping and bounding after an unsuspecting elk. He felt his heart pound against his ribs.

This should be interesting, to say the least.
Jeongin’s attention is slipping. He’s already bored of the umpteenth nature documentary starting to play on the tv. He propped his cheek on his fist, his eyes threatening to close as the monotone narrator droned on and on about tropical reefs, and then polar ice caps, and then desert plains.

But then, the telltale metallic clinking of the front door opening immediately roused his attention. Jeongin instantly flipped the tv off at the sight of two figures slipping through the threshold, and just in the nick of time; he’s not sure how much more talk of corals and prairies he could take.

“Hey, Jeonginnie!” Chan happily called to the werewolf. Countless bags filled to the brim with food are clutched in his hands, as he pushed the front door open to allow Seungmin inside. Of course, Chan carried the plethora of stuffed grocery bags as if they collectively weigh less than a feather.

Jeongin eagerly waved back, a beaming grin breaking out on his lips at the sight of an excited Seungmin bounding over in his direction. A huge, blinding smile is stretched into the angel’s lips, and Jeongin couldn’t help but mimic the intensity of the expression. Seungmin’s happiness is his happiness, after all.

Jeongin belatedly noticed Seungmin is clutching a small paper bag in his dainty hand, clearly different from the ones designated to the impossibly strong vampire. He vaguely made a mental note to ask the angel what could possibly be in such an unassuming parchment bag.

“Hey, I read your letter.” Jeongin mused to the angel, turning to face him as Seungmin tossed himself onto the sofa with Jeongin. The smile stayed perfectly in place on Seungmin’s lips, as he nodded in response. Silence was about to take hold, but the angel made sure to halt it in its tracks.

“I got you something, ‘innie.” Seungmin abruptly announced, holding the plain brown bag out to Jeongin. There’s an expectant, almost mischievous glimmer in his eyes. Jeongin couldn’t help narrowing his own eyes in suspicion. He’s seen that look enough times to know he’s allowed his fair share of apprehension.

“But it’s not my birthday, Minnie.” Jeongin drawled, gently taking the bag from the other boy’s hands as he leveled Seungmin with an unreadable stare. Seungmin just barked out an airy laugh in response.
“What? I’m not allowed to randomly get my best friend a gift?” Seugmin cooed, reaching a hand forward to ruffle Jeongin’s oxblood locks. The werewolf grumbled, as he helplessly felt the angel’s hand reignite his bedhead.

Jeongin just rolled his eyes, before finally plunging his hand into the bag. There’s an entire boutique’s worth of tissue paper in there, to the point where Jeongin briefly wondered if the diaphanous white paper is the present itself.

But then his blindly grasping hand found it. It, being a small, rubbery sphere.

On second thought, what is this thing?

He retracted his hand from the virtual sea of tissue paper, the small spherical object still clutched in between his fingers. And it’s…a ball?

It’s a pink rubber ball, no bigger than the size of Jeongin’s palm.

To say he is past confusion would be an understatement.

“Seungmin, what is this?” He couldn’t help asking the seemingly obvious question, yet his furrowed brows is a clear indication of his confusion at the sight of Seungmin’s strange “gift”.

“It’s a ball!” Seungmin happily announced, easily snatching the pink rubber toy from Jeongin’s hand. The angel idly tossed it between his own hands as he spoke, watching Jeongin with a knowing glint in his eyes.

“I can see that. But what does this have to do with—oh my god.” Jeongin abruptly cut himself off as the true identity of the unassuming pink ball suddenly burst into his head. He felt his cheeks flush a fevered ruby tint, somehow even darker than his burgundy tresses.

“T-this is a dog toy, isn’t it!” Jeongin shrieked, clearly scandalized.

Seungmin at least had the decency to try to stifle his giggles.
Try, but not succeed. Because the angel soon dissolved into a fit of stuttered chuckles at the sight of his best friend's horrified expression. He sloppily nodded his head, tears threatening to brim at his chestnut eyes from the sheer force of his snickers.

“Seungmin! What’s wrong with you?!” Jeongin wailed, shoving his face into his hands to hide his heated blush. Seungmin has always been quite the prankster, but this is taking it to a whole new level. How can an angel act like such a little devil?! Jeongin is starting to think maybe Seungmin is secretly from the same neighborhood of Hell as Jisung. In fact, he wouldn't be surprised to learn Seungmin slithered out of a depth of Hell so deep, not even Jisung would dare step foot within its boundaries.

That's how devilish the angel boy is. He’s a living oxymoron.

“Just because I’m a werewolf, doesn’t mean I…” Jeongin tried to continue his embarrassed tirade, but his vision suddenly became fixed. Hypnotized even, on something before him.

It’s that accursed pink ball, still grasped in Seungmin’s hands. Jeongin couldn’t help staring at it, his vision swimming with pink as he mindlessly trailed off. Maybe it’s not such a bad gift after all. It does seem like a nice ball, so there’s no need for it to go to waste. It’s even his favorite color; the same pastel pink of carnival cotton candy, and creamy strawberry milk.

“Doesn’t mean I...like…” Jeongin mumbled, his words slurred and messy as his trance on the ball only intensified.

Seungmin’s lips quirked in a sly, knowing smirk. He held the ball out to the right, Jeongin’s glazed eyes followed. He did the same to the left: Jeongin’s stupefied gaze stayed transfixed on the pink ball alone.

“You want me to throw the ball, don’t you.” Seungmin observed with a good natured, but still mischievous grin. He thinks he knows the answer well enough, with how the werewolf can’t tear his enraptured stare off the small toy in his hand.

“N-no! Why would I want...that.” Jeongin angrily grumbled, shaking his head of burgundy locks as a way of finally breaking his ball-induced trance. His cheeks are still painted a deep ruby tinge, his large eyes nervously darting about the room as he spoke.
Seungmin just gave him another all-too knowing gaze, his eyes hooded as he stared Jeongin down. It was around a minute of awkward silence; and just like that, Jeongin broke.

“Okay! J-just throw the damn thing already!” Jeongin gritted out, screwing his eyes shut as he forced the words to leap off his tongue. That’s all Seungmin needed to hear.

The angel reared his hand back, easily releasing the pink ball to fly across the room. It landed with a few bounces right by the front door. But not for long; as soon as the toy left Seungmin’s hand, Jeongin had already sprung off the sofa. He all but sprinted through the living room, only to clumsily skid to a stop before crashing into the heavy front door.

Bouts of joyous laughter tumbled from the angel’s lips, his eyes forming little gleaming crescents at the sight of Jeongin eagerly trotting over to him with the ball triumphantly grasped in his hand.

Rather than a fearsome, terrifying werewolf, Jeongin is much more a goofy and excitable were puppy.

The once sheepish blush splattered across Jeongin’s cheeks is gone, replaced in favor of a blinding grin of his own. He tossed the ball back to Seungmin, already poised to tear off again in any direction after the toy.

Jeongin hates to admit it, but that was fun.

“Good boy!” Seungmin playfully teased, and Jeongin let a small growl rumble from his chest. The angel clicked his tongue in mock disappointment at the werewolf’s behavior, the same air of childlike mischievousness hanging in the air around them.

“Just throw the ball, Seungmin.” Jeongin deadpanned, expression blank and lips pressed into a line. Seungmin let more rounds of laughter stream from his lips, before letting the ball fly from his grip once again. This time it landed near the entrance to the kitchen, and within a blink of an eye Jeongin is off.

Within seconds Jeongin skipped back with the ball in his hands, a clear pep in his step as he let another lopsided grin upturn his lips.
He threw the ball back to Seungmin, meeting the angel with an expectant smile. His eyes sparkled, shimmering with enough light to put the very cosmos to shame.

Seungmin threw the ball again.

Jeongin’s heart pounded against his ribs as he tore after it, waves of happiness seeping into his bones.

“So he liked it?” Chan mused with a breezy giggle, padding over from where he just finished unpacking their multitude of groceries in the kitchen.

Seungmin met him with an endeared smile, nodding his head of chocolate locks in response. “I think he liked it a little too much. He passed out after playing for only an hour.” The angel whispered, gesturing to a long since slumbering Jeongin curled up on the cushions with him. The werewolf’s expression is calm and even, steady breaths leaving his chest as he slept. The pink ball is still gently held in his hand.

The vampire let an equally enamoured grin light up his features, his emerald eyes glimmering with palpable affection.

Of course, the whole idea started as another one of Seungmin’s patented pranks; the angel could only imagine how priceless the reaction from his best friend would be at the sight of the canine toy he picked up from the local pet store. He hasn’t pulled a joke on the werewolf in quite a while, and he was itching to bring his mischievous desires to fruition.

But, much to his surprise, it became something more. Jeongin, as they learned today, loves to play fetch. Sure, he’d rather die than admit that himself, but there’s only so much denying one can do after the hour of playtime the two enjoyed that afternoon.

Happiness bubbled in Seungmin’s chest, mingling with intense brotherly affection for his best friend. He unconsciously pushed some stray strands of burgundy hair from Jeongin’s eyes, his touch impossibly soft so as not to rouse the slumbering boy.
Seungmin let himself melt into the cushions as well, already starting to feel the familiar velvety hands of sleep cup his cheeks; the muscles still slightly aching from the sheer quantity of smiles he let burst onto his lips.

As Seungmin let his eyes flutter shut, he vaguely realized his prank of Jeongin didn’t technically go as planned. Meaning he might as well plan another one, simply to make up for it.

He thinks he might choose Hyunjin as his next victim.

He’ll make sure to discuss possible prank plans with Jeongin tomorrow. Once they catch up on their sleep, that is. And maybe even play another round of fetch.

Chapter End Notes

UM HI.....as u may or may not know the ONE FUCKING YEAR anniversary of this fic is coming up next week (feb 11th) and I’m....shooketh? I never could have even fathomed that I’d be updating a fic WEEKLY (sometimes bi weekly) for an entire Year. And still have the same users commenting since the inception of this story. It’s insane, and i never would have made it this far without u guys! So thank u from the bottom of my hort :(

And I hope u guys dont mind, but in honor of the fic’s one year anniversary ill be posting an woochan one shot chapter on the 11th! It’s kinda...um....spicy? Take that as u will until the posting hehe ;)

Hope u enjoyed this one! Jeongin cutest pubby uwu happy birfday my little frog man
I saw a lion kiss a deer

Chapter Summary

Wherever I go, you only hide.
I follow you but you run away even faster.
Don’t know how to figure this out, confusion is only growing.
I realized I wasn’t being myself.
A riot is happening inside me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For most, a romantic date often includes candle lit dinner, or moonlight strolls. Bouquets of roses and satin boxes of chocolates, tied with a bow. But for Chan and Woojin, their idea of a romantic night out is the familiar grain of the ancient oak trees, and the worn carpet of moss and lichen covered boulders. The forest is their sanctuary, their home away from home.

Woojin thrives off being surrounded by nature, off the dew-filled air of the forest. So when the couple discovered a modest wood a few miles from their new house, the euphoria they felt was virtually tangible.

Woojin threaded his and Chan’s fingers together as they gracefully hopped over a fallen maple tree, putting the frolicking deer to shame with their lithe movements. The sun has bid the waking world farewell, the silver light of the newly ascended crescent moon bathing the couple in an almost metallic filter.

It’s clear to see how Woojin changes in the forest; how his shoulders straighten, his chest puffs out, his eyes become clearer than glass. The forest is truly where Woojin belongs, and even the animals of the wood seem to know that. Robins and blue jays flutter around the couple, before descending to perch on Woojin’s broad shoulders. They only stay for a few seconds, chirping only what Chan can assume are love songs in Woojin’s ears before silently flapping away to another corner of the forest.

“They sure like you, huh.” Chan observed with an enamoured smile, idly watching Woojin pet the diminutive furry body of a chipmunk that clambered onto his arm. The pudgy critter crooned as
Woojin left skritches under its chin, snuggling into his large hand like a family dog would. Woojin just chuckled, leaving one final pat on the chipmunks fluffy head before gently placing the creature back on the trunk of a towering oak.

“Don’t be jealous of a chipmunk, Channie.” Woojin teased, sending the vampire a playful wink.

Chan rolled his eyes at his boyfriend, his luminous jade irises seeming to glow a little brighter, a little stronger.

They continued their tranquil stroll deeper into the forest, hands clasped together once again. They decided to sit at the base of a mighty pine tree, its smooth bark supporting their backs as they leaned against the wood. From their new spot on the forest floor, they had a perfect view of the unfiltered blanket of constellations unfurled over the night sky. Stars danced and twinkled in the velvety sky, reflecting in their eyes and illuminating their skin.

“It’s so beautiful.” Woojin all but whispered, leaning his head against Chan’s mop of dark brown curls. Chan hummed in response, before a sly smirk lit up his lips.

“Not as beautiful as you.” He cooed, basking in the heated flush that painted Woojin’s cheeks in response. The nature spirit buried his face in Chan’s neck at the comment, his fevered skin marginally thawing Chan’s chilled flesh.

But when he lifted his head from the crook of Chan’s neck, there was an implacable spark lighting up Woojin’s honey brown eyes. Without another word, he darted forward to place a deep kiss on Chan’s lips. The vampire’s eyes widened, before fluttering shut as he relaxed into the kiss, deepening it even more.

There they were again; the sparks acutely felt prickle under his flesh. The electricity Chan feels dance upon his skin when he and Woojin kiss. It feels right, feels like magic. It feels like love.

Their kisses became increasingly sloppy, and messy. They broke for air, and Woojin took it upon himself to pull Chan onto his lap; the vampire now straddling his boyfriend’s muscular thighs.

Chan’s gaze met the expanse of Woojin’s tanned neck from his new position, and he hungrily licked his lips. Shooting forward at lightning speed, Chan started to leave audibly wet kisses on the velveteen flesh of Woojin’s neck. Not intense enough to leave any marks, but enough to elicit a loud mewl from Woojin.
The moan only spurred Chan on, satisfaction bubbling in his chest at the feeling of Woojin’s strong hands desperately grasping at his back. “C-Chan!” Woojin whimpered, the feeling of the vampire’s impossibly soft lips assaulting the sensitive skin of his neck becoming overwhelming.

Chan started to nibble at the olive flesh, peppering in kitten licks that drew another lewd moan from Woojin; this one so unabashedly loud it startled an innocent squirrel skipping through the tree branches above them.

But then something inside Chan broke. Something deeply recessed snapped.

Within a nanosecond everything changed. All he could perceive, all he could sense is Woojin’s blood flowing beneath the skin his lips were still kissing. He could smell it so powerfully, wafting into his nose like sweet golden honey. He felt his stomach clench as his kisses against Woojin’s neck became increasingly messy and inconsistent.

His vision clouded, his brain devolving into untranslatable static. His chest started to push out shaking breaths. Woojin was blissfully unaware of his boyfriend’s abrupt change, too busy relishing in the overstimulating feeling of Chan’s lips on his skin.

A low, animalistic growl rumbled from the back of Chan’s throat. He tried desperately to hold himself back, he had to stop himself before his instincts took over.

Chan might as well be some twisted version of Icarus, with a pair of invisible, wax laden wings strapped to his back. The proverbial sun, of course, being the expanse of Woojin's supple neck.

He should've stopped, he should have pulled way before the inevitable came to fruition. But he didn't. And with each kiss Chan left on the nature spirit's tanned skin, the more he felt the solar-flare heat radiating off him melt the once impenetrable bars binding his inner beast from escaping —like it was nothing more than humble beeswax, rather than the unforgiving lead cell Chan previously chained his vampiric instincts within.

Chan flew too close to the sun. And now he might as well be free falling, plummeting toward the inescapable fate unfurling before their eyes. Chan is Icarus, and his handmade wings were ravaged beyond repair by the sun that is Woojin, until nothing more than charred sticks and tattered feathers remained. Like the globs of wax that once held the wings together—but were ultimately no match for the intensity of the suns rays—the carefully erected mental prison confining the
monster repressed inside him has been reduced to a mere suggestion of containment.

Chan’s toned arms shot up to the thick pine trunk they are still pressed against; hands raking down the bark and leaving deep, jagged claw marks in the wood.

At the snapping sounds of the gashes Chan easily clawed in the sturdy tree trunk, Woojin seemed to finally become privy that something is off with the vampire.

“Channie? Are you ok?” Woojin murmured, voice a slurred mess as he forced himself to come down from the high brought on by his boyfriend’s satiny lips.

Chan didn’t answer.

His vision became dark, so dark he could barely see anything besides the planes of Woojin’s neck before him. His stomach rumbled, his muscles burned and his skin ignited in white-hot flames. Chan unconsciously felt his fangs grow behind his glossed lips, felt them itch and dig into the flesh like needles.

He’s hungry.

He’s so hungry.

Before Woojin could manage another word, Chan threw his head back; emerald eyes detached and fangs reflecting in the moonlight. Chan didn’t hear the way Woojin’s breath hitched in his throat. He couldn’t hear anything, not over the deafening ringing in his ears.

With inhuman speed and accuracy, Chan flew forward and sank his fangs into the flesh of Woojin’s neck. His boyfriend’s back arched off the tree trunk he is still pressed flush against, his arms coming up once again to clutch as Chan’s broad back.

Woojin’s blood tastes like fresh summer strawberries. Tasted like strawberries and cream drenched in clover honey. It was so sweet, Chan has never tasted any blood like it.
He belatedly heard a choked and vaguely pained gasp escape Woojin’s lips, but Chan was too entranced by the blood flowing down his throat and pooling warmth in his core to react.

Woojin’s blood tastes so good, Chan managed to coherently think to himself, his once jumbled brain finally relieved of the painful fog of hunger.

Wait.

Woojin’s blood?!

Chan tore himself off of Woojin’s neck with the sickening, wet slicing of his fangs wrenching from the flesh. His jade eyes, now vibrant and clear are bulging out of his head, matching how his freshly blood stained lips hung open in horror. He all but flew off Woojin’s lap, back peddling on the forest floor until he clumsily curled up with his knees to his chest a few feet away.

