Vampirism for Dummies

by YouveGotAFiendInMe

Summary

Roman finds himself hunting a vampire, but comes to learn there's more to the bloodsucker than being an emo with entirely too much eyeshadow.

NSFW chapters will be clearly marked so you can skip over them if that isn't your thing, and other than the NSFW chapters, the rest of the fic will be decently clean save for maybe occasional making out or weirdly homoerotic feeding off of one another.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Hunting vampires, as it turned out, was very boring.

That was what Roman told himself as he forcefully bumped shoulders with the vampire he’d been tracking for the past week.

The vampire stumbled a few steps, then looked at Roman, steely gray eyes narrowed as he assessed Roman. He was pretty much the walking stereotype that was a vampire. Dressed in black, pale, with eyeshadow under his eyes to make his dark circles more prominent, and he even had on black nail polish. If Roman hadn’t been so good at finding vampires, he’d have thought he was just some emo, or someone going through a bad phase, or an idiot trying to look like a vampire, but after watching the young man who was now looking him over for an entire week, and catching his hand burning and blistering when he’d reached outside his home for a package that was on his doorstep, Roman had figured it out.

That didn’t make it any less terrifying that he had a stake up his sleeve, and vervain on his person, and that he was going to stake the stupid thing and kill it before it could get a word in.

What Roman hadn’t counted on, though, was that the vampire would laugh at him.

“Kid, you’re going to get yourself killed if you keep pulling this stupid crap. Go home.” The vampire snickered.

“... What?” Roman asked dumbly.

The vampire grabbed Roman by the front of his shirt and tugged him in close, smoothly sliding the stake from Roman’s sleeve, holding it up with a raised brow, ignoring how his fingers began to blister from the wood that had been soaked in vervain extract, “You’re not slick, and I’m much too old to fall for things like this. Leave the hunting to mummy and daddy, and go back to whatever it is teenagers in this day and age do.”

Roman’s face fell, and damn him, because he just gave the leech more fuel.

“Oh, that’s precious. Lemme guess, you and the party you’ve got in that van across the street lost your parents, and now you’ve dedicated your lives to taking out the big, bad vampires.” the vampire released him, shoving Roman with such force that he fell flat on his back, his stake landing on top of him not a second later, “Unless you’re dealing with newly turned vampires, you won’t stand a chance. Don’t get yourself killed over something so stupid.”

Roman scrambled to sit up, fear causing his chest to constrict, “I’ve killed vampires before.” He said dumbly.

“Oh, I’m sure you have, but the thing about vampires is that when we age, we become stronger, faster, and because of our experience, better at avoiding you lot. You caught me because I don’t exactly hide it, and I don’t hide it because I can handle a child coming at me with a stake. Do yourself a favor and get out of here, stop looking for us, because I may have the patience to deal with you, but others won’t.”

Roman growled and jumped to his feet, lunging for the vampire, who easily side stepped him and sent him to the ground again. Roman was going to get up again, but a hand moved to his hair, and he was slammed against an alley wall as his head was forced back, opening his eyes to see the vampire with its fangs out.
“If you drink from me, you’ll just get sick.” Roman choked out, “I drink vervain.”

The vampire looked confused for a fraction of a second, then laughed, releasing Roman, “You think I’m going to drink from you? Kill you? If I wanted you dead, your neck would have been broken five minutes ago. I’m proving to you that you aren’t half the mighty hunter that you think you are.”

“Good enough of a hunter to figure out your name is Jason Wilkes.” Roman grinned, but what the vampire said a moment later made his cockiness disappear.

“Not even close, Roman Prince.” He said as he flipped his dyed purple bangs from his face, “If you wanted to find a paper trail for me under my real name, you’d have to go back to the Revolutionary War, and even then, all you’ll find is that I worked as a bloody stable hand,” suddenly, the vampire turned on his heel, waving a hand as he walked away, “I’ll let you two nurse his wounds, he’ll be pouting for the next week at least.”

Roman wondered what the vampire meant, but when he was tackled from behind by his hunting partners, he realized the vampire had known all along exactly where everyone was and if help was coming, and had just been toying with them, and Roman didn’t know whether to be angry or impressed.
“We’re killing him.” Roman said immediately as he stepped into the small house he, his brother Remus, and their best friend Patton were staying in.

“He hasn’t killed anyone.” Patton pointed out, “There haven’t been any vampire attacks in an over seventy-five mile radius of here. If he were killing, I’d agree, but he just sits around at Starbucks and glares at people who walk too close.”

“Maybe he has a dungeon full of humans for him to feed off of!” Remus interjected excitedly. It was a dumb suggestion, Roman knew that, but any excuse to kill the vampire they’d seen for the fifth time that week was good enough for him, “See?! That could be it.”

“Or he could have gone on a diet of animal blood.” Remus mused, only to yelp as Roman swatted his ear, “Hey, what’s your deal?!”

“We aren’t killing him, Ro. What if that just makes other vampires angry? We can’t just kill him because you don’t like him.”

