Among the Humans

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**Among the Humans**

by thecheshirepussycat

**Summary**

A gothic, modern day vampire romance between a young human named Louis Tomlinson, and Harry Styles, ancient vampire and gentleman.

Creatures of the night come with more trouble than they wish to make it seem.
So this is mostly inspired by True Blood and the Underworld series, as well as the way Harry and Louis actually look to me. Yes Zayn is still in it, and Liam and Niall won't appear until part two, which is still in development. Obviously this story includes the eating habits of vampires so if the idea of blood disturbs you, perhaps try another fic...

I tried to make up my own lore for the vampires in this fic, but I did use a lot of the history from the works mentioned above because I love them so much. Don't be too hard on me for not being entirely original.

So this is what a Vampire Bar is; a clichéd, dark, and gothic club, with red and black everywhere. Every single vampire came dressed in their finest, and the humans are mostly in all dark tones, with multiple piercings and tattoos. Darkness, always darkness with these people. This is what Harry grew tired of. All the stereotypes and fear that came with being out of the coffin, it is beyond annoying.

Just because they were creatures of the night, didn’t mean they didn’t enjoy a little happiness. Harry certainly likes happiness, and light, but he’s so alone; has been for years. He could be classified as a shut-in, even, because he rarely leaves his house. There is so much beauty in the world, Harry knows that, but lately he doesn’t see so much of it. And humans, they are fascinating and wonderful creatures, especially nowadays. Harry adores them, because they’re so different, and he honestly doesn’t even remember what it means to be a human. All those years have faded from Harry’s memory.

He’s been sitting in this club, at the bar, for only twenty minutes and he already wants to leave. All these humans are just throwing themselves at the vampires, with no regard for their own lives. Sure, vamps are trying to mainstream and not be as violent to humans as they used to be, but Harry knows his kind. He knows how easy it is to lose control. He almost forgot why he even showed up to this place, until he looked down at the table top of the bar, and saw the little note from Zayn.

**H—I swear to the Elders and the rest of the High Council that you are going to leave that fucking mansion and have some fun. I have heard the rumors about you wanting to walk into the sun, but I’m not having it. Go to the VB in Baton Rouge, Fangtasia, and socialize. Find a human and feed from them, fuck them, I don’t care. Just stop moping.—Z**

If only it were that easy. Harry has always been good at hunting, has always been able to charm anyone into his clutches, but that magic died. He could no longer kill humans, so his passion to feed from them vanished. Harry is currently living on a supply of different packs of blood from blood-banks, which is how a lot of vampires lived these days. None of the humans here were Harry’s type, anyway, as he prefers people who were more…clean is a word for it. Not these grungy-wannabe vamps that were climbing on any undead that walked in.

Harry is ready to cut his losses and leave, maybe stop by Zayn’s manor to tell him he had no plans for killing himself. Not tonight at least. The old vampire is just standing up from his stool and getting
This human is very young, and he looks very nervous. It’s probably his first time in one of these bars, evidence emerging by the fact that he’s come in with his neck just on display. Not to mention he’s wearing a loose, fuzzy white sweater and tight black jeans, with low flat shoes that show off his petite ankles. Harry is entranced, and he’s suddenly sitting back down in the stool to watch this boy.

He’s walking slowly to the bar, trying not to look at anyone for too long, but they’re all looking at him. Harry casts his eyes back down to the bar top, because he wants no part in making this human scared. The animals in the bar look like they want to tear the boy apart in more ways than one, and Harry’s ready to help this boy. No one who looks and smells as sweet as him should have to endure the madness of a vampire’s hunger. The boy sits in the stool directly next to Harry and orders an ice water. He must not be old enough to legally drink, or maybe he’s smart enough to not lose any inhibitions in a place like this.

Harry can sense a vampire, a bigger man than him, start to make his way over. This boy wouldn’t stand a chance with someone like that. But Harry can also sense that this vampire is younger, and therefore Harry has some semblance of dominance over him. He can at least claim this human for himself for the night, if only to protect him.

Harry glances up at the boy as he takes a shaky sip of the water. He’s got these dull, baby blue eyes framed by long lashes, sharp cheekbones and rose petal-pink lips. He’s utterly beautiful. Harry’s almost too speechless, but not enough to not speak up when the other vampire gets closer. “Must be terrifying.”

“I said it must be terrifying,” Harry repeats. He can see the other vampire frown and angrily storm away. His plan has worked. “To know every vampire in this bar wants a go at your neck.”

The boy’s eyes widen a little and he gasps. “I-I didn’t know that actually.” He looks over his shoulder in time to see almost every person look away. “Why?”

“You’re new,” Harry says with a shrug.

“Oh and how do you all know that?” The boy retorts with a little frown.

“You don’t know much about vampires, do you?” Harry asks, smiling with amusement. This human was snappy, unlike other humans Harry came across.

He answers after a pause. “Not really.”

“Well,” Harry clears his throat to further explain. “Beside the fact that you came in here with your neck on display, and a harrowing lack of dark makeup or goth clothes, we can smell it. You smell like an untouched human, never been bitten.”

The boy’s lips formed a small ‘o’ and he nervously looks down at his drink. “Well, I guess that is a bit terrifying.”

“I’ll protect you. I’m the oldest one in here, I can sense it. You are safe here with me.” Harry tells him, scooting his stool closer.

The boy starts blushing and he sips from his water again, tongue darting out to lick up a spare
droplet. “May I ask your name?”

“It’s Harry, Harry Styles,” the vampire says cordially. “And you?”

“Louis Tomlinson,” the boy, Louis answers, with a soft voice.

“Well Louis,” the name feels so right flowing from Harry’s voice. “What’s a human like you doing in a place like this?”

Louis shrugs. “I heard some people at work talking about all this. I’ve been going through a difficult time and…well I’m not sure what I need. But the way they talked about this seemed exciting, so I thought I’d see what it was like.”

“Whatever your difficulties are, I’m sure a vampire bar shouldn’t be the answer,” Harry says.

“I’m starting to agree,” Louis mumbles as he once again glances over his shoulder at the other people. Only a few feet away there is a female vampire feeding from the neck of a human man, and he was hard in his pants. Was it really a turn on to be fed from?

“Try not to stare too long,” Harry says quietly, tapping Louis on the shoulder. “Not all of them like staring.”

“Sorry,” Louis finishes up his water and wipes the excess from his mouth. “So Harry, if you’re the oldest in the bar, how old are you exactly?”

“Exactly?” Harry smiles, thinking on it a bit. “Not sure exactly, my human years are mostly muddled up to my last days…but I’m over eight hundred years old.”

Louis’ mouth drops open. “Holy shit, eight hundred? No offense but…you’re ancient.”

Harry laughs, mouth forming a wide smile. This human is so lovely, so fucking different. “Trust me, I’m not the oldest one in existence. My closest friend is over one thousand.”

“Goddamn,” Louis says. “How, um, how old were you when you…you know…”

“When I turned?” Harry asks. “I was twenty one.”

“Really? Funny you seem—”

Louis is cut off by the sound of a man moaning, so damn loud. He turns to see the man, who was being fed on, orgasm in the middle of the bar. Louis’ face grew red and he frantically looked around to see that nobody else is paying the man any mind. He was taking deep breaths and the vampire woman kissed his cheek, leaving a bloodstain. Louis’ dick shamefully twitches in his pants.

“D-did she even touch him?” Louis asks, not looking back at Harry.

“Probably not,” Harry says, voice slightly annoyed. “It is said the bite from a vampire can be very pleasurable for a human.”

Louis’ mind flips at that. He’s been feeling alone and sad because of recent circumstances. He hasn’t let himself give in to any pleasure in a year. This Harry has been nice and courteous so far, and he’s certainly old enough to have a bit of control. Would it be so bad to let Harry have a taste? Louis is here for something new anyway.

“A-are you hungry?” Louis asks shyly.
The question takes Harry back. “Excuse me?”

“You could bite me.”

“Louis—”

“Please, Harry,” Louis begs. “I told you I came here for some excitement.”

“And I told you this shouldn’t be the excitement you need,” Harry says with a harsh tone.

“You said every vampire in this bar wanted a go at my neck, doesn’t that include you?” Louis asks, leaning his head so his neck is extended.

Fuck, Louis’ neck does look good. Harry can feel the warmth radiating off him, he can sense the quickening pulse of Louis’ blood. And it’s been so long since he fed directly from a human, from the source. His senses are heightening and his fangs extend out from his canine teeth as he licks his lips. Louis is simply hypnotic.

But as Louis waits for a sting of pain from something penetrating his skin, it never comes. Instead he feels Harry’s soft, plump lips on him, a soft kiss right over his artery. One of Harry’s hands fits onto the lower part of Louis’ back as he kisses him again.

“Call me old fashioned, but I do not feed in public,” Harry whispers, nuzzling against Louis’ neck. “How old are you Louis?”

“Nineteen,” Louis says, voice tight from the lack of breathing he was doing.

“So young,” Harry observes, rubbing his thumb over the small of Louis’ back. “You shouldn’t waste your youth amongst the sharks.”

“I’ll waste my youth however I want,” Louis says with his first genuine smile of the night. He’s got sharp, white teeth, like a little vampire would, and Harry’s even more caught with him. “If you’re not here to feed, then why are you here?”

“A concerned friend said it would do me some good to get out of my house,” Harry tells him. The vampire can feel a similarity between them. He can sense that Louis may be just as lost and lonely as he. But he can’t just treat Louis like every other human, like he’s someone to feed from and cast off. Harry’s instincts won’t let him for some reason. “Louis, if you would really like to experience what that man did, if you really want me to feed from you, then I will. But not here, not now.”

“When?” Louis asks quickly.

Harry asks the bartender for a pen, and he writes out his address on a napkin. “My home is on a few acres of what used to be a plantation. If you really wish to know what it is like to be fed from by a vampire, all you must do is knock.”

Louis takes the napkin with shaking hands, swallowing a lump in his throat. “I have work, at this diner, tomorrow night, but—”

“Whenever Louis, whenever you are ready,” Harry says with a wave of his hand. He stood up once more from his stool and put his coat on, holding out a hand to Louis. “I know you’ve only just arrived, but I fear what may happen to you once I leave.”

Louis takes Harry’s hand and lets the vampire help him out of the seat. “Thank you, for all this really. I-I need a distraction.”
They walk hand in hand to the entrance, and Harry glares at the vampire who tried to approach Louis earlier, baring his fangs. Louis has a car in the lot and Harry walks with him so he can make sure the boy is safe. He declines an offer of a ride home, opting to walk instead. Vampires have superhuman speed, so it wouldn’t take Harry very long anyway.

And when Harry arrives home, he heats and pours a few ounces of A-negative into a wine glass for the evening. He thinks he can put off the sun for at least a little while longer.

+ Louis Tomlinson does not show up the following night, nor the one after that. Harry isn’t sure if that’s a good thing or a bad thing. The way Harry sees humans is this; they are first and foremost foods, that’s just the way it has to be with vampires, but humans are also beautiful creatures. This Louis wanted excitement in his life, and he walked into danger looking like fang bait. It was an amazing, and completely human thing to do.

And Louis was brave, or perhaps naïve, because he talked to Harry like a human would talk to a human, not an almighty, blood-sucking vampire. He didn’t try to worship Harry or turn into some dark vixen like the others at the club. All Louis wanted was a bite, and all Harry wanted was a reason to live. If that reason has to be to keep this wonderful, oh so different, human safe, then so be it.

Now, of course, Harry is waiting to see if Louis would really want to explore what it means to be a human in a vampire’s world, or if he would rather stay in his safe, on-magic, bubble.

Apparently Louis really is looking for excitement, because five days after their meeting, Harry hears a knock on his door, and he can sense that it is the new human. He is at the door in only seconds after Louis knocks, and it startles the human when the door is open so quickly.

“How—”

“Vampire, dear Louis,” Harry says rather amusedly.

“Right, duh,” Louis says nervously. Tonight he’s dressed much more appropriately for his company. He is still showing off his neck line and his ankles, but tonight he’s in all black. Less like an angel ready to have its wings plucked, and more like a person who had their guard up. That pleased Harry.

“So, should I come inside, or are you just going to have your meal out here?”

Harry shakes his head, wishing Louis would think more highly of himself. Harry takes a step outside and closes his door behind himself. “Where do you live, Louis?”

“What? Why, so you can have a taste now then sneak into my house to finish me off?” Louis asks pointedly, arms crossed over his chest.

“I can only enter your home if you invite me,” Harry tells him, and he’s realizing there is very little that this human knows of his kind. “But if you must know, it occurred to me that I may be asking you to come very far from home. If I drink from you, I do not want you to drive an hour completely drained of energy.”

“Calm down, my house is only twenty minutes away,” Louis says with a roll of his eyes, leaning back against the rail of Harry’s porch. “I wouldn’t be here if you were hours away.”

“You’re from here in New Orleans?” Harry asks. “And yet you went all the way to Baton Rouge for
my kind. There is a very popular Vampire Bar right here in the city.”

“I’m aware, but I have my own reasons for going far,” Louis says. “Why didn’t you go to the one here?”

Harry can’t help but smile. He likes the attitude on this one. “I’ve my own reasons as well.”

“Then there you go. Listen,” Louis flicks back his light brown, feathery fringe. “Are you going to bite me or not?”

Harry takes a moment to let Louis stir, before answering. “Not yet.”

“What?”

“It’s a beautiful night,” Harry answers, linking his arms with Louis’ and leading them both off the porch. “I’ve a very large property and plenty of hours of night to waste. Walk with me.”

Louis is already arm and arm with Harry, and he knows that he is no match for Harry’s strength, so there’s no use in saying no. It is a lovely night anyway, since it’s the end of August and nights are still warm. “Fine. Do you play with all of your food like this?”

Harry groans, annoyed at this tone from Louis. “See, that right there is what is wrong with humans these days. Yes, my kind lives off your kind’s blood, but you are alive. You are still a living, breathing, beautiful life. We feed from you all, we use you all for our pleasures, but if you were all to die out, the vampires would go next. We need you, and I appreciate that.”

“If humans died out, couldn’t you just live off animal blood?” Louis asks, and it’s meant to be a sincere question, but he knows it still comes off as trying to push Harry’s buttons.

“We may have the blood of animals for snacks, but we cannot live off them alone,” Harry says. He directs Louis through a gate on the side of his house, and into a very long garden. “We need you all, and just because you are a human in my presence, doesn’t mean you should talk about yourself like this. You are more than just food.”

“Sorry, sorry I’ll stop,” Louis says with a light sigh.

“You’re new to this, I understand.” Harry assures him.

They walk together through the garden, past willow trees and bushes of all sorts of flowers. A colony of lightening bugs have started to follow them, dancing like little stars as they walk. It’s quiet, other than the sounds of frogs and crickets, but it’s peaceful, and Louis hasn’t felt peaceful in a while.

The peace is interrupted by Harry, “I’m curious Louis.”

“Hmm?” Louis hums, staring up at the sky and all the stars that have come out. He could see nearly every constellation.

“What happened to you?” Harry asks as he stops walking under a large willow tree. “You said you were having a difficult time and needed some excitement. What happened to you to make you seek thrills with my kind?”

Louis is taken aback and stops in front of Harry, looking up at the vampire in the nighttime lights. “I —do I have to tell you? If I tell you will you bite me?”
“Your need to rush into such dangerous pleasure worries me,” Harry says as one of his hands finds its way to Louis’ cheek. The cheek is warm and Harry’s hand is dead cold, so Louis’ breath hitches, but he steps ever closer. “If I knew why…”

“My parents died.” Louis says suddenly, eyes shutting from both the confession and Harry’s intense stare. “I was only eighteen, and I loved them. I had to hear about it from the news of all things. All year I’ve been taking care of myself and I’ve been so alone. When I heard about the VB I just… I wanted to do something adventurous, because I used to be so adventurous.”

“Oh Louis,” Harry’s voice falls soft as he wipes away a tear that fell down Louis’ cheek. “I remember that feeling when I lost my human family. But that pain isn’t worth throwing your life away.”

“I’m not throwing it away,” Louis snaps, grabbing onto Harry’s hand. “I just want to feel something.” He gently moves Harry’s hand down so it’s on his neck, and leaned away from it. “Please, I want to feel what it’s like to be bitten.”

Harry’s senses light up again with how much he wants to taste Louis, and now he can feel that pulse under his fingers. This won’t be like last time, he won’t be able to restrain himself from feeding off Louis’ blood, but there’s something Harry wants to do first. Louis’ got Harry wild and unraveled, but Harry feels Louis’ loneliness and depression. He’s felt it for a hundred years. He feels his connection, a barely there bond just from being near Louis, and Harry wants to seal it. He knows that by biting Louis, this connection would only become stronger, and then Louis would feel it too.

Harry pulls Louis in by the back of his neck, and instead of biting him, Harry kisses him. This time on the lips in a desperate plea. He feels Louis’ blood pump faster and his smaller hands grab at Harry’s chest, tugging on the white silk shirt. Harry’s other hand grasps at Louis’ lower back, keeping the human close to his body. Louis is moaning quietly, letting Harry guide their lips and melting into the vampire’s touches.

He’s calming enough, relaxed but his pulse is still high, and Harry knows this is the best time to do it. He releases the kiss, both of them have staggering breaths, and extends his fangs. As Harry watches Louis’ dilated eyes widen, he has to say, “I’m sorry.”

“Ahh!” Louis yelps when he feels Harry’s sharp fangs sink into his flesh. But the burn quickly turns warm and bright, like that one spot is radiating energy of the purest kind. Louis gasps as Harry’s grip tightens, and he can feel his cock start to swell up in his pants. This is what being made for a vampire feels like, more pleasurable than anything Louis has ever felt. “Harry.”

The vampire’s mind is racing. Louis’ blood is so sweet. It’s practically sparking in Harry’s mouth, and it’s hot and just… full of life. Life that’s never been touched by death, by another vampire, and the sun. Louis taste like how Harry remembers the sun feeling. Harry falls to his knees, dragging Louis down with him, and he slows his intake so he doesn’t hurt Louis.

They can feel each other everywhere. When Harry takes his mouth away and licks up the leftover blood, he can feel Louis’ every emotion. Never in all his years has a feeding felt so intimate and tasted so good. Harry will never let Louis go, not after what he just experienced.

He didn’t notice, at first, that Louis’ legs wrapped around his waist, but he does as Louis continues to whimper and rock his hips down. “Harry, Harry make me come, please.”

“Louis, be still,” Harry says, petting a strong hand down Louis’ back. He looks into Louis’ watery, pleading eyes and feels so much affection for this stranger human. “Your blood is so sweet.”
“Wh-what?” Louis asks, still trying to get friction on his crotch.

“Your blood is like nothing I have ever tasted,” Harry moans. He looks around at the place they have settled in, and it’s darkly romantic. He can feel everything so vividly, because he just fed right from the source and his senses have been heightened. “I want you Louis. I want so much of you, but I’m afraid of what I will do if you give yourself over.”

“No, Harry please,” Louis begs as his hands grip tightly on Harry’s neck. He feels weak from the loss of blood, but he also feels weak for Harry. He wants—needs—this vampire to finish what pleasure he started. “Don’t leave me like this.”

“I won’t, of course I won’t,” Harry says, shushing Louis with a kiss. “But not here. I will take you back to my home, where you can be on a bed.”

“Okay, yes okay,” Louis says, and he tries to stand up, but the blood loss has made it hard to. He gets dizzy from the slightest movement, and collapses back down into Harry’s arms. “My head, it hurts.”

“I’m so sorry Louis,” Harry coos, scooping Louis up into his arms. He’s holding the little human like a groom would his new spouse, as he starts to take them both back to his manor. “You’ll get your strength back soon.”

Before Louis even knows what’s happening, after he blinks for only a second, Harry has already brought him into his bedroom. The vampire’s more than human speed is a bit disorienting as Louis is gently placed on the soft bed. This room is gently placed on the soft bed. This room is dark, with special screens placed over the windows to completely block out the sun. Louis finds himself lying on shiny, golden sheets, while Harry stands at the end of the bed, taking in the sight of the human.

His eyes haven’t left the two bite marks on Louis’ neck since they got in the room. He’s staring hungrily, and nervously at Louis while he unbuttons the white satin shirt he’s wearing. Louis’ pulse is rising, and Harry hears it perfectly, the steady thumping below Louis’ chest. Harry ever so carefully hangs his shirt on one of the wooden bed posts, and begins to crawl over the bed. He stops just short of Louis, picking up one of the human’s thin ankles and giving it a kiss, before parting Louis’ legs.

Both of Louis’ hands are tightly clenching the sheet at his sides, and his breathing hitches when one of Harry’s much larger hands makes its way to his knee. He lets his legs part on their own, as he watches Harry. He watches the ripple of every distinctly toned muscle on Harry’s torso, and the dangling of the tiny silver cross necklace against the vampire’s chest. Louis is a little confused, because he thought vampires couldn’t stand neither silver nor crosses, but he’s going to save those questions for later.

“Don’t be scared,” Harry whispers as his fingers trail up and under Louis’ shirt.

“’M not,” Louis says with a shaky, unsure voice. He lets go for only a moment, to let Harry tug off his shirt and toss it to the side. “Are you going to bite me again?”

“No,” Harry says with a small smile, running a single, cold finger across Louis’ slightly pudgy belly.

“A-are you going to fuck me?” Louis asks, swallowing a nervous throat lump.

Harry shakes his head, chuckling at the human. “No, Louis.”

“You s-sure like to say no,” Louis says, trying to mask his nerves.
“You’ve only asked me questions that warrant a no,” Harry says, settling his body over Louis’. He brings his lips close to Louis’ collarbones, and trails light kisses all the way up to the spot just below Louis’ ear. “Ask me if I will make you feel good.”

Louis’ eyes slip closed as he gasped, “W-will you make me feel good?”

“Yes,” Harry says suddenly rough and coarse with his voice. He grinds his hips down into Louis’, and smirks at the high squeak that leave the human’s lips. Harry turns Louis’ face by his cheek and kisses him, slow and deep while his hips continued their movements.

Louis moans and grabs at Harry’s long curls, rutting up against the vampire for friction on his clothed cock. “*Harry, y-your fangs,*” Louis gasps when he feels them against his tongue. He runs his thumb softly over them, then down to Harry’s plump lower lip. “They’re still out.”

“They tend to do that when vampires are aroused,” Harry tells him, smiling fondly at how naïve Louis really is. Nowadays most humans think it’s cool to know everything about his kind, to the point where they start to think they actually know more than the vampires. It’s so refreshing for Harry to get to teach Louis about his kind.

“Oh,” Louis mumbles as he stares longingly at the pearly white fangs. They’re beautiful, and they were making Louis feel so good only moments ago. This magic is truly amazing. “Keep going.”

Harry starts kissing Louis again as they rut against each other. Harry wouldn’t come from this alone, but he’s only interested in Louis right now. He wants this human with the sunshine filled blood to be overwhelmed with pleasure.

Which Louis is, or at least he’s beginning to be, with the way Harry’s pressing right down on him, grabbing at his hips, licking over the fang marks on his neck. Louis is moaning, and scratching numbly at Harry’s biceps, such strong arms, he feels so damn good. This handsome vampire could kill him if he wanted to, but Louis knows that’s not what Harry wants. Harry’s getting exactly what he wants, because Louis’ dick is leaking in his pants.

Louis moans into Harry’s ear, the sound resonating to the vampire’s cold blood, making him work faster. Harry hikes one of Louis’ legs up around his waist, kissing him hard while Louis takes it. The pleasure peaks in Louis, as he moans, “Oh, H-Harry,” and comes, hips stuttering up into the vampire. He ruts until he’s empty, collapsing back onto the bed while Harry continues to kiss all over.

The vampire smiles down at Louis, thumbing along the column of Louis’ neck, over his slowing pulse. Harry feels Louis all over, because of the blood he drank. He feels everything Louis is thinking, and it’s beautiful, but it’s exhausting.

“Stunning,” Harry whispers to himself, though Louis can hear it and it makes him blush. The vampire takes a glance up at the clock, and it’s almost midnight. Which is very early for Harry, but Louis is human, and he’s had his blood sucked, so he needs to sleep. And with the taste of Louis’ sweet blood still lingering in Harry’s mouth, it is very likely the vampire could lose control. “Let me take you home, Louis. After you’ve cleaned up of course.”

“What? Why can’t I stay?” Louis asks, sitting up on his arms with a frown. “Don’t, um, don’t you need someone to—”

“No, Louis, don’t worry about me, I got my fill for the night,” Harry says, eyeing the bite marks. “I will take you home. And I do wish to see you again.”
“Yeah?”

“There’s no doubt in my mind, Louis, that I do not want this to be our last night together,” Harry assures him. He stands off the bed quickly, holding out one of his big, pale hands and helps Louis up as well. “The shower is all yours, and I will wait for you outside this door.”

“You could wait in here, this is your own room,” Louis says with a lighthearted smile.

Harry flashes his own, fang-free, as he says, “It wouldn’t be proper.”

Louis rolls his eyes. This vampire is old and old fashioned, just his luck. Louis went out for an adventure, and has come out with a steady date. He’s not going to complain for long, because Harry is kind and really attractive. “Fine.”

Half an hour later, Louis is stepping out of Harry’s bedroom with a freshly washed body, that smells very much like strawberries, and drying hair. Harry is across the hall, fixing his shirt in the mirror, once again leaving a few buttons open at the top. He looks up and smiles at Louis, and yes, there’s a reflection. Louis may never understand all of the vampire lore, and how their magic works. Shouldn’t there be no shadow? Louis will ask later.

“Alright, take me home I guess,” Louis takes a step out and suddenly feels faint, stumbling a bit.

Harry is quick to catch him. “So sorry, Louis. I didn’t think I took that much blood from you.”

“It’s fine, drive home tonight might be a bit quiet.”

“I’m okay with that,” Harry says, picking Louis up like a bride. Once again, Louis blinks and they’re at their destination.

“You’ve got to walk slower. I might want a tour of your mansion at some point,” Louis says with a pout.

“There’s plenty of time for that,” Harry let’s Louis get in the car on his own, then climbs into the driver’s side. He really hates driving, because it’s slower than his vampire speed, but at least he’s getting more time with his human. One hand on the steering wheel, and the other holding Louis’ on his lap, Harry takes him home.

They park and Harry walks Louis to the door, but he doesn’t even go up the steps. Louis turns around, frowning. “What’s wrong?”

“A vampire cannot enter a home they’ve never been invited into, when they are not the owner,” Harry says with a shrug.

“Seriously? So that rule is real?” Louis asks, laughing to himself. “You can wear a damned silver cross around your neck, and you’ve got a reflection, but god forbid you go into a house!”

“Louis,” Harry shakes his head with a fond smile. “The silver poison thing is more werewolves—”

“What—”

“And I can’t control the rules. You humans have sure created some grand legends about us. You would do well to know which ones are real,” Harry says with a cautious tone.
He’s just standing at the bottom of the porch, hands folded behind his back and waiting for Louis to do something. “Well, I guess you can—”

“No,” Harry cuts off. “Do not invite me in tonight. It’s too soon.”

“Don’t I get more of a say? This being my house and all?” Louis asks with his arms folded over his chest, brow arched.

“It is your house, but I am the vampire,” Harry says, smiling up at Louis. “You shouldn’t be so eager to let me in.”

“You really taking this whole ‘let’s go slow’ thing seriously,” Louis sighs with pursed lips, arms crossing over his chest.

“Just trying to keep you safe,” Harry runs a hand through his long hair, pushing it out of his face a bit. He knows Louis isn’t actually annoyed, and as much as the vampire would like to stay with Louis, he knew it would be too much for the night. “We shall see each other again. I have no doubts of that.”

“Yeah?”

“Definitely, if you would like. We could go on a proper date.”

“Oh,” Louis blushes at the thought. “My blood really that good?”

“More than just your blood,” Harry says, smile fading. He can’t tell if Louis is still joking around. “Could you come down the steps, please? I would like to kiss you one last time before I go.”

Louis teeters back and forth on his toes a few times. He really doesn’t want Harry to go, but who is Louis to argue with a vampire? Harry could be back at his own home in a matter of seconds. “Okay, but I’m coming over same time tomorrow, and you can take me on that date.”

“Of course, Sunshine.”

Louis’ heart pulses at the new nickname, and he walks down to the first step, making him a couple inches taller than Harry. The human leans down and kisses the vampire, lightly on the cheek, and then moves his lips onto Harry’s. The vampire makes no attempts to hold Louis, he can’t because of the property barrier, but Louis places his hands on Harry’s shoulders, kissing him deeper.

They hum into each other’s mouths, Louis’ eyes have closed and Harry pulls back to whisper. “Until tomorrow.”

The next thing Louis knows, he’s opening his eyes only to see nobody looking back. Harry left so fast, Louis didn’t even feel him leave his touch. Still, Louis can’t help but smile to himself, fingers going to touch the place where Harry bit him, then his own lips. This was the most magical and eventful night of Louis’ life, so far.

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Louis’ life continues to be magical through his first few dates with Harry, each romantic than the last. Louis feels like he can be completely himself with Harry, completely comfortable. By the time they get to their tenth date, Louis lets his sense of humor make a bit of a joke about it. It’s not that he isn’t excited, because he really is, but Louis cannot resist going to see a movie about vampires with Harry.

He did not count on the movie being incredibly gory and scary, to the point where Louis was hiding
behind his hands. Harry, of course, is laughing at almost everything the fictional vampire does. He stops, though, when he looks down to see how afraid Louis is. Harry feels sorry for him, because this film is completely unrealistic.

“Sunshine?” Harry whispers, pulling Louis’ hands away from his face. “Lou, don’t be scared, this is far from real.”

“I know,” Louis hushes. “I know, but…”

“Sunshine, vampire would not do this to humans.” Harry tells him sweetly. “Maybe a very long time ago when things were more savage, but not now, not me.”

“Right,” Louis sighs, blinking up at the vampire. “Honestly, I thought it would be funny to see this with you, but obviously that’s backfired.”

“I think it’s pretty funny. I’ve never heard of a vampire that eats brains,” Harry says in a joking tone. “This is either some big propaganda film against vampire rights, or the people who made it know nothing about us.”

“I’m sorry for bringing you here,” Louis says with a frown.

“Really Louis, it’s fine,” Harry assures him, stretching his arm over Louis’ shoulders. “I enjoy being in your company.”

Louis smiles, leaning up into Harry’s embrace. “Still can’t believe I caught such a gentleman vamp.” He sits up and kisses Harry’s jaw, down his neck, sucking on the cold skin. Harry groans softly from the warm feeling of Louis’ lips, letting the human kiss him wherever. Louis moves up to Harry’s cheek, placing one of his hands on the other to turn his head.

He’s never done the ‘make out with your date in a dark theater’ thing, but goddamn does Louis like it. He can feel Harry smiling into their kisses, and he can feel the way Harry’s grip tightens on his back. There’s an arm rest between them that’s making it slightly uncomfortable, but Louis wants this so much. He separates from Harry’s lips long enough to push the armrest up and out of the way, and climb into the vampire’s lap.

He’s grinding down, his arse to Harry’s dick and this time Louis knows Harry’s getting hard. He can feel Harry pressing into him, and he can barely hear the soft moans from the vampire through their kiss. Louis is determined this time to get Harry of in this movie theater. He feels dirty, but he’s too horny to care. Louis gets a bit of bravery, and reaches his hand between them.

“Sweet Louis,” Harry moans, but he grabs Louis by the wrist and pulls him away. “I, um, I think that’s enough for tonight.”

“No, no Harry come on,” Louis whispers as he brushes the hair from Harry’s face. “Please, I’m desperate for you, for anything.”

“There are other people here Louis,” Harry says with a sigh, lifting Louis off his lap and placing him back in his seat.

Louis isn’t having it through. He needs Harry’s touch, he craves it. “Please, just bite me at least.”

“No,” Harry whispers sternly. “Not in a public place. Let’s finish the movie and then see to your physical needs.”

“Why do you have to be so damn proper?” Louis asks, slumping back in his chair.
The vampire chuckles and reaches to Louis’ lap to hold his hand, intertwining their fingers. “I can’t help that I grew up a gentleman.”

Louis rolls his eyes. He can’t decide how he feels about Harry, because on the one hand, Harry is a scary, complicated vampire who could kill him at any second. On the other hand, Louis feels safe and wanted with him. He cuddles up to the vampire’s side for a few more minutes of the movie, until he really can’t take it anymore. “Harry? Can we just go? We can hang around your mansion for a bit.”

“Of course, Sunshine,” Harry whispers with a smile. He helps Louis stand up, and adjusts the hard on his pants as he leads them up the aisle. Harry catches a few conversations from the other people, most about how the couple were probably going to fuck. It takes everything in Harry not to laugh at them.

Once they’re out of the theater and into the cool Louisiana night time air, Harry picks Louis up and brings them to his mansion in a second. Louis is secretly starting to like the super human speed that Harry possesses. He stops on the doorstep and carefully puts Louis down to grab his keys. Harry doesn’t see the note left on his door, but Louis is quick to pluck it off.

“Who’s Zayn?”

Harry nearly yelps and drops his keys on the ground when Louis asks. “H-how…” The vampire looks back up and see the note. “Oh, is that from him?”

“Yeah, just says ‘Zayn Malik’ in fancy print. He a friend?” Louis asks while he hands Harry the note.

“Yes, an old friend. The one who suggested I visit the vampire bar.” Harry’s eyes quickly read through Zayn’s note. “Looks like I’m to have a visitor tonight.”

“Oh,” Louis frowns. “Should I go home then?”

“No, Sunshine. There’s no need for that, Zayn won’t be here until long after you should be asleep in your own bed.” Harry says. He finally gets his door open and escorts Louis inside.

Now that Louis is of a more conscious mind, he can really appreciate how beautiful Harry’s home is. It’s mostly dark tones on the wood and carpet, gothic theme going around, and all over what one would expect from a rich, eight hundred year old vampire. But it’s beautiful too, with bright crystal chandeliers, a winding staircase, old portraits, and warm air.

“Would you like anything to eat? Or drink perhaps?” Harry asks. He wraps his arm around Louis’ waist and leads them to the kitchen, which is very bright and modern. Very out of place in the rest of the old fashioned mansion.

“You actually have human food and not just blood?” Louis asks, only half joking.

“I purchased a few things after our first couple dates,” Harry tells him, flashing a big, white smile. Louis can’t help but blush at the idea of Harry buying food for him. “What do you have?”

“Some fruits mostly, and a box of tea.”

“Oh the tea sounds lovely,” Louis says. “Could I make it, though? I’m very particular.”

“Whatever makes you happy, Sunshine.”
As Louis prepared his tea, he watched Harry pull out a pouch of frozen blood from his very large freezer. Harry puts it in the microwave until it’s melted and warm, then pours a little into a wine glass, then puts the pouch back into the freezer. It was the strangest thing Louis ever saw. He finishes up his tea and takes a few sips, as Harry drinks from the glass. “Well, that’s an interesting way to drink blood.”

“I think you’ll find most vampires take their blood this way, when it’s not directly from the source.” Harry says, his fangs out and dripping with blood already. “I cannot always go on a hunt.”

“I thought you didn’t drink from humans?” Louis says.

“I haven’t for a long time, beside you of course,” Harry tells him. “Over time I just…lost the passion for it.”

“You do seem very sad,” Louis says. He’s been thinking it since they met. Something was of about Harry, it can be seen in his eyes, barely heard in the way he speaks. “Or maybe not, I don’t know you enough.”

The two of them find themselves settled on a red, soft sofa in front of Harry’s fireplace. Harry is telling Louis an old story of how he met Marilyn Monroe during a charity event in 1962, and it still amazes Louis just how old Harry is. He has seen so much of the world and of history, and knows truths Louis can’t even imagine.

“That was the year she died, wasn’t it?” Louis asks, legs draped over Harry’s.

“It was,” Harry says with a nod, hand rubbing circles into Louis’ ankle. “I was lucky to have known her at all. She was a very nice person.”

“Too bad what happened,” Louis sighs. He sits up straighter and practically folds himself on Harry’s lap. “Do you know any other dead famous people? Or alive ones?”

Harry laughs, swallowing the last of his blood. “Oh sure, I know plenty of people, in passing. Before vampires were re-confirmed to the modern world, we had to be very careful. We couldn’t stay in a place too long or get to know people too well, because soon enough they would figure out we weren’t human.”

“Anymore,” Louis says. “You were human once.”

“Yes, but far too long ago.” Harry sighs. He places the empty wine glass on the coffee table, and settles his hand on Louis’ hip. He can’t help but stare at Louis’ beautiful face. Louis is… everything. He’s everything Harry has never known and always wanted. He’s all that Harry never knew he would fall for so soon. From all of the thousands of humans that Harry has met in his very long lifetime, he never thought he could possibly come to feel this way so soon. It’s a feeling Harry’s afraid he may never understand, and it’s about the only thing that scares him. “My sweet Louis, you are…the most interesting creature I have ever encountered.”

“Stop—”

“I mean it, Sunshine,” Harry says. He tightens his grip on Louis’ hip and brings his lips close to Louis’ neck, his fangs extending and barely brushing against the soft, warm skin. “You’ve got a hold over me, Louis. I can’t explain it, really. But you…I feel it more and more, stronger, every time we’re together.”

“Harry, god,” Louis moans, because he feels that too. He isn’t sure if it’s because Harry’s this immortal being, but he feels a connection. With every touch, and every look, every thought of Harry,
Louis feels that connection grow ever more binding. Louis sits up more, so his body is straddling Harry’s, and he lets Harry touch him, where ever the vampire desires. “Kiss me, or bite me, I want to feel you.”

Harry tenses under Louis. He can’t do more than kiss Louis, it’s been so long since he had sex with a human, and his self-control could use some work. Louis moans when Harry sucks on his neck, no biting or feeding. Harry’s soft lips pucker and caress Louis’ skin, leaving a trail of marks in their wake. “I can’t feed on you every time. Part of me wishes I could, because you taste so sweet, but you couldn’t handle it.”

“I can handle anything. I know you won’t push too far,” Louis sighs. He’s thinking of so many other things than just feeding, even though he loves when Harry does that. Louis always has so much more on his mind.

“You’re very strong Louis, but not that strong,” Harry says, chuckling at the little human. His laughter stops when Louis sighs and pushes him away.

“W-why do you do this? And why…why won’t you sleep with me, Harry?” Louis asks, growing more self-conscious by the second. He hates that he has to ask while literally sitting in Harry’s lap, with lovebites already on his neck. “Is…is it me?”

“No, not at all, Sunshine,” Harry says, his arms tighten around Louis’ waist. “It’s me, Lou.”

Louis’ face scrunches up. “Can… can you not, um—”

“No! No that’s not it either,” Harry says, laughing at the very thought. He also knows that Louis is very aware of just how well Harry’s body works. “Do you mind me asking, have you ever had sex with anyone? Human?”

Louis starts to blush at the question. “Um, no, I-I haven’t. There’s been a few other people… and other intimate sorts of things, which I would like to do with you. But I haven’t had sex, but I want to! I really, really do.”

“I know, but you have to understand,” Harry starts, eyes growing more stern. “Sex with a vampire is…well it’s a little different with a human. We’re much stronger, we can last for hours, and I could really hurt you. I could lose control and…and bite you, but not have the sense to stop. I know many vampires who have lost their human companions during…even in my early days I…”

Louis’ eyes grow very wide. He knows very well how strong Harry is, and sure he’s heard about how rough vampires can be during sex, but death? Harry can literally kill him? “You wouldn’t hurt me. You always say you won’t.”

“And I mean that, I really do. And I want you Louis, I want to kiss every inch of you and give you such pleasure.” Harry mumbles, staring worriedly to Louis’ eyes. “But I can barely keep myself in check even now. Sunshine… I couldn’t live if I hurt you like that.”

Louis can understand all of that, really, but it doesn’t stop him from being incredibly sexually frustrated. He wants to be intimate with Harry, he wants to at least make Harry come, just once. It seems like every time they get hot and heavy, Harry never wants Louis to return the favor.

“Haz, can’t I at least…” Louis goes quiet, not quite sure how to ask this. “You won’t even let me return the favor. Like, we’ve fucked around a few times, and I’ve never made you come. You’ve got to know how that makes me feel.”

“But that’s nothing on you, Louis.” Harry says quickly, cursing himself for making Louis feel
inadequate. “You’re hot, Lou, you really are, and trust me when I say I’m nearly always hard around you. But as I just said…Vampires have much better stamina than humans do. It would take so much longer for you to return the favor, and I never wanted to put that on you.”

“I’m sure I could handle it.” Louis says with a pouty frown, fiddling with the open buttons on Harry’s shirt. “What would it take to get you to fuck me?”

Harry gapes at him. Louis must be desperate for it, to ask so blatantly. “Jesus Christ, you don’t have to do anything, but give me time. I-I have to be really ready before we go any further, or I’ll lose all control.”

It’s the only answer Louis will get, and he knows that, but he wishes Harry would stop being so scared. He wishes Harry would man up and make love to Louis like he wants. It’s about killing Louis that he won’t do this. But then, Louis gets a wonderfully, devious idea. “Mind if we change the subject then? Since you seem pretty firm with this?”

“Of course not, Sunshine,” Harry says, still uneased from the talk of sex. He can tell Louis isn’t entirely over the topic, and it hurt Harry to have to be so firm about it.

“I’ve just got a couple questions about vampires you know? Like, I get that you can’t enter a home without permission, but what else is true?” Louis asks.

Harry laughs, “Where do I even start?” He places his hand on Louis’ thigh and shifts slightly so his whole body is facing Louis. “For one thing, we can’t go out in sunlight, or we’ll burn up. Um, humans can see our reflections in mirrors, crucifixes don’t bother vampires, actually no religious items bother us, unless it’s a personal thing. Garlic can’t poison us, but wooden stakes do kill us. Beheading also does the trick.”

“Wow,” Louis grins. “That’s a lot of rules to keep track of.”

“Those aren’t even rules, really,” Harry says. He sighs, mostly to himself as he thinks of the real laws set by the Elders. “We have all kinds of levels of hierarchy to keep us in line, and they make the real laws. All that magic is just…who we are. Much like how humans need oxygen or break their legs if they fall from too high.”

Louis is completely in awe of Harry, and of vampires in general. Humans have been under the impression that vampires are these almighty beasts that hunt and fuck humans without limitation. Their magic is so much more than that. “A-and your blood? Does it really have a euphoric effect on humans?”

“Yes, it can cause humans to have visions of things that aren’t there, not unlike an acid trip,” Harry explains, face falling into a frown. “It also creates an extreme connection to that vampire, which is why V is illegal. Vampires were being killed and drained by humans for our blood.”

Louis gasps, “That’s awful.” He leans his head down on Harry’s shoulder, and places his over Harry’s where it’s on his thigh, interlocking their fingers. “That connection though, it must be intense.”

“I wouldn’t know,” Harry sighs. “The only time I ever drank a vampire’s blood when I was human was when I was turned. I don’t remember anything about that night. I wasn’t exactly turned by choice.”

“What do you remember?” Louis asks, gently placing a kiss on Harry’s neck.

Harry’s body tenses. “I’d rather not talk about that right now.”
“Okay, I’m sorry,” Louis sighs, sadly. “I’m just curious about you.”

“I know, Sunshine,” Harry says, kissing Louis on his temple. “I’ll tell you everything you want to know about me, but not tonight.”

“Alright, alright,” Louis says, licking his lips as he looks up at Harry’s face, at the calm expression in his eyes. “So, there’s nothing physical that can hold a vampire down? At all?”

“Well, silver can contain us, but obviously it doesn’t burn our skin or poison us like humans seem to think. But if you make a silver chain, it’ll keep us in.” Harry says suspiciously.

“Oh really?” Louis says, innocently yet not-so-innocently batting his lashes up at the vampire. “So, if I were to, say, chain your hands down, you couldn’t break free?”

Harry bursts out in laughter. “Are you really asking me that?”

“Yes I am!”

“Louis, I thought you were done with the sex talk.”

“Haz, I-I can’t help it!” Louis groans. “I can’t help how much I want you, and I’m going to find a very for us to be intimate without you hurting me.”

“Sex isn’t the only way to be intimate, Louis. This is a sweet gesture, but—”

“No buts!” Louis interrupts. He sits up on his knees and takes Harry’s cheeks in his hands. “Please. I’ve never wanted anyone so bad in my life. You want me too, so why won’t you take my solution?”

Harry’s eyes shut and he sighs, head shaking. “You want to put me in chains? That’s how you want your first time making love to go? You don’t want to be touched? You don’t want me to get to know your body? Because that’s how I would want it.”

“W-we’ll figure it out, Haz,” Louis says, shifting up and sliding onto Harry’s lap. “I mean, there’s also the matter of your vampire stamina. I-I just thought we could figure out a way to make it good for us, and safe.”

Harry sighs again, and wraps his arms around Louis’ back, head resting on Louis’ chest. He could feel the quick beat of Louis’ heart, the rhythm he’s been slowly memorizing every time they meet. “I want everything with you, Louis, like a normal couple. You couldn’t even begin to understand what you’ve already done for me. But… you’re so young, Louis. If anything were to happen—”

“It won’t,” Louis insists, brushing his fingers through Harry’s long hair. “We will work this out. I trust you.”

Before Harry can say anything back, or try to argue some more, the doorbell goes off. It chimes a few times, echoing in the quiet mansion, and Harry groans as he looks at the time. “That’ll be Zayn.”

“Your friend?”

“Yes,” Harry says urgently. He lifts Louis of his lap and stands up, carefully putting Louis on his feet. “When I walk you out, keep your eyes and head down, don’t let him get a good look at you, okay?”

Louis’ face turns into a confused frown, “Why? Is he dangerous?”

“No, just nosy and a pain in my ass,” Harry says putting his arm over Louis’ shoulders. “I want some
privacy with you, in regards to our relationship, and he’d get in the way. Zayn is pretty… protective of me.”

Louis nods his head, listening but also stuck on the word relationship that had slipped from Harry’s mouth so easily. Is this a relationship then? Sure, they go on dates and Louis cares for Harry very much but… they are barely intimate, and there’s still so much Louis doesn’t know about Harry. It’s not like they had time to talk about it right now, not with someone so important waiting at the mansion door.

On the other side is a vampire, shorter than Harry and thinner, but damn, he’s one of the most beautiful people Louis has ever seen. He has olive-tan skin and tattoos going up his arms, into an expensive look black button up. His is sharp, angular and covered with a short beard, complete with sparkling brown eyes. Louis keeps his head down, at least he tries to, as he quickly gives Harry a kiss on the cheek and walks on over to his car. Harry keeps Zayn turned away from Louis as they wave goodbye to each other, and Louis makes sure to lock both his car doors before driving off.

“Touchy tonight.”

Harry makes sure Louis’ car is out of sight before he makes eye contact with Zayn. “I was on a date.”

“Yes, I know.” Zayn says with a bright smirk. “Congrats. And also you’re welcome since I’m the one who got you to go out again.”

The shorter vampire pats Harry on the chest and walks around him to go inside the very familiar mansion. Harry closes the door and follows Zayn as he takes it upon himself to go wherever he wants in someone else’s house. “Please come in, I don’t mind at all.”

“Of course you don’t.” Zayn says with a wink. He drapes himself, very much like a king would, on Harry’s red couch. “Does he know?”

“Know what?” Harry nervously asks, voice raising slightly because he knows exactly what Zayn is referring to.

Still, Zayn presses the question. “Does he know that up until two months ago, you were suicidal? Have you told new mystery lover that you were going to abandon life and walk into the sun? Wasn’t it because, in your words, ‘life has no meaning and the vampire lifestyle is empty to me now’?”

Harry’s lips curl into a purse as he slides down into the armchair beside Zayn. “No, he doesn’t know. I do intend to tell him, but not yet.”

“Tell me Harry,” Zayn starts, clearing his throat. “Are you putting off walking into the sun because of this human? Because staying alive for one person and not yourself isn’t healthy.”

“I’m aware of how unhealthy it is,” Harry snaps back at his King. “Shouldn’t you be happy for me? I’m staying, not dying, and with everything going on with the Elders, that’s a miracle.”

“Trust me, I know,” Zayn groans. “I am happy, really I am. Yet, one can’t help but wonder what will happen to you if mystery boy should leave.”

“I—” Harry cuts himself off. He hasn’t thought about that happening, not yet anyway. It’s not like it’s something that can’t be expected, because they’re so different…and there are things Harry can’t give Louis. It wouldn’t surprise Harry if one day Louis came to him and said he needed a human, someone who could properly love and be with him. “I’ll be fine, really. I think. Look, Zayn, we don’t have to worry about that right now.”
“Oh really?”

“Yes.”

“There’s no trouble in paradise? At all?”

“Nope.”

“So, the fact that you won’t fuck him isn’t a problem?” Zayn asks, smirk present on his stupid royal face.

“Excuse—you fucking ass!” Harry shouts, throwing a small pillow at the King’s face. “Why did you listen to us? Nosy bastard.”

Zayn only shrugs, “Couldn’t help it. I heard a voice I didn’t recognize and just had to!”

“This is bullshit.”

“No, what you said to that human is bullshit,” Zayn retorts. “Vampire as old as you has plenty of control during sex. As far as I know, you haven’t killed a human like that in hundreds of years. Why are you holding back on this boy?”

“Because…he’s different okay?” Harry sighs, rubbing his hands down his cheeks. “I couldn’t even begin to describe how I feel when I’m with him. I feel you again, and happy, almost like a human. I never want to be without him, and I’m desperate to touch him all the time.”

Zayn is staring at Harry, pensively, as if he knows more about the situation than Harry does. “Have you drank from him yet?”

“Oh god, oh Zayn, yes I have,” Harry moans just thinking about the night he first drank from Louis. “His blood was delicious. It tasted like fucking sunshine, I swear. It was the absolute best I’ve had in centuries. Actually, it was the best I ever had, period.”

“Harry,” Zayn stops him, voice suddenly serious. He’s sitting forward now, elbows leaning on his knees as he tilts his head to the side. His eyes are keeping direct contact with Harry’s. “Have you…have you considered Louis might be your Soulmate?”

“What?” Harry asks with a confused frown. “I thought vampire Soulmates were just a legend. Something the Elders made up back during the war because of the wolves.”

“Mate you gotta get out more,” Zayn chuckled. “They’re very real. It’s not like wolf mates, where Alphas can imprint on almost anyone, though. Vampires are connected through the blood, and from what you describe, you and Louis have that connection.”

“You’re fucking with me right now, you’ve got to be,” Harry scoffs, disbelief dripping from his words.

“I’m not, though,” Zayn tries to assure him. “Look, the Elders forbid any new vampires to be made, as you know, but every rule has an exception. The exception to this rule is that if a vampire finds their Soulmate, and can prove it, then the soulmate can be turned. I’ve seen it happen.”

“What?” Harry asks, eyes widening. He and Louis were Soulmates? And he could turn Louis? They could be together forever, if Louis wanted.

“Yeah, a ceremony happened about a decade or so ago in Colorado,” Zayn explains. “It’s so rare so
the Queen got permission to have other Kings and Queens attend. Amazing thing to see.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about this?” Harry asks.

“No offense, but you’ve been pretty disconnected from the world since the 40’s,” Zayn says casually. He knew his friend’s depression started about that time, even though Harry claims it started very recently. “I try not to bother you with those kinds of things. I thought it would make you even lonelier.”

That is pretty fair, because Harry probably would have taken the news too close to heart. There’s no telling if he’d have walked into the sun already if Zayn told him about that. “You’re right, but thank you for telling me now. I just don’t know that Louis would be open to this. He’s so…”

“Innocent?”

“New,” Harry says. “I’ve been teaching him as much as I can about us, but it’s a lot. I don’t want him to be overwhelmed or scared off.”

“I doubt that will happen, especially if he is your Soulmate,” Zayn says. “By the way, Louis is a very pretty name.”

“Shit,” Harry groans. “Do not stalk him, don’t have anyone follow him, don’t do anything, please.”

“Calm down, fucks sake,” Zayn says, laughing at the same time. “I’m not gonna check him out, I promise. I’ll let you have your privacy with him, okay? It’s just nice to actually know his name.”

“That’s all I ask,” Harry sighs, leaning back on the armchair. “Enough about me, okay? Surely there must be another reason you are visiting?”

“Not really,” Zayn says with a playful grin. “I mean, there’s shit going on with the Elders, but that’s nothing new.”

“Christ, what are they fucking up now?”

“Apparently a V dealing ring was discovered in some of the Northwest Territories, which is annoying within itself. And the idiots were put on trial, of course, but one of them told the Queen of Washington that it was an Elder that commissioned them,” Zayn tells him, rolling his eyes at the very idea.

Harry is shocked by the news. He always had a feeling the Elders never gave up their old, corrupt ways, but to be selling V? Vampire blood is sacred to their people, and the sale of it to humans permitted the harshest punishment. “Motherfuckers. I wouldn’t be surprised if it turned out to be true. You know, it’s just like them to use lower ranking vamps to do their dirty work.”

“Well, we may never know now,” Zayn huffs. “They were executed before the Queen could get more information.”

“I thought we were done with that kind of shit. Ever since the way and the execution of Vlad, the Elders were supposed to be better,” Harry says, recalling his early days as a vampire, back when things were much more barbaric.

“The Elders are so fucking old, of course they won’t get better,” Zayn groans. “They can’t know we’re saying any of this, either, because next thing you know they’re blaming us for selling V.”

“Right, of course,” Harry nods, knowing Zayn was probably right. “But…which one of them do you
“Marcus, who else?” Zayn snorts. “I never trusted him, especially after the war. He was close to Vlad before everything, and I found it hard to believe he could turn on him that quickly.”

“Marcus isn’t exactly the biggest fan of you and me either. He was never comfortable with our friendship to the wolves,” Harry points out.

“It’s more your friendship than mine,” Zayn sighs, shuddering at the memory of working with the wolves.

“They like you too, don’t worry,” Harry laughs, tapping Zayn on the knee. He looks over at the clock and watches as the seconds tick away. He knows the sun will be coming up soon, and his mansion will lockdown to keep the light out. “Almost morning, you better get going if you want to make it home.”

“Awe, you don’t want a sleepover with the King?” Zayn jokingly bats his eyes. “Most people would be honored.”

“Most people wouldn’t have had the King interrupt a perfectly good date night.” Harry sarcastically retorts.

“Fair enough,” Zayn relents, throwing his hands up in surrender. He stands up from the sofa and brushes himself off, straightening his jacket while Harry joins him on his feet. Zayn claps a hand on Harry’s back as they quickly walk to the door, “Good luck with that Louis.”

“Thanks mate,” Harry says curtly, nearly pushing Zayn out the door. Harry quickly locks the door and leans back against it, a million thoughts start running through his head. Some are about Marcus and the Elders and all their bullshit. Most are about Louis, and how much Harry already wants him, how Louis could really be his Soulmate.

Now that is a thought Harry can get behind. It is all a matter of what Louis wants, and if he feels the same. Although, if they really are Soulmates, then Louis must already feel the pull, the need to be with Harry. Maybe that’s why he’s been so insistent about them making love lately. His body needs it, just like Harry’s does, because they were made for each other. But…they haven’t been together for very long…and Louis barely understands basic vampire facts. How can Harry possibly explain Soulmates, when he himself is still new to the subject?

Still, Harry waited this long to find someone like Louis, he could make it a little longer.

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“Well, look who’s actually staying late to help with closing duties,” Verna Simmons, one of the owners of the bar Louis works in, very smugly announces to the near empty establishment. “I am shocked.”

“Ha ha,” Louis shortly replies. He’s counting the tip money for the night, whilst simultaneously checking each tab to make sure nobody skimmed them. “At least somebody is doing closing duties. You’ve been braiding Charlie’s hair for the past half hour.”

Charlie, Verna’s husband and business partner, just laughs at Louis, wincing when his wife tugs extra hard on his hair. “Come on chér, don’t tease the boy. He’s been MIA for weeks now. Ever since the ladies told him to go to that Vampire Bar.”

“Oh yes,” Verna almost sings out, grinning at Louis. “Meet someone special?”
Louis tries to fight back the blush that creeps onto his cheeks, fumbling with some of the change. He drops a few coins onto the floor, and when he comes back up, he doesn’t make eye contact with either of his bosses. “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Lou-ie Tomlinson, do you take us for fools?” Charlie asks with a pointed stare. “You ain’t sly about those bite marks on your neck, young man.”

“U-um—I—” Louis stutters as his eyes grow wide and panicked, and his hand quickly covers the two round fang marks. “That’s none of your business.”

“Now, now Louis,” Verna says sternly. “Who you spend your personal time with is your business, yes, but vampires? We are all for their rights in our house, but they’re still dangerous. We can’t have you getting hurt, or worse, because of one of them.”

“I hear you, I do, but…” Louis sighs dreamily, rubbing the bite marks. He can almost still feel Harry’s lips on his neck, even though it’s been two days since they last were together. “This one is different. He’s not scary at all, and he’s…such a gentleman. Nothing like the horrible creatures vampires are supposed to be.”

The couple look at each other with a mix of concern and pride for Louis, before Verna says, “You must really like him.”

“I guess I do,” Louis says, quickly looking back down at the money.

“Are you seeing this man tonight?” Verna asks, hands going down to her hips. She reminds Louis of his mother, and the way she used to scold him for being irresponsible.

“Unfortunately no,” Louis sighs. He puts down his work and turns around to properly look at his bosses, leaning both elbows back on the counter. “He’s got work tonight. Lots of calls to foreign countries and things.”

“What does this vamp do?” Charlie asks, grunting when Verna tugs his hair again.

“He’s an artifact procurer. He like, certifies artifacts and authenticates them or something,” Louis says with a shrug. It all sounded very complicated when Harry explained it to him, and all Louis got was that it kept Harry very rich.


“He rich?”

Louis rolls his eyes and covers his face with his hands, nodding. “Yes, okay? He’s very rich, and I like him a lot. Can we drop this now?”

Verna’s lips form a purse and she shakes her head at Louis. “Whatever. But if you get eaten, your mom’s spirit better not come bother me.”

“If Harry eats me, mama’s spirit will spend all of eternity yelling at me, trust,” Louis says. He goes back to his work with the money, finishing up faster than intended. He doesn’t have anywhere to go tonight, not anywhere important anyway. Though, he finally found a place to get a silver chain, and his tips tonight gave him plenty of money to spend on it. When he’s finished, he packs everything up and signs off on the receipts, shoving wads of tip cash into his wallet. “I’m out for the night.”

“Take care, fang bait!” Charlie shouts as Louis darts out of the bar, laughing at his boss. It’s all in good fun.
“I’m so sorry, Sunshine,” Harry coos over the phone. He’s been pulling into a very important meeting at a museum, and is going to have to be late to their night in.

Louis finally invited Harry into his home, after about three months of dating, because enough was enough. Louis cares about Harry, and vice versa, and there’s no reason for his boyfriend, vampire or not, to be barred from his home. “Honey, I had something very special planned for us tonight.”

“I know Lou, I know,” Harry groans, and Louis can tell the vampire is just as disappointed. “I can be at your home by midnight, I promise.”

Louis looks over at the dinner table, where he has already set up a small dinner for himself and a bottle of blood for Harry, complete with candles. Louis is the ultimate romantic, and he has gone all out, now seemingly for nothing. “Okay. Just get here as soon as you can.”

“Of course Lou,” Harry says, and then in a hurry almost like he didn’t even realize the words were going to come out, “Love you.”

Louis lets out a short gasp, and before he can reply, Harry hangs up. He stands there, white knuckling the counter as he whimpers to no one on the phone, “I love you too.”

He drops his phone onto the granite tip and brings the now empty hand to his mouth, covering the small choking sound he releases. He turns and sinks to the floor, back against the wood shelves under the counter. He can’t believe Harry just said that, and so easily too. Harry didn’t even pause to think about it, he just came out and told Louis he loves him. Is this a dream? If so, Louis doesn’t want to wake up any time soon.

At least he’s completely sure about what he was going to do tonight. Though, now his stomach is in knots. Nervous and excited knots, and he lost his appetite. He also can’t stop smiling to himself, and he doesn’t want to move from his spot on the ground because he’s comfortable down there, acting like a schoolboy with a crush. It’s so much more than a crush at this point though, because Harry loves him. And Louis is so sure he loves Harry too.

But…Harry’s a vampire. He’s one of the immortal undead. Louis’ birthday is in two months and he’s going to be a year older, but Harry will stay the same. Harry has been twenty one, young, and gorgeous for almost eight hundred years. Their time together has been so small compared to all of Harry’s lifetime. It’s barely a blink of an eye in the grand scheme of things. Louis will love Harry all his life, grow old while Harry stays young, and die. And Harry will move on, find another temporary love to his years with.

Louis knows it’s unhealthy to focus on the lifetimes of another person, but he can’t help it. He’s going to be a small part of Harry’s eternity, but Harry will be in the rest of his, if he has anything to say about it. Louis is going to live. He’s going to love Harry with all his heart, because there’s nothing else on earth that he wants. If there’s a way Louis can spend forever with Harry, then he’ll do it, gladly.

It should scare Louis how fast he’s fallen for this vampire, and yet he’s not afraid.

Louis quickly darts off the ground, and starts to put away the dinner, taking a few bites as he puts everything into containers. He keeps the blood bottle out for Harry, in case he’s hungry after work. Louis also makes sure to pour himself a big glass of water, because he has a feeling it’s going to be a long night.
He takes both the blood and his water with him when he goes to his bedroom. He sets them on the bedside table, then crouches onto the floor, looking under his bed for the box he got a couple days ago. He reaches under and pulls it out, opening the top to reveal the silver chains inside. He picks them up, inspecting the cuffed parts and tugging, as if his regular human strength could prove anything. They’re shiny and new, and he’s going to use them with Harry tonight, just like they discussed.

“Can’t believe I’m really doing this,” Louis whispers to himself. He sits up on the bed and locks the ends of both chains to either side of his headboard. Hopefully the silver will make Harry too weak to damage the bed, because Louis really can’t afford to replace it.

After a couple hours he checks around the room one more time, and makes sure everything is away or in its place, because he really doesn’t want Harry to think he’s a slob. He thinks the place could use just a little more of a romantic atmosphere, so he grabs his phone and puts on some slow music. Just as a Marvin Gaye song begins, Louis hears his doorbell ring. “Oh god.”

He rushes downstairs and checks himself out in the mirror one more time, fixing his hair, before taking a deep breath and unlocking the door. He opens it slowly and sees Harry standing on the porch with a bouquet of red and orange roses, both his and Louis’ favorites. The colors remind Harry of sunrise. He opens his mouth like he’s going to say something, but Louis beats him to it.

“I love you too,” Louis says as fast as he can. “I-I’ve been thinking about it since you hung up the phone. I love you Harry.”

Harry just about drops the flowers right there, and he takes in a step into the house. “Louis, I love you. Fuck,” Harry nervously laughs. “I-I almost didn’t say it, because I was afraid it was too soon.”

“No, not at all,” Louis gasps, standing up on his toes as he reaches for Harry’s face. He pulls Harry in for quick, heated kiss, making Harry drop the flowers onto the floor. Louis feels Harry’s hands slip around to his back, and soon enough Louis is tugged forward into Harry’s chest. Louis whines and pulls away from their kiss, blinking up at Harry with wide, sparkling eyes. “Harry, remember that special night I planned?”

“Of course, Sunshine,” Harry says, voice deep and sincere. “I’m so sorry work interrupted it.”

“It’s okay, Haz, really,” Louis says, licking his lips. “I, um, I’d like to sort of skip most of what I had planned.”

“What do you mean?”

Louis bites his bottom lip, looking away for a moment because of his nerves. His hands slide away from Harry’s cheeks and instead around the vampire’s neck. He takes another deep breath, and then looks, directly into Harry’s eyes, “Make love to me, please. I’ve waited since I fucking met you, and I want you so bad.”

“Oh Louis,” Harry groans, dropping his head down so it’s resting on Louis’ shoulder. He looks at the bite marks made by his own fangs, where he would feed from Louis every few days. He feels the pull, the need to bite down and drink Louis’ sweet blood again. It takes every semblance of sanity to restrain himself, and kiss Louis instead. “I-I don’t think I can hold myself back from hurting you.”

“I already solved that problem,” Louis whispers. “I, um, sort of bought some silver chains to help with that.”

Harry’s nervous frown quickly perks up into a smirk. “Now, where on earth did you get those?”
Louis’ hands slid down to Harry’s chest and he starts to unbutton the few buttons that aren’t open already on Harry’s shirt. “There are certain shops that specialize in this sort of thing.”

Harry can’t help but laugh at the idea of Louis going into one of those shops all by himself. “You went to a sex shop for this? That must have been interesting.”

“It was terrifying,” Louis says, shivering at the memory. “People are into some really weird shit. But the woman at the desk was very nice and she said a lot of humans use these with their vampire lovers.”

Harry moves his hands up to Louis’ shoulders, looking the human directly in his pretty eyes. “You really want this then?”

“Yes, how many more times must I say it?” Louis whines, short nails raking down Harry’s now bare torso.

Next thing Louis knows, Harry is grabbing him by his thighs and lifting his small body off the ground. Harry kisses Louis again as he quickly takes them into Louis’ bedroom, kicking the door close behind. Louis’ tiny hands press on Harry’s chest and nibbles at Harry’s lips.

“Put me down,” Louis desperately says. “I wanna blow you.”

“Fuck,” Harry moans. He rarely ever swears, but Louis’ spell is on him, and there’s no room for gentlemanly decorum. “You know I won’t come from that.”

“I know,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. He leans in close to Harry’s ear for what he says next, lips barely touching the soft skin. “But I want you in my mouth, wanna suck all the way down. I’ll help you get there, Haz. Let me return what you’ve done for me so many times.”

Harry grunts and bucks his hips up to where he’s holding Louis. It’s been far too long since Harry let himself feel that kind of pleasure, because he didn’t want to put any pressure on Louis. Yet, now with Louis begging for his cock, Louis’ sinful lips saying those words, Harry needs it. He feels much like a young vampire again, hungry and horny and with no grip on his cravings. He sets Louis down and starts to unbutton his pants, groaning as Louis gets on his knees. “Just a couple minutes.”

“For as long as I want,” Louis snaps, hitting Harry’s hands away and pulling the vampire’s pants down himself. Harry’s so hard in his briefs and Louis kisses his cock through them, sucking until the fabric is wet with spit. Louis knows he’s good at this, good at making men weak just with a flick of his tongue. It’s about the only sexual thing Louis has ever done with men who aren’t Harry. In fact, half his high school’s football team can vouch for his blow job ability. He finally pulls Harry’s cock from his briefs, and tugs the underwear down, eyes trained in on Harry’s cock. “H-Harry.”

“Alright down there?” Harry asks, smugly.

“I’ll say,” Louis replies softly. Harry’s cock is big, not very thick, but long. It’s gorgeous and Louis has his lips around it in seconds. He sucks down slowly until Harry’s long cock is halfway in his warm mouth, humming around it.

Louis licks up the shaft and closes his eyes as he sucks on the head of Harry’s cock, and hears something click above him. Louis wraps his thin lips around Harry’s cock and sinks down, making it a good portion down before he chokes. His eyes open, only partially, as he pulls back off and starts licking around again, and then he can see how Harry’s holding up.

“Mmm, Louis,” Harry moans, voice muffled by the hand that’s covering his mouth. His other hand is cramping up into a fist against the door, because he doesn’t want to grab Louis too hard. He moans
again when Louis starts to really suck him, slow and hard, and his slips up from his mouth into his hair. “Fuck, just like that Lou.”

Louis sees Harry’s beautiful fangs out, extended because he’s turned on, and it’s all because of Louis. He takes a deep breath and sinks down again, humming around Harry as he goes. He can feel how tense the vampire has gone from holding himself back, and Louis doesn’t want that. He wants Harry relaxed, he wants Harry to just pay attention to the feeling of his mouth. Louis pulls off and strokes Harry at a slow pace, kissing his stomach and scratching down his thigh.

“Haz, do you feel good?” Louis asks, voice raised higher and lips grazing along the vampire’scock.

“Unbelievably,” Harry groans. “Trying not to push you down more.”

“I can take it, Honey,” Louis whines, mouth sucking Harry in again, and slowly pulling up. “You wouldn’t hurt me.”

“I wouldn’t mean too,” Harry grunts. Still, he sees the unsure look in Louis’ eyes, as if his boy really isn’t good enough, and it hurts. He brushes his hands over Louis’ cheek, thumbing at his swollen lips. “You’ll let me push you down all the way?”

Louis nods eagerly, leaning into Harry’s hand and batting his lashes. “Want to, wanna make you relax, Harry.”

“Alright,” Harry says, pushing his hand to the back of Louis’ neck, anchoring him down onto his cock. “Fuck, just a little more.”

Louis chokes again, but he breathes through his nose and pushes through it, throat contracting around Harry’s girth. He’s got Harry deep in his throat and it feels amazing, it hurts in the best way. Louis can see the affect he has on the vampire, the moans and grunts of pleasure Harry makes whenever Louis bobs back down, and swallows around him. He loses himself in the movements of it, thriving off Harry’s reaction, and strong hand on his neck.

He gets hard just from taking Harry’s cock in his mouth and from thoughts of what Harry will do after. Louis wants Harry every which way, even though he knows Harry is going to be held down. But Louis can’t help that Harry’s so hot, and so fucking sexy without even trying. Louis wants everything from him.

“Fuck, oh Louis, doing so good for me,” Harry moans, slipping his hand up into Louis’ hair. He tugs back so Louis is off, and his hard dick sits right on Louis’ tongue, and Louis has never looked so pretty. It’s a different pretty than Harry’s used too, because Louis is panting and wanton. “Do you want to keep going—”

“Yes,” Louis whines, voice rough from the stimulation on his throat. He wants to suck Harry until his jaw is aching.

“Or,” Harry continues, tugging harder so Louis can’t even reach his cock. “Do you want to get on all fours, and let me eat you out until you come?”

“I—” Louis’ voice breaks as he feels his dick twitch in his pants. Harry’s done that before, and Louis came so embarrassingly fast, and tonight he wants to make love. He doesn’t want to be out for the count so early. “I-I don’t know, I don’t want to knock out too soon.”

“I won’t let you, Sunshine,” Harry says. “You can come twice, can’t you? It will feel so good, Louis. You wouldn’t even believe. Better than a bite from me.”
Louis gasps, fingers clenching on Harry’s thighs, “I-I’ll try, Haz.”

“Good boy,” Harry groans, letting go of Louis’ hair. He pulls Louis up from the ground for a fierce kiss, removing the last of Louis’ clothes in the process. “Get on the bed, Sunshine.”

Louis almost falls back without Harry’s support keeping him up. He manages to stand on shaky legs, kissing Harry one more time before he gets on the bed. He crawls forward, and hears Harry’s clothes hit the ground, and then looks over his shoulder at Harry, whining as he watches Harry stroke his cock and stare longingly at Louis’ ass. Just a flick of Harry’s tongue over his fangs makes Louis groan, “Harry, please.”

“Spread your legs more, Sunshine,” Harry grunts, kneeling on the bed. He puts a strong hand on Louis’ lower back, feeling the muscles move while Louis opens up more for him. “Good, just like that.”

Louis relaxes a little when Harry gently grabs his ass, falling from his hands to his forearms. Louis moans suddenly when Harry makes the first lick of his tongue around his rim. Louis moans again when Harry moves his tongue in slow circles around his rim, even humming into Louis’ ass because of the taste. The wet, warm tongue dips inside for a moment, doing complete wonders for Louis’ sense. “Harry, Harry oh god.”

“Feel good, Baby?” Harry asks, nipping gently at Louis' plump cheek with his fangs. It’s taking everything in Harry not to flip Louis over and bite him. “Keep telling me how it feels, yeah? I wanna know, wanna hear your sweet voice, Sunshine.”

“Yes, yes I feel so good,” Louis whines, pushing his ass back into Harry’s face, until he feels Harry’s tongue on him once more. “Don’t stop, Honey. Never fucking stop.”

Harry takes the initiative to pull Louis back into him, licking and moaning into Louis’ ass. He points his tongue and attempts to dip it inside, but Louis is so tight. Harry takes not even a second to fetch the lube, moving so fast Louis doesn’t even know he’s gone. The vampire slicks up three of his fingers as his mouth dives back in, licking at Louis with purpose.

He wants to make his boy come, Harry’s determined to, because he wants Louis’ first time to blow him away. He wants to make it so Louis craves his touch at every moment, even when it’s inconvenient. Even if it means being tied down in chains.