No, no, no, no! I couldn’t have done this, did I really do this?! Chan shrieked at himself, unable to accept the familiar, comforting buzz the blood brought to him is real.

But then his wide, terrified eyes met Woojin. His boyfriend’s eyes are dazed and heavy, like he’s about to fall asleep at any moment. His head lolled to the side, exposing the two pinprick bites in his neck that continued to leak thick, dark blood. The light of the moon seemed to purposely shine a spotlight on the two bite wounds, as if the cosmos itself wanted to show Chan what a monster he is.

With a trembling, numb hand, Chan reached up to wipe at the wetness staining his lips. Pulling his hand away, his eyes were met by a dark, evergreen fluid on the pads of his fingers.

Woojin’s blood is...dark green?

Woojin’s blood is dark green. Chan now knows this, because he drank Woojin’s blood. Because he’s a fucking monster.

Chan wants to cry, he wants to sob and scream and use his super strength to tear his already dead heart right from his chest—although the sight of a limp, panting Woojin is more painful than any self mutilation could be.
Chan stared at his hands; numb, trembling with splotches of dark green blood staining the tips of his fingers.

He tried—he tried so hard to seal the animalistic beast ingrained inside him somewhere so deep it would never be able to claw its way free.

But Chan, as it seems, is weak. And he failed.

“C-Channie? It’s ok babe, don’t wo—” Chan’s head snapped up at the weak sound of Woojin’s voice, his boyfriend’s eyes barely cracked open and a minuscule smile pulling at his lips.

He wasn’t able to finish speaking; Chan hurriedly cut him off with a shaking “I’m so sorry.” Then rising to his feet and stumbling over to kneel before Woojin.

Chan’s lips are quivering, his chest heaving spasming breaths as he darted his gaze away from Woojin to bore into the mossy undergrowth of the forest.

“Woojin I’m so sorry. I-I don’t know what came over me! I’m such a m-monster.” Chan whimpered, a pitiful sigh tumbling from his lips as his hands formed tight fists at his side. Chan has never felt such pain, such shame in his entire vampiric existence.

He eyed a particularly jagged fallen branch. It's shaped suspiciously like a stake. He would love nothing more than for Woojin to plunge it between his ribs.

He would give anything to trade the excruciating mental anguish plaguing him for the searing pain of his flesh flaking from his bones with a stake piercing his chest, until his inhuman eyes fluttered shut once and for all and the pain would finally be gone.

He bit his boyfriend. He sucked the blood of the love of his life, like a mindless beast. He deserves for Woojin to hate him, to never want to see him again.

He can't look at Woojin, can't force his horrified stare from the lichen ridden logs of the forest floor. He's too scared to come face to face with the all too tangible disgust and hatred that must be
virtually radiating off his boyfriend.

*His boyfriend.* Will Chan even be able to call Woojin, the love of his life and the reason for his very ounce of happiness, such a title when this nightmare finally comes to an end?

But he was suddenly jolted from his downward tailspin into the pits of despair, his racing mind freezing like a stuttering record that was abruptly paused. His shoulders jumped at the all too familiar feeling of Woojin’s hand caressing his skin. His eyes flew up to finally meet his boyfriend’s before his terrified mind could stop him, and Chan thought he must *somehow* be dreaming.

Because Woojin is *smiling* at him. Woojin is looking at him with a gloss of *love* in his eyes, a far cry from the fiery hatred Chan so expected. “Channie, I’m ok. Just watch.” Woojin mumbled, chestnut eyes glimmering in the moonlight.

Chan was left speechless, dumbfounded as his eyes flew to the bite marks on Woojin’s neck. Before his incredulous eyes, Woojin’s flesh almost instantly knitted together. Within seconds, nothing but pristine skin is left in its wake. The two bite marks completely vanished, like they might as well have been an optical illusion casted by the moonlight filtered through the branches.

“W-what—you can heal yourself?!” Chan all but shrieked, scooting closer to Woojin to get a better look at his freshly healed neck. Nope, his eyes weren’t playing tricks on him; the two bite marks are *gone.* Even the residual splotches of blood have mysteriously ceased from view.

Woojin just nodded, with a light hum of acknowledgement. “Yeah, nature spirits can do that, babe. I’m not human, remember?” He observed Chan, the vampire still nervously chomping on his bottom lip in shame as he forced himself to look at Woojin.

“O-oh, yeah. Sometimes I forget that.” Chan all but whispered, forcing a gulp down his throat as his hands unconsciously played with the wild daisies that sprouted around their feet. Woojin just let some airy giggles flow from his lips in response, before sitting forward to pull Chan flush against his chest.

“You’re a *vampire,* Chan. I knew that when we started dating.” Woojin gently spoke into the heavy, misty air of the forest. He reached a hand up to bury in Chan’s shiny brown curls, leaving comforting strokes on the vampire’s locks.
“Honestly, I assumed this would happen one day. I’m not mad at you, baby. I promise.” Woojin asserted, voice strong and unwavering. He seemed free of the oppressive exhaustion from earlier after Chan fed on him, thankfully back to his usual confident and powerful energy.

Chan opened his mouth to protest, to almost beg woojin to hate him for what he did to him tonight; but he couldn’t. Because before any words could leave the vampire’s mouth, Woojin bent down to press his lips to Chan’s.

“But—” Chan managed to splutter, after Woojin’s lips left his. Once again, he was unable to force anymore words out.

“But nothing. I loved you before you bit me, Channie. And I’ll love you if you bite me again. Because that’s what love is. I’ll always stand by you, no matter what. I will love you until the end of time, Chan.” Woojin declared, his voice sending shivers down Chan’s spine. Chan could have sworn he felt his heart, long frozen and defunct in his chest, shiver as well.

His lips trembled again, blinking away a line of tears that flooded onto his waterline. Unable to form any words, he chose to just numbly nod his head instead.

Chan leaned forward, and placed a chaste kiss on Woojin’s forehead. Soon after a ladybug crawled onto his boyfriend’s hand, lazily wobbling across his skin. A smile upturned Chan’s lips for the first time in what felt like years.

“It likes you too, hm.” Chan mumbled, gaze focused on the ruby dot languidly traipsing the expanse of Woojin’s skin.

Woojin looked at Chan with an unreadable stare; yet his shimmering eyes carried the unmistakable, heated glow of affection. He shrugged his broad shoulders, leaning in to press his and Chan’s foreheads together.

“But I like you more.”

Chapter End Notes

Me, hovering my finger over the “delete all works” button: should i do it? i feel like a
failure as a writer :( 
Me: *remembers literally any comment any of u have ever sent on any of my fics* 
no.......Not Today

with That being said, happy one year anniversary of this fic/me becoming a stay writer! it is truly Wild to imagine me updating this fic for an entire YEAR, and here we are! it's all thanks to u!!!! it hasn't always been easy (im currently going thru one of those phases again where i wanna quit writing/purge all my works lol) but it's honestly bc of u guys that i have the strength to keep going :/ thank u all for always supporting me—whether on this fic or any other ive posted—it truly means the world to me, and YOU are the reason i haven't given up yet. Yes. u. i'm talking to u.....so thank u. i love u...muah!

some of u have been commenting since chapter one, and words can't describe how grateful i am to have readers like you. thank u for always supporting me! you make ME stay! (literally)

also this chapter is Literally the closest i've EVER come to writing smut….just some funky neck kissing...that's IT THATS THE CLOSEST I'VE TRAIPSED INTO SMUTLAND (and yeah i know i posted a relatively similar plot woochan chap not too many weeks ago, but this is one of the last one shot chaps i have left!}
Rime of the Ancient Mariner

Chapter Summary

On the beach at night alone,

As I watch the bright stars shining, I think a thought of the clef of the universes and of the future.

All identities that have existed or may exist on this globe, or any globe,

All lives and deaths, all of the past, present, future,

This vast similitude spans them, and always has spanned,

And shall forever span them and compactly hold and enclose them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Changbin’s black vans came to halt at the edge of the cliff face. The oceanic winds clawed at his cheeks, ruffling his head of jet black hair. The unmistakable scent of salty sea mist blew past his dark eyes, nestling dew drops on his skin.

He adjusted the flannel shirt sloppily tied around his waist, the thick pillars of fabric contrasting with his muscular biceps on full display through his tank top. He held his skateboard under one of his toned arms, the deck painted with the graphic of a compass with a cracked face; the words Broken Compass elegantly scrawled beneath the intricate design in golden paint.

A bloody scrape is visible on one of Changbin’s exposed arms, the salty air not helping to lessen the residual sting. Changbin received the scratch after falling from his board while attempting an unsuccessful kick flip, much to his own dismay. In fact, the caws of the airborne seagulls sound suspiciously similar to the cackles of his friend and fellow skateboarder Wooyoung, who had a front row seat to Changbin’s unfortunate tumble.

He excused himself from the skatepark soon after, his pale cheeks visibly reddened with heat from his sheepish blush. He trudged away with his hackles raised and gravel smattering the raw skin around the slice in his arm.

He needs space, space to just be and not worry about the prying eyes of the other guys gracefully
flying about the skatepark. So he came to where he always does when he needs isolation—the set of rocky cliffs jetting into the open ocean. The beach lies below and across the entire stretch of coast, but Changbin prefers to be above it all—literally and figuratively. He prefers to stay in the domain of the gulls and cormorants, their impressive wing spans occasionally blotting out the solar glow of the sun. He likes to feel high in the sky, where nothing—no one—can affect him.

The waves crashed against the rocky cliff, seemingly hundreds of miles below Changbin’s feet. Nothing but blue greeted him on the horizon, the sapphire sea blanketing the world in undulating blue. The rays of sunlight forced a swathe of gilded light to reflect on the sea, like twinkling diamonds were individually sewn onto the wave crests.

Changbin has never been a huge fan of the ocean. It’s too large, too deep, too all encompassing. Moreover, it’s too unknown. Actually, Changbin should just say he’s not a huge fan of the unknown.

Changbin hates the unknown. He hates not being in control of his destiny, not knowing what his future holds with 100% acuity. His life could change forever at the drop of a hat and he’d be none the wiser until it’s too damn late. He hates it.

Suddenly, as if on cue, Changbin’s idle gaze out into the sparkling horizon caught a mysterious glimmer beneath the ocean's surface. He squinted for better clarity, his eyes then spotting what appeared to be black and white scales dipping beneath the waves.

Black and white. White and black. Onyx and ivory. That’s all he saw. Maybe there was a brief glimpse of what appeared to the translucent skin of a tailfins dipping below the surface. Eyes? Nope. A full body? None to be seen.

What on earth is that? Changbin thought to himself, eyebrows furrowing in confusion as he watched the undeniable scaled creature gracefully disappear from view. Although he’s not even sure what kind of creature it is; the appendage appeared only to be a jewel like tail. There are no fish in the waters large enough to be the culprit, however. Of that, Changbin is sure of.

His skin started to prickle with a coating of static, goosebumps rising on his flesh as if he had been zapped by a bolt of lighting. The unknown. That thing, whatever it is, is the unknown personified. A sentient enigma.

He wants to know what the hell it is. He wants to win over the mystique, over the terror of the obscure that has always plagued him.
Changbin took a hesitant step forward, inching towards the sheer drop of the cliff edge, valiantly trying to grasp another sight of the mysterious creature. Within mere seconds of his meager step, the rocky outcropping he was perched upon started to quake, and buckle beneath his feet.

Changbin’s eyes widened in horror, frozen and helpless as the cliff crumbled and gave way before his terrified eyes. A silent scream ripped from his lips as he felt the rocks break away, his body engulfed in nothing but air as he plummeted towards the sea.

*Falling. Falling. Falling.*

That’s all Changbin managed to comprehend as he watched the cliff he once stood upon get farther and farther way, his arms desperately grasping for purchase at the thin air as his worst fear crept closer and closer.

His back shot through the ocean’s surface as if he was flung by a catapult, like he fell off a building onto unforgiving concrete that only gave way after breaking every bone in his body. The pain was excruciating—more excruciating than when he sprained his ankle after a botched ollie at the skatepark, or even when he scraped a layer of his skin off when he toppled from his board earlier that day. And then once the initial venom of pain subsided, all he saw was velvety blue.

That’s all his reeling brain was able to comprehend; *blue. Everywhere. Everything.*

His thoughts felt detached and painfully numb, like they didn’t even belong in his head. His eyes are burning from the salt water, his brain is burning from the torrent of horror swirling about like a deranged tornado. Everything is burning like his skin was doused in gasoline and someone threw a match, in spite of his entire body being imprisoned by nothing but water.

Water poured down his throat, from where his lips were still parted in terror. The all embracing liquid filled his lungs, uncaring of his unadulterated horror. He vaguely picked up the searing sting of the still bloody scrape on is arm, the assault of ocean water like setting fire to the abrasion.

*This is fine, I’ll just swim back to shore,* Changbin managed to coherently scream at himself, his lanky limbs fighting the water like his life depended on it. Which it did, in fact.

Because then Changbin realized, with a sickening twist in his stomach, that he doesn’t know how to swim.
His racing thoughts started to peter out like a faucet slowly being wrenched closed, before dimming completely as his brain became enveloped in almost painful static. He tried to suck in a desperate breath, but rather than much needed air pouring into his lungs, he was met with more water filling him from the inside out.

How long has he been under? Minutes only, he’s sure. Yet it feels like years, like an eternity of torment that has yet to come to its grande finale.

Darkness crept up his vision, his eyes languidly blinking as he belatedly realized he must be sinking even further into the sea; if the way the ocean's surface, illuminated by the sun, creeping agonizingly farther away meant anything.

He was just about to accept his certain doom, when his rapidly fading eyes took notice of something quickly swimming towards him. But maybe not something, someone.

No, some thing. Because this something has a large, black and white scaled tail. And the torso of a human boy.

Ebony and pearlescent ivory. It looks vaguely familiar, but Changbin’s mind is much too far gone to put two and two together; in spite of how glaring and obvious the answer may be.

Changbin’s eyes closed, unable to keep them open as his mind devolved into unreadable noise. His lungs ignited with agonizing pain, crackling buzzing rumbled in his ringing ears. Forcing his heavy eyes open, Changbin was then face to face with a frantic boy, much to his dazed surprise.

He is quite beautiful; with a mop of black hair gracefully swaying with the ocean currents, a single birthmark artfully dotted beneath one of his eyes, and plush lips pulled into a panicked wince.

Changbin felt his life force begin to officially seep from his limp body, still cradled by the sea. But now he is cradled by the undersea boy, with the clearly horrified sea creature putting his strong arms on Changbin’s shoulders and desperately trying to shake some vitality back into him.

It was too late. Changbin’s eyes fluttered shut, his expression evening into one of peace rather than terror. The tied flannel around his waist eventually succumbed to the water drenching it to nothing more than a sopping rag, the voracious hands of the undulating ocean ripping the garment from his body and throwing it to the currents—nothing more than a perverse flag of surrender as Changbin
himself finally yielded to the endless cascade of salt water strangling him from the inside out. His hands released the vice grip they clasped on his skateboard, said board easily sinking away from its owner until it nestled on the ocean floor; now becoming shelter to a wandering hermit crab or lonesome fish.

On land, the seagulls continued to laugh and dance in the misty oceanic air. The cliff is empty, devoid of a soul.

Hyunjin was idly swimming with his pod, when a sudden crash through the ocean’s surface roused his attention. A dark blob is now sinking beneath the waves. That’s odd. But then that blob started to thrash, and writhe against the unforgiving current.

Now that is odd.

Hyunjin’s eyes then widened in horror at the sight before him; a person is drowning.

Abandoning his pod mates without a second thought, Hyunjin swam faster than he ever has over to the poor human, whose hands are still frantically grasping at the salty water in hopes of finding some form of safety.

The poor boy looks rightfully horrified—his handsome features pulled into an expression of painfully tangible panic.

Hyunjin was at the human’s side in what felt like a nanosecond, his heart racing in his chest as the siren gave him a cursory once over. He’s fading. And fast.

Hyunjin desperately tried to shake the human from the darkness closing in on him, but it was no use. The human’s large eyes softly shut, his thick lips parting as his faint heartbeat began to cease in his chest.

The siren isn’t giving up that easily.
Taking the human in his arms, Hyunjin sped off towards the shore, his translucent fins a mere blur as his scaled tail propelled him like a missile through the sea.

The siren virtually tossed the human onto the sand, once the shoreline finally came into view. His limp body landed with a sickening thud against the drenched sand once Hyunjin burst through a wave crest himself, his heart still pounding like a hammer behind his ribs. The siren threw himself onto the wet sand as well, his black and white tail still bathed in the undulating waves.

He took the human in his arms once again, his plush lips quivering in desperation as he tried to wake the boy from his unconsciousness. He frantically pumped the human’s chest, in an attempt to empty his waterlogged lungs. But with each sloppy compression against the human’s heart, Hyunjin was met with nothing but eerie stillness. The human’s skin started becoming colder and paler by the second; Hyunjin’s heart plummeted to his stomach.

Hyunjin placed his ear to the human’s chest, his soaked black muscle tee stuck to his form like a second skin. Nothing. Not a single beat. Just dead, horrifying silence.

“No, no, no, no!” Hyunjin wailed as tears welled up in his eyes, the droplets cascading down the planes of his cheeks before dripping onto the peaceful, blank features of the human. Just when the sun’s rays were starting to dry off the poor human boy, Hyunjin’s tears sprinkled another round of wetness against his chilled skin.

“P-please, wake up!” His sobs echoed through the deserted beach, his cries somehow even louder and rawer than the crashing waves behind them.

Unsurprisingly, the human didn’t stir.

He was so close. He could have saved him, he knows he could have.

But he didn’t. He couldn’t.