“Well, we promised Delos vampire blood, and we haven’t gotten him any yet.” Roman pointed out, “And he said he needs it as soon as possible.”

Remus looked up from where he was scrolling on his phone, “Just texted him, he said it’s fine and that he’ll figure out something else until we can get it for him.”

“Remus!” Roman groaned, “Come on, we’re supposed to be hunting, not letting any leech who doesn’t commit a murder in front of our eyes go! We can take the Brit out tonight!”

“We’re being safe, Roman.” Patton said softly as he grabbed Roman’s hands, “Listen, do I need to remind you about what happened to Logan? It’s been almost six months and we still haven’t heard back from him since Ontario. We can’t risk losing another person because we’re being hasty.”

Roman looked up, feeling his heart break just a little as he saw that Patton’s eyes were damp with tears.

“For this family, will you please listen to me?” Patton pleaded softly, “I can’t lose another one of you.”

Roman finally nodded, “Okay, I promise. But the second he hurts anyone, we take him out.”

“You know I’d never disagree with you on that.” Patton said as he pulled his hands away, looking around the tiny house with a sigh, “We should go shopping. This place is empty, and another night of takeout probably isn’t a good idea.”

“While you two do that, I have some Netflix to catch up on!” Remus giggled, sprawling out on the couch.

“Call us if you need us?” Roman asked.

“Yeah, yeah, course.” Remus waved a hand, attention on his phone screen as the opening credits of a tv show started up.

Patton gave Remus’s hair an affectionate ruffle, then headed out the door with Roman, “Love ya,
kiddo!”

“Love you too!” Remus called out as the door shut behind Roman and Patton.
Chapter 3

After a half hour of shopping, Roman was happy to finally be back at home. He pulled into the driveway, in the middle of laughing at a joke Patton had told, but when he saw the door open and the lights on, he knew something was very wrong.

Before Roman could stop him, Patton had thrown the door open, running to the house. Roman cursed as he shifted gear into park, then he ran after Patton, a mixture of fear and dread settling in the pit of his stomach.

“Remus!” Patton yelled as he stumbled inside, “Where are you?!”

No answer came, and Patton pulled his switchblade from his pocket, flicking it open without hesitation. Patton seemed to be completely calm, but Roman knew better than that, especially when he saw how the older man’s hand trembled.

Roman grabbed the iron fire poker from beside the fireplace as Patton began searching the various rooms in the house, and he felt his entire body grow cold as he heard the most inhuman wailing he’d ever heard in his entire life. Even when his parents had died in front of him and Remus, he’d never heard anything like this, and he chased after Patton, having to turn away to vomit at what he saw in the bathroom.

There was Remus, in a heap on the floor, blood around his mouth, neck snapped at an unnatural angle, fang marks on his shoulder, his phone on the floor beside him, Roman’s contact pulled up. Roman was pretty sure Patton had fallen to his knees, but he couldn’t check to look, couldn’t see his brother like that, lifeless and pale and so so wrong.

“I’m killing him.” Roman rasped once he caught his breath, “I’m killing that fucking vampire!”

Patton hiccuped as he continued to sob, and Roman grabbed his arm, tugging him so he was out of the room, “Let’s go! Now!”

Patton stumbled along, and normally, Roman would have comforted his crying companion, but they didn’t have time, because each second they weren’t killing the vampire from before was more time his brother’s murderer got to exist, and Roman wouldn’t let Remus die in vain.

Roman broke every speeding law to get to the house they’d been watching for days now, and he didn’t hesitate when breaking down the vampire’s door.

“Hey! What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” a familiar voice asked, and Roman felt rage take him over.

Roman had the vampire pinned swiftly, stake slammed just below his ribcage, and Roman would have normally felt joy or at the very least pride in the choked gasp the vampire released, but he just wanted it to be over with, he wanted the vampire to die quickly and to be burned and turned to ash.

“You’ve gone completely crazy.” The vampire choked out breathlessly, blood dripping from his mouth now.

“I should have killed you in that alleyway!” Roman sobbed, twisting the stake so it slid against the vampire’s heart, “I should never have let you go!”

The vampire groaned and grabbed Roman’s wrist, though his grip was weak at best, “What are
you going on about?”

“Don’t play dumb, you killed my brother!”

The vampire looked up, then trembled as the stake grazed his heart, legs completely weak, “I haven’t touched your brother.”

“Then tell me why there are bite marks on his corpse!”

The vampire whimpered and turned his face away, “Anything I say will piss you off more. You’re going to kill me either way.”

Roman sneered, “You’re right, so lets get this over with.”

“Wait!” Patton sobbed, tears still falling, “Roman, he’s drinking from blood bags.”

“So?!” Roman demanded.

The vampire sucked in a sharp breath and tilted his head back, fighting another full body shudder from the agony of the stake being buried in his chest, “I don’t drink from humans. Haven’t since ‘72.”

“That doesn’t prove-” Roman started.