“Good, good, oh so good.” Louis chants, moving his lips along with Harry’s tongue. His red, aching cock is leaking onto the sheets it’s grinding against, and Louis almost overwhelmed with pleasure. “Fuck me.”

Never did Louis think something like would feel so good. Never did Louis think his first time having sex would be with a handsome, caring vampire. The words that spill on repeat from Louis’ mouth are unfiltered, uncontrolled, spurred on by pleasure and desire. He wants this man more than anything.

Harry is getting a little lost in it as well. He’s eating Louis out to the best of his ability, loving the effects on Louis’ gorgeous body. He presses in a single finger, pushing Louis’ lower back down at the same time so his ass is higher in the air.

The desperate pleas for moremoremore come from Louis’ high, broken voice faster than expected as Harry moves the single finger. He fucks Louis with two, groaning at the tight heat, where his cock will be buried soon enough. “Can’t wait to be inside you, Baby. You’ll be so good for me. I know you will. Wanna make love to you, Louis. I want to make you feel so special.”
Special. That’s exactly what Louis is to Harry. He’s special and precious, and he's Harry’s world now, Harry will never let Louis slip away.

Louis moans get higher when Harry starts to fuck him on three fingers stretching him out nicely so he can sit on his cock. His mouth goes back down, licking and sucking around Louis’ hole, fucking in between his fingers so Louis can really feel it. It’s all becoming too much. The fingers, Harry’s mouth and moans, and Louis’ little fingers clench onto the blanket, tears start to slip into his eyes because he’s never felt more alive, never felt such lust.

“I—” Louis gasps when Harry finally curls his fingers inside. The tips brush hard onto Louis’ prostate, and the human chokes out a long groan as he comes for the first time that night. “Oh fuck, oh my god, Harry, yes!”

“Oh Baby,” Harry groans as he pulls back and watches Louis come onto the sheets. He watches as Louis’ body shiver as he squints, and Harry makes a conscious effort not to grab Louis and pull him down onto his cock right then. “So pretty, Louis. That was fucking sexy, Sunshine.”

Louis hums, sated, and he rolls himself away from the wet spot, body still shaking with the aftershocks of his orgasm. He looks like he’s glowing, feels like it too. “That was...oh my god.”

“I know Baby,” Harry says, smiling through his fangs. “Fucking hot Louis, can’t wait to be inside you.” Harry’s body slinks up the bed, between Louis’ legs, and he grinds down, hard cock rubbing onto Louis’ tummy. “See what you do to me? Can hardly stand how sexy you are.”


“Sorry Louis,” Harry says, quickly sitting up so he’s not touching Louis at all. He stares down at his boy, whose body is glistening with sweat, pink all over, hair mussed and face flushed. He looks so beautiful, so happy. Harry wants to keep him forever. “We’ll need to put the chains on me soon.”

“Do we have to?” Louis asks quietly. “I mean, you did so good. It really didn’t hurt that much when you grabbed me.”

“Yes, Louis we have to,” Harry sighs. He stands up from the bed and grabs the chains from where they’d fallen to the ground. “Holding myself back like that was killing me inside. I won’t be able to force away my instincts again.”

“Fine,” Louis huffs. The bed is big enough for Harry to fit on without being in the wet spot, so when the vampire is on his back, Louis swings a leg over. He sits up on Harry’s lap, grinding slowly down onto Harry’s hard cock. “You’re going to be inside me.”

It’s a gentle revelation from Louis, but it has Harry tensing, has Harry bucking his hips up. “Ch-chains Louis, come on.”

Louis doesn’t mean to tease, but he can’t help it when it gets Harry so worked up. The vampire raises his arms above his head, grabbing onto the headboard with his hands. Louis pouts as he starts wrapping the chains around Harry’s wrists and secures them together. “How’s that?”

The vampire gives it a pull, but the silver holds him down, compacts his strength. “Good, won’t get out of this. Won’t hurt you.”

Somehow Louis thinks he’d forgive Harry for hurting him. “Okay.”

Louis lets his hands fall from the chains and into Harry’s long, luscious hair. He runs his fingers through the locks as he leans down and gives Harry sweet kisses all over his face. “Can’t wait to
have you inside me, Honey. I feel like I’ve been waiting so long, I’ll be so good for you.”

“Know you will Sunshine,” Harry moans, hips grinding up into Louis.

Louis keeps moving his hips down, grinding and whimpering as his cock starts to fatten up again. He sits up, leaning down between their bodies to grab Harry’s cock, stroking it slowly in his tiny hand. Harry’s hips thrust up into Louis’ hand, and Louis kisses around Harry’s neck with a small whine. Louis positions himself over Harry’s long cock, biting his lip as he slowly, carefully sinks down, moaning when he’s all the way on Harry’s lap.

“Oh god, oh my god,” Louis groans, body tensing and heart skipping beats as he gets used to the stretch. Harry wants to comfort Louis, wants to hold him and make sure he’s okay, but he knows he can’t. “So big Harry, I-I didn’t, shit.”

“You’ll be okay Lou, it’s okay,” Harry grunts, staring up at Louis’ beautiful tummy and the way it goes tight from the muscles straining. “Take your time.”

With a short nod, Louis places his hands on Harry’s hard chest, shifting up and down on him, slowly sitting on Harry’s dick. It hurts so good, and Louis can’t get enough, he wants to stay like this forever. He starts to bounce on Harry's dick, a steady rhythm, not too hard and not too rough. He lets out a high pitched "ah, ah, ah," every time he lands just right, each time Harry's dick hits his spot.

"Wish you could touch me, Honey," Louis whines, leaning back so his hands rest behind him on Harry’s knees. "Wish you could hold me down on your cock, fuck me as hard as you want. Wish I could feel your hands here."

The vampire groans lowly when Louis starts to pinch his nipples, rubbing them and whimpering at the stimulation. Harry wants to touch Louis so bad, he wants to claim every inch of Louis’ pretty body. "Me too, Sunshine. Wanna hold you, Baby."

Harry knows he has to be held down, he knows he has to be trapped by the chains, because all he wants is to grab Louis and fuck him hard. He doesn't mean to, but Harry wants to give it to Louis as hard as he can, rougher than a human would be able to handle. Harry grunts and moans, pulling down uselessly on the silver chains. He bucks his hips up, it's the only thing he can do with the way Louis has him trapped. And it feels so good, and it's so worth it when Louis's voice is almost gone from all the noise he makes.

"Yes, yes, Harry, just like that," Louis yells, voice shot and sore, but he just keeps on moaning. Hunches back over onto Harry's chest, little hands pushing down on Harry's shiny chest. It's so hot and it's heavy with lust in the air, and Louis' thighs are getting sore, but he doesn't stop. "Want you to come soon, Harry. I want you to come with me, right after me, I don't care. I want you to come while I'm still coming on your cock. Please Harry."

"Yeah Baby, I'll give it to you however you want, fuck, you looks so beautiful like this," Harry whimpers, hands almost burning as they pull at the chains. "Close, Sunshine. So close."

Louis' body drapes over Harry's chest, pink cock rubbing between their tummies. He whimpers as he kisses Harry's neck, pleasure coiling in his stomach. "Me too, oh god, oh my god."

With a few more hard bounces down onto Harry's hard cock, Louis whines into the vampire's shoulder and comes. It hurts a little to come a second time in one night, but it's a good hurt, like everything with Harry. The pleasure courses through Louis' body and he writhes on top of Harry, whimpering with the waves and the moans of Harry's name.
"Fuck, fuck, so tight, Baby, such a good boy," Harry practically screams, thrusting up once more as he finally comes that night. He grunts through it, tugging on the chains and once again getting nowhere from them. His chest heaves as he empties inside Louis, throat raw from moaning, "Louis, Baby, Baby."

After a few moments Louis pulls Harry out of him, and slumps down onto Harry's body, both of them nearing exhaustion. He takes deep breaths and scratches at Harry's chest, kissing the marks left by his fingers. "Oh Harry, oh Honey, thank you."

And Harry just has to laugh at that, at Louis thanking him. "Lou, you don't need to thank me, honestly. This is truly my pleasure."

"Mmm," Louis hums, rubbing his cheek into Harry's chest.

"I, um," Harry coughs, shaking his arms. "I would like to get out of these chains, though."

"Right, sorry," Louis says with his sore voice. He steadily sits up and lets Harry's arms down, and then yelps when he's flipped over, a wet rag suddenly appearing in Harry's hands. The vampire kisses Louis' cheeks as he cleans them both off, getting every drop of spunk. "Thank you for this too. Hold me?"

"I'll have to go down to ground soon my love," Harry whispers, kissing the top of Louis' head. "Sun will be up soon."

"I know, but stay and hold me until the very last chance," Louis sighs. He knows it won't take more than a minute for Harry to get home and be safe from the sun. "Don't ever want you to leave."

"And I don't ever want to leave," Harry says. "Zayn was so right about this. I needed you."

"I'll be sure to thank him if we ever meet," Louis says with a yawn. "Why haven't I met him? He's your closest friend, but you hide me from him."

"I only want privacy for us, Louis. He's leaving us alone now, but if he met you, I just know Zayn wouldn't be able to resist looking into you. He could know your entire life story in a matter of hours," Harry explains.

"What? How? What makes him so special?" Louis asks with a frown, brows furrowed. What gave this vampire the right to spy on him like that?

"Zayn Malik is the vampire king of Louisiana," Harry says, shrugging.

"Louisiana has a king?"

"All the states do," Harry says. "Vampires have authority to keep us in line just like humans do. At the top are the Elders, fucking old relics who oversee all of the laws and territories. Kings and Queens are just below the Elders."

"How many Elders are there?" Louis asks. He has been curious about all of the rules and authorities vampires have for a while. Actually since they came out of the coffin and admitted to having these things.

"There's only five, but they are all very powerful, terrifying bastards actually," Harry explains, shuddering at the memory of his struggles with past Elders. "There used to be six, but the last one in that number line up went very bad. He had full control for about a hundred years. Nearly destroyed the entire world when he did."
“What the hell? How?”

“It’s a very long story, Lou, and there are so many factors that went into it that…well the information might overwhelm you.” Harry says. Louis is only just starting to get a full grasp on vampire life, so Harry is sure bringing in another supernatural group would be too much.

“Alright, fine,” Louis huffs, rubbing his cheek into Harry’s chest. “Who was this monster?”

“His name was Vlad.”

“Like Dracula?” Louis asks excitedly.

Harry laughs, shaking his head. “No, Sunshine, surprisingly that was a different vampire, not nearly as bad as Elder Vlad.”

“How did the vampires stop this Elder?”

“There was a war. The other Elders were being completely stupid and didn’t do anything to stop Vlad, so other vamps, Kings and Queens, had to band together to fight him and his followers. Obviously we won. Peace treaties were signed, and Vlad was beheaded and his body left to burn under the sun light.”

“That’s quite the punishment,” Louis says, yawning once again as he nuzzles Harry’s chest. “Those other Elders sound like a bunch of pricks.”

“They are,” Harry says with a grin. “Zayn always thought one of them was helping Vlad during the war.”

Louis hums. He’s seconds away from falling asleep, because his body is just completely spent, but he wants to be awake with Harry. He wants to stay up and listen to Harry explain about vampires some more. “Did you fight in the war?”

“Yes I did. I was still technically a baby vampire, and I didn’t have anywhere else to go. That war and everything leading up to it allowed me to meet Zayn, and a few other friends that I still have.”

“Yes I don’t know any of them.”

“I don’t know any of yours either.”

“Come by work sometime then,” Louis says softly. “My high school friends all went off to school, so my co-workers are all I have.”

“I will then,” Harry says. Suddenly Zayn’s words about telling Louis about his depression appear in Harry’s mind. Is now even the right time? After they’ve made love and Louis is about to fall asleep? Harry doesn’t think he can just put Louis in a position to worry about him on a night like this. Louis deserves to know, he should know everything about Harry, and it’s not like there’s ever a good time to tell someone this. “Lou, there’s something I should tell you.”

“What is it?” Louis asks, tilting his head up so he’s looking Harry in the face. His eyes look so droopy and sleepy.

“Part of the reason I haven’t introduced you to my friends is…well I sort of lost contact with everyone the past decade.” Harry sighs, eyes closing as he confesses. “Since the hurricane and the flooding, I saw so many lives lost, human and vampire. I’ve been in war, but those deaths were different. None of them were ready to die, and it…I felt human again. I was very depressed for a
While, and I even…"

When Harry doesn’t finish his thought, when his voice breaks in the most painful way, Louis gets worried and sits up, hand massaging up and down Harry’s chest. “What, Harry? You can tell me, Honey. I can handle it.”

“Before I met you, I was considering walking into the sun,” Harry says quickly.

“Oh, Harry,” Louis gasps, covering his dropped jaw with one of his hands. “Y-you wanted to kill yourself?”

“Honestly I wasn’t sure, everything was so bleak and I was losing faith in the world,” Harry says quietly, still not looking at Louis. “And then I met you.”

“Me?” Louis asks, dropping his hand to Harry’s cheek. “What did I do?”

“Restored my faith in humanity, reminded me what being alive is like,” Harry replies, finally opening his eyes at Louis’ touch. “I love you so much Louis, I forgot what it was like to love before I met you.”

“Harry,” Louis mewls, kissing his vampire again, full of so much love his heart could burst. His body still aches from making love, but he can’t stop kissing or touching Harry. “You’re staying a few more minutes, right?”

“Of course, Sunshine,” Harry moans. He pulls Louis against his body once again, holding Louis tightly to silently assure him that he’s not leaving yet. Harry wishes he could stay in this bed, or any bed, with Louis through the night.

Louis loves his work at the bar, he really does, but there are some truly stupid people in this town. Dumb rednecks like the ones at Louis’ table right now, who hate everyone who, in their words, ‘ain’t Christian’. An odd thing for a few racist, bigots to say, but Louis wants their tip money, so he always just smiles and nods.

“Verna, table four wants more coffee,” Louis sighs as he rests his head down on the order counter. “They also need several punches to the gut.”

“What they do tonight?” Verna asks as she pours another round of coffee.

“Saw the bite marks on my neck,” Louis says, shrugging. He doesn’t really mind so much that people know about him and Harry. Most people are too afraid to be mean about it. These idiots, however, are too stupid to be scared. “The ugly one in the trucker hat and black shirt called me a…a fang banger.”

Verna slammed the coffee tin down on the table. “He what?”

“V, it’s not a big deal.”

“Like hell it isn’t,” She snarls angrily. “Charlie! Go kick those ugly white boy’s asses! Table four!”

Charlie leaned through the window of the kitchen to eye the table his wife was referring to. “Got it.”

“Whoa! No, that’s okay!” Louis settles them both, putting his hands up. “It’s fine, I just needed to vent.”
“You shouldn’t let people disrespect you like that,” Charlie says, pointing a ladle at Louis.

“I’m not letting them do anything,” Louis says. “Harry is coming by tonight, and I’m gonna let him scare them away.”

“Oh now, we’re finally going to meet this big, bad vampire of yours? After how many months?” Verna asks, grinning at the boy.

“Six months,” Louis says, blushing as he slowly picks up the coffee tray. He hears his bosses mumble things to each other as he walks away, probably gossiping about him and Harry. Louis puts on his best fake smile as he brings the steaming hot coffee over to literally the worst customers on earth. “Three coffees, can I get you boys anything else?”

The men snicker at each other and the really rude one, the man in the black shirt, grins at Louis’ fang marks. He’s been making faces at the two little scars since they sat down. “Yeah, why don’t you come home with me pretty boy, and I’ll show you what it’s like with a real live man.”

“My vampire boyfriend is a real live man,” Louis scoffs, setting the tray on the table. He’s about at the end of his rope with these dogs. “In fact,” Louis bends over, arching his back so his ass sticks out more, and then he grabs the men by his crotch, squeezing hard. “He’s a much bigger man than you’ll ever be.”

The man grunts with a painful expression on his face, but his dick still twitches under Louis’ hand, which is just disgusting. “Son of a bitch ain’t alive. Why get fucked by a cold corpse, when you can get fucked by a hot-blooded human?”

Louis sits up and takes his hand away, placing it instead on the man’s shoulder as he leans into him. “Oh, you like it hot?”

The man reaches around and grabs Louis’ ass, while the boy tries not to grimace. “You know it, Sugar.”

Louis just stiffens his back and smiles, in the most disarmingly sweet way possible. “Gonna be very hot for you in a moment, Babe.” Louis says as his little hand begins to slide down the man’s chest. Then Louis pouts. “But it is gonna be hard to fuck anyone with third degree burns on your dick.”

“What?”

As fast as he can, Louis grabs the hot coffee mug, and dumps its contents into the man’s lap. He jumps back when the man screams, clutching the mug close to his chest and shouting, “Fucking hick!”

“You stupid vamp whore!” the man yells as he starts to get up.

Thankfully, Charlie came out of the kitchen with the biggest butcher knife in his hand. “Alright! Y’all take out whatever cash you have, leave it on the table, and get the fuck out.”

One of the other men laughs at them, “Yeah sure fucker.”

“Do you think I’m playing with this big fucking knife in my hand?” Charlie snaps, pointing the tip of the knife at the man’s cheek. “Leave your cash, apologize to Louis, and get out.”

The men threw their money on the table and shout swears at Charlie and Louis as they run out. Louis smiles sheepishly at Charlie, “Thanks.”
Charlie crosses his arms, smirking, “What happened to waiting for your vampire to scare them away?”

“What can I say?” Louis asks, shrugging casually. “I’m impatient, and I found a way to take care of it myself.”

“Good on yah chér,” Charlie says, throwing his arm around Louis’ shoulders. “I’ll make sure the girls give you easy tables for the rest of the night. Old ladies and couples with kids.”

“Thanks Charlie,” Louis says as he puts the empty mug on the bar top. “V, I need someone to bus table four.”

“Sure thing,” Verna replies from behind the bar. Then she looks up at Louis, about to say something else, but stops when her eyes follow someone else behind him, and a big, smug grin forms on her face. “And it looks like table six is ready for you.”

Louis rounds the corner to table six and just as he’s going through his usual rhetoric, “Hello I’m Louis—” He looks up to see Harry smiling at him. “Harry! When did you get here?”

“About a minute ago, the hostess sent me to this table, though I feel a little silly taking up a real customer’s spot,” Harry says, leaning down on the table. “All the humans here know I’m out of place.”

“You aren’t out of place, you’re with me,” Louis says, untying his small apron so he can sit with Harry. “V! I’m taking my break!”

“I know!”

Louis giggles as he places his hands over Harry’s on the table. “She’s really anxious to meet you properly.”

“And I can’t wait to meet her properly as well. From what you describe, she’s pretty much family,” Harry says, smiling down at their hands. “There is something I wanted to ask you, though, before anything else.”

“Okay, sure. V and Charlie have to finish some things up anyway I think,” Louis says, sitting up so he’s closer to Harry.

“Good,” Harry clears his throat. “So you know, I’m sure that I’ve been having some work done on my home.”

“Well, I’ve been having a special company install these protectors on all of the winders and doors,” Harry continues. “And they just finished tonight.”

“That’s great!” Louis exclaims, then asks. “So, does this mean I can come over again tonight?”

“Well yes, but my home is light tight now. No sunlight can get into several of the rooms during the day, with just a press of a button.”

“So, you can be awake during the day?” Louis asks, not really sure what Harry’s getting at.

“Yes, and I won’t have to leave you alone in bed every morning,” Harry says, a lot softer.

It’s now that Louis notices Harry is nervous. He won’t make eye contact and is biting his lips, and
his hands have a very tight grip on Louis. “That sounds wonderful Honey, but I don’t hear a question.”

“Louis, I want you to live with me,” Harry says, sudden and quick as if he may not be brave enough to wait any longer. “You’ll have the whole mansion and grounds, we won’t have to worry about making dates or being late. And since the house is light tight, I won’t have to leave you to beat the sun home.”

“H-Harry,” Louis stutters. He can’t believe Harry’s really asking this, and Louis just knows Harry can sense how fast his heart is beating. “You really want me there all the time?”


Louis doesn’t even have to think after that answer, “Yes, of course I want to live with you.”

Harry leans over the table and pulls Louis in by his cheek for a kiss. It’s sweet and quick, because Harry doesn’t want to embarrass Louis at his place of work, but he’s so unbelievably happy. “When do you want to start moving in?”

“Why not tonight?” Louis mumbles into Harry’s lips.

“Rather take you to the mansion and do unspeakable things tonight,” Harry whispers, kissing Louis’ cheek.

Louis starts blushing, thankful the bar is loud enough for nobody to be able to eavesdrop on them. “Gonna fee from me?”

Harry’s hand falls from Louis’ cheek down to his neck, to the bite marks he reprints every time he feeds from Louis. “No, Sunshine. Just wanna make love tonight.”

“Why not both at the same time?” Louis asks with a very adorable pout. It’s almost cute enough to make Harry break and change his mind.

“Because I wouldn’t be able to keep control with all of those senses being lit,” he whispers, sitting back against the seat. “Maybe next time.”

“Fine,” Louis sighs over dramatically. “You’re getting better, though. We haven’t had to hold you down for weeks.”

“Maybe don’t talk about our private life in a public place,” Harry shushes, looking over his shoulder to see if anyone was looking at them.

“Oh hush, nobody’s listening,” Louis giggles. “People say outrageous things in bars all the time. Right before you got here, like maybe less than a minute before you got here, some fucking redneck lowlifes were giving me shit.”


“Calm down!” Louis whines, throwing his hands up. “Doesn’t matter who, they left when I poured hot coffee on one’s lap, and Charlie chased ‘em away with a knife.”

“What did they say that caused you to do that?”

“It’s not a secret that I’m dating a vampire, and I’m not exactly trying to hide it,” Louis shrugs, tapping his neck. “These guys didn’t like it so much, so they were giving me shit. But one of them
was into me, which ew—"

“He was into you?” Harry asks, even more angered by this news.

“Big time,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. “Don’t worry about it, Hon, he learned his lesson the hard way not to mess with a vamp’s baby.”

“I—"

“Okay!” Verna interrupts Harry when she sits down at the booth, next to Louis. “Very nice to finally be meeting you. Louis has told us…almost nothing.”

Harry nervously laughs and reaches out to shake her hand. “Well, can’t say the same about you. I’ve managed to get a few stories out of Louis. Pleasure to meet you, Verna. I’m Harry Styles.”

“And that’s about all I know,” she says, chuckling light-heartedly when she shakes his hand. “Of course, hearing you speak now, I know you’re from England, yes?”

“Yes mam, I was born a human in England a very long time ago.” Harry tells her. “I came to America in about 1790, with a few other vampires from France. I’ve lived in Louisiana since even before it was American Territory. The whole thing was under Spanish rule.”

“Very fascinating…1790, you say?” Verna asks. Her guard is up and Louis recognizes the suspicious frown that falls on her face. “So, ever own any slaves?”

“Oh my god,” Louis groans, covering his face from the embarrassment. “V.”

“Louis, it’s okay,” Harry says as he rubs his thumb on the back of Louis’ hand, still smiling at the woman. “No, I know some people who did, obviously, but not me. In fact most vampires didn’t even own human slaves.”

“Good to know,” Verna says, face softening. “Nice to know what kind of man Louis is with. Especially when that man is an old vampire.”

“I can assure you I greatly value all human life,” Harry says, and adds softly. “Especially Louis.”

“As cute as that is, I hear they’re working on wooden bullets, so if anything happens to Louis…I’m coming for you,” Verna says sternly.

“I don’t ever plan on letting anything bad happen to him, but I understand your meaning,” Harry says. He really does sound like such a gentleman, and it makes Louis’ heart swell. “In fact, I can do an even better job of protecting him after tonight. I’ve asked Louis to move in with me—"

“And I said yes,” Louis finishes for Harry, biting down on his bottom lip through his smile.

“Excuse me,” Verna says, stare going back and forth between the two lovers. She settles on Harry, pointing at him curiously. “Don’t you sleep in a hole in the ground?”

With yet another nervous laugh, Harry lets go of Louis’ hands and folds his own on the table. “I used to sleep underground, yes, in a cubby in the basement of my mansion. However, I just finished making adjustments to the house to keep light out during the day. I had them installed in the entire upper floor, and then down to the kitchen. I can finally use that bedroom I have as a place to sleep.”

“That’s…that’s a very kind thing to do for Louis,” Verna says, sitting back against the seat. She sighs and looks at Louis, she sees the smile on his face and the twinkle in his eyes as he looks at
Harry. She isn’t stupid, she knows love when she sees it. “Not that I have any control over Louis’ life at all, hearing that makes me feel a little more at ease about this.”

“Thank you Verna,” Harry says, nodding his head to her. “It means a lot that we have your blessing. With Louis’ parents no longer being with us, you’re the closest he has. I know he thinks of you and your husband as mentors.”

“Mentors? To this little trouble maker?” Charlie’s voice carries over as he joins them from the kitchen. “He’s over selling us by a lot if you think that, Mr. Styles.”

“Hey,” Louis says with a pout. “You two mentor me, Charlie. You’re fucking annoying about it sometimes, and I hardly think you pay me enough, but I still think you’re family.”

“Yeah sure, kiddo.” Charlie snorts. He shakes Harry’s hand, but stays standing up next to the table, rather than sit down. “Nice to finally see you in the flesh, or…whatever.”

Harry’s got this adorable crooked smile, on his face as he greets the man, and once again Louis is in awe. Maybe it’s part of being a vampire, but Harry’s beauty is mesmerizing. Louis can’t even pay attention to the conversation that’s happening around them, because his mind can only focus on Harry. He watches, breathlessly, as Harry laughs at a joke, and licks his plump lips when he finishes a sentence. He’s going to live with this man, and he’s going to be distracted like this all the time. Maybe Louis will get used to being in Harry’s presence…but that sounds very unlikely.

“Ain’t that right Louis?”

“Huh?” Louis shakes out of his thoughts, and he’s not even sure which person is addressing him. But he does know they asked him something, because all pairs of eyes are staring expectantly.

“What?”

“Mr. Harry here said you had exciting news for me, and I am waitin’ to hear what that could be,” Charlie informs him with a smirk.

“Oh, um,” Louis clears his throat, blushing as he looks over at Harry. “Well, I’m going to be living with Harry.”

“No shit!”

“Hmmhmm, vampire Harry asked him tonight,” Verna says, patting Louis on the back.

Charlie claps his hands together and shakes Harry’s hand again, with more enthusiasm this time. “Congratulations then! You take good care of him, you hear? Because I’m not afraid to stake you if something goes wrong.”

“Your lovely wife has made it very clear what will happen should Louis be harmed. And you have my word that I will not let anything happen to him. I’m a very old vampire, and I have a lot of dominance amongst my kind, as well as friends in high places. Louis will be very well taken care of,” Harry promises with a serious tone.

Charlie nods his head, and places one of his hands on Verna’s shoulder. “I believe him.”

The woman sighs, “I guess I do too.” She pulls Louis into a tight, but sweet hug, and kisses him on the cheek. “How about we let you off early tonight? You can get started switching homes.”

“Really?” Louis asks excitedly. He kisses her back and cheers, “Oh thank you! Thank you so much!”
“Yeah, yeah,” Verna laughs, sliding out of the booth. “You had enough excitement tonight, this is the least we can do.”

“You’re honestly my favorite right now, V, really,” Louis says as he quickly follows her out of the booth and undoes the tie on his apron. “Haz, I’m gonna put my things away and then meet you out at the car?”

“Sure Sunshine,” Harry says, standing up as well. He catches Louis’ wrist just before the boy can get away, and swings him around for a quick kiss. “Don’t take too long.”

“Of course not.” Louis whispers, softly pushing Harry away, leaving him with a coy smile and a sway of his hips.

+ The first thing Harry does when they get to his mansion, their mansion, is give Louis his own key. Louis feels almost numb from how happy he is when he puts the key on his ring. “This is really happening, isn’t it?”

“Of course it is, Sunshine,” Harry says as he scoops Louis up in his arms, and carries him through the threshold as if it were their wedding night. “I love you so much. I want as much time with you as possible.”

“God, being with you is like being in a dream,” Louis sighs, kissing Harry on the cheek. “Now put me down, oh man of the night.”

“Not until I properly welcome you home,” Harry says as he carries Louis into the kitchen. He carefully sets Louis on the counter and brackets his arms on either side of the small human. “You can order something to eat if you want, I’m going to heat up the last of my O neg supply.”

“M not hungry,” Louis mumbles, pouting as his little hands slide down and start to toy with Harry’s pants. “It’s good to be home, and to even call this place home.”

Harry smiles and kisses Louis softly, whispering into his lips. “I’m home no matter where we are, when I’m with you.”

“Fuck,” Louis whines, pulling Harry between his legs by the vampire’s belt loops. “Drink your blood fast, I want you.”

“I will Lou,” Harry says, and in the blink of an eye he’s on the other side of the kitchen, emptying the blood packet into a glass.

Louis watches while Harry sets the glass in the microwave to heat up the blood, and can’t believe this is going to be his life now. He and Harry are going to create a routine like this for every night. He’ll get to meet other vampires and learn about them, and Louis can’t wait. Harry can pick him up from work, take him on dates, or whatever they want and not have to worry because they’ll end up home together anyway.

And Louis knows that his friends like Harry, at least Verna and Charlie do, so hopefully they won’t be bothered by how much time they spend away. Then, Louis remembers something Harry said to V, the small comment about non-human slaves. What did that even mean? Louis is glad Harry didn’t own any people, but…it doesn’t sound right that vampires owned other vampires. Unless it wasn’t vamps he was talking about…

“Hon?” Louis asks, scooting back on the counter so he can cross his legs in front. “What did you
mean when you were telling V you never owned slaves?"

Harry visibly tensed, turning and leaning both hand on the kitchenette. “I thought it was obvious? I never owned any, and never would have, ever.”


Harry nods his head, frowning. “That’s right.”

“Well…was that comment about vampires…or something else? Like, um, werewolves?”

“Where—”

“The first night I came over here, I made a joke about silver, and you said that silver contained vampires, but affected werewolves more,” Louis reminds him. “You were serious, weren’t you?”

“Yes, I was,” Harry grunts, crossing his arms.

“Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Lou—” Harry is cut off by the sound of the microwave going off. He sighs and takes out the blood, sipping it in small doses. “I was going to get around to it eventually, but I know all of this supernatural stuff can be overwhelming. All of it is such a long story, anyway.”

“Honey,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. He hops off the counter, and struts over to Harry, placing his hands on the tall vampire’s hips. “You need to be honest with me if we are going to be in a relationship that involves living together, one that’s already dangerous for me. Now, sunrise isn’t for hours, your house is light tight equipped, and I’m now living with you; I think we have time for you to tell me about werewolves.”

“You’re right, I know you’re right,” Harry groans, putting one of his arms over Louis’ shoulders. “I’m sorry, I promise I will answer all of your questions, no matter what.”

“Good,” Louis hums, leaning forward to rest his head against Harry’s chest. “Why don’t we go up to our room, and you can tell me all about these werewolves.”

“Want me to carry you up there?” Harry asks, kissing along Louis’ forehead.

“Nope,” Louis says, tilting back to look at his vampire. “It’s okay to just walk at human speed, you know?”

“Yes, but it’s also fun to pick you up and carry you everywhere like the little prince you are,” Harry says with a smirk.

Louis blushing and pushes away from Harry, “You still like to use those ridiculous lines on me.”

“I like the cute redness they cause on your cheeks.” Harry mumbles, kissing the very cheeks his spoke about. He holds out his hands and helps Louis hop off the counter, letting the human lead the way up the stairs.

They walk hand in hand together through the dimly lit halls, and Louis traces his fingers against the wall as they move. He hums a little tune, and trots up the steps, letting go of Harry’s hand once they finally reach the bedroom. He’s going to stay the night, and for the first time, Harry will stay too. Louis lays himself across the soft, black silk covered bed, petite body not even taking up that much space, while Harry goes over to the book shelf on the other side of the room. He unlocks the glass
Harry sits down with a large leather book, the ages have turned yellow and its edges are wearing and cracked. “This is a book of accounts of a war that happened a long time ago, between vampires and werewolves.”

“Wait, there was an entire war?” Louis asks in disbelief. “How could humans not know about this?”

“Oh, a few did, but vamps have always been good at covering things up,” Harry explains. He opens the book to the very first page, where a little note is written. It’s addressed to Harry, but written in some language Louis doesn’t recognize. “This account was made by someone very trusted by the community back then. He was a good friend to me and made sure I had this to remember what really happened.”

“What happened to your friend?”

“He was staked by vampire hunters during the Tudor reign,” Harry sighs, lying down so his body is horizontal to Louis’. “Fucking cowards mobbed him with silver and fire right before sunrise.”

“I’m so sorry,” Louis coos, placing his hand on Harry’s cheek, and turning him in for a kiss.

“It was a long time ago, Sunshine,” Harry says, nuzzling Louis’ cheek with his nose. “I was a vampire for about a century when the war happened…I’m not sure where to even start.”

“Well, you said a while ago Elder Vlad was the reason for it, so maybe start there?” Louis asks, settling into Harry’s side.

“Okay, sure, um,” Harry cleared his throat and turned a few pages of the book until he found a picture of a very menacing looking vampire. “This was his official portrait as an Elder, you can already see he wasn’t the most pleasant person.”

“Yeah, looks like an ass,” Louis snorts.

“He was worse than that,” Harry turns the page again and shows Louis a small sketch of a man in chains. “See, vampires and werewolves always had tension, both being immortal and supernatural. Vlad, and many other powerful vampires were under the impression that werewolves were even less than human. It was only because of their spiritual connection to an animal. Vlad…he convinced a lot of his followers to rebel against the other Elders, lock them away, and enslave the werewolves.”

“Of course he did,” Louis says, voice full of disgust. “He looked like a creepy slave master.”

Harry can’t help but laugh. “Lou, this is serious. This is the worst thing to happen in vampire history.”

“Sorry, Honey, sorry,” Louis says, leaning his cheek on Harry’s shoulder.

“Thank you,” Harry places a quick kiss on Louis’ forehead, and moves on. “Werewolves appeared in the world around the same time as vampires, so the story goes, from the magic of the moon. Maybe Vlad thought we were better because we take our power from blood and blood is akin to life, I’m not sure.

Many pacts of wolves tried to rebel many times against Vlad, but it was always unsuccessful. That is until one of them made the mistake of falling for a vampire.”

“What?”
“Mhm,” Harry hums. “He’s still alive, actually. In fact, we’re very good friends.”

“Are you being serious?”

“Yes, his name is Liam Payne. He’s the Alpha of the southern werewolf pack of America, actually,” Harry says.

Louis can’t believe this. Are all of Harry’s friends powerful leaders? “He’s alpha of the entire south?”

“Well, the southeast, yes, and there are far less werewolves than vampires. Wolves also tend to move their packs around regions every few years. Liam has had his pack up in Tennessee for the past couple years.” Harry says fondly. He’s clearly very good friends with this Liam.

“He must be a great man to have been able to end the war,” Louis says pensively.

“He is, truly, but technically he’d started the war. The wolves were enslaved for a hundred years, and Liam was born towards the end of those. He and a vampire that he served fell in love. And it’s because of his love for her that the real war began.”

“Who was she?” Louis asks curiously.

“Her name was Sophia, and she was one of the progenies of Vlad, so you can see where the problem was,” Harry says, choking up at his memories of her. “She was…she was a beautiful person, and she never agreed with Vlad’s opinions on the wolves.”

Then, Harry shifts the book a few more pages and stops on a portrait of one of the most beautiful women Louis has ever seen. “Oh my. That’s her?”

“Yes, exactly what I remember,” Harry says, gently touching the page. “She was so kind to me, at a time when I was so lost and confused, and I knew nothing of being a vampire. She and Liam held a secret affair for a few years, literally nobody wolf nor vamp knew about them. But, of course, they were caught by another of Vlad’s progenies. He wanted the position Sophia held and turned them in.

It was awful for Liam, and that’s actually when I became friends with him. He was thrown in a penitentiary that was I was a guard of at the time. I hated the enslavement of wolves, it made no sense to me, and we would talk all the time. Liam was such a mess at first, but it got worse when he and Sophia received their punishments.”

“Oh god, I can only imagine how bad that must have been.” Louis says, grip tightening on Harry’s arm. “What happened to them?”

“Yes, exactly what I remember,” Harry starts, letting out a shaky breath at the painful memory. “You have to understand that not only was this the dark ages for humans, but it was a dark time for vampires. The laws were so much different than they are now…they were a lot more brutal, and ruled by complete prejudice thanks to Vlad,” Harry says with a very serious voice. He can remember the day they got their punishment very vividly, and it was one of the worst in his many years. “It was viewed as disgusting and completely wrong for a vampire to have relations with a werewolf. It was considered a perversion of the blood. And Sophia…she was executed.

Vlad chained her in silver and left her out to meet the sun, and Liam…poor Liam was forced to watch as part of his punishment.”

“That’s disgusting! I-it’s savage!” Louis gasps.
“I know,” Harry mumbles. “Liam was never the same after that. I… I helped him escape and join other werewolves in the mountains.”

“Oh Harry,” Louis moaned. “You’re so brave.”

“I couldn’t stand it, any of it, and I hated watching him suffer. The wolves banded together, and I helped rally some vampires, Zayn too, and Vlad was over run. The other Elders were freed and took back their power, and Vlad and his followers were executed.”

“You fought in that war?” Louis asks.

“I did, yes,” Harry sighs. He closes the book and puts it to the side, turning his body so he can properly hold Louis. “That was six-seven hundred years ago, and things have really changed. I’ve changed a lot.”

“Nope, I don’t think so,” Louis shrugs. “I wasn’t there, but I know you were a good and honorable man. That’s exactly the Harry I have with me today.”

“Well that’s a good to hear, though I was a much younger, more naïve vampire during the war.”

“You still made the better decisions,” Louis says. He pulls the sheet up and slips underneath, making himself comfortable. “I never thought werewolves were immortal. Granted, I didn’t know they were real, but all the legends make it seem like werewolves are more like humans.”

“I guess they are more humanlike,” Harry mumbles. “They can go in the sun, eat human food, produce children…but they still turn into wolves.”

“During the full moon?”

“No, no,” Harry says with a smile. “The moon is the center of their power, so when it’s full that’s when they’re at their strongest. From what Liam has told me, their strength and their instincts become almost overpowering for their minds. It’s like having a mating season every month.”

“That sounds terrifying,” Louis says, shuddering at the thought of real live werewolves running around the woods. “I’ve never heard of wolves running amuck around here.”

“Liam hasn’t had the pack here since the 80’s, before you were born. They’re pretty good about staying in places where they won’t be caught, plus it only lasts three days.” Harry slowly unbuttons his shirt, and Louis sits up again to kiss the vampire’s now bare back. “I can introduce you to him, if you want. I think he’s bringing the pack back to Louisiana soon.”

“I would love that, and it might do you some good to see him. It sounded like you two were very close,” Louis says softly, caressing one of his hands up and down Harry’s cold back.

“You’re probably right,” Harry yawns and turns around, slipping under the covers with Louis, holding his boy close. “Any more questions?”

Louis shrugs. The silk sheet is so soft, and Harry’s body is cold, yet comfortable, it feels like home. Then again, Louis is actually home now. He’s going to wake up during the daytime, and Harry will still be there. “I don’t know, honestly I’m still trying to wrap my head around the fact that I’ll be living here from now on.”

“I know,” Harry says, and Louis can’t see his face, but he knows that’s the voice Harry has when he’s smiling almost too big for his face. “We can start bringing your things over tomorrow, if you’d like.”
“I’ll have work after sundown, but I don’t mind doing part of the moving by myself,” Louis says. He knows it would go faster if he started during daylight hours, even though there wasn’t that much to move anyway. “Plus, we’ll have to clean it up and take my name of the lease…my landlord won’t want to meet at midnight.”

“No, of course not. This wouldn’t all get done in one night anyway,” Harry says, excited that Louis even agreed at all to move in. He keeps thinking about what Zayn said about them being Soulmates, and he has no idea when there would be a good time to bring it up to Louis. Vampires and werewolves existing must be crazy enough for a human to believe. How could, on top of all that, Louis believe that he and Harry are linked through magic and blood? Harry has only come to know this was a real occurrence recently…Louis will think he’s gone mad. “I’m just happy I’ll get to be here when you wake up, always.”

“I’ll try not to be too alarmed if you look like a corpse,” Louis jokes, poking Harry in the side. “Oh!” Louis sits up again, and puts his hand on Harry’s chest. “Wait, how did vampires keep control of werewolves during the day? Or the full moon? And how do you even make a werewolf? Sorry, I’m really done after those.”

“It’s okay Louis, really. I’ve promised to be honest and tell you everything, and I will.” Harry says, placing his hand over Louis’ and then bringing it up to his mouth for a kiss. “Vlad had human allies, or rather they thought they were allies, and they would watch the wolves during the day. We had to use silver on them for containment, like you would a vampire. Only, silver literally burns a werewolves’ skin, yet another reason Vlad thought they were lesser than us.

As for becoming a werewolf, it’s a little harder than mainstream makes it to be. You can be born a wolf. If both your parents are wolves then it’s a sure thing, but if only one of them is, then you may turn out to be human. Liam was born a wolf form two wolf parents, the Alpha and Omega of their pack. The other way someone can become a wolf is through the bite, during the full moon. If you’re bitten any other time by a wolf, then you’ll just be injured.”

“And they’re immortal? Even if they’re born a wolf?” Louis asks with a confused frown.

“Yes, wolves age to what will be their physical peak if they are born a wolf, then remain in that condition. However, if you are bitten and become a wolf, you stay as what you are when bitten, like a vampire when turned,” Harry explains. “From what I remember, Liam stopped aging when he was twenty-two or twenty-three.”

“Magic is so weird,” Louis yawns, lying back down onto Harry’s side once again. “You’ve no idea.”

+ +

A month after Louis was officially moved in, he learned firsthand how cruel people could be to vampires. On Halloween night a few groups of uneducated, bigoted hicks drove by Harry’s mansion with torches and stakes, fake fangs in their mouths. It was disgusting, but Harry scared all of them away. He explained that it happened every year, and they never attacked him for real, though there were a few casualties in other places. It really put into perspective just how much people hate vampires.

November was much more pleasant, because the sun went down earlier in the day, which meant Louis had more time with Harry. The couple even spent Thanksgiving alone together, and Harry cooked Louis an entire feast. Louis didn’t know why a vampire knew how to make such delicious food for a human, but he wasn’t complaining when he still had leftovers for a week.
But now…it’s December. December twenty-fourth to be exact, and not only does that mean tomorrow is Christmas day, but it also means Louis turns twenty. He loves his birthday, he loves the gifts, and cake, and attention, and the fact that all the Christmas decorations are up as though they’re for him…but his year…he’s a year older. A year closer to being twenty-one, the age Harry is going to be forever. Louis isn’t trying to be dramatic, but he doesn’t want to grow up past Harry.

“Harry,” Louis whines as he watches the vampire pick out yet another shirt to wear to dinner. “It’s my birthday, you shouldn’t be the one who can’t decide what to wear.”

“We’re going to a very nice human-run restaurant tonight, I have to look somewhat nice,” Harry says, buttoning up his black shirt halfway.

“You always look handsome to me,” Louis coos, straightening out his own suit in the opposite mirror. “And nobody is going to care if you’re a vampire in there, promise.”

“It’s still a special occasion, Sunshine,” Harry says, closing the closet door as he takes one last moment to check himself out. “It’s a miracle we found a human made place that serves blood, that’s also as high-end as this restaurant is.”

“Yet another reason you shouldn’t be worried, they’re expecting some vampires to appear,” Louis says, walking over and wrapping his arms around Harry’s middle, cheek resting on the vamp’s back. “Do you think humans ever try to order blood at these vampire friendly places?”

“They do, actually,” Harry says, rolling his eyes at the thought. “It’s funny to some humans, I guess, to try and waste blood. Usually they’ll ask to see your fangs for proof of what you are if you order blood.”

“Humans are so stupid,” Louis sighs.

“People, dear Louis, people of all kinds are stupid,” Harry replies. He turns around and smiles down at Louis, linking their arms together. “Are you ready for the first gift of the evening?”

“Yes, please,” Louis says, smiling brightly and clapping his hands together excitedly.

“Then close your eyes,” Harry says as he picks Louis up from the ground. Once Louis’ eyes are closed, Harry carries him downstairs and outside in half a second. They stop right on the driveway, where Harry puts Louis down, and nervously faces him to the gift. “Alright, open them.”

“Holy shit,” Louis gasps when his eyes open. There sitting in front of him is a red, 1965 Mercedes Convertible, and it’s utterly beautiful. “Oh my god, Harry Styles! Y-you got this for me?”

“Well sort of,” Harry says, fishing the keys out of his pocket. “This has been sitting in my garage since the 70’s, and a couple months ago I started having repairs done on it. What do you think?”

“I love it, I love it so much, Harry oh my god!” Louis cheers, snatching the keys and jumping right over the side and into the driver’s seat. His hands tap up and down on the steering wheel, and he holds in the embarrassing squeal stuck in his throat. “Can we take it to dinner?”

“Now why else would I give it to you now?” Harry asks sarcastically. “She’ll run much better than your truck.”

“Any car will run better than my truck,” Louis says, starting the engine up. He looks back up at Harry, expecting him to get in too, but the vampire is just standing there, staring. “Something wrong?”
Harry shakes his head, laughing nervously at himself. “No, ha, no. Um, it’s just...could you maybe
do something for me during the daylight?”

Louis’ brow furrows, “Sure...what?”

“It’s just—I—well, I’ll never see you in the sunlight, but I...I dream of it,” Harry tries to explain. “I
just have this image of you, your beautiful tan skin in the sunlight, your eyes, your smile...I wish I
could see it all. When they finished up this car, I kept picturing you in it during the day, driving
around with the wind in your hair...”

When Harry’s voice trails off, Louis sits up on his knees with both hands on the side of the car,
-facing Harry. “That’s beautiful, Harry, but what are you asking?”

“I, um, I want photos,” Harry says quietly. “Photos of you in the sunlight so I can see what it’s like.
They’re the closest I’ll ever get.”

Louis’ lips turn up into a sweet smile. “Harry, of course I’ll do that for you. I’d do anything for you.”

Literally anything, Louis would give up the sun to be with Harry forever. They haven’t even been
together a year, and yet Louis knows his feelings for Harry are true. But by the worried expression
on Harry’s face, Louis thinks Harry wouldn’t feel the same. “Don’t say ‘anything’, Louis.”

“But it’s true,” Louis insists, grabbing both of Harry’s hands. “Harry, I really love you, so much I
don’t think you understand.”

“I do—”

“No, you don’t,” Louis groans. His breath starts to shake, and he tightens his hold on Harry’s hands
as he quietly continues. “Sometimes...Sometimes during the day, when you’re asleep and I’m
lounging around between work and you...I really consider what it would be like if I turned. If I were
a vampire like you, I could love you forever, and I could keep up with you on every front.”

“Louis,” Harry gasps, letting go of his hands, and grabbing Louis just below his shoulders. “You
don’t know what you’re saying. You can’t just give up your human life for me, not when we haven’t
even been together a year. I love you too, but becoming a vampire isn’t something that should be
taken lightly.”

“How would I know?” Louis asks. “You haven’t even told me about your life as a human, or what
happened when you were turned! “Louis yells, and then he covers his mouth with immediate regret.
“I-I’m sorry, Honey. I know that’s a sore subject for you, I’m sorry.”

“Don’t,” Harry says, dropping his hands to his sides. “Don’t apologize when I’m the one who
fucked up. You want me to be honest and yet I can’t even share this one thing with you.”

“But if it upsets you, I don’t want you to tell me until you’re ready,” Louis says softly.

“That’s the thing,” Harry starts, voice full of frustration, all of it with himself. “I’m never going to be
truly ready. I-I don’t even remember most of my human life. All I’ve got is images in my mind.”

Louis takes pity on his vampire, shuts off the car, and climbs back out, “Harry, let’s skip the dinner.”

“What?” Harry asks. “Louis, we still have time, please don’t let my stubbornness ruin your
birthday.”

“You aren’t ruining anything, Harry Styles. We can always go out to eat for another special
occasion, but tonight is about what I want. And...I want to stay home with you and talk. You can
drink from me, too,” Louis says, joining their hands together with interlocked fingers.

“I do prefer your blood over anyone else’s...” Harry mumbles. “Christmas starts in a few hours
anyway, we might as well relax. I'll, um, call into the restaurant.”

“Just tell them your human is sick or something,” Louis says with a shrug. “They can’t be mad about
the cancellation if I’m ill. Sound really apologetic about it.”

Harry can’t help but laugh as he once again goes inside their mansion. “I’ll make sure to sell it to
them as best I can.”

“We can’t be banned from vampire friendly places, you know,” Louis says as he unbuttons his suit
jacket and tears it off, tossing it carelessly onto the floor. “We need places to go for your birthday…
and our anniversary next year.”

“Oh, of course,” Harry says. He shuts the door and quickly goes to the kitchen to make the call.

Meanwhile, Louis walks through the halls and into one of the sitting rooms where they usually go to
feed. Harry had the white leather sofa covered with clear plastic, so they still sit and enjoy, but also
not worry about blood stains. Louis takes off the rest of his suit and messily folds it and places it on a
desk, leaving himself in just his white briefs. Even though he was happy earlier that day that Harry
was going to take him out, Louis is relieved now to just stay home. He prefers junk food and a bite
from Harry as his birthday activities over anything else.

Harry comes in a few minutes later with one of those edible bouquets of fruits cut like flowers, the
good kind with chocolate dipped strawberries. “This was going to be waiting for you on the table in
the morning when the sun came up, but you have to eat something before I drink from you.”

“Aw, I love it,” Louis says, plucking one of the strawberries off a stick, and leaving a kiss on Harry’s
cheek. He bites down on the strawberry, catching the dripping juice with his fingers. He licks around
his lips, and sucks on his fingers to clean up the sweet juice, and he doesn’t miss the way Harry
stares at him. The vampire’s emerald green eyes follow the movement of Louis’ tongue, and it makes
Louis giggle. “Calm down vamp boy, you’ll get something soon. Come it and talk to me while I
eat?”

“Sure, right,” Harry shakes himself out of his daze, and places the bouquet, as well as an empty
bowl, on the coffee table. “I’m sorry, I’m just nervous is all. You want me to talk about a part of
myself that I hardly have to revisit.”

“I know, Honey,” Louis says with a deep sigh. “But you’re not keeping something like this from me.
Not when I...when I’m saying I want to be turned as if it’s nothing. I think about what it would be
like to be a vampire all the time nowadays, and you’ve given me almost no reason to be afraid of it.”

“Fine, alright,” Harry groans, sitting forward on the sofa. He plucks a watermelon flower from the
bouquet and tears off one of its petals, holding it up for Louis to bite. “Like I’ve said a hundred
times, I really don’t remember that much about it. My memories of my life as a human are vague and
clouted. All I remember from that night is that I was by myself, stumbling around outside, and
someone grabbed me. It—she, I think it was a woman, drained me in a dark alley and forced me to
drink her blood. She dragged me, when I was still just barely holding on, into some cellar under the
street.

I think she said something about adding me to a collection, but I’m not really sure. She finished the
job and I...well I died. When I woke up in the evening the next day, I was alone and hungry. The
only thing left of my maker was a puddle of blood and a stake.”

“Someone killed her?” Louis asks as he bites into a piece of pear.

“Yes, I suppose they thought she’d just killed me, and left me there,” Harry’s voice catches in his throat as he remember what happened that first night. “I-I was so hungry, Louis, and I didn’t have any control over my urges, and I…I killed three people that night. I drained them in the same cellar I was turned in, god I felt like such a monster.”

“Oh, Harry, I’m so sorry,” Louis says sincerely. “You’re not a monster, none of that was your fault.”

“I know that now,” Harry says quietly. “But it was awful for me. And then…when I cried it wasn’t tears that came out, but blood. Vampires cry blood, Louis.”

Louis tries not to be disgusted, but…blood? That’s pretty abnormal, but Louis loves Harry anyway. “That…that doesn’t make you a monster.”

“I can’t help how I felt those first few weeks. Some nights I tried to stay hidden and not feed, but it hurt so much and the hunger took over. My stomach felt like it had claws in it, my whole body boiled when I refused to feed,” Harry explains, hands balling into tight fists. “I almost wiped out the entire village in a year. There were hunts to try and find me, but I was always faster than them. I almost completely lost my way, until I was arrested by the Elders. I was going to be executed, but they sent me away instead, fucking Vlad wanted me to be trained as a guard because of my strength.”

“And then the war happened?”

“Not quite, I trained for a little while, and then I was let lose, free to live on my own to prove I wasn’t a threat to our existence anymore,” Harry explains, feeding Louis another piece of the watermelon. “I lived on my own in the mountains feeding off nomads, but not killing any of them. I didn’t even know about the werewolves and Vlad’s coup until Zayn came for me. He too was forced into working for Vlad.”

“So you were by yourself for almost a hundred years?” Louis asks, holding one of Harry’s hands.

Harry nods, slumping back on the sofa. “I had some human friends, but you know how it was for vampires. We couldn’t stay in the same place for too long without humans realizing what we were. I would stay in a village for a few years, collect items to trade, or protect them from invaders, and move on. It was barely a life at all.”

“I can imagine,” Louis whispers. He finishes a few more pieces of fruit, staring at Harry’s pensive expression. “You know,” Louis starts, bringing his hand up to Harry’s cold cheek. “You were all alone and that’s terrible, and it breaks my heart to know how much you struggled…but you wouldn’t turn me for some collection. People wouldn’t stake you and leave me on my own, because this isn’t the dark ages anymore. I would go through all of the beginnings with you, not alone…so why not?”

“There are rules, Louis,” Harry snaps, apologizing immediately. “I love you more than I ever thought capable, and my world would be all the brighter if you could be my companion forever, but I can’t turn you. Legally. I’ve already broken so many rules and laws because of the things I have told you. Vampires are forbidden by the Elders to make another vampire, unless it is a very special circumstance.”

“What circumstances?” Louis asks with a frown.

“I—” Harry stops. He can’t tell Louis like this, not when he isn’t sure Soulmates are definitely real.
He can’t get Louis’ hopes up like that, no matter what Harry’s heart is screaming at him to do. “I
don’t know, I’ve never been told exactly. And before you, I never even considered turning someone,
so I didn’t have a reason to find out. But…I’ll talk to Zayn, okay? I will find out everything about
this, but…don’t sit around waiting for an answer. The Elders are very strict about this rule, and it’s
more likely that you will have to stay human.”

Harry is completely disgusted with himself for lying to Louis, but this is something that he cannot
reveal. Louis looks so disappointed by the answer, and his whole body seems to deflate. But he
nods, and looks up at Harry with a cute pout. “Well, I obviously don’t want you to get in trouble
with the Elders, but…I can’t stand the idea of growing old without you. I guess with today being my
birthday, I was having a crisis.”

“No, don’t you worry about any of that,” Harry insists. He pulls Louis up with his superhuman
strength and then gently lays the boy down, putting his own body between Louis’ legs. “First of all,
you’re only twenty, that’s plenty young. And secondly, if you stay human, I will love you until
you’re old and grey, I promise.”

“You’re such an old sap,” Louis says bashfully. He puts his hands on Harry’s biceps and turns his
head to show his neck, and to present the bite scars to Harry. “Alright, I’m ready for you.”

Harry chuckles and shifts up a little, turning Louis’ face back forward. “Not without a kiss first, you
know how I like it.”

Louis rolls his eyes, “My birthday, my rules.” But Louis kisses him anyway, because he can’t resist
it. Their kiss starts with slow movements of their lips and tongues, and then Harry starts rocking his
hips down onto Louis’. Same slow rhythm, same loving touches as always with Harry.

One of Harry’s hands drops down Louis’ body and between his legs, and Louis gasps when Harry’s
palm presses down. Harry moans against Louis’ lips, pushing his hand inside Louis’ briefs, stroking
Louis until he’s hard. Louis always says the pleasure from Harry’s bite is better if he’s already hard
and desperate. Something feels different tonight, though, and it’s got Harry even hungrier for Louis’
blood. It’s almost like Harry can see the blood pumping through Louis’ skin, or he can taste it
without even drinking a drop yet.

“Harry,” Louis moans, leaning his neck back again. “Please, bite me, come on.”

Without any more warning than a quick nod of his head, Harry extends his fangs and bites, right
over the marks from before. He sucks the sweet, delicious blood from the wound and suddenly he
feels as if something inside him has fallen into place. Louis’ high pitched whimpers are mixed with
other sounds, other voices, even Harry’s own voice. He feels like he’s floating away, and when he
lets go of Louis’ neck, he looks around at a place he doesn’t recognize.

Harry can still feel the blood dripping down his chin, but it’s like he’s not even there. He’s looking at
things, at people that he doesn’t know the names of, and yet recognizes. There’s a young woman,
who looks very similar to himself, lying in the grass, and next to her is…himself.

It’s himself as a human out in the sunlight. And then two more people join them for some kind of
picnic. The girl turns to the human version of him and starts saying something, but the words are all
gurgled. He can only make out one word, which she repeats over and over. “Harry, Harry,
Harry…”

The haze fades out and the voice changes to Louis, below Harry. “Harry?”

The vampire blinks a few times and looks down at Louis, eyes still a little glazed over. “Huh?”
“Why did you stop?” Louis asks, covering up the bite marks with his hand to still the leaking blood. “Everything alright?”

“Um, y-yeah, I’m fine,” Harry stutters, licking the blood off his lips. He presses a kiss to Louis’ cheek and rests his head right there, inches away from the blood. “Just a little more tonight, I-I think…I saw…never mind.”

“Is something wrong?” Louis asks, kissing Harry’s temple.

“No, it’s fine,” Harry says quietly. He reaches down and pulls Louis’ leg up so it’s around his back, and sucks the blood out again.

Their connection through Louis’ blood has gotten so deep between them, the pleasure almost has a numbing effect on Louis. He feels nothing around him but Harry’s mouth, and the energy emitting from the bite. It is the sweetest kind of magic.

Louis kept moaning and whimpering, rutting himself against Harry at his own accord. His sounds grow more and more desperate by the second as his cock feels the friction between them. “God, Harry, just a little more.”

Harry knows he’s going to have to stop drinking from Louis, because soon he’ll take too much. He releases Louis’ neck and pants against the wound while he lets Louis move how he wants against his body. “Come on, Sunshine.”

The hallucination starts up again, just as Harry hears Louis whine out his name and come.

Harry can feel Louis trembling against him, but his eyes are met with an imaginary world. Harry’s alone this time, in a dark room, and he feels…sick. He looks to his side and sees three bodies, all pale skin and bones. He starts to panic, memories flooding in like a storm of tragedy, and in minutes everything is back to him.

He shouts and falls off Louis and the sofa, hands clutching his head as he calms down from the panic. Louis is down next to him in a second, soft hands on Harry’s cheeks. “Harry? Honey what’s wrong? What’s going on?”


“Remember all of what?” Louis asks confusingly.

“My life as a human,” Harry says. He suddenly realizes how tired Louis looks and grabs what’s left of the fruit off the table. “Eat this Lou, get your strength back.”

“I will,” Louis sighs, “Just tell me what you remember.”

“Well, I… I drank your blood, and I started seeing things,” Harry starts to explain. “Usually when I drink from you I just taste the sun, I feel it around me as if I’m in the daylight. This time I saw memories…I was with my human family in some meadow, a sister and parents, and it was daytime.”

“That’s…that’s amazing,” Louis says with a grin.

Harry retracts his fangs, and gently bites his bottom lip. “It was, it really was until…Oh, Louis, I remember like it was yesterday. There…there was a plague in our village, and my family was lost to it, and I…I was dying when I was turned. I was sick with the plague already, and I’d have died that night if that vampire hadn’t taken me.”
“Harry I’m so sorry about your family,” Louis says, pressing a small, sweet kiss to both of Harry’s cheeks. “But…how did my blood make you remember?”

We’re Soulmates. Harry has to stop himself from saying it out loud, not sure what the rules for such information are. This is to be another sign though, right? Harry has drunk from hundreds of humans in centuries, but none of them have given him warmth and memories. He’ll have to call Zayn about this as soon as possible. “I’m not sure, and I’m going to ask around with people I trust, but…it may help with me being able to turn you.”

“So,” Louis gasps, happily smiling at Harry. “You’ll do it?”

“I’ll do my best to get permission, yes.”

“Thank you,” Louis gushes, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck in a tight embrace.

“Of course Lou,” Harry whispers, hands connecting behind Louis’ back as he licks up a few drops of blood from Louis’ neck. “Happy birthday.”

Louis just laughs breathlessly, eying the clock on the wall. “Merry Christmas.”

+ 

The new year comes with new hope for Louis and Harry’s relationship. Harry has been trying to get information on turning Louis, and has sent numerous requests to the Elders and Kings and Queens for meetings. So far the Elders have only responded with the promise to look into things. Harry is aware of how desperate he must seem to all of them, but he can’t help it. Louis is the one for him, and he’ll be damned if he lets Louis slip away.

Harry is also aware of the rumors his fellow vampires are spreading about him and Louis. Stupid things about how Harry has already turned Louis, and they’re going to disappear together. It’s not that bad of a plan, actually, if the Elders decide to be complete assholes about this, and not let Louis be turned. Whenever Harry is with his Kin, he tends to just let them say what they want, never confirming nor denying anything. He has nothing to hide from them.

They finally got to go to dinner at that vampire-friendly restaurant on their one year anniversary, and that same day Vermont legalized vampire-human marriage. Louis kept making comments about how he wouldn’t even have to worry about that, because he is going to become a vampire. Harry just bit his lip and nodded, because their chances of that happening were still slim.

However, the almost promise of Louis becoming a vampire has made Louis more affectionate than ever. He kisses Harry more, he always tries to touch Harry, and he’s constantly saying “I love you.”

It’s all wonderful for Harry, because he will never get enough of Louis. There are a few nights where Louis has been up all morning and all day, so he sleeps for most of the time that Harry’s awake. On those nights Harry finds himself looking through the book of pictures Louis has taken for him. He kept his promise, and filled an album book with pictures of him in the daytime in only three months. Apparently, Louis found it very fun to just walk around Harry’s property, set up a camera, and rig it to take the most beautiful pictures of him.

He really does look beautiful in the sunlight, though, and Harry almost doesn’t want to turn Louis, because it would be such a shame for Louis to lose his tan. But Harry is going to have these photos forever, and hopefully he’ll have Louis forever too.

It’s one of those such nights where Louis is exhausted and sleeping right through the sunrise. Harry is looking at the pictures Louis took in his car, which is even more vibrantly red than at night, when
he hears Louis sleepily walk down the stairs. Harry looks at the clock which reads two o’clock, and then closes the album. He wishes he could just make it easier for Louis now, especially when Louis walks in looking so tired.

He actually looks a little cute, soft and snugly with his hair a mess, and tiny body swimming in clothes too big for him. But his eyes have dark circles under them, and his pretty voice it rough as he croaks, “Evening, Hazza.”

“Evening Lou,” Harry says with a sweet smile. “How’d you sleep?”

Louis shrugs, “Alright I guess. Wish I hadn’t slept so long, though.”

“No Baby, it’s one in the morning,” Harry says with a voice full of concern “Y-You should be sleeping now.”

“Well I would barely see you in three nights, and we fucking live together. It’s a little ridiculous.” Louis whines, perching himself on Harry’s lap.

Harry just sighs, and kisses Louis’ cheek. “I know it is, Sunshine, but it’s out of our hands,” The vampire groans suddenly, a lurching, empty feeling stabbing at his core, and he stretches his arms and neck out to fix it. “Ah, fuck.”

“Harry? What was that about?” Louis asks, body and mind quickly alert.

“I’m fine Lou, just sore muscles,” Harry says, though it isn’t reassuring for Louis at all.

“How do you have sore muscles? You’re a fucking vampire,” Louis scoffs, impatiently crossing his arms over his chest.

Harry looks at the human with a sheepish grimace. “Well, I haven’t fed in a while, and my body is really feeling it.”

“Harry, why haven’t you fed?” Louis asks, borderline angry that Harry wasn’t taking care of himself.

“My supply is running low and the shipment was delayed, and you’ve been so busy and so tired lately, I didn’t want to bother you with it. My supply will be here tomorrow, I’ve been assured.”

“You feeding from me to stay healthy is not a bother,” Louis scoffs, yanking his—Harry’s—shirt off so he’s topless. “Go ahead.”

Harry can fight it, he knows that, but he also knows that Louis will win that fight. So, the vampire sighs, and extends his fangs, biting into Louis’ neck. Louis whines and cradles the back of Harry’s head, tangling his little fingers in the vampire’s long hair. The whimpers kept coming as Harry drank, only taking a few sips before he lets go with the blood still wet on his lips, Harry pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes off the wound on Louis’ neck.

Louis is caught in a daze again, like a soft buzz vibrating through his whole body from the short bite. His eyes are closed and he’s humming as he rocks back and forth on Harry’s lap. He looks down at Harry’s lips, at the crimson blood covering them, and the fans left extended. Louis doesn’t care that it’s his own blood, he’s dying for a kiss, for something to satisfy the buzz.

He waves his hand down from Harry’s hair to his cheek, and kisses him, much to Harry’s surprise. Louis tastes his own blood and it’s kind of gross, but it’s also sort of hot. This blood keeps both Louis and Harry alive, and Louis can taste it, and he can feel Harry’s fangs, and it’s fucking sexy,
even though it really shouldn’t be.

“Harry—”

Just as Louis is about to beg Harry for god only knows what, he’s tossed to the other side of the room. He blinks and finds Zayn Malik, fucking King of the Louisiana vampires, snarling down at him with fangs bared. Harry runs over and tries to grab Zayn, but he gets thrown back as well.

“Zayn! What the fuck are you doing here?”

“Harry, you’re my friend so I don’t like pulling out this card, but I’m your King, and I command you stand down,” Zayn growls at him, still staring at Louis. His eyes focus on the blood on Louis’ lips, and he crouches down to inspect them further. “You didn’t.”

When Zayn tries to touch Louis, the human braves up and slaps his hands away. “You’re not my King! Don’t touch me.”

Zayn rears back, looking both angered and impressed by Louis’ attitude. He turns around to speak to Harry, aggravated and on edge. “Harry, tell him to let me assess his status.”

“His—fuck no! You’re not touching him if he doesn’t want you too,” Harry snaps, pulling himself from the ground.

Zayn’s hand reaches up anyway, but stops himself at the last moment, balling up his hand into a fist in front of Louis’ face. He cools himself down and sighs. “Harry. I’ve been hearing things about you, and I ignored them for a while, because there’s much bigger shit for me to deal with than gossip. But when I heard a direct progeny of Elder Selene say that you illegally made a new vampire; I can’t turn away.”

“What?” Harry asks. “Zayn, come on, you know that’s not true! All the Elder’s Kin pass stories around all the time. Hardly any of it is factual.”

“Then what the fuck is this?” Zayn sneers, grabbing Louis’ jaw and pointing at the blood.

Louis shakes his head, or tries to because Zayn is incredibly strong, and scratches at the King’s hand. “Get—ow—off me!”

“Let him go, Zayn,” Harry demands, voice low and gravelly.

Zayn just rolls his eyes and drops his hands, and Louis quickly scoots away from him. The King stands up and brushes off his clothes, glaring at Harry. “So, he’s not a vampire then?”

“No!” Harry shouts. “You could have asked instead of attacking him. Lou, come here Sunshine, I’m sorry about this.”

“Thanks Harry,” Louis says shyly, walking over to Harry’s side. “Nice to meet you too, Zayn. Still human, for the record, and I can see why Harry kept you from me.”

Zayn’s scowl remains on his face for a few moments, until finally turning up into a smirk. “Well that is refreshing. I can certainly see why Harry likes you so much, you know. It’s rare that a human comes along who isn’t afraid of vampires, a King of vampires no less.”

“Well, you’re pretty skinny for a king,” Louis scoffs.

To Harry’s surprise, Zayn still doesn’t get angry, instead he starts to laugh. “I like him, Harry.”
“That’s great, but you and I need to talk privately. Outside,” Harry says sternly. He kisses Louis on the cheek and whispers, “Clean up a bit for me, I won’t be long.”

“Sure,” Louis huffs, giving Zayn one last glare before picking up his clothes from the floor.

Harry grabs Zayn by the shoulder and pulls him out of the room, then out of the house entirely in the blink of an eye. He closes the door behind them, ignoring the snickering coming from Zayn’s mouth. Harry shoves Zayn down the steps of the porch, something only a very close friend to the king could get away with, and then crosses his arms over his chest. “Well? Care to explain why you would inquisition one of your oldest friends like that?”

“We were there during the inquisition, and you know as well as I that those priests were a lot worse than this,” Zayn grumbles.

“You attacked Louis!” Harry snaps. “I’ve been with him for over a year, and in all that time he asked to meet my friends, and this is the first impression he got of you!”

“You’ve got no one but yourself to blame for keeping your human from your friends,” Zayn points out.

“I don’t know what you expect me to do, considering the strict rules the Elders have on us,” Harry says. “We can’t tell them where vampires meet up for business, we can’t tell them anything really about our history...it’s a miracle I’ve been able to make this work at all. He’s so curious.”

“Ah,” Zayn says, snapping his fingers at Harry. “But that’s the thing, isn’t it? You’ve made it work because you ignore the laws, don’t you?”

Harry recoils, eyes widening a bit. “I-I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Oh, okay,” Zayn says overdramatically. “So you’ve never told Louis information you weren’t supposed to? He doesn’t know anything other than what was approved by the Elders for mainstreaming?”

“Um,” Harry hums, looking away from Zayn nervously, hands falling to his hips. “Well, he might have picked up a few things—”

“I fucking knew it!” Zayn shouts, throwing his hands up angrily. “Harry! I know you mean well, and I know you care a great deal for him, but come on. You can’t just break the law like that.”

“I know! I know, alright?” Harry groans, frustrated and stressed. “But, he wants honestly in our relationship, and I can’t keep my whole life a secret from him. It kills me to think he would leave because of something I did centuries ago. But if you must know—”

“No, don’t tell me what you’ve told him,” Zayn cuts in, shaking his head. “It’s easier to protect you and overlook these transgressions if I don’t know any specifics.”

“Actually,” Harry coughs, clearing his throat. “I was going to say, the one thing I haven’t told him, is that we could be Soulmates.”

Zayn’s jaw dropped, his entire face falling into a confused frown. “You—the one thing...Hold on. SO the one thing that would guarantee your relationship being solidified, is the one thing you kept from him? Harry...that’s the dumbest thing I have ever heard in two thousand years.”

“I’m sure that’s an exaggeration,” Harry says, rolling his eyes. “But I refrained from telling him, because I couldn’t get his hopes up.”
“So, he wants to be turned?” Zayn asks.

“Yes, he’s brought it up a few times, and I told him the laws are very strict about it,” Harry explains. “I just wasn’t completely sure we were Soulmates, until his birthday.”

“What happened then?”

“I—he—I’m still not sure,” Harry confesses. “But I drank from him, and I saw my past. I remembered my human family, and everything that happened before I was turned. I saw myself walking in the sun.”

“You...you got memories back by...well alright then,” Zayn said, clapping his hands with a grin. “I’m convinced then.”

“What?”

“I mean, that’s all the confirmation I need to know that Louis is in fact, your Soulmate,” Zayn says with a shrug. “Write me a full letter of anything else like, what you described, that Louis somehow caused, and I’ll bring your case to the Elders.”

“Zayn,” Harry gasps, stunned almost to silence. “Please, please do not be joking around right now.”

“I’m not joking. Harry, despite how annoying I can be, and how intrusive I get in your life, I want you to be happy. Ever since you’ve been with Louis, I can just see the change in you from the last century, and I’ll do anything to keep that change coming,” Zayn says, stepping back up on the porch and standing next to Harry. He grips Harry’s shoulder, shaking it a few times, with a soft smile on his face. “I’m sorry about tonight, I should have gone about it differently.”

“Yeah, I’ll say,” Harry grunts, then smirks down at Zayn.

“Can you blame me?” Zayn asks, cracking a smile as well. “I finally get you back out in the world, you get a boyfriend, then become a complete shut in again when he moves in. And on the stress from the other shit going on with the Elders and royals, and I panicked.”

“Yeah, yeah life as a rich and powerful vampire king is just so stressful,” Harry jokes, nudging Zayn’s side.

“Oh fuck off,” Zayn chuckles. “You know, he kind of looks like a baby vamp, too. Pretty eyes, sharp teeth, plus all that blood on his lips didn’t help.”