The human boy is dead. And it’s all Hyunjin’s fault.
Changbin awoke with an electric jolt, his vision greeted by nothing but ghostly white.

His wide eyes darted around the white void, looking for something, anything in sight. Nothing, the single figure visible in the emptiness being Changbin himself.

*Where am I?* He thought to himself, yet his thoughts didn’t feel like his own. All he sees is white from ceiling to floor. *Is* there even a ceiling and floor? There aren’t any visible walls, just all encompassing white light as if he’s nestled within a puffy tuft of cotton.

*Who even am I?*

*Seo Changbin. Right.* He realized with a relieved huff, his taut shoulders softly slumping forward. He can deal with his more than strange surroundings—at least he remembers who he is.

*What happened to me?* His internal barrage of questions continued; this time he drew another blank. Blank like the diffused ivory light he’s neatly sat within. He can’t remember anything. Not how he got here, not where he was before, nothing. It should be terrifying, but for some reason he can’t find it in himself to care.

He’s obviously here for a reason—which in a way, is comforting. He doesn’t know why he’s here, but something does. Something, or someone, has a plan for him. It’s comforting in a way waking up in a pure expanse of light with no memories of your life shouldn’t be.

“Hello there.” His shoulders jumped in shock at the sudden raspy, deep voice sounding in the white nothingness. Right on cue.

Whipping around, a startled gasp tore from Changbin’s lips at the sight of a man now kneeling before him. *He certainly wasn’t there a few seconds ago,* Changbin dazedly thought to himself. He is clad in black from head to toe, with handsomely angled features that gave him a slightly intimidating appearance. Yet he is gazing at Changbin with such a kind, sympathetic smile that he felt no fear whatsoever.

“Do you remember how you got here?” The man asked him, taking Changbin’s stunned silence as a cue to continue.

Unable to force any words past the hundred pound lump in his throat, Changbin merely shook his
head in response. His own mental battle for clarity has ceased. He obviously won’t figure out why he’s suddenly in this pure white void with this mysterious man by himself, but now he can only hope those questions will be answered soon. He has a slight suspicion all will become clear soon. Very soon.

The man nodded, seemingly accepting his silent answer. “That’s good. But more importantly, I have an offer for you.” He stated simply, leveling Changbin with a warm smile. The gesture seemed placating—trust me, I won’t hurt you. Changbin found himself instantly believing that very sentiment.

Despite the knot still churning his stomach, the man’s grin soothed Changbin’s tense nerves and brought some much needed relief to his racing thoughts.

As if reading said thoughts, the man’s smile grew, reaching up to set off sparklers in his dark eyes. He wordlessly stuck a hand out to a still silent Changbin.

“I’m Death. Nice to meet you.”

Changbin’s breath caught in his throat, his eyes widening as his vision froze on the large hand outstretched to him. Death, huh. That would explain the pure white void the pair are neatly sat in right now. And the stillness now taking up residence behind his ribs.

I’m...dead? That’s...that’s cool, I guess. Changbin blearily thought to himself, slightly taken aback at how ok he is with the abrupt revelation. It’s not cool—he’s acutely aware of how fundamentally not cool it is to be dead. Yet he can’t seem to spur himself to care in the slightest. The eerie stillness in the cavity behind his ribs? That's fine. The slightly paler cast to his already porcelain skin tone? That's dandy.

But he can't help his morbid curiosity by wondering how the hell did he manage to die so young? What was he doing that could’ve offed him so easily?! Oh well; what’s done is done, and you can’t have regrets if you don’t remember what landed you in the afterlife anyways. He feels surprisingly...fine. Fine enough for a dead guy, at least. In fact, he feels relatively good. He feels calm and...is that hope he feels bubbling in his tummy?

He feels hopeful. Why? He’s not sure. He’s dead, but yet here he is, thinking and breathing like one of humanity’s own. He’s “alive”, as much as one can be after being told of their apparent demise by the personification of death himself.
Breathing with no beating heart, huh, Changbin thought to himself with a hollow giggle. He won’t stress over the anatomical semantics of his new corporeality.

He feels rebirthed—like an onyx-feathered phoenix rising from an equally ashen pile of soot. Something about being dead feels right, in some macabre sense of honesty. It feels like that one piece of clothing that never quite fit you right, yet once you finally grow into it the fabric perfectly hugs every inch of your body like a second skin. Like armor. It’s not like he remembers anything anyways. Not like he has any memorable ties to his previous life to summon a black cloud of doom and gloom to perpetually hover above his head. As far as Changbin’s concerned, he was born to die.

Changbin stuck out a hand of his own, grasping the one belonging to the man now identified as Death itself. His hand is freezing cold, but Changbin found the chill comforting. Like the endless stretch of white. Like the absence of his heart beat.

“Well Changbin. The pleasure is all mine.”

Chapter End Notes

oh...? that's weird...haha....super weird...what a small world (anticipate next weeks chap aka part 2 uwu)
Drowning lessons

Chapter Summary

A kiss goodbye,
Your twisted shell.
As rice grains and roses fall at your feet.
We'll say goodbye,
The hundredth time.
And then tomorrow we'll do it again,
Tomorrow we'll do it again.

Chapter Notes

should’ve mentioned this last week but this is also a flashback/backstory chapter!! this, as well as last weeks chap, take place in the past uwu (For this specifically: the day after chan rescues hyunjin from the beach)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hyunjin just awoke from his first full night in the coven, and he has to say: sleep on land is so much better than under the sea. He ran a hand through his head of messy raven locks, his eyes still heavy with residual winks of sleep.

He carefully swung his legs out of bed, wobbling slightly as he cautiously stood up in his newly assigned bedroom. His knees buckled under his weight, still not fully accustomed to life with legs.

Once bringing him home, after plucking him from his predicament stranded on the beach, Chan excitedly introduced Hyunjin to the other members of his new coven. Hyunjin instantly took to the other boys, who were all extremely warm and welcoming to the siren. He thinks he met all of them: Chan’s calm and stable partner Woojin, a childlike werewolf and his fallen angel best friend, a quirky dark magician and his hyperactive demon boyfriend. But Hyunjin realized with a start that he’s one boy short, vaguely remembering Chan tell him about one of his coven members going to sleep before Hyunjin’s arrival.
What’s his name again? Chanwoo? Chanhyuk? Oh right, Hyunjin thought to himself with an idle smile, Changbin.

Hopefully he’ll get to officially meet this mysterious Changbin today. But right now he has bigger things on his mind; his tummy rumbled. He can’t wait to have breakfast with his new friends. With tentative, padding steps, Hyunjin slowly meandered down the hallway. Whereas descending the staircase takes mere seconds for the other boys, it takes the siren about 20 full minutes to carefully make his way down the stairs.

Chan gave Hyunjin a crash course on how to traverse the stairs yesterday; a literal crash course. Halfway in, the siren’s newly formed legs got hopelessly tangled, ending in Hyunjin crashing to the floor with a loud thump. The small tumble left a purple bruise on his shin, eliciting a childlike pout from the siren. The vampire, as nurturing as ever, placed a frigid ice pack on the siren’s leg, ignoring his petulant whines in protest.

After what felt like an eternity of overly-careful steps down the staircase, Hyunjin finally trotted into the living room. However, rather than being greeted by all his coven members enjoying the morning together, his gaze landed on a single figure nestled on the couch, alone.

He is dressed in a simple black tee shirt and matching ripped jeans, his eyes trained on his phone screen and unaware of Hyunjin’s arrival.

However, despite never officially meeting the boy before, Hyunjin’s breath froze dead in his chest because he’d recognize him anywhere. Hyunjin’s skin turned ghostly pale, all his blood draining at the sight of the boy neatly sat on the sofa. His lips hung open, chestnut eyes popping out of his skull as his brain swirled with dizzying turbulence.

It’s him, Hyunjin numbly thought to himself, dumbstruck.

Changbin, the one coven member he has yet to meet, is the boy he couldn’t save from drowning all those countless years ago. He never forgot those eyes, how they gently shut for the last time in Hyunjin’s arms. He never forgot those lips, how they parted with the final breath to fall from his lungs.

The last time Hyunjin saw Changbin, he was dead.

The reaper, the siren’s swirling mind managed to comprehend, he’s the reaper.
As if Hyunjin’s incredulity became sentient, alerting Changbin to his presence, the reaper’s gaze shot up to meet the wide eyed siren awkwardly frozen in the living room.

“Oh, hello. I’m Changbin, you must be Hyunjin!” Changbin exclaimed with a bright, innocent smile. Throwing his phone to the side, the reaper popped up from the sofa to bound over to the siren, still stood in stiff shock at the reaper’s true identity.

“U-um, yes I-I’m Hyunjin.” The siren choked out past the huge lump in his throat, blinking away the uneasy gloss blanketing his eyes. He plastered a crooked smile on his lips, all too keen to how hollow the gesture appears.

Obviously taking note of Hyunjin’s more than off demeanor, Changbin cocked his head to the side, his lips jutting in a confused pout. “Are you ok?” He quietly prodded the siren.

“O-oh Yeah, I’m fine it’s just—you just look really familiar, is all.” Hyunjin gritted out, pushing an almost audible gulp down his impossibly dry throat. His trembling hands formed tight fists at his side, his agape stare darting from the reaper stood before him in favor of the wood floor beneath their feet.

Every time he blinked, visions of Changbin from that fateful day on the beach flashed behind his eyes, the reaper’s peaceful expression in death causing a quiver in his racing heart. That accursed day has haunted Hyunjin, tormenting his psyche and plaguing his late-night thoughts. And now, that same boy is standing before him; living and breathing as if that day on the beach never even happened.

However, the reaper himself seemed to accept Hyunjin’s unconvincing excuse. “I see. I’m afraid we’ve never met before. You must be mistaking me for someone else.” He mused with a dainty smile.

Hyunjin forced another uneasy smile onto his plush lips, forcing himself to act as normally as possible as to not let on to the painful pang that comment wrenched in his gut. “Oh yeah, I must be.” He muttered with a string of hollow laughter.

They were plunged into awkward, heavy silence after that. Until Hyunjin quickly turned on his heel and clumsily scampered up the stairs, that is. He left the confused reaper with a sloppy “Nice to meet you”, before racing to return to the sanctuary of his bedroom.
Changbin is the boy who died in Hyunjin’s arms all those years ago. And he doesn’t even know it.

That’s all Hyunjin could think as he unceremoniously threw himself on his bed, the plush mattress jumping with his weight.

He couldn’t help the line of tears that prickled on his waterline, how his lips quivered and heart pounded in his chest. He never forgave himself for not saving that human, and now that same human lives with him. Except, he’s no human anymore. And that’s all thanks to Hyunjin.

*How can he not remember me?* The siren thought to himself with a trembling sigh. But maybe it’s for the best the reaper has no recollection of the siren; leaving him blissfully ignorant to Hyunjin’s painfully vivid memories of their last time together.

*He must have forgotten everything when he became a reaper,* he thought to himself with a drawn out sigh.

Then a realization burst into Hyunjin’s hazy mind; maybe this is exactly what he needs to let go of his residual guilt regarding the human’s passing. He couldn’t save Changbin in the past, but now he’s here again. It’s like fate gave Hyunjin another chance. And while hopefully the reaper won’t be in need of saving anytime soon, the least Hyunjin can do now is treat him like a friend. And not like the ghost of that unforgettable day Hyunjin knew him as.

As if on cue, a round of gentle knocking on Hyunjin’s door roused him from his endless, racing thoughts. He knew who it must be.

His suspicions were confirmed when he pushed himself up, only to see a concerned Changbin stood in his doorway. “Hyunjin, is everything alright? I know we just met, but you can talk to me.” The reaper spoke gently, his hands wringing together in apprehension at the siren’s upset state.

With a small snuffle, Hyunjin’s lips twitched into a genuine smile for the first time since meeting the reaper. Or should he say, *reacquainting* with him. He knows he can’t tell Changbin the truth, can’t reveal the circumstances of their unknown meeting. He was given another opportunity with Changbin, and he’s not gonna ruin it again by divulging his cause of death to the otherwise blissfully unaware reaper.
“Yeah, I’m ok. Just kinda homesick is all.” The siren mumbled, bringing a tiny fist up to rub at his tearstained eyes. A little white lie never hurt anybody.

Thankfully the reaper appeared to buy the excuse, an understanding smile pulling onto his lips as he gracefully walked over to sink down on Hyunjin’s bed with him. He placed a comforting hand on the siren’s shoulder, rubbing soft circles against the tense flesh.

“It must be rough. But you’ll be happy here! I’m sure we’ll become fast friends.” The reaper spoke with feather softness, his dark eyes full of endeared glimmering sparks as he gazed at the siren.

*Fast friends huh,* Hyunjin thought to himself, barking out a breathy chuckle. He sent the reaper an unreadable glance, eyes still blanketed in gloss. He nodded at the reaper’s comment, his diminutive smile widening unconsciously.

Hyunjin never would have guessed his life would lead him to this very moment; the boy he let die is now telling him they’ll soon be friends.

And even more shockingly, Hyunjin believes him.

Chapter End Notes

**ONLY 6 CHAPERS LEFT HOOO BOY**

Also...Bitches be writing a 13k supernatural chaptered seungchan fic…..also i'm bitches (seriously tho, i finished an ((objectively better than this)) seungchan and i’m tempted to post chapter one soon after i end this fic, to fill the supernatural/chaptered void that will be left in my heart…also to kinda “celebrate” the ending of this journey?? Maybe??……thoughts?? Would u guys be interested in reading that once this is over?)
I've seen dark before, but not like this.
This is cold, this is empty, this is numb.
The life I knew is over, the lights are out,
Hello, darkness, I'm ready to succumb.
This grief has a gravity, it pulls me down.
But a tiny voice whispers in my mind;
You are lost, hope is gone,
But you must go on.
And do the next right thing.

did someone order two chapters of jeongin flashbacks?? order up!!!
It's not a conscious transition; from bubbly and contented to downcast and woebegone. Despite how hard he tries to return to his once patented cheery disposition, Jeongin just finds himself waking up every morning with an overwhelming, overbearing sadness roosting on his heart.

It's been about 3 months since Jeongin officially moved into the coven; it's been about 3 months since Jeongin’s entire family was mercilessly ripped from him.

His first few weeks in the house were...strange, to say the least. It took more than a bit of adjusting to get accustomed to the luxuries of human-living, as Jeongin grew up solely in the heart of the coniferous forest on the outskirts of the city’s urban sprawl.

He almost cried when he saw the running water freely flow from the tap in the bathroom sink—sometimes his pack would go for weeks with mere ounces of water to go around during particular dry spells. He stared, wide eyed and heart racing, at the fridge in their kitchen; stocked with enough food to last months for his pack. He can't even count on his fingers and toes the amount of nights he went to sleep starving because the older pack members weren't able to make a successful kill. Heat wafted from vents on the floor, soothing the winter chill that used to unabashedly chew on his flesh in the open night air. There would be no droughts to be seen here though, no famine or blight of rain and snow.

Electricity was an especially shocking discovery for Jeongin. With just the flip of a switch, the overarching darkness would be exchanged for blinding light. He thought it was pure magic, he thought they lassoed the sun, and somehow wrangled it into those little round bulbs nestled in the ceiling. He doesn't understand it. But he won't complain.

When he lived in the forest, the only light he knew was of the unfiltered sun—if they got lucky and no screen of clouds blotted out its rays—and the slivers of moonlight that managed to slither into his pack’s communal sleeping caves.

But Jeongin loves his new life, he loves his new friends—his new family—more than anything. They took him in when no one else would, they comforted him when he needed it the most. He feels safe with them, and loved.

But he isn't happy. Not completely, at least.

And it's his own fault. His own doing.
“Hey, hows our little pup today?” The now familiar lilt of Woojin's voice roused Jeongin from where he was confusedly staring at the tv remote on the living room sofa. Chan gave him a detailed tutorial on how to use the television—or the “magic cube”, as Jeongin calls it—but the mind numbing combination of buttons on the device still makes his head spin. At the addition of Woojin's comforting timbre, Jeongin instantly threw the remote onto the far side of the cushion; luckily he tore his focus off the multitude of foreign buttons before he gave himself another splitting headache.

The nature spirit had taken an almost immediate liking to the young werewolf, igniting a heated affection in his heart the first night he and Chan saved Jeongin from certain death at the hands of the hunter. Woojin wants nothing more than for Jeongin to leave the terror of his final moments in the woods behind, and take the first steps into unhindered happiness in his new life.

Which, he realizes, is easier said than done.

“I'm ok, Woojin hyung.” Jeongin observed with a small smile; it didn't reach his eyes. It never does. The nature spirit plopped onto the sofa with the wolf boy, instantly wrapping an arm around his shoulder to press him firmly against his side. The same delicate, rosy blush tinted Jeongin’s face, slinking across his button nose to paint his sharp cheekbones. He unconsciously nuzzled into Woojin's chest, averting his eyes to some far off corner of the living room.

Woojin met him with an unreadable gaze in response to his simple answer, seemingly privy to the fact that Jeongin really, truly, isn't very ok at all.

Woojin reads Jeongin like a children's book, sees past his facades of normality like second nature. Woojin reminds Jeongin of his mother, the beta of his pack. She could sense any minute shifts in Jeongin’s personality as well. They both have the same refined maturity and graceful elegance about them, and the same honeyed tone to their words; like each syllable is drenched in thick caramel.

And like his now deceased mother, Woojin refers to Jeongin as “pup”. Woojin didn't know that. Still doesn’t. Jeongin has no intentions of ever telling him.

Woojin decidedly said nothing in regards to Jeongin’s little white lie, choosing instead to wordlessly rub soothing circles in the tight muscles of his shoulder. Jeongin’s muscles are always
painfully taut, despite sleeping on a marshmallow-soft bed for the first time in his life. It's a welcome change from the unforgiving granite of the stone caves he used to call his “bed”, but the inner turmoil boiling inside his head refuses to let his flesh fully relax into his newly acquired mattress.