“Why would I kill your brother?” the vampire demanded, only to slam his head back against the wall with a hiss of discomfort, “I have no reason to! You never posed a threat to me!”

Roman swallowed hard, choking back a sob as he looked away, “Would you be able to find who did it?”

“Can’t do that very well with a stake in my chest.” the vampire laughed humorlessly.

Roman tore the stake out, throwing it to the floor before he released the vampire, letting him fall to the ground, “I’m not going to kill you. But if you did this, I’ll make you wish I had.”

“Yeah, yeah, got it.” the vampire nodded quickly, tugging his shirt over his head to survey his wound, which was still gaping and bleeding, “Mind getting me a blood bag, love?”

Patton looked at the half finished one on the coffee table and reached for it, but Roman grabbed it first, then crouched in front of the vampire, “First, I want your name; your real one. I need to be able to find you if you even try to run.”

The vampire took in a steadying breath, fangs already out as he none too inconspicuously eyed the blood bag in Roman’s hand, “Virgil. Virgil Adams.”

“Now, Virgil, here’s how this works: you do what I say, and if you don’t, next time I won’t stop.” Roman growled, “Understood?”

Virgil shivered at the blood loss he was experiencing, curling in on himself with a quick nod, “Y-Yeah, fine!”

Roman tossed the blood bag on the ground, not bothering to hide his disgust as Virgil snatched it and drained it fast, chest heaving as he drank as fast as he could. The wound on Virgil’s chest healed, skin and muscle stitching itself back together, and once Virgil had finished the blood bag, he slumped back against the wall, eyes shut as he laughed.
“Guess I was wrong about you.” He said, voice much less strained, “Looks like you could take me down, you just needed the right motivation.”

Roman stared down at Virgil, eyes devoid of emotion, “Can we get a move on?”

Virgil opened his eyes, looking outside, “Sun is down, just let me change into clothes that aren’t covered in blood.”

Patton and Roman made sure to keep an eye on Virgil as he tugged on a new shirt (Roman payed a bit too close attention, if you’d have asked Patton), and then the trio were off to the house where Roman and Patton had come from.

Patton and Roman stepped in, but Virgil stopped in the doorway, hands in his hoodie pockets.

“Oh, you are not backing out on this, leech.” Roman snarled.

Virgil raised a brow, an amused smirk making its way onto his face, “I think the real problem is that you haven’t invited me in, darling.”

Roman felt his face heat from embarrassment as Patton spoke up, “Come inside.”

Virgil passed the threshold, following the smell of blood until he reached Remus. He knelt beside the corpse, and gently scooped him up, much to Roman’s objection.

“Hands off of him, leech!” Roman growled.

Virgil ignored Roman, stepping into the living room where he placed Remus on one of the couches, careful even though he was handling a corpse, “You don’t want him waking up near vomit and his own blood, trust me.”

“Waking up?” Patton squeaked, fresh tears falling.

Virgil sighed softly, glancing over his shoulder at Roman and Patton, “Whoever did this didn’t kill him. They fed him their blood before killing him. He’s going to wake up and have to make the choice of whether or not to become a vampire.”
After a half hour of crying from relief, Patton and Roman found themselves having nearly forgotten Virgil was there until he piped up.

"I really hate to say it, but your brother will do just fine as a vampire." Virgil admitted with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Why is that?" Patton asked, face still tear stained.

Virgil looked away from Roman and strode over to the couch, gracelessly falling in a heap onto it, which made Roman wonder if it was possible for there to be a clumsy vampire.

"Because he's an idiot, and sadly, we make the best vampires." Virgil explained with a grin that showed his fangs, "If someone really wanted to do damage, they'd have turned Roman. He's impulsive and easily offended."

"I'm not easily offended!" Roman practically screeched, and Virgil cringed at the loud noise.

"Ro," Patton started softly, though he may have well not bothered lowering his voice, as Virgil could hear just fine anyway, "Play nice, please? He didn't have to come here."

"You know," Virgil drawled as he examined his nails, not bothering to correct Patton in that he had indeed been threatened and therefore forced to help, "You shouldn't have invited me in. Something similar is probably how Boy Wonder over there got turned." He said as he jerked a thumb in Remus's direction, and Roman felt his knees weaken as he saw his all too still brother.

"When will he wake up?" Roman asked, voice shaking.

"Depends. Took me three hours when I was turned, but that was centuries ago."

"I still haven't ruled you off the list of suspects, leech."

"Why would I have come over if I'd done it? I'm an idiot, Roman, but I have some self preservation."

"You're the only vampire in town!" Roman growled, stepping closer to Virgil.

Something inhuman flashed in Virgil's eyes, and then he was standing, baring his fangs as he stood chest to chest with Roman, "You might want to keep your tone down, you moron. Hearing is the first thing to return."

Roman stumbled back, barely catching himself from falling as he continued to glare up at Virgil, who when he wasn't slouching, had a good few inches on Roman.

"Let's all settle down, yeah?" Patton asked softly, "Everyone is worried, and this isn't helping."