“I know,” Harry says, smiling fondly at the image of Louis as a real vampire. “Course, that was his blood.”

“I realize that now, yeah.”

Harry sighs and turns around, leaning both hands on the rail of the porch. “I can’t believe you’re formally asking permission for us, Zayn. Nothing in the world could repay that.”

“You’re my brother, Harry,” the king says. “You don’t need to repay me.”

“Right, of course,” Harry says. “Should I tell him now? I-I know if you get permission—”

“It’s still a very big ‘if’, Harry,” Zayn says cautiously. “I think...keep it from him, until you definitely have permission to turn him. The Elders will need time to schedule a ceremony for you two anyway, so you’ll have plenty of time to help him get used to it.”
“Okay, good idea,” Harry agrees, somewhat reluctantly. “Thank you, again. And I forgive you for tonight, though I’m not sure Louis will.”

“I’m sure you’ve told him enough stories about our friendship, he’ll want to get along in time,” Zayn says, patting Harry on the back. “I’ll let you get back to your evening.”

“What’s left of it,” Harry says. He shakes Zayn’s hand, thanks him once again and then sends him off. He watches Zayn go with a giddy smile and sinks back against the door, keeping his happy giggles quiet so Louis can’t hear them inside. He does manage to pull himself together after a few minutes, and he takes one last deep breath before re-entering the mansion.

Louis is waiting for him where Harry left, now lying across the couch with his sweater back on, playing some game on his phone. He looks up at Harry with a little pout and crosses his arms over his chest as he huffs, “Get everything sorted out with his royal highness?”

“Yes, Sunshine,” Harry sighs, sitting at Louis’ feet. “He’s very sorry.”

“Yet he couldn’t tell me that himself,” Louis scoffs.

“Baby, he’s one of my oldest friends, and the king, could you be a little more respectful?” Harry asks, petting Louis’ little feet.

“He attacked me Harry! And he accused you of breaking the law!” Louis snaps, voice rimmed with disgust. “He can’t treat me like that because I’m human.”

“I know, Louis, and I said that much to him and he gets it,” Harry explains. “He wouldn’t come in here to apologize, but he figured he’d interrupted our night enough already. He won’t be making that mistake again.”

“Good,” Louis says, sitting up and bringing his knees to his chest. “I do want to get along with your friends, you know. But if any more of them toss me around, I just...don’t know what to do.”

“Nobody will touch you again Louis, this I can promise,” Harry assures him, scooting closer to Louis’ closed up body. “I’m sorry for spoiling the evening.”

“It’s barely started, Honey,” Louis says. He pushes Harry’s long hair out of the vampire’s face, and kisses his pale cheek. “Wanna get dressed up and go for a drive? We can walk down Bourbon Street and hit up that Vampire Bar if you want. I don’t really feel like staying in.”

“Sure, Sunshine. That sounds lovely,” Harry says, giving Louis a quick kiss. He has to bite his tongue to prevent himself from saying this can be a celebration of Zayn officially working on getting permission from the Elders to turn Louis.

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“Oh, oh Harry,” Louis moans, back arching off the bed as Harry sucks his cock deep in his throat. Louis’ got one hand in Harry’s hair and the other on his own chest, pinching and rubbing at his sore nipples. His hips are moving quickly, pushing his cock in and out of Harry’s warm mouth, voice a constant stream of the prettiest moans. “God Harry. Just like that.”

They’ve been waiting three months for a response from Zayn and the rest of the council, but to no avail. Harry’s been pushing and pushing at every chance he gets, but he’s constantly met with a wall of bullshit. Zayn tells him all the time that their case is a sure thing, but other business is getting in the way of getting Elder’s permission. Apparently someone on the inside is trying to prevent the American vampires from mainstreaming, and important figures keep going missing without a trace.
All of it makes Harry feel a lot of things, mostly frustration towards the pompous idiots in charge of everything. He’s been channeling that frustration, and anger, into looking after Louis. Whenever he can’t give Louis a good answer about their case, he takes it upon himself to cheer Louis up in the best way he knows how.

So, their long term relationship is on the rocks, but their sex life has improved drastically.

Harry pulls off Louis’ cock with a wet pop, and kisses all around Louis’ lower tummy. He’s growling into Louis’ soft skin, painfully attempting to keep his more primal side at bay. It’s been harder and harder to keep control, the stress of their situation clouding Harry’s judgment, especially when he can feel Louis’ blood pump through his body. Harry’s fangs extend and his ears focus in on the quick thumping of Louis’ heart in his chest.

Suddenly, Harry isn’t thinking anymore, and his eyes have gone dark and glossy as he nuzzles against Louis’ thigh. Louis is whimpering above him, hips bucking up so Harry will do something, but the true vampire is taking over. Harry grunts, and presses his nose to Louis’ thigh, sniffing past the sweat and the sex, down to Louis’ blood flowing through his femoral artery.

“Harry, please,” Louis is hysterical at this point, cock painfully hard and red, curved onto his tummy, and he might just come untouched for the first time. “Please, Honey. Please, do something, anything. I-I can’t take it.”

“Oh, Baby,” Harry groans as he listens to the agony in Louis’ voice. But he doesn’t move to touch Louis, because the sweet blood is screaming for him. He moans one more time and bites, hard, into Louis’ upper thigh, right by his groin.

The delicious blood gushes into Harry’s mouth as he drinks, preening at the gasp from Louis’ mouth. Louis’ blood is full of adrenaline from the sex, and it’s better than ever as Harry sucks and sucks it into his mouth. He moans and ruts his hips into the bed, filling himself up with the taste of Louis. His hands are clenched around Louis’ thighs tightly, in a way that must hurt, but Harry’s too lost in the blood to care.

“Harry, god yes, yes, oh my god,” Louis whines above him, hands flying above his head to grip the pillow and he comes, cock free and without a touch. “Ah, o-oh my god!”

Harry pulls away in time to see Louis’ cock squirt ropes of spunk onto Louis’ tummy, and he groans at the sight. Blood is still spilling from Louis’ thigh, and Harry is fast to bed down and lick the rest up. “So good, Sunshine, so fucking good.”

Louis’ chest is heaving as he comes down, eyes glazed and head fuzzy, while Harry climbs up his body, between his legs. Harry should look like a monster, with the wild look in his eyes and blood dripping from his lips and chin and neck. He should be terrifying to Louis, but he isn’t. Louis loves him so much, and no matter how weak he feels right now, he would do anything for this vampire. “Harry, I-I need you.”

Normally, Harry would sense the decrease in Louis’ strength, the way Louis gets tired after Harry feeds from him. Tonight his mind is in overdrive, body powered up from drinking so much of Louis’ blood, and he kisses Louis’ stomach, licking up the come left there. There’s no control in the things Harry does, grinding his hard cock down onto Louis’, moaning when Louis gasps because he’s sensitive and tired. There’s no control in the way Harry kisses Louis’ lips, sharing the blood between them, or the way he grabs Louis’ wrists and holds them against the pillow above them.

There’s absolutely no control in the way Harry growls and bites Louis’ neck, drinking even more blood than usual. He’s moaning into the wound, placing both of Louis’ hands in one of his, while his
free hand reaches down and grabs Louis’ ass, pulling Louis’ body up. He’s on a pure high now, and Louis feels so damn good, but so tired, so weak.

“H-Harry,” Louis whines, breathless. His voice is nearly gone, his head is full of fuzz and static and he’s slipping in and out of consciousness. “Honey, H-Har..”

Everything goes quiet all of a sudden, only the sound of Harry’s moans and his skin slapping against Louis’. Until finally, Harry gets his fill and retracts from Louis’ neck. He grinds softly against Louis now, feeling giggly and high, and he wants to fuck Louis silly. He’s about to ask Louis for as much, but he realizes Louis is being very still, and very quiet...and he’s gone very cold.

“Louis? Sunshine are you okay?” Harry asks, bracing himself up so he’s on his knees between Louis’ legs. Louis’ eyes are closed, but his mouth is open, hanging slack and loose, while his skin has gone pale. “Louis, oh god.”

Harry starts to panic, looking down at himself and the blood staining his body, Louis’ blood. He quickly presses his ear to Louis’ chest, holding his loud, frantic breath while he listens for a pulse. Thankfully there is one, barely, a slow pump of Louis’ blood still flowing through him.

“Louis, come back to me, Baby,” Harry gently whispers, but it does nothing. He shakes Louis’ limp body and still, he gets no response. “No, no what have I done? Baby! Baby wake up, please.”

Still, nothing happens. Harry’s heart speeds up and he pulls Louis against him, crying into Louis’ shoulder, kissing his icy-cold skin. How could he lose control like that? How could Harry not notice that Louis was slipping? He holds Louis’ almost lifeless body against him, whispering apologies and losing his kind. He can’t think, can’t get past Louis dying in his arms. He doesn’t know what to do, or where to go, and he doesn’t want to let Louis go.

“I’m so sorry, Baby. What have I done? What have I done?” Harry screams on repeat, wiping away his own bloody tears.

He has to save Louis, there’s still life in his lover yet, and he has to bring the rest back. But where can he go? A human hospital would have him arrested in a second for this, and the Elders would—wait, that’s it! Harry picks Louis up so the human is sitting in his lap, and reaches over to the bedside table to grab his phone. He presses the key to call Zayn, and cradles the back of Louis’ neck so he’s not limply falling back. Harry pets his hair and kisses him while the phone rings, until he gets voicemail message. Harry tries Zayn three more times, once again to no answers, and it takes everything in Harry not to scream again.

“Zayn come one, fucking answer,” Harry sobs into his phone as he calls the King for the fifth time. Harry places more kisses on Louis’ blood covered cheek, more to comfort himself than anything else, and listens to the weakening heartbeat in the human’s chest.

Finally, he gets an answer. “Harry what the fuck?”

“Zayn! I-I fucked up, god I fucked up bad,” Harry cries out. “It’s Louis, h-he’s, oh god.”

“Shit,” Zayn groans on the other end. “What happened to him?”

“W-were, um, well I lost control, o-okay?” Harry stutters. “I-I drank too much from him, I lost my fucking mind and now he’s...he’s dying, Zayn. I-I almost—”

“He’s still alive? There’s a heartbeat?”

“Just barely, fuck, what do I do, Zayn? H-how do I save him?” Harry asks, wiping more bloody
tears from his face. “Help me, Zayn. I-I can’t lose him.”

“You won’t fucking Christ,” Zayn swears a few more times, and Harry can hear him talk to a few people away from the phone. “Wrap up where you bit him so no more blood leaks out, and then take him to the address I’m about to send you. Tell them Zayn Malik requires their service.”

“Okay, fuck, Zayn I don’t know what came over me—”

“Save it,” Zayn cuts him off. “I’ll meet you there and I’ll talk you though whatever you need. Hurry up and get him safe before it’s too late.”

“Right, okay, thank you, thank you, thank you,” Harry repeats before hanging up. He gently rolls Louis’ light body over onto the bed, and runs into the hallway to grab bandages from the closet. When he comes back, he sees that Louis’ chest is slowly moving up and down, and it’s the smallest reassurance that he is breathing. “I’m sorry, Baby, but I’ll get you better.”

Harry wraps up Louis’ thigh and tapes it down, then repeats the action on Louis’ neck. His phone chimes with a message from Zayn, and it’s some address in the swamp. Harry doesn’t exactly have the time to question it, so he wraps Louis up in a blanket, throws on his pants, and carries Louis out of the house. He considers taking the car, but he knows he can run faster, and he’d hate to damage the car in the swamp.

The place Zayn sent Harry is creepy and secluded, and probably infested with alligators. It is a special clinic in the swamp, most likely vampire funded, set up specifically for supernatural related incidents.

He bangs his fist against the door several times, so hard it dents and chips the wood, calling out, “Is anyone there? Zayn Mali sent me! He requires your service!”

There is a commotion on the other side of the door, until it is opened by a very old, very short woman. “The vampire King sent you?”

“Yes, and he will be following us soon,” Harry says quickly, impatiently tapping his foot on the ground.

The lady rolls her eyes, “Of course he is.” She steps aside with a loud sigh and gestures inside. “Come in, tell me what you need.”

“M-my human,” Harry says, pushing past her and into the clinic. “H-he’s almost gone. I accidentally drained him and—”

“Jesus!” She shouts once she gets a decent look at Louis. She grabs his thin wrists and feels the faint pulse, swearing several more times before glaring at Harry. “What, were you made yesterday? How could you drain him this much?”

“I didn’t mean to!” Harry yells back. “Just tell me you can save him, please.”

“Yes I can fucking save him,” She snaps, pointing at a small bed on one side of the room. “Put him there while I get some blood packs, what type is he?”

“Um, A Nag,” Harry says, carefully laying Louis down. He pushes the fallen hair from Louis’ face.
and almost starts crying again at just how pale Louis looks, how blue his lips are. “How could I do this Sunshine? I’m so sorry.”

“Alright back up!” The lady’s voice comes booming through the room. She’s pushing a cart of blood packets and medical equipment, already dressed up in nurse’s gear. “Move out of my way vampire. You can wait in the next room over, but don’t touch anything.”

“I’m not leaving his side!” Harry snarls, gripping Louis’ hand tight.

The mysterious woman annoyingly rolls her eyes at him again, shrugging her shoulders. “You will if you want him to live. By my guess, he’s only got minutes left, so you can sit here and argue, or leave me to my business.”

With one last look down at his lover, Harry sighs dejectedly and nods. “Fine. Just hurry.”

“Yeah, yeah,” She says, shoving him out of the way. Just as Harry is out the door he hears her mutter, “Fucking vampires.”

The vampire goes straight for the first chair he finds, setting his body down in a heavy slump. He looks at his hands, stained with Louis’ blood, and curls them into fists. He still can’t believe what he’s done. He has no idea what came over him to lose control like that. It’s been centuries since Harry felt like what he is, could be considered a monster, but here he is. The boy he loves, his Soulmate is lying in the next room of a fucking witch doctor getting a blood transfusion.

While Harry knows what happened tonight is his fault, a part of him still wants to blame the council. He knows Zayn is working hard with their case, and he knows that they have a lot to deal with now that vampires are in the public, but goddammit. Louis shouldn’t still be a vulnerable human. He should be Harry’s forever, but now Harry will be lucky if Louis stays with him at all.

“Fucking hell Harry, you look like shit.”

Harry looks up at the sound of his friend’s voice, pathetically sobbing one more time. “I feel like shit.”

Zayn’s got his arms crossed over his chest, a sympathetic frown on his face. He’s wearing a very nice Dolce suit, black with gold accents, entirely too fancy for a regular night, even as the King. Zayn shakes his head and extends one of his hands out to Harry’s face, clutching him by his chin and lifting his head. He inspects the blood dried on Harry’s face, streaming from both his mouth and his eyes. His hand slips up into Harry’s hair in an affectionate manner, before he sighs, “Clean yourself up in the sink. She’ll bring Louis back soon enough, and you don’t want to talk to him with all that on your face.”

“Yeah,” Harry says, quietly, defeated. He didn’t even notice he was in a kitchen, too distraught to take in his surroundings earlier. He turns on the old sink, washing his hands of the blood and he watches the red liquid run into the cracks of the porcelain. There’s a mirror in front of him, with black stains and cracks all over, but he can still see his monstrous reflection. “Fucking look at me, Zayn. I haven’t looked like this since...since right after I was turned.”

“Yeah,” Harry says, quietly, defeated. He didn’t even notice he was in a kitchen, too distraught to take in his surroundings earlier. He turns on the old sink, washing his hands of the blood and he watches the red liquid run into the cracks of the porcelain. There’s a mirror in front of him, with black stains and cracks all over, but he can still see his monstrous reflection. “Fucking look at me, Zayn. I haven’t looked like this since...since right after I was turned.”

“What happened?” Zayn asks, standing behind Harry with firm, but comforting hands on Harry’s shoulders. “Only months ago you wouldn’t even have sex because you were afraid to hurt him.”

“I know,” Harry mumbles, plucking up the cleanest looking towel to clean his face. “But we got through that, and I’ve been feeling fucked up for weeks, okay? Everything about turning Louis has me on edge, and I wasn’t ready for this. God, that first taste was so good, a-and usually I know when
to stop, but my head’s been so cloudy...I was lost in him.”

“I’ll blame it on the connection, it can be a dangerous thing for the human mate,” Zayn explains, patting Harry’s shoulders. “Although...I do have some good news for you now, and it will make you feel better. At least I hope.”

“Sure, whatever, but I doubt anything will get my mind off my shame,” Harry says, turning around and leaning against the dirty sink.

“Oh really?” Zayn smirks. “So, if I were to tell you that the reason I didn’t answer you at first tonight, the reason I’m dressed like some fucking politician, was all because of a meeting with the Elders, it wouldn’t interest you? If I were to say that I got enough in favor votes on your case, you wouldn’t cheer up at all?”

Harry’s heart almost stops as he stares at Zayn in disbelief. With wide, green eyes, and a voice that’s nearly not there at all, Harry chokes out, “W-what? Y-you what...they...you’re serious?”

“You can have your Soulmate.”

Harry is down on his knees before Zayn in seconds, hands on the back of his neck as he stares up at his friend in awe and amazement. “I-I can? I can turn Louis?”

“Well, as far as Witch Doctors go, Norma is the best, even if she can be a bit ornery,” Zayn says with a light shrug. “She’ll have him fixed in no time. “I-I have no idea. I’ll be better once I know Louis is okay.”

“Just how many people do you have to send to her?” Harry questions suspiciously.

The King’s only answer is a small grin, a twinkle in his pretty eyes, because they’re interrupted by Norma storming into the room. She huffs a few times, glaring at Zayn and shaking her head, as if this is the millionth time he has annoyed her with something similar. Her gloves have blood on them, but not too much, and she’s got a light shine of sweat on her brow. “Well. He’s still weak, but he’s begging for you,” She points a wrinkled finger at Harry, “to come see him.”
He is out of that room half a second after she says that, and he kneels down beside Louis’ bed. Some of the color has come back to Louis’ face, and his lips have returned to their pretty light pink. He’s still sleepy, but alive, and he’s looking up at Harry with hooded, bloodshot eyes. “Sunshine, can you talk yet?”

Louis nods, barely a movement of his head, but his voice is still hoarse when he says, “Y-yes. Where are we?”

A wave of relief washes over Harry’s body, and it’s like he can actually breathe again. He releases a breathy laugh and kisses Louis’ soft shoulder, “A friend of Zayn’s place. He sent us right over here and she saved you.”

“Zayn?” Louis asks, blinking a few times and looking around the dimly lit room “Is he…”

“Yes he’s here, don’t worry though. He’s in a better mood than when you last met, and he doesn’t even need to come in here if you don’t want,” Harry explains softly. His smile quickly fades into a mournful frown. “Baby, I am so, so sorry. How can you even still want me here?”

“I love you,” Louis says tiredly, but also matter-of-factly.

“But look at what I’ve done, look at here you are. How can you ever forgive me?” Harry sobs dryly.

“You didn’t mean to,” Louis says. “A-and you saved me, of course I forgive you. I know you’ll always be here to save me and protect me.”

“I can’t even protect you from myself, Lou,” Harry sighs.

“That’s both of our faults,” Louis assures him, weakly bringing his hand up to Harry’s cheek. “We’ve been so stressed because of things out of our control, and we both should have known you wouldn’t be able to control yourself. We…we should just slow down, you know? At least while your Elders are being uncooperative.”

“Actually,” Harry starts to clear his throat, straightening his back as he holds down a smile. “I’m all for slowing down if that’s what you want, but the Elders aren’t going to be in our way anymore.”

“What are you talking about?” Louis asks with the cutest confused expression.

“Um, as I told you before, our laws say we cannot create new vampires in this century, because of the public’s knowledge of our existence. There’s really only one reason why a human would be turned, but it’s so rare.” Harry explains. “I didn’t think it was more than a myth until you, Sunshine. But Zayn has helped me confirm it, and he’s been working hard for months on our behalf to prove it to the Council.”

“Prove what?” Louis asks, growing slightly more excited, even though he isn’t sure where Harry is going.

“Vampires…they don’t have mates the same way werewolves do, as I told you. Wolves can find a mate in anyone, and it’s for life or the death of a mate. Vampires are less connected than that, but sometimes by some ancient magic, they can have a Soulmate,” Harry continues to explain. He can see the way Louis starts to light up, the way Louis begins to put the pieces together in his mind. “I have loved you since the night we met, it started small but it grew into this big love that I feel and share with you now. However, Zayn was the one to see all the signs, and ever since he first brought it up to me, I started to see them too. You’re my Soulmate, Louis. We were made for each other.”

“Harry,” Louis moans, eyes growing wide as he stares in awe up at his lover. “Are you being
serious right now? That’s a real thing?"

“It is, it’s very, very old magic, but Zayn has witnessed a ceremony for himself. Though, there’s only been a handful in your lifetime.” Harry tells him, kissing his hand over and over. “We’re going to have one too.”

“Wait, a ceremony? Why does it have to be so official? Can’t you just turn me whenever now that they’re letting you?” Louis asks with a frown.

“I wish, Sunshine, but this is a very sacred ceremony,” Harry sighs. “Zayn knows more about it than I do. If you let him in here, he can walk you through it.”

Louis purses his lips. He has a lot to be thankful of Zayn for, his life and his future with Harry, but...Zayn did attack him the night they met. He may be Harry’s oldest friend, but Louis is still weary of him. This ceremony must be complicated, though, for Harry to not even be able to explain it himself. “I guess... I mean, he’s the reason I’m still alive.”

“Doesn’t mean you have to see him, he knows how thankful you are,” Harry tells him. The last thing Harry wants to do right now is cause Louis even more discomfort.

“No, it’s fine,” Louis eventually mumbles. He reaches down for Harry’s hand, holding it right over his chest. Zayn, who had been listening to their conversation apparently appears next to them not a moment later. Louis is still feeling a little delirious, and it takes a moment or two to adjust, but he does his best to look thankful and smile. “Good to see you again, Zayn.”

“You too Louis,” Zayn says, coughing awkwardly. “I suppose I should start by apologizing for the last time we met—"

“I’ll say,” Louis mumbles. Harry tries his hardest not to start laughing.

The King, however, has a good enough sense of humor to let the comment slide with nothing more than a smirk. “Yes, obviously. I acted brashly and I apologize. I care very much about Harry, and I didn’t want his love for you to blind him from reason.”

“That’s very sweet,” Louis says, smiling at his own vampire. “Apology accepted, it would be wrong of me to deny you after tonight. Thanks by the way.”

“Do we owe Norma anything? I’ll pay any price,” Harry says suddenly, reaching into his pants pocket for a wallet.

But Zayn only holds up his hand and shakes his head. “It’s on me, alright? Take it as an olive branch with my apology.”

“Zayn—"

“—Harry,” Zayn urges, sitting on the closest chair next to them. “I insist, okay?”

Harry is about to protest again, but he gives up before trying, knowing it’s not going to result in anything. “Fine, fine, can you just explain the ceremony to him? I don’t have all the details.”

“Well, it’s pretty simple, actually,” Zayn says nonchalantly. “It’s an age old tradition watched over by the Elders and High Council members, something about purifying bloodlines and all that. Soulmates are said to have special magical connections through their blood, and therefore the Elders like to watch over them. Personally, I think mating should be a private affair, but they have authority over me, so,” Zayn shrugs.
“Could you just...tell him about the ceremony?” Harry asks impatiently.

“Fine! But it’s an antiquated tradition and I thought it would be best if he had some background,” Zayn sighs. “Because the ceremony is a lot like medieval consummation ceremonies for European royals.”

“Wait,” Louis suddenly interrupts, coughing a little into one of his hands. “When you say ‘consummation ceremony’, do you mean when priests would, like, watch a royal couple…”

Zayn nods, and kindly ignores the blush that forms on Louis’ cheeks. “Yes, actually. They wanted to emulate the werewolf matings, and that sort of requires you to make love.”

“Oh my god,” Louis groans, covering his face from the pair. “A-are you serious? That’s so...so silly.”

“Vampires have been around for a very long time, you can’t blame us for being old fashioned. Besides, there is a very strong bond between a vampire and their maker, and that bond is only strengthened by an emotional connection, or you know, a sexual connection.” Zayn explains, fondly thinking of his own maker. “That’s how I was turned.”

“You have a Soulmate?” Louis asks.

“Nope, my maker turned me while we were fucking, and our connection was almost unbreakable,” Zayn says with a big grin. “A maker can sense their progeny’s emotions, influence their reactions even. Soulmates, however, share an equal bond. You’ll be able to influence Harry, feel his emotions, maybe even read his thoughts. A lot of vampires will be envious.”

“I know you will, I don’t know how I feel about strangers watching us...you know,” Louis whispers, face still red and heated.

“The entire vampire community of Louisiana won’t be watching us,” Harry chuckles in an attempt to lighten the mood. “The witnesses required are only two Elders, of our choosing, and um, Zayn.”

Louis tries so hard not to frown, but he can’t help it. It’s not that he dislikes Zayn, not anymore, but he barely knows him. Zayn probably has millions of stories about Harry, and Harry’s previous lovers, and now he has to watch Louis. Louis who is just a human, only had sex with one person, and is probably not going to be anything to brag about. But...if it has to be done, then fine, he can try to get through it, because the result will be so, so worth it. “Okay, alright. I’d do anything to be with you.”

“I love you,” Harry blurts, kissing him tenderly on the lips.

“Aw, you two are sweet,” Zayn coos.

Harry groans against Louis’ lips, and then glares back at his friend. “Could you not be an asshole for one minute?”

“I wasn’t...I’m not always sarcastic, you know?” Zayn asks rhetorically. “Louis, you make my friend very happy, and I am completely able to put away my mask for a moment to appreciate that. Thank
you for caring for him, I mean it.”

“Thank you Zayn,” Louis says, feeling fond of the vampire King for the first time. Maybe Malik wasn’t so bad. “So, um, when is this ceremony going to be?”

“Whenever you want, my love,” Harry says softly.

“Hopefully this year,” Zayn cuts in quickly. “Sorry, just, they have other things to rule over.”

“Right,” Louis nods, giving it some thought. It feels very surreal to even be making this plan at all. When Louis was just a child, vampires were still a myth, and here he is trying to become one. He’s not crazy, he’s not some thirteen year old goth, he’s just a young man in love. And as Louis looks as Harry’s young face, he knows that man is all he wants, no matter what he has to do to get him. “How about...how about my birthday?”

“A-are you sure?” Harry asks, a little stunned at the suggestion.

“Yes, it will be my twenty-first,” Louis says. He finally feels like he’s got some strength back, so he sits on the bed, crossing his legs. “It’s perfect, don’t you see? You’ve been twenty-one for centuries, and now I will be too.”

“It does give me plenty of time to make sure Selene and Viktor can be there,” Zayn points out.

“Who are—”

“They’re the Elders Harry would like to act as witness. Both are very kind and will treat you with respect, you have my word.” Zayn assures him, proving once again to Louis that he isn’t so bad.

“Is that really what you want? On your birthday?”

“Yes, I’m completely sure,” Louis says confidently.

Zayn stands up with his phone out, dialing the number for Selene as he says, “Good enough for me. Christmas Eve, right?”

“Yes...how did you know?” Louis asks with concern.

The King answers with a wink and, “I make it my business to know.”

Harry shakes his head as Zayn leaves them alone again, and stands up from the chair. He helps Louis up with both hands, fussing at the way Louis’ legs shake when he’s on two feet. “Are you sure you’re not mad at me for tonight? I don’t think I’ll ever forgive myself.”

“It’s scary, okay?” Louis spits out. He slumps his shoulders in a deep sigh, frowning up at Harry. “When you were drinking from me, I was scared, for a moment, but I’m not mad. I would rather you didn’t drink from me for a while, but I’m okay. Tonight has been a rollercoaster of events, can’t we just end on a happy note? In a few short months, I’m going to be yours.”

“Baby,” Harry moans, picking Louis up by his thighs so the human’s legs wrap around his waist. “You’re already mine, and I am yours. Forever.”

The very first thing Louis insists on doing when he’s better, is go straight to Verna and Charlie to tell them the good news. Needless to say, the first five minutes after Louis tells them are filled with yelling at Harry. The vampire is a little stunned Louis is more than a little annoyed, but his bosses are
only trying to look out for him.

“Louis, you really want to give up life, daytime, for a man?” Verna asks angrily, arms crossed defensively over her chest as she glares at Harry.

“Yes, I do!” Louis exclaimed. “V, he’s completely worth it. I love him and I want to be with him, okay? We...we’re destiny.”

Charlie places a firm hand on his wife’s shoulder, sheepishly smiling at her. “I think he’s sincere. Come on chér, wouldn’t you turn into a vampire for me if I was one? Huh?”

She continues to glare at him, mumbling something under her breath as she shakes her head. Eventually, after minutes of Charlie batting his eyes and giving her the cheesiest smile, Verna groans and gives up her resolve. “Fine. So you love, so it’s destiny, that’s fine. But...will we ever see you again? Or are you just going to disappear forever?”

“No! No I wouldn’t do that! I-I was hoping I could even still work here, actually, just during night shifts obviously,” Louis says shyly.

“Why?” Verna asks. “Don’t get me wrong Lou, I love you like my own, but if you’re going to be with this rich vampire, why would you want to work here?”

“As much as it can be a pain to deal with the stupid people of the backwoods, I still love it here.” Louis shrugs. “I like earning my own money, and seeing you two and the girls, catching up on the gossip—”

“Louis, you hate gossip,” Verna says with a judgmental purse of her lips.

“Only when it’s about me,” Louis giggles, rolling his eyes. “You’re my family, and it’s not like Harry and I are getting married.”

“Oh, okay,” Verna exclaims overdramatically, throwing her hands up and shooting a pointed look at Harry. “So, you’ll make one of the undead, but you won’t make an honest man out of him?”

The vampire puts his hands up in surrender, backing up a step from the woman. “Technically what Louis and I would be is considered a stronger bond than marriage in the eyes of vampires. B-but if he wanted to have a wedding, I would be all for it.”

A fond, sparkly smile forms on Louis’ face, from cheek to cheek, and he asks in the sweetest voice, “Really? H-have you thought about this, a wedding?”

“Yes, I have,” Harry mumbles, leaning down to catch Louis’ lips in a soft kiss. As Verna watches them, even she can see that it’s real love. She can see how happy Harry is, even how happy Harry is, to be with this man, and who is she to try to keep them apart? With one last insistent nudge from her husband, Verna drops her hands to her hips, and nods. “Alright. When is this happening?”

Louis turns back to her, gasping when he sees the look of approval on her face. “Um, on my birthday this year. You’re really okay with this?”

“I would be a fool to get in the way of your happiness,” She says, just as Louis pulls her into a tight hug.

Harry was going to convince Louis to tell them about the accident, but Louis is sure it would do
more harm than good. What happened was terrifying, but Louis has survived and he doesn’t want a witch hunt to start on Harry, not for a mistake. They’re trying to put the ordeal behind them, but Harry is still nervous around Louis. He refuses to drink from Louis, ever, and he always holds himself back when they make love.

Louis longs for the day when Harry no longer has to worry about hurting him. The day is coming, planned and everything, but not nearly fast enough.

Another Halloween passes and their house has gaggles of adorable children in the cutest costumes, all of whom know the big mansion belongs to a vampire. None of the children are scared of Harry, and they all found his classic Dracula costume very funny. Their parents were the ones who got freaked out by the fact that Harry was using his actual fangs as part of the costume.

They only had a single anti-vampire truck drive by, but once again the men didn’t care. Pretty soon Louis would be able to chase them down and give them a good scare for himself.

Overall the holiday is considered a success by Louis, proof that Harry is nothing to be afraid of. However, Harry still won’t drink from him. Louis misses the connection he gets when Harry bites him, and he misses the passionate sex they worked so hard for. He just misses Harry not treating him so fragile and...well like a breakable human.

Louis is dying for the day Harry can let loose on him, can handle Louis however he wants because he won’t hurt Louis. He wants the passion and fire and connection they will only get after Harry turns him, and he wants it more and more every day.

Finally, in the longest few months of Louis’ life, the day has arrived. His twenty-first birthday begins with a full breakfast left in the dining room for him, made by Harry the night before. It continues with hours of Louis cleaning up the mansion in anticipation of the arrival of two Elders. They never have other vampires over, because Harry is so protective of Louis, so the human isn’t sure what he should do.

He rearranges a few of the rooms to make them more open, dusts almost every surface possible, and even transfers the best of their blood supply to handmade glass bottles. Louis hopes they appreciate the effort, he knows Zayn will at least be impressed.

Once Louis is satisfied that their mansion looks clean and upstanding enough for their visitors, he goes up to the special walk-in closet Harry gave to him. Louis had learned a while ago that Harry absolutely loves to spoil him with the most expensive designer luxuries. Louis’ closet is filled with Marc Jacobs, Gucci, Prada, and anyone else you can possibly think of. Tonight, however, Louis is looking for something very specific, something he knows from experience makes him irresistible to vampires.

He rifles through the racks and hangers, skipping over the nicest silks and satins, until finally he feels the soft wool under his fingers. Louis smiles to himself as he pulls out the white sweater and presses it to his face, rubbing the soft material to his cheek. It’s the sweater he wore the night he went into that vampire bar, the night he met Harry, and he feels it would be fitting for tonight. He pulls the sweater over his head and smooths it down his torso, turning to look at himself in the mirror. He looks two years younger, almost because of the old sweater and the fact that he shaved that morning. This is what he’s going to look like forever, and he’s...well he is quite pretty as it turns out.

Harry tells him as much all the time, but now that Louis is really taking a moment to look at himself, he can actually see it. With one more turn in the mirror, a last check up of himself, Louis puts on a pair of leg-hugging black ants. he knows he’s going to be something for Harry to brag about to the Elders, and to any new vampires Louis meets.
The time eventually comes for the day to end, Louis’ last day as a human, and his last day in the sun. He runs out of the closet, down the stairs, and out the front door to their porch. Louis watches as the sun starts to set, his very last sunset, and he squints to catch the whole thing.

Louis has seen quite a few sunsets in his life, but never has he really watched one happen. Maybe it’s because it’s his last one, but this really is a beautiful sight. The sky isn’t very cloudy tonight, and it’s turned this vibrant pink color right in line with the sun. As it moves down the horizon it fades from pink to orange to yellow, with pink to purple to dark blue forming over head. All of the colors reflect off the trees and the street lights and it’s a wonder of pure nature. Louis can’t even hold back his tears as he watches it set, because it’s awe inspiring and just...perfect. It’s the perfect last view of the sun and Louis can’t be happier.

He smiles up at the sky, growing darker by the minute, and lets the tears fall down his face. It’s all over, but it’s the beginning of something new for Louis. It’s the time to let go of the fear, the mistakes, the loneliness he’s felt as a human.

“Happy Birthday,” A sweet, deep voice spoke suddenly behind Louis once the sun is completely down. He turns around to see Harry standing in the doorway, and the smile on his lover’s face immediately falls when Harry sees the tears on his cheeks. “Sunshine? W-why are you crying?”

“I’m fine,” Louis sniffles, wiping his cheeks.

“Oh god,” Harry chokes, stepping out of the house. “Did, u, did you change your mind?”

“No! No never,” Louis cries, wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist. “It’s just a big change, is all. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, but...It’s hard to say goodbye. I’m nervous, but I won’t regret this.”

Harry sighs, kissing Louis’ cheek, with his own arms draped over Louis’ shoulders. “I should have known you were nervous. You cleaned the entire mansion. You never clean.”

“We have royalty coming over, of course I cleaned,” Louis huffs. “I’m ready for this, I truly am, but watching that sunset, and thinking about what I’m going to become...I feel overwhelmed. And on top of that, we’re going to have sex in front of those people, and exhibitionism has never been my cup of tea.”

Harry laughs, nodding his head as he listens to Louis’ words. “I can’t say I’ve never partaken in such questionable activities, but you’ll only have to do this one time. I’m a short while, we can have each other forever.”

Louis looks up at Harry with a faint smile, “Talk me through it one more time? Might calm me down to have it fresh in my mind.”

“Yes, Sunshine,” Harry says, stepping back a few feet and tugging Louis with him. “Inside though, they’ll all be here soon so we don’t have a lot of time left for privacy.”

They walk inside hand in hand, straight to their kitchen, which has become more cramped due to the extra freezer they had to put in. Harry ordered an extra supply of blood for them, because Louis’ hunger was going to be almost overpowering for the first few months. He’s thankful Louis wouldn’t have to do what he’d done in his first days of being a vampire. Nobody should have to go through the transition alone.

The first thing Harry goes for in the kitchen isn’t one of the glass bottle of blood Louis set up, but a bottle of red wine he got just for Louis. It is the human’s twenty-first birthday, after all. He pours half
a glass and hands it to Louis, “For your nerves, Lou.”

“Thanks,” Louis says, taking a sip as he leans against the counter. “So go ahead.”

“Well,” Harry starts, moving his body up close to Louis, bracketing his arms on either side of the human. “First we go out under the stars and the moon, and I’ll probably tell you how beautiful you look. Selene and Viktor might ask you a few questions, just test your loyalty, but they’ll go easy on you because they’re my friends.” Harry leans down and starts to kiss Louis’ neck, humming when he feels the human tug at his hair. He traces his lips up to Louis’ ear, pushing his pelvis into Louis’ middle at the same time. “Then I’ll tell you to pretend it’s only you and me out there, and I’ll kiss you, I’ll lay you out and undress you.”

Louis takes another long sip from the wine, leaving the glass mostly empty, before carefully setting it behind him. He moans as Harry nibbles on his ear, and clutches at Harry’s biceps. “K-keep going, Honey.”

“Mmm,” Harry clasps a hand over one of Louis’ cheeks, kissing along his jaw. “I’ll open you up nice and slow, just how you like, and I’ll make you look into my eyes the whole time. Then I’ll fuck you, and I’ll make it fast Baby, because I don’t want them to see you like that. Only I get to see how pretty you are when you’re being fucked good.”

“Harry,” Louis whines, pushing his hips up into Harry. His breath hitches when he feels the stiffness in Harry’s pants, and he can’t wait to get some relief on his own. “What next, god, keep going.”

“Then I’ll bite you,” Harry groans, emphasizing it by nipping at Louis’ lower lip. “I’ll suck your delicious blood while I fuck you, have you whining under me. Just think how amazing it will feel.”

Louis doesn’t need to think, he knows how it feels. He got a glimpse of it the night of the accident, and as much as it had scared him, it felt so damn good. “Yes, yes I want that Harry, I want it so bad.”

“I know, Sunshine, and I’ll give it to you,” Harry moans, kissing just below Louis’ lips, moving his hands down to Louis’ sides and pressing him tighter against the counter. They’re as close as possible and yet Harry wants more, he always wants more of Louis. “And you know what happens next? I’ll cut open my wrist, feed you my blood, and that’s when everything will change. A vampire’s blood if the ultimate form of euphoria for humans, and fuck Baby, you’ll feel things you couldn’t even imagine.”

“Fucking kiss me already,” Louis moans, pushing Harry down by the back of his neck for a fierce kiss. He feels fiery and new already, and their night has only begun, but Louis can’t help it when Harry’s got his hands on him.

The vampire’s fangs extend in the middle of their kiss, and he grabs Louis by his thighs to lift him onto the counter. Their kiss grows ever more passionate as Harry pushes himself between Louis’ legs, and he mentally stops himself from ripping Louis’ clothes off. Harry moans and squeezes Louis’ thick thighs all the more tighter once it registers in his brain that this is what Louis wore when they met. Back when Louis was young and innocent to the ways of vampires, back when he was pretty fang bait that needed saving. Now he’s Harry’s entire world.

Their kiss is interrupted by the long and loud chime of the old fashioned doorbell. Louis scratches his hands down Harry’s chest as he whines, pouting up at his lover. “I guess it’s time.”

“Yeah,” Harry sighs, body deflating as he inches away from his boy. “Not like we won’t get back to this soon.”
“True,” Louis says with a smile, standing up on his tip-toes to give Harry one last kiss on the cheek. He gives Harry a cheeky smack on the ass, following it up with, “Go let them into our home.”

“Wait here,” Harry says, taking a moment to slip a small packet down the back pocket of Louis’ pants. “Keep that with you,” Harry mumbles, patting the lube packet once and then he’s gone in a second, before Louis can even blink. Harry opens the door to find Elder Selene smiling down at him.

She is without a doubt one of the most beautiful creatures Harry has ever seen, and he has that same thought every time they meet. She’s about six and a half feet tall, with gorgeously smooth skin darker than the night sky, long braids going down her back, and these piercing violet eyes that can almost see into your soul. Over all she reminds Harry of if a cat were to be turned into a very tall person. Harry isn’t actually sure just how old Selene is, but he knows she’d been a vampire even longer than thousand year old Zayn.

“`Arry Styles, my darling, ’ow are you?” She asks, the many years of living in France have left a distinct accent in her cool voice. “It has been far too long.”

“I’ve been well, obviously, feel in love and all that,” Harry replies, greeting her with a kiss on each cheek.

“Of course, and where is this delectable human of yours?” She asks, looking past him into the mansion.

Harry steps aside, gesturing inside as he says, “He’s right in the kitchen, come on in—”

She swiftly moves past him and into the mansion, and suddenly appears in front of Louis. He jumps a little when he sees her and his eyes widen at her sheer beauty. She flashes a sparkling smile down at him, fangs bared and pearly white, as she touches his cheek with her soft hand. “Well, aren’t you a pretty thing? Tres magnifique.”

“Uh-umm,” Louis stutters, blinking up at her as he wonders how anyone who looks like her could say such things to him. “Wow, thank you. Um, you must be the Elder Selene?”

“Yes darling, your `Arry and I have known each other for many centuries,” She says, retracting her hand back, and tapping her fingers on her lips as she looks him up and down. It’s as if she’s inspecting him and it causes Louis to look anywhere but her eyes. “You seem like the perfect companion for my darling.”

“Thank you again,” Louis says, smiling more confidently at her. “Would you like some blood? We have all kinds here, thanks to Harry.”

Back over at the entrance, Harry is about to close the door, when Zayn appears at the bottom of the steps, a panicked look in his eyes. “Zayn? What’s wrong with you? You look a mess.”

“Harry, I have to tell you something quickly,” Zayn says, pushing at Harry’s chest to get him through the door, but Harry won’t budge. “Get inside Haz.”

“Why? What’s—”

His question is answered before he can even finish it, because suddenly standing at the bottom of the
steps is probably the last person on earth that Harry wants to see tonight. Or any night for that matter. With a mischievous, fanged grin, and alarming fox-like amber eyes is Marcus, Harry’s least favorite vampire. Harry shoots a glare at Zayn, and shoves the king into the mansion, before shutting the door behind him, and crossing his arms over his chest. Marcus is still smirking at him when he says. “Now, why the face young Harold? Tonight is a happy occasion.”

“Wasn’t expecting you tonight,” Harry says shortly.

Marcus only shrugs, smugly. “Viktor has been sent away on other business I’m afraid. We can always push back the date of your ceremony if he really must be here.”

Harry scowls at the man and shakes his head. “No, Louis has waited long enough. Come in.”

He can swear Marcus chuckles under his breath when he enters the mansion, and Harry uses everything in him not to comment. Once inside, Harry leads Marcus to the kitchen, where Selene is telling Louis an old story about Harry, and Zayn is quietly listening in the corner.

“’Arry!” Selene cheers when he walks back in. “Your human is such a charmer, I look forward to having him visit once the transformation is complete.”

“We’ll be seeing a lot more of you after tonight, I promise,” Harry assures her sweetly. “Would you mind taking our guests outside Lou? They can start asking you questions while I discuss a few things with Zayn.”

“Sure,” Louis says softly. He smiles at Marcus and holds up his hand to greet him. “Um, I’m Louis by the way—”

“Marcus.” The Elder says with an ice smile.

Louis’ face turns into a wide-eyed, confused frown as he glances over at Harry, shaking the Elder’s hand. “M-Marcus? I’m sorry, I thought we were expecting Viktor?”

“Yes well, these things do happen,” Marcus sneers, tightly gripping Louis’ hand. “No need to look too scared.”

“I’m not—”

“Oh now, hush both of you,” Selene says, clicking her tongue. She places a comforting hand on Louis’ shoulder, and turns them around so they can go out to Harry’s garden. “Let us begin outside, oui?”

As soon as they are out the door, and out of Harry’s vision, he lunges at Zayn, slamming him into the nearest wall. “What the fuck is he doing here? Where is Viktor?”

“Calm down! You can’t let them see you treating me like this, I’m your king!” Zayn snarls, shoving Harry across the room. “I’m sorry. I only found out today about Viktor.”

“Why is Marcus here, Zayn?” Harry asks urgently.

“Well, for your information you actually have your werewolf friend to blame for this!” Zayn snaps. “He’s got a new mate, if you weren’t told, and they’re getting married tomorrow on the Christmas full moon. Viktor is over seeing it.”

“Shit,” Harry groans. “I completely forgot. He sent me the invitation last month, but this was already planned.”
“I did find it odd that you wouldn’t go,” Zayn says with a shrug. “They’re going to be back here in Louisiana by this time next year anyway. The whole fucking pack is migrating back from Tennessee, into my territory, so I couldn’t exactly argue with the Alpha’s wishes.”

“I feel like anyone but Marcus could have replaced Viktor for this,” Harry says with a dark scowl. “Where’s Amelia? Or Julius? I would have been fine with either of them.”

“Both out of the country,” Zayn sighs. “There’s a whole world of vampires to deal with, and they have a lot of places to be. Besides, Marcus insisted.”

“Of fucking course he insisted,” Harry groans again, pushing his hair out of his face. “He hates me, okay? He always has, and we’ve never been able to prove he was helping Vlad during the war, but that doesn’t mean my suspicions ever went away. I wouldn’t trust him with anything, and now you want me to perform our most intimate ceremony in front of him? I have to make love to Louis in front of him? How the fuck am I supposed to perform like this? How do you expect me to let him see Louis like that?”

“You’ve left him with Louis now, you know,” Zayn points out with a roll of his eyes. “With Selene too, someone I trust,” Harry spits.

“Look, I’m sorry, okay?” Zayn says sincerely. “I knew this would upset you, but just think for a second. After tonight, Louis is yours forever. I think that’s worth it.”

Harry’s hands go up, as if he’s going to argue more, but he stops suddenly. Zayn has a very good point, because this is something Harry as waited so long for. He wants to start his life with Louis as soon as possible, even if that means Marcus being a witness. At least Harry and Louis be able to boast to him that they actually have a Soulmate. “It is. It’s so worth it.”

“Damn right it is,” Zayn scoffs. He grabs Harry by the shoulders and shakes him a bit. “Now get yourself together so we can get out there.”

“Right, right,” Harry nods as he takes a few deep breaths, staring down at his hands. “Hey, um, what do you know about Liam’s mate anyway? I haven’t even heard a name.”

Zayn shrugs. “He wrote me a letter along with the invitation, a little courtesy among leaders I guess. The kid’s name is Niall Horan, they met a few years ago when the kid was eighteen, been together since the night they met. He really loves him, it seems. I hear Liam’s acting like he did before the war even.”

“Christ, that’s good to hear, Liam deserves it,” Harry says, letting out another deep breath. He shakes out his hair and determinedly looks up at Zayn. “Alright, I’m ready.”

“Good,” Zayn exclaims, dramatically throwing his hands up. “This is why I don’t fall in love. You’ve never been more annoying or whiny.”

“Great words to hear from my oldest friend tonight,” Harry jokes, clapping Zayn on the back as they walk to the back door.

Zayn stops Harry by grabbing his arm one more time before they leave the mansion. “Wait, drink this before we get out there. It will help you move things along.”

He holds up a small vile of blood and places it in Harry’s hand. The taller vampire opens it up and takes a long drink, tasting the sweet blood on his tongue. He knows from the first drop it isn’t entirely human, and it makes his heart speed up. Though Harry isn’t sure just what Zayn has given
him, he trusts that it’s for his own good, and he follows the king out of the home.

They find the other three by the entrance to the garden, where the white rose bushes grow in the spring. Louis is standing on a blood red blanket, one arm crossed in front of his body while he shifts his weight back and forth on his feet. Selene and Marcus have perched themselves on the two wicker garden chairs Harry has out there. Louis definitely looks nervous, like he’s trying to shield himself from them, like he doesn’t want to answer their questions alone.

He’s just bit his lip and frowned even more when he sees Harry and Zayn walk up behind the Elders. Harry immediately starts to unbutton his shirt as he walks around the council members in the middle of Louis’ answer. Louis stands wide eyed as his voice trails off, and Harry grabs the boy by his cheeks, tugging him in for a passionate kiss. Louis squeaks when their cheeks meet, not expecting the kiss, but he quickly puts his hands on Harry’s, now, bare chest.

To their side, Marcus makes some snide comment about Harry’s patience, but Zayn shuts him up quickly. Good thing too, because Harry is far too into this now, he wants Louis and he wants him bad. “Remember what I said earlier, Baby?”

Louis hums against Harry’s lips, batting his eyes a few times as he tries not to glance over at their little audience. He nods up at Harry, “Y-yeah, I remember.”

“Hey,” Harry coos, keeping eye-contact with Louis. “Where are you right now? We’re not here, okay? We’re in our bed, yeah? Just you and me in our bed, only focus on me.”


“I love you too, so much,” Harry mumbles as he rolls his shoulders back and removes his shirt. “On your knees for me, like we’re the only ones here.”

Louis nods and sinks down, hands following slowly down Harry’s chest until they’re at the hem of Harry’s pants. His eyes flash down to the zip, then back up at Harry’s face, silently asking if he should undo it. Harry pushes a gentle hand into Louis’ hair and nods, so Louis reaches up with shaky fingers to pull open the button and zip. He pulls the pants down to Harry’s knees and palms at his cock through his briefs, and looks up to see Harry’s fangs extended. Louis holds down a whimper and leans forward, kissing Harry’s clothed cock, and he hums at the way Harry tugs on his hair.

“Louis, fuck, stop that now,” Harry chokes, just barely loud enough for Louis to hear. Louis looks up at Harry with a disappointed pout, licking his lips while Harry shakes his head. “That’s just for us, Sunshine. Lie back, okay? I’m taking care of you tonight.”

“Oh-kay,” Louis whispers, laying down on the red blanket with his legs spread open. Next thing Louis knows, Harry is naked between his legs and sucking on his neck. “Harry, slow down.”

“Sorry, Sunshine,” Harry moans as he grips Louis by his thighs and grinds against Louis’ little body. “I know I said I would be slow, but circumstances have changed.”

Louis gasps as Harry hooks his fingers into the hem of Louis’ pants and pulls them down. The fit is tight, so it takes a moment of struggling before they’re off and Louis is left bare from the waist down. His half cock curves up to his tummy, and Harry takes it in his hands to stroke Louis to full hardness, simultaneously leaning down and pressing kisses to Louis’ lower stomach. Louis whines and tugs the sweater up more, arching his back with a low groan.

“Harry, come on,” Louis huffs, spreading his legs wantonly. “If you’re gonna go fast, then go fast.”
Harry drops Louis’ cock so it rests again on his tummy and quickly slicks up his fingers with the lube from Louis’ pocket, giving Louis no warning before pressing one inside. He pushes the digit in and out, planking his body over Louis’ completely, hiding him from their audience. He bites softly at Louis’ neck, at the place he’s going to bite later, the place that will bind them forever, and he moans over it. “How do you feel Lou?”

“Good, fuck, gimme another,” Louis whines, pulling his sweater all the way off, and digging his fingers into the vampire’s shoulders. He grinds his hips down on two of Harry’s fingers, tiny whimpers leaving his every breath.

To their side, Zayn watches Marcus more than the mating couple, trying to figure out what the man is thinking. He must be so smug to watch Harry at his most vulnerable, to learn what Harry’s one weakness would be, should a time ever come when Marcus would need it. If Marcus is involved in the disappearances or anti-mainstreaming agenda, he will be gathering all kinds of information on possible enemies. Zayn will have to pile on protection of the Styles mansion after tonight.

His planning is interrupted by a loud yelp from Louis, who is arching his back and grinding his hips down onto three of Harry’s fingers. Louis bites his lip, keeping in the rest of his sounds as Harry whispers, “Sh, shh Sunshine, it’s okay. I’ve got you Lou.”

The vampire pulls his fingers out and slicks up his cock, grabbing one of Louis’ hips as he kisses the human. “Please Harry, just give it to me. Want it so bad, Honey.”

Then, Harry pauses. Louis’ legs are around his waist, ankles crossed behind his back, eyes staring desperately up at him, but Harry stops. His mind is reeling with what’s happening, like he can’t even believe they’ve gotten to this point at all. “Baby, my sweet Louis. I’m so in love with you,” He whispers, pushing his cock inside Louis’ tight heat at the same time.

Louis isn’t sure if the gasp he releases is because of Harry’s large cock stretching him out, or the beautiful words that spill from Harry’s lips. But he lets the sounds continue as Harry pulls out and pushes back in, picking up a slow and steady pace. Louis whines again, slipping his hands up onto Harry’s shoulders, closing his eyes with the hot pleasure.

The moment is all theirs. The yard and the stars and the heat are all theirs. Harry is inside Louis, and fucking him, loving him, hard but controlled, and it’s perfect. This very moment is so perfect. “I’m so in love with you too.”

Harry grunts, pace speeding up, forcing out loud mewls from Louis’ pretty lips with every thrust into his prostate. He knows Louis loves this. He knows how much Louis loves when Harry just drives into him, even though they both know Harry could do it harder. They know that no matter how good Harry makes Louis feel, he will always hold back while Louis is a human. And it pains them, especially since the accident, but Harry knows it won’t be the case for much longer. After tonight Harry will be able to fuck Louis like he wants, he’ll fuck Louis like the beautiful man deserves.

“Harry, oh god Harry, fuck yes,” Louis whimpers, pressing his blunt fingers into Harry’s skin.

“You feel so good, Baby,” Harry moans. “So tight Baby, so hot for me. I love you like this.”

Louis mewls, licking up Harry’s neck and sucking on the skin. “Harder like that, fuck me like that.”

“I’ve got you, fuck yeah, I’ve got you,” Harry says, as he slides a hand up between their bodies. He presses his fingers down on Louis’ nipple, tugging it as he thrusts harder, relishing the high whine that Louis lets out. “Love how you sound, Sunshine.”
They continue like that for god knows how long, with Louis whining under Harry, body enveloped by the pleasure from his vampire lover. Harry feels every part of Louis’ adrenaline pulsing through the human’s body. He senses the blood flowing faster and faster, Louis’ heart pumping it out filled with oxygen and lust.

“Bite me, Harry, come on,” Louis whines, scratching down Harry’s back. He leans his head back to expose his neck and looks up at Harry with watery eyes and parted lips. “I’m ready.”

Harry slows his hips down, mind suddenly flashing back to the night of the accident, to when he couldn’t save Louis by himself. He has to bite Louis tonight, he has to drain him just like before, but even though Louis will come back, it still scares Harry. What if something goes wrong and Louis can’t change? What if Harry loses himself and forgets to give Louis his blood? The vampire stares down at Louis’ neck, at the bite scars he’s created over the past two years, and instead of being hungry, he’s worried. “L-Lou, are you really sure?”

“Harry,” Louis whines, a tear slipping down the side of his face. “Yes, please don’t be scared. I love you, I want this.”

“They’re drinking from each other at the same time, while Harry fucks Louis, and their energy combines. Louis already feels the magic, even as he grows tired from his own blood loss. He feels like he’s been crushed when Harry takes his wrist away, because the blood is all Louis wants, he already craves it. But Harry grabs Louis’ hands and presses them to the blanket above the human’s head, as he thrusts even harder into Louis.

Louis licks the blood from his mouth, mewling into the air as Harry fucks him. “Oh god, Harry. Your blood.”

“I know, Baby, shit,” Harry grunts, latching back down onto Louis’ neck. As soon as his teeth pierce the skin again, Louis lets out a high, sweet gasp and comes completely untouched. Harry swears he can hear one of their guests say something obscene, but he ignores it. “That’s it Baby. Almost
“Mmm,” Louis hums, limply lying on the blanket while he lets Harry have his way. Louis’ thin lips turn up at the ends to for a sleep smile, but his face is going pale and sinking in.

As Louis’ eyes slip open and closed, Harry focuses himself on coming so it can be over. He wants Louis completely, he wants forever with him, and that time is just so close. Harry hitches Louis’ legs up higher and takes longer, harder strides with his hips, grunting with every movement. “Look at me, Louis. Open your eyes, Sunshine.”

Louis whines, lips turning bluer than his eyes as they open again, filled with tears. “H-Harry, come on, Honey, let go.”

“Ah, fuck, fuck, god,” Harry groans as he comes, biting Louis in a second place. He empties inside Louis as he sips the last of Louis’ sweet blood, draining him completely. Harry shakes as he comes down from the high, collapsing on top of Louis’ now cold and lifeless body. He starts to cry when he listens for Louis’ heartbeat, but finds only silence. “Lou, come on Baby, wake up.”

“Harry,” Zayn says, coughing awkwardly into his hand. He carefully steps around Selene and Marcus, crouching next to his old friend. “It takes a couple minutes to set in. He’ll be fine.”

Harry still shakes his head, stroking Louis’ cold cheek as he mumbles. “Do they have to still be here?”

Zayn sighs and looks over his shoulder at the Elders, mostly at Marcus and the snide smirk gracing his face. “They can’t leave until he wakes up, they have to know for sure.”

“Fucking Christ,” Harry groans, pulling out of his lover and laying them on their sides. They almost look like a primal wood nymph couple sleeping under the trees and the flowers and the moonlight. Harry pulls the end of the blanket over Louis’ lower body to hide it from the others, stroking his hand up and down Louis’ soft back. “Must Marcus stay, though? Hasn’t he seen enough?”

“Be patient,” Zayn grunts. He stands back up just as the Elders stand from where they were sitting. “When we’re done, you are invited to join me at the chateau. They’ll want privacy once Louis is awake.”

“Of course, mon cherie,” Selene says graciously, linking her arm with Zayn’s.

On the other hand, Marcus is still looking smug and entertained, as though he knows all of Harry’s secrets. “They’ll have all eternity for privacy, Malik.”

“Marcus, the transition is disorienting enough,” Zayn says sternly. “Louis won’t want strangers making it more stressful.”

Marcus just rolls his eyes and frowns at Harry and Louis. “We’ll see how he handles the tradition.”

“With ‘Arry to take care of him, Louis will be used to our way of life soon enough,” Selene says fondly.

On the ground, Harry ignores all of their comments, waiting for the blood to take effect and bring Louis back. He was out for hours when he was turned centuries ago, but that was very different circumstances. Louis won’t be waking up alone, confused, and scared, because he’ll wake up in Harry’s arms.

As Harry waits a few more minutes for Louis to wake up, he thinks about what happens next. Louis
will be able to fully learn about the vampires. He’ll be able to interact with them and see what they are like out of the mainstream. What if Louis doesn’t like it? What if he tries to hang on to his humanity, and thinks vampires are too cruel? Harry did just that when he was turned, and it only led to depression and isolation. He and Louis will have their Soulmate connection, and it will make it hard for them to be apart, but that doesn’t mean Harry will be able to control how Louis feels about the lifestyle.

There are going to be positives too, though. Harry can take Louis on overseas trips for business with other vampires. They could always buy a house up north, maybe go to Vermont to get married and make this even more official. Harry won’t have to hold himself back around Louis anymore, he can touch him how he wants, love him hard and passionately.

Suddenly, Harry’s thoughtful musings are interrupted by a small twitch of Louis’ body. Harry perks up, sitting up on his side and leaning on one arm, alert and ready for the transition to continue. “Louis? Are you back, Lou?”

“Mmm,” Louis hums, slowly coming back. He tries to move but it’s all hard and slow. His body still feels stiff and cold, and he can’t even open his eyes for more than a second. “Mmm.”

“Hey, hey, hey, Louis it’s okay,” Harry says in a hushed tone. He carefully brings his hand up to Louis cheek, stroking the soft skin with his thumb. “Take your time, Sunshine.”

“E is awake?” Selene asks excitedly.

Harry smiles down at Louis, who is breathing and moaning softly, still trying to wake himself up. “Yeah. He’s awake.” And Louis’ mouth opens with a wide whine, revealing the tiniest, pearly white fangs where his canine teeth used to be. “Fangs and everything.”

“Oh good!” Selene says cheerfully. “Congratulations ’Arry! I must say this is the fastest transition I ’ave ever witnessed. Must be the Soulmate connection, it is very strong between you two.”

He doesn’t need to hear any extra reassurances about their connection, not from anyone on the outside. And honestly now that Louis is awake, he doesn’t want anyone else even near them. Marcus especially is putting Harry on edge with the scheming expression he has as he stares down at Louis. “I’d like to take care of him in our home now. Alone.”

“Oh sure,” Marcus says pompously. “Hate to keep the happy couple from their rivalries for the night. We’re going to be seeing more of Louis in time, I’m sure.”

Louis hears Harry start to growl, and he instinctively pushes at Harry’s chest to calm him. He whimpers again, body shaking a little, because he can feel Harry’s heart beating in his fingertips. His senses are going crazy with alertness as he begins to become aware of his new body and the powers it comes with. Louis’ fingertips light up with the beat of Harry’s heart, and the blood flowing in his veins. “Hmm.”

Behind them, Louis can faintly hear Zayn say, “I’ll show you two out,” and then the other three presences are gone.

There’s crickets and frogs making noise in the garden, small chirps and croaks that Louis never really noticed before, but are like alarms now. He hears small animals run through the grass and bushes all around. He senses an entire colony of ants walking through their tunnels in the ground below. His ears twitch at the sound of a moth’s wings flapping in the mansion, flying all around their kitchen. He can smell the crisp winter air, the leftover scents from flowers, the blood in the mansion. The blood.
That final fragrance is what finally got Louis’ eyes to snap open. He gasped and stood up in a millisecond, eyes darting their attention all around the yard. All of the different colors seem to glow and shine even in the dark night. The fireflies dance in luminescent patterns that Louis traces and follows. Everything is brighter, and everything is golden, and the world has changed in the most magical world.

“Louis?” Harry’s deep voice appears right behind the baby vampire, and Harry’s rough hands place themselves on Louis’ hips. “How do you feel, Sunshine?”

With his heart racing and attempting to beat out of through his chest, Louis turns around. Even Harry seems to look more handsome. Louis looks up at Harry, with these eyes that were once pale blue, and are now icy like the arctic sea, and utters two desperate, painful words.

“I’m hungry.”

End Part One.

Chapter End Notes

I'll try to get part two finished in the next few months. Happy Halloween ;)

If you have any questions about part one, send me a message.
Part Two

Chapter Summary

Part Two of a gothic, modern day vampire romance between a young, newly born vampire named Louis Tomlinson, and his 800 year old vampire, gentleman, Soulmate Harry Styles. Featuring Zayn Malik, vampire king of Louisiana, Liam Payne, Alpha of the Southern Werewolf Pack, and Niall Horan, Liam’s omega mate.

Adjusting to becoming a creature of the night would be harder if Louis didn’t have his Harry.

Chapter Notes

I know it probably feels like I took a million years to update, and while i definitely did, this actually took the same amount of time as part one :/ I hope part three won't take me as long, and it will be a shorter, but more action packed chapter, but as usual don't hold me to that. I also have another fic that I am very excited to get started on! However, this time I promise not to post any chapters for that one until it is completed lol

As usual, thank you to Sebastian for loving me and helping me finish, you are my fave forever. And thank you to the rest of ot9 for keeping up the enthusiasm and motivating me to write :) 

And thank you to Mica (pass-the-pencil) for saving my ass with the lovely gifset :)

This chapter chronicles the first 6 months of Louis being a vampire.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“How do you feel, Sunshine?”

“I’m hungry.”

“How hungry?” Harry asks, letting out a long breath. “Of course you are, Lou, of course.” He kisses Louis on the forehead, still cradling his naked body in his arms. “Let’s go inside and clean up, then we’ll get you some of that blood in—”

In a quick flash, Louis is out of Harry’s hands and almost disappears all together. He reappears about fifty feet away in the patch of berry bushes, empty because of the winter season. He’s frantically looking around the garden, sniffing around the crisp air, trying to find the source of some sweet, irresistible scent. Louis disappears and reappears several times around the garden with Harry carefully watching his every move.

“Lou? What are you doing?” Harry calls out when Louis disappears again.

“Where is it?” Louis asks, voice appearing far behind Harry, who turns around to find Louis up on a
“What are you—where’s what, Baby?” Harry asks, grabbing Louis’ arm when the baby vampire tries to run past him again. “Already so fast, Louis, but you’ve got to be still for a movement. What are you looking for?”

“That smell,” Louis whines, grabbing Harry’s sides tightly. “It’s so sweet, so… so delicious. I-I need it, Haz.”

“I know you do Lou,” Harry says sympathetically. He places his hands on Louis’ cheeks, trying to calm his boy’s racing heart. “It’s the blood, Baby. You put it in the bottles yourself, remember?”

Louis frowns, shaking his head as he tries to remember the last few hours. “N-no I—” His eyes widen as he gasps, “Yes! Yes I remember! I-I need it Harry, now.”

“I’m aware,” Harry says slowly. “That’s why I’m trying to get you inside. We’ll clean up, get you fed, and then talk about some things.”

“No,” Louis whines again. “No cleaning, just blood.”

“Lou,” Harry says sternly. “You’re covered in dirt and your own blood, you don’t want to track that around the mansion, do you?”

Louis whines again from deep in his throat, stomping one of his feet. “Fine, but in the kitchen. I drink, you clean.” He puts his hands on Harry’s chest, suddenly pressing them down onto the toned muscles. Louis licks his lips, eyes getting dark as he moves his hands down to Harry’s hard abs, groaning, “I’m horny.”

“Um,” Harry is stunned, removing his hands from Louis’ face. “O-Okay, that’s normal, Baby—”

“And hungry,” Louis cuts in, growing frantic again. “Hungry and horny.”

“Well, we did just have sex a few minutes ago—”

“So? We’re both vampires now, we can go again, and again, and again, and again, and again…” Louis’ voice trails off while his eyes trail down Harry’s bare body. “I’m so hungry. You can get it up again, right?”

Harry blinks a few times, shaking his head while he organizes his thoughts. “U-um, yeah, Baby—”

“Great!”

“You’re saying a lot of things right now,” Harry sighs, gripping Louis by his shoulders.

“I’m feeling a lot of things,” Louis says. His tongue darts out to lick his lips again, and it catches on his fangs, “Whoa, that feels weird. God I’m hungry.”

“Right, just go to the kitchen—” Once again Harry is cut off by Louis suddenly slipping from his grasp. A *woosh* and distant slam of the back door of the mansion are the only proof of where Louis went. The old vampire just looks up to the star filled sky, giggling to himself, while his hands close into fists around nothing. “I love him so much.”

The vampire runs to the kitchen not a moment later, to find Louis chugging AB pos blood right from its wine bottle. He empties the entire bottle in seconds, much to Harry’s surprise, and sets it down to open another. “Mmm.”
“Slow down, Louis,” Harry gasps, pulling Louis away from the other bottles. “Pace yourself.”

“But…I’m so, so hungry,” Louis groans, fingers pressed once again onto Harry’s hard chest. Louis does look hungry, and not just for blood, but for Harry. “God, you’re beautiful Harry. It’s like I am seeing you for the first time all over again. Such a gorgeous body, Honey, so toned, so strong.”

“Thank you, Baby—”

“Got a big cock,” Louis says bluntly, blinking his icy-blue eyes up at his lover. His hands slipped slowly down Harry’s chest, over his stomach, into the brush of hair under his belly button. “I’m still hungry, Harry, but…” Louis quickly pushes Harry down on his back on the ground. He smirks at Harry, new bottle of blood open in his hands, as he straddles the older vamp. “I feel so different, Honey, so much more alive. Funny thing for a dead man to say.”

“Undead,” Harry chokes out, hands moving up fast to grip Louis’ waist. He’s so in shock from Louis’ behavior, but also completely turned on. The new confidence Louis has gained from the transformation is hot.

With a roll of his eyes, Louis brings the mouth of the bottle to his lips, chugging down more of the delicious blood. “Whatever,” Louis hiccups, and starts grinding down on Harry’s dick, moaning when he feels it start to fatten up again. “I’m still loose, you know? Still open from earlier. You get it up again, and I could slide right on, yeah? I still feel you in there, still feel wet from when you came.”

“Louis,” Harry groans, hips bucking up at the man’s words. “Oh Baby, why must you speak like this? Why must you tease me like this?”

“I would never mean to tease, Harry,” Louis says, voice high as he gets more and more turned on. He drinks more of the blood, bringing the bottle down to half empty. “Told you I was horny, Honey. Can feel you want me again, too.”

“Course I do,” Harry grunts. He bites down on his lip, eyes pained as he groans, “I’m afraid it’s too soon, you’ve only just changed, and you’re running on the high from that.”

“Maybe I am,” Louis huffs, reaching down between his legs to stroke Harry’s thick cock. “Doesn’t mean I don’t want this.” Louis chugs the rest of the blood bottle down while stroking Harry’s cock slowly. He licks around the rim of the bottle, getting every remaining drop of blood in his mouth as he lustfully looks down at his lover. “Remember our first time? Remember when I put you in chains and rode you? Felt so good like that, Honey, and I wanna do it again.”

“Louis, fuck I do too,” Harry groans, “But not tonight, too soon.”

“It’s not too soon,” Louis whines, dropping the bottle onto the tiled floor. “Come on, it’ll be like an entire new first time for us. You can touch me however, wherever, you want.”

The older vampire whines deep in his throat, hips thrusting up again. He can’t help that Louis is so sexy. “Alright, Baby, but then we clean up.”

“Sure, sure,” Louis says quickly, holding Harry’s cock up straight so he can sink down on it. “Oh fuck yeah.”

“Shit,” Harry moans, “Okay, okay, go on Lou, ride me.”

Louis rests his little hands on Harry’s chest and lifts his hips up and down, bouncing in a slow rhythm. He throws his head back, looking up at the ceiling lights while he rides. “I-I love this, shit, I
“Love you too, god, just like that,” Harry grunts, slipping his hands around to Louis’ back, pulling him down so he’s lying on Harry’s front. He holds Louis down like that as he plants his feet on the cold ground and fucks up hard into Louis. “Feels so tight Lou, you’re so hot, Baby. So wet and hot.”

“All because of you, all for you,” Louis whines, kissing all over Harry’s chest and neck. He starts shifting his hips back so they move in time with Harry’s. Each time their hips meet, Harry’s cock hits hard into Louis’ prostate, making him moan out loudly every time. “Fuck, you fuck me so good. Always do.”

He whimpers repeatedly into Harry’s ear, sounding so pretty and wrecked. Harry loves every art of Louis, he knows almost every part of Louis, can’t wait to learn even more now that they have forever. He moans as Louis grinds back onto his dick, and Harry digs his fingers into Louis’ plump ass. He connects their lips in a fiery kiss, fangs meetings, and the taste of AB pos blood passing between them. Sweat drips down their bodies, Louis pulls hard at Harry’s long hair, the complete sexual energy overtakes them. It pumps through Louis’ body in the new, powerful blood.

When Louis tries to reach around for another bottle of blood, Harry grabs his hand to prevent him. He locks their fingers together and rolls them over, thrusting into Louis on the floor. The cold tile causes a shiver to run through Louis’ spine, and he hisses, mouth opening wide in a whine. The fingers of his free hand scratch down Harry’s back, as he moans, “Fuck, god yes, yes, fuck me!”

“So hot, so tight, love you so much,” Harry grunts.

“Gonna come, fuck you’re gonna make me come,” Louis mewls, reaching between their bodies to stroke his own cock. He gets a surge of strength and pushes up on Harry’s chest, rolling them over again. “Wanna come like this, wanna come all over you. Wanna mark what’s fucking mine.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah, fuck, I’m yours Baby, I’m all yours,” Harry moans, marveling up at his sexy lover. He grabs Louis’ sides and roughly slams the new vamp down, grunting with each thrust.

“Come—I’m gonna come—shit.”

The blood Zayn had given Harry earlier that night is still affecting his stamina. He figures it is some kind of old magical aphrodisiac mixed with ancient blood, but whatever it may be it’s getting the job done, because Harry doesn’t normally come this fast twice in one night. Louis is still a new vamp, and he drank an excess of blood, which is probably why he’s so up the spout already. He’s almost frantic in the way he whines and huffs and jerks his hard cock over Harry. Somehow Louis is still lucid enough to bounce on Harry’s dick, swearing with every down beat.