“Jeongin, what's your favorite kind of flower?” Woojin suddenly broke the amicable silence, staring at Jeongin through his fringe of silky black hair. The nature spirit’s eyes are sparkling, shimmering like each iris held enough stars to put the Milky Way to shame.

Jeongin couldn't help being taken aback by the seemingly random query. His favorite type of flower? He never gave it much thought admittedly, despite living the majority of his life in the bowels of the verdant woods. He can't imagine why Woojin would ask him such a thing, out of the blue. But it was a welcome distraction, so he jumped at the proposition of focusing his mind on something else—besides the despair wedged firmly in his heart.

He racked his brain, before finally deciding on a species of flora he would be proud to call his favorite.

“I like lilies. White lilies.” Jeongin announced, his sharp eyes flitting up to meet Woojin’s, as a sensation of mysterious pride pounded in his heart. Lilies are nice. They're pretty, and elegant. They were his mother’s favorite.

Woojin nodded, seemingly accepting his answer as a smile pulled onto his lips.

“Close your eyes for a minute, pup.” Woojin softly directed Jeongin, the werewolf's brows furrowing in confusion before complying. Woojin silently removed his arm from where it was snaked around Jeongin’s shoulder, and he couldn't stop the pang in his heart at the loss of contact.

He mindlessly twiddled his thumbs, eyes screwed tightly shut as he patiently awaited Woojin's next instructions. He listened closely for any telling sounds as to what could possibly be happening before his closed eyes, but pin-drop silence greeted him.

“Ok, open your eyes, Jeongin.” His shoulders jumped when Woojin finally spoke again, after what felt like an eternity of Jeongin stiffly sat on the sofa with his eyes squeezed closed.

He cracked his eyes open; white flooded his vision. At first from the light pouring into his line of sight, and then because of what Woojin is now holding in his hands.
A gorgeous, alabaster lily. A single flower is clasped gently in his hand, which he now extended out to Jeongin with an expectant grin.

A small gasp escaped Jeongin’s lips, as his heart quaked with tangible emotion. He reached a hand out, gently grasping the vibrant green stem of the lily between his fingers. He can't imagine how Woojin created the large flower seemingly out of thin air; but being a nature spirit, Jeongin assumes it's a part of his (nonexistent) job description to be able to create any variety of flora with little effort.

Its pure white petals are beautifully unfurled, curling to reveal a splash of pale yellow within the heart of the flower, speckled with flecks of auburn. Little brown buds on equally minuscule stalks bobbed with each movement in Jeongin’s hands, as if greeting him personally with a wave.

It's beautiful. It's perfect.

A smile burst onto his lips—wide, lopsided, and almost painfully genuine. It's a smile that is free of sadness, free from agony. It's a smile of joy; the first of which Woojin has ever seen in the 3 months since knowing Jeongin.

“It’s lovely, thank you so much hyung!” Jeongin exclaimed, pressing the delicate flower to his chest, yet gently enough so as not to crush the petals against his flesh.

Woojin matched his grin, shooting off golden sparks in his already glittering eyes.

Jeongin felt it, in that very moment. Happiness. He's happy, the unmistakable fevered heat bubbling up to envelope his heart can mean nothing else.

Oh no. That certainly won't do.

His unabashedly wide smile faltered, twitched and shrunk until only a diminutive grin managed to upturn his lips. The bright gloss of elation blanketing his eyes morphed into a candy coating of barely restrained grief. He forced a hundred pound swallow down his throat, unconsciously taking his bottom lip in his teeth and worrying the flesh.
He squashed the kindled happiness from his heart, stamping it out like one would a rogue match that refused to suffocate.

Woojin just continued to look at him, a glint of pained understanding shooting across his chestnut eyes like a meteor shower.

His family is dead, and he was sitting there with a lily in his hands, and happiness in his heart.

His entire pack was wiped off the face of the earth, and the only reason he wasn't was because he was too weak to be killed by the hunter along with the rest. He doesn't deserve the minute of joy elicited by Woojin's gesture.

How dare he be so selfish.

He won't allow that.

That certainly won't do.

Chan shouldn't have been surprised by the soft round of knocking against his and Woojin's shared bedroom. He shouldn't have been surprised to see the figure of a clearly terrified Jeongin stood stiffly in the threshold, a barely contained line of tears flooding his waterline and an unmissable tremor in his jerking movements.

He shouldn't be surprised by the thrumming of Jeongin’s speeding heart droning in his ears as the werewolf made his presence known to the couple.

And he wasn't; because it's thundering outside. And if there's one thing they learned about Jeongin since moving him in, it's that he hates thunderstorms.

“Jeonginnie? Is everything ok?” Chan instantly sat up from where he was idly sketching in one of
his myriad of drawing pads, worry now evident in his eyes. Woojin’s attention also immediately
erked up, shutting his novella without a second thought as he trained his gaze solely on Jeongin.

Chan had last seen Jeongin around an hour ago, when he and Woojin safely tucked him into bed. The werewolf can not—more like will not—go to bed until he has been adequately tucked in by both Woojin and Chan, and the couple have each placed a chaste peck on his forehead or cheek.

That has been their routine for the last 4 weeks, since Jeongin made the big step to begin sleeping in his own bedroom. For the first weeks after he moved in, Jeongin refused to sleep unless he was in Chan and Woojin's bed with them—snugly cuddled up between the couple like a sentient hot water bottle.

They explained to him that they already had a nice, cozy room all to himself already furnished, but the wolf boy wouldn't budge; all but throwing himself into their bed every night before wrapping his arms around their bodies like a little octopus. For the first month and a half, Jeongin never felt at ease unless he was virtually plastered against either the vampire or nature spirit.

Jeongin is friendly with the other coven members of course, but it's clear to see the attachment he has formed with the two who saved him that fateful night.

Yet it is obvious that Jeongin has still not fully opened up to the coven; Woojin and Chan included. He still wears a mask, despite Chan’s numerous attempts to coax the werewolf from his carefully constructed shell. He won't give up, he knows Jeongin just needs time—time to adjust to his new surroundings, but more importantly, time to heal.

Although, Chan is beginning to fear that might not be possible.

The rain wasn't as bad an hour ago when the couple began their usual nighttime procedure with the wolf boy, and Jeongin fervently implored Chan that he would be ok sleeping alone during the minor storm. Like clockwork, Chan left a soft kiss on Jeongin’s cheek, covered him to his neck with his plush comforter, before finally checking under his bed and in his closet for monsters.

Chan has a sneaking suspicion he knows exactly what beasts Jeongin fears are lurking in the darkness of his room—and he can't blame the werewolf for begging him to confirm the safety of his bedroom’s recessed corners.

But since their last meeting the storm has picked up steam, and screams of thunder roared from the
heavens every few minutes, jagged flashes of lightning leaving glowing claw marks across the navy sky. Sheets of rain pelted the glass window panes, sounding suspiciously like the hundred-mile an hour patter of Jeongin’s heartbeat.

“H-hyung, I-I know I s-said I could sleep alone tonight, b-but—” Jeongin stammered, tripping over each word that managed to push past the blockage in his throat.

“It’s ok little pup, come sleep with us.” Woojin nipped the werewolf’s rambling in the proverbial bud, a sympathetic smile growing on his lips as he patted the sliver of space between Chan and his body beneath the covers. The vampire mimicked his boyfriend’s comforting grin, his set of dimples greeting Jeongin as he shifted to make room for the werewolf.

Jeongin didn't need to be told twice.

With a shaky nod of his head, Jeongin softly shut the bedroom door, before clambering into the already crowded bed. He dived under the covers, snuggling up against Chan like the vampire is a life raft and he's swallowing nothing but sea water.

Another 30 seconds later, a deafening clap of thunder shook the house, with enough force to make the very bed they're cuddled in reverberate. Although, Chan isn't sure if the shaking is truly a byproduct of the thunder, or rather the quivering of Jeongin’s own body.

A terrified yelp escaped Jeongin’s lips, squeezing his eyes shut as he buried his head into Chan’s side. His hands desperately clutched at Chan’s shirt, white-knuckke gripping the fabric as spasming breaths tumbled from his lungs.

“It's ok, sweetheart, we’re here. Everything's gonna be ok.” Chan tried to placate the horrified wolf boy as best he could, but helplessness was starting to creep into his racing mind at the sight of tears streaming from Jeongin’s tightly shut eyes.

He stroked the skin of Jeongin’s shoulders, as Woojin carded his hand through Jeongin’s head of chocolate brown locks.

Another round of thunder bellowed outside their window, and Jeongin physically fliched, clawing closer to Chan like he wanted to nestle himself beneath the vampire’s own skin.
“‘M so s-scared.” Jeongin mumbled into the skin of Chan’s neck, words muffled and broken beyond recognition by the whimpers escaping his lips. The statement didn’t need to be said—his unadulterated terror is beyond apparent. Chan felt white-hot tears drip onto his flesh, and he swears they seared his flesh like poison.

“We know, Jeongin, but we're here to protect you.” Woojin whispered into Jeongin’s ear as he continued to leave feathersoft strokes through his mop of dark hair; becoming increasingly damp from the dewdrops of sweat pricking above his brows.

Chan thought Jeongin just didn't like thunder because it's loud, and scary, and threatening. He thought it might just be a werewolf thing; dogs are known to hate thunder, so maybe werewolves as the same?

But as Jeongin whimpered, and began to sob into the crook of Chan’s neck, Chan realized why Jeongin hates thunder.

With a sickening twist of his stomach, he realized what the thunder must sound like to the poor wolf boy:

Gunshots.

Each boom of thunder must remind Jeongin of each equally deafening explosions of the silver bullets that systematically killed his pack.

Chan’s gaze shot up from where he was trying to soothe Jeongin, to meet Woojin. His boyfriend’s eyes filled to the brim with palpable distress.

Chan officially feels beyond helpless, and if the anguished look in Woojin's eyes means anything, he feels the same.

It wasn't even another minute before another bout of thunder roared down from the storm clouds, forcing a choked gasp from Jeongin’s throat, sounding horribly wet and cracked from the endless sobs racking his body.

“Jeongin, listen to me,” Chan spoke as evenly, and steadily as he could manage, “you're safe here. We’ll make sure nothing bad ever happens to you. I know it's hard right now, but you'll be happy, I
The words carried more conviction than Chan has expected from himself—and perhaps more than Jeongin expected as well, going by the way the werewolf’s tear-stained eyes snapped open and found Chan’s like a magnet.

“I-I won’t. I won't be happy, I won't let it happen.” Jeongin gritted out, punctuating the assertion with the audible gulp of pushing a pad of silva down his tight throat.

“What on earth are you talking about, Jeonginnie? Of course you'll be happy! It may take some time for the past to heal, but—” Woojin now took the reins of attempting to quell the werewolf's agony, yet he was suddenly cut off by a familiar, broken voice.

“N-no! I can't. I can't allow myself to be happy, when my whole family is dead! I c-can't, I have to be sad o-or I'm a terrible person.” Jeongin sobbed, shoveling his burning cheeks flush against the chilled flesh of Chan’s neck.

You could almost feel the way the breath froze in Chan and Woojin’s lungs at his admission. It was like a button was pressed, and everything just stopped; the only sound permeating the stifling silence being the droning of the raindrops mingling with Jeongin’s fragmented wails.

After what felt like years of the couple sharing a dazed, thousand-yard stare, Chan managed to jumpstart his brain.

“J-Keongin...that's ridiculous, sweetheart. I understand you went through enough sorrow for one hundred people, and at such a young age—but that doesn't mean that you're not allowed to feel happiness.” Chan forced past the lump now choking him from the inside out, willing away his own line of tears from where they rushed onto his waterlines.

Woojin restarted his consistent pets through Jeongin’s silken tresses, nodding in agreement despite the werewolf’s face still pressed against Chan’s skin.

“You’re allowed happiness, Jeongin. You've been through so much, you deserve to feel every ounce of happiness possible.” Woojin began to speak again, bending forward to leave a kiss on the crown of Jeongin’s head.
The werewolf melted in the wake of the kiss, his desperate grasp of Chan’s shirt lessening to a gentle clutch as his perpetually taut muscles began to marginally loosen.

“Your pack would want you to experience the happiness you deserve, pup.” Woojin continued, leveling Chan with a loving glance as he spoke softly into the late-night air. Jeongin’s breath audibly hitched at that, before a final tear slid down his cheek. He’s right. They wouldn’t want him to live out the rest of his life in self-imposed despair, they’d want him to live life to the fullest and *enjoy* the time he was given.

He's the last of his pack—it's the least he could do for them, to live a life of love and joy they were not allowed to finish.

The vampire matched his boyfriend’s enamoured expression, fireworks of pure adoration shooting off into his jade eyes as he sent the nature spirit a grateful smile.

“Thank you, hyungs.” Jeongin muttered, words slurred by the residual wavering in his voice. He wiggled beneath the covers and out of Chan’s hold, ultimately laying on his back and knitting one hand with Chan’s, and the other with Woojin.

“We love you, Jeongin.” Chan whispered, leaving an umpteenth peck on Jeongin’s damp, tear-streaked cheek. The skin is still flushed with fevered heat, coated with a salty tack from his wash of tears. But now his eyes are dry—albeit red and puffy, but the tears have ceased, and that's all Chan could’ve asked for.

Jeongin felt it; the telltale tingle of happiness tickling his insides, rising through his core to wrap his heart in comforting warmth. He embraced it, he let it relax him from the inside out and relish in it’s once familiar euphoric tingle that began to blanket his skin.

He didn't chase the emotion out of his mind at its first sign, didn't snuff out the sparks of joy that flew about his chest like one would blow out a candle. He let it wrap its velvety hands around his body, and he melted into it.

He's happy.

For the first time since losing his pack, Jeongin can fully, totally, *proudly* admit that he's happy.
“I love you guys, too.” Jeongin mumbled through his child-like grin, cuddling up between Chan and Woojin once again as sleep began to prickle at his eyes.

The rain is thankfully beginning to let up, the torrential deluge reduced to a mere drizzle that inconsistently drummed against the window. The thunder has bid them farewell, as their resident storm clouds slunk away to another distant town.

Jeongin squeezed his hands; clasping one of Chan’s and one of Woojin’s. They squeezed back, just as tightly.

Jeongin fell asleep with a smile on his face, and their hands intertwined. And, of course, with happiness staining his heart.

Jeongin’s pack may have been untimely snatched from him, but that doesn't mean Jeongin is alone.

He's loved, and protected in his new home, with his new best friends. With his new family.

He used to think referring to the coven as his “family” would leave a bitter taste on his tongue, would make his stomach churn and threaten to retch its contents in response. But in fact, it elicited the opposite reaction; thinking of them as his family made incomparable sweetness coat his lips, made honey seep into his flesh and tufts of clouds cushion the spaces between his ribs.

He allowed himself to relax into the mattress, his consistently tight flesh finally succumbing to the plush bed. It's nice, and soft. Much nicer than his old abode in the wooded caves.

He could get used to this, he thinks with certainty.

Jeongin has found a new family. A new pack.

And he will be happy.
this has nothing to do w the chap but chAN IS BLONDE AGAIN CHAN IS BLONDE AGAIN THIS IS NOT A DRILL HES FUCKIGN CRISPY AGAIN HES B LO NDE THANK U LORD It’s only been like 8 months since we got dark!chan i cannot Believe he went and Did It Again...im a blonde chan elitist so my pea brain still cant process this but i am so happy

and today is one month since unlock nyc and i am: Sad™ I miss my funky little bois...

also um,,i crave validation so um...u should read these two fics of mine.....n kudo...haha jk! unless.....?

link 1 link 2
Autumn Leaves

Chapter Summary

Love you my brother, I’ve got brothers.

I discovered emotions, I became me.

So I’m me,

Now I’m me.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jeongin stared at his hands; numb and mindless. He's sitting in his bed, detached gaze trained on how his large hands rest against the understated print of his thick comforter.

He doesn't know what he's doing. Doesn't know what he should be doing right now. He's not completely accustomed to his new bedroom, and its contents—to put it lightly. His eyes flitted to the black rectangle on his...what's that wooden thing called again? Oh right, a table.

The matte black box has bright, ever changing numbers on it; apparently it's called a clock, and that's how humans tell time. He finds the item utterly unnecessary, as he grew up telling the time through the varying positions of the sun in the sky. But right now he can't tear his eyes away from it, dazedly staring as the minutes ticked by before him.

3:28 p.m.

3:33 p.m.

3:39 p.m.

Chan and Woojin said they'd be back by 4:30—he doesn't have much longer until they return, thankfully. He begged the vampire and nature spirit to allow him to accompany them on their errands, but they insisted Jeongin stay home and rest. A residual flush of embarrassed heat still tinged his cheeks, a leftover from his borderline hysterical fit at the proposition of the couple
leaving him behind.

He tried to be mature, and calm in the face of his worst nightmare come to fruition. But he couldn't stop tears from freely flowing as the two oldest coven members implored him to recuperate in bed, rather than tagging along with them.

He's such a baby. He can't even go one day without crying when Chan and Woojin leave him, even for only a few minutes. He wants to slap himself, wants to exacerbate the already ruby tint to his cheeks with a heavy smack against his flesh.

He doesn't want to burden the couple, but he can't help it. He has come to numb acceptance at the fact that he will probably, if right now is any indication, never feel completely safe unless he is with the vampire and nature spirit.

God, he's such a burden. It's times like these he wishes he was just slaughtered by the hunter like the rest of his pack. At least he wouldn't be feeling the molten guilt running in his veins from his earlier waterworks, at least then the incredibly kind couple wouldn't have to constantly worry about pleasing his overly fragile emotions.

His eyes flickered from the clock, over to his closet. Apparently that's where humans store their clothes, which like most of their “essentials”, seems thoroughly unnecessary to Jeongin. The door is left slightly ajar, allowing a sliver of inky darkness to greet him. He shivered, icy chills racing down his back.