“Fine with me.” Virgil grumbled, returning to sitting, “If it had been me, I’d have been able to come in earlier.”

“You could’ve faked.” Roman huffed.
“Yes, because that’s what was on my mind when I was being threatened.” Virgil scoffed, “Have some faith in me, Roman, I’m not half the monster you think I am.”

Just as Roman was prepared to get into another argument, Remus shot up into a sitting position, gasping for air, and Virgil was instantly at his side, checking him over, eyes narrowed slightly in concentration.

“He’s alive!” Patton sobbed, and Roman wrapped an arm around Patton, tugging him into a hug as he began to cry as well, though these tears were much happier than any of the previous ones.

“Am I in hell?” Remus croaked.

“I’m sure being related to Roman is much the same as being in hell.” Virgil shrugged, standing up straight once again, placing a hand on Remus’s shoulder, “Don’t try to move, you’re still out of it.”

“Remus,” Roman said as he moved to sit beside his brother, ignoring Virgil’s protests, “What do you remember?”

“Remember?” Remus repeated, eyes glassy.

“He’s still out of it.” Virgil explained, “He’ll need a half hour or so to adjust to being back. If you wanted to feed him, it’d take less time, but that isn’t your choice to make.”

“Like hell it isn’t!” Roman yelled, “This isn’t your concern!”

Virgil grabbed Roman by his ear, then looked at Patton, “Sit with him while I bitch Roman out.”

Patton instantly obliged, and tugged Remus into a tight hug, causing Remus to shut his eyes and let out a happy squeak at the warmth offered by Patton, since he himself had no body warmth anymore.

Virgil didn’t hesitate to drag Roman outside, slamming him against the wall with a snarl, baring his fangs as he did so, “Listen to me, and make sure you understand what I say: your brother isn’t going to be the same anymore. Anything he was as a human will be amplified, as will emotions. This decision is something a lot of people come to regret, and you can’t just make it for him. You need to be a good brother, get your ass back in there, and reassure him that things are okay, because once he realizes what’s happening to him, you’re never getting the old Remus back.”

Roman swallowed hard, eyes burning with tears, “And what if he chooses to leave us?”

Virgil placed a hand on Roman’s shoulder, “Then you’ll have to learn how to handle it.”

“And if I can’t?” Roman sobbed once.

Virgil sighed, then wrapped an arm around Roman and pulled him into a hug, ignoring how Roman made a noise of surprise at the gesture, “I dunno. But you need to get through today with him, okay? Whatever happens after that will have to be dealt with day by day.”

Roman wrapped his arms around Virgil, burying his face against Virgil’s shoulder as he continued crying. Had someone tried telling him he’d ever be hugging a vampire, Roman would have laughed, but Patton needed Roman, so did Remus, and the only one who was able to offer comfort to Roman was Virgil of all people, and so Roman tried to ignore that this was a vampire, and instead focused on it being the person who was going to help Remus through the next trying hours.

Virgil finally pulled away first, then brushed Roman’s tears away with his finger, “Whatever
happens, make sure the next day is good for Remus, okay?” he asked softly, voice gentle for the first time since Roman had met him, “He needs you. A lot. Whichever route he takes, it won’t be easy, and you’re one of the things that will help him hold onto his humanity.”

Virgil’s hand was cold, but against Roman’s fevered skin, it wasn’t uncomfortable, instead welcome, and Roman shut his eyes, “How did you deal with this?”

Virgil wiped away Roman’s remaining tears, then shrugged as he let his hands fall away from Roman’s face, “I didn’t. I spent my first half century as a vampire killing and causing problems. Things changed after that, seeing as the fun of it all wears out once hunters close in, and ever since then, I’ve just spent my time existing as peacefully as I can manage.”

“Do you ever regret turning?”

Virgil managed a small laugh as he looked away, “Yeah, I do.” he admitted, “Rather often, if we’re being honest, but I didn’t have anyone there for me when I turned. I had to figure everything out on my own, but Remus won’t.”

Roman sighed and opened his eyes, “We should get back inside.”

“Humans first.” Virgil smirked, and Roman smacked him on the arm, causing them both to laugh as they stepped back inside.

“Dumb bastard got ahold of me when he came in for rent.” Remus groaned as Virgil and Roman entered, “I feel so dumb for not figuring out that our fucking landlord is a vampire.”

“The landlord??” Roman gaped.

Remus looked up, face pale as he gave a tight-lipped smile, “Yeah. He came by after you guys left.”

Virgil sat on the edge of the couch that Remus and Patton weren’t occupying, slouched as he seemingly thought, “Got a name or address?”

“No, he always came by for the payment.” Patton explained.

“No matter, he’s probably long gone.” Virgil said as he stretched.

“So what now?” Remus asked, holding Roman’s hand as it was offered.

“Now you make a choice.” Virgil yawned, “If you’d like to live as a vampire, I can get some blood for you, but if you don’t, you’ll want to find somewhere quiet and dark to spend your last day.”

Remus swallowed hard, tears gathering in his eyes, “There’s no other option?”