“Fuck, shit, come on Harry, come on,” Louis whines.

It’s all Harry needs, shouting Louis’ name as he thrusts up one more time, coming quickly inside his lover. “Shit, shit, Louis, fuck yeah.”

The younger man claws at Harry’s heaving chest, whimpering as he feels himself be filled up again. He bounces a few more times, then moans deeply as he finally comes, squirting out over Harry’s chest, up to his neck. “Fuck, fuck, god,” He slumps down onto Harry into the mess he made, but he feels too warm and pliant to care. “Shit.”

They lay on the cold kitchen floor, two empty blood bottles next to them, for a few minutes, both humming and breathing through their highs. Eventually Harry lets out a short, satisfied breath and pats Louis’ sides. “You good now?”
He gets no answer past the softest, faintest snore.

Again Harry finds himself smiling up at the heavens, thanking whoever is up there for the beautiful creature in his arms. He laughs a bit and picks Louis up from his cock, carefully putting the sleeping vampire on the floor. He gives Louis a sweet kiss on the cheek, and then darts up to the sink to wet a few cloths. It’s so quiet, more than Harry ever noticed. He can hear crickets and frogs in the yard, a few bats flapping around, but that’s mostly it.

Except, that isn’t it. Harry also hears the steady, magic-filled beat of Louis’ heart. It’s never been so slow and steady, so devoid of worry and stress, and it…it just makes Harry so damn happy.

He kneels down next to Louis, cleans off as much blood and dirt as possible at the moment, and then carries Louis’ up the steps to their master bedroom. The night is still so peaceful, but there’s minutes until sunrise, and even though Harry could stay up, he’d rather lock the light-tight windows and rest with his Louis. He has plenty of time for staying up and watching Louis’ beautiful sleeping form in the future.

“It’s only the beginning.”

If only the beginning were as easy as before.

Every night Louis wakes up with intense hunger, and if he doesn’t satisfy it immediately he gets stabbing pain in his stomach. Louis is in constant agony from the moment his eyes open, until the first sweet drop of blood touches his tongue. He has violent outbursts, always trying to escape the safety of the mansion to ravage a human. His new instincts persistently scream at him to drain a living being, they tell him the bottled/reheated blood will never be enough.

Every night, Harry feels like he could cry from how helpless he is in fixing Louis’ pain. He remembers this phase of involuntary hunger. He remembers the innocent people he’d killed in disgusting ways just to satisfy the monster he’d become. Their Soulmate connection only makes it worse, because Harry can feel the yearning Louis feels, he feels the continuous want Louis feels. It is the worst kind of torment, but Harry has enough strength to keep Louis home.

Eventually it will die down and Louis will be coherent again. Harry knows time will help, along with their own vast and varied supply of blood. He knows the cravings settle once Louis’ new body settles, and he knows that Louis not being alone will speed up that process. New vampires that are left to fend for themselves, go through the cravings for much longer than ones who have help. Harry’s went on a year.

Louis’ sexual prowess that he had woken up in the first night, has been replaced by rampant blood lust. Harry doesn’t mind keeping his love’s hunger under control. Their routine will fix itself soon enough.

He orders an advance on their February blood supply, and a few extra packets with it, on December twenty-seventh.

Verna and Charlie call on December thirty-first to ask about this.

Harry has the misfortune of telling them Louis isn’t ready to be around humans yet. They’re
disappointed, of course, but they understand it’s for everyone’s safety and Louis’ happiness. “Again, I’m so sorry, but he will be better soon…Okay, I’ll tell him…Yes, goodnight.”

“Who was that?” Louis asks.

They’re in one of the living rooms, a place with a phone but is so rarely used because the mansion has many rooms. Harry jumps when Louis speaks, because he’d gone to this phone to answer their call away from Louis. He wants Louis to rest, to not think about any humans while his mind is still fragile. Harry also isn’t about to lie about the call. “It was…um, well Verna and Charlie were checking in on you.”

“Oh,” Louis frowns, sitting down on one of the old, dusty chairs. “What did they say?”

“Everyone misses you at work, and you can come back whenever you are ready, no matter how long from now that is,” Harry says, slowly putting the phone back on its stand. He clears his throat, nervously pulls at the collar of his shirt, and continues, “I’m afraid I don’t even know when that will be. You seem to be fine tonight, but we will have to test you are other humans, under my supervision, before going back there.”

“Right, right,” Louis’ voice is almost silent. He can’t even imagine being around humans and not being on the offensive. The very thought of going back to work, of standing in the midst of an array of blood, has Louis’ mind reeling. His own heartbeat speeds up, his breathing catches, his hands clench over his lap into fists. He squeezes his eyes shut, shakes his head, but he can’t shake the terrifying thoughts. “I-I’m sorry.”

He runs away from the room suddenly, crying as he goes and leaving Harry confused and alone. “Louis?”

Harry senses the shower in the master bath being turned on, and quickly follows Louis there. He’s met with a locked door and the sound of Louis crying in the other side. Harry tries to shake the doorknob, and knock several times, but all he gets from Louis is, “Please, I want to be alone.”

“Sunshine, tell me what’s wrong,” Harry gently requests. “You were fine only a moment ago.”

There’s a small sound on the other side of the door, and a click to show that it is unlocked, and then a small splash as Louis gets back under the water. He’s curled up under the cold shower, naked and crying, bloody tears dripping down and mixing into the water. “God, I’m so fucked up.”

“How?” Harry asks, closing the door behind as he kneels down next to the tub. “Why are you saying that? Everything you’re feeling is completely normal.”

“It isn’t though,” Louis snaps. “I-I’m such a monster, how could I think—oh god, I’m awful.”

“Louis. You are not a monster,” Harry says sternly.

“Look at me!” Louis shouts. His cheeks are covered in blood from the crying, his little fangs are extended, eyes glowing. He looks inhuman, but not like a monster, not to Harry. Louis shakes, from the cold water and the terrible thoughts, and he whimpers, “A-and I was thinking about…fuck I can’t even say it.”

“Sh, sh, Sunshine,” Harry sighs, brushing Louis’ damp hair of his face. “What were you thinking? You can tell me anything.”

“I-I thought about draining them,” Louis whispers, covering his face with his hands. “I thought about being around all of them, my human friends, and drinking from them. I-I thought about killing them,
Harry. How can you tell me I’m not a monster?”

“Sunshine,” Harry gasps. He quickly removes his own clothes and joins Louis in the tub, holding Louis close to his body while the younger vampire shakes and cries some more. “You’re not a monster, okay? I’d be more shocked if you weren’t having these kinds of thoughts.”

“Don’t say that, Harry, please don’t say that,” Louis whimpers, curling up onto Harry’s chest. Harry kisses Louis’ temple several times, rubbing his back slowly with gentle hands. “Lou, you’re a new vampire. You have all of the cravings that come along with that. You are not a monster just because of your new diet. This will pass, you will get control of your cravings, and I will help you through all of it.”

“How? When will I ever be able to be around humans? Even thinking about them makes me hungry for blood,” Louis asks softly.

“That’s on you, and how willing you are to learn how to resist the urges,” Harry says with a soft sigh. “I’ll call Zayn, and he can help us too, if you want.”

“No,” Louis says quickly. “I’m sorry, but no, not Zayn. I’m still not sure about him. I just really want to prove myself with this, you know?”

“Sure, sure Lou,” Harry replies, disappointed that Louis still doesn’t trust his friend. “We’ll try to satisfy your hunger here, and then go to a place with very few humans and see how you do. I’ll be by your side through all of this, promise.”

“I know you will,” Louis huffs, giving Harry’s chest a quick kiss. “You’re so good to me.”

“You’re my Soulmate, Baby, the love of my life. I’ll always be good to you, or try my best to be. I know you can make it out of this phase, alright?” Harry asks.

The water goes cold eventually with the two vampire lovers holding each other. The blood sinks down the drain with the warm water, and eventually Louis’ mood mellows out with the rinse. He traces his fingers up and down Harry’s arm, breath evening out to a nice, slow beat. Harry always knows how to help Louis feel calm. Ever since the transition, Louis hasn’t been his cheery, quick-witted self, but Harry has been guiding him through it. He’ll always make sure Louis is okay.

After a while, when they both begin to shake because of the cold, Harry sits up against the tile wall, and pulls Louis up with him, “Let’s get up now, okay? We can’t stay in here forever.”

“Oh kay,” Louis nods, sitting up on his knees in the water. He reaches through the rain of the shower to shut the water off, while Harry leaves the tub to get his lover a towel. Louis mumbles a quick, “Thanks.”

“Sure,” Harry says, wrapping his own towel around his waist. He picks Louis up, making the man squeak and quickly grab Harry’s shoulders while they go down to the kitchen. He drops Louis off carefully on the counter, before leaving him with a kiss and, “I’m gonna light the fireplace, alright? We can huddle up in front of that.”

Louis nods, hopping off the counter so he can get some blood. “Okay, that sounds lovely.”

“Just one packet tonight,” Harry cautions. He knows that letting Louis gorge himself every night won’t help at all with building a resistance to the urges. He goes two rooms over to the big study and mini library to light the big, marble fireplace. This is a room of the mansion that Louis has probably only been in less than a handful of times. They didn’t even bother putting any kind of decorations for
the holidays in it.

Louis walks in a couple minutes later with the warm blood packet in his hands, a straw sticking out from the top for him to drink from like a juice box. It is quite cute. He sits down on the long red sofa in front of the fire, smiling quietly as Harry joins him.

They ring in the new year in each other’s arms.

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Although Harry keeps his promise of not going to Zayn for help with teaching Louis how to be a mainstreaming vampire, he does still bring Louis to the King’s villa for a visit, last week of January. The human guards keep their distance from the new vampire, who holds onto Harry for dear life as they wait at the front gate. Harry’s strong arm around Louis really helps to keep Louis calm and under control. Tonight is going to be a little test for Louis, because most of the workers at the King’s place will be humans, and Harry is going to let Louis be a bit on his own. Louis isn’t sure if he’s quite ready, but he trusts that Harry won’t let him hurt anyone.

The first thing that Louis notices when he walks into Zayn’s villa is that it’s incredibly bright. The walls and floors are completely made of white marble, shining in an almost blinding way. The décor is made to look like a tropical beach paradise, with vibrantly colored flowers in vases, scenes of waves sculpted into the walls, and paintings of the ocean every few feet. It is like they entered some kind of expensive resort.

They know Zayn is expecting them, and yet Harry makes them stop outside the grand, golden door that leads into an indoor pool area if Harry remembers correctly. He puts his ear to the door and then groans when he hears the sounds of moaning on the other side. “Ugh, how did I know he would do this?”

“Do what?” Louis asks. His arms are crossed over his chest as he impatiently taps his foot on the ground. The human scent is still strong, even though none are close by anymore.

Harry sighs. “Oh just call us in at a certain time, and then make sure that he fed right when we got here.”

“He’s feeding? Now?” Louis asks in a whine. Just the very thought of a human’s blood being drunk is making him tense up.

“Yes, just stay calm okay?” Harry says, gently gripping Louis’ shoulders. “I’m gonna go in first and get him to send the human away. He’s just being an ass.”

“That’s his specialty.” Louis mumbles.

The older vampire wishes he could argue that, but it’s true that Zayn and Louis don’t have the best track record together. Harry kisses Louis’ cheek, “Stay here for just a moment.”

He leaves the small hallway quickly and shuts the door behind him. The sight he turns around to is surprisingly one he is familiar with. Zayn is on his knees, back to Harry, tanned skin rippling as his muscles move, which isn’t the strange part, mind you. No the strange part of the scene is that Zayn is between a girl’s legs, sucking blood from her inner thigh.

Not exactly the most normal way to greet your oldest friend.

Harry crosses his arms over his chest and rolls his eyes, tapping his foot on the ground when the girl’s moans get higher and higher. Her body starts to convulse when one of Zayn’s hands moves
between her thighs and she cries out at his touch. The girl grabs onto Zayn’s hair and shifts her hips up into his hand with fast, high whines slipping her lips, and Harry loudly coughs to interrupt.

The girl gasps and leans up with wide eyes and a flushed face. “M-Majesty! Umm, he’s here…”

The King unlatches from her leg and kisses around the wound, leaving bloody marks on her pale skin as he sighs. He mumbles something Harry has no interest in hearing and she grabs a light sheet to cover her body. Zayn stands up in nothing but a white and gold tunic, the hem lined with a row of rubies, and turns to face Harry with an expectant smirk. “You’re early.”

“No, actually we are right on time,” Harry says shortly.

“Oh?” Zayn says, unbothered and without a single falter in his smirk. “And where is young Louis? Don’t tell me the blood is a bother for him.”

“Zayn,” Harry groans. “What is this? He’s new, he’s only a baby to our world, you shouldn’t tease him with blood. You especially shouldn’t tease him with the blood of the humans you keep. Unless of course you no longer keep the rarest and delicious humans with you?”

The girl frowns and looks away from Harry with a blush, whispering up to Zayn, “May I be excused, Your Majesty?”

“Of course Love,” Zayn mumbles back, kissing the back of her hand as he helps her off the makeshift bed. He watches her scurry off and then wipes his hands on a soft, red towel, nodding to himself. “Vegan, her entire life. She has never eaten any animal product, and it has a very interesting effect on the blood. Very brisk.”

“I didn’t know you were on a health kick,” Harry says sarcastically.

The King drops the towel and one of the servants quickly runs over to pick it up. Zayn sits down on the small bed, more like an old fashioned, Caribbean sky blue chaise, and leans back on his hands. “I’m not, but I do like delicacies. Plus you saw her, she’s beautiful, who am I to resist?”

“I suppose I can understand that, but it doesn’t explain why you had to do this right now, right when a newborn vampire is coming over,” Harry says impatiently.

Zayn snorts. “And where is this Louis? Having control problems perhaps?”

“It’s barely been a month, of course he’s not top notch at control yet,” Harry snarls.

“Well, I already opened up an invitation to help you two out with that problem,” Zayn says pointedly.

“He doesn’t want any help yet,” Harry sighs. He drops his arms from his chest and slips his hands into his pockets. “Don’t bring it up, I know that’s not why you asked us here tonight.”

“You are correct, there is something else we should discuss,” Zayn says enthusiastically, clapping his hands together. He snaps his fingers and the servant from before leaves the room, along with the bloody towel. “Go on and tell him to come in. I don’t have any more surprises.”

Harry rolls his eyes and removes one hand from a pocket to open the door again. He peers around into the hall to find Louis curled up on the ground, face hidden in his hands. Harry gasps and darts to the ground immediately, kneeling in front of Louis. “Baby? What’s wrong?”

“I-I can smell it, I can smell the blood,” Louis whimpers, crinkling his nose as the scent seeps
through the open door. “My stomach hurts.”

“Oh Baby,” Harry sighs, picking Louis up from the floor. “Just breathe through your mouth, calm yourself. There aren’t any humans in there now.”

The young vampire nods his head, curling himself into Harry’s chest as he breathes. He retracts his fangs and taps his fingers onto Harry’s shoulders while he calms down, sighing almost silently, “Why did he do that?”

“Because, even though he’s one of my closest friends, he can still be a mischievous piece of shit,” Harry grumbles. He quietly rubs Louis’ back for a few moments while Louis pushes the thoughts of ravishing a human out of his head. Harry wishes he could change the way Zayn acts sometimes, but it’s no use after thousands of years. “Sunshine? Can we go in now? Zayn really wants to talk to you.”

“Sure,” Louis sighs, shrugging. “Let’s just get this the fuck over with and go home.”

“I promise once we go home we can go on a cruise in the car,” Harry says with a timid smile. He takes Louis’ hand in his and leads him into the poolroom. Zayn is waiting for them on the bed, the lights brighter than when Harry stepped out before, so the king has on a pair of round, white sunglasses. Harry and Louis walk around the pool, sitting across from Zayn in white wicker chairs. “Alright, why did you call us in tonight?”

“Oh come on Harry, it doesn’t have to be all business! Very nice to see you again Louis,” Zayn says smugly.

The youngest vampire rolls his eyes and politely smiles at Zayn, crossing his ankles and folding his hands in his lap. He will be as nice as possible to the king, because Harry really wants them to be friends. “Good evening Zayn. Nice place you’ve got here.”

“Thank you very much! I wanted to capture the essence of the Greek islands, make my own little paradise at home. After all, this is about the closest we get to the sun,” Zayn explains, lying down on the chaise, looking like Kate Winslet in Titanic.

He seems almost sad when he explains, and it hits Louis that maybe this is something Zayn misses. He’s certainly not Greek, as Harry told Louis that Zayn was from the royal family of the Persian empire, but he must have grown up in the Greek isles. For the first time Louis feels sad for Zayn, having to live so long and unable to return to the places he called home. Louis is going to have the same kind of melancholy one day, he just knows it. “Sounds lovely.”

“Truly was,” Zayn sighs almost silently. He perks up quickly, however, replacing the smile upon his face. “Anyway, I’m glad you two came in tonight, because I got the most genius idea a few days ago. See, Louis, the vampire society isn’t very small, but since you are Harry’s soulmate you’ll be counted amongst the more Elite of our kind. And what better way to be introduced into society than a glamorous ball?”

The couple stares at Zayn for a moment, Harry groaning and covering his face with his hands from the embarrassment, and Louis’ face contorting in confusion. He hums for a moment, before asking, “Like, a party?”

“Yes, like a party Louis, but a very fancy party.” Zayn smirks.

“So, you want to throw some big stereotypical vampire ball so I can meet some stuffy old people?” Louis continues to ask, confusion turning into a frown.
“Yes! Why aren’t you guys excited about this? You think every territory’s leader would care this much about a new vampire?”

“Gee thanks.”

“You know what I mean, Louis,” Zayn says. He looks at Harry, who is still covering his face and shaking his head. “Oh, and why do you not approve?”

“It’s embarrassing! Zayn, I’ve been distant from society for so long, I don’t want to see these people!” Harry groans.

“Well,” Zayn’s voice goes dark and deep, for of authority. “You don’t have much of a choice, really, because times are tense and we need this.”

“What does that even mean, Zayn?” Harry snaps.

“I can’t discuss it!” Zayn snarls back. He groans, and sits up, leaning his elbows forward on his knees as he looks seriously at them. “Harry, I have repeatedly told you how times are changing. I have told you how tensions are getting high and mainstreaming is being fought against at every turn. It’s a group of humans, which would be understandable, but these humans might be getting inside help. They are getting dangerous, and only because a high ranking vampire might be helping them. We don’t have any proof yet, so I’ve been forced to keep it under wraps, even from you. Please, let me throw this ball for you two so we can maintain some kind of normalcy. We have to keep up appearances, even if it’s just in the eyes of humans, or we will be forced back into hiding.”

“H-Harry?” Louis asks, slightly angry because he’s been kept in the dark about all of this. “What is he talking about?”

“It’s just rumblings right now Lou,” Harry assures him. “At least, I’ve been lead to believe it was just rumblings. Why can’t you tell me anything else, Zayn?”

“Council forbids it. I told them you and the other warriors from the first war can be trusted, but we’ve been denied. Everyone is afraid of tensions getting out of control.” Zayn says.

“What about the wolves? Will the packs be told?” Harry asks, thinking of his old friends in the southern pack.

“Not yet, not until an investigation is more underway. I’m sorry, okay? You know I would tell you everything if I could, but I have appearances to uphold,” the king sighs. “You two are especially being watched because Louis has just been turned. Which is why I want you to say yes to the ball.”

“Okay.” Louis says quickly. “We’ll do it. I mean, what’s the worst that could happen? It’s just a party, after all.”

“Right, exactly what I thought,” Zayn says with a sincere smile. Part of him can’t believe Louis is actually agreeing, but he isn’t about to change Louis’ mind. “It’s a distraction for everyone.”

“It could also put Louis and I in danger if the traitorous vampire is one of the guests. Or is that also part of your plan, hmm?” Harry asks sternly.

“Yes, well, I thought of that, and I don’t have an answer. This ball wouldn’t be about catching the traitor; it will literally only be about vampire image. I know it’s a lot to ask, and I know it’s an invasion of privacy, but it would be a big help. And who knows! Maybe by the time the ball is held we will have solved everything and it will just be a good time!”
“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” Louis starts, leaning in close to whisper to Harry. “But I think he’s right. I-I wouldn’t mind hosting something like this, and if it helps everyone then why not? Plus it will make it easy to meet some of your vampire friends.”

“I don’t want you to feel like I’m parading you around, though,” Harry mumbles back. “There’s all the time in the world to meet them in more relaxed conditions. And you…” Harry stops and looks at Zayn pensively, before turning his head away so he’s only speaking directly in Louis’ ear. “You’re not ready to be in situations like that, with all those people. I mean not right now, but how do we know you will be ready by the time this ball happens?”

“I trust that you will help me be ready, Hazza,” Louis replies, looking up at Harry with a sweet smile and punctuating the sentence with a kiss to Harry’s cheek. “It will be fun, yeah? Maybe the wolves can come?”

Harry regretfully shakes his head. “I don’t know, Liam might not bring the pack back to town this year, nor would he really want to take them to a vampire event. Especially if humans follow the event, because he wouldn’t want the werewolves to be exposed to the public.”

“Right,” Louis says, disappointed.

They both look back up at Zayn, who is waiting for an answer on baited breath, and Harry finally shrugs. “Alright. We will do it.”

“Thank you! You’re not going to regret this, I promise!” Zayn exclaims, relieved. He sits up and snaps his fingers, which is responded with one of his human servants running into the room with a large planner. Harry is quick to grab Louis’ hands and squeeze them, keeping Louis calm while the human runs back out. Zayn pretends not to notice. “So, obviously it would have to be this year, and we will need time to send out invitations and get all the planning sorted—”

“Zayn just tell us when you want it to be.”

“Hold the attitude, thank you very much,” Zayn huffs. He opens the planner and flips through a good half of the pages before stopping and turning it towards the couple. “July 4th.”

Harry almost laughs as he takes the planner from Zayn’s hands. “You’re joking. The Council wants to throw a Fourth of July party that also serves as a ball for me and Louis? This is a joke, right?”

“No, actually. The date was my idea.” Zayn says handing Harry a pen. “Come on, you remember the war don’t you?”

“I hadn’t moved to America yet, and when I did it was to French and Spanish territory, so no I don’t remember the war. I only ever fought in one war, you were there,” Harry grumbles.

“I never said I fought in the revolutionary war, but we would watch it,” Zayn winks at Louis. “Humans fighting over human territory and tea is so funny, don’t you think?”

“I don’t think the freedom of the country is very funny, no,” Louis says shortly.

“You two are no fun at all, definitely made for each other.” Zayn mumbles. He taps the page at the top of the set date. “Just sign your names if you agree to that date, and I will do all the invitation work and planning for you, if that is what you desire?”

“We can do all of the planning ourselves, you know?” Harry says, signing his name and handing the pen off to Louis. “If it is going to be for Louis, then it will be at my mansion, with Louis’ approval. You can provide us with an invitation list and check in on progress as time goes by, but we can
“Fine, fine, I’ll drop by every so often to see how the planning is going,” Zayn agrees, taking the planner from Louis once the young vampire has signed. “Try to have the invitations out by the end of February, yes? You know most of the old stuffy vamps will need as much time as possible to RSVP.”

“Oh what a shame it would be if none of them showed up,” Harry says mischievously. “Was there any other business you called us in for?”

Zayn purses his lips, blinking at Louis and staring at him, as if trying to decide whether what he’s about to say is going to be worth the backlash. He cares too much about Harry, and about Louis too now, to leave the issue unspoken. “How are you doing, Louis? Have you been around humans yet?”

Louis’ eyes widen and he looks at Harry with a loss for words. Harry is shaking his head, but not for Louis to not answer the questions, more at the fact that Zayn asked at all. Louis coughs awkwardly. “Um, n-no, not yet. But I’m feeling fine…tonight.”

“If you need any—”

“He’s fine.” Harry says shortly, keeping in mind Louis’ request to not ask Zayn for any help. “Louis will be ready to be around humans in no time, I’m sure of it.”

Zayn continues to stare at them suspiciously, but he knows there’s no use in arguing with Harry, not over affairs with Harry’s Soulmate. “If you say so. I just want you two to know that I am always available if you need assistance.”

“We—”

“—Thank you,” Louis cuts in, standing up from the wicker. “That’s a very kind offer, Zayn, but I’m fine.”

“Sure,” Zayn nods. He shakes Louis’ hand and pulls Louis in to kiss both his cheeks quickly, repeating the actions on Harry as well. Zayn turns them around and walks them around the pool to the door. “I want an update on the progress of the ball sometime next week. I’ll have a list of who to invite sent to you by tonight, Harry.”

“And we will get to thinking of themes,” Harry says with a broad smirk. “Something flashy, don’t you think Louis? Something really showy so we can embarrass our dear friend just as much as he means to embarrass us.”

“Oh of course!” Louis agrees, giggling as he takes Harry’s hand. “You won’t regret letting us lead this!”

“I honestly won’t regret anything while it’s still at your mansion and not mine,” Zayn says lightly, laughing with them. “And you act as though I could possibly be embarrassed by any kind of party I would be attending.”

“I know, I know, you have no shame at all when it comes to showing off your wealth,” Harry says sarcastically. “Except, this time it will be my wealth that gets shown off in front of your colleagues.”

“Harry, don’t be so bitter, if we don’t have any fun we can spend the night telling everyone that it was all Zayn’s idea and we had no say in any of it at all. Then maybe he won’t ever bother us again,” Louis says with his sweetest, most innocent voice.
The king purses his lips as he leads them out the door. “You two are going to be unbearable for all eternity, I just know it.”

“You can thank yourself for that Zayn, our whole relationship goes back to you,” Harry points out, taking Louis’ hand as they get ready to walk back to their own home.

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Harry—here’s the list of guests and addresses I expect you to send invitations to. Yes, you must send them to everyone, yes there are a few humans on the list, no you cannot argue with me on a single one, especially the ones you do not like. Use it as a chance to show off how pretty your Soulmate is, rub it in their faces that they don’t have one.

(I wasn’t going to include the first five, because I consider them to be a given, but it’s you so I’m making sure they’re written out in clear letters)—Z.

- Elder Selene
- Elder Amelia
- Elder Viktor
- Elder Julius
- Elder Marcus

Harry groans as he reads through the annoyingly long list of invitees, most of which are people he doesn’t get along with, and he’s going to have to host them all in his own home. It’s a terrible arrangement, but something he is more than willing to go through for Zayn’s benefit, especially if Louis wants to do it. The entire idea of a debutant style ball just so Louis can meet a bunch of stuffy, out of touch, rich vampires is ridiculous to Harry, but since they got home Louis has gotten more and more excited about it. He’s gone on and on about how he always wanted to crash a gala in the wealthy section of New Orleans, but was always too scared to do it. Now he won’t have to crash anything.

“Lou, can you start making address labels for the invitation envelopes? If I do it we both know I’ll leave out the people I hate and then Zayn will come down on us and blah, blah, blah,” Harry asks, leading Louis into his work office. He dumps the list on his desk and rolls his chair out for Louis to sit in, pleading pout on his face. “Please?”

“We just made the plans tonight,” Louis says, rolling his eyes as he plops down on the seat. “Why are we already making address labels?”

“Because if we don’t do it now while it’s fresh on our minds, I will distract you to the point of it being too late to send them out, and we won’t be able to have the ball,” Harry quips with a sarcastic smile, innocently blinking his eyes.

“And here I thought you were over being the lonesome and brooding type of vampire,” Louis replies. “We don’t even have a stationary picked out. We don’t even have a theme!”

“Well, what do you want the theme to be? Not that it matters for making a label which will be turned into a sticker and attached to a plain white envelope,” Harry says over dramatically.

Louis spins around in the rolling chair a few times, thinking hard on his answer. He’s never been to one of these and he has no idea what a fancy theme would even be. But, there is something Louis
has always wanted to go to, but it honestly sounds too fictional to be a real kind of high society party. “Um, well I guess because it’s vampires and all that, it could be kinda fun to have a masquerade? Unless that’s totally cheesy and stupid.”

Harry’s smile turns into a warm, fond grin and he leans down to kiss Louis’ cheek. “Lou, no idea of yours could ever be stupid. And I guess it’s a little cheesy but I like it. I haven’t been to a Masquerade in a century, let alone an authentic New Orleans Masquerade.”

“Too bad it won’t be planned in time for Mardi Gras,” Louis sighs.

“Trust me, you do not want a large group of vampires and humans together on Mardi Gras,” Harry says with a shudder. He suddenly bites his lip because Louis tensed up, obviously having forgotten that humans would also be attending. “Baby, I don’t want you to worry about the humans, okay? Like you said, I will help you with the, um, little problem in time for the ball.”

“I know, and I trust you,” Louis sighs, setting the guest list on the desk. “How many humans would it be, though? And why would they even need to be there, I thought this was for vampire society.”

“The Elders and councilmen have humans as companions, you know that. They will consider those companions just as much part of society as other vampires. I would have brought you if something like this had come up when you were still human,” Harry explains. He kneels down on the ground so he’s more level with Louis, and places his hands on Louis’ knees. “It’s going to be okay. The humans will probably be politer than the vampires, and not a single one of them would be dumb enough to push a baby vampire past their limit.”

“What about any humans that come with Marcus and his friends? This list says to include an invitation to two humans with him, and who knows how many else will come with his followers. If he doesn’t like you, he might tell them to treat me as bad as they want,” Louis asks nervously. He shudders at the memories of Marcus’s odd behavior when he was turned. He acted like he was a million times better than everyone there, even Elder Selene.

“If Marcus is smart he won’t try to start a fight in front of the most important people in society, especially if things are as tense as Zayn makes it out to be,” Harry grunts. He stands up and kisses Louis’ forehead, then walks to the other side of the room to grab a large, empty binder. “Let me handle them at the ball, alright? It will be your night and you don’t have to interact with anyone who makes you uncomfortable.”

“Are you saying I can ignore Zayn all night if he pisses me off again?” Louis asks sweetly, batting his lashes.

“No, I’m not saying that at all,” Harry cautions. He places the binder on the desk and looks down at Louis with a stern expression. “Be nice to Zayn, my love, he really is doing a lot to help us, and would do more if we asked.”

“I just think it’s fun to mess with him.”

“I know, and your little mischievous tendencies are part of why I love you so much,” Harry says. “But he is still our King and we need to show respect to him in public. The point of this ball is to distract from fears and scandals amongst vampires.”

“Right, right I know that,” Louis says, picking up the list once again. He reads through the addresses of the Elders, while Harry sets the binder up with spare paper and dividers. “Harry? Here’s a question for you.”
“What’s that Sunshine?”

“So the addresses for the Elders are all out of the states except for Viktor, but I thought they were in charge of the American vampires?” Louis asks.

“No the Council is in charge of the American vampires and the Elders keep charge above all worldwide affairs. Why do you ask?”

“Just looking at the addresses and it didn’t make sense that they wouldn’t live here if this is what they are in charge of, but I guess it makes sense that they are so scattered.” Louis says, biting his lip. “Where did they all come from anyway? They’re like this big, terrifying mystery.”

“Um, it’s kind of a long story.”

“Literally all of your stories are long, it’s like your long ass life,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. “How nice of you,” Harry quips. “Go on and start typing up the mailing addresses, or we will never get this done.”

“Sure, sure,” Louis waves his hands and pulls the guest list next to the computer. “Go on, tell me the long story.”

Harry clears his throat and sits on the edge of the table. “Well, the oldest one to my knowledge is Julius, who lived in ancient Roman times, and he claims his maker was the original vampire, but the early history is so muddled up that nobody is sure. His specialty for centuries was hiding in Vatican City and secretly leading each Pope, but after the war he had to stop.

After Julius came Selene. She was born in Egypt and had a completely different name and nobody is really sure what her human life was like. I heard she was the wife of a Pharaoh at one point, and that was after she was turned. Um, she once told me she left with her maker to live in Europe and fell in love with the area that would become France and travelled all around the main cities, charming royalty and all that. I guess she became an Elder because she is loved by so many.

Selene’s maker is actually the same as Amelia’s now that I think about it. I’m pretty sure the reason they moved from Egypt to Europe was because of Amelia. It is said when she was a human she was a maid to a French king but would have psychic visions and eventually put on trial to become a witch. She was turned before her execution and escaped, obviously, and her psychic powers became stronger. She’s not a very social Elder though, and people mostly have to go to her for any business.

Then there’s Viktor, a Viking clan leader who apparently asked to be turned because he thought his maker might have been one of the Gods…he’s a little bit of a nut but I always liked him…great singing voice…After the war he lived in Russia all the way until he moved to America after the revolution, so now he has this accent that’s a weird mix of Swedish and Russian and I really wish you could have met him at our ceremony.”

“Sounds fun, can’t wait to meet him at our ball,” Louis says as he types away. “So what about Marcus? Where did that guy come from.”

“Unfortunately from my homeland of England, but he’s much older than I am. He’s from King Arthur times, and apparently he was one of the knights of the round table, and fought at the final battle against Mordred—”

“Harry you can’t be serious.” Louis says, stopping suddenly. “King Arthur? Isn’t he fictional?”

“Technically he’s a legend and legends are always rooted in truth. Vlad the Impaler was a real tyrant
and a real vampire but he is remembered as the fictional Dracula. A lot of these legendary stories come from true events and people, but humans tend to add to them and embellish for entertainment. People like Marcus, who was there for the real thing, thrive off the legend, and let it go to their big fat heads,” Harry mumbles.

“Him being a knight of the round table didn’t seem to help much when he was captured with the rest of the Elders during the war,” Louis points out.

“He’s also a cocky shit, and I wouldn’t be surprised if he spent his time with King Arthur hiding during battle or running errands,” Harry says with a wicked smirk. “How’s the list going?”

“I’m done with the Elder’s labels and have moved on to the Kings and Queens of the states. Zayn put himself on the list, as if he needs an invitation to a party that was his idea.”

“Maybe he just wants a formal reminder so he doesn’t get busy sucking the bloody from the inner thigh of another pretty human.”

“Excellent point,” Louis goes back to typing the labels, turning the list over once he gets to the end. “I still can’t believe he did that to us. I still can’t believe this man is your best friend.”

“Louis, don’t start this again, I can only apologize for his behavior so much,” Harry groans. He hops off the desk and walks around the rolling chair to stand behind Louis. He leans down and wraps his arms around Louis’ shoulders and reads the progress of the address labels. “Looks good so far. Would you like to look up people to design the invites? Unless you have hidden calligraphy skills I haven’t been told about.”

“Hmm, unfortunately no,” Louis hums, turning his head up so he can kiss the underside of Harry’s jaw. “But I have all the time in the world to learn now. In fact, I can learn all kinds of things now that I don’t have to worry about time. So much to look forward too, and it’s all thanks to you.”

“Oh Baby,” Harry coos. “I’m just happy to have you in my life forever. It’s strange you know? It’s like I’ve been incomplete and waiting for something my entire long life, but I didn’t realize it until I met you. I don’t know what I would do without you here.”

The thing is he does know, they both know, and it isn’t a pleasant thought. Harry confessed so long ago that if it wasn’t for meeting Louis, he would have given up on living, he would have gone peacefully into the sun and left the world forever. It’s a dark thought, and Louis is so happy the universe brought them together before Harry could do anything like that, but he worries. He always worries about what Harry is thinking, and he wonders what Harry would do should anything happen to him. They’re bound together now, and the idea of being apart is so painful, but Louis wouldn’t want Harry to give up on life he wasn’t around.

Louis sits up and kisses Harry’s cheek, bringing his hand up and curling his fingers in Harry’s long hair. “Don’t get all sappy on me now. I’m trying to focus and it is very distracting.”

“Oh but I just love distracting you,” Harry purrs, lips tracing along Louis’ neck. “You got a lot done and listened to me ramble on, you can take a break to be distracted for a little while.”

“Something tells me ‘a little while’ will actually be a long while,” Louis whispers, moaning softly when Harry nips at his neck. The small pulse of pleasure makes Louis’ fangs extend with a small click, and he quickly gasps and overs his mouth. He pulls Harry away and stares at the computer screen with wide eyes. They haven’t made love since the night Louis was turned, and he’s nervous about it. He’s not ready to let himself feel that kind of energy and pleasure, and he knows Harry understands that. “Umm, I-let me just finish these in one night, okay? I don’t want Zayn to be all
over us this week.”

“Sure, sure,” Harry sighs, slowly backing off. He doesn’t want to admit it, but he’s nervous about being intimate with Louis again too. Rationally he knows that he can’t break Louis anymore, and that their sex life will only get better now, but something about how soft Louis looks makes Harry feel like he has to be gentle. He doesn’t want to push too far, even if Louis’ body can take it now.

Harry puts the invite list in a pocket on the binder, while Louis quickly looks up a local artist to do the designs. He peers up at Harry, watching the man’s quietly frustrated face form a pout as he thinks. Louis wishes Harry would think less and discuss how he’s feeling more, because Harry tends to over think things. For someone who has lived for a very long time and seen so many outcomes to situations, Louis finds that Harry can be overly nervous about a lot. “Hazza?”

“How?”

“What are you so pensive about?”

Harry looks up at Louis’ worried face, sighing to himself as he leans both his hands on the mahogany desk. “We, um, you and I…well I have noticed that, um, since the night of our ceremony you have been hesitant to be intimate with me…And I am perfectly aware of the fact that I haven’t made any kind of move to initiate anything with you either…and I guess…well I’m just scared, okay? I’m scared because you’re so new and so out of control of yourself and I don’t want to take advantage of you. At the same time, I feel guilty for thinking about sex when you’re trying to focus on your own needs, and…it’s all a bit of mess in my mind, isn’t it?”

For a moment, Louis just stares slack jawed at Harry, brain processing the very quick and muddled confession. Then he shocks Harry by laughing, loudly, giggling right into his hands with a crinkly smile. “Oh my god, Harry. Don’t feel guilty about thinking about sex for fucks sake!”

“Louis be serious! Here you are trying to get used to this new life and all I can think about is—oh, okay, yeah this is ridiculous,” Harry says, starting to laugh with Louis. He groans and covers his face with his hands, dropping down so his elbows hold him up on the desk. “I’m sounding ridiculous, right?”

“Yeah, completely,” Louis giggles, standing up from the chair to reach over and shake Harry’s shoulder. “Honey, I-I miss it too, but I need time. The truth is…whenever I get all riled up like that I tend to…well I start to think about blood and drinking from humans and my mind goes a bit crazy and I’m not…I’m just not ready to let myself go there yet. I still feel like a human, you know? A part of me feels gross for wanting to…do the things I’m now meant to do.”

“I remember that part,” Harry confesses, looking up at Louis. “That feeling doesn’t go away completely, just a warning. But you stop feeling like a human and you grow more of an appreciation for their lives. There’s nothing wrong with anything you are feeling or thinking, Louis, I really want you to know that.”

“I do know that, you’ve told me a million times,” Louis says with a soft hint of sadness. He crosses his arms and sits back down, twirling the chair around using his feet to push off from the floor. He stops and clicks on the first artist’s website, reading through their commissions page. “Can we get back to the matter at hand, unless you have more stupid things to worry about.”

“Don’t mock me for caring so hard.”

“I’m not mocking you, I’m simply reassuring you that our sexual life is not dead forever.”
The older vampire rolls his eyes and once again sits on the desk. “Fine, fine. What are you looking at now?”

“Just some artist to design the invitations,” Louis says, reading through the requirements. “They have reasonable fees and all that, we just need to give some parameters and word content. I’m not sure what to say.”

“I’ll take care of that part,” Harry says, swinging his long legs around to the side of the desk to climb back off. He carefully pushes Louis’ chair out of his way and hunches over the keyboard, just as Louis stands up. “Knowing Zayn, he will want it to sound formal and pretentious.”

“And you know everything about being formal and pretentious.”

“Be nice.”

Louis rolls his eyes and rests his bum against the desk, arms crossed in front. He taps the fingers of his left hand against his bicep and watches while Harry types. “Harry?”

“Yes, Sunshine?”

“What about Vlad?”

Harry’s fingers stop suddenly and he looks over at Louis. “What about him?”

“Where did he come from?” Louis asks timidly.

After a long sigh Harry finishes what he is typing and stands straight up again to answer. “Well, he was a nobleman from Romania, and he killed his own maker right after being turned. I was told that he was very charming and charismatic and that’s how he went up in rank to become an Elder. It’s probably also how he tricked everyone when he took over. I mean even Marcus didn’t know of Vlad’s plot to take over the vampires and werewolves, and they were closer than any of the others.”

“Interesting, is that why you don’t like Marcus? Because he was friends with Vlad?”

“That’s part of it I guess,” Harry says. “I just never trusted him, is the thing. All those years knowing Vlad and yet he really didn’t know about the revolt? And he was the last of the Elders to be captured, and once the war was over, he had to be practically forced into signing the treaty with the wolves, then he just…disappeared. He was gone for almost a century and left a couple of his progeny in charge in his absence, but it was so weird. The other Elders stayed and helped rebuild and fix the mess Vlad had caused, but Marcus just abandoned everyone. It never sat well with me and Zayn.”

“Maybe it was traumatizing for him?”

“I guess…but doesn’t change the fact that he’s also an asshole. You’d think he would be grateful to all of who fought for him, and yet no. He never thanked the wolf pack leaders for anything they did either. A whole celebration was held to honor the wolves and their freedom, and he didn’t even bother to come back for that, it was disrespectful.” Harry rants on, getting heated up by the moment as he thinks about all the times Marcus pissed him off.

“Okay, okay, I get it,” Louis hushes, reaching over and rubbing Harry’s back in smooth circles. “He’s the worst, I understand,” The younger vamp giggles, kissing Harry’s shoulder. “I won’t ask about him again, promise.”

“Thank you, Baby,” Harry mumbles, pressing his lips to Louis’ cheek.
“I would like to ask about the werewolves, however,” Louis continues. “Should we invite your friends in the south west pack to come?”

“Normally I would say of course, but I know Liam wouldn’t bring them back early for a vampire event. You’ll meet all of them soon enough, my love.” Harry assures him.

“If you say so.”

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They’ve had to hire a human groundskeeper to take care of the garden now that Louis can no longer be out in the day time. He comes by five days a week from early morning, stays until the sun goes down in the evening, with a long lunch around midday. Louis likes to watch him from a far while he finishes his nightly routine. It’s the closest Louis has been to another human without feeling like he wants to eat them for a month.

Granted the light tight additions onto their windows also filter the scent of blood, so that doesn’t hurt in helping Louis to not drink from their gardener.

The printouts for their invitations were sent only a couple days after they sent in the order, so tonight Louis has the wonderful task of filling up all of the invite letters. There’s about 120 invitations, which means there will be even more people than that in their home in only six short months. There’s so much to do and so little time, and since Harry has to go back to work, a lot of the decisions have been put on Louis.

He does like that he and Harry always sit together when they work. They moved in one of the old desks, from yet another room that is very rarely used, and positioned it across from Harry’s so they are facing each other. Louis does his planning and Harry is usually making calls or writing up reports for various museums and historians. Because Harry started up his business before vampires were out of the coffin, most of his associates are overseas, in order to make the odd hours make sense for them. He has a couple clients in the US now, but most of his dealings are still with the international people.

Louis often doesn’t listen to the phone calls, mainly because he can’t understand what Harry is saying, but tonight with the tedious work of filling up envelopes, he can’t help it. Harry’s talking to some curator from the Accademia Gallery in Florence, Italy, and it’s a very heated conversation from what Louis can tell, even though he doesn’t understand Italian.

“Si, si, da quello che ho letto, non c’è dubbio che questo e un falso...” Harry says into the phone, rubbing his temple with his other hand. He sighs and pushes around a couple documents on his desk, pulling up a picture of some painting Louis has never heard of. “Sarebbe più facile confermare se ero li di persona, ma da quello che vedo, la firma e incerta...”

Louis can’t help it, really he can’t, but there’s something about the way Harry’s voice sounds when he talks, the way the foreign words just roll off Harry’s tongue, it’s got Louis’ heart racing. He licks his lips, and his eyes focus in on Harry’s lips, watching them form every syllable.

“Cuando sono stato scorretto?” Harry asks impatiently. Louis has noticed that Harry usually gets worked up when speaking to this particular group, something about them and their superior attitude. It’s happening now, and Louis can feel it for himself because of their connection. He can feel how Harry’s breathing speeds up, how his body tenses, and it’s not a nice feeling. Harry looks up at Louis for a moment, and it wouldn’t take a Soulmate connection for Louis to know that it wasn’t very sincere.
Louis places the last envelope in the same basket as the rest of the completed invitations, and slowly stands up from his own desk. He lightly taps his fingers on their two desks as he saunters around, stopping behind Harry. He places his hands on Harry’s shoulders and starts to kiss the back of his maker’s neck, humming quietly to himself.

“Sì, esattamente...” Harry groans, head lolling back just slightly at Louis’ touch. “Va bene... Sì... Sì, lo so...”

It’s in that moment where Louis finally gets a look at the painting. He tightens his grip on Harry’s shoulders, eyes widening as they read over the bloody battle scene showcased in the picture. It’s just paint, the battle may not have ever been real, but Louis suddenly feels it. He feels the pull to blood, the thirst for it, and he moans. His eyes roll back and he gasps, both hungry for blood and turned on by Harry. He hates that his body constantly betrays him like this.

As Harry finishes up the call, Louis’ eyes trail down to Harry’s big, perfect hand. He watches the way Harry’s fingers bend and straighten as he moves paperwork around, and memories of those fingers on his body all stream into Louis’ mind. He remembers what it was like to have those fingers inside him, to feel them on his hips and his neck. Without even fully realizing what he’s doing, Louis is reaching down and carefully grabbing Harry’s hand, bringing it up to his lips.

He closes his eyes and kisses each finger, rubbing his cheek against the palm, sniffing Harry’s sweet blood below his skin. Louis vaguely remembers Harry saying something about a vampire drinking another vampire’s blood. He can’t remember much else after because suddenly that’s all he can think about. His fangs extend and he hums softly, sucking Harry’s pointer finger into his mouth, hips absently rutting against Harry’s chair.

“Lou…” Harry moans, dropping the hung up phone on his desk. He slowly turns the chair so he can face Louis, and pulls the younger onto his lap. He just watches Louis, watches the trance he seems to have fallen into, while Louis sucks in another of his fingers.

It happens fast. Just a little prick from Louis’ sharp teeth that he’s still getting used to.

The little prick was enough to get Harry’s blood to dribble out of the tip of his finger, and that’s what makes Louis’ eyes finally open. He gasps and his nose twitches as the scent of Harry’s blood fills all his senses. It’s different from human blood, sweeter and full of something Louis can’t quite put words onto. His tongue immediately darts out to lick up the blood before the wound heals, and Ohmygod that is new.

“Fuck,” Louis gasps, staring at Harry’s blood covered finger.

Without even thinking about the consequences, Harry pushes his finger back inside Louis’ warm mouth, the younger vamp staring widely at him with ice blue eyes. Like it’s a challenge, Harry smirks at Louis and says, “Suck.”

And Louis immediately complies, gently suckling on the blood from his maker, from his soulmate. He bites a little harder when the wound heals to get more blood, and moans with each drop. Louis starts to grind his hips with it, loving the way Harry tastes, so different from the human blood he only ever has, loving the way Harry is looking at him while he drinks. The blood won’t sustain or nourish Louis at all, but he doesn’t care. Harry is the tastiest little snack.

Maybe Harry shouldn’t forget the laws, maybe he shouldn’t be letting how hot Louis looks like this, blind him to the fact that this is certainly not allowed. At the same time, Harry is getting hard from the way Louis moves his hips, and he’s really forgetting why this is wrong. He moves his free hand to the lower part of Louis’ back, pushing Louis even closer to his chest. “God, you’ve never looked
“Yeah?” Louis asks, pulling off Harry’s fingers slowly, blood staining his lips and chin. He rocks back and forth on Harry’s lap, kissing each of Harry’s fingers again. “Your blood tastes so good, Haz, like I can feel you everywhere inside me. Was this what it was like for you? When you drank from me? Could you feel me like I was a part of you? Because that’s exactly what it’s like. I’ve never felt more connected to you, Honey, I’m going out of my fucking mind.”

“Yes,” Harry moans, leaning down to kiss Louis’ neck. He remembers what it was like to drink from Louis so vividly, and he remembers the connection he felt to Louis while he did. Suddenly it hits Harry that he won’t ever get to feed from Louis again, not like before. He never lived off Louis, but the thought of literally getting life from Louis’ body was an overwhelming feeling.

His teeth are right at Louis’ neck. He can hear the fresh vampire blood flowing and pumping, the dead heart beat getting faster and faster with every second. He knows Louis wants what he’s about to do. He knows Louis wants so much more. Harry is finally starting to feel like he can trust his body again, he’s starting to feel Louis’ strength.

“Sunshine, I want you, I want you so bad. Tell me you’re ready for it,” Harry grunts out into Louis’ neck. He hears Louis whine above him and looks up to see Louis nodding with his lips still snug around Harry’s fingers. “Fuck, thank you,” Harry grunts as he bites down onto Louis’ neck. It’s tougher than before, harder to break because of the new strength, but oh is it worth it once Harry swallows the first drops of blood.

He pushes another finger into Louis’ mouth as he sucks Louis’ neck, moaning into the warmth. His whole body feels like it’s glowing and radiating such power, his mind is going numb. The exchange of vampire blood making them both restless and horny, their bodies rubbing and grinding against each other. Louis whimpers around Harry’s fingers, pulls them out of his mouth to lick the excess blood and slick them up. Harry knows exactly what Louis wants, both because of how well he knows his boy and because of their deep connection. He can feel a physical pull to Louis.

“Harry,” Louis groans into the older vampire’s palm, kissing the heel. “You taste so fucking good.”

“So do you, god I never knew it could be like this,” Harry confesses, licking up the blood.

Both their lips are stained with crimson from each other, they’re eyes wide and dilated and wild from how much they want each other. Louis breaks the stare first by ripping open Harry’s shirt, pushing his face into Harry’s chest so he can drag his lips across the beautifully pale skin. “Fuck me, maker, fucking take me.”

“Shit,” Harry’s eyes roll back in his head as he cradles the back of Louis’ neck in his blood covered hand. “I will, of course I will. I missed you so bad, Sunshine, and I’ll give you anything you want.”

“You’ve already given me everything,” Louis says, and it’s so quiet that Harry almost misses it. It’s like a dark secret Louis wanted to keep hidden, that just completely sharing the world Harry lives in is enough. Anything Louis gets from Harry would be enough, he loves him so much.

Louis’ little hands slide up and down Harry’s chest as he settles on his knees in front of him, fingers daintily pushing Harry’s shirt from his shoulders. Harry lets it fall to the ground and pushes his hair out of his face, because he doesn’t want to miss a thing Louis does. Again they stop to just look at each other, at the site of their heaving chests and flushed cheeks. Harry brings his hand up to the back of Louis’ head, tugs him back by his hair and doesn’t at all miss the smile that flashes across Louis’ face the moment he does. He suddenly gets the feeling that doing this, whatever this is, in their office might not be the best idea. It’s going to get too messy to deal with later. “Bedroom?”
Louis is quick to reply, “Don’t wanna get blood on our sheets.”

Fuck, if Harry’s dick doesn’t completely fatten up at that. He, in all his centuries, has never done this. He’s never drunk the blood of a fellow, vampire, let alone while having sex, even more alone when that vampire is his fucking soulmate. “Right, no that would be…oh god Louis we really shouldn’t be doing this.”

“Why not? What’s so wrong? I love you so much, and I want to be completely connected to you. I want to share every inch of myself with you. How would anybody know? This will be just ours, only ours, and only you and I have to know,” Louis says, practically purrs, with a pout. For extra measure he rubs his cheek up against Harry’s pants, right over his hard cock, begging to be freed.

There isn’t much fight left in Harry, not a lot of strength left in his morals to argue. He wants Louis so bad, the rule really is a stupid rule that shouldn’t apply to soulmates, right? “Fine, fine, anything for my baby. But at least in one of the guest rooms, because I really don’t want to get blood on all this shit.”

“Of course,” Louis says, sweetly batting his eyes up at Harry. He stands up and tugs on Harry’s wrists, and next thing Harry knows, he’s lying on his back in the closest guest room. Louis really is fast and strong, and he’s standing naked at the end of the bed.

The older vampire sits up, leaning back on his forearms as he watches Louis trace his fingers over the part of his neck Harry had bitten. The puncture wound healed, but there’s still drops of sweet blood dripping down Loui’s neck. Harry licks his lips as he watches Louis spread the blood down his neck, to his shoulder, over to his collarbone, smirking the entire time. The part that really just kills Harry is when Louis brings his fingers down and spreads blood all the way to his lower belly, until there’s nothing left to mark. Then Louis saunters over to the bed and rakes his fingers up Harry’s legs, up his thighs, one hand stopping over Harry’s cock, the other scratching Harry’s lower tummy.

“Louis.” Harry grunts, giving Louis a stern stare. He’s in no mood for teasing tonight, not when it’s been so long since he felt his baby. “Take off my clothes, now.”

Louis’ body visibly shudders at Harry’s rough voice, pretty cock twitching up at the commanding words. Oh god does he love this version of Harry, and he can’t wait to get even more. “Yes, maker.”

He slowly, because he literally cannot stop being a tease, opens the button Harry’s pants, and slides down the zip. Harry lifts up his hips so Louis can pull the tight pants down, lets Louis take his briefs off in the same go. His stiff, red cock slaps on his belly and Louis drinks in the sight with his hungry eyes. He loves Harry’s cock, he loves how long it is, how thick it is, how it stretches him open so much when Harry fucks him. He can’t believe they’ve gone a month without fucking, and he’s even more surprised at how much his body is just craving it now that he’s about to get it.

“Baby, come up here,” Harry says softly, beckoning Louis up with his fingers. As soon as Louis gets his knees on the bed, Harry grabs him and flips them around so he’s on top. He snatches up Louis’ blood covered fingers and kisses each of them, before dropping them in favor for licking up the blood on Louis’ torso. He moans as his tongue takes in every delicious bit, hands massaging up Louis’ sides, pausing just above Louis’ belly button. “I want you to clean up my fingers, and do not bite them again, okay? Can you handle that?”

It’s an obvious power and control play, it’s a challenge and test to see if Louis will fight his animal instincts to bite, and Louis wants to obey, he really does. The harsh tone of Harry’s voice makes Louis want to succeed, he can’t fail this first test. He takes the fingers back in his mouth and cleans them up one by one, taking extra-long to really make sure he gets all the blood off. His body still reacts to Harry’s wet tongue, licking up the last of Louis’ dried blood, and he ruts up when Harry
wraps his plump lips around his cock.

Louis gasps when Harry sucks him down, takes Louis’ cock completely in his mouth, to the back of his throat and swallows. Louis could cry as Harry repeats the action several times, works into a nice and slow rhythm without any kind of struggle. With his free hand the vampire pulls Louis’ thigh up and rests it on his shoulder, artery right next to his ear. The last time Harry was this close to Louis’ femoral, it didn’t end well, but that couldn’t possibly happen tonight.

Before he knows it, Harry is humping the bed and Louis is crying out, hands grabbing the pillows behind his head. “Harry, Harry, Harry, come on, fucking put something in me.”

Harry slaps his thigh, pulls off Louis’ cock, and bites down on Louis’ thigh. He lets his fangs sink in freely this time, without worry of any bad outcome. Louis shouts as Harry bites, swears and grabs Harry’s hair, but twitches into him. It feels so good to have Harry like this again, and vice versa. It’s so good to just worship each other without any weight on their backs.

Louis feels like he’s high, like Harry’s blood creates a euphoric effect, like their tripping on acid and might never come down. He really doesn’t want to come down.

Then it’s all gone. Only for a minute, because Louis blinks and suddenly Harry is standing at the end of the bed with their lube in his hands. He wipes Louis blood off his chin with the back of his hand, and he looks darkly sexy. “I didn’t get condoms.”

Louis takes a few deep breaths. “Good.”

And like that they’re back to almost how they were before, Harry between Louis’ legs, Louis’ hands tearing up the pillow under his head, only now Harry’s got two fingers in Louis ass. He keeps them still and crawls up the bed with his other hand, only stops once he’s towering over Louis, and it’s only when their lips meet that Harry moves the fingers. It’s a bit of stretch going from nothing to two of Harry’s long fingers, but god does Louis love it.

He never thought he would like being treated this roughly, but his body is fucking aching for it. And when they pause for air Harry is looking down at him like he is every single star in the sky, like he is everything Harry could ever need in the world, and Louis feels it too. He lets go of the pillow and brings his hands up so they’re on Harry’s neck, anchoring him down into another kiss.

They can taste each other’s blood in their mouths and it’s so hot, beyond sexy, nothing like how you would think it would be. Louis remembers kissing Harry like this when he was a human and how the blood tasted like metal. Now their blood tastes like the sweetest elixir and he can’t get enough.

“Give me another, maker,” Louis whispers, hips jutting up into Harry’s hand.

When Harry pushes in a third with the first two, it goes in easy, Louis’ body completely relaxed and ready for it, ready to just get on with it. “Tell me how much you want me, Baby, tell me now.”

Louis sobs, because Harry emphasizes the question with a hard jab to his prostate, and he’s pretty much seeing stars in his eyes. “So bad, I want it so bad, I need it. God I feel like I’m dying all over again waiting for it.”

That strikes a chord in Harry, and he drops his face into Louis’ neck once again and whimpers. He can sense it in Louis’ body as well as his voice, the sheer desperation and need to be fucked by his maker, his soulmate. Louis is filled complete need to be good and to satisfy Harry, and he does, he already does, but Harry still wants this. “I’ll give it to you, I love you so fucking much.”

He fucks Louis with his fingers a few more times, just enough to have Louis’ body shaking with the
need, then pulls his fingers out. Before he can slick up his cock, Louis is grabbing him and pulling him into a passionate kiss, bodies sliding together so warm and glistening with sweat. It’s such a sweet moment that Harry doesn’t want it to end. When Louis tries to pull away, Harry chases his lips, snatches him up again, grabs his hips and grinds into him, moans into his mouth. Louis lets it happen, let’s Harry have this moment of just being lost in him, sucks on his tongue and nibbles at his lips, each getting more and more worked up.

Finally, Harry pulls back and wets his dick with the lube, then throws it across the room, so hard he’s pretty sure it dents the wall. He really doesn’t care at the moment. Harry pushes Louis’ legs up and then out, so his wet, red hole is up and waiting. Louis is almost crying, little blood droplets forming at the corners of his eyes, and Harry gives mercy on him. He grabs his cock at its base and guides it into Louis, sliding it all the way in one go, just how Louis likes.

“God, that’s it, that’s what I want,” Louis gasps, voice broken and weak. His tiny hands are on Harry’s chest, nails clawing at his pecs as he waits for Harry to move, but he just won’t. “Please, please I’m begging maker, I need this, I need it so bad.”

“That’s all I wanted to hear,” Harry says, pulling out almost all the way before slamming back in. They cry out at the same time, Louis from the burning stretch and Harry from the pleasurable tightness. “You feel so fucking good inside. Louis, oh Louis, my baby.”

“Yours, all yours, every part of me,” Louis whines, throwing his head back while he gets fucked, obscenities flying from his pretty, red lips. The bloody tears leak from his eyes and fall down his cheeks, and land on the white pillow, exactly why Harry wanted to do this in here.

Harry leans down, hips moving at merciless pace, fucking Louis harder than he ever has, harder than he’s ever been able to. He kisses Louis’ neck, his jaw, his cheek, and licks up the tears, moaning sweet words into Louis’ ear. “Just love this don’t you? Is it everything you ever imagined? Hmm? Finally able to be taken by a vampire like you should be.”

“Yes, yes, yes, I love it,” Louis moans, hands reaching around to scratch at Harry’s back. His nails dig down deep and split open the skin, creating blood lines down Harry’s back, and the older vampire yells out. “So fucking full.”

Harry sits upright, fucks into Louis with everything he’s got, turns his head to kiss Louis’ ankle. He watches while Louis quickly brings his red fingers to his lips, and sucks up the little blood that has been spilled on them. The scratches on Harry’s back heal, and he throws his head back, shouting out swears into the air, relishing in the sound of their skin slapping together and Louis’ maddening cries of pleasure. This is everything he ever wanted with Louis, but everything he really couldn’t have before.

Neither is sure how much time passes as they fuck, time actually seems to stop. Maybe it’s the blood they keep sharing, the magic properties making them hallucinate and lose track of everything.

Louis begs Harry to touch his cock, both of them not even realizing he hasn’t given it any attention. Harry hadn’t even asked him to do that, but Louis was being too well behaved for his own good. “Course you can touch baby, think you can come? Or do you wanna go longer?”

“No, no I need to come, fuck I can’t take it,” Louis begs again, shaking his head desperately.

“Oh, touch yourself then, make yourself come Louis.”

Louis swears again and again, stroking his painfully hard cock fast while Harry fucks him hard. Harry’s cock hits his prostate with every thrust and Louis can’t feel anything but the pleasure from
his maker’s body. Nothing has ever felt as good as this. “Fuck, I-I’m coming, oh god Harry!”

Harry looks down in time to watch Louis shoot off onto his tummy, body contracting with it, mind numbing at the intensity. He’s never seen anything more beautiful than the face Louis makes when he comes, crying out Harry’s name and practically screaming.

Not even giving Louis a moment, Harry pulls out and turns Louis over, pulls his weak body up so he’s on his knees. He dicks back into Louis fast, biting his lip so hard it hurts, but he has to come, he wants to fill Louis up so much. He fucks into Louis harder than is humanly possible, not caring for a moment if Louis could take it. He knows he can now.

He pushes down on Louis’ lower back so it’s beautifully arched, and his movements lose their rhythm. “Baby, Baby, god you’re so good.”

“Come in me, maker, claim me again,” Louis moans, barely audible.

It’s audible enough because Harry comes the moment it’s out of Louis’ mouth. “Louis, oh shit!”

Harry fucks Louis through it, moves in and out until he physically cannot move anymore, and his cock empties inside his soulmate. He collapses onto Louis’ back and slowly kisses all around the back of Louis’ neck. He pulls his dick out but stays like that, wrapping his arms around Louis’ body, not caring that they’re lying in the mess they made. The moment is perfect nonetheless.

Louis’ body is twitching and shaking a little, still feeling little aftershocks from their love making, but he likes it. He likes it a lot, and he’s almost tempted to ask to go again. He’ll save that for another night. “Too perfect now.”

“What was that?”

“Nothing,” Louis sighs happily, turning his head so he’s facing Harry. “Just thinking out loud.”

Harry hums and rolls off Louis’ back, lying down and staring at the ceiling. He rubs a hand up and down Louis’ back, from his shoulders to his bum. “Yeah, and I agree. Completely perfect.”

Louis makes a little content noise and snuggles up into Harry’s side. “Thank you, really.”

“Sure, but what brought this on? I thought you didn’t want to do this yet?” Harry asks, and he doesn’t mean for it to sound so much like a complaint.

Louis shrugs. “Not sure, something about how sexy you sounded talking to that guy over the phone. And, like, when I drank you blood, it completely took my mind off human blood. It took my mind to another place entirely, actually.”

“Shit,” Harry groans suddenly, dragging the palms of his hands down his face. “Oh fuck, no. H-how could I—”

“What’s wrong?” Louis asks, concern covering his words.

“We shouldn’t have done that, i-it’s against the laws of our people,” Harry groans. “I should have known better.”

“Why though?” Louis asks, genuinely curious. “Vampires are all about blood…how could the two of us, two soulmates, sharing blood be bad?”

Harry sighs, pulling Louis into his arms. “I’m not really sure, I just know that if anyone found out
about this we could be severely punished. I think Zayn once told me it makes vampires go mad.”

Louis can understand that. It certainly was overwhelming at times to be so in tune with Harry, but he thought that was just part of their bond. “Then…then we won’t do it again.”

“Think you could give that up so easily?” Harry asks, and neither are sure if he’s addressing Louis or himself.

“I don’t know, but I know with you I can get through all of this,” Louis says, kind of like a promise. Harry had promised to take care of him, and now Louis would promise not to put them in jeopardy just because he has a new craving. Nothing is worth losing Harry.

They agree to clean the sheets the next night, but Harry carries Louis to their own bedroom since it is the only light tight one. Harry cleans them both of blood and spunk, kisses Louis for a long time before they finally get in bed. For the first time it’s Harry that falls asleep afraid.

+ February goes by much faster than January, and much easier for Louis in terms of being aware of his human gardener and not eating him. In fact, one night Louis was even able to go out and give the man some extra money for dinner, without incident. Harry couldn’t be more proud of him.

He was even more proud when he caught Louis talking on the phone to his former employers, laughing and chatting away with them without any hint that he was thinking about their blood. Harry wanted to take Louis out for Valentine’s Day, but he still felt like it was too soon. Instead he had Zayn send over a very special bottle of blood from one of his favorite human companions.

“Oh my god, this is delicious!” Louis says as he empties his wine glass. “Where did Zayn get this?”

“One of his own humans actually,” Harry answers, sipping his own glass slowly. “I didn’t ask what was so special about this one, but it is very good.”

“I didn’t think you were serious when you said he kept unique humans in his care,” Louis says, pouring himself a second glass.

“Perhaps we could visit him again so you can try them out from the source…”

Louis had only nodded and promised he would consider the visit. He’d been starting to warm up to the idea of spending more time with Zayn, because with each Ball planning correspondence, the vampire king had become more and more tolerable. The first thing on Louis’ mind, however, was being able to stand in a room with several humans without attacking them. So in March, it was Harry who decided they should deal with the problem head on.

He practically carries Louis out to their car, and drives him out to a mostly empty bar. They stop across the street, Louis’ arms crossed and his body doubled over while he tries to control his breath, and Harry turns the car off. “Just breathe, Sunshine, okay? Focus on my voice.”

“I-I’m trying,” Louis stammers. He can’t help but breathe in the delicious scent of the blood, the very active human blood that waits across the street. He wants to be strong, he wants to be brave enough to walk amongst them without causing any harm, but it’s so hard. Not even Harry’s comforting words are helping to calm him down. “Maybe we should wait.”

“No—” Harry cuts himself off and sighs. “Lou, we have to do this tonight, we cannot put it off anymore. It’s not that crowded in there, and you don’t even have to do anything.”
“What am I supposed to do, then? Just go in and stand there?” Louis asks, somewhat annoyed.

Harry sighs again and places his hand on Louis’ cheek, pulling the younger in for a sweet kiss. “Just walk straight to the bar, order a water or a beer, and sit there. Don’t talk to anyone, don’t look at anyone, just focus on blocking them out. I will know if something goes wrong and I can get you out in only a moment.”

Louis nods, both to himself and to Harry, to assure Harry that he’s hearing him. He hears him and he trusts him, but it doesn’t make the anxiety magically go away. Louis turns his head and stares out the window at the bar, at the place where he’s going to have to go into and stand by humans for the first time. “I trust you, you know? A-and I’ll try my best, but you have to understand how hard this is for me.”

“Baby, nobody else could possibly understand as much as me,” Harry says gently, remembering his own past as a young vampire. He remembers what this fear felt like, and can feel it now inside Louis. But he also knows that the more Louis is around humans, the easier it will become to control his urges. “It wasn’t easy for me at all, okay? But you have someone here to help you and to guide you, if you would just let me.”

As much as Louis wants to fight it more, as much as he wants to let his fear win, he knows he can’t. He misses Verna and Charlie, and he misses the humans at the bar, and if this suffering is what he must do to see them, then he will. Hopefully. “Why can’t you walk in with me.”

“Babe, I will if you really feel you can’t do it without me, but I can’t hold your hand through all of this. You have to learn to be on your own,” Harry says.

“Okay,” Louis finally reluctantly agrees. He lets Harry leave a kiss on his cheek, and then opens the door. As he walks closer, the pungent scent of human blood flows right at him, and he has to pause and cringe for only a moment. After a deep breath through his mouth, he holds his head up high, puts his hands in his pockets, and marches into the bar.

Of course, as soon as he’s in the bar, Louis puts his head down and cringes again because it’s like the blood is right in his face. For a moment he feels like he’s drowning, like he could cry, but then his ears pick up the sound of soft music in the air. It’s some old slow song by Prince, or rather his “The Artist Formerly Known as Prince” era, and for some reason it settles Louis’ nerves. He focuses only on the song as he makes his way to the bar.

The bartender, a sturdy looking man with lots of tattoos and a tough face, asks Louis for his order, and Louis nervously gets out, “Umm, just a beer.”

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And then…Louis just waits. His beer comes quickly and he takes a sip and it’s honestly disgusting, but that’s only because his body no longer wants human food. Over all, the bar is calm. He doesn’t notice anyone watching him, doesn’t feel any odd behavior towards him. He’s blending in perfectly. All these humans, that he’s trying not to think about, think he is one of them, and it’s great. It’s a wonderful feeling, not nearly as hard as he thought it would be.

He finishes out the beer and asks for another, because at a bar people usually have more than one drink and he wants to seem human, right? He takes a quick look out the window, and he can barely see Harry sitting on the car. Harry’s got his phone out and he could be playing a game or answering some emails, but either way he is calm. And if Harry is calm, then Louis can be calm.

The song ends and a new one begins, this time another oldie but by someone Louis doesn’t recognize. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see a man and a woman talking animatedly at the end of the bar. It reminds Louis of the people he’d watch get together at his old job. He always liked to
spy on them, and hope that maybe they would just exchange numbers, give an actual date a chance rather than just go home to fuck. Giving it a chance has certainly worked out for him and Harry.

On the other end of the bar is a man, staring down at his drink, just as he has since Louis walked in, and muttering something to himself. Louis feels bad for him, especially since his blood wreaks of alcohol. There’s a few more people at booths, talking quietly amongst themselves, and though Louis is trying to focus on the music and not the people, he can make out a few of their conversations. There’s a business meeting about realty, a couple friends catching up on their week, and a couple discussing something about adopting a cat.

It’s all mostly nice conversations, everyone getting along well, everyone’s heartbeats calm. And Louis is about to finish his second drink when a new fellow walks into the bar. He makes a bit of a ruckus, shouts something to the bartender and Louis gets the impression they are friends.

“Oh usual?”

“Yeah, just one tonight,” the new man says as he sits down right next to Louis. Of course it had to be next to Louis.

His hand tightens on the beer bottle, and he unhappily takes another sip, significantly less calm. This man’s eyes are on him, he knows it, and his pulse is speeding up in a way that makes Louis nervous. Louis takes a glance up at the bar, and at the mirror behind the liquor bottles, he sees an overconfident smile on the man’s face. This can’t be good.

“Come here often?”

*Oh wow that’s real original,* Louis thinks as he takes a sip of the beer. He’s about to answer when the man starts to laugh in the most obnoxious way.

“Oh of course you aren’t here often, I’m here almost every day and I doubt I would have missed a pretty face like yours,” He says, sneering down at Louis.

And there it is. The overconfidence of someone who is probably well off and not used to hearing the word no. He’s probably not used to flirting with vampires either, nor does he realize Louis is one, but that doesn’t have to change any time soon.

“Nice of you to say, but if you don’t mind I’d rather not talk to anyone tonight,” Louis mutters.

“Oh come on now, I can tell you’re lonely.”

He couldn’t be more wrong, and Louis is a second away from telling him to fuck off, but then the man’s arm brushes up against his. Louis feels the warmth from it, from the blood under the skin, and he jerks his arm away. The music seems to have stopped, or maybe Louis just can’t hear it anymore over the intense thumping of the man’s heart, and he can’t breathe. *Oh god,* Louis can’t breathe without the rich, full scent of this man’s blood filling him up. He tries to push the man away, to get up and move away without having to say anything, but he’s stopped.

The man has Louis by his bicep, and he’s still smirking at him. “Hey, hey, I’m harmless, yeah? Just trying to strike up a conversation.”

“I don’t want a conversation,” Louis snaps, tugging his arm from the man’s grip. He pulls his wallet out of his pocket and tosses a few bills at the bartender, “Keep the change.”

“Hey,” The man follows him, obviously not knowing when to quit. “At least tell me your name so I have something to call you in my fantasies.”
Louis feels like he could wretch right on this asshole. “That’s disgusting. I think I’ll leave now.”

But the man pushes him, and it sends Louis’ sense over the edge. He can feel every single person in the bar, all their eyes on him and the blood in their veins. He can smell the sweet liquid pumping through all of them and he’s hungry, he’s so, so hungry. The man doesn’t seem to notice his distress, because he keeps trying to talk to Louis.