Chan checks the tiny room for monsters every night; along with the small space between his bed frame and the wooden floor. He never finds any. Jeongin still fears they're there, that they're simply experts at evading the vampires prying eyes and they'll soon creep out of the darkness to shoot a single silver bullet between his rib cage.

Jeongin, safe to say, loathes sleeping alone.

When he still lived in the forest with his pack—when they were still alive—they would all sleep together in one big, loving pile. Sure, sometimes it smelled like wet dog and the heady aroma of water-soaked moss, but it was always warm, and safe and it was home.

but human boys his age sleep by themselves, in their own bedrooms. A room, with a bed. Without anyone else. It's pretty self explanatory; the simplicity doesn't make Jeongin despise it any less.
Jeongin misses the familiar caves he used to call home more than he can say, would give anything to take a brief whiff of that scent that would probably turn the stomach of any one else.

But it's gone, snatched from him just like his family members, reduced to nothing more than fleeting memories and perverse nightmares.

It's no surprise to learn the wolf boy spends more time sleeping snugly between Chan and Woojin than he does in his own dedicated bedroom. Sometimes, when a really disturbing night terror flashes behind his eyelids, he stays up until dawn whispering with Chan. As the vampire doesn't sleep, it's not like he has anything better to do.

They talk about everything and nothing, while making sure to keep their hushed voices inaudible to a softly snoring Woojin. Jeongin realizes, with a small electric jolt, that he should really thank Chan for keeping him company throughout the dismal night. He doesn't know what he would do otherwise to combat the nightmares that plague him.

The human world is so strange. Of course, Jeongin wasn't completely ignorant to the endless intricacies of city-living—he'd ventured into town with his mother once or twice, but that was only briefly to purchase clothes for the pack.

They've never bought human food or drink; it seemed perverted, and downright wrong to a werewolf to not live completely off the forest land you call home.

Jeongin thinks back to his first full night in the coven, and how he awkwardly sat at the dining room table while blankly staring at his first ever human dinner. He's used to raw berries and equally visceral deer meat, so he was quite taken aback by the cooked and heartily seasoned spread unfurled upon the table.

Chan looked at him expectantly, absentmindedly swirling a wine glass full of thick, ruby red blood. Jeongin swallowed air, on the cusp of choking on his saliva because he felt so damn out of place.

He tentatively grabbed the metal fork neatly placed beside his full plate; until he immediately recoil in agony. The utensil was made of silver. He should have known better. The skin of Jeongin’s palm instantly ignited with a painful rash of angry welts—his hand looked like it was doused in acid, just from a nanosecond of contact with the metal.
The other boys looked in horror as Jeongin unconsciously threw the fork off the table like it would strike him dead—which given anymore prolonged contact, it very well might have—clutching his stinging hand as tears began to prickle at his eyelashes.

Chan was up and back before you could blink, poised with antiseptic and a cold compress from their medicine cabinet. He easily cleaned and sterilized the reddened hives, before wrapping them in a tight protective layer of gauze.

Jeongin just stared helplessly; that was how he ruined the first of many dinners because of his wolffish attributes.

“I’m sorry, I’m not very hungry.” Jeongin whimpered to Chan, once the venomous burn coating his palm finally subsided. The vampire nodded in sympathetic understanding, and sent Jeongin to bed with a glass of warm milk and honey.

The next day Chan purchased three packets of every plastic utensil imaginable. Four days after that, he and Jeongin picked out some expertly carved bamboo knives and forks. Being from the heart of nature itself, it's no surprise Jeongin would be more inclined to soft wood rather than the uncanny shimmer of plastic.

Since that one unfortunate incident with the accursed silver fork, Jeongin has actually been enjoying their nightly dinners quite a bit. He loves talking with his fellow coven members, while happily munching on the delicious dinners prepared by Woojin and Chan. Cooked food is so much better than the gamey flavor of raw venison; the endless new tastes is one aspect of human society Jeongin will never complain about. He laughs at Jisung's dumb jokes, he listens intently when Minho complains about the local apothecary being out of a specific herb he needed for a potion. However, it's plain as day to see that Jeongin isn't fully comfortable with the other members yet.

His smile is tight, and apprehensive while talking with Changbin, despite his best efforts at forcing a facade of normal interaction. Jeongin can't really blame himself for being slightly intimidated by the reaper; most people are, at first at least, according to Chan. Just look past his appearance, Jeongin, is what Chan always implores the werewolf, at the display of him visibly shrinking into himself at the mere sight of Changbin. Jisung's childlike personality allows Jeongin to unconsciously let his guard down, and no one is truly able to resist the demon's goofy, exuberant personality—even someone as closed off as Jeongin.

But he knows things are only going to get progressively odder for him. Chan sat Jeongin down two days ago and explained to him that he's going to probably have to enroll in school. He's in his late teens after all, and he admittedly has no useful knowledge of how to get by in the human world. The concept of attending a human school made a tight knot of worry twist his stomach, but he knew the vampire was probably right. He's a member of human society now, and he can't imagine
he'll make it very far when his only practical knowledge to survive is how to skin and gut a doe in under five minutes.

*A necessary evil.* That's how Jeongin thinks of the proposition of stepping foot into a human school.

But he was found by the coven in the middle of the autumn semester, meaning he thankfully has ample time to acclimate before he's thrust into his first year of school. *Ever.*

His skin began to prickle with the unmistakable chill of goosebumps. He feels so cold, despite being fully enveloped in his thick comforter. He misses Chan and Woojin, he numbly realized with a heavy swallow. It's no surprise, as he finds himself craving their familiar embrace and comforting personalities after only a few minutes of absence.

He unconsciously tore his gaze away from the closet, and returned it to the neon numbers on his bedside clock. He spaced out for quite a bit there—but obviously not long enough.

3:48 p.m.

Soon. They'll be back soon enough, yet Jeongin is on the verge of counting every second until the clock strikes that magic number they promised to return by.

A shaking sigh fell from his lips, before wiggling his lithe body beneath the covers to alleviate some of the insulated heat that seemed to purposefully ignore his frigid flesh.

He was about to begin staring at the clock again, when he suddenly heard two voices outside his door.

“*We have to do something, Minho! We can't just leave the poor kid holed up in his room all day!*” Changbin whispered to the dark magician, his lips pulled in a frown. The two boys are awkwardly standing outside Jeongin’s shut door, valiantly keeping their hushed voices as undetectable as possible to the wolf boy inside the room.
“I know ‘Bin, but what can we do?! You saw how the little guy was hysterical when Chan and Woojin left, how can we possibly make him feel better?” Minho countered, a similar glint of helpless frustration shooting across his sharp eyes.

“Exactly! They won't be back for a bit, so we still have time to at least try to cheer him up!” Changbin easily retorted, clasping his dainty hands together as he implored the dark magician to give in. Give in to what, exactly? That's a question the boys themselves would love an answer to. The two are, admittedly, at a complete loss. They're certainly not as nurturing and comforting as Chan and Woojin, but they can't in good conscience leave Jeongin alone in his bedroom—especially after his more than distraught behavior at the other boys’ temporary departure.

They haven't had the most interaction with their newest coven member as of yet, as he is either silently isolated in his bedroom, or plastered at Chan or Woojin's side like he's surgically attached. But they care about the werewolf so much, even if their relationships haven't gotten off to the most...immediate start. But more importantly, they owe it to him to show they're always going to be there for him—even if he prefers the company of the eldest coven members.

They love him, and he's just gonna have to deal with that. Whether he likes it or not.

The young wolf boy seems to be in almost constant state of distress; now culminating in a bout of serious separation anxiety with Chan and Woojin. They can't blame the poor kid, of course.

Minho eventually grumbled in acceptance, despite a twist of worry still wringing out his tummy. He's...not very good at this. He's not the most adept at comforting those in pain, and his sarcastic wit and dry humor more often than not makes the person in question feel worse if anything. The last thing he wants to do is upset Jeongin more than the boy already is. Now Jisung. Jisung is very good at this. Why is the bubbly demon never around when he needs him?

As if sensing his apprehension, Changbin placed a hand on Minho’s shoulder, a small smile pulling onto his full lips. “You'll be great, Minho. Remember! It's the thought that counts.” he whispered, softly clapping Minho on the arm as if he's about to be sent off into a war zone. Changbin knows Minho too well; he was able to peer right into psyche, cognizant to his deepest fear with just a quick glance at the uneasy gloss over his eyes.

Minho tried to halt the embarrassed flush he felt rush onto his cheeks. He knows it's still there—if the knowing glimmer in Changbin’s eyes mean anything.
Yeah, the thought that counts. The thought that counts right now is that I better not traumatize the kid, Minho thought to himself with a gulp, unconsciously wringing his hands together.

It then hit the pair that they don't really...know what to do now. They're still outside Jeongin’s door, yet they might as well be petrified in place; neither of them could muster up the courage to turn the door knob. Neither of them could gather the guts to knock, let alone touch the cold metal knob.

“Well, um, I guess I should—” Changbin began to speak weakly, before he was suddenly cut off by the telltale squeak of the door knob turning. From the inside out.

The door opened a crack, revealing none other than Jeongin warily gazing at them from behind the slab of oak. He was barely visible through the sliver he opened the door, but it was sadly enough to see the damage dealt to the boy from the within. The wolf boy’s eyes are still vaguely reddened, and look almost sickeningly haggard for a boy his tender age. Mottled purple colored his under-eyes, like he has bruises tattooed on the skin. His pale pink lips are chapped and speckled with crusted blood from him nervously chewing on the flesh. He looks like he's been through Hell and back. And if you asked him, Changbin is sure he'd say he has.

“O-oh, Jeongin!” Changbin eagerly exclaimed, trying (and failing) to appear as casual as ever—not like they've been cowardly frozen outside his door for the past 15 minutes.

“Hi...uh...I heard you guys outside.” Jeongin mumbled, absentmindedly fiddling with his chocolate brown locks as he spoke.

Is it bad Minho felt his blood turn to rivers of ice in his veins at that simple statement? It's probably...not great. Already off to a good start.

“Y-you did?! How!” Changbin couldn't stop himself from whining, exaggeratingly stomping his foot like a child in time-out. His babyish actions drew a tiny smile from Jeongin—it briefly flickered onto his pallid lips before fading, but it was there all the same.

The werewolf shrugged, his unfathomably dark eyes softening. “Werewolves have very good hearing.” He mused, another diminutive smile upturning his lips.

“Plus, you guys are kinda loud.” He continued with a mischievous snicker, a newfound sly gleam twinkling in his eyes. Changbin likes that glint of playfulness, despite the sheepish blush it painted
across his own cheeks. He wants to see more of it, rather than the gloss of sorrow that otherwise coats his eyes.

He'll gladly deal with the blows dealt to his ego.

Changbin and Minho still scoffed in unison, throwing scandalized hands to their chests in mock offense. To their immense relief, more streams of airy giggles escaped Jeongin’s lips. So all they need to do is act like idiots to make Jeongin laugh? Easy enough—that's their constant state of being anyways.

“*Well*, we were just wondering if we could hang with you for a little, if you're ok with that? Until Chan and Woojin come back?” Minho took it upon himself to pose the query as innocently as he could, to make it as clear as possible that it is completely Jeongin’s decision.

The werewolf seemed slightly taken aback at the sudden request, his eyes marginally widening before staring off to focus on where the walls met the wooden floor. It was now Jeongin’s turn to let a fevered tint color his cheeks, until his pale skin eventually looked as if it was kissed by summer cherries.

“S-sure, come in.”

Don’t be awkward. Don’t be weird. *At least not anymore than you already are,* Minho internally chanted like a mantra, as he and Changbin strolled in to plop onto Jeongin’s bed with him.

They sat on the edge of his mattress, while the wolf boy dove beneath the covers, propping himself up against the headboard as he leveled them with an unreadable glance.

“So, Jeonginnie, how’s it going?” Changbin—thank god —posed first, leaving Minho to force away the bundle of nerves that buzzed in his core as best he could.

The werewolf silently considered the innocent question.
“I’m fine.” He decided on. Minho and Changbin, however, know that is as far from the truth as saying the sky is orange.

Jeongin isn't fine.

But they won't press the subject; content to wordlessly nod, as their lips upturned in the most non-threatening smiles possible.

Minho and Changbin tried to keep the silence that followed as amiable as they could. But that was a tall order, given how Jeongin is virtually shrinking in on himself with every passing second.

The poor kid looks so uncomfortable, his large hands nervously picked at loose threads on the edge of his duvet, while his sharp eyes are focused solely on anything besides the two other boys on his bed. Minho wants nothing more than to make him smile again. He worried his bottom lip between his teeth, as he sent Changbin a helpless glance that translated as “this is really bad, and I would love for this blanket to swallow me whole right now.”

Changbin seems to have understood the pensive glaze over Minho's eyes, as he sent him a sympathetic, albeit tight lipped, smile.

Minho has to do something, has to say something. But he just doesn't know what, and it's beyond frustrating. He just wants to make things better, but he doesn't know how to do such a seemingly simple thing.

But then a realization burst into his mind. A revelation, of sorts.

It could be a risky thing to say, but why didn't he think of this sooner?

He sucked in a sharp inhale in preparation. Here goes nothing.

“Y’know, Jeongin,” Minho began, reaching forward to clasp one of Jeongin’s hands in his own—effectively jolting the wolf boy from his anxious picking at the fabric of his comforter.

Jeongin tensed at the sudden contact, his lips parting in surprise as his eyes snapped up in rapt
“Me and Changbin both lost our families as well.” Minho stated, with almost painful simplicity. He might as well have just told Jeongin this week’s weather forecast.

Changbin’s eyebrows raised right up to his fringe of thick black hair in response, before forcing the shock off his expression in one fluid change. He met Minho with a nod of affirmation; this is good. This is what they need to break the otherwise impossibly thick ice.

Jeongin’s pale pink lips officially hung open at that observation, his eyes bulging out of his head as they rapidly darted between the two boys sitting before him.

“Y-you did?!” The wolf boy choked past the hundred bound blockage in his throat.

Minho nodded in confirmation, his dark eyes glittering like every square inch of his irises are bejeweled.

Truth be told, things are never that simple. Behind the straightforward affirmation lies unfathomable layers of complicated nuances. Things are never so simple; especially when the supernatural is involved.

Changbin can only assume most, if not all, of his family are still alive and well in some unknown corner of the country. But they’ve been wiped clean from his brain, completely wrenched from his memories along with any other remnants from his human life. He could have walked past his childhood home on an idle stroll, and never even been the wiser. As far as the reaper is concerned, he is an orphan.

Minho’s situation is vaguely similar, albeit with a less prevailing theme of death. Minho’s mother is certainly still kicking about in the realm of the living; like he gives two shits. He hasn’t seen her since the day she threw him out of their house without so much as a sympathetic glance spared to him. He doesn’t remember the last time he saw her, and he plans to keep it that way. His mother is beyond dead to him, so for all intents and purposes, Minho is also an orphan.

But they found their family, with the coven. And the boys can only wish on a falling star that Jeongin will eventually let himself be found as well.
“That’s right. Of course they were under totally different circumstances than you, but both me and Changbin have no biological families of our own anymore.” Despite the horrifying contents of his words, each syllable sounded drenched in saccharine clover honey.

Jeongin just sat there, visibly dumbstruck. Minho wouldn't be surprised if reams of drool started to pour from his lips, with how his mouth is still hanging open in his stunned stupor. You could virtually see the gears frantically turning behind Jeongin’s dazed eyes; his synapses working overtime to try to piece together the puzzle rapidly taking shape before him.

Minho wouldn't be surprised if steam started to escape Jeongin’s reddened ears, from the sheer force of his reeling thoughts battering his skull. The poor kid looks more like a glitching computer program than anything else right about now.

_Error 404: Jeongin has stopped working. Please turn him off and on again to resolve the issue._

It was now Changbin’s turn to nod in agreement, meeting Jeongin with a palpably understanding smile.

“We know what you’re going through, we know how hard it is to lose the only family you had.” Changbin mumbled, words vaguely muffled by his thick lips.

Jeongin continued to sit in silence, eyes and mouth agape in tandem. He looks like he wants to speak, but nothing passes his lips. If Changbin squints, we swore he saw a wash of tears rush onto his waterline. Thankfully he was able to tear his eyes away before the sight could draw waterworks from the usually stoic reaper himself.

He's gotta keep up appearances _somehow._

“So we can truly say we know how awful things are now, but we _promise_ it will get better. You know what they say, ‘time heals all wounds’, dumb shit like that—ow!” Changbin casually continued, until the loud _smack_ of Minho slapping his shoulder echoed through the room, eliciting a yelp from the reaper.

“No cursing in front of the baby!” Minho hissed, pointing an accusatory finger in Changbin’s face. The reaper shrunk under his friend’s piercing stare, muttering a sloppy “sorry, sorry!” as he sheepishly rubbed at the back of his neck.
Minho was about to restart his (hopefully) comforting tirade, when a new sound halted any and all words from escaping his mouth.

Laughter.

Jeongin is doubled over in laughter, clutching at his sides as bouts of the melodic chuckles continually fell from his lips. A grin, uninhibited and dazzling stretched across his features; he brought a dainty finger up to wipe a stray tear from the corner of his eye.

Oh god. They broke him.

Good job Minho.

“Jeongin? Are you ok?” Minho took the liberty of asking, partly because he started this mess, and partly because Changbin is still nursing the stinging slap reverberating through his arm.

“O-oh, yeah! You guys are hilarious!” Jeongin happily exclaimed, throwing his head back in pure elation. “We should hang like this more often!” He tacked on the back end of his cackle-stricken observation, joy brimming at each individual word.