Virgil shook his head with a sad smile, “Afraid not.”

Roman gave Remus’s hand a gentle squeeze, “Hey, don’t worry about us, okay? If you don’t want to be a vampire, you don’t have to.”

“But you two-”

Patton had fresh tears dripping down his cheeks as he shook his head, “None of that, kiddo. This is your choice, and yours alone.”

Remus sniffled softly, “I-I don’t want to hurt anyone.”
“You don’t have to.” Virgil piped up, “Blood bags can keep you strong and alive. The daylight thing is a pain in the arse, but you’ll adjust.”

“Hey, if you wanted to turn, we could get you a daylight ring!” Patton said excitedly.

“Easier said than done.” Virgil laughed, “You’d need to know a witch who doesn’t mind helping out vampires.”

Everyone stared blankly at Virgil, and Virgil’s jaw dropped.

“You know a witch who doesn’t hate vampires? Seriously?”

“My best friend.” Remus explained, “He’s been wanting vampire blood anyway, and I could be a steady supply.”

“Eww.”

“Virgil, I saw you drink half a blood bag not five hours ago.” Roman pointed out.

“That’s a survival thing, using vampire blood for spells isn’t.” Virgil countered.

“It was still gross.”

“It isn’t gross, it’s perfectly normal!”

“We’re getting off topic.” Patton said firmly as the beginnings of a fight showed, “This is about Remus choosing to turn, not what you two think of blood.”

Remus was looking down, still holding one of Patton’s hands and one of Roman’s as he thought, and after a minute of silence, he looked up, “I-I want to do it.”

“You’re sure?” Virgil asked softly, “Because if you choose this, your life will be very different.”

Remus swallowed, then nodded once, “I’m sure. I want to become a vampire.”

Virgil stood and rolled his shoulders, “Alright, give me ten minutes to get you some blood and we’ll do this.”

“Couldn’t he take from one of us?” Patton asked.

“Can’t risk that with his first feeding.” Virgil replied, “He could lose control and accidentally hurt you.”

“Alright then, let’s do this.” Roman said as he nodded once.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed the bonding between Roman and Virgil! I know I left it on a slight cliffhanger, but wouldn’t it have been worse if I’d cut off when Pat and Ro had come home and found Remus dead? :p

Comment your favorite moments, I’d love to hear what you all have liked from this fic as a whole so far!
Virgil got back before ten minutes was even up, carrying a backpack on one of his shoulders. He shrugged it off and unzipped it swiftly, pulling a blood bag from within, “Got any cups? Might get messy if we don’t use one for a while.”

Patton jumped up and fished for a mug, coming back with a black one, elbowing Roman as he said, “Remind me to never use that again.”

Virgil tore the blood bag with his fangs and poured it into the mug, then placed the empty blood bag in the trash, crouching in front of Remus who was if possible paler than before, and now shaking, “Slow sips first, and it’s okay if you gag, happened to me the first time.”

“Does it taste bad?” Remus asked as he accepted the cup, eyeing the liquid within.

“No, it’s moreso your mind telling you that you shouldn’t be drinking blood. You’ll like it, trust me.”

Remus hesitantly brought the cup closer, then he shut his eyes as he tilted it to his lips, taking a slow drink.

Virgil knew it would happen, and snatched the cup so Remus wouldn’t drop it, handing Remus a towel he’d grabbed from the bathroom as Remus gagged and dry heaved, and Roman rubbed his brother’s back soothingly as Patton kissed Remus’s hair.

“It’s okay, kiddo, you’re fine.” Patton promised, “Breathe, okay?”

Remus had his eyes screwed shut, entire body shaking as he shook his head quickly, “I-I’m fine.”

“We can wait to try again.” Virgil promised, “You still have over half a day.”

Remus shook his head again and opened his eyes, “I want to try again right now.”

Virgil picked the cup up again, though this time he was the one to hold it, since he didn’t want Remus to drop it, and he watched for the first signs that Remus would gag again as he began to drink, but those signs never came, and Virgil couldn’t help the small smile that made its way onto his face as Remus took the cup from Virgil’s hand, tilting his head back some as he drained every drop of blood that he could.

“There we are.” Virgil whispered as Remus finished the blood.

Remus moved the mug away from his face, eyes flying open as his chest heaved, new fangs glistening as he tried to get a hold on his thirst.

Virgil saw the moment Remus caught Roman and Patton’s scents, and he grabbed Remus’s chin, forcing Remus to look up at him, “Focus, Remus. You don’t need to hurt them, there’s plenty of blood to keep you from going hungry.”

Remus blinked twice, the haze falling away from his eyes, and he shut his mouth, nodding quickly as he wiped his mouth clean of blood with the towel he’d been given, “Okay.” he whispered.

“He’s turned now?” Patton asked.

Virgil nodded, “Yeah. It’ll take a few weeks for him to rein in his emotions and adjust to the
hunger, but he’s already showing incredible restraint. Unless he’s too close to someone who he has strong feelings towards, be those loving or anger filled feelings, he’s going to be fine.”