“Get away from me!” Louis yells, and his body almost topples over with how much he wants to strike at the man but can’t. He’s trying so hard to keep control, but he’s losing it fast. His eyes squeeze shut and he shakes his head, and despite his best efforts his fangs extend with a seemingly louder click than usual. He feels the rage and the hunger surge through his body and he straightens up, staring the man right in the eyes as he hisses, “I told you to get away from me.”

“Holy shit, he’s one of those freaks!” The man shouts, and a few of the people scream in fear.

Louis doesn’t want them to be afraid of him, it’s the last thing he wants and he feels awful, but he was provoked. Before he can do anything he regrets, a new pair of big, strong hands grab his arms and pull them behind his back. He sinks into the familiar warmth, body already calming just from Harry’s scent surrounding him. He whimpers and turns in Harry’s arms, muffles an apology into the vampire’s neck.

“He’s not a freak, he told you not to talk to him and you wouldn’t listen,” Harry’s cool, stern voice says. “Everyone go back to your business, it’s all fine now.”

“And just who the hell are you? His master?” The man asks with a disgusted tone.

“We don’t believe in masters in our world, human. I’m the reason you’re still alive at the moment, so if I were you I wouldn’t insult me right now,” Harry continues, wrapping his arms around Louis’ back. “We’re going.”

They are out the door in a matter of seconds. Louis is crying his eyes out in the front seat of their car in even less. Harry calmly takes his own place in the driver’s side and starts the engine. He puts some slow rock music on the radio and takes off, letting Louis get his emotions out before reflecting on what happened.

“Lou—”

“Harry, don’t.”

Harry sighs. “Baby, I know it doesn’t feel like it, but you did so good in there.”

“I scared all of them,” Louis mumbles. “I almost attacked that man.”

“He was pushing you Lou, and I wish I would have seen it coming or I wouldn’t have taken you,” Harry says. “But you were in there with all those humans for fifteen minutes before he came in. A whole fifteen minutes where nobody could tell what you are, and where you didn’t give in to any urges. I’m so proud of you for that.”

“I fucked it up, though,” Louis snaps. He covers his eyes with his hands and brings his knees up to his chest. “Fifteen minutes isn’t that long.”

“It is when it’s your first trial out amongst the humans.”

“Stop trying to make me feel better,” Louis groans, crossing his arms over his chest. “I just want to be able to see my old friends.”
“I know Sunshine, and I’m sorry if I’m upsetting you, but I am proud,” Harry says, placing a hand over Louis’ knee for comfort. “We don’t have to try again soon, if you don’t want, even though I still think it would be good for you.”

“Let’s just focus on the party for a couple days, yeah? I-I don’t want to be set up for more disappointment,” Louis says quietly, staring out the side of the convertible and at the woods they’re passing by.

“I don’t think you should be disappointed by tonight, and I’m going to do everything I can to convince you that this was a success,” Harry says, trying his best to sound cheerful. He really is proud of Louis for sticking it out as long as he did. He knows that together they can help Louis get over the urges, but he also knows that Louis is right about one thing. If he keeps pushing Louis try and be around humans when Louis doesn’t want to, it could make Louis frustrated to the point of attacking humans every second.

For this night, however, Harry will take what he got. He’s going to refrain from calling Zayn about it, and maybe let Louis pick the next time they go out.

+ 

There’s a light, white mist surrounding Louis and tracing all along the woods he’s walking through. He doesn’t exactly know where he is, nor why, but he doesn’t feel like he’s in any danger. His feet are taking him through a thin, dirt path, and surrounded by tall bald cypress trees. It’s eerie and dark, but somehow calming and he doesn’t understand a thing going on.

Eventually the path leads into murky swamp water, but Louis keeps going. He can see a small, foggy clearing up ahead where the water is still dark but shallow. He stops by one of the trees when he hears the sound of water splashing to his right. He turns and gasps when he sees what made the noise.

It’s a white wolf, which is odd because Louis is pretty sure the only wolves they have in Louisiana are red wolves… but this wolf is beautiful. Its fur is so bright and pure, and Louis is so tempted to reach out and pet it, but he’s too far. The wolf’s bright blue eyes are piercing through him, but it’s not growling, just staring. It feels like Louis knows the wolf, has known it for a long time, but he doesn’t recognize it at all. How could he recognize a wolf anyway?

“What do you want?” Louis tries to ask, but his voice comes out muggy and grating.

The wolf only makes a soft purring noise, and it starts to crawl closer to him. It glides through the water with such grace and ease, but it isn’t coming toward Louis. In fact, it’s eyes dart to just over Louis’ shoulder, and the wolf starts to bare its teeth, growling softly. Then Louis feels another presence behind him, a much more sinister presence, and nothing like the warm vibe he gets from the wolf.

He turns around to find a dark, man-like figure standing behind him. Its hands are balled into fists and it looks ready to fight, but Louis isn’t sure why. He tries to figure out who it is, and why they’re here, and why the wolf is growling at them. Louis tries to step closer but the man holds up a hand and suddenly Louis can’t move, he tries and tries as hard as he can but his feet are stuck. The man starts to laugh, and that’s when Louis sees that it isn’t a man at all, but a vampire.

A vampire with no face but a somewhat familiar laugh, and it makes Louis’ skin crawl. The vampire’s fangs are long and pearly white, and already covered in blood. Now that Louis can focus on it better, he sees that most of the vampire’s body is covered in blood, like he just gorged on a group of humans.
The wolf barks at the vampire, and Louis watches as the wolf runs and pounces at the vampire, growling and gnashing its teeth. Suddenly, the vampire grabs the wolf and throws it away from his body, the wolf landing with a painful whimper.

“Wait!” Louis tries to help the injured wolf, but he still can’t move. He watches helplessly as the wolf gets up and shakes itself off, limping over the vampire to try and attack again. “No! Wait!”

“Wait!” Louis shouts as he darts straight up on the bed. His body is sweating and his chest is heaving and he realizes it was all a bizarre dream. He brings one of his hands up to his chest while his pulse relaxes, and he looks around the light tight bedroom. Harry is still asleep next to him, the clock says 2 o’clock, and Louis is wide awake.

Since he was turned, Louis hasn’t been up during the day, for the obvious reason of not being able to go in the sun without frying. But, it’s April and he can hear the birds chirping outside, and bees buzzing, and even a few bunnies running around, and he kind of misses it. Louis wishes there was a way he could just peak outside, but it’s impossible. Still, Louis is awake and he doesn’t want to be, and there really isn’t anything else to do. The only rooms that are light tight are the bedroom, Harry’s office, the master bath, and the old stairs that go into the kitchen.

Louis decides to get a few sips of some blood to calm him down from his dream, and maybe knock a few party planning things out of the way. He slowly pulls the covers off his body, and tucks them into Harry’s body, giving his maker a little kiss on the cheek before rolling off the bed. He steps into his black boxers and pulls them up over his hips, then grabs Harry’s shirt from last and lazily throws it over his shoulders. He doesn’t bother with the buttons.

The old stairs to the kitchen are located behind an old door across the hall from their bedroom, which Harry had installed decades ago when he first bought the house. They creaked with every step and had no rail, and Louis was afraid he would fall right through if he stayed still too long. Luckily he makes it down in one piece and is able to hide out in the kitchen. There’s still some o negative in a wine bottle in the fridge, so louis pours himself a glass and pops it into the microwave to heat up.

The sound of the birds and bees is louder down here, and he looks up at the kitchen window, covered by the black light tight material, wishing he could watch them. The light tight covers can’t be brought up manually, however, and are on a timer to go up at sunset. It is the safest way for vampires like Louis and Harry to live, but right now, it feels somewhat confining. Their mansion isn’t a prison by any means, he loves it so much, but he’s just a young vampire, still feels a bit human. He knows there are pictures up in Harry’s office of the day time, the ones Louis took back when he was a human, but he’s pretty sure looking at them would just make him sad. So much about the situation makes him sad, and he’s sure if he could at least visit his human friends he would feel better.

Of course now Louis’ got himself thinking about what a failure he was at trying to be around humans, and it’s just making him more depressed. He’s thinking about how he hasn’t been able to talk to V or Charlie, because he’s back to hearing their voices and getting hungry. God, if only Harry could magically make Louis resistant to his stupid urges. What use is a maker and Soulmate connection, if Harry can’t even taper down Louis’ baby vampire instincts?

“I just want this stupid part to be over,” Louis mumbles to himself as he sips the warmed blood.

“I’m trying to help.”

“Ah!” Louis yelps and turns around, nearly spilling the blood all over himself. He glares at Harry.

“Sorry!” Harry apologizes, catching Louis by his sides. “Nice shirt.”
“Thanks, it’s new,” Louis grins.

“What are you doing up at this time anyway?”

“I had a weird dream and it woke me up,” Louis says with a shrug. “I didn’t feel like going back to sleep.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Harry coos, pulling Louis closer for a sweet kiss. “What happened in the dream.”

“It was the strangest thing,” Louis starts, putting the glass down on the counter. He brings his hands up and settles them around Harry’s neck, tapping his fingers on Harry’s shoulders. “So like, I was walking through this creepy ass swamp, in a fucking fog, which what? And why? And then there was this wolf, and—hey you have wolf friends!”

“Yes, I do,” Harry says, slowly nodding his head as he tries to understand Louis’ dream.

“Is it common for werewolves to have completely white fur?” Louis asks.

“Um, I personally don’t know any werewolves that fit that description, but I suppose it’s possible. Was it a werewolf in your dream?”

“I think so,” Louis says, face scrunching up in a frown. “I mean it was in wolf form the whole time, but it was like my dream self knew it was a werewolf. And it also felt so familiar, like it was my friend or something. And then there was this vampire, who was also familiar but not in a good way.”

“Who was it?” Harry asks, voice dropping into a stern, concerned tone.

“I don’t know, I couldn’t see its face, just its fangs,” Louis explains. “Anyway, the wolf didn’t seem to mind me, but it attacked the vampire. Oh! And the vampire was using some kind of magic to keep me frozen in place, because I wanted to help the wolf, but I couldn’t move. And the poor thing got injured when he attacked the vampire, and god it was not a fun dream.”

“That sounds awful, Babe,” Harry says, petting Louis’ sides. “I honestly don’t have an explanation for it, but I’m no dream expert.”

“It’s okay, it’s probably nothing,” Louis sighs. “All this crazy supernatural stuff is just jumbling up my mind. I do still feel like a human sometimes; you know? I mean except for when I was actually around the humans.”

“Again, I’m sorry that didn’t go how you wanted,” Harry says, thinking about the previous week when he’d taken Louis to the bar. “But it really was better than it could have been. Next time I’ll go in with you, okay? I think you’ll do better with me there to calm you.”

“I couldn’t agree more, and let’s not pretend like this was your idea,” Louis says with a smirk. “I wanted you there with me the first time, mister.”

“I know, I know,” Harry chuckles. “I promise to listen to your gut next time, and forever, literally.”

“Oh? You’ll do anything I say?” Louis asks, biting his lip and batting his long, pretty lashes up at his Soulmate.

“I’ll follow your every wish,” Harry says, kissing Louis’ cheek. “And command,” he kisses the other cheek. “But right now would you please listen to me?”
Louis sighs over dramatically, “I suppose.”

“Come back to bed? I know you think you’re wide awake, but the sun is going to go down and then it will be night, and then it will go back up hours later and…that’s a long time to be awake. I don’t want to mess up your sleeping pattern,” Harry says.

“Oh, dad,” Louis groans. “What’s the big deal? I’ve had a fucked up sleep schedule before, remember? I was a human with a job in the day time and a vampire boyfriend in the night time.”

“Yes, but now you’re a vampire and if you spend too much time awake, especially during the daylight hours, you could get sick,” Harry says. He groans to himself and curses because he never explained this to Louis and he feels shitty for leaving things out, but it’s hard to remember everything. Especially when he’s always been responsible about his sleeping.

“What would happen?”

“Umm, well, we call it the bleeds, and it’s when your body starts to grow so exhausted that you get sluggish and weak, and most of the time it leads to nosebleeds and things like that. Yes, it’s pretty gruesome, but we’re the undead and shit happens,” Harry says, trying to sound nonchalant.

“That is so gross,” Louis says, cringing at the thought. “Why have you never told me this?”

“It never came up,” Harry says sheepishly. “But if you go back to sleep right now, you won’t have that problem.”

“Have you ever had that problem?”

“Once, a really long time ago. And it was painful and yes, it was gross, and I would prefer it if you never had to experience it,” Harry says, turning Louis around, and pushing him toward the stairs. “So back to bed, no worrying about that dream, because even though things are looking dismal in our little vampire world, the wolves are not involved. I’m sure Liam would call if anything was wrong.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right, you have more experience with this.”

“And don’t you forget it,” Harry quips. He suddenly picks Louis up and cradles him in his strong arms, and Louis giggles as he clutches at Harry’s neck. They’re back in bed soon enough, with Harry’s shirt once again on the floor where Louis found it, and Louis wrapped around Harry’s back. He snuggles up close so his face is tucked comfortably into Harry’s neck, and he takes a soft sniff of Harry’s scent. He always smells so good to Louis, so perfect and homely. It relaxes Louis back into a dreamless, deep sleep.

+ 

There’s something desperate and hurried in the way Louis is tugging and pushing Harry out the front door. He’d looked up the tour a couple days ago, a nighttime tour through one of the oldest New Orleans plantations, and has been pestering Harry about it ever since. It’s not that Harry doesn’t want to go on the tour, but he hasn’t had any time off from work, and Louis can’t exactly go by himself.

“I’m surprised you even want to go to this, Lou,” Harry says, quickly pulling his leopard jacket on as he pushed to the door. “I thought you wanted to stay away from human’s after last time?”

“I did, but now I’m listening to you and I want to go out in the world again. It’s pathetic being holed up in the mansion like some old, fictional creature of the night, it’s boring,” Louis huffs, tapping his little foot on the tile floor. The truth is, there is another reason why Louis wants to speed up the
process, but he’s embarrassed about it. Louis wants Harry to think he is doing this on his own, and for himself. “Let’s just go, yeah? You haven’t had time off in so long.”

“Alright, alright,” Harry says, chuckling as Louis pulls him to their car. “What? Why are we driving there? It’s faster to walk, since you’re in this big hurry.”

“Yes, but if we are supposed to be blending as humans then we can’t use our freaky vampire speed to walk there,” Louis says, rolling his eyes as he pulls out the keys. “Now come on, maker, let’s get this show on the road.”

With a puzzled frown, Harry follows Louis into the car. He stares at Louis for most of the drive, the car silent but for soft music on the radio. After almost half an hour of driving into the countryside, they pull up to the public parking lot and Louis chooses a spot close to the back. His erratic behavior increases, as he stumbles out of the car and nearly drops the keys several times on his way to locking the door. Harry stares more. He’s not sure if it’s Louis, or the fact that this tour is rather crowded that worries him more. He has to catch the tickets before they blow away when Louis drops those as well.

“Easy there, Sunshine,” Harry grunts as he grabs the tickets and hands them back to Louis. “Is everything okay with you? You’re acting…strange.”

“I’m fine!” Louis responds, almost too quickly. He clutches the tickets tightly in his hand and starts to walk ahead, keeping his head down and eyes trained on the ground when they pass the first group of humans.

The faint sound of soft, high laughter stuns Harry, and he grabs Louis’ elbow to yank him back when he sees who the laughter came from. “Lou, there are kids here.”

Sure enough, when Louis does actually look up, he sees a family with two little kids, a boy and girl who couldn’t be more than ten years old, trotting up to the plantation entrance. Louis takes a deep breath through his mouth, nodding when he lets it out. “Oh well, I mean, I’m here to become tolerant of blood, and isn’t it against our laws to feed from a child anyway?”

“Well yes, but because you aren’t yet tolerant of blood, you could be putting yourself in danger,” Harry says cautiously. He turns Louis around and places his index finger under Louis’ chin to tilt it up, forcing Louis to look into his eyes. “Are you sure about this?”

“Yes,” Louis says, voice only shaking slightly.

Harry purses his lips and his brow cocks up suspiciously. “Completely? And there’s no special reason why we are here tonight?”

“I’m completely sure,” Louis says. He leans up and gives Harry a quick kiss, then reaches down with his hand to join it with Harry’s. “Let’s have some fun, yeah? I read that this place grows some of the hottest peppers in the south.”

“Not that we could try them anyway,” Harry says, finally giving Louis a smile.

“No,” Louis smirks. “But we can watch the humans struggle to try them, and that will be funny.”

Harry laughs, shaking his head at Louis’ mischievous smirk. “You are completely right. And don’t forget that we can leave any time you feel it’s too much.”

They walk hand in hand to the front entrance, taking information pamphlets from the greeter, both ignoring the disapproving looks one old couple gives them. If only they knew what Harry and Louis
are, they would still be disgusted but not as obvious about it.

The gates open and Louis is blown away by the sheer beauty of the property. Even in the dark, they can see that the actual plantation mansion is even bigger than Harry’s old mansion. It’s pure white with six towering columns that reach all the way up to the fourth floor. Upon a quick count, Louis can see 38 windows, and this is only the front of the mansion. There’s a picketed porch that surrounds the entire ground floor, and a balcony on the upper three levels. The front door is tall and a dark brown color, with intricate, nature inspired carvings etched around it in an arch. This is the most beautiful place Louis has seen since Harry’s, and he honestly can’t believe people actually lived in here. Then again, he can’t believe he gets to call Harry’s mansion home either.

“You’ll catch flies with your mouth open like that,” Harry softly jokes, nuzzling Louis’ cheek with his nose.

Louis closes his mouth, but his eyes remain wide open. “Sorry, it’s just…it’s so big. Bigger than ours.”

“Bigger than Zayn’s too, if we’re keeping track,” Harry says nonchalantly. “But Zayn is more about quality than quantity, then again you saw when we were there.”

“Oh yes, I remember,” Louis says quietly. He remembers being surprised that the King of the Louisiana vampires didn’t have a bigger property. “Come on, the tour starts in the mansion, then we get to walk around the rest of the property, like the gardens and pepper fields.”

“Jesus,” Harry groans, reading through the pamphlet. “Do they really expect us to walk through a property this big?”

“We don’t have go through every single square-inch, you know?” Louis giggles. “Let’s at least go through the mansion, and then we can just casually stroll the outdoor parts, alright? Come on, Harry. As a human I could never afford to go to one of these things.”

“Well don’t we start with the outdoor parts, yeah?” Harry asks. He immediately goes into defense mode when Louis starts to argue, and squeezes Louis’ hand tighter. “Baby, inside that mansion, you will be in an enclosed space surrounded by humans. And who knows how confusing it will be to navigate your way out if anything happens. We have to take baby-steps. If you can handle being out here with the humans, then we will go inside.”

Louis groans, rolling his eyes. “Fine, as you wish, maker.”

“I only do this because I care.”

“Yeah, I know,” Louis mumbles.

They follow a little dirt path around the side of the mansion, and under a long path of willow trees until they meet up with the first group of humans at the gardens. Louis squeezes Harry’s hand as they walk between the group, keeping his eyes ahead, and mind off of listening to them. He stumbles a bit when the same kids from earlier run past him to look at a patch of purple and pink flowers, but Harry catches him. The garden truly is beautiful, much better upkeep than the one at home, but that’s to be expected from a place that literally sells tickets.

Still, Louis takes notes on the set up, and carefully reads each plaque about the wife of the original owner, who was the one who first started the large garden. Everything seems to be going as planned, and Louis is actually feeling a lot calmer than he thought. He’s able to relax enough that he doesn’t need to hold Harry’s hand, and even walks a few feet ahead of them when the tour group moves on.
He can still feel Harry’s protective and watchful eyes on his every move, but it’s more comforting than annoying at this point.

They stop at a long row of rose bushes, ranging from white, to pink, to red, to orange, to yellow in an array of warmth. Louis just stares at the perfect way the roses blend in color with complete and utter awe. He feels Harry crowd up behind him, and smiles to himself when Harry’s arms curl up around his torso. Harry starts to kiss Louis’ neck as they take a long look at the roses. “Sure is beautiful here.”

“Yeah,” Louis sighs. “Wouldn’t mind having something like this at home.”

“Couldn’t agree more,” Harry mumbles into Louis’ soft neck. He can’t help himself when he starts to gently lick and nip at the tan skin, hair tickling Louis’ neck and shoulder. Harry can only stop when he hears a disapproving grunt from behind them.

The old couple from the parking lot are shaking their heads at them, the woman is tapping her foot on the gravel, and the scene is funnier than it is intimidating. Louis just laughs at them and gives Harry a big, long kiss, before tugging Harry along to the next part of the garden. They walk a little faster than the other people in the group, so they can have a bit of privacy in the romantic garden. Harry follows Louis through the willow trees and colorful flower bushes until they are far enough away that nobody else can see or hear them.

It feels like they’re some kind of forbidden couple, with the way they are hiding and giggling. Harry gets lost in the way Louis looks in the dim moonlight and lantern light, so soft and beautiful, eyes sparkling with the reflections. They stop by a rather tall tree with a thick trunk and Louis pushes Harry against it. He laughs some more and kisses Harry, from his lips to his neck.

“So I assume you’re feeling okay, then?” Harry asks, pushing Louis back by his shoulders, ignoring the little pout he gets in return. “Don’t give me that look, this is not supposed to be a romantic outing.”

“Hey I can’t help it that my new body craves you all the time,” Louis says with a wink. “Half the time I’m hungry for blood, and the other half I’m hungry for you. It’s very rare that I feel nothing. And I’ll have you know that right now I’m craving you because I can’t smell anything but the flowers and the trees. I guess my crazing urges are going with the only option they can get.”

“Wow, thanks Louis’ urges,” Harry says with a fake pout, crossing his arms over his chest. “But really, you can’t smell the humans at all?”

“Nope.” Louis says, smacking his lips on the ‘p’. “Between the garden and the pepper fields nearby, my senses are completely blocked out. This is the best I have felt in so long.”

“I’m glad to hear,” Harry gives out a relieved sigh. Although, it’s really not very relieved. “This still doesn’t mean you’ll be okay in that mansion. Out here in the open the scent of blood can dissipate and disappear behind all the other natural scents of the world, but in there it will be more concentrated.”

“Thanks for the science lesson, Doctor Styles,” Louis moans with a frown. “Don’t be such a nervous nelly. I-I really think I can do it tonight.”

Although still a little skeptical, Harry just bites his tongue and lets Louis lead him to the pepper field. He does, however, notice Louis’ cellphone in his back pocket, and he notices the way Louis taps it every few minutes. As if to check that it is still there, or as if he’s expecting some kind of message, Harry isn’t exactly sure. He decides against asking about it, electing to focus on the task at hand.
They pass through a row of sweet red peppers and Louis takes a long sniff of them, smiling at the familiar scent. Harry takes a sniff as well, even though it’s been so long since he’s eaten human food, the scents can still be comforting at times. They get to a patch of spicy green peppers and Louis’ entire faces scrunches up when he smells them, even the scent too spicy for a vampire.

“Oh god, that’s rank,” Louis coughs, waving his hands around. He shoves Harry when the older vampire laughs at him. “You are so mean.”

“Hey—”

“Oh look!” Louis excitedly points to the old couple who apparently hates the two of them, just in time to see the crabby wife take a bite of one of the spicy peppers. She starts yelling and fussing about how spicy it is, even slaps her husband and hobbles over to the nearest drinking fountain for some water to settle her burning tongue. “Now that’s karma for you!”

“Oh gosh,” Harry chuckles, throwing his arm around Louis’ shoulder. “Well, I can’t say I pity her.”

“I sure don’t,” Louis says, wrapping his own arm around Harry’s waist. “So, how about that mansion?”

Harry stops walking, eyes darting up to the back of the plantation house. “A-are you absolutely sure about this?”

“For the millionth time tonight, yes I am sure,” Louis says impatiently. “We don’t even have to walk through the whole thing, you know? Just the first floor and maybe the second… I don’t know. I’m just ready to get in there where the action is.”

“Okay.”

Getting into the mansion is easy. Louis is calm and although he has to pause before walking up the porch and into the bright front hall, he pulls himself together and takes the few steps. It’s when they’re actually in the mansion does the scent hit him like a ton of bricks. The potent, fresh scent of human blood, swarms around Louis in hoards and he falls back into Harry’s strong chest. But he refuses to let this be ruined. He refuses to let his young vampire body win this time. He taps his phone a couple times, then straightens up and follows the guide through the hall.

There are humans in every room, and the scent of humans past is practically embedded in the old walls of the mansion. Even Harry is stunned at how potent the smell is, and grabs Louis’ shoulders to give support. He couldn’t be more proud of Louis for this, but he is so frightened at what could possibly go wrong. There are more children in the house than there were outside.

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“Still okay?” Harry whispers to Louis’ ear.

All he gets as a response is a soft whimper and a nod, but it’s good enough considering the surroundings. The fact that Louis is still cognizant is an accomplishment in and of itself. They aren’t even paying attention to the guides or the facts about the house, because both are trying to keep Louis in check. He wishes it was easier, he wishes he wasn’t having these dark thoughts, he wishes he was stronger than he is, but he’s going to make it through. He has to. There are people who want to see him.

“I-I can do this,” Louis whispers to himself.

They turn a corner together and Louis accidentally runs into a human, and the scent practically smacks him in the face. It envelopes his entire body, his entire mind, and with a low grunt his body doubles over. He shakes and cries while Harry swears above him and then kneels down to help.
“Lou? Baby talk to me.”

“I-I…oh god,” Louis groans. The scent is everywhere. It’s caving him in. It’s making the room smaller and smaller and his body is getting weaker and weaker by the second. He’s lost any semblance of control, but he’d only tricked himself into thinking he had any to begin with. His fangs involuntarily extend and he covers his mouth with a painful sob, bloody tears forming in his eyes. “I-I’m sorry. I-I can’t do this”

Before Harry can stop him, Louis is off the ground and running at full speed out of the mansion. “Shit,” Harry panics, and ignores the shocked reactions from the humans, as he chases Louis to the parking lot. However, once he’s out there, he can’t find Louis anywhere. “Louis! Louis where are you?”

Harry pauses and focuses all of his energy on Louis’, using their connection to mentally track him down. Once he feels Louis’ presence, he lets his body carry him there, following Louis with the energy they share. He catches Louis in the middle of the woods, about two miles away from the mansion, and their car, sobbing in a ball on the ground. The first thing Harry notices is Louis’ phone on the ground a few feet away from the rest of him.

He carefully picks up the phone, not bothering to look at it without Louis’ blessing, and sits down next to his lover. “Baby? Are you okay?”

“Do I fucking look okay, Harry?” Louis asks miserably.

“No, but that doesn’t mean I shouldn’t ask,” Harry responds. He starts to rub Louis’ back in soothing circles, placing the phone by Louis’ hands. “Are you going to tell me what this is all about? And not just the panic attack, but everything about you tonight?”

Louis takes a deep breath and finally opens his eyes. He taps open the phone and pulls up his texts, then pushes the phone back to Harry. “I got these a couple days ago.”

From Veeee: Hi babes, I know your man doesn’t want us to talk to you yet, but I just wanted to check in on you! Hope everything’s going well and we can’t wait until you’re well enough to see us again!

From Charlie: LOUIS! at least send a short message back so I can get the wife off my back. Shes worried about you kiddo.

“Shit, of course.” Harry sighs, putting the phone back down.

“Don’t be mad at them,” Louis says quietly.

“I’m not, I’m really not. How could I be mad about them caring about you so much?” Harry says. He pushes the hair out of Louis’ eyes and cleans the blood from his teary eyes. “And I’m not mad at you either, okay? I understand why you were so eager to come out tonight.”

“But it was too soon, you were right.”

“Yeah, but I’m not about to be a dick about it,” Harry says with a soft laugh. “I can’t blame you for missing your friends, and I’m not mad that you want to see them. I’m just upset that you didn’t tell me about these messages, or why you wanted to do this. I would have…I don’t know…I would have suggested somewhere less crowded, like that bar the first time.”

“I was just so impatient. I miss them so much, but the very thought of being near them makes me
hungry.”

“Well, you can always call them, you know? I mean I’m not trying to keep you in a prison, I’m just trying to help you keep the ones you love safe. I promise that I will do everything I can, and everything you think you need, in order to help you gain your tolerance.”

“Well,” Louis says so quiet Harry almost misses it. He can’t even look at Harry for what he’s about to suggest. “Umm, could we maybe…I guess…I mean, maybe we shoul…get Zayn’s help.”

“I didn’t get that last part?”

Louis lets out a long, deep sigh. He pushes himself off the dirty ground and sits with his legs crossed, hands fidgeting in his lap. “I said, we should…get Zayn’s help.”

“Are you being serious?” Harry asks. He’s honestly shocked that Louis would suggest this, because he was pretty sure he would have to force Louis to go to Zayn.

“Unfortunately, yes I am,” Louis mutters. “I’m not happy about it, but he wanted to help, and you want us to get along, and I…I need him. I need whatever he’s got to offer for this.”

“Oh, Sunshine,” Harry gasps, kissing Louis’ cheek. “You won’t regret this, okay? I know he will take it very seriously.”

“I better not, for both our sakes,” Louis says with a stern frown. “I don’t want any funny business from him, or we are back to doing the hard way.”

“He will be on his best behavior, I will make him promise,” Harry assures Louis. He picks Louis up and cradles him in his arms, beginning the walk back to where they left their car. “And I promise that you will get through this. I’ll make that promise to you every day if I have to.”

“I know,” Louis says sweetly. “I love you so much.” He gives Harry a quick kiss and then rests his head on the man’s shoulder for the rest of the walk. Louis is still nervous about having to go to Zayn for this, but he really is afraid he’s out of options. Only time and patience will tell.

+ Three Vampire Bars in Houston Under Attack By Anti-Vampire Church Members

Three of the most popular vampire bars in Texas were set on fire by arsonists believed to be followers of known Vampire hating Church. The crimes were committed during the daytime, and resulted in the True Deaths of the owners of the bar, a few workers, and even a couple human employees. The bodies of the human employees were found on the upper level of the bars, and it was discovered later that the owners of said bars were known to have rested in the basements most days…

Wife of Prominent Vermont Vampire Reported Missing

The wife of one of Vermont’s most politically influential vampires has been missing for a week, and is rumored to have been taken by members of a Vampire hating Church. The state of Vermont made history when it became the first state to legalize vampire marriage under USA law, and the vampire community has since been under a constant threat…

“We have protests almost every day for the expulsion of these undead creatures. They are an imminent threat to humanity’s very survival, and yet our government does nothing! They legalize these Vampire Bars and Blood banks, they set ineffective rules for sharing blood with these...
parasites, but when will it end? When will the undead bastards finally have enough of all we have given and try to take it all back? We are no match for them now! We have no weapons to defend ourselves! The human race needs to wake up and unite against these creatures, we must take a stand and take back our country!”

“Our community has no interest in world domination. We just wish to live as equal people to the humans, whom we depend so much on. We all owe our survival to you, sir, and not a single Vampire around today would risk losing what we have. I can guarantee that humans suffer no threat from us, but perhaps you should look to each other for danger. In the last couple years since we have made our worldwide existence known, there have been more human deaths caused by humans, then there have been human deaths caused by Vampires. In fact, statistically, you are more likely to be threatened by a shark, than to be attacked by a Vampire. We are civilized creatures who have spent centuries learning how to control our animalistic urges. All we ask is for recognition that our rights matter, and that we are people equal to you.”

Vampire Commits Public Suicide in Los Angeles Park

Tourists and locals alike were horrified to witness the True Death of a Vampire, who seemingly chose to end their life. He was able to make it all the way from his residence, two miles from the site of his final steps, whilst his body burned and he screamed in pain. The onlookers said he knelt to the ground in the middle of the park for only a moment before his body was engulfed in flames and then burned to a crisp. Upon investigation of his residence, LAPD found evidence of a Staking, in the form of a pool of blood in the middle of the floor. It is not known who committed the Staking…

+ “I took the liberty of pre-bottling my special supply of blood, so Louis doesn’t have to have any interactions with humans during your stay tonight,” Zayn announces as he leads Harry and Louis into a private dining area.

The room is much more comfortable and homey than his indoor pool room where they had met before. Once again, the overall theme and décor reminds Louis of ancient Greece or Rome, with scenes of myths painting all the way up to the ceiling. The chairs they sit in are gold, the table is wood from a very old tree, and the blood has been bottled up in wine bottles that once held wine from the nineteenth century. Louis is much more comfortable in this room, mostly because the light isn’t as bright as the pool room. He understands Zayn’s yearning for a reminder of the daylight, but his eyes were practically blinded in the other room.

“That’s very kind of you, Zayn,” Louis says politely, sitting in one of the golden chairs, while Harry sits next to him. It’s rather cold underneath him. “Already off to a better start than normal.”

The comment makes Zayn laugh, as he makes his way over to one of the tall, glass cabinets that hold wine flutes. He carefully picks three from the stock and sets them on the long wood table. “I’m glad to hear it. You know, I was only trying to have some fun those other times, but when Harry here called and said you genuinely wanted my help…well I was touched.”

“I honestly can’t tell if you are being sarcastic,” Louis says skeptically. He takes one of the glasses Zayn offers, and looks the man up and down, as if Zayn was going to pull some kind of prank at a moment’s notice.

Instead, Zayn only sighs and shakes his head, disappointed in Louis’ lack of faith in him. “I am being serious. I remember what it was like to be in the beginning stages, believe it or not.” He says earnestly as he opens up the first bottle of blood. It’s labeled with ‘Vegan, Female, A Positive’, and Harry realizes it’s from the human girl he’d walked in on Zayn feeding from at his last visit. Zayn
pours them each half a glass before continuing, “Honestly, I hadn’t thought about it for many
centuries, but you’ve sort of caused my mind to bring back old memories. Lots of bad memories, but
also some good ones.”

“Oh, well, that’s good, I guess,” Louis says as he takes his first sip. The blood isn’t as sweet as Louis
is used to, but it is pretty good.

“Yes, and I thank you for reminding me of the good times with my maker,” Zayn says fondly as he
too takes his sip. “Oh, I meant to ask, have you guys had sex yet?”

Louis spits out the blood, and Harry nearly chokes in, both of them staring up at a smirking Zayn
with wide, angered yes. Louis is about to speak up when Harry gets his anger out first. “Zayn what
the fuck kind of question is that?”

“A perfectly valid one,” Zayn says, winking at Louis while he finishes his glass. “I’ll have you both
know, Harry you might not have ever known this considering how you started out, but frequent sex
with your maker helps to even out the urges. Louis will get all his extra energy out on that, and not as
much on feeding from humans. From what I’ve seen so far, I’m going to say you two took have been
lacking in that department.”

“That’s really none of your business,” Harry scoffs, placing his empty hand on Louis’ thigh under
the table. The muscles tense up at his touch, but Harry knows it’s not him that’s making Louis so
tochy. “That part of our relationship is none of your business.”

“Hey, you asked for my help, yeah? I’m passing on my knowledge to you,” Zayn says defensively.
“If it helps, I have more of that aphrodisiac blood, you remember it don’t you Harry? I could send a
bottle home with you two if you want?”

“Thanks, but no thanks,” Louis says sharply. He finishes his first glass and places it back on the
table, pushing it towards Zayn. “Any more advice that doesn’t involve how often Harry and I have
sex?”

“Yes,” Zayn says with a light chuckle. He pours them each a second glass of blood, emptying the
bottle. “First, let’s finish up the first bottle of blood, it’s a good palate cleanser. I find it’s much better
right from the source, but you two already saw that.”

“Ugh,” Louis groans, face twisting up in disgust. “Do you only think about sex?”

“Just when I’m around pretty things like you, dear Loui.”

Harry’s hand tightens up on Louis’ thigh, this time because of Zayn. He knows his friend’s flirting
isn’t serious, but it doesn’t make him any less jealous. “Can we focus on the task at hand, please?”

“Settle down there, no need to go all possessive on me, Haz. You know I’m just playing around.”

After a pause, Harry sits back and starts to gently pet Louis’ thigh, grinning at Zayn, “Oh sure. But
make more comments like that, and I’ll invite all my werewolf friends over here for a surprise dinner
party.”

Zayn’s expression drops, “You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.”

“Hold on,” Louis speaks up, waving a hand between the two older vampires. “I thought the
werewolves were our friends?”
“They are, but Zayn is still afraid of them,” Harry says with his cocky grin only growing bigger.

“I’m not afraid of them,” The king spits out. “I fought beside them didn’t I? They’re just so…messy. And brutish…I mean they’re part animal for fucks sake. And they’re very strong.” It’s only when Louis starts giggling at him, does Zayn shake his head and stop his rambling. “You know what? You didn’t come here to talk about werewolves, or the fact that they will be coming back into my state soon. You came here for advice about Louis, and I intend to give it to you.”

“Finally,” Louis says under his breath.

“Have you two considered the fact that I’m not telling you what will truly help, because you two won’t like it? Harry, I’ve known you for centuries, and while I haven’t been acquainted with Louis as long, I can tell you value human life. As do I, but I’m a lot more realistic than Harry is about it. So when I tell you the sure fire way to get Louis out of this phase, you have to promise to actually consider it, got it?” He asks. When the two nod in agreement, Zayn sighs and continues. “Okay, good. Because the best way for Louis to fulfill his urges and get over this face on non-control is…well he is going to have drain a human completely.”

“What?” Louis gasps, nearly dropping the glass onto the ground. “I-I have to…no, I can’t do that! I can’t kill an innocent human!”

“I never said he had to be innocent,” Zayn responds matter-of-factly. “I can easily find you a criminal, someone who definitely doesn’t deserve to live, and you can do him.”

“Who are you to say who doesn’t deserve to live?” Louis snaps.

“I’m nobody, really, just a friend trying to help, and trying to do it in a way that will make you feel the least guilty.”

Harry is shaking his head. He can’t picture Louis killing a human like that, not while his own memories of that very activity are still so painful. “There has to be a better way. We’re trying to integrate into society, Zayn, we can’t just kill a human. It goes against all of our new laws.”

“These new laws come with exceptions for cases like Louis’, I thought I told you,” Zayn tries to explain. He knew they would react like this. He knew they wouldn’t like what they had to do, but it was their only option. Especially considering the ball just being less than three months away, and the fact that so many humans would be there.

“Trust me, even if you had told me about this before, we would still be saying no,” Harry mumbles. “The Elders really allow this sort of thing to happen? And the American government as well?”

“Yes, and that really shouldn’t be surprising news to you,” Zayn responds, equally annoyed as Harry at the conversation. It’s not that he enjoys the idea of using human beings like this, but they are vampires and it is what they are meant to do. He can’t help that death is in his nature, but Zayn know his limits, and he knows the value of life. He is still surprised that Harry isn’t willing to put his morals away for the sake of his Soulmate’s mental health. “I will do all the dirty work of picking someone out, and I can send you a report of their crimes. The only part of the deed you will have to participate in is the actual draining of the human.”

“Louis would still be killing someone—”

“I’ll do it!” Louis finally speaks up. He stands up from the seat with his hands slamming on the table in order to get the attention of the squabbling older vampires. “I won’t like it, but I will drain this criminal if it’s what must be done in order to feel somewhat normal again.”
“S-Sunshine, you don’t know what it is you are agreeing to,” Harry says softly, sadly, placing a gentle hand over Louis’. 

“Yes I do,” Louis snaps back at him. “Harry, you know how I’m feeling. Because of our bond you feel my pain too, and you know that I can’t live like this anymore. I’m so…so tired. If this is what has to happen in order to purge all this energy, then so be it. I’m a vampire now, and I would have to kill a human eventually I imagine. I-I want you to be there with me when I do it, because I’ll need your presence to help me.”

With worried eyes and a disappointed frown, Harry nods to agree to the terms. Rationally, he knows Louis is right. In this world, Louis would eventually have to kill a human, or he would do it by accident someday. Still, the thought of his sweet Louis ending a life disturbs Harry, because a part of him still thinks of Louis as the fragile human he was not too long ago. It’s time for Harry to just put that thought away, and accept that he made Louis into this. He made him this because it’s how they belong together, and how they will be together forever. Harry can already feel how strong of a vampire Louis is, and not just in the way a newborn is strong.

“Okay, if you think you can handle it, my love, then we’ll do it,” Harry agrees.

“Thank you,” Louis says. He sits back down and gives Harry a sweet kiss, before turning back to Zayn. “Pick someone terrible, though, who definitely committed their crime. If I’m going to do this, it’s going to be on someone who truly deserves it.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” Zayn says with an understanding smile. He stands up once more and goes to a wall length wine rack to get the next four bottles for them to try. “So, now that we have all that settled, shall we move on with the taste testing?”

Harry and Louis agree, and pass Zayn their respective glasses. The first blood they try is from an Amazonian boy, whom Zayn claims to keep special watch on from overseas. His blood is savory and strong, because he has been kept so isolated from the modern world, and lives in the deepest depths of the South American rainforest. Apparently Zayn has one bottle from this boy shipped over every couple of months, and he only brings it out on special occasions. Louis warms at the thought of Zayn considering a visit from him such an occasion.

Their next blood tasting is that of a man who lives with Zayn, and drinks four glasses of a very expensive French wine every day. The blood almost carries the complete taste of the wine, and it’s the sweetest blood Louis has ever had. He does get a little miffed when Zayn feels the need to mention that this man is one of his human lovers, because Louis doesn’t care to know anything else about Zayn’s private life. As is the blood of the third bottle they try, which is from a ballerina whose career and expenses Zayn pays for. She lives up in New York and Zayn mentions that he tries to visit as often as possible, especially when she has a big part in one of her company’s shows.

The last blood they try is from a woman in Zayn’s home who lives on a diet of fish as her only meat option. Her blood is salty like fish, and almost too bitter for Louis’ taste, but Harry actually likes it a lot. At least, enough for him to ask Zayn to tell her how much he enjoys it. Louis finds it odd that humans would be so flattered by the idea of their blood tasting good to a vampire, but then he remembers what it felt like the first time Harry drank from him. He remembers how sweet and happy he was knowing that Harry loved the taste of him, and how Harry still loves it now. Louis’ eyes widen at the thought of their night of law breaking and blood sharing, as he knows it wasn’t supposed to happen.

He still doesn’t understand that law, and he doesn’t understand how vampires can go so mad from the activity, but he won’t do anything to jeopardize his life with Harry. No matter how much fun he had.
“Before I forget,” Zayn’s voice brings Louis out of his thoughts. “How is your planning for our Fourth of July Ball going? I can’t wait to hear how tacky you are making it for me.”

“A masquerade isn’t tacky, my friend,” Harry grins. He puts his arm loosely around Louis’ shoulder, and leans back in his chair, more relaxed than earlier. If you’d asked Louis, he would say Harry even looked a little tipsy. “We got every single RSVP back, and every single guest replied that they will be going, even Marcus whose invitation did not get unfortunately lost in the mail. Louis here got all of the caterers organized for the human guests, and I ordered the blood for our kind just a couple days ago.”

“Sounds like everything is on schedule,” Zayn says. “And the décor? How is that going?”

“It will be very classy,” Louis informs him proudly. “Thankfully Harry’s mansion is already so old fashioned and equipped for such an evening, so we have most things already at home. It’s just a matter of moving them all to the ballroom, and the outside patio in order to look nice, but that can all be done closer to the night. You wouldn’t believe the amount of candles I’m having delivered so our chandeliers can look more classic and authentic.”

“I’ve been in his home many a time, trust me Louis I know just how many candles that will be,” Zayn laughs. “Just be careful to not set the place on fire. I’d hate for you two to go homeless after this, especially considering the times we vampires are living in. And how about your costumes? Something tells me you two will be going all out for that?”

“Well, someone here has apparently ordered something very nice, very expensive for us, but he’s not letting me know anything about it,” Louis huffs, pouting over at Harry.

“Baby,” Harry coos, leaning up to kiss Louis’ cheek and mumble into his soft skin, “I told you I wanted it to be a surprise. You are going to look dashing, my sweet love. Nobody will be able to take their eyes off you all night.”

“Aww, well aren’t you darling,” Louis hums, giggling from the way Harry’s lips tickle below his ear.

Zayn’s expression scrunches up in a look of disgust, though he’s only playing. “You two have gotten so gross and sappy.”

“And we’re only going to get worse,” Harry says in a bit of a sing-along voice. Suddenly, he starts to frown as something Zayn said earlier finally dawns on him. “What did you mean, when you said ‘considering the times we vampires are living in’?”

The king’s face goes cold, and ominously dark. “ Haven’t you been paying attention to the news? All those attacks on vampires? It’s not good, Harry.”

“No, but it’s a human church according to all the papers. It’s something we all foresaw happening when we came out of the coffin. The human government considers it all hate crimes, and those churches will most likely be arrested for it. I’m saddened by the deaths of our kin and their human companions, but what can we do? You can’t make overzealous religious people like that just change their worldview in a day.”

“No but… shit,” Zayn groans. “The thing is, this is starting to feel like the dark ages again. Like the time after the great war when humans began to come after us and we all had to go into hiding in the first place. Maybe you don’t remember too well, because you were too busy with your werewolf friends, but I recall the times being terrifying. Us vampires were weakened so much by the war, and humans took advantage of that.”
“We aren’t weak now,” Harry points out.

“Perhaps not, but we are distracted,” Zayn sighs. He glances out his vast dining hall windows, into the night and his long property. “In these modern times where we have so many new things around us, and so many new and strict rules to follow…we may be big in numbers, but our minds are not ready for something like the dark ages again.”

“Zayn…” Louis begins softly, voice filled with concern. “Is there something you’re not telling us? Something you might have been forbidden to tell us?” He watches while Zayn continues to stare out the windows, but nod anyway. “You know…nobody is here that would betray you…and you can trust Harry and I completely…there must be some piece of information you can give us.”

The king moves his stare to Louis, seeing the honesty in Louis’ beautiful, icy blue eyes. “I really can’t tell you much without Council’s permission…There are things only us Royals and the Elders are privy to for everyone’s current safety, but…god, you two should know. My best friend and his Soulmate deserve to know. The thing is…it’s not the anti-vampire church that is behind these attacks. It’s humans that are being led by a vampire, but we have no leads as to who it is.”

“What? Why would a vampire commit these acts?” Harry asks.

“We don’t know,” Zayn sighs glumly. “They could be after power, a council position, or against integration and mainstreaming. Whatever the reason, they are being very secretive about it all. My biggest fear is that another war breaks out, and after we are all forced to back into hiding.”

Louis gasps, he can’t help it. The idea of his new life being put in danger by a war, or to have to go into hiding from his human friends is terrifying. “What are you going to do?”

“A big investigation is underway as we speak, and hopefully we can keep it all under control. Harry, not any time soon, but should it come to it, could you be the one to liaison to the wolf packs? Your relationship is the strongest with them, better than any Council vampire, and Liam especially will listen to you.”

“What would you have me tell them, exactly? This sounds like vampire business, and I know Liam won’t be too keen on joining something that doesn’t involve the wolves. Especially considering he just got a new Omega. After the great war and what happened to Sophia…I doubt he will ever want to fight with vampires again.”

“I understand, but you know whoever this vampire is will somehow involve the wolves. He may not get them to join his side, but he could attack and then it will be Liam’s problem as well. All I would ask if the time comes, is that you tell him to be on alert.”

“I will try,” Harry reluctantly says. “You just say the word and I will tell him.”

“This is all awful,” Louis whispers, close to tears. “H-Harry said everything was so peaceful, that there haven’t been any major conflicts since the great war. Why would someone wait until now to start trouble?”

“I wish I knew, Louis,” Zayn replies.

“Lou, look at me,” Harry says, placing his hand on Louis’ cheek to turn his face. “No matter what happens with this, I will protect you, and I will show you how to protect yourself. I will never let anything bad happen to you, my love, my Soulmate.”

“I know you will,” Louis says with a confident smile.
“My god,” Zayn starts to smile. “You two sure are something, you know? I mean, I have no interest in being tied to one person for all eternity, but you sure make it look worth the while."

“I think it is,” Louis says dreamily, smiling into Harry’s eyes. He can’t help but feel safe just from a look from his Soulmate. Harry is his home, and the center of all his love. Louis would be lost without him, and he knows Harry would be lost as well. Their world may be one of darkness, but all the light is found in each other.

On June fourth, exactly one month before the Ball, Harry goes out to get their mail, and finds a handwritten letter addressed to him and Louis. This letter is very special, in that it’s sender is none other than Liam Payne, Alpha of the southern wolf pack. Harry eagerly opens it before making his way back into the mansion.

“Louis! Come down here a minute love, we’ve got a letter,” Harry shouts excitedly into the vast mansion. Louis is at his side by their front door in moments, ready to hear what the message is.

“Who is it from?”

“Liam! Looks like he’s finally got a moving date ready for his pack,” Harry says, quickly reading through the letter. “The pack will officially move back here to Louisiana in August, and you and I are invited to their homecoming party at their bar.”

“The pack owns a bar?” Louis asks.

“Oh, yeah. Liam and the pack own several bars in the south, it’s a good way to cover their true identities. To humans, the wolf pack looks like a big biker gang, but don’t worry, they’re all friendly. At least, they will be to you,” Harry assures him. “I can’t wait to meet Liam’s mate, I mean, he’s got to be great company considering he won Liam’s heart.”

“Yeah, and it’s so great for Liam to find love again,” Louis sighs, ever the romantic.

Harry nods as he reads the rest of the letter, and he grimaces at Liam’s final request. See, Harry doesn’t have a problem with what Liam wants, because he’s always let it happen when Liam and the pack live in Louisiana, but Louis is new, and he doesn’t know these people, so he might not like it.

“Umm, Louis, Liam is asking one more thing, and I’m not sure how you’ll feel about it.”

Louis frowns, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing! Not really, anyway, but two weeks after the homecoming party will be the August full moon. Now, in the past I’ve let Liam’s pack use my property for their run, because it’s big and contained, and private, and frankly it’s safest that I’m close by to kind of watch over them and make sure they don’t get into any trouble. Liam wants to know if that’s still the arrangement,” Harry says shyly.

“Oh,” Louis says nervously. He knows these are Harry’s friends, and he knows Harry’s known this pack for centuries but…Louis has never encountered werewolves before. He doesn’t know what a wolf run will be like, and the idea is a little scary. “Well, it would be rude for you to deny them over me.”

Louis frowns, “What’s wrong?”

“No it wouldn’t, that’s why Liam is asking,” Harry says quickly. “He is concerned about a baby vampire being around them at a time like that. Their wolf forms will take over almost completely, and they will be filled with ravenous energy. They don’t get violent or go on killing sprees or anything, but there will be a lot of wild wolves running around and howling, and some could be…
well they’ll be mating…and he’s concerned how that will affect you.”

Louis purses his lips. He really doesn’t want to say no, but it does seem like a bit much. “Could… could just him and his mate use our property, since he’s the one you’re close to? There’s got to be other places the rest of the pack can do the run, but I’m not really comfortable with all these strange wolves so close by.”

“Of course, Sunshine, that’s why he asked,” Harry says. “I’m sure Liam and Cara can find arrangements for the rest of the pack. I’ll write back to him tonight about it.”

“Who’s Cara?”

“She’s Liam’s lieutenant in the pack, his second in command. You’ll like her, trust me,” Harry explains. He folds up the letter and puts it safely in his jacket pocket, and then throws his arm around Louis’ shoulder and gives Louis’ cheek a sweet kiss. “Now, how’s about we go over our planning and make sure we didn’t forget anything. I want this Ball to go off without a hitch.”

“Sure,” Louis says, walking with Harry into their office. He stays by the door, however, with his hands in his pockets, as Harry goes to sit down. “I can think of one thing you’ve forgotten.”

“Oh? And what would that be?”

“Um, you’ve forgotten to show me what it is I will be wearing to this thing,” Louis huffs. Harry just laughs and winks at his Soulmate. “No I haven’t, it’s still a surprise.”

“Oh come on Harry!” Louis whines. Suddenly, before Louis can complain more about Harry’s secrecy, he smells a familiar scent outside their door. The fact that it’s the closest a stranger human has been to the house in six months makes it unusually pungent. Louis’ eyes widen and he looks up at Harry, who hasn’t even had the chance to sit at his desk. They’re heightened hearing allows them both to hear the knock at the door, and Louis takes a deep, nervous breath. “There’s a human here.”

“I guess it’s time then,” Harry says slowly. He walks up to Louis and pulls his hands out of his pockets, squeezing them tightly. “Listen, what’s going to happen tonight…it’s going to be okay. You will still be Louis after this, and you will be a better Louis. A less stressed Louis. I will be at your side the whole time.”

The younger vampire only nods, “Okay, but…I don’t know if I’m ready.”

“You are,” Harry says confidently. “You are so ready for this, and I will help you. In fact, I’m going to teach you what it really means to hunt for a human, because honestly that is a skill you might need.”

“But…I have to kill him, Harry,” Louis chokes out.

“I know, and I know it scares you, but this is who you are now,” Harry sighs. He kisses Louis’ forehead and steps away, pulling Louis gently by his hands. “Let’s answer the door.”

“Let’s get this over with,” Louis mumbles as he follows Harry down the stairs.

Thankfully, Harry gets to the door first, and he opens it to several human police officers with their prisoner. Louis stays at the top of the stairs when he senses all of the human blood about to enter the mansion. The smell of the police officers’ blood, so strong and potent, is too much for Louis to be close to, especially when he knows he’s about to feed. Harry kindly greets the officers with words Louis doesn’t try to listen to, and Louis watches while Harry guides them into the foyer.
There are five officers in total, one of which is the local sheriff, who Louis recognizes from TV. He shakes Harry’s hand and gives Harry a file and something to sign, before the other officers step out of the way to reveal their criminal. He’s a disgusting looking man, scraggly hair and beard, but a well-built body. His eyes are cold and his lips are pulled up into a smirk. As if whatever his crimes were, are just hobbies that he’s very good at. Louis hates him already just from the attitude alone, and can’t wait to find out what he did to deserve this fate.

The sheriff takes a quick look upstairs, right at Louis and he visibly deflates, before saying to Harry, “Is he the one?”

Harry looks over his shoulder at Louis, at Louis’ nervous and excited eyes, “Yes, that’s him. I know this is a strange situation, but he really is thankful for this.”

“Better scum like this than someone innocent. Tell your Malik we expect a bigger donation this Christmas,” the Sheriff says lightheartedly.

Harry nods and takes hold of the criminal’s hands, which were cuffed behind his back, and kicks him down so he’s kneeling. One of the officers warns Harry to be careful, because the man likes to give up a fight and vampires won’t even be an exception to that. Harry thanks them all once again, and drags the man to the door while he leads them right back out. He is quick to lock the door and put the key in his jacket pocket, while Louis finally starts to take the steps down the long stairs.

“So that’s him?” Louis asks, frowning at the man. “What did he do?”

Instead of answering, Harry holds out the file for Louis to grab, which he does once he’s down the stairs. The man spits at Louis’ feet once he’s close enough, and continues to smirk up at him. It makes Louis’ skin crawl, and Harry just gets angry, so he kicks him in the back once again. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you. What does the file say?”

Louis feels like he might throw up when he reads what the criminal did. “He hates women that’s for sure. I-I’d rather not say what he did out loud.”

“Oh, that’s fine Baby,” Harry says gently.

“You two are disgusting,” the man grunts, voice rough and deep.

That makes Harry pull his head back by his hair, nearly tearing a handful out. “We didn’t ask. Louis, pay attention. Back up a few feet, I need to teach you a few things.”

“I know how to do this, Harry, you did it to me plenty of times.”

“Yes, but I’m much older and I have my control down. I want you to learn to do this without killing him first, and then you can finish him like Zayn says.” Harry pulls the man up so he’s standing and turns his head, digging his index finger into the man’s neck. “Now, focus right here, I know you can sense his carotid and the blood pumping through it.”

Louis closes his eyes and lets his senses take over. He feels the man’s blood, the way the artery pumps blood quickly, speeding up with every passing second. “He’s getting scared.”

“That’s right, now come closer, put your hand where mine is,” Harry instructs, giving Louis room next to him. He lets Louis place his smaller hand over the man’s neck, and guides his fingers over the artery. “You feel it better right? That’s not where you’re going to bite if you want them to live. Remember how I always bit you here,” Harry moves Louis’ fingers a little lower, to the base of the man’s neck. “The blood still flows freely and quickly there, but not too much to the point of it causing the human to bleed out.”
“Right, okay,” Louis nods, taking in every one of Harry’s words. “But…tonight that’s not what I’m doing.”

“Correct, however, I want to do one more thing before we go any further. Do you think you can hold him here, just like this, without me? Do you think you can just stand here and keep him still while I do one thing more?” Harry asks. He slides his hand up Louis’ forearm, fingers gently dancing up to Louis’ shoulder.

The younger of the two blushes at the soft touch, goosebumps forming on his arm where Harry touches, and he swallows a lump in his throat. “W-where are you going?”

“Just to get a sheet to cover up some furnishing. Everything in this mansion is older than you are, and I know you don’t want me to have to get all the blood stains out. I want you to not have to worry about controlling yourself once you start. This is about letting out your inner demons, purging out all the urges in one go.”

Louis nods, fingers tightening on the man’s neck just slightly. “Okay, but…don’t take too long.”

“Lou, you know I can move fast,” Harry says with a cute smirk. He’s away in under a second, running around the front hall with plastic covers, making sure everything valuable is shielded. Louis watches with hungry eyes, fangs biting into his own lips as he holds himself back from taking this human’s life already. Harry stops suddenly in front, arms crossed in front of his chest, “Okay, slowly now.”

With a deep breath, Louis lowers his face to the man’s neck, feeling the energy of the man’s pulse quicken even more, until his fangs are just barely brushing with the skin. He looks Harry in the eyes one final time, then opens his mouth as wide as he can, biting hard into the sweet skin. The delicious blood flows into Louis’ waiting mouth faster than he’s ready, but oh god is it good. To taste it right from the source, it’s a feeling Louis could never imagine. His knees buckle underneath him as he drinks and drinks, far past his fill.

Harry stands over carefully as Louis brings the man to the ground. He watches while the man screams and yells, until finally he gets too tired to go on, eyes shutting slowly. Louis is moaning while he sucks the blood in, finally letting up for a moment to breathe, pushing the man forward onto the plastic sheet. His chest heaves, and his eyes are wide and dark, dilated from the hunger and sheer energy pulsing through him. He looks almost feral as he leaps down onto the man, in a way that is unrecognizable and scary to Harry. He’s never seen Louis like this, such an animal, a shell of his sweet Soulmate, but Harry knows it’s for the best. This should be the last time Louis has to go through this.

Blood is draining from the man’s neck and onto the plastic, as Louis bites onto his wrist to drink from there instead. Red liquid drips down Louis’ chin, onto his tiny hands and forearms, covering him in a monstrous way. Harry kneels down in front of Louis, places his hand on Louis’ shoulder and squeezes, a way to silently tell Louis that he’s alright, that this is okay.

Then Louis surprises Harry, by letting go of the man’s wrist and offering it to him instead. “I-It’s too much. I can’t finish him by myself. P-please Haz, drink with me.”

And all the air leaves Harry’s lungs, his head shaking so fast but heart aching for it. He didn’t even realize how hungry he is, but here with his precious Louis holding out freshly dead blood, begging for him to finish it off together, he’s desperate. “I-I don’t think I should, Sunshine. You have to kill him.”

“I did, though,” Louis whines, dropping the man’s wrist and rolling him onto his back. His eyes are
grey and empty, mouth caught open in a scream, but he is still. His body is going cold, and when Harry listens, there is no heartbeat. “See? I-I just can’t drain him on my own, I-I really can’t.”

“Okay, Baby, calm down, I-I’ll help you,” Harry says quickly, hand going up to Louis’ cheek. He stares at Louis, not out of fear this time, but in wonder of his boy. In wonder of how controlled he is, and how lucid he is even though the hunger is taking over his body. Louis is still able to ask for help, and to recognize Harry, and it’s amazing. Harry didn’t expect it at all, considering how weak Louis had been before. Perhaps Zayn was right about all of this.

With a nervous, shaking hand, Harry picks up the man’s unbitten wrist and starts to drink, helping Louis empty the man of any remaining blood. Louis licks his lips as he watches Harry drink, he watches the way Harry’s eyes roll back at the fresh blood, and how his sharp fangs nearly tear the skin clear off. It shouldn’t be as hot as it is, but it’s taking Louis back to when he did this with Harry. He remembers the night they shared each other’s blood, how darkly sexy that evening was, and how he’s been craving it again. This could be the closest Louis will ever get to that.

“Louis,” Harry hums, licking excess blood from his plump lips, staring sternly at his Soulmate. “You need to keep drinking, my sweet love. You said we’d do this together, not just me.”

Louis nods, going back to the open wound on the man’s neck. They’re watching each other, now, and the animalistic way they both finish this human off. The world they share includes them and nobody else, and even this source of blood seems like an intruder. The crimson blood is covering them both, pooling on the plastic sheet, staining their expensive clothes. The scene would look like a complete, rich, nightmare to any human who should happen in on them, but to Harry and Louis, it’s everything they didn’t know they needed. It’s things Harry has forgotten about since the mainstreaming began. He can’t help his instinct, not now at least, not while his beautiful Soulmate is giving in to his every whim.

Harry can tell how truly at peace Louis finally is. He knows that after tonight, Louis’ mind will be quiet, and his impulses will be easier to keep in check, but now they are monsters, and they’re in love. Nothing else matters.

“God,” Louis moans, falling to the ground on his back, raking his hands down his face. His fingers pass through blood and he brings one hand to his mouth to suck it off. He giggles a little, feeling sated and high. “This isn’t at all what I expected.”

It can be addicting, draining a human, hence all the problems of past vampires from legends. Harry remembers the feeling, and he won’t let Louis slip into the haze of destruction. He knows just how to distract Louis, and how to associate the high Louis is feeling with something that isn’t killing. “Baby, come ‘ere.”

The younger rolls over and looks up at his maker, batting his eyes as he sucks more blood from his fingers. Harry is unbuttoning his shirt and licking his lips and looking down at Louis as if he is the most delicious thing in front of him. Louis pushes himself up on all fours, and slowly crawls over to Harry, all the while knowing exactly what he wants. He can feel it too, that primal need to tear Harry apart in the most wonderful way.

Harry doesn’t even go in for a kiss when he gets Louis in his lap, instead licking up more of the blood Louis has left on his chin. He pulls Louis’ legs on either side of him and heaves him up by his thighs, the sheer strength making Louis’ cock perk up in his pants. Harry’s already hard, has been since Louis started, and while he could be ashamed, more of him just wants to fuck. Harry’s soft tongue moves down from Louis’ chin to the younger vamp’s neck, sucking and lightly biting into the soft skin. It’s heaven to have Louis like this, all desperate and horny and full from blood.
“H-Harry, god, I-I need you,” Louis whines, little hands flying up to Harry’s long hair, twisting his fingers in the lush curls. He slips his hands down to Harry’s strong shoulders, where the older vampire’s open shirt still sits, tugging the material down.

The combination of the blood and Louis’ beautiful body covering him has Harry losing all senses. All he can think is ‘must please Louis’, and in a moment he’s got Louis on his back. His shirt is off, having been thrown into the pool of blood, but Harry doesn’t care. Shirts can be replaced, but this moment with Louis will only happen once, and he’s not about to waste a single second. Louis’ nails scrape down the bare skin of Harry’s muscled back, opening up fresh wounds that heal in moments, their kiss growing more intense. Harry can feel how hard Louis is, can feel Louis’ cock poking against his stomach, and without a second thought, Harry’s sitting up to give it some relief. Without a care for the material of Louis’ pants, Harry rips them open, the button popping off and rolling across the room.

Louis gasps at his strength, and his hips buck up with the movement. He helps by taking off his own shirt, throwing it over the freshly made corpse beside them. He lets Harry roughly tear his pants off the rest of the way, then lets his legs fall open. He doesn’t even care that he’s more naked than Harry, because all he can think about is the ends to a means, all he wants is for Harry to fuck him, but Louis doesn’t have the sense at the moment to do any of the work. “Come on. Don’t you wanna fuck me?”

“Baby,” Harry moans, hands gripping tight at Louis’ thighs, pulling them apart when Louis lies back. He’s got the best view of his life, tongue darting out to lick his lips at the sight of Louis’ hole, puckered and pink and waiting. He wants to devour every inch of Louis, wants to fuck him the best they’ve ever had, but he mostly wants his mouth all over him. His mind settles on something they haven’t done in a while, but it’s something that he knows drives Louis absolutely crazy.

The younger just watches, helplessly urgent, when Harry kneels down between his thighs. Louis wants to scream when he feels Harry’s tongue on him, one fast, wet stripe up his hole, but the sound gets caught in his throat. One of his hands moves down to his cock, stroking slowly while Harry dips his tongue inside, licking him out carefully. “Fuck, I-I didn’t, oh Harry.”

He wasn’t expecting it to go quite like this, and the position is a little uncomfortable, but Harry’s tongue in him feels so fucking good he can’t bear it. And Harry just moans into him, loving the taste of his boy, loving the sweet sounds that leave Louis’ lips. But Harry can sense that Louis is cramping up, and he makes the snap decision to turn Louis, get him up on his hands and knees. Oh, how Louis just preens at that, arching his back so his ass is up and ready for Harry, still waiting for moremoremore.

“Oh fuck, Louis you’re…you’re so fucking sexy, Sunshine,” Harry moans, hands roaming up and down Louis’ plump ass, giving a light slap just to tease him. He pushes down on Louis’ lower back to make it arch even more, forcing Louis off his hands and onto his forearms. Harry can’t help but think about how he wants Louis like this all the time. He wants to spend eternity giving Louis absolute pleasure. “My beautiful Baby.”

The next few moments are a haze for Louis. He gets lost in Harry’s tongue licking him out, taking him apart in his most intimate place. He doesn’t even feel the moment Harry leaves to removes the rest of his clothes and get their lube, but he knows it had to have happened when he feels one of Harry’s slick fingers slip in. Louis pushing his face down into the plastic, one hand between his legs to tough himself, and the other curled into a ball by his cheek. He lets out a sob when Harry presses in a second finger, eyes filling with wet, bloody tears as he cries at the pleasure of it all. He bends his fingers right into Louis’ prostate on every hard thrust, aiming for the same spot every time, making Louis whine for it. Louis thinks the blood has made him insane, and even hungrier for Harry’s cock,
so ready to just be fucked even more out of his mind.

“I—I—” Louis can’t even get out what he wants, moaning through it because Harry’s fucking him on three fingers, and kissing his lower back, and leaving almost no room for coherent thought. “Harry, I—”

“Tell me what you want, Baby, I want to hear you say it,” Harry grunts, stilling the movement of his fingers. He gives Louis a few moments, watching Louis’ back heave up and down with his heavy breathing. Harry listens to the breaths Louis takes in, senses his urgency and need, and yet still waits for Louis to be the one to say it. “Tell me.”

Louis pushes himself back up on his hands, and looks over his shoulder at Harry with wide, red-rimmed eyes. “Just fuck me, maker, just fucking give it to me already.”

If Harry was standing his knees would buckle and bring him right to the ground at the low and smoldering tone Louis uses when he called him maker. “Baby, you’ve no idea what you do to me.”

“Could say the same about you,” Louis grunts, pushing his hips back so he can get Harry’s fingers deep inside him again. “God, I fucking love this.”

After one last indulgence of Louis’ love for his fingers, Harry pulls them out and slicks up his cock, stroking himself slowly at the sight of Louis. He grabs one of Louis’ hips and roughly pulls him back, lining his cock up and pushing in on one go. It’s like Louis’ been waiting all night for it, like he’s been on and off the edge and just waiting for Harry to push him over. He almost comes just from the full feeling of Harry’s cock inside him. Harry would have let him come if he’d asked, it wouldn’t have deterred him from fucking Louis until the sun was up.

But Louis doesn’t ask for anything, because he knows that now it’s Harry’s charge he must follow. He always does so willingly, because Harry never lets a second go by without filling Louis with pleasure and bliss.

Harry gets both hands on Louis’ slim hips now, fingers digging into the skin to the point where Louis would bruise if his body still did that. But they aren’t weak humans anymore, and Harry is slowly realizing that. He’s not going to break Louis just from going a little harder tonight, so the older vampire pulls his cock out to just the tip and hits back in fast. Louis yelps at how hard he feels it, but it’s all good pain, wonderful pain.

“Yes, yes, just like that,” Louis whimpers for Harry.

And it’s then that Harry loses all inhibitions and worries, because he can see how much his Soulmate wants this. He can feel how badly Louis is aching for Harry to just ruin him, and Harry wants it too. He starts to move his hips faster, and faster, soft grunts leaving his lips because Louis is so tight and so warm inside. Thrust after thrust gets harder and faster, inhumanly fast, and overwhelms everyone of Louis’ senses, pushing mewls and moans out of his sweet lips.

It’s all too hot and too much, and yet not enough, and yet too perfect for Louis to believe. He wants more and more of this, and he wants Harry to just take him in every way possible, but Louis’ mind is turning to mush. He’s losing himself in the pleasure, losing where he ends and where Harry begins, and his body collapses down onto the plastic. The pool of blood has run down and reached right under Louis’ fist, and his hand stretches out so he can drag his fingers through it. Louis brings the fingers up to his mouth, licking the cold blood from them as Harry changes angles.

“Shit, shit, Louis you feel so good, my perfect boy,” Harry moans, dragging his own fingers up Louis’ back. He leans down a bit so he can reach Louis’ shoulders, taking him from a deeper angle,
nailing Louis’ prostate with his cock even harder. “Oh god, oh god.”

And Louis has been rendered speechless, body almost uselessly moving back into Harry, but it’s hard to keep up. He knows he’s going to come, and that he just can’t hold it in much longer. It’s been pooling in his tummy almost since they began, since he started to drain the man of his blood, but the feeling only gets stronger with Harry moving so expertly inside him. “Harry, maker, please, let me come.”

“Oh, Baby,” Harry moans, biting into Louis’ back just barely. “You know, oh fuck, you know you can come whenever you want, my sweet love.” Harry shoves his hair out of his face and kisses the spot he bit, licks around it and sucks on the skin, hips slowing down just a bit, because of his own impending orgasm. “I want to see it, Baby, come on.”

Louis nods, hand moving up and down on his cock fast, moan after moan escaping him, loud and high, voice wrecked and scratchy. He wishes the moment could last longer, even though he’s sure this is the longest they’ve gone yet. The moment ends when Louis finally comes, Harry’s dick hitting his prostate hard and at just the right time. “Harry, oh, oh my, oh god.”

He comes in long ropes onto the plastic sheet below, pleasure filling him and waving through his body, lasting longer than he’s ever felt before. It’s so good and so hot, and Louis’ little body falls right down, hips only held up by Harry’s hands that had moved back to them. Louis whimpers into the plastic, tears dripping down his reddened cheeks, and body twitching with the aftershocks.

To his surprise, Harry pulls out, probably because he can sense how overwhelmed Louis’ body already is. Harry starts to stroke his own cock, right over Louis’ lower back, where his free hand is still pushing down. He swears and moans, letting the feeling of Louis’ pleasure fill him up as well, their spiritual connection burning brighter between, and he comes only moments after Louis. Harry stokes himself empty, long ropes of come over Louis’ ass and lower back, claiming his mate all over again. “Louis, my Louis.”

Then Harry lets himself go, falling onto his back next to Louis in a breathless heap. His body is rippling with the effects of his orgasm and the blood, and he just barely has the sense to place a hand on the back of Louis’ neck. Louis’ legs straighten out and he lays down on his stomach, hands at either side of face while he breathes deep and slow. They both just lay there, Louis moving his hand to the back of his neck so it’s on top of Harry’s, and they catch their breath.

Eventually, when all of Louis’ mind settles and he comes back down to earth, he turns over onto his back next to Harry. They stare up at the ceiling for just a couple quite seconds, until Louis breaks it with an awkward cough.

“So, um, what do we do with him?” Louis asks, turning his head to look at the source of their meal.

“Contract said we’re in charge of disposal,” Harry says with a shrug. “Give me a mo’ and I’ll bury him out back.”

Louis squirms at that. He knows that what they did is in a moral grey area, but the idea of this man being back there unnerves him. He can’t help but wonder who else could be under their garden. “Is he the first corpse back there?”

With a gentle, pitying frown, Harry does nod. “Yes, my Sunshine, he will be the first. Hopefully the last. I hope this night did work like Zayn said it would, because I know you don’t want to have to do that again.”