Despite sounding as dulcet and harmonious as clattering wind chimes, Jeongin’s streams of laughter sound a tad manic, and if Minho didn't know any better, more than slightly deranged. But perhaps his wild giggles are the byproduct of Jeongin finally releasing his residual inhibitions around the two other boys. Minho will take it as that, until proven otherwise.

At certain points Minho could hardly tell the difference between the peaks of Jeongin’s laughter, and the choked sobs he’s so often heard the wolf boy wail through all hours of the night.

Then Jeongin’s sentiment truly struck the pairs’ collective consciousness, and Changbin and Minho could only stare at each other; blank, and wide-eyed. Oh .

Guess they didn't break the kid after all.

Jeongin didn't explicitly call attention to the fact that they're all—despite supernatural technicalities
orphans. Perhaps his unabashed laughter is his way of acknowledging their shared past, the horrors that have permeated through all of their drastically distinct lives.

*Welcome to the club;* that's what his free laughter seemed to say to Minho.

Matching satisfied smiles burst onto their lips, shooting off euphoric sparklers in their eyes. They wanted to high-five each other on a job well done, but that might be a little off putting, given the current situation. So they chose to eagerly nod in response, as Minho lovingly ruffled Jeongin’s shiny brown tresses.

“Of course, Jeonginnie! You know where to find us.” He spoke with tangible adoration through his voice. Jeongin didn't squirm, or recoil under his touch. Instead, he leaned in, pressing his hand over Minho’s to elongate the contact.

*Jeongin likes physical affection, it helps calm him down.*

Minho now acutely remembers Chan’s set of directions on how to properly tend to Jeongin while they were out, the vampire’s velvety timbre resounding in his ears as an echoed whisper.

The dark magician scooted forward on the bed, ignoring how the comforter awkwardly bunched around his knees, to continue to card his fingers through Jeongin’s hair. The wolf boy keened into the increased touch, nuzzling up into the skin of Minho's palm like his hand belonged there. The remnant grains of stress visibly thawed from Jeongin, his eyes softly closing as he let himself melt under the comforting pets.

*He really is like a little puppy,* Minho blissfully mused to himself, his eyes alight with brotherly affection.

Changbin looked like he was about to speak, when the unmistakable thud of the front door closing roused their collective attention. Jeongin perked up, but still kept Minho’s hand buried in his thick locks.

“Oh, looks like Chan and Woojin are back!” The reaper happily announced, already preparing himself for Jeongin to subtly usher them away to make room for the couple he missed so dearly.

Changbin could only pray the hard gulp he pushed down his throat wasn't noticeable. Could only
hope the flash of sadness to gloss his eyes wasn't as apparent as it felt.

Jeongin seemed to consider the metallic clank of the front door locking on the first floor, followed by two voices calling “Jeongin, we’re home!” up the stairs in unison.

His gaze is unreadable, his once goofy smile now pressed to a firm line.

Jeongin’s eyes unconsciously looked to his bedside clock; the neon green numbers stating 4:34 p.m.

_That wait wasn’t so bad_, Jeongin airily thought to himself. In fact, he found himself totally content if Chan and Woojin took another hour to return home.

After a few seconds of silent contemplation, his lips started to stretch into another startlingly mischievous grin.

Jeongin shrugged in feigned innocence while removing the dark magician’s fingers from his hair—now clasping Minho’s hand in his and lacing their fingers, before doing the same to Changbin’s.

“I'll go see them later. I wanna spend more time with you guys.” He stated, as if the answer should have been beyond obvious.

Happiness, warmer and brighter than the summer sun shined onto Minho’s heart, making heat rise up from his core like a fuzzy blanket.

He tightened his grip on Jeongin’s hand, Changbin lightly squeezing as well.

He shared another look with Changbin; the look in their shimmering eyes is unmistakable—mission accomplished.

_Progress._

This is progress.
also u know the drill,,,if ur bored perhaps read my new woochan ;)) and kudo perhaps ;)) and comment perhaps ;)) i hatw myself

in other news next week is...well...quite possibly the saddest chapter in this entire fic. so get ur tissues ready! and ur pitchforks! cuz ur gonna hate me :)
When our bodies wash ashore

Chapter Summary

As I am keeping my silence,
I’ve let everyone go.
A siren rings in my head,
I really don’t think this is right.
Why am I alone?
I’m all alone, I need someone.
I need someone right now,
I need someone right now.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The heady scent of salt water and chlorine hit Hyunjin like a brick wall, as soon as he and Seungmin stepped foot inside the aquarium. It's surprisingly empty for a summer weekday, with no kindergarten troops or camp field trip clans to be seen; the large oceanic halls filled only with a few families and employees. And Hyunjin and Seungmin, of course.

The two are hand in hand as they enter the galleries of living color, the cavernous rooms bathed in a pastel blue light from the multitude of display tanks.

The aquarium itself is themed like the mythological city of Atlantis, with grandiose carved pillars and mock ancient artifacts from the nonexistent civilization. Even the logo is of Poseidon himself; trident in hand, muscular body ending in a lean tail with a split fin.

Just briefly glancing at the faceless caricature of his kin made a tight knot twist into Hyunjin's stomach. Not like it hasn't been there already. The sickening churning started last night, when Seungmin excitedly suggested they make a trip to the aquarium their first official date.

“It'll be so fun! Since you're from the ocean and all!” Seungmin eagerly exclaimed while he and
Hyunjin were having their nightly cuddle session before bed, his lips beaming with an expectant grin.

Hyunjin tried to keep his once relaxed expression as even as possible. He wanted to protest, or more so to just suggest literally anywhere else they could go on their date, but then he met Seungmin’s sparkling eyes; wide with love and alight with warmth. And he broke, all desires to persuade the angel to instead choose a walk in the park thrown out the window.

He can never say no to those eyes, to those pink lips that always pulled into the most heart warming smile. He can't say no to Seungmin. The angel means more to him than the entire world, and he can deal with the slight discomfort the aquarium brings him if it means Seungmin will be happy.

But the anxious churning in his tummy didn't stop, despite him trying to force it from his core with all his might. In fact, it merely persisted, like a mean itch you can't scratch. His stomach twisted violently on the short train ride over to the aquarium, his feet unconsciously trudged through the station as if trying to stall their inevitable arrival.

But they eventually made it. And here they are, Seungmin already excitedly tugging on their interlocked hands to pull Hyunjin over to a particularly large tank.

The siren plastered a smile onto his lips, but he knew the gesture didn't reach his eyes. It's tight, and on the verge of palpably uneasy. It's a far cry from the usual lopsided grins Hyunjin let's unabashedly stretch onto his lips.

Hyunjin doesn't like aquariums. Never has, probably never will. As someone who spent the majority of their life watching sea creatures freely dance below the waves, he feels the queasy knot in his gut is warranted.

He grew up prancing and darting through schools of fish, the creatures trailing after him as if playing a game of marine tag. Seeing those same animals trapped behind a thick sheet of plexiglass makes his skin crawl.

Aquariums also remind him of his biggest fear in life. They remind him of what could have become of him, they remind him of how drastically different his existence could be.

Hyunjin's greatest fear is to become an aquarium exhibition, a sideshow attraction, a spectacle. He
couldn't help imagining himself cramped into one of the many tanks dotting the halls, majestic tale scrunched and bent against the glass.

Every day he thanks whatever higher power is looking after him for sending Chan his way that fateful day on the beach. It's thanks to him he's happy, he's alive, he's himself. And not a mythical creature used to overcharge the interested masses.

“Aren't they so pretty, ‘Jinnie?’” Seungmin absentmindedly asked, stroking the back of Hyunjin's hand with his thumb. If he notices the shift in Hyunjin's personality, he doesn't call attention to it.

Hyunjin shook his head back to reality, pushing a swallow down his throat. “Y-yeah, they're beautiful, Minnie.” he mumbled, words barely audible through his thick lips drawn into a firm line.

The fish swirling in the tank are undoubtedly gorgeous; a virtual living rainbow of undulating color. Fish painted every color of the rainbow gracefully soared through the crystal clear water, narrowly avoiding collisions with their fellow oceanic friends.

They're tropical, if the vibrant coloration throughout the tank means anything. Hyunjin didn't grow up around tropical fish, as sirens live out in the open ocean. He's more acquainted with pelagic sea life, like swordfish, huge tuna the size of battering rams, and even the occasional mako shark.

A small smile gently upturned his lips, his hard eyes softening as he became entranced on the sentient bursts of color darting about the tank. They remind him of home, of his old life below the crashing waves. But then something strange happened. Not strange, per say, but... unexpected.

A single fish, neon yellow and shaped like a modified diamond, swam right up to where Hyunjin is standing before the shining glass. It hovered in the water, black eyes staring directly at him. And then another fish joined that one, this one a rich magenta with a golden stripe on its tail.

And then another fish swam over to join the pair, and then another, and then another.

Within a few minutes, every fish within the tank is pressed up against the glass, right before Hyunjin. Some fought for a spot right in front of the siren, wiggling and nudging their rainbow cohorts for a place in Hyunjin's eyes.
Seungmin's lips fell open at the sight before them; the tank which once swarmed with a torrent of mindless movement is now perfectly still. The corals dotting the walls are empty, the recessed corners of the tank barren. Because every living creature in said tank is currently hovering in a Hyunjin-shaped formation at the glass barrier of the enclosure.

Their eyes, despite mostly black and glassy, seem trained in rapt attention on the siren. A small chuckle fell from Hyunjin's lips at the sight. They're sea creatures after all, just like Hyunjin.

Sea creatures recognize one of their own. Always.

“W-wha—” Seungmin stammered, blinking incredulously as his wide eyes flew from the crowd of fish staring at Hyunjin, to the boy himself. A far off, wistful glaze is blanketing his doe eyes, lips pulled into a melancholic smile.

Hyunjin lifted a hand, and pressed it to the glass. The fish jolted at the movement, before trying to swim even closer to the glass than previously. Some pressed their flat faces flush against the glass, valiantly trying to nuzzle right into Hyunjin's palm despite the glass separating them. With each attempt to bypass the wall of the tank and cuddle up into Hyunjin's hand, the poor fish were met with a dull bonk of their bodies hitting the glass.

“Hyunjin? What's happening?” Seungmin whispered, placing a gentle hand on his boyfriend’s shoulder. Hyunjin just hummed in response, his muscles melting under the familiar touch.

“They know what I am. Where I came from.” The siren mused, his large eyes reflecting the colony of fish still entranced by his presence. They glimmered like living, breathing jewels in his irises.

A smile played onto Sungmin's lips, the angel nodding sagely in turn. “Wanna move on?”

Hyunjin nodded in agreement, content with his interspecies moment with the fish. He wordlessly grasped the angel’s hand, a silent cue for him to lead the way.

The fish quickly dispersed back to their usual tornado of motion at Hyunjin's leave, their teenage-boy shaped outline dissolving into unreadable static motion.

They passed similar tanks, all filled with any and every ocean critter you could imagine. They
didn't linger at one tank for too long, but without fail every sea creature instantly swam up to press their snouts against the glass at Hyunjin's arrival. Like they knew him. Like he was an old friend. Like they missed him.

But then Hyunjin's idle attention flitted to an employee bending over a smaller tank; up to her shoulder in the water. She's holding the handle of a small net in her hand, trying to corral one of the uncooperative seahorses into the mesh basket.

The sight of the net made Hyunjin's heart plummet to his toes, threatening to careen right through the concrete beneath their feet. His eyes became hollow, his skin turned ghostly pale.

“Hyunjin? Are you ok?” Seungmin whispered, clearly taking notice of the siren's newly horrified expression.

The siren didn't answer, couldn't answer through the hundred pound blockage in his throat.

Seungmin gently shook Hyunjin's shoulder, to try and rouse him from the waking nightmare he suddenly seemed trapped in.

Hyunjin didn't move. He just stood there, eyes wide as memories he never wanted to relive flooded back to his mind like a tsunami.

He hates nets.

“Keep up Hyunjin! I swear, you're slower than a pregnant manatee today.” The older siren called back, to where Hyunjin was still trailing a few leagues behind.

“Sorry, Jinyoung. I’m exhausted, barely got any sleep last night.” Hyunjin murmmed, averting his gaze as he finally swam up his brother’s side. His older brother just rolled his eyes, as a smirk pulled onto his handsome features.
“And why is that, Mr. Hwang?” Jinyoung teasingly inquired, playfully quirking an eyebrow as he watched Hyunjin shrink under his knowing gaze.

“No reason... just couldn’t?” Hyunjin grumbled, rather unconvincingly. Of course, the real reason for his lack of sleep is because he spent too much time playing hide and seek with Daewhi in the kelp forest. The two friends played for hours, occasionally startling a stray grouper peacefully grazing amongst the towering stalks of kelp.

Jinyoung kept the knowing glimmer in his eyes, but chose to drop the subject there. He’s always known when to press Hyunjin, and when to lay off. Because Jinyoung knows him better than anyone in the entire sea.

Hyunjin's father was killed in a speedboat collision before he was born. His mother died from a spear fisherman's harpoon, succumbing to the gaping wound hours after the blade pierced her side. Despite being a child, Hyunjin will never forget the moment his mother died. She had one hand grasping Hyunjin's, and one laced with Jinyoung’s, as clouds of blood poured from her flesh.

_Take care of Hyunjin._ That's the last thing she said, with a final pointed glance at Jinyoung, before her hand went limp in Hyunjin's grasp. The siren still feels the hole left in his heart after that day, the shards of agony like constant thorns in his flesh.

Jinyoung is all he has left. And his brother made it his mission to keep Hyunjin safe, to spare him anymore heartbreak. For his mother's sake, and for his own.

His brother is starkly different than him, in almost every way imaginable. Jinyoung is reserved, and mature. He only speaks when he needs to, and when he does you _better_ listen. Hyunjin is the opposite; over excited barrages of nonsense is his prerogative. Hyunjin is bombardments of speech, goofy smiles and late night pranks pulled with his friends. He's everything Jinyoung isn't, and vice versa. Jinyoung is the moon, Hyunjin is the sun. They complement each other, like opposite shades on a color wheel. You can't have one without the other.

Even down to their tails: Jinyoung's is a delicate periwinkle shade, speckled with deep burgundy. His brother’s vibrant scales are a striking dichotomy to Hyunjin's simple black and white coloration. But he loves that about him, loves how Jinyoung is just utterly _himself_.

Jinyoung is Hyunjin's entire world. He loves his brother more than words can describe, and he knows the hefty burden placed upon his young shoulders all too well.
“Have you seen Kkami lately?” Jinyoung suddenly asked, effectively startling Hyunjin from his thoughts.

“Nope, not since the last visit.” Hyunjin remarked with a breath chuckle, his large eyes instantly finding Jinyoung’s. Kkami is a young, exuberant sea lion pup who seems to have taken quite a liking to Hyunjin. He likes to consider the small critter his “pet”, but it’s nigh impossible to keep one sea creature in one place for more than an hour or two at a time.

Yet Kkami still faithfully visits him a couple times a week when her pod forages in his territory, happily yipping and barking as she swims into Hyunjin's arms. While their playtime is few and far between, Hyunjin will always be happy to leave loving scratches on her bristly whiskered snout, or on the soft underbelly behind her flippers.

Jinyoung hummed in response, and the two continued on their way in comfortable silence. Until they both spotted a wriggling silver splotch in the near distance.

It's a large tuna, hopelessly ensnared in a commercial fishing net. A frown pulled onto Jinyoung's lips, as he immediately swam over to the thrashing fish.

“Poor thing…” Jinyoung muttered, his eyebrows knitting together as their eyes traveled to the ocean's surface; the hull of an imposing fishing vessel is bobbing amongst the waves, casting a threatening shadow under the sea.

“Jinyoung, don't—” Hyunjin tried to halt his brother, but it was too late. Jinyoung has already swam right into the middle of the flaccid net, hands deftly working at the strands binding the fish’s fins. The creature violently thrashed as Jinyoung attempted to pry its body from the twine of the net.

Jinyoung has always been so caring. Sometimes too much for his own good.

A knot of worry twisted into Hyunjin's gut, unconsciously wringing his hands together as he waited for his brother to just set the damn fish free and get out of the damn net.

Suddenly, the screeching sound of rusted chains activating sounded from the hull of the ship. It permeated leagues below the sea surface, like a scream. Hyunjin's heart froze dead in his chest.
“J-Jinyoung! Get out!” Hyunjin desperately shrieked to his brother, who was apparently too invested in saving the tuna to notice the telltale sounds of the rigging on the ship coming to life above the waves.

With a final rip of twine, Jinyoung managed to wrench the stunned tuna from its prison of rope. It immediately bolted, zooming as far away from the huge net as possible, without even a glassy-eyed glance spared to Jinyoung.

It’s over, he freed the stupid fish. If only things could be that disgustingly simple.

The net started to rise, closing before his horrified eyes. “Jinyoung!” Hyunjin screamed, swimming as fast as his fins could propel him up to the net.

The net already formed a barrier between him and his brother, encircling Jinyoung as it cinched closed. At the sight of the fishing net now trapping him, Jinyoung’s jaw flew open, his eyes mimicking Hyunjin’s as they started to shine with terror. His beautiful lilac tail appeared uncomfortably scrunched in the rapidly closing net, the lean appendage bending for relief against the increasingly tight quarters ensnaring him.

Sirens from his pod have gotten caught in human fishing nets before. None have ever returned. Whether they are killed by the roguish fishermen onboard the ships, or if their lives become destined for life on land is unknown. All Hyunjin knows is that they never come back.

“J-Jinyoung, n-no, no!” Hyunjin wailed, shoving a trembling hand through one of the many circular gaps in the net to grasp Jinyoung's own hand.

His heart felt like it was going to fly right out of his chest, with how fast it was pounding against his ribs. Only one thought managed to permeate to terror maiming Hyunjin's mind; can't lose him, I can't lose him too.

Jinyoung squeezed his hand through the other side of the net, pushing a hard gulp down his throat. With his free hand, he easily ripped off the necklace wrapped around his neck; the thin string of dark kelp attached with a serrated shark tooth.