“So what now?” Remus asked, settling back against the couch.

“A daylight ring from Delos is a good place to start.” Patton mused, “He’s going to be pretty shocked by all this.”

“No he won’t, I texted him.” Remus replied happily.

“... That isn’t something to say over the phone.” Virgil spoke slowly after it was obvious nobody else was going to say anything, all still in shock.

“He needs a lil to get used to it.” Remus explained, then stood, “Can I drive?”

Virgil shrugged, standing, “Well, if that’s all, I’ll be off.”

Roman grabbed Virgil’s hood, “Hah, no. You’re going to keep him in check, cause he’s already crazy, and you said vampirism will make it worse.”

Virgil groaned, but didn’t move to leave again, “You’re taking me out drinking after this as a thank you.”

“Sounds like a plan.” Roman nodded as Patton and Remus got ready to go, “Now come on, we have to start driving before the sun comes up.”

Virgil suddenly regretted not letting Roman just stake him.
By the time the ragtag group had made it to Delos’s home, Virgil and Remus had to move to the back of the van to avoid being hit by light, and Virgil nearly sobbed in relief as they pulled into a shady garage.

“Thank god, I don’t think I could handle another minute in there.” Virgil said as he got out of the van, popping his back as he stretched.

“Remus Joseph Prince!” A frankly pissed off sounding voice said as a man dressed in jeans and a dress shirt strode over to the van, “Just what the hell were you thinking?!”

“... So, when he said ‘best friend’, he really meant-” Virgil started.

“Don’t say anything, he hasn’t realized it yet.” Patton said quickly.

“... He’s going to now.” Virgil grimaced.

Remus grabbed Delos’s wrists as gently as he could manage, “Hey, it’s not that big of a deal, I’m fine!”

Delos pulled his hands free, slamming Remus against the wall with a snarl, “I leave you idiots alone for less than six months and you’ve gone and gotten yourself killed and turned into a vampire!”

Remus’s eyes were wide, having never seen Delos so angry, and his voice came out softer now, “I-I’m sorry.”

“Sorry?! Sorry is going to be you once I’m sure you’re okay then proceed to strangle you!”

“Vervain is a better bet.” Roman piped up helpfully, “It’d teach him a lesson, but not do permanent damage.”

Roman regretted speaking as Delos turned his attention to him, “Don’t you get smug! Your little brother is dead now, and I can’t help but think your stupidity had something to do with it!”

“Think we could take this inside before the neighbors take notice?” Patton asked nervously, and Delos seemed to barely contain his anger as he nodded.

“C’mon in.” Delos said without hesitation to both Remus and Virgil, and they stepped inside.

Delos could hardly be called a bad host, because he served tea for everyone, sitting and listening along as Remus, Roman, and Patton explained what had happened, and once they were done, Delos looked over at Virgil.

“So who’s the emo?” He asked.

“Being emo is kinda a prerequisite for vampirism, isn't it?” Virgil joked, then he tilted his head to the side some, “Name's Virgil. So you do daylight jewelry for any vampire with something to offer?”

“I charge a pretty penny.” Delos chuckled, “Ten thousand apiece.”

“Hope you guys aren’t as broke as your van.” Virgil snickered.
“Free of charge for the biggest idiot I know.” Delos grumbled before sipping his tea.

“You act like I meant to die.” Remus groaned and moved so he laid with his head in Delos’s lap, and even though Delos was still rather upset, he immediately dropped his hand to Remus’s hair to play with it.

“All I’m saying is that you need to be more careful.” Delos said softly, “I could have lost you if you hadn’t been turned.”

Remus shut his eyes and happily sighed, and the loving look Delos had on his face certainly didn’t go unnoticed.

“Touching as this is, I need a break. Witchy spaces are too.. Charged. Place is practically a fucking power grid.” Virgil said as he stood and headed outside, “Don’t open the garage unless you want to burn me to a crisp.”

“Tempting.” Roman grinned, “But I’ll reign myself in.”

Virgil rolled his eyes and headed outside, and once he was gone, Patton spoke softly, “I’m so sorry to drop this on you, Dee.”

Delos shrugged one shoulder, having moved on from Remus’s hair to trace his cheekbones, teacup placed aside, “These things happen, I just wish I’d have been there.”

“You’re here now.” Remus murmured sleepily, “That’s what matters.”

Delos leaned down and kissed Remus’s forehead lightly, “Get some rest, okay? I’ll get your ring done as soon as I can.”

“Ring later, cuddle now.” Remus whined, tugging on Delos’s sleeve.

Delos raised a brow as he looked at Patton, who gave a wry smile, “Virgil mentioned his emotions would be a little weird.”

“... Wait, didn’t he say-” Roman began, but he was cut off when Patton elbowed him square in the chest.

“Anyway, we should go find something to eat. You want anything while we’re out?” Patton asked as he stood.