“Wh-what if vampires have to go back into hiding? Would we have to add more people then?” Louis
asks, nervously worrying his bottom lip with his blood dipped fangs.

Harry takes in a deep breath. He really doesn’t want to think about that happening, but it wouldn’t be fair to Louis to avoid the subject. “We would have to leave the mansion if that happened, actually. But I will show you how to hunt without killing. I’ll elaborate on what I already showed you tonight, okay? And if that should happen, which it hopefully won’t, you won’t have to go alone. I will never leave your side no matter what happens to the rest of the world.”

Louis’ frown curves back up into a smile, eyes crinkling as he places his hand on Harry’s cheek. “I know you won’t. We’ll always be there for each other no matter what.”

“Yes, of course, always,” Harry sighs, grabbing Louis’ hand and giving the palm a sweet kiss. “Now, how about you wash yourself up while I take care of him, and then we can clean up this together. We can’t have the mansion looking a mess so close to the ball.”

“Okay,” Louis agrees. He stands up and holds his hand out to help Harry up as well. They both take one more moment to just look at each other. Even with mouths stained with drying blood, and messy with come and sweat, both men would never look more beautiful to the other. Because the love they have makes their beauty extend to far beyond physical looks. It’s deep inside them, coursing through their veins and keeping them undead at every waking moment.

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There’s a soft mist flowing around Louis, fog covering the swamp that he’s standing in. He’s been here before in his dreams, it’s the same place his dreams always take him to. Sometimes he’s alone, and other times, like now, he’s accompanied by a white wolf. The same white wolf he always dreams about.

Tonight, they’re cuddled up on the trunk of a fallen tree, the wolf laying its head down on Louis’ lap. It’s actually very peaceful, and pretty, and its fur is so pure and soft. Louis pets him slowly, hand moving slowly up and down the white fur on the wolf’s back. He can feel it snore under his touch. Something about the wolf is so familiar, as if he and Louis have been friends for some time.

The swamp looks the same as the last time Louis had this dream, but somehow more peaceful. If his wolf survived the fight, then perhaps the dark vampire was gone? Had he vanquished it? What on earth did this dream even mean?

At least one of Louis’ questions is answered a moment later, when the sun in the distance goes down, falling down past the trees and the hidden horizon. It’s odd that Louis is even out in the sun, but he can do anything in a dream. The night sky is dark and eerie, red hues shadowing the trees and the swampy water below him and the wolf. He knows they aren’t alone anymore.

Dream Louis says something, it’s muffled, but it makes the wolf perk its head up. Perhaps the wolf’s name? But how would Louis even know it? Still the wolf sits up on its feet and growls at something in the distance. It bares its teeth and hops off the branch, splashing down in the grimy swamp water. Louis doesn’t know what it’s going towards, but the wolf is sure that whoever has joined them is not a friend.

“Wait, come back!” Louis shouts this time, and the wolf ignores him just like last time. Instead, the wolf howls up at the moon, which is big and full above them, and runs through the trees. For just a moment, Louis can see the figure, the evil vampire from before, grin with his long fangs at the wolf. “Wait! You can’t! Not all alone!”

“Stop!” Louis yells, waking himself up from the dream.
This time Harry wakes up too, waving his hands and frantically looking around their bedroom. “What? What’s wrong? Who’s there?”

Louis’ hands go to his chest as he catches his breath. This reoccurring dream is getting very annoying, but at least he’s awake when the sun is down this time. He moves one of his hands to Harry’s shoulder, stilling the man. “Nothing, sorry, there’s nobody here. I-I had that dream again.”

“Oh?” Harry frowns, turning so his body is facing Louis. “The one with the wolf and the vampire?”

“Yes, I mean it wasn’t exactly the same as last time, but it was the same wolf and the same scary vampire. I still have no idea what it means,” Louis groans, staring up at their ceiling.

“I’m sorry, Sunshine,” Harry says with a yawn. He rubs his eyes and brushes his hair out of his face, before sitting up against the backboard of the bed. “At least its nighttime, we were going to wake up any minute anyway.”

“I don’t like waking up from a nightmare,” Louis says with a cute pout. “But maybe it was just a dream. The wolf felt like a friend to me…are you sure you don’t know any purely white wolves?”

“Like I said, I’ve yet to meet one of that description,” Harry shrugs. He leans down and gives Louis’ cheek a kiss, nuzzling his nose against Louis’ soft cheek. “Come on, Sunshine, let’s get on out of bed. The ball is tomorrow night, and we’re going to have to spend this evening relaxing before the stress of tomorrow.”

Louis nods, but stays laying in the bed while Harry gets up. He watches Harry put on just a tight pair of black briefs, and a light blue button up shirt, which he leaves open. Louis was actually very ready for the ball, from the decorations to the guests, Louis was ready for anything that might go wrong. And since the night Zayn had the criminal sent over, Louis’ control over his thirst for blood had increased exponentially. Harry took him out to a crowded bar the night after, with no struggle from Louis at all, so they didn’t have to worry about any human guests that would be attending. There was only two things Louis was concerned about in regards to the ball.

He pulls the covers up over his chest and looks up at Harry curiously. “About tomorrow, you are aware that you still haven’t given me my costume, right? It’s kind of important.”

Harry turns around and looks at him with a smirk. “Trust me, I’m aware. I want it to be a surprise, one I think you will really like. It’s going to suit you perfectly.”

Rolling his eyes, Louis huffs and rolls out of bed as well. “Fine. Be like this. Be mysterious. See if I care.”

“Louis, you’re going to love it, I promise,” Harry insists, pulling his hair up into a messy bun. “You would know if I was lying, you would sense it.”

Louis waves one hand in the air, ignoring Harry’s comments, and walks over to the dresser. He knows they aren’t going out anywhere tonight, because Harry’s got work calls to make, and the ball is tomorrow. So, Louis just pulls on a loose pair of boxers and one of Harry’s shirts that’s a size too big. Harry always thinks he looks cute in his clothes. “Just go take care of work. I’m gonna look over everything downstairs one more time.”

“Alright Baby,” and with that, Harry’s out of their room.

While Harry is working, Louis walks around downstairs, looking over everything they have set up. The ballroom that Harry had been using for antiquities storage, was cleared out weeks ago. It seems so much bigger now that it’s mostly empty, like it could fit a hundred people, which it pretty much
Louis has never been to anything like this, and never had a reason to dance in such a formal setting. In fact, the other thing that had been bothering him is the fact that he really doesn’t know how to do any kind of fancy dancing. He’s pretty sure grinding with Harry in front of the most important vampires in the world won’t be very appropriate.

Louis tries to picture it all. He tries to imagine the vampires all dressed up and dancing in couples around the wood ballroom floor. They’re all probably so elegant, so used to things like this. Zayn will probably show off someone beautiful at his side. Marcus will probably act all high and mighty all night, and will most likely spend the night annoying Harry to no end. Louis doesn’t look forward to seeing him here again, not after everything he’s heard, and what he himself has seen.

Soon enough, Harry is finished with work and he joins Louis in the ballroom. However, Harry stops at the entrance of the room, to see Louis swaying his hips and quietly humming a song to himself. It’s such a sweet, simple sight, and Harry can’t help but smile at his Louis. “Having fun?”

Louis slowly turns around, blushing when he realizes Harry has caught him. “You could say that.” Louis runs to Harry’s side, linking his arm with Harry’s and resting his head on Harry’s shoulder. “Or you could say I was trying to practice for tomorrow.”

“Well, that practice is paying off, you looked great out there,” Harry says sincerely.

However, Louis just snorts and looks up Harry disbelievingly. “Yeah right. I’m going to have no idea what I’m doing, and I’m going to embarrass you with my lack of classical dancing skills.”

“They’re not that hard to learn,” Harry laughs lightheartedly. He walks Louis out into the dance floor, and pulls his phone out of his pocket. “I can show you one or two, if you’d like?”

“Yes please! Anything to not look like a total idiot,” Louis pleads, clapping his hands together.

“I’ve got just the song for this,” Harry smiles, pressing play on his phone. A soft song begins, three beats, a waltz, and Harry puts it on repeat for them. Diana Ross’s beautiful voice starts to sing out and Louis can’t help but giggle at it, and wonder if Harry ever met her, or got to see her sing live. Harry pulls Louis in close with one hand on his waist, and the other gently holding Louis’ hand. “Hand on my shoulder, Lou.”

Louis nods and follows suit, placing his hand lightly on Harry’s shoulder. He lets Harry lead him through the steps, quickly picking up the one-two-three one-two-three beat of the song. He stays close to Harry’s chest, looks up into his eyes and just lets Harry and the sweet music move him around their ballroom. Eventually Harry leans down and starts to hum the song in Louis’ ear, giving him chills of the best kind. When the tempo picks up, Harry spins Louis around and catches him, going right back to the steps from before. Louis smiles and laughs, feeling more at peace than he has in so long.

\textit{Reach out and touch somebody’s hand…}

And, they just keep dancing like that. The song is barely over three minutes, but they let it repeat over and over, getting lost in each other. As the music plays, Harry and Louis are still dancing, still following the three steps Harry had laid out for them. They can only look into each other's eyes, living in this world with just the two of them and the light of the moon outside. If Louis could stay in this moment, he would choose to do so in a beat of his cold, dead heart.

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Louis has been freaking out since sunset. He woke up an hour before the sun went down, and
watched all the service vans drive up, and all the little workers file out and start their work getting ready for the Ball. He even watched while Zayn arrived with his pretty human date, and Harry went out to greet him. As the hours went on, and Louis stalled up in the master bedroom, the Ball began bellow, and the muffled sound of music reverberated through the floors. All of the nerves he’d been hiding hit him all at once.

“Louis, you have to get dressed eventually,” Harry calls through the door. He’s been knocking and patiently attempting to get Louis to leave for about half an hour. “Zayn is downstairs and he’s taking care of everything, so all you need to do is come out here and get dressed.”

Louis stares at his reflection in the mirror, splashing cold water on his face for the millionth time. He wants to pretend to be sick but that’s literally no longer an option for him. “I-I just need another minute!”

“You’ve been in there for so long,” Harry lets out a long sigh. “I know you’re nervous about tonight, but it’s not going to be any better hiding in there. Besides, I know you’ve been excited about seeing what I got for you to wear…and I have it sitting right here on the bed…if you’d only come out and look…”

Slowly, Louis opens the door and peaks his head out, looking up at Harry suspiciously. “You really know what to say to get my attention. It’s annoying.”

“Oh, I’m sure you love it,” Harry smirks. He steps aside and presents Louis with the suit and mask that he has picked out.

It’s old fashioned, beautiful, but Louis can definitely tell it’s not a new design. Either Harry had it sitting around in his vast storage, or he made a lot of calls in order to find it in someone’s vintage stash. The black slacks shine under the light, gold sparkles dusted subtly into the fabric. The white shirt has puffy sleeves, and a ruffle around a lace closure at the collar, like a pirate would wear in the movies. Next to it is a sparkly red velvet vest with a black floral pattern, and a pair of matching white gloves with a red ribbon on the wrists.

It’s a beautiful ensemble, absolutely perfect for the occasion, and the most extravagant outfit Louis has ever worn. It’s the mask, however, that completely takes Louis’ breath away. A half face mask, red with a gold flower pattern around the eyes, and sparkly like the rest, with a black ribbon to tie around his head, and when he picks it up, he feels just how delicate it is.

“Handmade porcelain,” Harry says, coming up behind Louis, placing his hands on Louis’ waist. “The rest is very vintage Prada, and it took me weeks to track down. I was at the fashion show where this was originally presented. I couldn’t picture anything else for you.”

“It’s perfect,” Louis whispers, fingers gently caressing the cold porcelain of the mask. “Where—How did you get all this?”

“I’ve got all kinds of connection from work,” Harry murmurs, gently kissing the nape of Louis’ neck. “Go on and put it on for me.”

Louis smiles as he strips himself of what little clothes he does have on, and starts to slowly put on the expensive outfit. He can’t see what Harry’s doing while he dresses, but he feels him move behind. Louis pays no mind while he pulls the soft white shirt over his head, tying up the little string at his collar. He catches a glimpse of himself as puts the red vest on, and he can hardly believe what he sees. It’s like he’s stepped into another century, another time, and probably one that Harry remembers. It’s hard, sometimes, to know that Harry has existed for so much long than Louis, and that he’s seen things Louis can’t even imagine.
“Harry, I was wondering—” Louis cuts himself off when he sees what Harry has put on. It’s a well-fitted red tuxedo with a colorful floral pattern, with black shoes, and a black button up shirt under the jacket. He looks like some kind of high fashion model, complete with his long, luscious curls loose and flowing to his shoulders. Harry tosses his mask onto the bed, while Louis blinks a couple times, and then stutters, “Um, wow you look amazing.”

With a cocky smile, Harry straightens out the lapels of the flowery jacket. “Thanks Sunshine, as do you. Now, what were you about to ask?”

“Well, this ensemble is beautiful, and it’s also very old fashioned and I just…I was wondering if it reminded you of anything?” Louis asks nervously. “Something in the past, or something you can’t have anymore?”

The older vampire looks curiously over at Louis, unsure of how to read Louis’ tone. “I thought it fit with the theme of tonight...what’s brought this on?”

“I don’t know,” Louis sighs. “You’ve told me so much about your past, I’ve heard countless stories, and yet…You’re over 800 years old. There’s still so much I couldn’t have possibly been told.”

Biting his lip, Harry goes to sit on the bed, next to where Louis is getting dressed. “Louis, I’ll tell you every story that I have, I will try to at least. But if you think I’m dressing you up like for any other reason than I think you’d look beautiful, you’re crazy. Anything I had in the past, anyone I knew, is nothing compared to you. You are my Soulmate and my future, and all I wish is for you to be happy. Understand?”

“Yeah,” Louis says quietly, slipping on his snuggly fitted pants. “I think I’m just too nervous and overthinking things. A lot of the people here tonight will know things that I don’t, and I’m afraid of what they’ll say. I’m also afraid of what they’ll think of me.”

“Contrary to what you might think, I’m quite popular with the group downstairs,” Harry assures him with a light chuckle. “I’m sure everyone will love you almost as much as I do, and they’ll all be happy for us.”

“Except anyone related to Marcus, right?” Louis asks, pulling on the white gloves.

“Well, he’s a prick so we don’t care what any of his people think anyway,” Harry shrugs. He picks up Louis’ mask once Louis has the clothes situation taken care of, and moves to stand behind Louis. Carefully, Harry brings the mask up to Louis’ face, and ties the ribbon in a perfect bow. He picks up his own mask, half-face, black and covered in silk, with diamonds circling the eyes and rims, and ties it around his face as well. They both look up into the mirror then, Harry behind Louis and just a couple inches taller, both looking beautifully dangerous, like truly mythic beings. “We are quite the pair.”

“Yeah,” Louis whispers.

They wait just a few more minutes, Harry texting Zayn about when it would be the right moment to present them. Zayn informs them that all the Elders have arrived and only a couple Council members have yet to show up, but overall the Ball is going well. He shows up outside their bedroom only a couple seconds after the last text, knocking impatiently on the door.

“Love birds! Let’s get you both downstairs and into the party. You’re like a couple of bats up here by yourself,” He says gleefully as they open the door. Zayn smiles at Louis under his gold and black mask, looking Louis’ body up and down once to check him out. “Louis Tomlinson, you are the most ravishing creature of the night.”
“Are you going to use compliments to get on my good side?” Louis asks skeptically.

Zayn, wearing a black suit with gold accents and shoes, happily shrugs, “Whatever works, my dear. And Harry, you look handsome as well, but it is time to show everyone else.”

“Lead the way,” Harry gestures towards the stairs, then follows Louis with a hand on Louis’ lower back.

Their king leads them down the stairs and stops outside the doors to the ballroom. There’s the usual blonde haired, light eyed beauty waiting for them, greeting Zayn with a kiss to his cheek. He introduces her as his date for the evening, which isn’t much of a surprise to the couple, considering she seems to be his favorite human. Together, Zayn and his date open the doors and reveal the culmination of months of planning to Harry and Louis.

Before their eyes, is a scene straight out of a movie. Vampires and humans in masks and elegant clothes dancing in pairs or conversing in groups all around the ballroom. The bright, crystal chandeliers shine above everyone, sparkling against the mirrored ceiling and lighting up the vast room. Even with all the guests and decorations, the ballroom seems bigger than when it was used for storage. Still, Louis can see all the way into their backyard patio, where a few more guests have gathered for fresh air. Everything is gold and red and beautiful, almost too bright to look at. Louis could cry at how the scent of the abundance of human blood has no effect on him.

Zayn nudges Louis’ side and gives him a wink, before waving over at the band leader to their side. The music slows to a gentle stop as Zayn clears his throat, and claps his hands for everyone’s attention. “Ladies and Gentleman, my fellow Council members, and our esteemed Elders, thank you all for attending our Fourth of July Ball here in Louisiana. As the King of this territory, I’m very proud to host you all on such an occasion. It is my absolute pleasure to present to you two guests of honor, my co-hosts of this soiree this evening, our Warrior and Old War Hero, Harry Styles, and his new Soulmate, Louis Tomlinson!”

Harry links his arm with Louis’ and guides them forward, while the guests clap for the couple. There’s even a few cheers in the crowd, and Louis is glad the mask covers a good portion of his cheeks, otherwise they would all see him blush. The music starts up again, a lively and upbeat tune, as they walk through the crowd and to the middle of the dance floor. Louis tense up when Harry turns him face to face, chest to chest, because he hadn’t expected to start dancing so soon.

“Hey,” Harry whispers, turning Louis’ wandering gaze back up to him, and then placing his hand around Louis’ waist. “It’s only us right now, a few minutes of this little show for everyone, and then we’ll just walk around. Once we get started, nobody will be paying attention to us anyway. Trust me?”

With a short nod, Louis brings his glove hand up to Harry’s shoulder, connecting their other hands to the side as well. “Yes, always trust you.”

The music slows down once again, back into the One-Two-Three beat that Harry taught Louis last night. Harry leads Louis through it all over again, twirling them around the floor with ease, while other couples around them join in. Out of the corner of his eye, Louis can see Zayn and his date dancing close together, faces close and practically kissing on the dancefloor. The scene actually does make Louis smile, though, because he’d never imagine Zayn being so sweet with someone.

To the other side, Louis catches Selene, tall dark and beautiful, in a long violet gown, dancing with a man with skin just as dark as hers, and body just as tall. “Who is that with Selene?”

Harry turns to watch them as well, “That is Selene’s current Consort, Phillipe, a vampire. She isn’t
his maker, but they’ve been together for a very long time.”

“She never mentioned him at our ceremony,” Louis says observantly.

“I guess it just never came up,” Harry says, parting their hands for a moment to give Louis a twirl, then connecting them once again. “You’ll meet him at some point.”

They continue their dance until the music reaches a climax. In the middle of the floor, there’s nowhere to go but around in circles, but they are close enough to each other to notice nobody else. Harry leads Louis through the three steps, around and around, smiling at each other under the masks, knowing only the bubble the two of them create. When the music stops, they almost keep dancing, so lost in each other that they don’t notice at first that the song has ended. That is, until they hear everyone else clapping, and they look around to see the other vampires and humans smiling at the band leader. Louis bites his lip and steps away from Harry, still keeping their hands connected.

Harry leans down to whisper in Louis’ ear, “Let’s go over to the bar, there’s someone over there I want you to meet.”

The younger nods, and let’s Harry lead once again through the crowd of people. They greet many people along the way, and Harry politely introduces Louis to each little group. They meet a couple of the Kings and Queens from other state territories, all very excited to meet the Soulmate of Harry Styles. Louis knows that Harry is a war hero, but he had no idea just how well liked Harry truly is amongst the vampires.

Finally, they reach the bar, where rows and rows of wine flutes are filled with special kinds of blood sit and await to be picked up by a vampire, and even more rows of food and drinks await the humans. A vampire is standing at the edge of one of the tables, chatting with several others, and looking very drunk. He’s very tall, and has a long, messy beard, and even longer, braided blonde hair. He looks like some kind of Viking caricature, and that’s when Louis realizes who he is.

He almost stops walking completely, but Harry pushes him along. “Don’t be nervous about this one, Sunshine. Viktor has been waiting a long while to meet you. I should warn you, though, he’s probably very drunk.”

“We can still get drunk?” Louis asks.

“Oh yes, if the blood has a high enough alcohol content. Viktor hardly drinks anything else these days,” Harry says. Once they are close enough, Harry lets go of Louis and greets Viktor with a big clap on the back. “Viktor my old friend!”

“Harry Styles!” The Elder shouts in a thick accent, pulling Harry into a very tight embrace. “Good to see you my boy! So Sorry I wasn’t able to be at your ceremony, but it was a hell of a time with those wolves. They know how to throw a party!”

“Yes, I remember very well what Liam’s pack is like,” Harry laughs. He turns himself and Viktor around, both looking at Louis with excited smiles. “Better late than never, but this is my darling Louis.”

“Look at him! You are a beautiful young thing,” Viktor says happily, tugging Louis in for a tight, warm hug as well. “So great to finally meet you, Louis Tomlinson.”

“And you too, Viktor!” Louis giggles. “Harry has really talked you up, you know. He was so sad when it wasn’t you who came to oversee us, and I think I’m starting to understand why.”

“Ah, I’m sorry about that, but you understand how I can be whisked away at a moment’s notice.
We’re all lucky to have this gathering tonight, there’s no excuse for anyone to be off out and about.”

“Yes, we’re both very glad you could come. Now, if you mind,” Harry starts, noticing Elders Amelia and Julius across the room. “I’ve got to introduce Louis to a couple more people. Hopefully we’ll be able to catch up sometime later tonight.”

“Of course, of course!” Viktor says, giving both their shoulders a little squeeze. “You two have fun tonight, it doesn’t all have to be a big socialite event.”

They say thank you and politely goodbye, and Harry takes Louis’ hand once again to meet some more people. Louis slides his own hand up so he can grip Harry’s arm, tucking himself into Harry’s side as they walk. “I can see why he’s your favorite.”

“He’s certainly the most fun of the Elders, but terrifying during a fight. I always wondered just how Vlad was able to subdue him during the great war,” Harry murmurs.

Louis nods, growing a little solemn. He’s suddenly aware of just how much he and Harry might have to hear about that tonight, considering that is where Harry got all his status in the vampire community. Harry doesn’t show it often, but Louis is still sure thinking about the war stresses him out, and brings back painful memories of the ones lost. Yet another part of Harry’s past that Louis won’t be a part of, nor can he erase the remaining pain from.

Julius and Amelia are just as happy to meet Louis, both eagerly greeting him with smiles and kisses. Amelia can’t stop complimenting Louis, and commenting on how beautiful he is, while Julius congratulates Harry on finding his Soulmate. Then Julius goes into a long story about his time hiding in the Vatican when Pope Alexander VI, the Borgia pope, ruled. When he isn’t paying attention, Harry whispers to Louis that Julius often goes into long rants about his time at the Vatican, and Louis has to suppress his laughter.

“And that Cesare Borgia, what a piece of work! I swear he’d—”

“Oh gosh, not another story about those damn Borgias again. That damn television show has had Elder Julius reminiscing about that nasty family,” Elder Marcus, accompanied by two vampire attendants, interrupts. He’s got on the same condescending smirk that Louis remembers, and licks his lips as he looks up and down Louis’ body. It’s a violating stare, that makes Louis squirm, and reaffirms just how creepy Marcus truly is. “Louis, how nice to see you again. Glad we could meet under less…messy circumstances.”

Harry’s body visibly tenses, and Louis feels it under his hands, as he steps forward and holds out a hand for Marcus to shake. “How nice of you to join us Marcus.”

“I very well couldn’t miss the biggest event in a century. All these Council members gathered in one place for a non-political meeting? It’s almost unheard of these days,” Marcus quips. He shakes Harry’s hand, then looks around the ballroom, surveilling the other guests. “Although, now that I look, it seems not everyone has arrived. Pity.”

There’s something in his voice that Harry can’t figure out, and it sets him on edge. But maybe it’s just Marcus’s slimy personality that’s got him all worked up, because that always does the trick. “It’s a fun night, and we understand if not everyone wants to spend Independence Day at such a formal affair.”

“I think as long as there are fireworks, then it’s a perfect Fourth of July. That’s what the colonies do, am I correct Louis?” Marcus asks, sneering down at Louis.
Nervously, Louis clears his throat and nods. “Yes, that’s the traditional finale to the Fourth of July. And we do have fireworks set up to end the Ball tonight. Should be quite the show.”

“I know I’m definitely looking forward to it,” Harry steps in, his hand slowly trailing up Louis’ back, the touch comforting for them both. “But, if you’ll all excuse us now, I want to introduce Louis to more members of the Council. It would be good for him to at least know our neighbors.”

“Sure, until later, dear Louis,” Marcus practically purrs, snatching Louis’ hand up to give it a kiss. This touch is gross and unnerving, but it’s done before Louis can stop it.

Amelia leaves Louis with a kiss on the cheek, and Julius a courteous good evening, and Harry quickly whisks Louis away. The two of them find Zayn once again, just to tell him about Marcus.

“He’s so creepy, ugh, yuck,” Louis says, finally able to show his disgust. To add onto it, he even grabs a cloth napkin to wipe the back of his hand, still stinging from where Marcus had kissed it.

“That sounds terrible, but also maybe keep it down? Not everyone here dislikes him as much as we do,” Zayn says nervously, looking around at the other guests. It seems everyone is playing some kind of part because of Marcus. “At least you got his greeting over with and you now you don’t have to talk to him again tonight.”

“I hope you’re right,” Harry snarls. “You should have seen the way he looked at Louis.”

“That was the worst!” Louis groans. “It felt like we were back to that night, like I was naked or something in front of him again. I never want to feel like that again.”

“I’m sorry, Louis, truly I am,” Zayn says, finally being serious with them. He reaches out to Louis, hesitating for a moment before his hand meets Louis’ cheek. “Ignore him for the rest of the night if you want. As your King, I promise that will not be an embarrassment to me.”

Louis smiles sincerely, nodding at Zayn. “Thank you. I like this sweet side of you.”

“Don’t get used to it,” the king says sarcastically, tapping Louis’ cheek.

With that, Zayn and his date leave them once more. For a moment, Harry and Louis stand there just themselves, watching their party go on around them. They watch the dancing and the laughing, and the lavish ensembles, and quirky guests. Time passes and the Ball lingers on, but Harry and Louis stand alone with each other, content to be in each other’s arms while the world moves around them.

Eventually Harry has to bring Louis around to meet more of the Council. Most of them are just as warm and welcoming, but a fair few come off cold. Louis chalks it up to them being friends with Marcus, and aware of how Marcus doesn’t like Harry and vice versa. There is one group missing however, and it wouldn’t be that big deal, had it not been the company of the queen of Vermont. Since the passing of her state’s Vampire Marriage laws, she’s been one of the most famous faces of the vampire mainstreaming movement. Harry isn’t too worried about her not being there, because he doesn’t need the night to become more publicized than it already is, but he does find it odd that she wouldn’t come.

After a few more rounds of dancing and mingling, Louis and Harry find their ways outside to the patio, where people are gathered more intimately. The conversations are quieter out here, more just whispers in the night, and the groups are smaller, two or three people to each gathering. Louis and Harry walk all the way to the back of the patio, right next the gate which marks the entrance to their garden. They stop against the fence, Louis placing his hands on the cold fence to balance himself. He takes a few breaths.
“It’s a lot busier than I thought it would be,” Louis says breathlessly, looking out at the dark garden.

“I know, it’s a lot. I knew it would be,” Harry sighs, rubbing Louis’ back. “The night is almost over, it’s almost 4 in the morning. We’ll show the fireworks soon, and then send everyone home.”

“Thank god, I just want to cuddle up in bed with you, I’m so tired,” Louis says with a soft sigh. He rests his head against Harry’s chest, pushing his mask up so it rests on the top of his head. “And I want Marcus and his friends out of our house.”

“As do I, Baby,” Harry whispers. They don’t even realize how much time passes as they watch the fireflies, bats, and owls, fly around their garden, the tiny animals that keep it alive. It’s peaceful, and darkly tranquil, like it was brought to life from a painter. Nobody else in the mansion right now could even understand what this place means to Louis and Harry. They couldn’t possibly know what it is that connects the two lovers to this scenery, because the lovers themselves hardly know it. “How are you feeling? With all of the humans here, I mean.”

“I feel…” Louis pauses for a moment, because it hadn’t occurred to him since entering the ball that anything should be wrong. “Wonderful. I-I haven’t felt a single urge all night.”

“I’m so proud, Sunshine,” Harry gushes, squeezing Louis tighter against him. Finally, goes unsaid.

As time goes by, more and more people join them outside, and the calm atmosphere melts into the lively one that was inside. Zayn comes out as well, and announces that it’s time for the fireworks show, and all the vampires and humans in their masks and costumes excitedly look up into the sky.

The loud cracks and whirrs echo all around them, and the first set of colors burst over the night sky. Beautiful droplets of red, white, and blue shine and dissipate among the stars, over and over, in different patterns. The show is magnificent to behold, so loud and wonderful, brightening up the sky, and reflecting on the flowers in the garden. Yet, while everyone watched the show, Louis could only watch Harry. Every time a firework exploded above, the light would shine on Harry’s gorgeous, pale face, and Louis could see his dimpled smile.

Suddenly, in the middle of the revelry, there was a loud, high pitched scream coming from behind the big crowd. Most people don’t even notice because it almost matches in pitch with one of the fireworks, but Louis and Harry hear it perfectly. They quickly turn around, and run through the crowd, to find one of the lower ranking vampires shaking and crying, collapsed onto the ground.

Harry goes to her aide immediately, holding her up from the hard ground.

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

She shudders, and cries in his arms, holding up her phone for him to answer. “It’s Queen Marriona of Vermont, h-her second in command said…just answer him!”

Louis is quick to join them on the ground, in time for more people to notice, and Zayn and the Elders surround them. Harry grabs the phone from her hand and brings it to his ear, “Hello? This is Harry Styles, what’s happened to the queen?”

“Sir! Her majesty has been…oh god, she’s been assassinated!”

Harry’s eyes go wide and he drops the phone onto the ground, jaw falling open in utter disbelief. “I-it can’t be.”

Everyone is so shocked at Harry’s reaction, that Zayn is the only one with sense enough to grab the phone. He puts it on speaker so at least the Elders can know what’s going on. “Repeat what you just said!”
The outrages of pain and fear fill the air, and the Elders feel it the most. The guests fall into panics, some even scream in agony. Nobody can believe what they have just heard, but it must be true, why else would she not come tonight?

“Everybody needs to leave right now,” Zayn yells, shoving the phone back into Harry’s hands. “Ask him where he is and I will make sure someone comes to their aide, and we will find out who is behind this.”

“It’s the anti-vampire humans! It must be!” Marcus spits in disgust. “They’ve been murdering our kind for a year and now they’ve escalated to killing one of our most important Council members! I will not stand for this, they will pay for what they have done!”

“You don’t know who did this!” Louis yells, coming off more brave than he feels. But something in the way Marcus is acting has Louis suspicious, and Harry and Zayn as well.

“Louis is right, Marcus,” Selene speaks up. “We must send everyone away, to hide out in their own home or places of residency for the night, and I will personally go investigate.”

“No, Selene, a queen was killed and if an Elder shows up, whoever this was could try to attack again,” Zayn says vehemently. “Send the warriors from New York to investigate, and you join everyone in going somewhere safe. Everybody! Leave now and get home as fast as you can! Put properties in lockdown and alert everyone in your districts! We don’t need to lose anyone else tonight!”

Bit by bit the humans all run away to their cars, and the other vampires leave in seconds as well. The mansion is empty in a matter of minutes, and all that remain with Harry and Louis are the Zayn and the Elders. Harry helps Louis from the ground, the vampire they’d been holding has already run away, and they look up to see Zayn and the Elders all mumbling to each other. They all look worried and downright terrified of the situation.

“It cannot be what we suspected, if she was the only one who did not attend,” Amelia whispers.

“How do we know someone didn’t just order a hit on her?” Zayn snaps, looking directly at Marcus as he says it.

Marcus’s thin mouth just turns up slightly in a smug grin, “We wouldn’t be able to prove anything like that, now would we?”

“You’d be surprised what someone might find out.”

“Both of you stop!” Julius hushes. “We will let our people investigate. Zayn, I know you are concerned, but Selene and I will go to the site and find out for ourselves what has happened.”

Louis and Harry watch while everyone nods and then the Elders leave in a flash, leaving just an annoyed Zayn in their wake. “I can’t believe this!”

“I can’t believe she’s dead,” Harry chokes. “Zayn, what the fuck is happening?”

The king’s shoulders drop, as does his head, and he turns around, staring down at his feet in shame. “Something we both feared might happen Harry.”

The darkness creeps in and Harry knows what Zayn means, he wishes he didn’t. He grabs Louis’ hand tightly, while the younger vampire just watches on in fear. “Don’t you say it.”
“I have to,” Zayn groans, looking up with sad, almost empty eyes. “We might be on the brink of a second war.”

+ + +

August 10th, Harry and Louis are on Harry’s old motorcycle, headed to The Crescent Moon Bar’s grand anniversary party. It’s not a real anniversary, but it is the best excuse an incognito werewolf pack can use to mark their return to New Orleans. The Crescent Moon is found off the highway, next to a small rural town, and one of the longest stretches of woods in Louisiana. It’s the only highway stop for miles, making it a prime location for travelers to stop in, and yet close enough to the city to have regulars and good business. Tonight, however, the bar will only be filled with the wolf pack, and friends of the pack.

It’s bigger than Louis expected, three stories tall, and there’s even a mechanic right next door. According to Harry, the upper levels are apartments, one for the humans who run the bar when the wolf pack is away, and the other for Liam and now Niall. The lights are off up there, but the lower level, the actual bar, is bright and loud with music and activity.

There’s a few little groups of people outside, a big bouncer dressed in a black suit at the doors, and rows upon rows of motorcycles and vintage cars in the lot. Louis didn’t expect the pack to be so big, but then again he’s never met a real biker gang before.

“Oh, don’t mention Sons of Anarchy to them,” Harry says, light heartedly laughing as he backs the bike up in a spot. “They can’t stand that show. Same thing with Hells Angels, you should have seen Liam when they did the security for The Rolling Stones. People wouldn’t let anyone with a motorcycle anywhere near them after that incident.”

“I guess they don’t have the best reputations,” Louis says, shaking his hair out after pulling off his silver helmet.

“Liam’s made sure his pack is always on their best behavior, and they won’t act like a bunch of gang-related hooligans. They’re a little…obnoxious at first, but you’ll like them, I promise,” Harry assures Louis, placing his own gold helmet on his lap.

“Oh, I know I will,” Louis replies, pulling Harry’s hair up into a bun and sweetly kissing the back of his neck. “Let’s hurry up, yeah? I’m so excited to meet them, and to have a break from all of our people’s drama.”

Harry can’t agree more. Since the ball, vampires have been mostly on lockdown. Investigations have been underway into every crime committed against a vampire, whether related to the assassination or not. Zayn even said he wouldn’t be surprised if Harry got called in to help mobilize other warriors. In the meantime, Harry has been made the official ambassador to the wolf pack, yet another reason why he’s here to see Liam tonight.

The groups outside stare at the couple as they walk by, and Louis even catches a few of them sniffing in their direction. They all know what Harry and Louis are, but they don’t seem to be bothered by it. The bouncer gives Harry one look, nods, and steps aside to let them in. The inside of the bar is even louder than outside, rock music filling every inch of open space, and the smell of cigarettes and beer in the air. All around are men and women having the time of their lives, dancing, shouting, drinking, laughing, all happy to be back here.
Harry walks Louis hand in hand past the hostess booth, where a tall woman with long blonde hair is drinking some beer and reading from a magazine. Her nose twitches when they try to go by, and she immediately looks up with a big smile. “Harry Styles!”

He stops and looks over, not having noticed who it was before, but as soon as he does, his face also breaks into a smile. “Cara! Great to see you again!”

“I’ll say, it’s been what? Ten years? Longer? I was going to say you look exactly the same, but that goes without saying for you vamps,” She says happily, greeting Harry with a kiss to his cheek. She cocks one of her bushy eyebrows down at Louis, smirking at him for a moment, “Is this Louis then?”

“That it is, Louis this is Cara, she’s Liam’s second in command,” Harry introduces, stepping aside so they can shake hands.

“So you’re one of the wolves?” Louis asks excitedly.

“Sure am, love,” She giggles, flashing pearly white teeth. “I’ve been with Liam’s pack for five centuries now. And I’ve known Harry almost as long. Oh, the stories I could tell.”

“I would love to hear all of them sometime,” Louis says, mischievous glint in his eyes. “You wouldn’t believe how hard it is to get him to tell me about his past. It’s like he wants to remain some mysterious novel architype.”

Cara laughs at his comment, and leans down to whisper in his ear, “Remind me to tell you about our time in Communist Berlin. Harry nearly caused world war three only two years after the second had ended.”

“You never told me you were in Berlin, Harry,” Louis huffs, looking up at Harry with a cross pout.

Harry nervously laughs and shakes his head, arm thrown around Louis’ shoulder. “First of all, I believe I had nothing to do with what caused world war three to almost start. Second, maybe we’ll all reminisce over that some other time. Where’s Liam in all this ruckus?”

Cara takes a moment to look around the bar, standing up on her toes to look over all the other guests. She finally spots Liam surrounded by some older looking men, and waves him over. “Alpha! Your little vampire friends are here!”

The man called Liam, Louis recognizes from Harry’s pictures of him. He’s a lot bigger than Louis expected, body all bulging muscle and tan skin. He’s got these big, brown eyes, crinkling in when he smiles at Harry, and Louis is endeared by him. He’s cute, but obviously strong, his past echoed on his face in the form of worn, yet still young, skin. Louis can tell from the air around him exactly why he’s the alpha of the pack.

“Harry!” His voice is so deep, and happy, almost relieved to be speaking to Harry. “Look at you actually showing up to this.”

“Good to see you, Brother,” Harry says graciously, pulling Liam into a big warm embrace. They hold each other there for a long moment, expressing just how long it’s been since they’ve seen each other. Harry lets out a long breath, pats Liam on the back, and then leans away, taking Liam’s cheeks in his hands and planting a big kiss on his forehead. “You look good. Healthy. Happy.”

“I’m the happiest I’ve been in centuries, Harry,” Liam says sincerely. Louis can see in his eyes just how fond he is of Harry, and considering their history, he’s not surprised how close they are. Even without seeing each other in so long, they’re attached already. “And you’ve got reason to be just as happy as I am. Where is he?”
Louis, who’d been standing back while the two old friends reconnected, steps forward into Liam’s eye-line. He smiles up at Liam and holds out his hand. “Nice to meet you, I’m Louis Tomlinson.”

To Louis’ surprise, Liam doesn’t just shake his hand, he pulls Louis into his chest and his own big bear hug. Louis squeaks just slightly, then lets himself fall into the warmth of Liam’s body. Far too warm to be human, and most definitely a werewolf trait. “Glad to have you here Louis Tomlinson.”

“Alright, that’s enough of that,” Harry says jokingly, pulling Louis back by his waist. “You’re so dramatic, Liam. You act like I wasn’t ever going to bring him around.”

“It’s more that I never thought you would settle down, but damn, here we are,” the alpha wolf says. “How are you adjusting Louis, is Harry taking care of you?”

“Oh yes, well the first few months were... difficult, but Harry’s helped me so much,” Louis says, kissing Harry’s cheek.

“And where is your mate then? I’ve been dying to meet this Niall since your first letter,” Harry asks with a smirk.

Liam is about to answer, when the sound of a loud howling goes off at the far end of the bar. Several wolf voices howl out loudly, as if they were out on a run in the woods, and the sound of glasses hitting the bar quickly follow. Sheepishly, Liam’s cheeks start to flare up in a deep pink blush, and he crosses his hands over his chest, nodding in the direction of the commotion. “That would be him over there.”

The vampire couple looks over to find an interesting, and unexpected sight. A young man, blonde and skinny and adorable, sits up on the bar with a full pint of beer in his hand, laughing with the other young men around him. He sits back and chugs down the drink, finishing it all in one go, and that sets off another howling around the bar, this time almost every wolf joins in. Harry starts laughing, because this man is nothing like what he expected Liam to fall for. Liam can be so guarded and serious, and this Niall is... loose and fun.

“How did you meet someone like that?” Harry asks, clapping Liam on the back.

“Nashville, I was in need of some time away from the pack after a full moon run, and he was playing an open mic at a bar and... god you should have seen him,” Liam says dreamily. “Beautiful voice, beautiful smile, beautiful blue eyes, I swear he had me from the moment he stood up and started playing his guitar. Took me a whole month and another full moon to finally get the courage up to ask him out. Obviously that all worked out just fine.”

“That’s so romantic,” Louis sighs, leaning into Harry’s side. He remembers when he met Harry, how he’d stupidly gone to a vampire bar completely unprepared for anything that could happen. He’s so thankful the universe put Harry in that bar, because who knows what life would be like now without him. “You look so in love with him.”

“I am, and it’s hard not to be,” Liam says. His face falls a bit when he notices Harry looking at him strangely. “Harry, I know what you’re thinking.”

“So Niall knows everything? Even about the war?” Harry asks.

“Yes, I had to tell him. When I told him what I was and about the pack, I told him everything, including everything about Sophia. It’s different with Niall, I don’t have to worry about him so much, and he keeps me so... grounded. He’s so good for me,” Liam says earnestly.

With a soft smile, Harry nods, “Good, you deserve some love like that. And I can see the pack
enjoys their new omega."

“Yeah he was an easy sell to them. I mean, you know how they’ve been waiting for me to find someone for centuries,” Liam says, laughing a little out of embarrassment. “He fits in so well with everyone, it’s a wonder how he wasn’t a true born wolf.”

At the other end of the bar, Niall hops off and sways a little before he’s able to stand up straight. He laughs at his pack members, and saunters over to Liam, not noticing their guests when he hangs his arms around Liam’s neck, kissing him wetly on his cheek. “Come on Alpha, we’re setting up body shots over there, and I want you to take the first one off me. Show the pack how cute we are together.”

“Niall,” Liam groans, strong arms cradling his omega to keep him from falling over. “Maybe in a moment, but right now we have guests. Babe, this is my vampire friend, the one I told you about, Harry. And his mate Louis.”

“Hmm?” Niall turns in Liam’s arms, clapping happily when he finally sees Harry and Louis. “The vampires are here! Great to meet you Harry, and you, uh, Louis! Come with me, we’re doing body shots!”

“I heard,” Louis giggles, letting Niall pull him away. “You know we don’t drink any of this stuff, right?”

“A little alcohol won’t kill you guys, sheesh,” Niall says, slurring his words as he drags Louis to the bar. “It’s just for fun, anyway.”

Harry, however, stays back with Liam, both stunned and excited about what he has just seen. “Haven’t even really met each other and already going off to cause trouble. I’m impressed.”

“Sorry about that…” Liam shrugs, scratching the back of his neck. “Drunk Niall can be a bit of a handful, but I love him.”

“I’m glad,” Harry says. They stand side by side, watching while Louis and Niall sit up on the bar and become surrounded by other pack members, the music seems to get louder. “Have you figured out what the rest of the pack is going to do next week?”

“Yeah, I’ve been corresponding with Zayn—”

Harry snorts. “That must have been fun for him.”

“You know, he’s not as scared of us as he used to be.”

“That’s what you think.”

“Anyway, he’s got a place for the pack. Open and empty most of the time. He says sometimes there’s humans in the woods, hunting or whatever, but he’s going to make sure it’s clear for everyone. Don’t worry about asking us to separate, Niall would prefer it like this anyway.”

“How’s it been doing runs with him so far?” Harry asks curiously.

Liam tenses a bit, nervously staring at his Niall. “Well, we’ve only run with the rest of the pack once, and it was his first full moon after being turned. It…well let’s just say he didn’t do too well with all the other wolves around. Things can get ugly during that time, and he’s not ready to be with older wolves, not yet anyway.”
“When Louis was first turned, he couldn’t even think about humans without wanting to feed from them.” Harry says, voice dropping low. “It wasn’t until a couple weeks ago that he got control of all the bloodlust. Niall will get there, with your help. In the meantime, you two are welcome to our propert.”

“Thanks mate,” Liam sighs.

They watch everything for another moment, while Louis and Niall talk closely together by the bar. Harry isn’t ready to bring down the mood, but he knows there’s things he and Liam have to talk about, and as soon as possible. “Liam…Brother, we have things to discuss. There are things happening with the vampires, and I just want you to be ready.”

“I’ve been told the gist of it, Harry,” Liam says. “I’m not ready for those talks tonight. Not while everyone in the pack is so drunk and in a celebration. Leave it be for now. He smiles a little as Niall lays back on the bar, and lets one of the other men sprinkle salt on his tummy. “I better get over there before someone else thinks they can have a go at my omega.”

“Sure, sure, go be the big bad Alpha,” Harry encourages, following Liam over to the bar. He wraps his arms around Louis again, kissing his boy’s cheek and rubbing his tummy. “Didn’t want to participate?”

“Maybe next time,” Louis mumbles, turning his head so he could give Harry a proper kiss. “I like Niall, a lot. He really understands what I’m going through.”

“I couldn’t be happier, Sunshine,” Harry says. He pulls Louis into the rest of the crowd, to the groups dancing and singing along to the loud music. He’s nervous about the full moon next week, but as long as Louis is comfortable with the wolves now, Harry’s pretty sure everything will be okay.

+ 

August 18th, the night is dark, the stars and fireflies flicking amongst the black sky, but the full moon, the Sturgeon’s Moon, shines brightest of them all. Louis is standing on the front porch, waiting for their two guests to arrive, nervously waiting. He’s been talking to Niall all week, sharing stories about their lives and their various situations, and yesterday Niall was so on edge from the oncoming of the full moon. He wasn’t like his usual, happy self that Louis is getting to know, but annoyed and short. The energy of the moon was filling him too much, and Louis recognized that kind of tense attitude in himself. He remembers it perfectly, and vividly.

“Don’t be scared of them, they won’t try to attack us,” Harry’s voice appears in Louis’ ear.

And Louis turns to find Harry directly behind him, bracketed in his arms against the porch rail. “How can you be sure?”

Harry shrugs. “Liam’s never done it to me, and even though Niall is new, I doubt the wolf in him would want to hurt you. You’re already becoming such good friends.”

“What will they do?” Louis asks.

“Run in their wolf forms, howl at the moon, maybe mate under it too. I’ve never watched one of these closely, usually I would be trying to keep enemies away during them,” Harry informs him. They look up at the sky together, the full moon shining through the trees. “It’s a beautiful night either way.”
“Yeah, I guess it is,” Louis says, still nervous, but less so. Harry always knows just what to say to calm his nerves.

It’s not long until Liam and Niall arrive on Liam’s bike, but there’s barely a greeting before Niall is running away to the backyard. “I’m so sorry about him, he’s still getting the hang of these things.”

“It’s fine, Li,” Harry assures him. “Go to him, Louis and I will give you your distance.”

Liam nods and starts to strip his clothes as he walks away. Louis watches, tries not to ogle the muscles that cover Liam’s body, but he’s curious about this. “Ahh,” Liam’s scream of pain turns into a loud howl at the moon as he transforms. His body breaks down and he falls to his hands and knees, black and brown fur growing under the light of the moon, until there’s not a man in front of Louis, but a wolf. The wolf turns back to them, eyes bright red, and growls, before running at inhuman speed to the back property.

“That was amazing,” Louis gasps, looking back at Harry with a big smile. “It’s like a movie effect.”

“Yes, it’s quite impressive,” Harry agrees, taking Louis’ hand in his as he attempts to bring Louis back into the mansion. “Let’s leave them to it.”

Louis pouts, still trying to look in the back for the two wolves. He can hear one howl after another, two wolves running together, and he can’t help how curious he is. “Would it really be so bad to follow? Just for a little while? Aren’t you curious what it’s like?”

“Lou, I already know what it’s like, and I know you should leave them to their business,” Harry cautions.

But Louis is stronger now, and he’s able to break away from Harry’s grip, running after their two wolves. He just wants to see where they go, and what it’s like when a real living werewolf runs under the magic of the full moon. This is yet another thing Harry has made possible for him, yet another thing that Louis could have never dreamed to happen. So he follows the sound of their howls, which is hard to do in the echoing of the woods. He follows them farther back than he’s ever even gone, deep into the woods of Harry’s property.

For a moment Louis stops, the light of the moon the only thing guiding his way, and he listens again, but the sounds have gone down. He’s about to start walking, quietly try to track them down with his vampire sense, but he’s caught up in large, strong hands, pulling him back. “Louis! Let them have their time together! Let’s go back to the mansion.”

“Harry! I just want to see them, okay? Just for a moment, then my curiosity will go away and we can have a nice, peaceful evening in.” Louis begs, tugging Harry’s hands away from him. He takes a few steps, Harry having given up trying to stop him, and he listens closely. There’s a faint sound of moaning, mixed with deep growling, coming from not too far ahead.

The two of them follow the noise, Harry more cautiously staying behind Louis. They reach an opening of the woods, close to a small pond, where the shape of the moon makes a perfect, mirror-like reflection in the water. Louis almost gasps when he sees Liam and Niall, back in naked human forms, tangled in each other’s arms on the ground, but Harry is quick to cover his mouth. Louis watches with wide eyes as Niall and Liam share a passionate kiss in the grass, only to break apart a moment later.

Liam turns back into his wolf form, faster this time, and breaks into a run through the pond. Niall stays on the ground for a few moments, seeming to catch his breath, but he stands up soon and transforms into his wolf form so he can follow Liam again.
And if Louis hadn’t been shocked before, he certainly is now, because the sight of Niall’s wolf has his heart beating ever faster. He pushes Harry away and runs at full speed back to the mansion, not stopping until he’s in their dining room, hands braced on the long dining table. His body wracks with the deep breaths he’s taking, still in awe of what he’s just seen.

Soon enough, Harry is beside him, where he belongs, and he’s trying to comfort Louis, or at least understand what’s just happened. He’s praying Louis isn’t somehow having another episode like he used to. “Louis? What’s wrong, Sunshine? What’s going on?”

“It can’t be him...how would it be him?” Louis frantically asks himself.

“Who? What can’t be who?” Harry desperately asks Louis.

“The wolf! The one from my dreams? The one with pure white fur and blue eyes!” Louis shouts.

“What about it?” Harry asks, still confused by Louis’ behavior.

With a deep breath, Louis is able to calm himself, looking directly in Harry’s eyes as he says, “The wolf from my dreams, it’s Niall.”

**End Part Two**

**To be concluded...**

**Chapter End Notes**

Happy Full Pink Moon :)
Part Three

Chapter Summary

There’s always a struggle before a fairytale ending.

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all of the patience while I finished this last part! I hope it’s exciting and worth the wait. Thank you most of all to Sebastian for his usual support and love and virtual slaps in the face so I could finish this :)

“Welcome to the Hotel Pointe Du Lac, where every vampire citizen can feel at home.” The pretty vampire woman standing behind the counter says to them as they walked up. Her fangs are already extended, as a gesture of welcoming to her fellow kin, and her voice has a thick French accent. “Have you come to the city of love for business or pleasure?”

The Hotel Pointe Du Lac is the premier destination in Paris for vampires, and came very highly recommended from both Zayn and Selene. Harry couldn’t think of a better place to take Louis on their first trip away from home than Paris, and there’s no better place to stay than one of the only hotels with light tight rooms. His only objection is that this trip has to be part of his work as well as a vacation. If it were up to Harry, he would spend all his time in Paris with Louis, showing him all the sights, and making love every night. Sadly, these next two weeks will be a combination of work and play.

“Both, actually,” Harry says, holding out his credit card to check in. He wraps his other arm around Louis’ shoulder, and peers at the phone in Louis’ hand. “Niall still convinced we won’t make it home?”

“Actually now he’s sending me a list of gifts I could bring home for him,” Louis says, voice sweetly fond.

It’s been a little over a month since Louis finally met Liam and Niall, and even less since he watched them under the full moon and realized he’s been dreaming about Niall’s wolf form. Louis still has no idea what the dreams are about, but with the imminent threat of war going on, and the fact that he has Niall close, has Louis feeling like they must have been some precognitive things. Besides all that, he and Niall have gotten along so well, and it’s so nice to have a friend who kind of understands what he’s going through, but Louis has kept the dreams to himself. He might tell Niall eventually.

“What does he want? You could go out for some shopping while I work,” Harry suggests, signing in the check in book.

“Wine, a pocket watch, something historical, something from one of the art museums…he’s basically listing every option for a vacationer in Paris.”

“At least he isn’t being picky.”
“Niall isn’t picky about anything,” Louis chuckles. “You’re right, though, this gives me plenty to do while you leave me to go hang out with stuffy old art snobs.”

“That’s my job, Sunshine, and they’re not stuffy,” Harry says with a pout. He attempts to give Louis a kiss, but the younger vampire just turns away. “Aw, now that’s not very nice. I’m still taking you out tonight for an adventure, and you’ll only be alone tomorrow night for a little while.”

“Let me stew in this for a little while, Hazza. I promise I will stop being moody once we unpack,” Louis huffs.

“Your keys, Monsieur,” the woman interrupts, again smiling with her long fangs. “The Honeymoon Suite awaits, tenth floor.”

Louis’ lips turn up into a pleased smirk as he turns away from the desk. “Honeymoon Suite?”

“Of course,” Harry says, grabbing their luggage. “Only the best for you.”

“We’re not even married,” Louis points out, linking his arm around Harry’s back.

“Might as well be,” Harry mumbles, leading them toward the elevator.

Louis remains quiet to that comment. He knows how much Harry wants to get married, he can feel it in every touch and every kiss, as if their connection allows him to read Harry’s mind. He can’t, but every time marriage or weddings are mentioned around Harry, Louis feels a flood of aching rush through Harry’s aura. He just doesn’t see the point in participating in a human activity that has very little meaning compared to what they already have. Being a Soulmate and being a mate connected by blood with his maker is far more special than any paper from city hall could be.

They settle together in the elevator, Louis’ back against the back wall, sighing as he watches Harry press the button. As soon as the doors close, Harry is crowding into Louis’ space, wrapping his arms around Louis’ waist and pressing his face into Louis’ warm neck. Louis slides his hands around Harry’s back and down into his back pockets. He whines a little, nudging at Harry softly to whisper, “Don’t leave me tonight.”

“Sunshine,” Harry groans, leaning back to look at Louis’ sad face. “I have to go to work. The faster I get all my business done, then the sooner we can get to our real vacation.”

“Come on, it’s the first night! Your clients will understand if you want to take a night off.”

“Normally yes, but I already have a meeting set and it cannot be rescheduled,” Harry says. He gives Louis a quick kiss, brushing Louis’ bangs out of his eyes. “Entertain yourself here, you can order a massage to pass the time.”

“I’d rather have your hands on me,” Louis mumbles.

“Baby.”

“Sorry,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. The elevator reaches their floor, and Louis pushes Harry away so he can once again pick up the luggage. As they walk out, Louis in front and swaying his hips, he casually says, “I think I will order a massage, it will be nice to get some kind of action tonight. Plus, you’ll have to go work knowing some other man has his hands on me.”

Harry stops walking for a moment, frowning while he watches Louis go. “Well. I suddenly take back my idea. You must sit and stare at the wall until I return.”
Louis giggles, shakes his hips a little more, picking up his pace down the hall. “Too late! I’m committing myself to this! I’m asking for their longest possible appointment too. So you can be out as long as you need and I will be taken care of, without you.”

Harry hates himself only a little bit. He knows that even if Louis flirts a little, it’s nothing serious and nothing Louis would follow through on, but he still doesn’t want to just leave Louis alone on their first night in Paris. “I will try to cut tonight’s meeting as short as possible, okay? Maybe I’ll come back with a gift too.”

They both make it to the Honeymoon Suite door, Louis turning to lean against it, a very satisfied smile on his pixie-like face. “Well, if you’re going to bring me a gift…”

“Cheeky.” Harry concludes, reaching his hand next to Louis to unlock the suite door.

The room is beautiful. It’s a big open space adorned in red and black dressings, very cliché vampire, like almost everything made for their people. But there is a full kitchen area, a couch and television area, and a separate room for the bed and bath. Louis drops his things by the entrance, slowly walking through the suite with his eyes wide, because he’s never seen a hotel room like this. He would have thought he’d seen it all after living in the mansion with Harry, or visiting Zayn’s villa, but this room is dripping opulence. The hotel has left a fresh bottle of blood on ice for them in the middle of the kitchen table, along with a trail of rose petals leading to the bedroom. He tip-toes around them, following the path to the bedroom door, which is labeled with their last names on a hand painted sign. Louis smiles as he gently touches it, his fingers tracing the S on Harry’s last name.

“Did you ask for this?” Louis asks, his fingers moving down to his own last name.

Harry shakes his head, leaving his own bags in the kitchen area. “I guess it’s customary for the Honeymoon Suite. We should ask for this room wherever we go.”

“I can get behind that,” Louis sighs, pushing open the door. He almost laughs when he sees the bed. All black sheets with maroon pillows, but the actual bed is in the shape of a giant heart. “Oh my—Haz you’ve got to see this.”

Harry walks up behind Louis and snorts when he sees the bed. “This is…well, this is certainly going to be the most interesting bed we make love on.”

“We won’t be doing anything until you finish your work,” Louis says, pouting adorably. He backs up to the bed until he feels his knees touch it, and then crosses his arms. “Hurry up and go, already.”

“I can’t even start to unpack?” Harry asks with a smirk.

“No, I will unpack while you’re busy abandoning me,” Louis says.

Harry laughs, stepping forward until he’s right in front of Louis. “I can’t even have a kiss before I go?”

Louis looks away, thinking for a moment, before he quickly goes up on his tip-toes to give Harry a very fast peck on the lips. Harry frowns when Louis settles back down, so Louis just shrugs, “More when you get back.”

“Alright, alright Sweetheart, whatever you want,” Harry says, throwing up his hands in defeat. He takes off his jacket and tosses it onto the bed behind Louis, then gives Louis a very fast kiss on the temple, before turning and grabbing his work files from his carry-on. “Don’t open that blood until I’m back.”
“Yeah, yeah, whatever,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. He falls back on the large bed, spreading out all of his limbs while he watches Harry leave. Once he’s alone, Louis rolls over onto his stomach, pulling his phone out once again. There’s ten more texts from Niall now, and Louis can’t help but giggle at his friend. “Clingy bastard.”

**From Niall Horan:** Liam said not to get us anything wolf themed because it’s cheesy.

*(I kind of want something with a wolf on it)*

Apparently you have to get special permission to bring wine into the country so maybe you don’t have to get us that

Just don’t get me a dumb t-shirt or a keychain

Louis……still there??????

Ew are you and harry…busy…

Just call me when ur done ;)

Wait im just wondering something…..Like do you and harry ever drink each other’s blood?

Is that cannibalism?? Because don’t humans drink vampire blood too?

Sorry go back to your………activities…

Louis’ eyes widen at Niall’s questions, because it’s something he hasn’t thought about it so long. Ever since the first, and only time, Louis and Harry shared blood, they haven’t spoken about it. Louis understands that it’s not allowed, and he knows that it’s apparently driven vampires crazy, but…a part of him misses it. That night was so special and so intense, and Louis has never felt anything like it. He and Harry are already connected so deeply that they feel each other’s most desperate emotions, but when Louis drank his blood he could see into Harry’s very soul. It was like Louis could see into Harry’s thoughts, and know what he was going to do before Harry even started. And maybe that’s what drove vampires mad, but Louis doesn’t care.

He can’t ask Harry to do it again, because he knows Harry would refuse. He’s not even sure if he wants to do it again, because he could get addicted to it. Maybe this feeling will go away soon, and he can go on living without needing it.

For now, Louis is going to have to lie to Niall, just this once.

**To Niall Horan:** No we can’t drink from a vampire, it’s illegal. Also of course I will get you something better than a t-shirt or a keychain, don’t be silly.

And we’re not fucking, harry went to work

As Louis waits for an answer from Niall, he drags in all of their luggage and starts to unpack, clicking on the TV for some background noise. His phone buzzes after a few minutes.

**From Niall Horan:** Damn already??? If it were Li and I he would have needed at least one round before anything else

**To Niall Horan:** how lucky you are. At least I know when harry gets we’ll probs being going at it until sunrise
Niall’s response was a string of various emojis in support of whatever Louis and Harry would be doing.

By the time Harry gets back to the room, Louis has unpacked everything, gotten through a very relaxing massage, and is close to falling asleep on the large heart bed. There’s been a marathon of Dateline on TV, so Louis spent a good portion of the night talking to the TV about how ‘She did it, of course she did it!’. His eyes are barely staying open when he feels Harry lay down next to him, both of them sprawled out on the large bed.

“I brought you a gift,” Harry says, his voice rough from exhaustion. Apparently vampires get jet lagged too.

Louis just hums and rolls over, looking at Harry wide eyes. He blinks a few times, letting his long eyelashes flutter, and then yawns, “I should hope so.”

“You can wear it tomorrow when we go out,” Harry says, snuggling his face up close to Louis’ neck.

Just as Harry is about to get comfortable, Louis sits up, pushing his maker back. He’s smiling down at Harry, tired but excited. “Wear? What is it?”

Harry’s face breaks into a smirk, and he rolls off the bed again to grab a small rectangular box from the ground. It’s unlabeled, but Louis is excited nonetheless. “Well, one of the people I met with was a fashion historian, and they want me to curate a sale of some very old designs for a certain name-brand company…I plan on getting the deal done, but when I was there I happened to see something from the new line, and I couldn’t pass it up.”

“Oh god, enough with the stories, just show me!” Louis whines.

Harry laughs and opens up the box to reveal a gorgeous, speckled leather jacket, with a YSL label. Louis’ eyes widen and he grabs it right out of the box, darting off the bed so he can try it on. It’s a little snug around his waist, but overall it fits perfectly, and Louis thinks he looks rather cool. “Oh, Harry, it’s beautiful!”

“You’ll fit right in at the wolf club.”

“Niall will be so jealous,” Louis says, turning around to admire the back in the mirror. “And this is next season?”

“That’s right,” Harry says, lying back on the bed again, hands up behind his head. “Hasn’t even been shown on the runway yet.”

“How on earth did they let you buy this?” Louis asks.

Harry shrugs. “I’ve been working with them since they first began in sixty-one. Pierre owes me about a million favors.”

“I cannot believe this. First Prada, and now YSL…and yet sometimes I still go out in sweatpants and a plain t-shirt, why do you let that happen?”

“I happen to like your sweatpants and t-shirts, Lou,” Harry says with a pout. He starts tapping the spot next to him on the bed, waiting for Louis to join him so they can rest up for the next night. “Actually, I prefer the sweatpants, because they’re much easier to get off.”
Louis rolls his eyes, grinning as he slips off his new jacket. He bends over and crawls onto the bed, bracketing Harry’s body with his legs. “You’re a horny bastard, you know that?”

“I’m very aware,” Harry mumbles, leaning up to kiss Louis’ chest. He slips his arms around Louis’ back and pulls his Soulmate down closer, moving up to kiss Louis’ cheek. He murmurs into Louis’ ear, a soft request to make love until they really must go to sleep because of the sunrise. Of course, Louis says yes, though he still wishes they’d already been going at it all night.

Harry’s work is finished in the next two days, all while Louis collects the gifts he’s going to bring home. He’s built up a nice little pile in the kitchen area of their suite by the fourth night, and has already wrapped each gift himself. Boredom, apparently, really makes Louis efficient. That fourth night, Harry finally takes Louis out on the town. They take a walk up and down the streets of Paris, stopping in one of the oldest Vampire dens in the city. It used to be a secret save haven for their people, but after coming out of the coffin, the group that ran it opened it to the public. Humans and vampires alike attend events there, but there are still private rooms in the back specifically for blood drinking.

Their next outing was to a special night tour of the Louvre. Louis has seen pictures of the museum during the day, and he knows how busy it can get. Being there at night it’s so empty and quiet, and they can actually look at all of the art and take it in. The Mona Lisa is a lot smaller than Louis every pictured, and Harry had laughed when Louis whispered that she was overrated. His favorite room was a hallway full of statues made to look like the ancient roman gods. Louis could picture them decorating their vast garden with similar statues. They ended the night by picking up another gift for Niall and Liam, a replica of a painting of Romulus and Remus with their adoptive wolf mother.

Their next few dates went right under all of the Parisian vacation clichés. They visited Notre Dame, and Harry made several jokes about being burned by the crosses. Harry took Louis shopping at all of the best designers, even introduced him to several creative heads of the labels. His list of famous friends may never cease to amaze Louis. Their adventures continued with a small trip on a private helicopter to Versailles, where they slept over for a day. They even staged a picnic in front of the Eiffel Tower, complete with wine and sandwiches that they didn’t bother eating. Harry didn’t want to draw attention to what they really were in a foreign country, but it was easy to disguise when they spent most of the night making out in the lawn.

The last night they would have before going home, they went on a simple walk around the sitting. They shared a bottle of blood at a vampire friendly coffee shop, and watched the humans enjoy their own little romances.

Louis is excited to go home tomorrow night, but he knows he will miss them being on vacation. As soon as they are home it’s going to be all back to business. Harry is going to be with Zayn a lot, trying to sort out what the fuck is going on with the Council. They are going to have to live on constant alert, ready for an attack from an enemy at any time. Louis is going to learn things he’s feared about his new world, he just has that feeling. Harry gives him that feeling. Whenever Louis mentions going home, Harry’s body flows with worry that Louis can feel through their connection. He senses that the end of this vacation may be the end of a happy phase for them.

There is, however, one thing that Louis cannot get off his mind. Ever since Niall asked about it, Louis has been stricken with the need to feed from Harry again. It’s so wrong, and Louis knows that, he understands the warnings Harry has given, but it doesn’t take away the longing Louis feels to experience that all again.

They’re in bed, naked, just made love for about the millionth time on the vacation, and Louis is
resting his head on Harry’s shoulder. It’s been about half an hour since they finished, and Harry is reading their flight info on his phone.

Louis can’t stop staring at him. He stares at Harry’s neck, which he could so easily nip at right now before Harry could stop him. He stares at Harry’s fingers, the first place Louis fed from after he was turned. He stares and stares, until finally Harry starts to notice. He doesn’t realize why Louis is staring, because he’s far too chipper when he asks, “Something else you want, Sunshine?”

Louis shrugs. He rolls over so he’s on his stomach, places his hand on Harry’s chest. “Not really.”

“No?” Harry asks again, voice still light and flirtatious. “You sure? Because I could definitely go again. We could even close the windows and fuck all through tomorrow, if you wanted.”

Louis pushes his face right into the pillows, groaning. He scratches at Harry’s chest, tapping his fingers a few times. Finally, Louis looks up again, but instead of a vocal answer, he just crawls onto Harry’s lap. Harry drops his phone to the side and places his hands on Louis’ hips, thumbs rubbing little circles onto Louis’ waist. They share smiles with each other for a moment, Harry’s confident and Louis’ nervous, as Louis walks his little fingers up to Harry’s jaw. He starts to slowly move his hips back and forth, baiting Harry until his fangs extend, clicking like usual.

But its’ when Louis starts to touch one of Harry’s fangs, that Harry gets suspicious of what he wants. “Baby? What are you doing?”

Louis shrugs. He leans down to give Harry’s cheek a kiss, before whispering, “Do you ever think about that night? Do you ever think about when we drank from each other?”

“Louis—”

“Because I do.”

“Lou—”

“Harry just, okay, just hear me out,” Louis says quickly, sitting up on Harry’s lap. He can’t believe he’s about to tell Harry this, that he’s really going to confess his secret desire for their blood to be shared again. “I—I know you said it’s not allowed, forbidden or whatever. But I cannot get it out of my mind. I’d never felt anything like that before, and I honestly still haven’t. We were just so connected, and so in-tune, and it was… it was like we were one person.”

“Louis, I know how you’re feeling, but—”

“Harry, I don’t want an argument,” Louis groans, covering his face with his hands. “I just wanted you to know that I…I don’t think it would be too bad to try it again. Just one more time! A-and then we don’t ever have to do it again, and we won’t tell anyone.”

Harry drops his hands, stunned that Louis would ask such a thing of him. He knows how wonderful an experience that was, and he won’t forget those feelings for years to come, but they cannot let themselves fall into that trap. They cannot let themselves get used to that behavior, because who knows what it could do to them. “Sunshine, I know you wouldn’t tell anyone, but we really can’t. I will never forget that night for all of the next centuries we are together, but we cannot repeat it.”

“Harry, nobody would know—”

“Louis, I said no!” Harry finally snaps. He regrets his outburst the moment it comes out, because Louis gasps and his pretty eyes start to tear up, little droplets of blood forming at the corners. Harry recoils, his hands leaving Louis’ sides cold, his body slumping down further onto the bed. “Baby,
I’m sorry.”

Louis only shakes his head and climbs back off Harry’s lap, turning his back to Harry as he lays down again. He curls in on himself, wiping up the bloody tears that have fallen down his cheeks. “D-don’t. You don’t have to apologize. I just…I haven’t felt this week since I was turned. My body hurts all the time when I think about it. It’s like you’ve got human blood in you and I’m so fucking hungry for it.”

“I know, Sunshine, I’m still sorry,” Harry whispers regretfully. He tries to comfort Louis by putting a hand on his shoulder, but Louis flinches away from him. Instead, Harry settles for rolling over and staring at Louis’ back, not touching him, but leaving his hand as close to Louis’ back as it can be. “Lou, it’s our last night in Paris. I don’t want to go back to all the shit at home with you upset.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“You’d be fine faster if we really talked about why you want this,” Harry says with a long sigh. He slowly inches closer to Louis’ back, still managing to not make physical contact with him. “It’s been so long since we did that, so why are you just saying all of this now?”

Louis only shrugs.

“There has to be a reason,” Harry says, trying his best to coax an answer out of Louis.

Louis shrugs again, but this time he follows it by turning around, shyly looking at Harry. “Well… Niall was asking me all these questions, and he brought it up. I guess werewolves don’t know, or maybe Liam hasn’t told him, but he didn’t know we weren’t allowed.”

“Did you tell him?”

“Yes, but it still got me thinking,” Louis says softly. “I won’t bring it up again.”

“Baby, I really am sorry you’re feeling this way,” Harry says, finally touching Louis’ hand. He traces his thumb over Louis’ knuckles, and gently tugs Louis’ hand toward him, giving it a kiss. “When we get home, there’s going to be so much to take care of, and you won’t even have time to think about it.”

“You make it sound like such a drag, like we will never have a break,” Louis sighs.

Harry chuckles, pulling Louis into a warm cuddle again. “Well, you should go back to work at some point, if you want. And I am going to have to help Zayn and Liam with the whole crisis thing. There’s going to be a lot of nights out.”

Louis pouts, resting his cheek on Harry’s hard chest. “With you taking care of business, will there even be time for us? Because if that’s the case, then we might have to make love again. Who knows how long it will be until we get to again.”

It’s Harry’s turn to pout now, and he hugs Louis even tighter. “Louis, may I be staked in the heart if I go even one night without making love to you.”

“So dramatic,” Louis says with a yawn, face settling into a sleepy smile. “We don’t have to every night, but if we go more than a week, I won’t talk to you for a decade.”

Harry knew that Louis would be very capable of keeping that promise, because a decade could go by so fast for a vampire. He promises to never let Louis go too long without his touch, and lets Louis fall asleep in his arms. Harry stays up longer than usual, however, because now it’s him who can’t
stop thinking about drinking from Louis. He made it 800 years without the urge, but something about
his soulmate was pulling him in. Finally, just before the sun rises behind the light-tight windows,
Harry drifts off into his own dreamless slumber.

They arrive home still cuddled in each other’s arms, kissing and giggling, and still high from their
French vacation. It takes several trips to get all their belongings and the various bags of gifts into the
mansion, but even when they finally finish, there isn’t time to settle in. Just when Louis sets down
the last small suitcase, they both hear two howls coming from the distant in their garden, and that’s
when Louis notices the two motorcycles parked by the side of the driveway.

With a quick look up at the sky, Louis smiles when he sees the full moon. “That time of the month
already, I guess.”

“Yeah last night for it. Come on, you know it’s going to be nice to see them again,” Harry says,
punctuating it with a kiss to Louis’ cheek. “Here, let’s put as much away as we can before they’re
done.”