As a coming of age ceremony, every siren ventures into the deep to wrench a single tooth from one
of the many sharks that dwell in the murky depths. It's a symbol of honor, and courage. Jinyoung's is from an Oceanic White Tip, one of the most dangerous species of shark to stalk the open seas.

And now Jinyoung is using that symbol of bravery to cut through the net trapping him. It's almost laughable, if Hyunjin wasn't experiencing the most intense fear he has ever perceived.

“Ji-Jinyoung p-please hurry.” Hyunjin whimpered, his plush lips twitching as panic ignited his senses. He realized, belatedly, that he is crying. Sobbing, even.

Siren tears are special; they glow, a ghostly blue. Whereas a siren on land cries tears as crystalline and translucent as any other human, their oceanic tears are streams of luminant, pale blue. Like the plumes of bioluminescent algae that bob through the sea.

“It'll be fine, Hyunjin. I just need to make a few more cuts and—” As if on cue, Jinyoung's placating words were halted in their tracks. By the same metallic clank of rolling chains.

The net started to ascend towards the surface, pulled by a squealing wench undoubtedly covered in the same rust as those godforsaken chains.

Hyunjin's tearstained eyes somehow widened even bigger, his lips falling open in a silent scream at the feeling of Jinyoung's hand getting forcefully wrenched from his.

“No! No, Jinyoung, please! Don't leave me too, you can't l-leave me too!” Hyunjin wailed, ghostly blue tears continuing to flow from his eyes. He desperately swam after the net, reaching a hand out to an equally horrified Jinyoung.

Jinyoung reached his hand out through the small hole he cut into the net, his fingers barely ghosting Hyunjin's. Just the millisecond of physical contact was enough to focus Hyunjin's frantic mind. “Hyunjin, go hide in the kelp forest. I'll find you later, I promise.” Jinyoung asserted, voice steady despite the agony glossing his eyes.

“No, I won't leave you. P-please don't leave me Jinyoung, y-you're all I have.” Hyunjin sobbed, clawing at the net to try and rip the meager hole open more; each time his fingers latched onto the twine, the chains would just drag it right out of his grasp.
“Hyunjin! Go. Now.” Jinyoung barked, his eyes hard as he stared directly into his brother’s terrified gaze. “I'll find you.”

*I'll find you.*

Those words echoed between hyunjin’s ears, etching each syllable into his reeling brain.

As if he wasn’t in control of his body, Hyunjin instantly turned and started to swim towards the kelp forest at speeds he didn't even know he possessed. He shouldn't have left Jinyoung. He could have helped, he could have saved him! Why did he leave Jinyoung?!

Because it's what his brother wanted. If he's going to die, Jinyoung at least wanted to spare Hyunjin from seeing it happen. The least Hyunjin can do is listen to him, for what may very well be the last time.

He forced his gaze behind him, his dazed eyes vaguely noticing Jinyoung still valiantly cutting through the net with his shark tooth pendant. The net is still slowly meandering towards the surface, and the hole is steadily growing larger.

Maybe they do have hope.

Hyunjin curled up in the safety of the kelp forest, pale blue tears still streaming from his heavy eyes. His chest is spasming with inconsistent heaves, his fists white knuckle gripping his shining raven locks.

*I'll find you.*

Hyunjin waited. Jinyoung never came back. He waited, and waited until he couldn't keep his eyes open anymore. Jinyoung never returned.

He fell asleep feeling like his heart was ripped from his chest. He fell asleep when the pain became too much and he couldn't bear consciousness any longer.
Even through his slumber, tears trickled from Hyunjin's softly shut eyes.

*I’ll find you.*

It replayed throughout his nightmares like a broken record. He's alone. Truly, completely, utterly alone.

He was taken from Hyunjin. Plucked from his life as if he were nothing more than a mere ghost. The most important person in his life is gone, forever.

Hyunjin hates nets.

“I’ll find you.” Hyunjin unconsciously whimpered, his vision still trained solely on the unassuming tank before them. Reality crashed over him like a tidal wave, as he blinked. He's not leagues under the open sea. He's not huddled in the kelp forest, sobbing his eyes out. He's back in the aquarium, where he was all along.

The seahorse finally gave in, allowing itself to be scooped up in the employee’s net.

Hyunjin's heart shattered in his chest, as he forced an audible gulp down his throat.

“Hyunjin?!” It's Seungmin. He sounds upset. Distraught, even. His sweet voice is horribly broken, and brimming with tangible worry.

“Hyunjin,” Seungmin called again, gently taking the siren in his arms and shaking him back to reality.

“Why are you crying?”

Chapter End Notes
:)
Sick of swimming (ready to stand)

Chapter Summary

Vincit Qui Patitur (He who perseveres conquers)

Happy birthday hyunjin!!!!!! You truly mean the entire world to me, and you never fail to keep me inspired and hopeful with your determination and work ethic! I love you more than words can say, my dramatic little ferret <3 have a wonderful day bc no one deserves it as much as u!

Chapter Notes

In honor of Hyunjin’s bday lets all ceremonially cry together!

I’ll start,

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why are you crying?” Seungmin whispered, his hands gently squeezing Hyunjin's shoulders.

Crying? When on earth did he start crying? Hyunjin reached a numb hand up to the skin of his cheek. Damp. His hand continued up, rubbing his eyes with the heel of his palm. Damp. His thick lashes soaked with thick reams of tears.

Of course he's crying. He is Hwang Hyunjin after all; he's more than known to wear his emotions as a badge of honor, succumbing to the fragility in his heart more often than most.

Hyunjin pushed a trembling sigh past his lips, willing the horrors of his past from where it flashed behind his eyelids with each blink. “I-I'm sorry, Seungmin.” He whimpered. “Can we please go home?” He sheepishly asked the angel, pitifully sniffling away the last rounds of liquified anguish that flowed from his eyes.

Seungmin's eyes are blanketed with a gloss of emotion, his own lips quivering as he leapt forward to engulf Hyunjin in a tight hug.
“Of course, Jinnie. I'm sorry, I shouldn't have made you come here.” The angel muttered into Hyunjin's ear, burying a hand in his shiny tresses. Seungmin has no idea as to why Hyunjin is so disturbed, but he can only assume the aquarium triggered some deeply ingrained revulsion within the siren.

Hyunjin never told anyone about what happened to his older brother. Not even his best friends know; not Jeongin, not Chan, and certainly not Seungmin. So now the poor angel is becoming just as distraught as his siren boyfriend, and he doesn't even know the reason behind his horror.

*Great job, Hyunjin. Now Seungmin is upset, as if you didn't already ruin this date nine ways to Sunday,* the siren angrily thought to himself, leaving a stinging smack against his subconscious for letting his emotions get the better of him once again.

His heart ached behind his ribs, and Hyunjin wouldn't mind if it would just cease beating right in his chest, to save him the agony of each pound.

They're still frozen in one of the multitude of winding halls of the aquarium, some of the colorful undersea residents staring at the couple from the safety of their tanks. A particularly plump pufferfish glanced at the boys from where it is idly bobbing in its enclosure, glassy eyes knowing, and vaguely judgemental.

“N-no, it’s my fault Minnie. I’m such a bad boyfriend, I didn't mean to ruin everyt—” Hyunjin started to let the broken words tumble messily from his lips, but the verging on incoherent babbling was stopped in its tracks by the familiar feeling of Seungmin's plush lips meeting his.

Hyunjin's breath hitched in his throat, electric tingles dancing on his skin as he unconsciously relaxed into the sudden kiss. It's exactly what he needed to halt his rambling stream of consciousness. *Seungmin* is exactly what he needed.

The angel pulled away mere seconds later, much to the siren’s dismay. He already missed his boyfriend’s lips against his.

“Hyunjin, you didn't ruin anything. You're allowed to be uncomfortable, and let those emotions show. I just wish you told me how you felt before we left today.” Seungmin asserted to the older boy, cupping his still cheeks in his hands. His mostly dried tears created a tacky film on the siren's silken skin, as if trying to keep the angel's hands stuck to his flesh.
Hyunjin melted into the familiar touch, his puffy eyes fluttering as his taut muscles mellowed beneath his golden skin. He brought his hands to Seungmin's waist, rubbing comforting circles on his dainty hips.

“I...I just didn't want to disappoint you.” Hyunjin grumbled, leaning his head against Seungmin's forehead.

Seungmin scoffed, barking out a hollow laugh as he nuzzled his chocolate tresses to mingle with Hyunjin's hair. “I'm more disappointed that you didn't tell me how you really felt about today.”

Hyunjin felt his heart shiver against his ribs, his skin pricking as white hot guilt seeped below his flesh. Seungmin is right. He should've been honest; they're dating now, after all. The angel means more to Hyunjin than words can describe, and the least he can do is be forthcoming with him about his innermost emotions, despite how hard he tries to suppress them.

“You're right, Minnie. I promise I'll be honest next time I feel uncomfortable with something.” Hyunjin whispered to the angel, pressing his lips to Seungmin's forehead in a chaste peck.

A smile, as loving and satisfied as it is relieved, bloomed on Seungmin's lips.

“I love you, Hyunjin.”

The siren's eyes threatened to spill a new round of fat tears, unconsciously tightening his grasp on the angel's petite waist as he willed away anymore waterworks.

“I love you too, Seungmin.”

“Jinyoung?” Hyunjin lightly called to his elder brother, rousing the older siren's previously occupied attention.
The two sirens are laying on the silken sand of the reef floor, backs nestled in the grains as they stared up at the undulating ocean surface. The full moon shimmered through the dancing waves, casting pillars of filtered light onto the ocean floor. The silver moonlight hit their relaxed tails, making each individual scale akin to freshly polished gems.

Jinyoung hummed in response, turning so his handsome features met Hyunjin's.

“Do you think I'll ever fall in love?” Hyunjin quietly asked into the softly flowing oceanic current. His large eyes harboring an implacable sparkle, his cheeks flushing a rich ruby.

Jinyoung choked on his laughter, immediately swallowing down the bouts of good natured giggles as he forced his expression back into one of even seriousness. “How would I know, ‘Jin? Do I look like some kind of matchmaker to you?” His older brother mused, a lazy smile stretching his lips.

The endless ocean unfurled before their eyes is devoid of any other creatures, save for a lone thresher shark meandering through a maze of undersea caves. The emptiness of the sea didn't help lessen the bashful heat Hyunjin felt blanket his body.

Hyunjin shrugged, the small movement forcing up some small plumes of sand. “Just asking, is all.” He grumbled, sheepishly.

Jinyoung snaked a strong arm around Hyunjin's shoulders, rubbing gentle circles in the skin of his upper arm. “You're amazing, ‘Jin. I'm sure you'll fall in love with someone equally amazing.”

Hyunjin's fevered blush only increased, feeling like his very cheeks were kissed by the molten sun. He snuggled up to his brother's side, relaxing as he counted each steady breath to leave the elder’s chest.

“But, you know I'm gonna be pretty hard on whoever you date, right? I can only have the best for my favorite little bro.” Jinyoung cooed, ruffling Hyunjin's head of raven locks as he teased.

Hyunjin rolled his eyes, shooing away his brother's roaming hand from where it was carding through his hair. “I'm your only little brother, dude.” He deadpanned, yet a smirk still pulled onto his lips.
Jinyoung waved away that minor detail with a graceful flick of the wrist. “Whatever. All I'm saying is that I'll probably only approve of your future significant other if they're like, a literal angel, or something.”

Hyunjin scoffed, narrowing his shimmering eyes at Jinyoung. An angel, huh. That sounds easy enough to find when you live under the sea. Not.

“And where will I come across this ‘angel’ of yours, hm?” Hyunjin drawled, clearly unimpressed.

Jinyoung just let a sly smirk light up his lips at his brother's taciturn attitude. “They'll come to you, ‘Jin. That's how love works. You just end up finding each other.”

Hyunjin silently considered Jinyoung’s words. Not bad, coming from a siren who's been single his entire life.

“Well, I'll let you know if I see anyone with wings swimming about the reef.” Hyunjin observed with a small sigh. He cuddled into the bed of sand cradling them, feeling sleep begin to tug his eyes closed.

Jinyoung held him closer, pressing him flush against his side. Hyunjin felt safe, and protected, and loved.

As he submitted to the exhaustion engulfing him, he couldn't help thinking about the mysterious angel Jinyoung would approve of.

Dating an angel doesn't sound so bad, now that he thinks about it.

Now, he just needs to find his.

How hard can it be?
Me: happy bday hyunjin!!!!!! Also me: *rips Jinyoung away from fic!hyunjin* :) 

PSA: i hate to say this but ive been going thru a rough patch w my mental health, and sadly ao3 has not been helping at all, so i think the best way for me to fully get through this is to take a small break here :( sorry to be tmi but you guys are the bestest and it wouldn’t be fair to y’all if i just left for a few weeks w no explanation!! I promise i’ll be back in the first week of April or so, pls pls wait for me!!!! (And there’s only 2 chaps left, so I might as well stretch it out right? ;~) )

(I wanna keep the notes short but ive gotten some comments abt this: um...yeah jinyoung isn’t actually dead! Surprise! I was gonna write an arc in which jinyoung is actually Chan’s buddy n he lives in the small town outside the beach where he found hyunjin! Jinyoung owns a surf shop that hanlix frequent, blah blah blah, through the magic of supernatural coincidences he and hyunnie are reunited again!!! I actually have the majority of that storyline thought out—I just never wrote it bc of Reasons—so if u have any specific questions abt it u can ask me in a comment! i’ll try to reply once i come back~)

See u guys soon! Pls STAY healthy and STAY positive!
Let’s play forever (I just wanna be your dog)

Chapter Summary

the return of chronosaurus: risen from the ashes edition. revenge of the fic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The familiar, weathered key fit snugly in the lock, easily turning within the brass knob. From the other side of the door, Chan picked up the telltale sounds of his coven members, a raucous cacophony of mingling voices. With his supernatural hearing, Chan heard a frantic Minho quickly blurt, “He’s here! Hide him, now!”

With a good natured shake of his blonde hair, Chan rolled his eyes and steeled himself for whatever shenanigans his coven got into this time.

The door cracked open, and he is greeted by countless eyes landing on him from behind the threshold. Minho froze, eyes wide and lips pulling into an uneasy, hollow grin at the entrance of Chan. Jisung, as always, is glued to his side, hovering a few inches behind his tense boyfriend. Woojin is sat at the table, reading glasses perched on the bridge of his nose and eyes trained on the sepia pages of the newspaper in his hands. Everything seems normal enough, until Chan’s eyes landed on Jeongin; the lanky boy awkwardly standing in the middle of the living room. Although Jeongin isn’t really what caught Chan’s attention. It’s what Jeongin is hiding that piqued his interest.

The young werewolf is nervously standing before Chan, long arms wrapping his denim jacket snuggly around his thin frame. But his attempt at normalcy didn’t hide the obvious lump held under Jeongin’s jacket. And the fact that said lump is moving, Jeongin had to fight to keep whatever he’s hiding below the indigo fabric still, yet the small bump is still wiggling and thrashing against his chest.

Jeongin’s eyes darted from Chan, to Minho, then back to Chan. He forced an audible gulp down his throat.

Chan broke the awkward silence, unsure of what he is about to hear from his coven members.
“So, Jeongin. What’s, uh, in your jacket?” He spoke slowly, nonchalantly. Minho let a stream of breezy laughter fall from his lips at the question, yet his still widened eyes clearly showed there is no amusement behind the sound.

“M-my jacket? Nothing’s in my jacket, hyung.” Jeongin declared, forcing a crooked smile onto his lips. It’s clear to see Chan wasn’t buying it.

“‘Innie, your jacket is moving. Quite violently, I should add.” Chan continued, lips pulling into a firm line as his green eyes traversed the living room, landing on each member.

Jeongin forced another gulp down his throat, long fingers clasping the wriggling bump under his jacket a little tighter.

“O-oh, that...um...that’s drugs. It’s drugs, hyung. I’m a bad boy who has lots of drugs. In his jacket.” Jeongin declared with an exaggeratedly embarrassed frown, rather unconvincingly.

Chan couldn’t help but bark out a laugh, his hard eyes softening at how cute their youngest is. Jisung joined in on the laughter, seeming as oblivious as Chan on the secret hidden between Minho and Jeongin. The aforementioned pair didn’t partake in the giggles, choosing instead to share matching apprehensive glances with each other.

“‘Innie, come on. You of all people should know I wasn’t born yesterday. So just be honest with me, ok? I promise I won’t be mad.” Chan cooed with a sweet smile, eyes turning into loving crescents as the endeared smile gracing his lips grew.

With a small shake of his head, Jeongin whispered, more to himself than to Chan, “If you say so...”

And with that, Jeongin released the powerful grip on the lump in his jacket, opening the garment to reveal a small, golden ball of fur.

It's a puppy!
Chan’s eyes widened at the sight before him; the baby golden retriever looking not more than a month old, its silky fur shining in the light as its tiny paws batted at Jeongin’s arms. Chan didn’t notice the grimace that broke onto Minho’s face at the reveal of the puppy, his lips curling as if preparing for an impact.

“Jeongin, where did you find this puppy?! It’s adorable!” Chan almost shrieked, bounding up to the golden puff ball to leave some loving scratches under its chin. Something about the puppy’s warm, honey brown eyes look awfully familiar to Chan, as it gazed up at him endearingly. And the way it stared at him, eyes wide and almost knowing didn’t help the uncanniness either.

“Yeah...about that, hyung,” It was Minho who finally spoke, taking tentative steps up to Chan’s side, yet still keeping some distance. Jisung followed, hanging behind him, while still poking his head above his boyfriend’s frame so as to get a better look at the tiny creature.

Chan looked at Minho in confusion, eyebrows furrowing at the boy’s clearly nervous tone.