Delos shook his head, moving to lie beside Remus who promptly wrapped his arms around Delos and buried his face against Delos’s chest with a small sigh of contentedness.

“I’m fine, you two go on without me.” Delos said with a wave of his hand, his free hand moving to the back of Remus’s neck, lightly caressing the skin there, “He’ll probably nap for a while, and I can handle myself just fine around vampires.”

Patton nodded, then all but dragged Roman outside and to the van where Virgil sat smoking a cigarette.

Remus yawned softly and kissed Delos's chest, eyes shut as he spoke, "You're really warm."

Delos chuckled quietly, "You're dead, darling, of course I'd feel warm to you."

"Don't remind me." He grumbled, "It's horrible. My skin feels itchy and I'm starving."
Delos couldn't help but grin, "Oh, poor thing. Care for a drink?"

Remus's eyes opened quickly, and he looked up at Delos in surprise, "But if I hurt you-

Delos raised a brow, "You really think I'd offer if I couldn't handle it? Go on ahead, I'll knock you out if you get too into it."

Remus still appeared hesitant, but as Delos offered his neck, Remus quickly leaned in and bit down at the junction between Delos's neck and shoulder, whimpering aloud as the first drops of blood hit his tongue. He drank fast, hands gripping Delos's arms as he drank his fill, trembling slightly.

"Alright, Remus, that's enough." Delos said softly, and he raised a hand, electricity crackling over his fingertips as he prepared to have to stun Remus to get him to stop.

Surprisingly, Delos didn't have to, as Remus pulled away like he had been told to. The two men were silent, and Delos reached up to wipe blood away from his neck, but as he went to wipe his now bloodied fingers clean, Remus grabbed his hand and leaned in, licking the blood away. Delos released something akin to a whimper, and Remus looked over, snarling lowly before he dragged Delos in for a hard kiss, proving that Virgil's warning to Patton that Remus would realize his feelings turned out to be very true.

Delos pulled away and got up, then grabbed Remus's hand, "Bedroom. Now."

Remus didn't hesitate and followed Delos happily.
Remus and Delos’s lips met in another open-mouthed kiss, one that allowed Delos to taste his own blood in Remus’s mouth, the coppery substance doing nothing to lessen Delos’s arousal. The bedroom door was swiftly kicked shut by Remus who without an ounce of hesitation picked Delos up, and Delos purred as he wrapped his legs around Remus’s hips, relishing in how he was now above Remus and able to deepen their kiss and take control. Remus certainly wasn’t complaining, in fact, he gave into it, parting his lips with a breathy moan as Delos began to tug lightly at his hair.

"You know," Delos began as he pulled hard on Remus's hair, smirking at Remus's needy whine, "You've gotten stronger since turning."

Remus greedily mouthed along Delos's jaw and neck, "Too many clothes in the way." he mumbled.

"Then rip them off of me." Delos ordered, and with a snarl, Remus did just that, tearing Delos's silk shirt off of him with ease, much to Delos's amusement and arousal.

"You're so hot." Remus panted as he leaned down to suck a hickey into Delos's exposed chest.

"Your emotions are on overdrive." Delos chuckled, "The horniness is tied to it."

Remus tilted his head up to kiss Delos's lips again, hands tightening on Delos's hips, "I need you." he practically pleaded.

"Shh." Delos soothed Remus, "You have me, darling. I won't let you go again, I promise."

Pure love and adoration shone in Remus's eyes, and this time as he kissed Delos, tears escaped and fell down his face, but he didn't care, he poured all of his feelings into their kiss. The kiss devolved into tongues and teeth, and both parties clung to each other in desperation. Delos didn't even mean to, but his fireplace and all the candles in the room lit due to a lapse in control over his magic, and he gasped quietly as Remus's hand slid down the back of his jeans and boxers.

"Bed, now." He hissed, and Remus instantly obliged, pinning Delos below his weight.

Delos leaned up for several kisses, then ducked his head down and tugged at the hem of Remus's shirt. Remus caught on and lifted his arms so Delos could pull his shirt off, then it was tossed aside. Delos looked over Remus’s scarred and muscled torso, biting his lip hard as he admired Remus’s body. Remus had always done well in keeping in shape, since he and Roman had both been athletes before they took on vampire hunting, and when one was a vampire hunter, it did well to keep in good health. Remus of course was all too happy to watch Delos take in his body, and he leaned down to kiss Delos on the forehead once.

“Hell, Remus.” Delos groaned brokenly.
Remus made fast work of getting Delos’s jeans and boxers tugged off, then worked his own jeans and boxers off as well, tossing their clothes aside. Once they were both properly nude, Remus flipped Delos onto his stomach and kissed his shoulder blade lightly, chuckling at how Delos arched his back and gripped the sheets tightly.

“You got anything I can prep you with?” Remus murmured.

“Mm, no need, I used a spell to prep.” Delos purred as he turned enough to kiss Remus, “Go on ahead.”