Louis shrugs and before Harry can even blink, he’s out of the room with two packages. It only takes
Louis about a minute to bring all their things to up to their room, and he stops at the bottom of the
stairs with a very big grin when he’s done. “There!”

Harry just laughs, and makes his own fast trip into the kitchen. He opens their refrigerator to check
on their blood supply, and frowns at the lonely two bottles they have left. “Lou, remind me
tomorrow that I need to put in another order of blood. We should probably go out tonight for it.”

“Really? You, um, you think that’s a good idea?” Louis nervously asks, following Harry into the
kitchen. He may have better control over his bloodlust, but he still hasn’t ever gone out to drink from
a human for a quick meal. It hasn’t ever been something they needed to do, but Louis remembers
how Harry mentioned he would have to practice for real eventually.

“But let’s just order more as soon as we can, okay? I don’t want to have to go out hunting every
night.”

Louis shrugs. “I don’t know, you’re the expert.”

Harry laughs, and leans down to kiss Louis’ neck. He pauses when he smells the sweet vampire
blood under the skin, but ultimately lets his lips touch. Louis hums, knowing and feeling exactly
what Harry was just thinking, but he’s decided not to push that conversation again. Especially not
when their friends are right outside their house, and could come in at any time.
Still, knowing that, Harry scoops Louis up in his arms and carries him to the counter, kissing him properly while Louis giggles into his mouth. Just as Harry is slipping his hands up Louis’ shirt, the front door slams and they hear quick feet running into the kitchen.

“Welcome home blood suckers!” Niall cheers as he grabs both Louis and Harry into a very tight hug, no attention given to the fact that they were obviously making out. “How was the vacation?”

“Work, was great,” Harry groans, patting Niall on the head. “Sex in Paris was also great.”

“Oh god—” Louis groans, blushing and covering his face as Niall lets them go.

“Already so gross, Harry?” Liam asks sarcastically from the kitchen entranceway. “No offense to you Louis, but we don’t want to hear about your weird vamp sex.”

“Hey, be nice Li, we let you fuck in our yard every month,” Harry says, winking at him.

Liam nods, smiling to himself as he opens the fridge door to grab a beer he had stored there. “Yeah, thanks for that, again.”

“And I assume you are all finished that, so goodnight—”

“Hold on, don’t get too excited Haz,” Liam cuts off, slamming the fridge closed. “You and I have that council meeting tonight.”

“What council meeting?” Louis asks, hopping off the counter.

“The one Zayn called for my pack and whatever local important vamps can come…did Harry not tell you?”

“How could Harry, when he didn’t even know?” Harry asks in an exasperated sigh. He rubs his temples with his thumb and pointer finger, silently cursing Zayn. “I have to go, don’t I?”

“Buddy, you are the best liaison between my pack and your kind, nothing would get done without you there,” Liam says, squeezing Harry’s shoulder.

Louis stands still, twiddling his thumbs together and staring at his feet. He knows how important it is that Harry be at these meetings, what with all of the trouble going on, but he’s feeling hungry. Louis can’t go hunt by himself, not yet. “You should go, obviously, but I can’t…I’ll just wait until tomorrow to go get something. That way you can be with me.”

Harry sighs, “No, you should get something now. After that long flight, you need strength.”

“I can go with him!” Niall chimes in, clapping excitedly. “I’ve always wanted to see what a vampire hunting would be like!”

“Oh lord—” Liam mumbles.

“Niall, that’s sweet, but I’m not going to be any fun. I’ve never really been hunting for real,” Louis says sadly.

“You’ll be fine, Lou,” Harry assures him. “Feel free to call me and steal me away from the meeting if you need.”

Louis nods and gives Harry a quick kiss on the cheek, taking Niall’s hand carefully. “Are you sure you’ll be able to take me?”
“You kidding? I’ve won fights against most of Liam’s older wolves already!” Niall says happily.

“You guys fight?” Louis asks as he’s dragged to the door.

“Sure, but it’s just playing and training,” Niall says with a shrug, tugging Louis out the door.

Harry smiles fondly as he watches the two leave. He places a hand on Liam’s shoulder, squeezing it hard. “You really found a good one.”

“Yeah,” Liam happily sighs. “So did you, but we can get all mushy later. I shouldn’t keep Zayn waiting.”

“Li, we can be late, especially since he didn’t even actually tell me about it,” Harry chuckles. When Liam reaches into his pocket for his keys, Harry is quick to stop him. “Nah, I’ll drive us tonight. We’ll take the Mercedes.”

“Louis’ Mercedes?”

“Yeah, well, he’s not using it.” Harry says, grabbing the keys off the hanger they usually sit on. “Plus, I fixed it up.”

“You mean, you paid to have it repaired.”

“Well, you weren’t in the state to do it for me.”

Niall takes Louis to the French Quarter on his motorcycle, a cute little Janus Halcyon 250 with black paint and custom wolf outline painted on the side. It was a gift from Liam for Niall’s last birthday, and he treats it as though it were his baby. He gives Louis the spare helmet, black with the pack’s bar logo on it, and zooms away as soon as Louis has his arms tightly around him on the back. Louis nervously holds on, having never ridden with anyone who wasn’t Harry.

They stop outside a bar, parking the bike and Louis pulls them into the closest alleyway. He pushes Niall against the bricks, and peers around the corner at the humans walking by. He can smell their blood so potently, can practically hear it pumping so quickly through their veins. Every new breath comes with new anxiety over his control. Louis has no way of knowing if he will actually be able to keep whoever he picks tonight alive.

“You alright?” Niall asks, grabbing Louis by his shoulders. “Maybe we should just go to a vamp bar or something.”

“No, I-I’ll be fine,” Louis insists, taking deep breaths through his mouth. He slowly pulls Niall’s hands away, squeezing his wrists tightly. He tries to focus his senses instead on all the noise coming from the Quarter, the blaring jazz music echoing all through the busy streets. “I-I just need a moment before going into a crowd.”

“Right, duh,” Niall says, looking over the side of the alleyway. “It’s not so bad, but we can just go into this bar right here if it’s easier.”

“Yeah, yeah let’s go,” Louis says with a nod, letting Niall lead the way.

They take each other’s hands, walking close together as though they were a couple. The bar they go
into is moderately crowded, as most people choose to get their drinks and then walk around outside to look at the sights and other people, but it has a diverse enough selection. They sit up at the bar and Niall orders drinks for them, even though he knows Louis won’t be having any.

“So, now what?” Niall asks, tossing a tip to the bartender.

Louis shrugs, taking his time to check out everyone. “When Harry explained it to me, he said to look for someone who is on their own, and already pretty drunk, because they will be easy to lure and won’t remember what we do.”


Louis smiles. “Well, Vampires are the most dangerous killers.”

“Oh yeah, you look so scary,” Niall snorts, eyeing Louis’ little body up and down. “You’re like a little kitten.”

“No offense, Neil, but you’re more of a puppy than a wolf.”

“That’s what Liam always says,” Niall says dreamily. Louis rolls his eyes. “So do you, like, hypnotize them or something?”

“Oh, well I guess some older vampires can do that, but I don’t know how to yet. Harry said that takes lots of practice.”

“Okay, so really drunk loner...” Niall’s voice trails off as he surveys the bar. His eyes stop on a man at the other end, who finishes his drink with his eyes glued to the TV above the bar with whatever sport is on tonight. Niall taps Louis’ arm and points, “How about him?”

Louis takes a quick glance over. The man is relatively good looking, and the frown on his face says his team is losing, which will probably only lead to him drinking more. “Sure. Let’s wait until he’s going to leave.”

“Right, okay, now what?”

Louis shrugs. “We just wait, I guess. I’m sure Harry would have me go over and start to talk to him, but I don’t know if I’ll be able to hold myself back if I do.”

“Sure, sure...” Niall agrees, nodding. He takes a long sip from his drink, then slams it down on the table. “Do you get drunk?”

Louis’ eyes widen for a moment at the sudden question. “Um, yes, but not from alcohol.”

No, Louis has only ever felt drunk twice since becoming a vampire. The first time was when he drank from Harry, which he is definitely not going to tell Niall about. The second was when he and Harry drained the human together, which might creep Niall out. He is well aware of the fact that vampires are killers and all that, but Louis isn’t sure how Niall will feel knowing he’s killed someone. Even though that person was very bad.

“How about him?” Niall asks calmly. “Like, does it take a lot of blood to do it? Oh! Or does the blood have to have alcohol in it?”

“The, um, the first thing,” Louis mumbles, eyes fixed on his full drink. “Can I tell you something, and trust that you won’t judge me for it?”
“Lou, I turn into a wolf three days every month and uncontrollably run around naked, in your
garden. How am I in a position to judge?”

Louis cracks a smile, nodding. “Right. Well see the thing is, I’m still getting used to all this—”

“Yeah me too…”

“Right but…you eat normal food, and I have to drink from humans. It’s still strange for me,” Louis
says with a deep sigh. “A-and for a while, I wouldn’t even be able to sit in this place, or even walk
around humans. The thirst and the cravings for blood were so bad, and all I thought about was
killing. It was terrifying, until—”

“Until what?”

“Um,” Louis closes his eyes, lowering his voice even more. “So like, the only way to get those
cravings to go away, was to…like, kill someone and drain him of his blood. Which, like, I did.”

Niall is quiet for a few beats, face scrunched up in a confused frown. He opens and closes his mouth
a few times, as though unable to form a response. Finally, after just a few moments of Louis
internally panicking, Niall replies, “Okay? Did you um…did you think I didn’t know that?”

“You knew?”

“Not for sure or anything, but you’re a vampire. Liam’s told me about vampires, and I just figured
you killed at least one person,” Niall says with a shrug.

“Huh,” Louis lets out. They look away from each other, and stare at the dimmed mirror behind the
drinks on the bar top. “Could I ask you a question, then?”

“Sure, but I’m not the most exciting werewolf yet.”

“Well it’s just…Harry has told me a lot about you guys already, but I feel like even he wouldn’t
know the answer to this,” Louis starts nervously, tapping his fingers on the bar.

“Alright,” Niall says, voice dropping to match Louis’.

Louis looks around the bar to make sure nobody is paying attention to them, which there wouldn’t be
a reason for them to, but he’s still feeling paranoid. “So, like, when you and Liam turn and you do
the whole running around our garden as wolves thing, what do you do?”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you just run around and howl, or hunt animals, or…what?” Louis asks, growing more
embarrassed by his ignorance.

Niall just lets out a soft laugh, shaking his head. “Oh! I mean, yeah. Basically we just let the inner
wolf out, and it gets to run around and shit. Sometimes we end up hunting animals, sorry about that,
but that’s pretty much it.”

“What does inner wolf mean?”

Niall sits back in his seat, face scrunched up while he tries to form an answer. “Well, I guess it’s
complicated if you’ve never experienced it. So like, the wolf that we turn into isn’t just us. It’s kind
of like we share a body with an animal and that animal has its own urges and instincts. During the
full moon is when it gets to take over the body more than us, and do want it wants. When it’s not the
full moon, we control it more and can go back and use the strengths of the wolf and all that good shit. I don’t know how to explain it really.”

“No, no I think I kind of get it,” Louis assures him. It mostly answered his question, and he can now see why vampires used to think werewolves were lesser than them. Vampires may have mostly the same violent urges, but they don’t have to share anything with an animal. Louis doesn’t really see what the big deal is about the differences, though, and he’s starting to wonder how the two communities aren’t closer. Maybe that’s why Harry is such good friends with the wolves, because he met them back when he couldn’t control his dangerous self. “Your wolf is quite cute, by the way.”

“Awww, thanks Lou,” Niall says, jokingly petting Louis’ hair.

Louis huffs and swats Niall’s hand away with a fake pout. His attention is brought back to the human from before, who is now practically shouting abuse at the TV. “His team must not be doing well at all.”

“Maybe it’s good that he’s getting worked up though? Getting the blood pumping and all that?”

“I guess,” Louis says slowly, watching the man’s every move. Finally, after chugging his drink to finish it off, the man slumps his way off his seat, stumbling towards the door. Louis starts patting Niall’s arm, and he nods his head to the man. “Okay, this is it. So just, um, follow me and be very quiet.”

“Are you going to lure him into the alley with your good looks?” Niall asks excitedly.

“Oh shut up,” Louis giggles softly.

He pulls Niall behind him by his hand, and together they follow the man out of the bar. They stay a few feet behind, but it isn’t hard to keep up with the slow and clumsy pace the man has. He strays down a few blocks away from the bar and Niall’s motorcycle, and Louis picks up his own speed the further away he gets from the bigger crowds. There’s a flickering street light right next to a dark alley, and Louis figures that’s as good a place as any to corner the man.

Louis whispers to Niall to watch his back, and before Niall can even blink, Louis has the around the corner.

“W-what the—”

“Shh,” Louis hushes the man with a finger to his lips. He gives him a quick smile, flashing his fangs, and the man just gives him a confused frown. “Sorry about this, I’ll be quick.”

The man’s eyes widen as his drunken mind figures out what’s about to happen, and he starts to put up a struggle. “Wait—”

It does nothing to stop Louis from sinking his teeth into the man’s neck. He bites into the lower part, just like Harry told him to, and starts to drink. Louis rolls his eyes when the man begins to moan, not caring so much about the pleasure he is receiving from the bite. Still, it’s better than him screaming for help, and Louis is almost full anyway. He takes in just a few more sips and then unlatches from the man, licking up the last few drops that flow out before it begins to clot.

The man’s face has gone from fearful to euphoric, and he tries to grab Louis to make him keep going, or at least get a little something more. Louis just scoffs in disgust, pushing the man away. “That’s enough from you, buddy. Go home and sleep that off.”

The man nods, looking rather dazed as he lets Louis guide him back to the lit sidewalk. Niall stands
at the corner looking stunned, and as Louis comes out of the dark he quickly rubs the corner of his mouth, signaling to Louis.

“Oh,” Louis mumbles, wiping away a few spare drops of blood from his own mouth. “Thanks.”

“Yeah no problem,” Niall says as he watches the man stumble away. “Should we be worried about him?”

“I don’t think so,” Louis shrugs. “I didn’t drink that much from him, and he probably won’t remember in the morning.”

“I think his memory will come back when he sees the bite marks…”

Louis hadn’t thought about that, but he knows it’s not illegal to drink from a human, so long as no harm comes to them. Still Louis does feel a little bad just letting the poor guy wander around aimlessly. He tells Niall to go back to the bike, while he quickly runs after the man. After just a little struggle, wherein the man assumed Louis was back for more blood and was overly willing to give it to him, Louis gets his driver’s license and get his address.

In just under five minutes, Louis safely brings the man back to his house and get back to Niall, who has just started up the motorcycle.

“That was fast.”

“Vamp speed, Ni.”

“Ah yes,” Niall says, tossing Louis the spare helmet. “Do you think the big meeting is over yet?”

“Are you kidding? They will probably go until just before sunrise,” Louis groans. He climbs onto the back of the bike and once again wraps his arms around Niall’s waist. “What do you want to do until they’re done?”

Niall thinks for a moment, and then looks back at Louis with a grin. “We could go to The Crescent Moon and watch the rest of the pack finish up the full moon. It’s so funny watching the pack all together, I swear it’s like watching a bunch of drunk wolves roll around.”

“That sounds amazing,” Louis says excitedly. “Let’s do that, I have to see all these werewolves together. As far as I know, Vampire gatherings are just like rich, socialite parties, but like old fashioned. Fun but…a bit pretentious.”

“Liam says most of you guys are pretentious.”

“He’s not wrong,” Louis quips. He taps Niall’s tummy a couple of times, and with that he starts to drive off.

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After nearly ten months of being a vampire, Louis finally feels ready to go back to his old job. There’s no monetary reason for him to be working, considering Harry is so rich, but Louis actually misses the environment. He’d talked to Verna about working at least three nights a week, just the ones that Harry will definitely be working, so he’d have something to do. Being back at the bar will make him feel a little normal again, even though he knows it’s not always pleasant.

Verna and Charlie are the real reason he wants to return. They’re the only family he has, and having to be away from them for long was so emotionally draining. But coming back is easier than he
expected, because they have been waiting so long for him. As soon as he walks through the door of the old bar, Verna is running to him, arms open wide and big smile on her face.

“He has returned!” She shouts for everyone to hear, throwing her arms around him in the tightest hug she can manage. It feels lighter to him, now that he’s got such a strong vampire body. “Louis Tomlinson, my favorite little biter!”

“Great to see you again too, Vee,” Louis says, smiling all crinkly into her neck. He smells her quickly pumping blood, but he doesn’t feel hungry at all for it, and it only makes his smile bigger. “Where’s Charlie.”

“In the kitchen like he’s supposed to be,” She says, linking her arm with Louis’ so she can lead him to the back. “It’s been almost a year, but everything is pretty much the same. I even scheduled you in your old section tonight.”

“Oh, thank you, it’s nice to get back to something normal,” Louis says, eyes darting all around at the humans. He can feel their eyes on him, some looking because they’re regulars and they know what he is now, others looking because they’ve never seen him before. At this point, Louis has mastered ignoring all of the looks.

Verna takes Louis to the back, and pulls out his old uniform from her office closet. “There you go, Darlin’, go ahead and get changed, then meet me behind the bar.”

“Hold on, this will only take a second,” Louis says, and before Verna can respond, he’s already changed into his uniform. She stares at him with her jaw dropped, and Louis just smiles and shrugs. “It’s a new talent.”

“Sugar, I love it, but try to be slow for the lowly humans here,” She says, patting Louis on the back. “Now come on, I have something to show you.”

As they walk back out to the bar, a few of the old waitresses say hello to Louis and welcome him back, and he even meets a couple new girls and boys as well. The new kids don’t seem at all bothered to be working with a vampire, and that’s the most comforting feeling at the moment. Verna stops by the small refrigerators and puts her hands on one of the doors.

“So, in honor of your new lifestyle, and the fact that Charlie and I are going to try to be more open minded, we put in an order for this,” She says and opens the door to reveal a few bags of frozen blood sitting on the bottom shelf. “We haven’t sold any yet, but it’s here for you in case…you know, you get hungry.”

“Thanks, Vee,” Louis says, giving her a tight hug. “I don’t get that hungry anymore, though, but it will be fun to drink that in front of rude customers.”

“You are going to be the best protection against idiots, that we have ever had,” Verna chuckles, shutting the door. She opens her mouth to give Louis the run-through for the evening, out of the kitchen they both hear the familiar excited shouting of Charlie.

“Louis Tomlinson!” He yells as he leans out of the kitchen window, waving happily at his old friend. “Kiddo you are a sight for sore eyes.”

“Hi Charlie,” Louis says, walking over to give him a quick hug over the counter. “Great to see you again too.”

“Did the wife show you the blood?”
“Yup, just did.”

“Good! I’m glad someone is gonna be drinkin’ it. We had to raise the price because no vamps came in for it.”

“You guys really didn’t need to get it for me, honestly,” Louis says, slightly embarrassed. “I can get it at home and…I can control myself.”

“We know you can chér,” Charlie says, patting Louis’ shoulder. “Yer man Harry already updated us plenty of times.”

“We just want you to feel welcome, and to know that we still love you just the same as we always did,” Verna assures him. “Now, you know where your section is, and you know the whole drill, so go on and get back to work.”

“Yes mam,” Louis says, laughing as he grabs a notepad from behind the bar and makes his way to his first table of the night.

As the evening rolls on, most of the customers are fairly nice. In fact, most of them don’t seem to notice that Louis is a vampire at all, which there wouldn’t be a reason for them too. Despite the mixing bowl of blood and human aroma, Louis is keeping his cool and his fangs in place. He serves mostly families, with adorable children and polite parents, and he falls so easily back into his old routine.

It’s not until after midnight, do things get interesting.

Louis is clearing out one of his tables, when he looks up to see a group of men in hunting jackets and trucker hats being sat at another of his tables. He groans to himself as he watches their loud and obnoxious behavior. It only takes one look at each of them to know they are going to be a handful.

Before Louis is even finished cleaning his table, he can feel their eyes on his back, probably ogling his tight shorts. He quickly, at least quick for a human, puts away the cleaning supplies, and with a deep breath he approaches the new table.

All of the men go quiet when Louis walks up, each of them eyeing Louis up and down. He ignores their creepy stares, used to men like this since he was a teen. “What can I get you boys tonight?”

“Yeah, you can get us a round of beers, and bend over that table again, I think you missed a spot,” one of them, clearly the leader of the group, sneers.

Louis just frowns and rolls his eyes, ignoring the request. “Anything else?”

The other guys just snicker and one even tries to reach for Louis’ thigh, but he steps away. The leader of the group starts to laugh, throwing his hands behind his head. “Come on, we’re just having fun.”

“You don’t want to have fun with me,” Louis mumbles, crossing his arms over his chest. He’s been here before, but last time he wasn’t able to take care of it himself. Now Louis can get them to fuck off, and have fun doing it.

“Don’t say that Sweetheart,” the man sneers. “We’re not so bad.”

“Sure.” Louis snorts, folding up his notepad and shoving it back in his pocket. “I’m gonna get those beers, and you should get some manners before I get back, or I won’t be very happy.”
“Oh, trust me, we don’t want that.”

“I’ll say,” Louis mumbles. For a moment Louis pauses, because he isn’t sure if what he’s about to do is very smart, but these are jerks and in need of a good scare. So Louis bends down, places both his hands on the table, and with a devious smile he extends his fangs. “I’m known to be a real killer when I’m unhappy.”

The looks on the guys’ faces are priceless. In an instant, they go from creepy, condescending stares, to wide-eyed, jaw-dropped looks of fear. Louis has to bite his own lip to keep from laughing at them as he walks away. While most of them look down at the table, probably questioning every decision they have made up to this moment, the leader of the group doesn’t bother to hide his disgust. He stands up, bangs his hands on the table, and starts yelling out a big dramatic scene.

“Are you kidding me? He’s a goddamn vamp? Y’all hired a fucking biter at this place? He’s a fucking walking corpse! He wants to fucking eat everyone in here! Y’all have another thing comin’ if you think any of us will—”

Louis cuts him off by shoving him against the nearest wall, his strength shown by the fact that the man is almost twice his size, but Louis easily lifts him up. He gets one hand around the man’s neck, fangs still proudly extended and close to his artery. “What are you gonna do? Hmm? I could kill you with one snap of my hand, right here in front of your little friends. I could knock you out and take you home, where my vamp boyfriend and I will fucking drain you and fuck over your empty, lifeless body. Wouldn’t be the first time we’ve done it, either. Does that sound fun to you?”

With his mouth sealed shut, the man quickly shakes his head.

“Yeah, didn’t think so,” Louis grunts, dropping the man to the ground. “How about, you and your friends leave some money on the table, and find another place to get drunk at. And then, you know, try never coming back here again.”

The man nods, scrambling to his feet as his friends drop bills on the table and make a run for the door. Louis stands proudly with his hands on his hips, watching them leave while other patrons clap for him. Harry will be so proud.

“Louis! Put those things away!” Verna yells, pulling Louis back into reality.

He sheepishly clicks his fangs back, and nervously waves at her, smiling all the while. “Sorry, but they did deserve it.”

“I know that!” She says. Louis expects her to start reprimanding him for causing a scene and getting his fangs out in front of her customers, but instead he is pleasantly surprised by her clapping along with everyone else. “That was the scariest I have ever seen you! But now I need you to go to the back and cool down.”


“Come on, you can help me start the final count-up.” She leads Louis to the back, patting his back proudly. “Who knew little Louis could be so ferocious?”

“Oh stop,” Louis says, blushing. “I wasn’t serious about any of it, I just wanted to scare them into never coming back. Sorry if that’s bad for business.”

“You think we want people like them in here? Please, you did us a favor.”

Louis couldn’t agree more. He even gets several high-fives from his fellow staff on his way to the
backroom. Verna sits down and opens the safe, handing Louis the cash collected so far that evening. As he starts to count it up, she sits back and watches him, smiling and thinking about old times. She remembers what he was like when they first met, back when he was just a kid with his parents. She remembers when his parents died, and Louis had nobody but herself and her husband to go to. He’s grown up so much, and become his own person, but sometimes she still looks at him and sees him as a kid. Granted, she’s going to see him like this for the rest of her life.

“Lou, my dear,” Verna sighs, placing her hand gently over his. “Can I tell you something?”

“Of course,” Louis says, sitting up on the desk.

She takes both of his hands in hers now, looking up at him like a mother would. “You make me so proud. I was very worried about you when you first met Harry, but I kept that opinion to myself because you were so happy. Now I...I see that this was always the course you were meant to go down. You’ll always be like my own baby, but you’ve just grown up so wonderfully, and I want you to know that I’m so happy for you.”

Louis sniffs, smiling as he wipes away a tear from his eye. “Vee what the fuck, I don’t want to cry at work.”

“I’m sorry Sugar,” she says with a light laugh. “I just missed you so much while you were recovering, and you changed. In good ways, though! That Harry has been a very good influence on you.”

“Yeah, he does take good care of me,” Louis giggles. He leans down and gives her cheek a kiss, then pulls her into a hug. “You always took good care of me, too. Who knows where I would be without you, or Charlie.”

“I’m sure you would have done just fine, you’re a smart kid. Just like I’m sure you would have eventually found Harry like you did,” she says. “Do you have any plans with him after close?”

Louis shrugs. “He’s taking me out on some boat to celebrate my going back to work.”

“Oh god, don’t tell me that boy owns a fucking yacht!”

“No, no!” Louis laughs. “He’s taking me on one of those Riverboats. He definitely doesn’t own a boat.”

“Thank Jesus for that, it would have been too much for him to have a mansion, and a boat.”

“Yeah, don’t worry, he’s not that obnoxiously rich,” Louis says, rolling his eyes.

They finish counting up the money for the night, and Verna shows Louis how to do all of the end of night paperwork. Now that he is only able to be up all night, she’s going to be passing off a lot of the late night duties to him. Of course, Louis is very excited about all of the extra responsibility, because it’s going to give him even more of a reason to get out of the house, and away from any vampire drama. Even though he’s immortal, sitting in the mansion and waiting for something to happen is just bad for his mental health.

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The very-late-night Riverboat is alive with jazz music and rich partiers, all enjoying an evening of fun along the bayou. Harry and Louis found themselves a nice and secluded table toward the back of the boat, away from most of the dancers and drunk humans. They picked a place with a great view of the river and the bright stars in the sky, under a half moon. Louis can’t help but to keep looking
back at all of the humans, though, and smile at them. He’s never been on anything like this before, because most of the good Riverboats are too expensive for what he used to be able to afford.

As usual, they ordered red wine to make it seem like they were just normal humans, but neither had bothered drinking any. There’s probably no need to pretend on a boat like this, but Harry likes the simplicity of pretending to be human. It’s never a guarantee that vampires will be welcome, but nobody can prove they aren’t human.

Finally, after a little while of sitting and getting comfortable, Harry places his hand over Louis’, rubbing his thumb over Louis’ soft skin. “Would you like to dance, my love?”

Louis peels his eyes away from the stars with a smile, nodding as his answer. He lets himself be lead from his seat, and walked to the swaying dancefloor on the boat. Harry twirls him around once, then settles with one hand on Louis’ back and the other holding Louis’ hand up. Louis rests his own hand on Harry’s shoulder, smiling still as the music starts to slow down. Every time they are close, in any aspect, it’s like the rest of the world melts away. They forget all their worries surrounding them, only see and feel each other. Louis can hear Harry’s heart beating, pumping his magical blood through his veins, to the same beat as his own.

“I’ve been thinking, you know,” Harry starts, interrupting himself by clearing his throat. “I love you, and I made a promise to you that I would always remind you of that.”

“Actually, I think the promise was to not go a week without fucking me, but do go on,” Louis retorts with a mischievous smirk.

Harry chuckles, shaking his head. “Whatever it was, it was still a promise. And I know there’s so much going on, with the imminent war and danger all around, but I’d still like to make time to take a small trip…it’s kind of far but it would be so worth it…”

“A trip?” Louis asks. “We just went on a trip.”

“Yes, but that was for my business, this would be for us. And, um, it would be to Vermont.” Harry almost stops dancing, and Louis can feel the tension building in his body. There’s a short pause, where the music and the boat and the people all flood back into Louis’ ears, and then Harry continues, “Louis, I want to marry you.”

After a beat, shaking his head regretfully, Louis asks, “Why would we do that?”

“Blunt,” Harry says, downtrodden. He looks down at the floor. “You don’t want to be my husband?”

“Oh, Harry it’s not that, it’s not that at all,” Louis assures him, pulling Harry’s face back up with a hand to his cheek, making sure to make eye contact. “It’s just, what we have is so much more than a marriage.” Louis lowers his voice, “I let you turn me into a vampire, we’ve shared our blood, and we’re Soulmates. It’s so much better than a marriage. We don’t need some silly legal paper from city hall to show that we’re in love and will be together forever. What we’ve done already is so much more eternally binding than anything else.” He still sees and feels the sadness in Harry, and kisses his cheek. “I’m sorry if that answer upsets you.”

Harry lets out a breath, shaking his head. “Actually, I was mostly asking because I thought it was what you wanted.”

“What?” Louis asks, confused. “What gave you that idea?”

“Because you’re still so human,” Harry says with a shrug. “And marriage is a very human thing to
do. I actually agree that our bond is greater, but it occurred to me to ask anyway.”

“Oh,” Louis mumbles. He starts to laugh, muffling it into Harry’s shoulder. “Oh god, what a couple of messes we are.”

“Aww, now,” Harry coos. “It’s romantic and you know it.”

“I guess so, but what a waste of your nerves.”

“I wasn’t nervous.”

“You’ve been acting strange since I got home!” Louis jeers.

“Excuse me for wanting to take a romantic adventure up to Vermont to elope,” Harry scoffs.

Louis continues to laugh as the music picks up again. They dance for a little while, fitting in perfectly with the humans, enjoying a relaxing yet exciting night. Harry leads Louis, twirling him and prancing around with him, in a rhythm that Louis never would have guessed he had. But then again, Harry’s been dancing for a very long time.

It’s not until they take a break, and Louis starts to think about Harry’s idea of a trip to Vermont, that he remembers just how much shit is going on. Harry hardly shares anything from his meetings with Zayn and the wolf pack, so Louis is mostly in the dark about the so-called imminent war. He knows it’s all because Harry doesn’t want Louis to worry about this new world he has entered into, but not knowing is much scarier in the end.

“Harry? Has there been any news on what happened to the Queen of Vermont?” Louis asks, still dancing along with his love.

Harry’s feet falter for a moment, but he quickly gets back on beat with a shrug. “We know a vampire must have been involved, but it’s hard to pick out who it was. Zayn thinks it was someone in her court who was either blackmailed or paid off but he has no proof.”

“Who would be blackmailing them?”

“Who do you think?” Harry scoffs. “Zayn is confident that Marcus has something to do with it, as am I, but the common theory is that the damn anti-vampire church is behind it. Of course they won’t take responsibility publicly, even if it is them it would be a crime to admit it. Zayn says there are a few humans undercover for us inside that church, but they cannot give daily updates.”

“It’s all moving so slowly, you’d think with a dead queen people would be in a hurry to find out the truth.”

“It’s all politics, my love,” Harry sighs. “We have to maintain some form of grace in front of the humans, so we can’t react violently.”

“Would hurrying really involve violence?”

“With vampires? Unfortunately yes,” Harry says. He turns Louis around so his back is to Harry’s front, and kisses the side of his neck. “And unfortunately, we can’t make any moves until we know who is behind the assassination of the queen.”

“So there will be a war then?” Louis asks, voice soft and scared.

“That all depends on who did it.”
“Listen to me! We have to move in on the Church while we can! The assassination is still fresh, and we are looking weak by not doing anything about it!”

“We are doing something about it! Our undercover humans are moving up in rank and getting closer to the people in charge. We will know soon enough if the church was the one behind it! Besides, if we attack now they will be expecting it and we will only lose more people!”

“What do you say, King? You’ve been awfully silent over there all night.”

Zayn looks up with a tired expression, one finger digging into his temple. He flicks his hand, rolling his eyes, and sighs. “I think looking into humans is a waste of time.”

“Oh not this again—”

“Hey, you asked,” Zayn interrupts. This is the fourth meeting in a month with the local counsel, and the first where Elder Marcus has called in absent. Zayn and Harry have been waiting for this moment to try to probe some kind of questioning into his behavior. “Has anybody noticed anything strange about the going-ons of a certain house? Ever since the crisis began, has anyone noticed any certain figures becoming distant, more secretive? If so, then that is who is suspect to me.”

“Zayn,” Elder Selene, who has been made Elder in charge of the assassination investigation, speaks up. “My darling, you must stop with this. A fellow vampire would never commit this kind of treason.”

“You don’t know that Selene,” Zayn says in a hushed voice. “It may be hard to wrap our heads around, considering it’s been centuries since the last conflict between our people, but you all must know that only a vampire could have gotten to Queen Marriona. At the very least, only a vampire could kill her.”

“I can think of another creature that could kill a vampire,” Casper, one of Marcus’s wards, snaps. He glares at Liam and Cara, who only smirks back. Zayn looks to Harry, who nods and writes down Casper’s name. “I still don’t understand why wolves are at these meetings. This is vamp business.”

Liam growls low in his throat. “Marriona was on the side of the wolves in the war all those years ago, and an attack on our allies might as well be an attack on us. Especially if Zayn is right, and it was one of you who got her.”

“Louis it doesn’t count! You cheated!” Niall shouts, tossing a pillow at a laughing Louis’ head. “I demand a rematch!”

Louis continues to laugh, covering up his face with the game controller. “Niall, just because you suck at Fifa, doesn’t mean I was cheating!”

“You were tossing chips at me every time I got close to scoring!”

Louis’ laughter evolves into a tiny fit of giggles, and he falls over on his side. “Not my fault you’re easily distractible, but if it’s so important, of course we can go another match.”

Niall snatches Louis’ remote out of his hands. They’ve been playing this game since Harry and Liam
left hours ago for the council meeting, and Niall has yet to win. He will be damned if the night ends, and he has to go home a loser. He presses start and tosses Louis’ remote across the room, smirking as he makes his team already get ahead. “Take that!”

Louis rolls his eyes and darts across the room, catching the remote just as it hits the ground. “I’m too fast for that trick, Ni.”

“Shit.” Niall grunts, biting the inside of his cheek as he tries to concentrate. “Whatever, I’m not letting you win this time!”

“Letting me win? Oh, I thought I was cheating, hmm?”

“What a game,” Louis mutters.

“Silence! Everyone!” Selene yells, standing so she towers in the room, a dark look on her face. “We cannot afford for these arguments to continue! Zayn, I will not hear any more of your theories about a traitor. They are unfounded, and will cause nothing but division when we should be joining together. I’m sorry my darling, but since the great war, there has never been a single hint of another uprising.”

“My Selene—”

“No!” She shouts, then deflates. “No. Zayn, I will rally warriors up in Vermont, and we will investigate this church further. We will bring in extra security for all high ranking vampires in the state, and for any there for marriage rights. That is the most obvious motive.”

“That’s it?” Zayn asks, taken aback by her defeated tone. “We’ve been meeting and planning and investigating for all these months, and you just want to give up on any other possible leads. And all for some church that has yet to even claim the attack? Selene, don’t make this the final order.”

“I’m afraid that is my final order.”

“Why just Vermont?” Harry finally speaks up. “This started with people going missing and now someone is dead. Why not focus on every other king or queen? Whoever did this already got one, who is to say they haven’t left the state to get another one? She was killed when she was planning to come here, so who’s to say the next target isn’t Zayn? They could be literally anywhere by now!”

“Harry,” Zayn urges, grabbing one of Harry’s shoulders to hold him back. “If that’s the case, I can take care of myself, I’ll actually be ready for it where Marriona wasn’t.”

“We can’t just leave everyone else paranoid, though,” Harry snaps. He turns to Selene, hands balled into fists. “Elder Selene, I urge you, do what you want in Vermont, but leave other investigations open, and keep communication with the wolf packs going.”

The elder looks down at Harry, a look of understanding in her eyes, then over to Liam with pity. She always had a soft spot for Liam, because she was there on Sophia’s last day. Selene was already captured by Vlad, but she was held in the same place Sophia was, and was witness to Liam and Sophia’s screams during the execution. She was the first Elder to vow to never let vampires resort back to such barbaric ways. The idea that her people could be going bad and turning against each other again was too unspeakable to even think about. However, she always trusted Zayn, and Harry as well, and even though they hadn’t shared their true suspicions with her, she could never deny
them what they wanted.

“Very well. You three may keep up your own investigation with Liam’s pack. However, I want any vital information you discover as soon as possible,” Selene reluctantly agrees.

Casper steps forward next, still glaring at Liam. “Elder, aren’t you going to ask what or who they will be investigating? Or are you just going to give them free reign because they’re your little friends.”

Selene purses her lips. “This operation is not your business, Casper. For the sake of security, I will leave all important information with them. As the Elder in charge, I command you to stay out of their way.”

“Okay I’m officially done with this game,” Niall says with a pout, letting his controller slip out of his hands and onto the floor. “Probably a dumb question, but do you have anything to eat? Like, normal people food?”

“Sure, I have some milk bones in the garage, only the best for my favorite little pup,” Louis says with a mischievous wink, flashing his teeth in a grin. It’s quickly turned into a frown when Niall whacks him in the face with a pillow. “Hey!”

“I’m not a pup! And I don’t chew on milk bones, that is derogatory and slander, sir!” Niall shouts, though the playfulness is evident in his voice. He hops up from the couch and stretches, looking more like a kitten than a wolf. “Seriously though, do you have any chips or crackers at least? And cheese? And dipping sauce?”

“We have several boxes of cereal, tea, and a bag of assorted chocolates, do those sound good to you?” Louis asks, following Niall in standing.

Niall claps his hands, licking his lips. “Yes please.”

They walk to the kitchen together, at normal human speeds, and as they enter, Niall perches on top of the counter. He pulls out his cellphone and opens up candy crush, while Louis goes through the mostly empty cabinet for Niall’s snacks. “What time is it?”

“About half past eleven, why?”

Louis shrugs, tossing a few candies on the counter next to Niall. “Harry and Liam have been at the meeting a lot longer tonight. I hope nothing’s wrong.”

“I’m sure all the vamps are just arguing again,” Niall says, popping a chocolate in his mouth. “Liam says he spends most of the meetings just watching your guys go back and forth on who to blame. Apparently it’s really entertaining.”

“Yeah, I bet.” Louis chuckles. “Vampires can be so stuffy and uptight about things. We’ve got that reputation to uphold I guess.”

Niall snorts, “You’re hardly a stuffy, uptight vampire. They’re all just jaded because they’re so damn old.”

“Thanks,” Louis says. He goes over to the sink, ready to clean up several dishes that have piled up.
It’s mostly glasses and mugs from Harry and him, but there are a few plates and bowls from when Niall and Liam come hang out. Louis is always happy to have them over, even if they are incredibly messy. He’s about to put the last dish on the drying rack, when he thought he saw something move out of the corner of his eye. He looks up and out of the window, focusing his hearing outside, and listens as something rustles up the bushes in the garden.

Harry, Liam, and Cara are the last ones to leave the meeting, as usual, and they stay in with Zayn to discuss their own business. Cara stands at the front door to watch the others leave, and make sure they actually go, while Liam and Harry talk with Zayn in the pool room.

“Liam, I’m alright with you telling your pack whatever you think you need to. I don’t want you guys to have any surprises, not on my account at least,” Zayn says, pouring a glass of alcoholic blood. “I think you both know exactly who we will be investigating.”

“Yeah, but how are we supposed to get proof on Ma—”

“Don’t say his name,” Zayn cuts Liam off, quickly raising his hand. “You never know who may be listening, and besides, I’m still not sure what his motive would be for all of this.”

“He never liked my people,” Liam points out. “He may have been one of the captives during the Great War, and he may have fought for us when he was freed, but he sure stayed out of rebuilding and peace relations afterwards.”

“He’s always been slimy to me,” Harry says.

Zayn smirks. “You mean he’s been slimy to Louis. You can’t go accusing every man who is attracted to your soulmate of crimes. Though, you know I’m on your side with this one.”

“I’ll ask around, see what the gossip is around him, but discreetly. I don’t want any direct involvement with him, I can’t put Louis in that kind of danger,” Harry says, crossing his arms.

“That’s fine with me,” Zayn agrees. “Liam, you will be the first to receive any information, any at all. And if it’s alright with you two, I’d like to meet up at least once a week to go over things.”

“Sure, but at my bar, not here. I know my pack would feel more comfortable getting the info first hand,” Liam says sternly.

Zayn isn’t one to argue with a werewolf, so he nods and shakes Liam’s hand. “We can set up the first one later.”

Liam nods and makes his way out the door. He tells Cara to go on ahead back to the pack and start catching them up, because he has to pick Niall up first. While Liam gets his bike started, Harry pulls Zayn back, shutting the door in front of them.

“Before I go, I need to talk to you about something

“Niall, I think there’s someone outside,” Louis says, still trying to look past the bushes.
“Who would be out there?” Niall asks, not looking up from the game on his phone.

Louis shrugs, putting down the last dish. He stares for a little longer, when suddenly he sees it. Just past the bushes is a dark figure, squatting down and holding binoculars up to they’re face. Louis gasps and ducks down, hiding from sight.

“Niall! Get down!” Louis hisses, waving his hand at Niall to come to him.

“Why—hey!” Niall yelps when Louis quickly yanks him to the ground. “What’d you do that for?”

“Shh!” Louis hushes, covering Niall’s mouth. “I’m telling you, there is somebody watching us outside!”

Niall shakes his head out of Louis’ grasp. “Who would be watching us?”

“I don’t know!” Louis whines. He makes them wait a few seconds before he kneels up, looking over the counter and out the window again. The figure from before is gone, but it doesn’t mean they actually left. “Come on, let’s check it out.”

“Yeah that’s smart. Let’s go check out some shadowy figure in a dark garden! Defenseless!” Niall says sarcastically.

Louis rolls his eyes before he responds with, “Niall, you’re a werewolf and I’m a vampire, I wouldn’t exactly call that defenseless.”

“What if it was a zombie? Or an alien?”

“Now you’re just being ridiculous—come on!” Louis urges, pulling Niall behind him by his wrist. He leads them out the back door as fast as he can, with Niall dizzyly keeping up. Werewolves are fast but not that fast. Once outside, Louis lets go and searches out the person he saw before, but there’s no sign. “Well that’s weird.”

“Maybe because there’s nobody really there?” Niall asks, stretching out the arm Louis had pulled.

Louis ignores him in favor of walking towards the garden, so sure someone is still there. He tries to listen for a sign, but everything he hears could just be animals or bugs running around. Nothing out of the normal. Louis frowns, going further and further away from Niall and the mansion, but just when he gets to the gate, he stops.

Suddenly, just as he’s about to turn around, he hears a loud scream come from Niall. Louis darts around and sees a man grab Niall from behind, but Niall throws him off. Louis is about to run to Niall, when he’s tackled to the ground as well. Louis yells and extends his fangs, unable to see his attacker when he feels a cold, heavy weight on his wrists, and it doesn’t take a genius to figure out what is binding him.

“Niall! They’ve got silver!”

“What’s on your mind?” Zayn asks as he downs the last of the blood.

Harry nervously takes a seat. He never meant to bring this up to Zayn, he never meant for it to happen in the first place, but here he is. It would be so easy to keep this from Zayn and to just keep
denying what Louis wants, but Harry wants it too. Thank god for his close friendship with Zayn, because anyone else would be disgusted by what Harry is going to confess.

“Zayn, I’ve been keeping something from you for some time now, and I really can’t take it any longer,” Harry sighs, rubbing his hands up and down his face. Zayn sits down across from Harry, nodding for him to continue. “Right, so as you know, Louis is very knew to all of this, and he’s still learning about how everything works—”

“Don’t tell me he killed someone, well someone I didn’t authorize.”

“No, no it’s nothing like that,” Harry assures him. He clears his throat and takes a deep breath, guiltily looking up at Zayn. “It’s more personal than that.”

“Alright. This should be good.”

“Please take this seriously,” Harry groans. “Last year, before Louis had his, um, bloodlust under control, just when we were getting intimate again…we sort of did something that I know we aren’t supposed to do.”

“Which is?”

Harry, runs his hands through his hair, then falls back in his seat, tapping the fingers of his right hand on his knee. “I let him drink my blood, and then I drank his.”

Zayn’s eyes widen, and he almost drops the glass on the floor. “You two…shared blood. After he was turned?”

Harry silently nods, directing his gaze to the floor.

It’s quiet between them again, the only sound a soft ticking from a clock two rooms away. Then, out of nowhere, Zayn starts laughing. He’s laughing so loud it echoes, and he throws his head back, the glass is dropped and shatters, making Harry jump. He stares at Zayn with a mix of anger and confusion, shaking his head. It only makes Zayn laugh more, covering his mouth with one hand while waving with the other.

“Sorry, sorry just,” Zayn tries to pull himself together. “It’s just…that is the funniest thing I have ever heard!”

“I’m glad my dark, shameful secret is entertaining for you,” Harry grunts, crossing his arms.

Zayn’s laughter dies down into giggles, until finally he is able to stop, but a smile remains on his face. “That’s your shameful secret? Harry, there’s nothing wrong with it.”

“It’s against the law, Zayn.”

“Yeah I guess,” Zayn shrugs. “I mean, it’s against the law for most vamps, but you and Louis are soulmates and good people. You’ll be fine!”

Harry is still shaking his head, stunned at what he is hearing. The past few months all come rushing back, the arguments he and Louis have had about it, the pain in Louis’ eyes whenever he wanted to do it again, and here is Zayn laughing about it. Harry has never felt angrier in his life. To think he was afraid of being de-fanged or locked away from Louis forever over this.

It’s not really Harry’s fault that the anger takes over and he grabs Zayn by the shoulders, shoving him against the wall. He bares his fangs, ignoring the fact that Zayn is technically his king and that
he no longer looks happy. “Do you have any idea how much trouble this has caused me? My relationship? Louis feels unwanted every time I have to say no to him over this, and you’re going to laugh at me? Zayn, what the fuck?”

“Harry, put me down, right now,” Zayn says, voice low and serious. His fangs have come out as well, but he’s not going to attack back at Harry when he’s like this. “Sorry that you two can’t control yourselves, but don’t blame me for that.”

“Why shouldn’t I? You’re the authority around here,” Harry says, dropping Zayn in an instant.

“I didn’t make that rule.” Zayn brushes off his clothes, and straightens out his sleeves. “I agree that it should be implemented, but it doesn’t even apply to every vampire couple.”

“What the hell does that mean?”

“It means, my friend, that blood sharing isn’t dangerous for everyone,” Zayn says pointedly. “When two vamps share blood, it brings out what is deep inside both of them. If one them is truly bad or dark deep inside, then it will bring out the bad in him or her. If both of them are dark inside, well it only makes them worse. But you and Louis are good, so it won’t do that. You’ll just be better, more connected, and you certainly won’t go mad.”

“That’s insane.”

“No, that’s magic. That’s the natural order of the universe. You should have come to me sooner if you were so worried about it.”

“I thought we’d be taken in!”

Zayn snorts, “Yeah, as if I would let my best friend be arrested for something so silly.”

Louis kicks out at his attacker, using all of his strength to rip the silver off his wrists. Just one sniff lets him know that it’s humans and not anything else attacking them, so he extends his fangs, and grabs the one that was on him. With a growl, he tosses the human towards the mansion, then runs after to help Niall, who’s already changed into his wolf form. He howls in pain as another human tosses silver at him, and Louis can hear the sizzling from it burning Niall’s skin.

Other masked humans try to grab Niall and come after Louis, but they cower away once they see Louis’ bright fangs.

“Get off him!” Louis yells, throwing his body at one human and knocking him out. He kicks the person out of his way and yanks the silver off Niall’s legs, freeing him so he can chase the other humans.

There’s three running one way and one more going another, and before Louis can decide who should chase who, Niall is already taking off for the group. Louis shrugs, and darts after the lone runner, getting him down in only a second.

With adrenaline running through his veins and anger fueling him, Louis bites down on the screaming man’s neck. The human puts up a fight at first, but soon falls cold in Louis’ arms. The vampire doesn’t even notice as he sucks the human dry, feeling so full and satisfied from all the blood he just drank. He lets the dead human fall to the ground as he sits back, chest heaving with his deep breaths.
It’s only a few moments later that Louis realizes what he’s done, and he screams out, backing away from the dead body. “Shit!”

“What was all the ruckus?” Liam asks, revving up the engine on his motorcycle.

Harry lets out a very exacerbated laugh, shaking his head. “You don’t even want to know. Have you ever noticed how Zayn can be kind of an asshole?”

“Not really,” Liam says with a shrug, smirking. “He’s too scared of me to be an asshole.”

“I guess that’s true,” Harry smiles. He starts up his own bike up, securing his helmet on his head. “Glad this night is almost over, though, because I need a fucking break.”

“You’re lucky you just get to go home to Louis. I gotta go through everything with my pack, and Niall is probably going to be a mess about things.”

“He’s worried?”

“The opposite actually, he wants to learn to fight and to join everyone if some kind of war or battle breaks out,” Liam says sadly. “There’s no way in hell I would ever let him near a fight.”

The reasons why are obvious, and Harry pats Liam’s shoulder to show he understands. “I know, Brother, but you should teach him some ways to defend himself.”

“Were you going to teach Louis?”

“Eventually yes,” Harry says. “I mean, I definitely will as soon as I can.”

“Good. Wonder what those two are up to now?”

“My guess is napping or swapping embarrassing stories about us.”

“Niall doesn’t tell embarrassing stories about me,” Liam says confidently, to which Harry just laughs. “Yeah, and on your first date you didn’t get so nervous that you knocked over an entire two shelves worth of wine glasses at a restaurant,” Harry snorts.

“What do we do?” Louis asks, panicking as he drops the dead man’s body on the deck. “I just killed a guy!”

“I know! And we have that one over there to take care of!” Niall shouts back. He’s back as a person, and using his discarded shirt to cover himself up.

“Uh, um, tie him up!” Louis says, hands shaking as he tries to wipe the blood off his face.

“How about you tie him up, since I can’t exactly touch the closest chain.”

“Right, right,” Louis pants. He grabs the chain and curls it around the man’s wrists, tying it in place
as tight as he can, securing it so the man can’t get out once he wakes up. He stares at the man for a
few moments, while Niall taps the dead man with his foot. “We have to call Harry and Liam.”

“We have to cover this guy up somehow, Lou, you killed someone—”

“I know!” Louis snaps. He looks up at Niall with bloody tears running down his cheeks. “I-I don’t
know what to do. Harry and I are going to be in so much trouble.”

“M-Maybe it won’t matter, I mean he attacked you! That has to count for something!” Niall says,
trying his best to calm Louis down.

“Not at a time like this! Everyone is being watched so closely, especially people like Harry. One
fuck up and you’re out,” Louis says, remembering things Harry has told him. “We have to get rid of
him somehow.”

Niall takes a look at the man, sizing him up for a moment. “You know…I think I can get rid of him.
He’s not too big.”

“What are you even talking about?” Louis asks, cleaning up his bloody tears with the bottom of his
shirt.

Niall shrugs. “Oh nothing really, but you might want to look away…this could get gross.”

Before Louis can ask anything more, Niall changes back into his wolf and, to Louis’ shock and
horror, starts chomping down on the man’s arm. “Oh my god! Niall that’s disgusting!”

The wolf ignores Louis, chewing at the arm vigorously, while Louis tries not to gag too much. He
isn’t even sure if he can actually throw up, but if he can, it’s coming very soon. Louis looks away, a
shiver running up his spine, and he grabs the still alive human to drag him into the house. Wolf Niall
starts to slow down his chewing, and Louis can tell even on the wolf’s face that he’s getting sick.
The poor wolf starts retching, choking up the human’s arm even though he’s only eaten up to the
wrist.

Louis starts petting Niall’s back, shaking his head. “Ni, seriously, it’s a nice effort but maybe you
should stop.”

The wolf nods and Niall changes back, just in time for him to run to the bushes to really throw up.
He comes back with his head hung, one hand covering up the goods while the other holds his
stomach.

“Yeah, that was stupid,” Niall groans, face looking incredibly green. He plops down next to Louis
and leans his head on Louis’ shoulder, unable to look at the dead body. “I’m gonna be sick all
night.”

“Well you shouldn’t have tried to eat a fucking human.”

“You eat humans all the time.”

“I drink blood, it’s different.”

“Well—”

“What the fuck is going on?” Harry’s voice suddenly appears behind them. The two turn around to
see a very shocked Harry staring back at them, eyes darting between the two of them and the two
people next to them. “Louis?”
After sharing a nervous look with Niall, Louis slowly says, “We might have been attacked by some humans.”

“What?” Harry shouts, looking around the yard. “Where are they?”

“What’s going on?” Liam asks now, stepping outside.

“They were attacked by humans!” Harry shouts, kneeling next to Louis and pulling him into his arms. “Are you okay, Sunshine? Did they hurt you?”

“Not really, but, well,” Louis gestures to the dead, handless man.

“Oh my god you killed someone,” Harry gasps. His attention then goes to the tied up human, voice shaky. “What about him?”

“I’m pretty sure he’s still alive.”

“Where is that one’s hand?” Liam asks.

Niall guiltily looks up at him, feeling another urge to vomit coming on. “I-I might have tried to get rid of him.”

“Baby—why?” Liam asks, picking Niall up from the ground.

“We thought we had to!”

“We panicked!”

“Okay, enough!” Harry shouts. “Louis, calmly tell me what happened.”

“I don’t even know, it happened so fast!” Louis whines. “We were inside, and I thought I saw someone out here, so we came to search. One second there’s nobody there, and next I’m on the ground and Niall is screaming, so we both just kind of reacted.”

“I chased the others away and when I came back, Louis was dragging this poor bastard over here,” Niall finished. “What were we supposed to do?”

“Exactly what you did,” Liam says, kissing Niall’s cheek. “I’m just glad you’re okay.”

“Me too,” Harry says to Louis.

“Who are these guys anyway?” Louis asks, curling himself closer to Harry.

Harry looks up at Liam with a worried expression. “We’ll have to wake that one up to know for sure, but common theory suggests they are part of the anti-vampire church. Did they say anything to you guys?”

“No, they just tried to grab us,” Louis says.

“So they tried to take them but not kill them,” Harry says quietly.

“And they came with the silver, that’s why he’s tied up with it,” Louis says quickly.

That catches Liam’s attention. “But that shit barely works on vampires. At most it can weaken you a little bit.”
“Oh, we know,” Louis says.

“Right, but that could mean they brought the silver because they knew something was here that would actually be effected by it,” Liam realizes. “Harry, they knew a werewolf would be here.”

“That’s impossible, humans don’t know about you guys,” Harry says in disbelief. “We need to wake that man up, now. Liam, take Niall inside and call Zayn. Louis, you grab him, and I’ll take care of the dead one.”

“Harry, I’m so sorry about that—”

“Don’t be, my love, it’s not your fault,” Harry assures him, placing a kiss on Louis’ temple. “Just get him inside and keep him tied up.”

Louis nods and does as he’s told, follow Liam and Niall into the mansion. He drops the man onto one of the chairs in the parlor, and then quickly backs away. It starts to set in that he killed someone tonight. Sure, it’s not the first time, and it was in self-defense, but it still scares Louis how easy it was. He isn’t comfortable with the part of him that would so easily take a life, and he can’t imagine doing it again. But he may have to. They way Harry makes it seem, a great deal of fighting and killing could happen, but Louis wants no part of it. He barely wants Harry to be a part of it.

“Are you okay?” Harry’s soft voice appears behind him, and Louis is getting used to him just showing up and knowing exactly what he’s feeling.

Still, Louis shrugs. “I don’t know. This whole thing scares me, I mean they almost got me in our house. I had to kill someone Harry. I-I don’t want this to be happening.”

“I know, I’m so sorry,” Harry says, wrapping his arms around Louis’ waist. “I wish there was more I could do.”

“Hopefully this guy will tell us everything we need,” Louis sighs.

As they silently wait, Liam comes back in, having put Niall upstairs in one of the spare rooms to rest and feel better, and walks over to the passed out human. He examines him, grabbing his chin and moving his face around. He doesn’t look familiar to any of them, so they won’t get any leads on who he’s working for until he wakes up.

Zayn is there soon enough, storming into the room in a rage. “This son of a bitch better talk. I don’t want more attacks like these on people less prepared.”

“He knew about the wolves, Zayn,” Harry informs him, and it only makes Zayn angrier.

“Shit,” he grunts. The king leaves the room and returns a second later, holding a glass of water in his hand. “Let’s wake this guy up, shall we?”

He splashes the ice-cold water in the man’s face, and it shakes the man out of his sleep. He yelps as he takes in his surroundings, and fearfully looks up at his captors. “Oh shit.”

“Yeah, oh shit,” Zayn snaps back, grabbing the man by his neck. “What the fuck are you doing here and who sent you?”

“I’m not telling you a thing,” the man snaps back, spitting at Zayn’s feet.

Harry squeezes Louis tighter. Zayn just starts smiling. “No? That’s what you think. You attacked two people of my domain, unwarranted. I don’t care if you’re a human, I will deal with you however
“You like.”

“Zayn—” Harry starts, wanting to calm him or stop him from what he’s sure his friend is about to do.

“Louis, you might want to go upstairs. I believe there is a sick werewolf up there that could use some comfort,” Zayn states.

Louis swallows a lump in his throat, and looks up at Harry, who nods. “Okay.”

He spins out of Harry’s arms and backs out of the room slowly, then quickly goes up the stairs to Niall. His friend looks up at him weakly, the trash can snuggly held in his arms. Louis sits next to him and rubs his back in circles, terrified at what they could be doing.

“What’s going on? Did they guy talk?” Niall asks, coughing.

“No, and I…I think they’re going to torture him, at least Zayn is going to,” Louis says quietly.

“Heavy. You should listen in on them,” Niall suggests.

Louis agrees and he goes up to the bedroom door, putting his ear against and focusing his hearing so he can listen to the conversation downstairs. He wouldn’t need to be a vampire to hear the screams coming from the human at first, but once they die down he can hear Zayn start to talk.

“Interesting how you don’t sound surprised to hear werewolves are real, considering your average human doesn’t know. Not even that lovely church knows about them.”

“We aren’t as stupid as the average human.”

“I beg to differ.” Zayn laughs. It’s followed by another painful cry out. “Who told you about them? Hm? Who are you working for?”

“I’ll never tell you!”

Louis winces at the painful sounds he hears next, trying not to think about what Zayn is doing to him. He can’t believe Harry and Liam would just stand around during this either. Then Louis remembers everything Harry told him about the Great War. They were barbaric and cruel, and if there is going to be another, then things might have to go back to that. This is exactly what Harry feared.

He does speak up for a moment, after several minutes of crying and pleading from the human. “Zayn, that’s enough. He looks like he’s ready to talk.”

“What are they saying?” Niall asks, before throwing up again into the trash.

“Not much. Liam hasn’t even said anything,” Louis tells him.

“Yeah, he’s the quiet and intimidating type. He’s probably staring down at the guy with that iceman look, it’s how he controls the pack sometimes. He’s never had to use it on me, though, because I’m generally a good boy.”

“TMI, Niall,” Louis says, rolling his eyes. He starts to listen again.

There’s heavy breathing from the man, and then finally he starts to talk. His voice is weak and coarse, and it sounds like there’s blood in his mouth that he’s choking on. “You already k-know who it is, don’cha? He knows you suspect him.”
“Just say it,” Zayn growls.

“It’s your old buddy,” the man falls into a fit of wet coughing, definitely choking on his blood now. “Marcus.”

“Marcus sent you?” Harry asks urgently.

“Marcus did all of it. Us, the queen. H-he’s got big plans for yah,” the man starts coughing again.

Louis jumps back from the door with a gasp, covering up his mouth with both hands. He shakes his head, backing into the bed until he falls onto it. Niall crawls over as quick as he can, holding his sick stomach, and shakes Louis by his shoulders. “Lou? Are you okay?”

“It can’t be him,” Louis whispers. “He’s an elder, he’s too powerful.”

Niall tries to get Louis to tell him more, but he just sits and shakes his head, breaths coming out uneven and terrified. They sit together, with Niall doing the comforting now, and wait for the others to come upstairs. Liam is the first one up, and he quickly scoops Niall up in his strong arms, shutting his eyes as he cradles him close. Harry is next, and he stops at the door with Zayn next to him.

Seeing the look on Louis’ face, Harry just knows what Louis is thinking. “You were listening weren’t you?”

Louis nods. Harry sighs and goes to sit on his knees in front of Louis. “I’m keeping my promise to you, I will not let anything happen to you.”

“What happened to the man?” Louis asks.

“He’s dead.” Zayn says bluntly from the doorway. “Distress is probably what did him in the end. I’ll take care of the body.”

“We already have a nice plot in our yard,” Louis says sadly. “Elder Marcus, Harry? Why would he be doing this? What does he want?”

“We don’t know,” Harry says unfortunately. “He died before he could tell us anything more. And his word was all our proof.”

“So we can’t do anything? We just sit here knowing?” Louis asks. “What if Marcus comes back for us?”

“He has no idea we know. Once we get this guy buried, he will assume you killed him along with the first guy. You all must promise not to tell anyone what he said, and I won’t either until I get my proof.” Zayn says. “Liam, you can’t even tell your pack. We will make up some bogus investigation to cover our tracks, but we will not tell a soul what we know. Understood?”

Everyone else in the room nods. Liam starts to carry Niall to the door, stopping to stare Zayn down. “You better handle this, and get some real proof. I’m not bringing my pack back to the dark ages. I want this to be taken care of as fast as possible.”

Zayn swallows a lump in his throat, and if it weren’t for all the tension and fear in the air, it would make Harry laugh. Zayn slips his hands in his pockets. “I’ll walk you two out. Harry.”

“We’ll talk later,” Harry says to both of them. Once they’ve left, Harry joins Louis on the bed. “Do
you want to talk about tonight?”

Louis shakes his head. “Do you?”

“Not at the moment,” Harry sighs. This night started off so simple, with an easy plan and good news from Zayn. Now literally everything has gone to shit. His whole world could be falling apart in front of his eyes. Worst of all, though, is that Louis has never looked so terrified. “Sweetheart, neither of us will feel better until we talk about this.”

“Harry, I don’t know what to think,” Louis says. “What about you? Isn’t this bringing back so much for you? I can’t believe how calm you’re being.”

“Trust me, I’m not calm at all, I’m just trying to save face for you,” Harry says. He falls back on the bed, lying down with his hands up above his head. “I can’t believe what I’ve done to you.”

Louis’ face twists up into a frown and he falls back on the bed with him. “What are you talking about?”

“I brought you into this. All this shit is happening, a fucking Elder has gone bad again, and I brought you right into the middle of it. I don’t know what I would have done if they’d taken you tonight,” Harry groans.

“You would have saved me,” Louis says softly. He turns over, throws his arm over Harry’s chest and kisses his shoulder. “I love you so much. I know things are shit, but I don’t regret being brought into it. I would never regret it.”

Harry turns his head, nuzzling his nose to Louis’. “Thank you. And I would have saved you. I know you don’t like the violence surrounding all of this, but I would do anything to save you.”

“I know,” Louis mumbles. He gives Harry a kiss, and the two of them lay there for a while, both lost in anxious thoughts over what’s to come.

Eventually, Harry gets up, and carries Louis with him to their room. He shuts down the light tight windows, and they get ready for bed. It’s so quiet in the house, compared to the screams Louis had been listening to earlier. He is the first in bed, and he stares up at the ceiling while Harry climbs in next to him. They roll into each other, and hold each other once again. The fact that neither will get much sleep tonight, goes unsaid.

Even though Harry started out very calm and in control, the more he thought about their situation, the more stressed he got over it. How can he be calm when Louis was attacked in their own home? How can he be in control when these humans know werewolves exist?

For two weeks, Harry doesn’t even want to leave his house. He takes care of work at home, bothers Zayn about his research, and bites his tongue around Louis about other topics. The other things that’s been bothering Harry since that night, is the fact that he can give Louis exactly what he wants, he can let Louis drink his blood again without issue. The problem is that Harry has no idea how to tell Louis this.

He’s caught between his fear of being attacked, and his fear of Louis being mad at him for withholding this information.

Harry has taken to harassing Zayn about Marcus, and even trying to look up the Elder’s history on his own. This only serves to make him paranoid that somebody is tracking him. Marcus’s allies could
be anyone and anywhere, and every one of his moves could be watched. He made Liam agree to have a couple of the wolves follow Louis to work, and stay there with him until his shift ends, just so Harry can know that he’s being protected when he can’t be there himself.

Liam hasn’t been much better. He keeps Niall at his side or Cara’s side at all times, and when Niall visits Louis alone, he calls almost every half hour just to make sure his pup is okay. He’s been teaching Niall how to fight, and of course Niall has been very enthusiastic to learn, but Liam can’t help but see visions of what happened to Sophia whenever he is not with Niall.

Time moves on. In the weeks leading up to Christmas, Louis’ first as a full vampire, the anti-vampire church gains more media attention, and begins to take the blame on countless attacks on vampires. Thankfully, there is no public outings of the werewolves, but Zayn believes that is all part of Marcus’s plan, whatever that may be. They lose two kings and one more queen from the northern states, and Zayn is given extra protection by the Elders. Marcus had sneered at him when he signed off on it.

On Louis’ birthday, Christmas Eve, Harry has been so stressed from all of it, but he finally knows what his gift to Louis will be.

He wakes up promptly when the sun goes down, and finds that Louis has beaten him to it, already downstairs and sitting at their extravagant Christmas tree with a glass of blood and one of Harry’s original copies of “A Christmas Carol”. Louis looks up from the book and smiles, a rare sight from either of them lately, but a welcome one.

“Merry Christmas,” He says cheerfully, closing the book and leaving it on his lap.

There’s a glass of blood on the table for Harry, and he picks it up as he sits down next to Louis, giving his cheek a kiss as he replies, “Happy Birthday, Sunshine.”

“Are we still celebrating those? You never make a fuss over yours,” Louis says, resting his head on Harry’s shoulder.

Harry shrugs, taking a sip of blood. “I’ve had so many, it loses it’s significance. Yours is also a very festive holiday, anyway.”

“True, the whole world decorated just for me,” Louis says with a smile.

They sit in almost silence, just the soft sound of record player’s Christmas music in the background, and it’s so peaceful. Harry finishes his glass quickly, nerves starting to kick in again, before turning Louis’ face to look into his eyes. “I wasn’t sure what to do as a gift for you this year, because I doubt I will ever top last year.”

“Turning me into a vampire to be with you forever is probably the best gift anyone has ever gotten,” Louis quips with a smirk.

Harry laughs. “Yes, well, this year I…I have a request, first.”

“Anything,” Louis sighs.

Harry places two fingers under Louis’ chin, tipping his face up for a kiss, whispering into his soft lips, “Run away with me?”

Louis pulls away, pushing his entire body from his lover. “What?”

“Run away with me, my love,” Harry says again, more urgently this time. “Leave this place and all
of this drama and death and Marcus. We can go anywhere in the world, anywhere and I will make sure he does not find us.”

“You want to just leave our friends to deal with this on their own?” Louis asks, almost disgusted at Harry’s suggestion.

“They’re all noble and worthy fighters, they don’t need us—”

“I can’t believe you’re saying this!” Louis finally shouts, standing up and crossing his arms. He stares down at Harry angrily, but his face softens when he sees the fear in Harry’s eyes. “Harry, we aren’t running away from this. You didn’t run away last time.”

“Last time was different—”

“I don’t see how! How is this any different—”

“Because I didn’t have you!” Harry finally shouts, voice echoing so loud it nearly knocks Louis back. Harry recoils, dropping his face into his hands, elbows on his knees, and he sighs, “Last time, I was younger, and more naïve about the power of the people I was fighting. I was idealistic and ignorant, and had a lot more people on my side. There was more build up, more cause for people to be rallying and joining together. And above all of that, I didn’t have you to be worried about. Now… now I’m afraid if I were to go fight, if I were to keep us here when war broke out, I could lose you. I would be nothing without you, Louis. My heart would just die all over again.”

Louis shakes his head, grabbing Harry’s cheeks and making him look up. “I know that.” Louis pushes Harry back and sits in his lap, kissing his neck, his jaw, his cheeks. “I know all of that, and I’m scared too. I would be crazy not to be. But you cannot run away from this. I won’t let you.”

“How can I keep you safe and go after Marcus at the same time? I’ve never had to fight a war like this.”

Louis lets out a soft breath, brushing his fingers through Harry’s long hair. “Do you realize, this time last year, I was still a human? In a few hours, it will then be a full year of me being a vampire. You know this hasn’t been easy for me. You know how much I have struggled with all of these new feelings and abilities. But you believed in me and you helped me through it. Together, you and I can do anything we set our minds to. And I am not setting my mind to running from Marcus. We won’t ever stop running if we do.”

Harry looks at his little Louis, who is so different in this moment then he has ever seen. He sees so much trust and love in his eyes, past the worry and fear. Harry knows that it’s his reassurance that has gotten Louis to this point, and he knows Louis is right in everything he is saying. “You’re right. You’re so right.”

“Of course I am,” Louis says with a shrug and a cheeky smile. “And I hope that running away wasn’t the only thing you were going to do for my birthday.”

Harry’s eyes widen for a moment, then back to normal. He’d almost forgotten what his real present to Louis would be. He coughs to clear his throat, then moves his hands up so they are resting lightly on Louis’ neck. “It’s not, at all. Your real gift is something I know you’ll love. You’re going to be so relieved.”

“Oooh, I’m very excited now,” Louis says, biting his smile down.

“Give me a kiss, Sunshine,” Harry says, leaning up into it.
Louis tosses his hands behind Harry’s neck and kisses him, lightly at first, but as always it very quickly turns heated and rushed. All of their kisses have been rushed lately, not in a bad way, but in a way that feels like any one of them could be the last. It’s not very long before Louis is moving his hips in with it, moaning into Harry’s mouth as he sucks on his tongue.

Harry’s hands never move from Louis’ neck, not when he moves his kisses down that way, and not when Louis gets so riled up that he’s practically humping Harry’s stomach. They’re heavy, not tight, and warm, and it tickles Louis, makes his skin tingle. He pulls back from their kiss, leaving Louis to chase his lips, eyes closed so softly, and a desperate whine from his mouth. There’s a moment’s hesitation, where Harry watches the vein in Louis’ neck move with quick flow of his blood. He takes in all of the emotions and energy flooding out of Louis, the delicious scent of his magic blood, and lets it all fill him with complete need.

Louis opens his eyes with another whine, and looks into Harry’s darkened eyes, and at the fangs erect in his mouth. Their loud and quick breaths blend together, chests heaving at the same rhythm, and Louis almost doesn’t register what Harry does next.

In a moment, Harry’s hands swiftly pull Louis’ neck to the side, and he bites harder than he ever has, harder than he ever would if Louis was still a human. Louis lets out the most beautiful gasp, which quickly turns into drawn out moan of absolute pleasure. His little hands clutch tightly to Harry’s shoulders, and his cock is stiff in seconds.

It’s better than ever before. Louis tastes better than Harry ever remembers, and he relishes in it. He drinks for only a minute, before letting go, the blood dripping down his mouth. “This is my gift to you.”

“You mean…we can…” Louis is too scared to finish his question, still afraid of what the answer will be.

“Yes, yes Louis,” Harry moans, kissing Louis’ cheek and leaving a bloody stain. “I spoke to Zayn, and it will not hurt us. Our souls are linked and brought even closer by this. Must be why we can hardly resist it.”

“Oh god,” Louis groans, kissing Harry’s bloody mouth. He’d been dreaming of doing this again for so long, it’s almost as though it isn’t really happening. At least until Harry bites another spot on his neck, and all of those feelings flow back into him. The first area closes up, thank those vampire healing abilities, and Louis wipes up the rest of the blood that had dripped out. He smoothly slips his fingers into Harry’s mouth, both of them letting out deep moans when Harry sucks off the blood. “U-upstairs?”

Harry nods his head, loving how Louis is already so out of his mind that he can’t even form sentences. “Yes, Baby, one second.”

True to his word, Harry stands up and carries Louis up as fast as he can, tossing him down on their bed. He crawls over Louis’ body, kissing him deeply as Louis tears open his shirt. As soon as Louis can get to bare skin, he’s biting into Harry’s chest right over his heart, causing Harry to let out a loud growl-like sound, both painful and pleasurable. He cradles Louis’ head in his hand for a moment, before yanking him down by his hair and into a fierce kiss once again. Their blood mixes between their tongues and it’s so deliciously good, and so wonderfully hot. Louis hasn’t felt so fulfilled in so long, and his whole body is screaming for more and more of Harry’s blood. He leaves the kiss and bite’s Harry’s chest again, this time on the other side, right over his nipple.