“I may or may not have...accidentally turned Felix into that puppy?” The dark magician spoke quickly, before screwing his eyes shut as he braced for Chan’s reaction.

Although that didn’t come for a while; the vampire now frozen in place, eyes glazed as he stared blankly at Minho. His head whipped to the puppy, its bright, brown eyes still boring into him. Chan now understood why its eyes seemed so familiar, so lucid.

After what felt like an eternity of stiff, palpable silence, Chan’s racing mind finally sent the memo to his mouth, where his frozen lips were still wearing a petrified smile.

“You did what?! ” Chan roared in horror, eyes bulging as he slapped a hand to his forehead, running a pale hand through his blonde locks.

Minho wrung his hands together, eyes darting from Chan, to the wiggling puppy cradled in Jeongin’s arms, and back again.

“I-I’m sorry! We were playing around and he dared me to cast a random spell, and I can never say no to a dare, so I did and it just happened to be one that turned him into a puppy!” Minho spoke rapidly, his light brown hair bouncing with each word as he squirmed under Chan’s piercing gaze.
“It was hilarious.” Jisung quipped, seeming as ignorant as ever to the gravity of the situation at hand. Minho just scrubbed a hand down his face, before whipping around to his boyfriend and pressing a hand over his mouth, a whispered incantation falling from Minho’s own lips. And just like that, when he removed his hand from Jisung’s mouth, the demon’s lips were sealed into a firm line. He tried to speak, but only muffled sound hit the barrier formed at his mouth. Minho sent an exasperated look at his boyfriend’s shocked expression, which carried the sentiment: “you can talk again when you don’t make the situation worse.”

This is precisely what Chan was afraid would happen after Felix moved in with them all those months ago; and his worst nightmare just came to fruition. Minho turned Felix, little innocent human Felix, into a dog. Like four legs, a tail, floppy ears, the whole nine yards. A dog dog. Literally.

Chan’s mind is officially racing a million miles a minute—both for possible solutions, and how to respond to Minho without letting his anger get the better of him.

Chan didn’t get a chance to respond, because now a new voice entered the mix.

“Hey, I heard you guys mention Felix. Is everything ok?” Changbin’s telltale raspy timbre flowed into the room, the reaper quietly padding down the stairs and into the living room.

At the sight of the reaper, the puppy—or Felix—let out an excited yelp. He wiggled with newfound vigor in Jeongin’s arms, trying to break free and run to his boyfriend. Changbin just furrowed his brows in confusion, clearly taken aback at the sight of the newfound critter.

No one said a word, only meeting the reaper’s eyes helplessly. Until Chan shattered the awkward silence once again.

“Minho turned Felix into a dog.” Chan seethed, emerald eyes still trained on Minho like a magnet, lips pulled into a snarl.

Changbin’s mouth flew open, his now widened eyes flying to the new furry friend in Jeongin’s arms. His lips opened and closed silently, rapidly blinking his eyes in disbelief. He shook his head vigorously, before bringing up a trembling hand to scrub down his cheek. He finally gritted his teeth, and tried to keep his voice as steady as possible as he heaved a sharp breath.

“You did what?”
Chapter End Notes

i'm back babey! i missed u guys so much!! quarantine is boring asf without ao3 ><
ONLY ONE MORE CHAPTER LEFT!!!!! LETS GOOOOOOO

Re-reading this chap while editing was so weird because i wrote this probably like...a year ago? At this point? And my style is SO different now and so much more refined that I’m honestly embarrassed that THIS is what u guys have to read from me….i tried to make it “better” but past me rlly was an absolute dweebus….

But as i said...it is finally time! It has come! The ending of this fic! Time to put this universe out of its misery, lads! This saturday….the long awaited ending of this fic...will felix be turned back to a human? Will he be destined for life in dog years? Hell if i know! (I do know, just kidding) anyways be there or be square.

And NOBODY wants to be a square
The dog days are over (and so is this fic!)

Chapter Summary

That’s all folks!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’m sorry, ‘Bin, it was an accident! I’ll fix him, I promise!” Minho frantically tried to placate the clearly seething reaper, but to no avail. Changbin wasn’t having it. His lips are pulled into a threatening snarl, eyes narrowing with knife-like sharpness as he advanced towards his friend.

“You turned my boyfriend into a dog. You better fix it, you little—” Changbin’s bellowing voice is soon cut off by the airy sound of Jeongin’s, eyes still coated with a nervous gloss.

“Calm down ‘Binnie hyung,” he spoke slowly, cautiously, as he trotted up the reaper and basically shoved the excited puppy into his arms. “Look, nice puppy, cute puppy.” Jeongin cooed carefully, as if he were desperately trying to calm a lion poised for the kill.

Felix—in his new four legged form—looks as happy as ever, in his spot cuddled up in the shocked reaper’s arms. A string of joyous barks and yips flowed into the stiff air as the golden puppy pawed at Changbin’s chest, clampering up to shower Changbin’s face in a torrent of licks.

Minho’s lips curled into a grim expression once again, as he watched the puppy’s pink tongue bathe the reaper in quasi-kisses. Changbin’s hard expression softened exponentially as he clutched onto the warm, golden fluff ball, lips unconsciously melting into a small smile. His rock-hard eyes found a glimmer of affection as well, his taut shoulders deflating.

“Felix, is that really you?” The reaper whispered to the dog, voice barely audible. The puppy bobbed his tiny head, floppy ears bouncing. Changbin couldn’t help the shaking breath that escaped his lips at the puppy’s supposed confirmation of his true identity. With a sharp sigh, Changbin’s eyes fluttered shut as the puppy jumped up to pepper the reaper’s skin in even more licks. “Felix, please stop licking me. It’s weird, and quite possibly bordering on beastiality.” Changbin joked with a hollow laugh, pulling the puppy away from his face to gently place the golden critter at his feet.
And here Changbin was, thinking that coming back from the dead would be the strangest thing to ever happen to him. Now his boyfriend is a dog, and all bets are off. He was naive.

The group is once again plunged into an umpteenth awkward silence; Minho and Jeongin’s eyes still trained on the floor, thumbs twiddling idly as they awaited their leader’s next words. Chan heaved a heavy sigh of his own, tense muscles relaxing as he ran a hand through his hair.

“Just turn him back today, ok?” Chan huffed to Minho, who nodded in earnest before his eyes flitted back to his feet. From his new place on the floor, Felix curled up at Changbin’s feet, content to drape his tiny tail across his shoes and close his little eyes in contentment.

Suddenly, the vampire’s gaze landed on his boyfriend, who has yet to say a word throughout the whole ordeal. Woojin is still sitting idly at the breakfast table, eyes scanning another page of the newspaper grasped in his hands. That’s….

“Hyung, can I take Felix for a walk?” Jeongin suddenly piped up, effectively startling Chan from his nanosecond of peace. There’s a lopsided grin on his lips as he looked at the vampire with shining puppy dog eyes of his own. It hit Chan a bit too close to home, given their current situation. Jeongin clasped his hands together as he jutted his lips into a pout, his sparkly eyes pleading.

“I’m a werewolf, he’s a puppy, we’re basically brothers now!”

Chan just stared at him in disbelief, his eyebrows furrowing at the request. “Take him for a wa— no! No, Jeongin, you can’t.” Chan gritted through another heavy sigh, his head of blonde hair falling over his eyes as he placed his forehead in his hand.

“Woo, did you know about all this?” The vampire spoke softly to his boyfriend, a knot still formed in his tummy. The nature spirit merely nodded, briefly looking up to level his boyfriend with a sympathetic smile before returning his eyes to the paper.

“You knew and you didn’t do anything?!” Chan half-whispered, half-shrieked at his boyfriend’s nonchalance.

Woojin just shrugged, throwing his hands up defensively as the paper fell to the table. “Hey, this is your coven, babe. I’m just the boyfriend slash gardener. Speaking of which, if anyone lets Felix go potty anywhere on my garden, I’m taking both of you to the pound.” Woojin growled, sending a
threatening glance at Minho.

Chan has had, it officially.

Officially!

“Ok, that’s it. You’re all grounded!” Chan loudly announced through another round of exasperation pounding behind his eyes. He is met by pairs of widening eyes and gaping mouths. Except for Jisung, whose lips are still magically glued shut, thanks to Minho.

“Hey, you can’t ground me! I’m your boyfriend!” Woojin protested, clearly taken aback. Chan wasn’t hearing any of it.

“Doesn’t matter! You said I’m the leader, and as the leader I say you’re all grounded for putting me and Felix through so much stress!” Chan wailed with a child-like pout of his own, petulantly crossing his arms over his chest. Minho didn’t wanna taunt the vampire and point out how happy Felix looks—even in puppy form—so he chose to keep his mouth shut instead. Which is probably for the best... definitely for the best.

“You’re stressed!? My boyfriend has four legs and a tail!” Changbin whined, pink lips downturned in a sullen frown. However, the reaper instantly quit his grumbling when Chan whipped around to meet him with a threatening glare, the reaper effectively shrinking beneath the intensity of the stare.

“Ok, maybe that’s a little harsh.” Chan eventually spoke through a countless sigh, rubbing a hand across his features. His shoulders deflated, in utter defeat.

“Just Minho is grounded. Until he turns Felix back.” The vampire said, putting a strong yet comforting hand on the dark magician’s slumped shoulders.

Now sitting at attention between Changbin’s feet, Felix barked at Chan’s words, seemingly in agreement. His small tail whipped back and forth across the wooden floor, sweeping up flurries of dust with each swish. His warm, brown eyes reflected like galaxies in the ambient light of the living room.
Minho just met the vampire with a small smile, and nod of his head. Now that he broke the news, (and Changbin didn’t throttle him) it’s time for him to get to work.

------------------------------------------------------------------

Fortunately for both Minho and Felix, the reversal of the spell came easier than imagined. It took a few hours of research, and the unexpected trials of trying to wrench the puppy from Changbin’s protective grasp, but Minho finally got Felix into the center of his expertly drawn enchanting circle. Felix is now sitting obediently on his furry haunches, patiently awaiting Minho’s next move.

Once he found the cure in one of his myriad of ancient spellbooks, Minho quickly picked the necessary herbs and other magical ingredients from his cabinet, and mashed together a thick paste. Realizing it wouldn’t be a walk in the park to force the paste into the puppy’s mouth, Minho rolled the mossy concoction into a tiny ball; much more palatable for an overactive puppy, such as Felix.

Minho held out a palm before the golden puppy, the small green ball perched in the center. Felix looked at it quizzically, tilting his furry head to one side, his large ears flopping in turn. Minho rolled his eyes, yet the good natured smile on his lips showed the gesture had no malice behind it.

“Felix, c’mon buddy. I know it looks bad, but it’ll make everything a lot better.” Minho spoke gently to the puppy, reaching his outstretched palm even closer to the puppy’s snout. Leveling him with an almost scarily human stare, Felix nudged at the green ball in Minho’s palm with his muzzle, before snatching it in his canine teeth and forcing it down.

It took a few terrifying minutes, but Minho heaved a relieved sigh as the puppy’s body started to emanate a bright, golden light. The light gradually got brighter and brighter, until it is like the very sun itself descended into the enchanting circle. Averting his gaze and squeezing his burning eyes shut, Minho waited to reopen them until the luminance dissipated.

After around a minute Minho noticed the light vanished, as darkness replaced it through his closed eyelids. With a nervous gulp, Minho cracked an eye open, a clutch forming in his knotted stomach at the sight he will see before him.

But his tense shoulders fell, pushing a heavy breath through his lips as his eyes met the familiar head of dirty blonde hair now opposite him in the circle. Dirty blonde hair that is suspiciously similar to the coat of a rambunctious golden retriever puppy.
Felix is back to normal.

Thankfully.

The human is sitting neatly in the circle, wearing the same outfit he wore this morning, before his new form took hold. He reached a delicate hand up to his tousled hair, ruffling it as if he were scratching a long awaited itch.

Felix’s honey brown eyes met Minho’s, and a smile broke out onto his plump lips, freckled cheeks bunching with elation.

“I’m back, Minho.” He declared with a sly smile, eyes glimmering with an undeniable spark.

“Everything was so weird, though! All the colors looked different, and the smell! It was like I could feel scents, it was wild—woah!”

Minho couldn’t help the grin that blossomed onto his own lips, before darting forward to engulf the human in a tight embrace. Which also effectively cut Felix’s rambling to the quick.

The human’s shock quickly dissipated, as he returned Minho’s bone-breaking hug.

“Felix, I’m so sorry. I promise I’ll never cast a spell on you ever again. Even if you triple dog dare me.” Minho spoke gratefully into the human’s head of golden locks, while rubbing comforting circles into his back.

“Please don’t say ‘dog’, dude.” Felix remarked with a bright laugh, his tiny little hands idly patting at Minho’s back.

Minho just met him with a bout of joyful laughter, ruffling the human’s soft hair himself, before grasping onto one of Felix’s wrists to pull him out the door of his bedroom. Before the human could even ask what was happening, Minho quickened his pace down the hall, Felix trying to keep pace with him as he skipped up to his friend’s side.
“Let’s go tell ‘Binnie.” Minho announced with a knowing glint in his dark eyes, tightening his hold on Felix’s wrist as he pulled him through the hallway, and down the flight of stairs leading to the living room.

“Changbin, I did it! He’s back!” Minho called triumphantly as he strutted into the living room, Felix towed in a few steps behind him. The reaper, who was idly lounging on the sofa with Jeongin, instantly perked up at Minho’s voice. And then his eyes landed on Felix, on his familiar olive skin dappled with freckles and his button nose and his smile that puts the sun on unemployment, and he was gone.

Chan is sitting at the table with Woojin, leaning his head on his boyfriend’s shoulder, green eyes staring into some far off, simpler place. However, the calm pair both jolted at the sight of the newly returned form of human Felix, a huge smile breaking out on Chan’s lips in turn. “‘Lix!”

“Felix!” Changbin yelled, palpable euphoria evident in his voice, eyes sparkling as he leapt up and ran to engulf his boyfriend in a tight hug.

The human returned the embrace with just as much ferocity, burying his head in the crook of his boyfriend’s neck as his hands grasped at the back of his shirt.

“I missed this so much.” Felix mused, his tone carrying the weight of that very sentiment. Although the loving atmosphere was only slightly ruined when Felix pulled out of the hug, only to lick a thick stripe up Changbin’s cheek. The reaper’s face contorted into one of mock repulsion, wiping the tack of wetness from his skin with the back of his hand.

“Oops, sorry babe…” Felix spoke sheepishly, a hot red blush coloring his cheeks as he rubbed at the back of his neck. Changbin didn’t seem to mind, merely taking Felix’s hand in his, and rubbing soft circles on his thumb.

He leaned forward to place his forehead on Felix’s, his black hair and his boyfriend’s blonde locks mingling. A pink flush appeared on Changbin’s cheeks now, matching Felix’s as the pair reveled in each other's touch.

“I’m just glad to have you back, ‘Lix.” Changbin spoke gently, voice feather soft and just as light. “But if you lick me again, I won’t go out on a date with you for a month.” He continued, voice still
Felix just (perhaps ironically) barked out a laugh, hands clasping Changbin’s a little tighter. Well, you know what they say; if a couple can make it though one of them being turned into a dog, they’re meant to last.

Or at least, that’s what they say in their coven.

Chapter End Notes

Well…here we are. 72 chapters, 170,000+ words, and a year and change later, my first stray kids fic is officially completed! Yes, pretty hard to believe this is still (technically) the first skz fic i ever posted (as well as the first fanfic i wrote in 3 years), when in the interim between uploading chapter 1 and this final chapter, i’ve posted almost 30 other skz pieces!

I know i’ve said this many a time before, but this is the end of this universe so allow me to say it one last time: i never would have gotten this far into writing this fic if it wasn’t for you guys, and your continued support of me. Hell, because of the support given to this fic i was able to gain the confidence and inspiration to broaden my horizons and write even more fics for skz! The success of this fic allowed me to realize that people DO enjoy my work, and want to read what i create. So thank you to everyone who read, bookmarked, commented, and went along on this beautiful journey with me. As i post this, the hits on this work is basically the same amount of people who live in my TOWN, which is absolutely staggering to think about…..so….i’ll try to process that later ^^;;

Looking back, this fic leaves a lot to be desired writing wise/stylistically and is probably rife with typos i missed, but you guys still always came out and supported each chapter—so thank you again. Even though i had a typo in the summary for like 6 months, and i talk too much in the notes, and i shamelessly self promote my other fics, and sometimes i post “chapters” abt seeing stray kids even though i probably Shouldn’t Do That, you guys were always there for me and never complained.

Thank you to those users who commented on basically every chapter (you know who u are!), and those who talked to me in the comments, and anyone who commented EVER, thank you! You don’t understand how much those messages meant to me, especially during my really dark days where i felt like a failure as a writer and that the world would be better off without me. If it wasn’t for you guys (and skz!) i probably wouldn’t be here writing this today, so when i say u guys mean a lot to me i’m saying u MEAN A LOT TO ME.

Okie I’m done!!!!!!! But it wouldn’t be a chronosaurus endnote if i didn’t do just a LIL self promo,,,so: in honor of the end of this piece, as promised i will be posting chapter 1 of that supernatural seungchan fic i mentioned a couple weeks ago! That’ll be going up this Monday the 13th, so pls stop by!!!! or subscribe so u dont miss anything! I’m
posting a lot of exciting things soon that I think you guys will really enjoy :') please stay with me for a while? I'd be so happy to see your familiar usernames from here on my future fics ;;

Thank you again for supporting me, the coven, and the skz fic with The longest title in the entire tag. You make ME stay <3 (and if you REALLY wanna make me cry ((even tho i will Anyways lol)) feel free to comment ur fave chapter(s) from this! Mine are when hanlix watched sesame street together, and the two-parter of chan being sick/getting turned! Do let me know yours!)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!