Remus didn’t need any more assurances, he gave his hardened cock a few quick strokes before he thrust deep into Delos, both men groaning at the sudden stretch and tight fit and how slick and wet Delos was from his prepping spell. Remus rubbed a hand up and down Delos’s back as he started slowly fucking in and out of Delos, kissing his back and shoulders as he did so. Delos was a wreck below Remus, whimpering and writhing as he pushed back against each of Remus’s thrusts, needing it deeper and harder. Remus was only too happy to oblige, and sank his fangs into Delos’s neck, taking slow, deep drinks of Delos’s blood.

“R-Remus!” Delos shouted as Remus hit his prostate, and Remus pulled away from feeding to pull Delos into another kiss as he reached around to stroke Delos’s cock in time with his thrusts.

Remus suddenly pulled out, and had to stifle a laugh as Delos made a soft noise of confusion, “On your back, Dee.” Remus said softly.

Delos flipped onto his back, then tugged Remus in for a bruising kiss, slipping a leg around Remus’s waist. Remus reached down to take himself in hand and lined the head of his cock up with Delos’s entrance, pushing in steadily. As he bottomed out, he peppered kisses along Delos’s neck and shoulders, licking away the excess blood from his previous feeding. Delos sighed and began lazily stroking himself, tilting his head back as Remus began to move again.

“You close?” Remus panted softly against Delos’s neck.

Delos dragged his fingernails along Remus’s back, nodding quickly, “Y-Yeah, really close.”

Remus cursed at the visual of Delos falling to pieces below him, and he leaned down for a single, loving kiss, crying out as his hips bucked hard and he came inside of Delos.

It didn’t take long for Delos to come as well, come splashing his chest and stomach as he trembled in Remus’s arms. Remus kissed and soothed Delos through his climax, then moved to lie beside him, pulling him in for one final kiss. They lay together in comfortable silence, and quickly returned to kissing, though now it wasn’t the same fevered kissing as before, it was gentle and loving and sweet. Delos flicked his wrist lazily, and their mess disappeared, much to Remus’s relief.

“Once I get your ring finished, I’ll get back to hunting with you and the others.” Delos said softly, lightly tracing shapes over Remus’s chest, “I want to stay with you.”

Remus happily kissed Delos, pulling away to speak, “It’ll be so nice to have you back with us. I missed you so much.”

Delos grinned, then giggled, “You did?”

“Mhm.” Remus hummed, “I guess it took turning into a vampire to realize why.”

“I don’t mind the new Remus.” Delos murmured as he leaned in for another kiss, knowing there
were many more to come.
When Roman and Patton got back from eating, Virgil sat in the living room on his phone, absentmindedly scrolling as he lounged lazily.

“Hey, Virgil.” Patton said cheerily, “Where’d Remus and Delos run off to?”

Roman noted that Delos’s door was shut, and headed over, grabbing the doorknob and opening it, only to immediately slam it shut as he flushed red and Delos and Remus yelled for him to get out.

Virgil looked up, flipping his bangs out of his eyes, “Oh yeah, meant to warn you. Could be worse, though, I had to hear them going at it for an hour. Sun is still up, and I was still tempted to make a run for it.”

“... Oh, god. Can you compel me to forget that?” Roman asked as he put a hand over his face, moving to one of the couches.

“I would, but seeing you miserable is so much more fun for me.” Virgil smirked, “That and I can’t compel myself. I implore you to suffer with me.”

“Can we like, train or something? Anything but talk about this more?” Roman asked.

Virgil jumped up happily, “I’d love to get some fighting in, see you lose your damn mind.”

“No fighting in the house.” Patton said firmly, “Outside.”

Virgil groaned, “Yes, but the sun is up, and not all of us can go outside and feel the sun without burning alive.”

“Self tanner could make you look a little less dead without the use of the sun.” Roman suggested, “The edgy makeup doesn’t help your case, though.”

“Not being able to go in the sun without blistering and burning at the contact will make you pale.” Virgil grumbled.

“Oh!” Patton exclaimed excitedly, “I can’t believe I forgot!”

Roman looked over at Patton, raising a skeptical brow, “Forgot what?”

“This is Delos’s home where he provides daylight jewelry for vampires who can’t go outside! He’s smart enough to be hospitable!” Patton said as he went to the curtains and threw them open.

Virgil shrieked and curled in on himself as sunlight poured into the living area, but when the familiar sting of blistering skin didn’t come, he peeked at the window, then at his hands, turning them over in awe at how he wasn’t affected by the sunlight streaming in.

“They’re double paned.” Patton explained, “UV rays can’t get through, so you won’t be burned.”

Virgil walked to the window, then shut his eyes and tilted his head back with a faint smile, “It’s amazing.” He said softly, chuckling after a moment, “I forgot what it felt like to not burn.”

Roman felt his mouth go dry as he watched Virgil, and for a moment, he completely forgot Virgil was a vampire, he only saw a young man who was smiling genuinely as he enjoyed himself, and hell if Roman wasn’t completely enthralled by the emo wreck that stood in front of him.
End Notes

Comments and kudos are always appreciated!!

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