When Louis is finally able to unlatch himself, he looks up at Harry with wide, wet eyes, and licks the blood from his lips. The wounds on Harry’s chest heal, and Louis leans forward to get to one of
them again, but Harry stops him.

“Hold on, Sunshine,” Harry says, smiling with both his hands on Louis’ cheeks. “Turn around.”

Louis’s face falls into a pout. “But, I want—”

“I know what you want, Baby,” Harry chuckles. “And you’re going to get more, I promise, just turn around for me first.”

“Fine,” Louis says, rolling his eyes.

Harry can’t help but laugh as he watches Louis slump down on the bed. He’s never seen Louis so disappointed at the prospect of rimming. “I’m sorry Lou, but I want every inch of you.”

“I just want your blood,” Louis huffs.

Harry gives Louis’ bum a little spank as his response. He yanks down Louis’ clothes, tossing them to the side carelessly so he can get to what he wants most. With a little kiss to the base of Louis’ spine, Harry tugs Louis’ hips up forcefully, and spreads his cheeks to give a quick lick up his hole. Louis shivers and Harry smiles, knowing Louis isn’t so bloodhungry that he doesn’t want this too.

A soft moan comes from Louis, who’s shoved his face into the pillows already, when Harry really goes for it. He wetly licks and kisses Louis’ hole, savoring the taste of him here, moaning as Louis just naturally opens up for him. It takes barely half a second for Harry to leave Louis, grab some lube, and slick up a couple fingers. He spanks Louis again with his dry hand, causing Louis to squeak and push back into his face.

Harry’s eyes roll back in ecstasy, because he loves it when Louis gets to this point. Unable to be bratty or bossy, just grinding onto Harry’s tongue, moaning and crying when Harry licks inside him. In all his lifetimes, nobody has ever looked so beautiful like this.

“Harry,” Louis mewls, turning his head so he can look at his lover, eyes teary and cheeks pink.

“Please, just give me your damn fingers.”

Who is Harry to say no? He pushes in two at once, it’s so easy with how loose Louis already is for him. “How do you want it tonight? Want me to fuck you just like this? On your knees with your pretty ass up like a little slut?”

Louis sniffs, hands squeezing the pillows tightly. “N-No.”

“No?” Harry asks, crooking his fingers inside Louis to try and hit that perfect spot. It’s always better with his cock, but Louis’ breath still hitches. “Want to ride me? That way you can bite me wherever you want. It’s your birthday, Sunshine. You can have it any way you want.”

“I—” Louis’ voice cuts off into a long groan when Harry shoves a third finger inside. His eyes close again, and he lets out a long breath. He can feel everything a thousand times more because of drinking Harry’s blood, and he’s barely hanging in as it is. Talking is just not possible. “B-Back.”

“On your back?” Harry asks, keeping up the pace of his fingers. He spreads them out, leaning down to kiss Louis’ wet hole again, licking down his taint and to his balls, sucking one of them into his mouth. Louis’ cock is so red and hard, Harry is surprised he isn’t leaking yet. He pulls his fingers out, ignoring the disappointed whine from Louis, and gently turns him over. “This is my favorite anyway.”

Louis smiles, his fangs somehow still shiny when covered in Harry’s blood. He spreads his legs as
Harry takes off his pants, and Louis is quick to pull him over his body. They kiss, sloppily and dopey, while Harry pushes his cock inside, then both let out a brief, relieved moan.

“Wait,” Louis whispers, his arms slipping around Harry’s neck. He just wants to feel the way Harry fills him, just for a moment. He feels so complete when Harry’s inside him, even more so when he bites Harry’s neck, the sweet blood filling his mouth.

The older vampire doesn’t even flinch this time. It feels so right to have Louis feed from him, and he wants nothing more than for Louis to be fulfilled in every way. He reaches back, and pulls one of Louis’ hands down, holding it firmly to the pillow next to Louis’ head. Their fingers spread at the same time and interlock, and it’s so much more intimate than Harry thought it was going to be.

Louis lets Harry’s neck go, watches as the bite holes close up, and gently nibbles at Harry’s ear. With a hot breath, Louis whispers, “Come on maker, fuck me.”

And god, does Harry love when Louis calls him that. He buries his face in Louis’ warm neck, and starts fucking in and out, faster than he’d normally start. He knows Louis can handle it, though, Harry hasn’t worried about that for a long time. His hips move at a pace that would be too brutal for a human, so much harder than he ever did back when Louis was human. Now that Louis’ been turned, he always wants it hard like this, as though it’s a reminder that he’s something stronger now.

“God, I love you,” Harry groans, listening to his hips slap against Louis’ impossibly fast, and all of the whimpers Louis lets out.

Louis bites his own lip now, hard enough for a little of his own blood to drip out. He can’t help how loud he’s being, how he always is. Harry kisses the blood away, sucks it into his own mouth, and they both moan into each other.

It’s pure animal the way they move together, and moan and whine together. Something raw and primal awakens inside them both, spurred on by the blood from each other, now coursing through their veins. Harry jerks his head over, and bites Louis’ wrist in a place where blood always flows quickly. As he speeds up the movement of his hips, he drinks from Louis again and again, so relieved to know they were meant for each other and meant to be doing this. Their souls forever linked, and now their blood will always be mixed in each other. Harry feels invincible.

Louis keeps his mouth open, unintelligible sounds coming from him freely. “AH, ah, ah, Harry.”

He’s always so fucking loud. His eyes are wide open, staring at the ceiling, stars forming in his dazed eyes, letting himself be used by Harry. His whole body is being used by his maker, and Louis loves it. But it isn’t long until he himself misses the taste of Harry’s blood, and he grabs Harry’s open hand, bringing it to his mouth so he can bite his palm.

It’s a more painful spot for Harry, but he doesn’t care. Louis’ warm, wet tongue licks at him as he drinks, as they both drink from each other, and move their bodies together. “I love you too,” Louis whines, mouth flush against Harry’s palm. “Haz, just keep fucking me like that.”

The way Louis’ voice sounds so pained and desperate has Harry snapping his hips forward harder, faster, loud grunts coming from his lips. He lets Louis’ wrist fall from his mouth, feels the bite wound heal where it rests under his cheek, and he hoists his body up. Propped up like this, Harry is able to get a more direct angle to Louis’ prostate, and he growls as he watches the sheer pleasure wash over Louis’ face.

“You look so beautiful, and taste so good Baby,” Harry grunts, letting go of Louis’ hand entirely. He then slips his under Louis’ neck and pulls him up, their lips meeting in an intense and biting kiss.
Harry’s tongue catches on Louis’ fangs, and Louis sucks on the blood that trickles out. It’s nastier, in the best way, then either expected it to get. It’s worse than the first time they did this, probably because Harry is less cautious.

Louis drops back down, his body arching up into Harry’s, mouth slack open as he’s fucked beyond belief. He throws one of his hands behind his head, palm hitting the headboard hard and it lays flat against it. The other goes behind Harry’s head and pulls hard on Harry’s long hair, making Harry moan louder and higher pitched than normal. They both know Harry likes a bit of pain, though.

“Look at me,” Harry moans, bringing Louis back to his attention. “I want you to look at me when you come.”

Louis nods, eyes once again wet with tears. He doesn’t even know what words he’s saying past, “Yes, maker, Harry, make me come.”

Just as Louis is about to reach down to stroke his cock, which is so hard and red it’s curved up onto his tummy, Harry smacks his hand away, and smacks his thigh for good measure. “No, just like this.”

Louis whines again, more needy than before. He just wants some direct relief on his aching cock, but he knows it will be so much better to come untouched. “Fuck, okay. Just keep fucking me, maker.”

Harry smiles. He can feel everything in Louis, himself, his blood, and all of Louis’ emotions. Their connection is heightened so much by the blood sharing, and it’s got Harry on the verge of coming too. But he always prefers when Louis comes first. “Come on, Baby, let it happen. Let your body go.”

Louis lets out a yelp and string of swears, his cock jumping on his tummy when Harry hits that spot especially hard. Their eyes haven’t broken contact the whole time, but Louis’ nearly close when he finally gives in. Harry grabs his face with one hand to make sure Louis doesn’t look away, and tears fall from both cheeks as Louis finally comes and cries out, “Fuck! God, yes!”

Harry roughly lets Louis’ face go, fucking in harder with raspy moans. He can feel every part of Louis’ orgasm, not just physically from the tightening of Louis’ body, but psychically from their bond. He just manages to pull out before he too comes, moaning Louis’ name over and over and over again, spurt all over Louis’ tummy, their spunk mixing together.

After a moment, Harry falls down on the bed next to Louis, running a hand through his hair as their bodies seems to shake in unison. They let out deep, staggered breathes, in time with each other, and stare at the same ceiling.

“Top ten,” Louis says, breaking the moment of silence.

Harry lets out a soft laugh, chest still heaving. “Top five, at least.”

“Yeah.”

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The soft *grrrr* of the motorcycle’s engine, the cold air whizzing past his face, against the warmth of Liam’s back, and the stars quickly passing by them over head, are in the top ten of Niall’s favorite things. Something that isn’t in the top ten of his favorite things, however, is having to ride in the middle of the night to a vampire king’s mansion, without the rest of the pack’s knowledge. It’s for everyone’s safety, Niall knows that, and he rather likes Zayn, but it makes his stomach churn to have to be in the middle of all this.
The churning stops when they pull up the mansion. It’s the first time he’s been here, and of course Louis has told him many times about how big and extravagant it is, but Niall’s jaw still drops when they arrive.

“Holy shit…why don’t we have a place like this?” Niall asks as he tugs off his helmet.

Liam laughs for a moment, shutting off the bike and pulling off his own riding-gloves and helmet. “Because we are nomads who have no need for one.”

Niall pouts, even as Liam kisses his cheek. “So what? You said we will be living here for a couple years before we move on again, why can’t we get a mansion in the mean time?”

“Would you want to share a mansion with the rest of the pack? Because you know they would have to be close by at least.”

“I wouldn’t mind, as long as we got the biggest room.”

Liam laughs again, putting his arm over Niall’s shoulders. “Ni, in this imaginary universe where we live in this mansion, of course we would get the biggest room. Now, can we please take this visit seriously? You know how important this is.”

“Yeah, yeah, Alpha, I’ll behave,” Niall quips, nuzzling against Liam’s neck.

They walk up to the mansion together, and Liam doesn’t bother knocking or ringing any bells, as he knows they are expected. Of course, that doesn’t stop three of Zayn’s new guards from cornering them out of nowhere, silver bullet filled guns aimed at their chests. Niall yelps and puts his hands up, but Liam just stares at them, very unamused.

“Hands up, and state your business!”

“No thank you, Niall put your hands down,” Liam says bluntly. “Zayn invited us. I’m the Alpha of the south-east wolf pack, and I would appreciate it if you wouldn’t point that silver at my mate.”

The guard’s eyes widen and they immediately drop their guns, and all step aside at the same time. “Our apologies, Alpha, but you should have knocked.”

Liam shrugs. “These are pressing times, gentlemen, I don’t really feel like knocking.”

“Yes, but we could have——”

“Dismissed!” Zayn suddenly says, appearing as if out of nowhere behind his guards. “Liam! You’re early.”

“You said this was urgent,” Liam replies, slipping his arm around Niall’s waist. “And you guys are faster than we are, so you’d think we would always be late.”

They continue a little back and forth while Zayn leads the werewolves through his mansion. Niall doesn’t listen, because he’s too distracted with just grand this place is. It’s the calmest he’s felt since the attack at Louis’ place.

He and Liam have been struggling to keep their mouths shut to the rest of the pack about Marcus. Cara especially harasses them for answers, but she is still always the first one to tell other pack members to mind their business when Liam does not answer. They still trust their alpha, and always have since the Great War, but he’s usually more honest than this. Liam has always valued honesty with his pack above all else, because he feels secrets are a vampire thing. Hopefully this meeting
with Zayn will allow him to tell them everything.

Zayn takes them into a small room at the other end of his mansion, which Niall figures must be his main office. Zayn walks around the back of a long desk, and slumps down on the chair, gesturing for the two of them to sit down across from him. Niall sits, but Liam remains standing behind him.

“I know you’re growing very impatient with me,” Zayn begins, exhaustion in his voice. “And unfortunately, I can’t say I’ve come up with much evidence.”

“Great, that makes me feel so confident,” Liam grunts.

Zayn tenses. “Listen. What I have found so far is circumstantial at best. His followers are very good at covering his tracks, as I expected.”

“So what are we supposed to do? Let him get away with whatever he is planning?” Liam asks, his hands tightly clutching Niall’s shoulders.

“No, never,” Zayn insists. “But we cannot gather evidence this way against him, so I think we should go a different route.”

“What kind of route did you have in mind?”

“We need to trick him into revealing himself. Whether that means offering up some sort of bait, or even having someone who can be trusted infiltrate him, I don’t care. But at this point, Marcus is the only one who can out himself.”

“That’s probably the worst news I could possibly hear at this moment,” Liam groans. “You have no real plan, then?”

“I have the beginnings of one,” Zayn snaps back. “Liam, I have always respected you. You are a hero amongst us, and a great friend to Harry, but you still don’t fully understand vampire politics. Do you realize that I am next in line to be an Elder? If one of them should fall, I would be the one expected to take their place.”

“This is great! When we get rid of Marcus, at least we know someone good and trustworthy will succeed him.”

“Thank you, but don’t you see what sort of position this puts me in?” Zayn asks. “If I accuse him with the little evidence that I have, it will be seen as me trying to make a hostile takeover. Or worse, Marcus can twist everything and put the blame on me for every attack.”

“Shit,” Liam hisses. He lets go of Niall, and begins pacing the room. “Alright, okay, so say we go with your bait idea, what did you have in mind.”

“Well, there are a few people Marcus never got along with, and if he is making power plays like we think he is, then he will certainly go after them,” Zayn says, his voice hesitating slightly. “One of those people is Harry.”

“So that’s why he’s not here!” Niall suddenly bursts out. He quickly recoils, face turning red. “Sorry, it’s just…I was wondering why he and Louis weren’t here.”

Zayn lets out a little laugh. “Yes, well, being that my idea is to use him as bait, I wanted to run it by someone else before going right to him.”

“At least you know he won’t take it well,” Liam says. “How exactly would we use him?”
“That part I haven’t figured out yet. We would need to get him to separate from Louis for some time, obviously, and that won’t be easy. I was thinking we could get him in the public eye, maybe send him up to Vermont to speak to the public about the crisis. Attention on him should bother Marcus enough to plan an attack, and Harry will definitely be able to take anyone in a fight.”

“It’s been a long time since he’s fought anyone. Harry is different now, as you know, he’s soft.”

“Trust me, he’s still got a fighter in him. Having Louis in his life may actually make him more motivated in a fight. He could be more brutal than ever and we wouldn’t know.”

“Harry doesn’t look like he could hurt a fly,” Niall snorts. From what he’s seen, and what Louis has told him, Harry Styles is one of the sweetest, and kindest men in the world. Despite how he acted when Louis and Niall were attacked, it’s just unbelievable that he could be as ruthless as they say.

“Babe, you have never seen him in a true battle,” Liam says with a smile, kissing the top of Niall’s head. “But those were a long time ago.”

Zayn rolls his eyes. “Regardless, I just want to know if you think this plan is entirely crazy. If so, then we will wait and think of something else. But I’m so fucking tired of waiting.”

Liam takes a moment to think, then reluctantly nods. “You will be the one to discuss it, and if you convince him, then I will be on board. Good luck trying to get him to leave Louis.”

“Great,” Zayn sighs. “If he says yes, I would like you and a couple of your wolves to help him, keep him safe. I will have my own guards on it as well, but I know he will feel more at ease with you there.”

“Sure,” Liam scoffs. “I would do anything for Harry. You call me as soon as Harry gives his answer, I’m sick of leaving my pack in the dark.”

“Sure, perfect,” Zayn says. He lets them find their own way out, and Niall is a little confused about exactly what happened, but he does know he can’t tell Louis anything. Zayn sits at his desk and stares at his phone, dreading the call he knows he has to make.

“I know it’s only been a couple weeks, but god I want to drink from you again,” Louis says in a long, drawn-out sigh. They’re huddled up in the kitchen, Harry having pushed Louis up against the counter for a quick make out before they heat up some AB positive.

“We should really pace ourselves, Sunshine,” Harry moans, lips tracing along Louis’ neck. He has to admit, it is very hard for himself to hold back from getting a little bite. He kisses Louis’ neck instead, as he reaches around him to grab a couple wine glasses. “Just a couple more nights of this, and then we can do it again.”

Louis pouts, but doesn’t argue it further. He’s about to make a smart comment, though, but he is interrupted by Harry’s phone ringing. “Ugh, make this fast.”

“Pour that,” Harry says, quickly out of the room to answer.

Something Louis hasn’t done in a while, or really had any reason to try, is his new ability to hear things from very far away. For instance, Louis can hear that Harry went all the way up to his office to answer a call from Zayn. He hears the conversation from Harry’s end so clearly, it’s as though he’s standing right next to him, and he doesn’t sound happy.
“What? Zayn that’s—No!” Harry shouts so angrily it even makes Louis jump. “Oh, and what did Liam say? He said what? You’re both insane then!”

Louis continues to listen intently as he pours the warmed blood, but he has a feeling not even a snack will make Harry feel better after this call.

“I’m not leaving him alone!”

For a moment, Louis considers going upstairs to try to calm him down, but he thinks better of it when Harry continues to yell.

“Fine! But I’m not fucking happy about this!” There’s a sound of glass shattering, and Louis wonders if Harry threw his phone or smashed a vase in his anger.

It’s only a moment later that Harry is back down stairs, his phone intact and in his hand, but his are burning with frustration and madness. Louis tries to keep his voice and hands steady as he offers Harry the blood and asks, “What was all that about?”

Harry lets out a very disturbing laugh, drops his phone on the counter, and chugs the blood down in one gulp. He wipes off his mouth, and lets the glass clank onto the counter. “Apparently, Zayn and Liam have been scheming behind our backs, and they’ve come up with the most ridiculous strategy I have ever heard.”

“What happened?”

“They—” he cuts himself off with a low groan. Harry wraps his arms around Louis’ waist, and slumps down into him, his resting on Louis’ chest. He can hear Louis’ heartbeat so perfectly like this. “They want to draw Marcus out, and get him to reveal his motives, instead of gathering evidence and risking our own safety. And in order to draw him out, they want me to go to Vermont and be the bait.”


“I’m respected amongst vampires, and a new face to humans. Add to that the fact that Marcus has never liked me, and you get the perfect person to push his buttons in the public eye. It’s not an incorrect plan, but I hate it nonetheless.”

“And they just want to send you there all by yourself? What the fuck kind of friends are they?”

“No, no Zayn would give me guards, and Liam would have pack members back me up, plus I’m not exactly an amateur at fighting. It’s you who would be left alone,” Harry mumbles against Louis’ warmth.

“I-I could stay with Niall and Liam—”

“Don’t tell me you want me to agree to this!” Harry snaps, straightening up immediately. “Louis, I’m never going to leave you.”

“But, if it will mean this is all over soon—”

“Sweetheart, please!” Harry begs. “Don’t ever say you want to be apart from me.”

“I don’t want to!” Louis assures him. “I just want this to be over! I want you back! You’re always so worried and so scared, and I just want to see you happy again. If this is what it takes, then…I will miss you very much, but you have to go.”
“Louis, you were the sweetest human I ever met, and you are even sweeter now, but I’m not going to agree to this,” Harry says, clutching at Louis’ cheek. “I’m not leaving you, ever.”

“You’re so stubborn,” Louis sighs, moving his face so he can kiss Harry’s palm. “But at least you calmed down.”

Harry lets out a light laugh, “You’re very good at calming me down.”

“I think it’s the bond,” Louis says. He finishes his own glass of blood, and then quickly pulls Harry into their bedroom. He pushes Harry down onto the bed, and lays next to him, the two of them facing each other closely. “What would you do, if you didn’t trap Marcus like Zayn and Liam want, and the war started?”

“I would fight, as I did before, and I would kill anyone who tried to hurt you,” Harry says bluntly.

“That’s comforting,” Louis snorts, nuzzling his nose against Harry’s.

“I’m serious. You have no idea what I’ve done, and what I’ve seen, in the past. And all in wars I was barely invested in. If I have to fight knowing I have you, there’s no telling just how dangerous I could be.”

“I wouldn’t go against you,” Louis says, rubbing his hand up and down Harry’s bicep. “So, if you decide to go to Vermont, maybe I should go with you. If I’m close by, you will definitely fight harder against whoever attacks.”

“Louis,” Harry groans. “I don’t want you to see the things I have seen. War amongst vampires is a terrifying and graphic thing.”

“I’m a big boy.”

“I don’t care. I know you can take care of yourself, Sunshine, but let me shield you from this one thing.”

With a smile, Louis nudges forward for a kiss, which Harry happily returns. Their lips connect for a few moments, just a soft, breathless little kiss, before Louis is retracting. “I know you don’t like to talk about your times in wars, but if we are going to spend forever together, I will expect to hear about them at some point.”

“Of course,” Harry grins. “Mark it in your calendar. In fifty years, I will tell you all of my old war hero stories.”

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It’s hard to have a nice evening on the town these days, but Zayn manages to take his favorite human companion out every now and then. He got a good chance when Selene and Viktor came to town for a meeting about the investigation. They all met at a five star restaurant, with a private room in the back that Selene often uses for such occasions, and allowed their human companions to eat and socialize while they discussed business.

Now, he’s in the car and on the phone with one of his progenies, discussing with him the events of the dinner, while his lovely date rests her blonde head on his shoulder. Her hand gently pats his thigh
when they arrive back at the villa.

“Thank you, Darling,” Zayn says as he quickly gets out of the limo, and around to her side to open her door. He helps her out of the car, wrapping his arm around her waist as they walk inside together. He doesn’t notice anything wrong as they enter, sine he’s still distracted by the person on his phone. “No, that’s not necessary. Look, I called him a week ago and he still hasn’t made up his mind, but I’m not going to be the one to force Harry Styles into doing something he doesn’t want to.”

They haven’t even reached the door when his companion screams out, and attempts to yank him back from his steps. He’s about to get angry, when he watches her hands fly over her mouth to cover another scream, and her eyes widen in terror. His gaze then follows her and he nearly drops his phone at the sight.

“Shit, oh fuck,” Zayn gasps. Before him are the bodies of four of his guards, lying dead in his front lawn. “Forget everything I just said, and call everyone you can. Some shit happened at the villa. Yes! Get here now!”

He angrily hangs up his phone, and then moves his body in front of his human’s, shielding her from anymore possible attackers. He yells to his driver to get as far away from the property as he can, as he is also a human, and then Zayn slowly approaches his front door. It’s slightly ajar, and there is a blood handprint smeared across the wood. He clutches onto his human’s hand, as light as he can so he doesn’t hurt her, and the two of them walk into the villa together.

Zayn goes into a state of mind so intense, he can hear everything in his house. He hears his human’s ever quickening heartbeat, the water flowing through the pipes, a mouse running somewhere downstairs. What he disturbingly does not hear, however, is the sound of footsteps, of other humans and vampires up and about. He hears no other sign of life, in any form, except for himself and his companion. His fangs extend, and his human jumps at the sound, as he leads her through the foyer.

In the first room, there lies the body of another of his human companions, and the girl next to him begins, to cry. Zayn cradles her in his side, reluctantly making her continue walking. They walk through several more rooms, where piles of blood from staked vampires, and other dead humans are found. This attack could only possibly have been done by a group of vampires, certainly not some amateur militant church.

Finally, when they get close to the entrance of the basement, Zayn hears the sound of a couple humans, their breaths kept as quiet as possible, but he can also sense that they are all badly wounded. He sniffs the air, and thankfully doesn’t smell anyone out of place.

“To the basement, make sure everyone down there is okay, and lock the doors. Use the stash of my blood down there to heal whoever needs it, and there should be some guns with wood and silver bullets by it,” Zayn instructs her. She shakes as she nods her head, and Zayn kisses her cheek to calm her. “Hey, it’s going to be okay. I won’t let anyone else get hurt, especially not you.”

She nods again and runs off to get to the other humans to help, and Zayn is quick to get out his phone and call the best person for this moment. “Liam? Fuck our plan, we need to get this shit over with now.”

Liam says he will be there soon, and they hang up. Zayn starts to throw off his nice clothes as he sends a text out to Selene. He’s about to send one to Viktor as well, when suddenly he’s slammed from the side by a large, masked figure…
“Liam? What the fuck are you doing here?” Harry practically screams at him, covering himself up with as much of what’s left of his shirt as he can. Liam would show up out of nowhere just as he and Louis are about to have sex for the first time in a week. “This better be good.”

“It’s not, and you should put some damn clothes on,” the alpha wolf grunts. He pushes his way inside, with Niall trailing right behind him. “Shit’s gone down at Zayn’s place, and he needs you now.”

“You’ve got to be fucking kidding me,” Harry groans, running out of the room for his clothes, and back in only a second.

Louis comes with him this time, looking flushed and disheveled, and very annoyed. “Not that we don’t love having you, but Harry and were just—”

“Lou, Zayn’s been attacked!” Niall bursts out.

“What?” Louis asks, voice suddenly gone quiet.

“What happened?” Harry asks quickly.

“He came home to a house full of dead bodies, with only a few humans left alive,” Liam explains. “Two of your Elders are also on their way.”

“Which ones?”

“Selene, and that one you like, um Viktor.”

“Good,” Harry says, pulling off his cross necklace. “What about Marcus?”

“When Zayn called, he said the place was empty, but I’m sure the bastard is close by.”

“What if he comes here?” Louis asks, grabbing Harry’s arm. “You said you wouldn’t leave me.”

“Baby,” Harry sighs. He pulls Louis into another room, kissing him, and slipping his cross necklace around Louis’ neck. “I will feel if you are in trouble, and I can be here before you even blink. But we know at least that he is by Zayn, so I have to help.”

“I know you do, but this is all happening so suddenly,” Louis whines. He grips the cross charm in one hand, and Harry’s wrist in the other. “You better not fucking die on me. I will find a way to bring you back, and then kill you myself.”

“I know,” Harry says, smile turning up on his lips. “Stay with Niall, okay?”

“Whatever, go be a hero,” Louis huffs, giving Harry’s cheek one last kiss before pushing him away.

Back in the front hall, Liam claps Harry on the back as they leave, and Niall closes and locks the door as fast as he can. He turns around and slumps against it, crossing his arms and looking at Louis with a satisfied smirk. “Were you two just having sex?”

“We were certainly trying.”

Zayn shoves his attacker all the way across the room, growling at him and bearing his fangs. He charges at the attacker, grabbing him by his neck and snapping it, before ripping off the mask covering his face. It’s some human Zayn doesn’t recognize, so he throws him to the side carelessly.
Zayn senses other humans coming in fast behind, and he runs to his office to grab his gun and dagger as fast as he can. With one look out the window, Zayn can see about fifty or so masked figures charging at his villa.

“Shit,” Zayn grunts, praying to god that his allies show up soon. It’s clear these humans have had some kind of special training to be able to push an assault of this level on his guards.

The king aims his gun down at the first person at his door, about to shoot, when suddenly the person is thrown to the side by Viktor, who came out of almost nowhere. He is quickly followed by some of his progeny and followers, and Zayn only takes a moment to relax against his window, before he’s running down the stairs to join them in the real fight.

He gets down just in time to stake a vampire trying to attack Viktor from behind. “Thank you sir, they came out of the fucking night.”

“Who sent them is the real problem!” Viktor shouts, staking another attacker.

Zayn could roll his eyes so hard they would get stuck. He manages to grab the next vampire that speeds towards them, throwing him into the nearest tree. Zayn corners him, ripping the stake out of his hand and tearing off his mask. Viktor comes over, covered now by his own people, and immediately recognizes this vampire.

“Quinn! You son of a bitch!” Viktor yells in the vampire’s face. He’s one of Marcus’s kin, not a direct progeny, but related nonetheless, and works directly under the Elder himself. Viktor grabs him by the neck, and Zayn steps back to let him interrogate. “Did Marcus send you to attack this King?”

Quinn only laughs, spitting at Viktor’s face. “You’ve been so blind, Viktor. We’ve been working this under your Elder noses for so long, and you four were the only ones to miss it!”

Viktor lets out a loud Viking war cry, and smashes Quinn so hard into the tree, that the splinters act as hundreds of tiny stakes, his blood exploding in the Elder’s hands. Viktor shakes them off, looking down at Zayn with a wild look in eyes, one Zayn has only ever seen during battle. “Is this the conclusion your investigation was going to come to.”

“Yes, and I wasn’t going to come out with unless I had full proof, but luckily the proof came right to my doorstep tonight,” Zayn explains, rolling up his sleeves. “Pity he won’t get to see that Marcus doesn’t share glory.”

“Wonder where the coward is anyway—” Viktor is interrupted by Selene arriving, a long stake in each hand, and her own kin right alongside her. He is able to flag her down before she really joins in the fight, with more and more enemy vampires and humans arriving with each passing second. “Selene! It’s what we suspected!”

“What?” She asks angrily.

“Marcus is behind this!” Zayn exclaims. “That bloody pulp is what’s left of Quinn. And I’d wager the humans here are on V, which would make Marcus the supplier.”

“The rumors were true,” Selene says, almost in disbelief. “E always was a power ‘ungry, despicable creature, but I never thought ‘e would take us back to the dark ages!”

“We need to get rid of this conflict now, and find then arrest him,” Viktor says, grabbing Selene’s shoulder. “Send a call to Julius for back up, and to Amelia to make the arrest.”

“Of course,” Selene says with a quick nod, turning to Zayn. “King, thank you for all you have done,
“Get these motherfuckers off my property, and we can talk about rewards later—Agh!” Zayn shouts as a stray silver bullet rips through his side. Selene is quick to kill the human who shot him, before retreating into the mansion to contact the other Elders, and any council members who can help. “As if this can’t get any fucking worse!”

It takes time for the silver infected wound to heal, and Zayn tells Viktor to join the fight in the meantime. He crouches down next to the tree, firing off a few shots with the wooden bullet gun, hitting a vampire square in the chest every time. It’s easy to pick out the vampires from the humans, because they move so much faster, though the V in the human’s systems is giving them enormous strength, as well as very lowered inhibitions.

Almost out of bullets, and still not fully healed, Zayn stops his shooting to survey the battle. It hurts his heart to even have to think of this as a battle, and at his own home too. Viktor is fighting about ten guys at once, no surprise considering his massive body and strength, and Zayn is very thankful he is one of the good guys. All across his yard there are quick fights going on between vampires, and prolonged ones going on between humans. He watches as the good ones go down right and left, overpowered by the sheer numbers of Marcus’s followers.

He’s almost ready to give up hope of winning this quickly, when he hears the sound of a motorcycle roaring in the distance, and he knows exactly who it belongs to. However, before it arrives, Harry comes crashing onto the yard, knocking a couple humans out on his way. He spots Zayn in a second and is next to him in even less, pulling him carefully off the ground.

“Shit, what happened to you?” He asks, distress evident in his voice.

“Silver bullet, I’ll be fine soon,” Zayn groans, holding onto his side as the last open part of his wound finally closes. “See? All better.”

“Can’t say the same for your house,” Harry says, looking around at the battle before him. “What the fuck is happening?”

“All I know is that it’s definitely Marcus behind this, and Viktor and Selene got the proof they need.”

“Is someone—”

“Amelia is going to make the arrest, as soon as she finds him.”

“Good, then let’s end this shit while we can, Liam was right behind me,” Harry says, grabbing a piece of the bloody tree as a makeshift stake.

“Tell him to take the bullet proof vest off one of my dead guards, these silver bullets will kill him,” Zayn grunts, getting his next clip of wooden bullets ready.

“Yeah, yeah I’ll do that.” Harry is about to go intercept Liam, when he sees the gun in Zayn’s hand. “Where the fuck did you get one of those?”

Zayn shrugs, “Raided a known aggressor hide-out last year. You can use one if you want.”

“No thanks, I’d much rather do this the old fashioned way,” Harry says, smirking at his friend. Zayn has never been one to get messy in a fight, even back in the old war. Harry runs ahead, grabbing the vest off a fallen guard as he goes, and stops Liam on his bike in the middle of an empty dirt road, shoving the vest into his chest. “Put this on, we’ve got silver bullets over there.”
“Fuck, as if I already didn’t want to deal with this shit,” Liam groans. While silver acts as a minor inconvenience to vampires, in werewolves they are deadly poisonous, and a direct shot would kill even the strongest wolf in seconds. Harry is ready to give Liam his blood to heal him if he needs, but it would better for everyone if Liam just didn’t take any shots to the chest. “This won’t do me much good if I go into my full wolf form, you know that right?”

“Yeah but the wolf is less vulnerable than the man,” Harry points out. He taps his foot impatiently, eyes and ears fixed back on the fight. “Hurry up, I’m going ahead.

He leaves Liam before the wolf can answer, and runs back down the road, into a battle that is almost over. There doesn’t seem to be anyone else coming in to attack, but Harry still can’t tell who is winning either. He decides to focus his energy on helping Viktor fight off his many opponents, tackling two of them at once as he reaches them. He drives the stake into the heart of one, but it turns out to be a human, so he pulls it out and lets the guy writhe in his pain for a bit. He successfully stakes the other, getting splashes of blood on his shirt and face.

Viktor finishes off the human, biting his throat as the man let out one last scream. The elder dropped the dead man at his feet, winked up at Harry, and charged at another couple of vampires. Harry is only distracted for a second, when he’s slammed to the ground by a human twice his size. His fangs extend and he’s about to lash out, when Liam comes jumping over him, grabbing the human and tackling him to the ground. There’s a snap and the human goes limp, with Liam quickly standing and kicking his body to the side.

“It’s the wolf!”

A loud bang fires out from the left and Liam goes down next, body curling in on his chest. Harry swears and runs to him, but somehow Liam is just fine. He winces, but smiles, and pulls his shirt up to show Harry the vest. “Did you think I wouldn’t listen?”

Harry rolls his eyes, helping Liam sit up. “I’m just surprised by how quickly you got shot. You’re getting old, Brother.”

“Shut up and get back in the fight,” Liam grunts. He pulls out the silver bullet from the vest, his fingers burning from the touch. He starts to growl, causing Harry to back away, and when he looks up again, his eyes are a dark, glowing red. “Now!”

Harry nods and turns around, and as soon as he breaks into a run, he’s joined by Liam in his wolf form. Liam tears through the first vampire he comes across, his sharp teeth digging into its side as he drags it across the lawn. The wolf tosses the squirming vamp to one of Selene’s boys, who quickly stakes him.

There’s only a few enemy vampires and humans left, and Harry quickly rounds up the humans while the vampires are terminated by everyone else. Liam saves Zayn at least twice from a couple of the last vamps, and Harry would laugh if the situation wasn’t too serious. He knows Liam is going to hold this against Zayn for decades.

Harry ties up the humans, having to knock out a few of them because of the V in their systems, and assigns a couple of Viktor’s people to guard them. He looks around at what’s left of the short battle; several piles of blood left from the staked vampires, and quite a few dead bodies of humans. It’s disgusting, and it’s a scene Harry hasn’t had to witness in a very long time. Viktor comes over and squeezes one of Harry’s shoulders.

“Good timing, as usual.”
Harry shrugs. “We shouldn’t have to do this again. Fighting with our own people.”

“No,” Viktor says. He pauses, and hums curiously to himself. “It is strange though.”

Liam comes back over, the vest back on, but he’s only in his underwear with the rest of his clothes balled up in his hands. “I think it’s all taken care of.”

Viktor starts to shake his head. “I’m not sure—”

“Amelia just called, and she cannot find Marcus!” Selene shouts as she runs towards them, hanging up her phone. “This cannot be good.”

“Where the hell would he go?” Zayn asks, cleaning off his face with a ripped piece of someone else’s shirt. “Shouldn’t he have come here too?”

“He probably thought his people would get away with assassinating you, and he wouldn’t have to be blamed,” Harry says.

“No, no this was too easy,” Viktor says. “This was a full level attack, but it wasn’t meant to win. He would have sent better than Quinn if he truly intended to kill you, King.”

“Then what—” Zayn starts to ask but is cut off by a ringing in the ball of Liam’s clothes.

“Sorry, I’ll take this over there,” Liam says, walking away from the group to answer a call from Cara. He tunes out the soft conversation from the others about what just happened, hoping to hear something good tonight. “Cara, we just took care of the conflict at Zayn’s—”

“Alpha! You have to come back to the bar now!” Cara screams through the line. “They’re here too!”

“What?” Liam shouts back, gaining the attention of the group, who quickly surround him again. “Cara what’s happening?”

She yells something to another person, and there’s several loud bangs before she’s able to talk again. “They came only minutes ago, and they’ve got silver bullet guns. We hid the children downstairs, but there’s too many to take with just the pack.”

“Shit, shit, shit!” Liam groans, nearly crushing the phone in his fist. “I’ll send help as fast as I can, but I have to find Elder Marcus. You are pack leader while I’m not there.”

“Yes Alpha, just tell whoever you’re sending to hurry!” She says before hanging up the call.

Liam desperately looks to Selene and Viktor, ready to beg if he has to for his pack. “I need you to send whoever you can to my pack’s bar! Marcus sent forces there too and my pack can’t fight them alone.”

“You should go to them too,” Harry suggests.

Liam just shakes his head. “There’s no time, your guys can get there a thousand times faster than I can.”

“And we do not know if another wave of attacks will reach here,” Viktor says. “This first one was too easy.”

“I will call Amelia again,” Selene says. “She and Julius can go to your pack’s aid, since we don’t know where Marcus is hiding.”
“Good, fine, whatever,” Liam says, walking away from the group again. He feels like he can hardly breathe. He hasn’t had to worry about his pack fighting like this in centuries, and on top of that, Niall has no idea what’s going on. He has no idea if his mate is even really safe. His thoughts are interrupted by Harry appearing in front of him.

“Zayn is having the humans we captured locked up in his mansion,” Harry says, oddly calm. “Julius is on his way to the pack, and Amelia said she won’t be far behind. They’re good, they won’t let your pack down.”

“There are children there, Harry,” Liam says, barely audible. “Defenseless children who could be losing their parents right now. I shouldn’t have left.”

“Liam—”

“No!” Liam yells. “I should have just called you and stayed with my pack. I should have seen this coming, but we’ve been so caught up in trying to figure out what Marcus wants to do with vampires, that we forgot that pricks like him will always hate my people more!”

“Liam! We didn’t forget! This is the first time he’s attacked you guys in all of this. You have to pull your fucking self together, and get through this night with me!” Harry yells back, grabbing Liam by his shoulders and shaking him. “I won’t be able to get through this unless you are in your right fucking mind!”

“How can you be in your right mind? You’re always fucking worried about Louis, how can you stand to fight like this away from him?”

“Because I have to!” Harry urges. “We both have to. This isn’t a walk in the fucking park, but it’s something we are both familiar with. I have to put him aside in my mind in this fight because otherwise I will be too damn distracted to protect myself, or you. If we want to get home to our mates, we have to have our full heads in this. You know that better than I do.”

They stare at each other for a long moment, until the red finally fades from Liam’s eyes.

“Dammit,” Liam groans, shuffling Harry’s hands off him. “I forgot how fucking preachy you get in a fight. You’re a regular classic warrior.”

“Yeah, who do you think I learned it from?”

It’s all so quiet, and almost peaceful despite the horrific scene around them. Harry joking with Liam after a little freak out is so casual and strange, and unlike the oddness in the air. He can’t shake the feeling that they are being watched, though it would make sense if this is to turn from a battle to a war. Harry still thinks he might run away with Louis if it turns into a war. Liam would understand in the end, and Zayn would forgive him after time. But…this was too easy, like Viktor said. There has to be something more coming to them, not just an attack on the wolf pack.

The quiet ends, when Phillipe comes running out of the woods, yelling about another wave of vampires and V-addicted humans on their way. Viktor takes command of the charge, with Harry and Liam right at his side, ready to just get this shit over with.

-“Holy shit! Did he really meet all these bands?” Niall asks, picking up about five different vintage records at once.

Louis quickly grabs them from him, carefully placing them on the turn-table stand, as to not let them
get damaged. “Yes, and all of the signed ones are bands he played with apparently.”

“That is amazing.” Niall says in complete awe. He almost passes out when he picks up a signed Eagles album. “God, I wish I could even just meet some of these guys. I can’t imagine being onstage with them.”

Louis smiles, and starts to put some of the records away. They’ve been going through Harry’s things to entertain themselves, and to try to cover up the anxiety they both feel inside. Niall is very easily distracted, Louis has learned, and he wonders if maybe Liam hasn’t been as upfront about the brutality and the conflict as Harry has been with him. Or maybe, this is just the way Niall is, and that gives Louis a little hope in remaining positive. He hasn’t had a chance to consider how Niall deals with all of this, and sometimes he forgets that the wolf is just as new at all of this as he is.

“Niall? Are you ever going to pursue your own music again?” Louis asks, sitting up on the table.

Niall shrugs. “Sure, some day. I’ve been pretty focused on all this werewolf stuff, but I’ve written a few things. I know Liam wants me to get back to playing. I mean, he did fall in love with me when he saw me onstage.”

“That’s so romantic,” Louis says dreamily. “I’d love to see you perform.”

“You’ll be the first person I call if I get a gig,” Niall says, sitting up next to Louis. “What did you do before you were turned? I don’t think you’ve ever talked about your human days.”

Louis deflates a little. He never talks about his human days because they honestly weren’t happy ones towards the end. Up until meeting Harry, his life was lonely and going nowhere. “I didn’t do much of anything. I’m an orphan, I had no money, and all kinds of dreams that just wouldn’t come true.”

“And now?”

“Now, I—” Louis starts to smile. “Now I can have everything I’ve ever wanted. All I want to do is travel, and Harry makes that happen. We’ve only been to one place so far, but we have literally all of eternity to travel the world. Sometimes, I wake up, and I feel like I was destined to live this way, with Harry.”

“Shame destiny had to throw you a curveball so soon,” Niall grumbles.

Louis’ smile fades away again. He know Niall has no idea what destiny means to him. Louis wants so bad to tell Niall about his dreams, and how he saw his wolf in them before ever meeting. But Louis himself still isn’t even sure what they meant, only that Niall might have some kind of battle to fight himself. “Yeah…um, I’m gonna go get myself a glass of blood, you pick something to listen to.”

“Oh, don’t take too long,” Niall says, winking.

Louis rolls his eyes, but still lets out a laugh at Niall’s joke, and rushes down the stairs. He hums to himself as he pulls out the blood and grabs a small water glass, preparing it to be warmed. His ears are so focused on Niall upstairs, putting on a Stevie Nicks album and singing wonderfully to himself, that he doesn’t hear the back door open until it’s too late. Louis quickly turns around, and drops the glass onto the ground, shards of glass and blood getting everywhere, but before Louis can make a sound, he’s gagged and tied up in silver braided chains.

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“Over here, Li!” Harry shouts, punching one of the humans and kicking a vampire towards the wolf. They’ve been going like this for only ten minutes, but Harry already knows it’s much worse. Liam has been more ruthless than before, tearing any vampire who gets in his way in half. Harry has been trying to capture the humans and lock them up with the others, afraid of public repercussions of killing too many humans.

Liam has managed to avoid most of the silver, though he’s come close to getting shot a couple of times. If it happens, staying in his wolf form will slow down the poison, but Harry would still need to act fast to save him. Every time he takes down someone with a gun, he destroys the gun with his sharp teeth. He’s always thought they were a lazy way to kill someone anyway.

From the corner of his eye, Harry sees a huge vampire, nearly twice his size, leaping over a body to get to Liam, gun pointed up at the wolf. He’s about to shoot, Harry can hear it even over the yelling and screaming and fighting all around, but he’s just barely able to stop him before it goes off. Harry jumps at him, scratching his shooting arm with the stake, but getting knocked to the ground nonetheless. He scrambles for the gun that’s fallen from the injured vampire, but gets snatched up by the back of his neck. He chokes and struggles for a bit, while the vampire bares his fangs and glares at him, until he’s able to swing his legs up and kick the vamp in his stomach.

When that vampire goes down, Harry stakes him properly in the heart, picking up the gun. He checks the chamber to find only one wooden bullet left, and then shoves the gun in the back of his pants.

Unfortunately, that distraction took his attention away from Liam at the wrong time. The wolf charges at another vampire, one with a distinctive golden ring on his right pinky. Engraved around the ring is a snake with its fangs out, the symbol of the direct progeny of Marcus. He only smiles, mouth already covered in blood from his kills that night, and aims his gun at the wolf. He doesn’t even flinch when Liam jumps at him, and with a snarl, he shoots Liam in the center of his belly.

Harry turns around as soon as he hears the shot, and Liam’s wolf lets out the most painful cry, whimpering as he falls to the ground in front of the vampire.

“Liam!” Harry screams, and runs to his friend, as the vampire just laughs at the poisoned wolf at his feet. It angers Liam enough, even though he’s still weak, to make one last show of strength by lashing out and biting the vampire’s leg, taking a large chunk out.

The vampire yells painfully and collapses, just as Harry reaches Liam’s side.

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“Lou?” Niall calls down the stairs. He’s been waiting for Louis for about ten minutes, much longer than he should if Louis is just filling up one glass of blood. “You know, I didn’t think when I said ‘don’t take too long’, that you would take it as a challenge.”

He skips down the stairs, and claps his hands together when he gets to the bottom. He doesn’t find Louis in any of the rooms down there, and thinks that perhaps Louis went outside for fresh air.

“Louis, this isn’t funny,” Niall calls out again, walking around into the living room. He doesn’t find Louis in any of the rooms down there, and thinks that perhaps Louis went outside for fresh air.

Niall makes his way into the kitchen, humming a song to himself, but the ease quickly fades away.
The back door is completely broken down, and there’s a shattered glass with a blood stain on the ground. “Oh shit.”

He runs around the kitchen, around all of downstairs, checking every nook and cranny for his friend, but to no avail. With shaking hands, Niall pulls out his cellphone and calls Liam, but he gets no answer. He tries again, five times in a row to be exact, swearing each time his alpha doesn’t answer. He even tries to call Harry just in case, but again gets no answer.

“Shit, shit, shit!” Niall hisses to himself. He stamps in place for a moment, unable to think of what to do now. After a moment, he looks up at the front door, taking a step towards it. “Well, it’s not like I have any other options.”

With that, Niall darts out the front door and onto his motorcycle, riding off into the night, and to Zayn’s villa.

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“Fuck! Zayn help me!” Harry shouts to his king, grabbing the injured vampire with one arm, and covering up Liam’s wound with the other. “Li, don’t change back, I think the bullet is still in there.”

If Liam could talk in this wolf form, he would most certainly be making a sarcastic comment, but he can’t, and he’s in far too much pain anyway. Zayn is next to them in seconds, taking Harry’s place on the vampire, and tying him up with silver chains while he screams. When he’s secure, Zayn drags him into the villa, and Harry picks Liam up so he can help him heal inside. Thankfully, the bullet didn’t go in close to his heart, so while the pain may be blinding, he won’t die if Harry hurries.

Once inside, Zayn brings them to his library and locks the door behind, throwing the vampire onto the ground. He gets a few hard kicks to his stomach, while Harry carefully sets Liam on a sofa. Harry bites into his wrist with his fangs, and then holds the open wound over the wolf’s mouth, letting the blood drip in so it can heal him.

“Li, I’m sorry, but I’ve got to get the bullet out, or my blood won’t do anything,” Harry says, petting Liam’s fur. The wolf nods and shuts his eyes, as Harry quickly reaches into the wound to dig the bullet out. It’s almost more painful than the silver poison, but the pain quickly subsides when Harry pulls the bullet out in his fingers. “There, you can change back, and drink a little more now.”

As Harry lets Liam, reverted back into his human form, lick up the last of the blood before his bite heals, Zayn picks up the enemy vampire and throws him onto a chair. “Kraven, I have a feeling this attack was your idea.”

The vampire, Kraven, smirks up at Zayn, spitting blood at his face. “Marcus is the mastermind of it all, I’m but a humble servant.”

“You’re a fucking prick who wanted to be King of my territory, more like,” Zayn says, punching Kraven’s face hard.

The vampire shakes it off, still smirking at him. “Hardly, Marcus’s new world vision has no need for Kings and Queens, or even a council.”

“And you’re okay with that?” Harry asks, leaving Liam to heal. “He gets all the power and glory, after you come here to do the dirty work.”

“His children will be awarded certain privileges, of course,” Kraven says, rolling his eyes at them. “So long as we win him the war.”
“No shit, if you don’t win, you’re dead,” Harry says. “Granted, you personally are already dead.”

“You won’t kill me,” Kraven says overly-confidently. “You’re too weak.”

“Fucking try me,” Harry growls, grabbing Kraven by his hair and yanking his head back, exposing his neck. He holds his stake right up against the skin, and starts to push in, just enough to get across that he is serious. “What was the plan here, huh? Assassinating one vampire king, and attacking a wolf pack?”

“Pieces of the puzzle,” Kraven grunts. “It’s all a trap that you’ve easily fallen into. Or did you not notice that all four of the other Elders are here to fight? And how many council members have been called in? We’ve got you all where we want you, and the biggest wolf pack in the country as well. Silver and wood bullets will finish you all off quickly.”

“And then what?” Harry asks, pressing the stake in harder.

Kraven snorts, a mad look in his eyes. “Then, we finish what Vlad tried to start all those years ago. Only this time, Marcus is ruler of all the world. First, we take over vampires, then enslave those mangy abominations, and the humans will go back to what they should have always been. Existing only for our necessities. Blood bags and things to fuck.”

“You say that as though what you want is so easy,” Zayn snaps.

“Why do you think it took us seven hundred years to begin? We are prepared for this, boys, and tonight is just the beginning,” Kraven says, eerily calm.

“Why would Marcus—”

“My king!” One of Zayn’s subjects interjects, banging loudly on the other side of the library door. “There is another wolf here! One with white fur!”

“Niall?” Liam suddenly says, voice wheezy as he tries to sit up. He groans when the wound in his stomach stings, and Harry quickly pushes him back down.

“Zayn, get Niall in here, now. Liam, stay down until that’s closed up,” Harry says sternly.

Silver chains are wrapped around Louis’ wrists, so tight and heavy that he can barely lift them off his lap, and a cloth with silver sewn into the fabric is currently tied around his mouth. He’s sitting between two very large men, probably vampires considering their strength when one of them grabbed him from the kitchen. Across from him, is none other than Elder Marcus himself. If Louis wasn’t so angry about being sneaked up on and snatched, he’d probably be a lot more terrified.

Marcus is on the phone, and Louis just continues to look at him with an icy stare. After making some confirmation about something or other, Marcus hangs up his phone and leans forward into Louis’ space. “You know Mr. Tomlinson, you really are a pretty one. Figures Harry Styles would get someone so easy on the eyes to spend eternity with. I do wonder if he knows just how lucky he is.”

Louis tries to say something snappy, but all that comes out is a frustrated, muffled, “Hmmmmmmff!”

“What was that?” Marcus asks mockingly. He brings a hand to Louis’ cheek, and if Louis could he would bite him. “Mr. Styles was being stupid, however, when he didn’t teach you how to fight. You were almost too easy to take.”
That angers Louis enough to kick out at Marcus, hitting him once in the stomach. He kicks again, this time knocking Marcus square in the face, just hard enough to break his nose, but it quickly heals again. Louis keeps kicking, his only defense at the moment, until Marcus angrily grabs him by the ankle, pulling his leg back at a painful angle.

“Listen you little shit,” Marcus snaps, spitting some blood at Louis’ face. “I don’t need a temper tantrum from some baby vamp right now. Fortunately for you, my plan requires you to be alive for a little longer, but I would appreciate it if you didn’t do anything to make me kill you before I want to.”

Again, Louis tries to say something, but his voice is still muffled. He glares at Marcus again, trying to think of a way out of this, while one of the vampires reaches down to tie up his legs. He shoves Louis’ legs down, nearly taking him out of the seat as he does, and doesn’t seem to care at all about handling Louis gently.

“Sir, I still don’t understand why we’re bothering with this shit anyway. Let’s just stake the little brat, and then kill Styles.”

“You forget,” Marcus begins, nonchalantly pulling out his phone again to send another message. “Harry Styles is the unifying key between the wolves and the vampires, he always has been. I remember during the old war when he brought everyone together, all the other pathetic excuses for our kind were so fucking inspired. I need those who still want us unified with the animals to be broken. What better way to break their spirits, than to unravel the one who brought them all together in the first place.”

“We have the power to destroy them now!”

“We do not!” Marcus yells back, so forcefully that the vampire physically shrinks in his seat. “The only way to win this, to take over like we always wanted, is to drive them all mad. Especially that Alpha wolf. Young Harry will easily be driven mad once he watches his soulmate die.”

Quietly in his seat, Louis listens to their every word. His heart rate picks up, and he thinks he may be having a panic attack, but he has to focus on getting out of his bonds. The only one coming loose so far from his small squirms is the one in his mouth, but that may be enough. He wishes Harry was here, or at least knew what was happening. Marcus is right, if anything happens to Louis, Harry would lose his mind, and he may not even put up a fight. Louis refuses to let that happen.

“Styles is still only one vampire, one warrior,” the other vampire finally speaks up. “What good would it do to focus on him?”

“He is the strongest fighter of them, and they follow him willingly through anything,” Marcus says. “The things I have seen him do…and the wolves trust him. We need his death, along with the deaths of the other Elders and Zayn, in order to break everyone’s spirits and finally overwhelm them.”

Finally, Louis manages to push the cloth out of his mouth, taking a deep breath and coughing once he can properly breath again. His fangs extend as he growls, “Harry is going to kill you before you can!”

“He certainly will try,” Marcus says with a snort. One of the goons attempts to put the gag back in, but Marcus waves his hand to stop him. “Leave it. I’d love to hear what he has to say.”

Louis snaps his fangs at the vampire, then turns his attention back to Marcus. “I just want to know why you’re doing any of this. You’re like a bad vampire stereotype, trying to take over the world, and what? Destroy all humans?”
“Louis, never,” Marcus says in a condescending tone. “We wouldn’t be able to live without humans. I simply want to see them enslaved to our needs, as they were always meant to be.”

“That’s so fucked up,” Louis says.

“Why do you care? You’re not one anymore.”

“Because I’m not a shitty, insane, power-hungry monster!” Louis shouts. “And what’s with all the attention on Harry and me? You’ve been weirdly obsessed with us since I was turned. Why is everything with Harry so fucking personal to you?”

“You and your soulmate really are thick, aren’t you?” Marcus asks sarcastically. His hands settle back in his lap, the fingers of one rubbing at the snake ring on his left ring finger. “Though, it’s not just you two, I suppose. Ever since the Great War, not even my fellow Elders have been able to figure me out. That was his intention, after all.”

Louis is about to ask who Marcus means by ‘who’, but the Elder gives the signal to the vampire to cover Louis’ mouth up once again. He receives a hard punch to his jaw as well, making Louis cry through the gag and slump to the side. He sits silently now, trying to remember everything Harry has ever told him about Marcus, the Elders, and the Great War. His shocked nerves have his thoughts all muddled, but he slowly starts to put the pieces together.

Marcus was one of the Elders fighting against Vlad, but never took a command, only provided forces. He became a recluse for a while after Vlad was destroyed, and Harry and Zayn never truly trusted him. Now it seems as though he’s been planning the whole time to finish what Vlad started. Suddenly, Louis opens his eyes wide, staring across at Marcus and the ring, and the sad look in his eyes that Louis never noticed past the arrogance, and he realizes why this man would be so obsessed with Harry’s Soulmate.

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“Harry! I’m so, so, so sorry! I don’t even—L-Li?” Niall comes bursting through the door, voice cracking when he sees his Alpha collapsed in the center of the room. He runs to his side, and starts licking his wound, whining in a way that sounds more like a wolf than a person. “W-what happened?”

“A silver bullet got him, but he will be fine,” Zayn assures him, sitting down to pat Niall’s back.

“Fucking animals—ahh!” Kraven groans as Harry punches his cheek.

“I’ve had enough of you,” Harry scolds, gracefully swinging his stake around, and thrusting it hard into Kraven’s heart. The vampire explodes into a pile of blood, and Harry drops his stake on top of it.

“Eh! Were we done questioning him?” Zayn asks.

“I was,” Harry responds with a shrug.

“Jesus Christ,” Zayn groans. He stands up again, ruffling Niall’s hair, and grabs the stake from the pile. “Niall, what are you doing here?”

“Oh, right,” Niall says quietly, cradling Liam’s head in his lap. “Um, Harry, I’m really sorry—”

“Fuck,” Harry hisses, fists already clenched at his sides. “Niall, where’s Louis?”
“I-I don’t know—”

“Fuck!” Harry yells this time, taking his anger out by kicking over the closest chair. “What do you mean you don’t know?”

“I-I mean, he wasn’t alone for that long. He went downstairs to get some blood, and when I went down after him…he was gone and there was a broken glass all over the kitchen,” Niall says as fast as he can, looking away from the hysterical Harry when he’s finished.

“You don’t have any idea what happened to him?” Harry yells. Liam sits up, moving himself between his omega and his friend. “How could this happen?”

“Harry, back off,” Liam says slowly. “It’s not Niall’s fault.”

Harry swears again, screaming into his hands as he collapses onto his knees. Zayn makes the vampire who brought Niall in leave, and he locks the door again. Harry continues to swear under his breath, shoulders heaving as he cries, trying to find some reason in his mind as to why someone would take Louis. After a few minutes of wallowing, Harry takes a few deep breaths, and looks over at Niall.

“Ni, did you see or hear anything at all?” Harry asks, as calmly as he can.

Still fearful, Niall shakes his head, “No, I’m so sorry, Harry. I didn’t even hear the glass break.”

“We know exactly who took him,” Zayn says, slipping his hands into his pockets. “Who is the only person not here? Hm?”

“Why the fuck would Marcus take Louis?” Harry asks.

Zayn shrugs, “Fuck if I know, he’s always hated you.”

“Thanks Zee, that’s really fucking helpful,” Harry groans.

He stands up, pausing for a moment before rushing over to a bookshelf and throwing it across the room. He slams his fists against the wall, breaking holes into the plaster, and stays there while his friends back away. They stare at his back, afraid to approach or speak to him. None of them know the pain he’s feeling in this moment. All of the adrenaline from the fighting hid his connection to Louis, and he didn’t even feel his Soulmate in danger. He’s going to kill Marcus. He’s going to kill all of Marcus’s followers, and anyone who laid their hands on Louis. If he has to rip Marcus’s head off, he’ll do it with his bare hands.

After a while of staring at the wall, letting his rage fester and boil up inside him, Harry pushes off, grabs the stake from Zayn’s hand, and marches out the door. Niall gets up ready to follow, but Zayn pushes him back gently.

“Stay here while he recovers,” Zayn says, handing Niall one of his guns. “I’ll watch over Harry.”

It’s like an all new bloodbath when Zayn gets back outside. Selene and Viktor are just standing back and watching, as are most of the other good vampires, while Harry tears through Marcus’s men. He fights in a way Zayn has seen in centuries, in a show of strength almost equal to one of the Elders themselves. The king stays back, fighting off a human for a gun, and knocks him out in the process. He fires off shots to back Harry up, taking care of anyone who might try to attack him from behind.

Selene is at his side soon enough, covered in blood from her own fights. “King, what did Kraven ‘ave to say?”
“This is Marcus’s power play! He means to overwhelm the other Elders and the strongest warriors all at once,” Zayn starts to explain, pushing her body behind his. “Any update on the wolf pack?”

“Amelia and Julius arrived not too long ago, but they may still need reinforcements against Marcus’s protégé,” She says. “We should do our best to finish here soon, so we may join them at the pack. We won’t be of any ‘elp once the sun comes up, and the wolves have to fight V-infested ‘umans.”

“Yeah, something tells me Harry’s got it handled here,” Zayn says as he watches Harry rip the head off some blonde girl who tried to tackle him to the side. “You and Viktor should get inside with the wolves, let us finish this up.”

“Zayn—”

“Selene, my sweet, this was a trap set to destroy you two, don’t fall into it,” Zayn urges, giving her cheek a kiss. She reluctantly nods, then runs to grab Viktor away from his latest fight. Once Zayn is sure they’re safe inside, he leaves his post and goes to Harry’s side, continuing to cover him with gunfire. “Haz! We gotta get to the wolf pack!”

Harry whips his head around, face and body stained with so much blood, he truly looks like a monster. “Out of my way.”

Zayn’s eyes widen and he quickly steps aside, letting Harry run past him and into another crowd of attacking vampires. The other good vampires slowly catch on to Harry’s actions, and while some follow him into the carnage, most have taken Zayn’s lead and gotten out of the path. Together, Harry and the few others take care of the last of the attackers, sending a few running off into the night. Zayn supposes those ones will be headed to the wolf pack, but for now he will call this battle a victory.

When the others have stopped, Harry is still holding down one last vampire. He’s got them by their throat, just staring at them while they choke, though this alone won’t kill them. Zayn swears under his breath and rushes to Harry’s side. He watches as Harry crushes the man’s neck before finally staking him, blood spattering on both of them.

Zayn is quick to pull Harry out of the mess, tightly squeezing his arms so he can’t fight back or get away. “Harry, it’s done. They’re all dead here. It’s over.”

Harry still looks frantic, eyes darting around the wreckage, as though he’s looking to see if Louis will magically appear here. “It’s not over! Marcus still has Louis, so it’s not over until I rip his head from his fucking shoulders.”

“That’s all fine and good, but he’s not here—”

“I know that!” Harry yells, shoving Zayn off him and to the ground. “I’m going to the pack.”

“At least tell Liam so he can go with you,” Zayn says. He stays on the ground, afraid of what Harry would do if he tried to stop him again. “I’ll stay here with the Elders, and we’ll take care of the injured.”

“I don’t care what you do,” Harry mumbles, stumbling back to the villa. Once inside, he goes right to Liam, who is standing again, putting the bullet proof vest back on. “We’re going to your place, now.”

“Fuck Harry, I just healed now,” Liam says with a rough grunt. He puts one arm around Niall’s shoulder, resting some of his weight on him, and grabs the side where he was shot with his other hand. “I’ll fight, but I can’t rush over there.”
“That’s fine, just back me up when you get there,” Harry says, grabbing Liam by his cheeks and giving him a kiss on his forehead. “I will need you, Brother.”

“W-what’s going on with the pack?” Niall asks fearfully.

They fall silent for a moment, when they both realize nobody told Niall about the other attack that night. Liam pulls Niall in closer in his arms, and carefully tells him about the bar. “Marcus sent the other half of his forces to attack our pack, Ni. Cara is handling it, and the other vampire Elders are there with their own people, but…I don’t know how bad it is.”

“Why didn’t anyone call me? Why didn’t you tell me when I got here?”

“There’s a lot going on, Ni, and you know they wouldn’t want you to just run into danger,” Liam sighs. “As it is…I’d prefer it if you stayed here too—”

“No! I want to go to the pack! Li, the pups—”

“I know Baby, but I can’t fight and worry about you at the same time,” Liam insists, wincing when Niall pulls away from him.

“I don’t care! You can barely fight as it is!” Niall yells back. He looks at Harry, shaking his head. “You go ahead, save Louis and help our pack, we’ll both be behind you.”

“That’s all I need to hear!” Harry says, quickly leaving them to run to the bar. He doesn’t even take a moment to look back or to gather anyone else, but he knows other warriors will be coming with him. Harry’s mind is only focused on one thing; getting Louis safe again.

As Harry runs, he feels tree branches cut his face, and then the skin heals quickly. He doesn’t care about anything that he feels, any injury he could get on the way there, because he knows it will be better once he’s at the bar. He can’t even imagine what it will be like, or what Marcus has already done to Louis. He doesn’t want to think about it, can’t think about it. There hasn’t been a feeling inside him, any sign from his connection with Louis that his Soulmate has been hurt, and that’s all Harry has to keep himself going. It doesn’t matter what Marcus is keeping Louis for, or why he took him of all people either. The only thing that matters is killing Marcus. Harry would rip Marcus limb from limb for even plucking one hair off Louis’ beautiful head.

The vampire is so exhausted from his worries by the time he gets to the street across from the bar, that he nearly collapses in the dirt. There’s screams and growls coming from across the way, and Harry looks up to an even more horrific scene than what he left.

Half the pack is fighting valiantly against forces twice their size and number, but the other half is already captured or dead. There are children already in chains and cages, little puppy wolves whimpering for their parents and pack members, but the vampire guards just hit them with electric shocks to knock them out again. Harry spots Cara taking on two vampires at once, trying to get to the pups, and just as they are about to overwhelm her, Harry leaps across the street to her aid.

“Cara! Duck!” He yells, and she looks up at him, falling to the ground just in time for him to grab one of the vampires and stake him. She is able to take care of the other now, and kills him violently by ripping off his head.

“Harry! Where’s Liam?” She asks, pulling him into a quick hug. “And your other vampires allies? We can’t do this alone, there’s too many!”

“They’re on their way now, a lot were left injured at Zayn’s,” Harry explains, pushing her out of the
path of another enemy. Once that’s taken care of, Harry turns back to her, hands balled into tight fists. “The vampire Elder Marcus is behind this, and he has Louis.”

“Oh, Harry, I’m so sorry,” She says sincerely.

“I don’t know where he is, but my best guess is on the way here,” Harry says, shaking his head, unable to calm down. “I can’t think about what he’s doing to him, I’ll go mad. Give me something to do, Cara, what do you need from me?”

“The pups!” She suddenly gasps, “over there!” she points across the bar’s yard, past the rows of motorcycles parked out front, and to the cages Harry had seen before. There’s a line of vampires with silver-bullet guns in their hands guarding them, as more children are thrown into cages and chains. “The vamps overpowered us and took them first. We can’t get passed the line. All the injured are holed up in the bar, but there’s more fighting out back and in the woods. I-I heard one of them say there’s trucks on their way here. They’re going to take our pups, Harry, a-and I can’t get to them!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll get them! And when the rest of the warriors come, we’ll get them to save the pups too,” Harry assures her. “I’ll take the silver weapons off them and toss them your way, and you get the others to help you finish them off for now.”

“Right, okay, please hurry!”

Harry nods and turns around, fangs coming out as he growls. He bursts into a vampire speed sprint, running behind the line and grabbing the first vampire by surprise. He breaks the guy’s arm, pulling the gun out of it to throw to the ground. Just as he smashes the gun with his foot, he throws the vampire to Cara, all done in one swift motion, and lets her do the rest. He repeats this, other wolves catching on, and the other enemy vampires start to turn their attention to him.

They gang up around him, just as Harry intended, and it opens up a gap for some of the wolves to run to the cages. Harry starts to smile, an eerie and psychotic smile that he only had one other time; in battle, just before taking down twenty of Vlad’s soldiers at once. The onslaught begins, and Harry moves in it like a dance. His mind goes to an entirely different place when he fights like this, and even though it’s been centuries, all of the instincts are still there. He swiftly and almost gracefully ducks and lunges at each vampire, staking a few and at least injuring a few others for moments at a time.

Pretty soon, more of the good warriors arrive, and help him take down the guards. He instructs some of them to go to the back to the rest of the pack, and others to go inside and help the injured. Cara shows up at Harry’s side in her wolf form, helping him to fight as well, and it reminds him of their old war days at the beginning of the last century.

When Liam finally gets there, a very annoyed Niall clutching onto his back, he’s devastated by the battle he finds. All he can focus on is the fallen wolves, the children crying in the cages, and his mind flashes back to the old war.

“It’s happening again,” He whispers, as Niall climbs off the bike and gets ready to turn. Liam grabs his arm, roughly pulling him back. “No, Niall you stay back here, and hide.”

“Liam—”

“Don’t argue with me!” Liam yells, eyes turning red and voice lowering. “I won’t lose you!”

Niall nods. He’s not used to having Liam yell at him with the voice of an alpha. He watches his
alpha growl painfully and change back into wolf form, darting across to the fight. He’s the first to reach the cages with the pups, and the vampire blood in his veins allows him to have the strength to ignore the pain as he bites through the silver. He rips each cage open, and the pups run out, some in wolf form while others are still just tiny humans, and a few of the warriors help get them back inside the bar.

The truck meant to kidnap them pulls up, and Liam runs to that, jumping right through the front glass. He drags the screaming driver out by his neck, and silences him by biting it all the way through. Thankfully, just a regular human was hired for the driving.

The front yard battle is brought down to a controlled level again, and Liam goes over to Harry and Cara, changing back to a naked human form. “Cara, where is everyone else?”

She changes back as well, rubbing her arm where it was scratched by a silver hook. “Out back and all through the woods. Harry’s Elders brought their kind to help, but there are hundreds back there, maybe thousands. Nobody was ready for them to try to kidnap the children, either. It’s fucking barbaric.”

“I’ll make sure the vamps in there keep them safe until this is over,” Harry says. His voice is still shaky and unbalanced, eyes never leaving the road. “No sign of Marcus?”

“I didn’t see anything on the way here,” Liam tells him. “Harry, I-I know it’s not allowed, but could your kind give my injured pack members their blood, as you did for me? I swear I’ve never felt stronger, and I think we’ll need it to get through the night.”

“I don’t know if they’ll agree, but Cara, you tell them I commanded it of them.” He says in reply. She nods and makes a break for the bar house, while Harry walks to the road. “Where the fuck is he?”

“Fuck, I don’t know Harry, but there’s a fucking war going on here,” Liam groans. “If you want to sit here and do nothing but mope around for Louis, fine. But he’d want you to be fighting for us now. Your time to fight for him will come.”

Harry’s jaw locks, but he knows Liam is right. “Let’s fight then. But when Marcus gets here, he’s mine.”

“No argument from me,” Liam says. He whistles to Niall, waves for him to come over. “Ni, you get inside, help calm the pups, and fucking stay there. Do you understand me?”

Niall nods, and Liam pulls him into a passionate kiss. They touch foreheads for just a moment, until Liam gives Niall a little shove towards the house. Niall glances at Harry for just a moment, nothing but fear and worry in his eyes, then runs inside, and Liam changes back into a wolf, running ahead of Harry to the rest of the battle.

The fight in the back is even more reminiscent of the old war. It’s as though they’ve stepped back in time, if it weren’t for the guns. But all of the wolves and vampires fighting, all of the blood and body parts strewn around, the confusion and the screams, it’s all like it was back then. Liam runs right into the middle of it all, while Harry stays back, watching it all happen.

It takes everything in him, every fiber of his being, not to engage. He is saving his current strength for the real target of his rage. He wants to make Marcus suffer. He wants Louis to see that he will always protect him, even though he has so far failed tonight. To make sure he has the best chance of defeating Marcus, Harry goes to the back porch of the pack’s building, and rips off a wood post, breaking it into a point. Wielding both this and his other stake in his hands, Harry stands at the ready
at the edge of the battle, waiting for Marcus to finally show his cowardly face.

The car finally comes to a stop, and Marcus is still sneering at Louis. He’s been smiling at him like that ever since their little conversation, but Louis has kept his eyes to the ground. He’d considered several times, trying to make a break for it and force his way out of the moving car, but thought better of it. He wouldn’t get very far anyway with the silver restraints on him.

Marcus gets out first, and waits for his guys to leave before grabbing Louis and yanking him out of the car. Louis squeals behind the gag, and starts kicking his legs, struggling as much as he can as he’s dragged through the dirt. Nothing works, and Marcus maintains a vice-like grip on Louis’ arms, pulling him through the woods, and into a swampy-bog.

“You little brat! Enough with the struggling, or I’ll make Harry’s death slow and painful,” Marcus scolds, forcing Louis through rocks and mud.

Louis can see the outskirts of the battle beyond the trees they’re surrounded by, can hear the cries and shouts of pain and victory. If only he could tell which side was winning. Marcus drops Louis onto the ground, and the two vamps stand at his sides, each grabbing an arm to hold him in place. Louis feels one of them slip their fingers into his hair, and he’s tugged hard up into a kneeling position. There’s a cold, sharp edge poked into Louis’ neck, a silver tipped wood stake, and Marcus crouches down next to him.

“Now then. I’m going to remove your little gag, and then I want you to call your Soulmate, do you understand?” Marcus asks, pushing the stake dangerously close to an artery. Louis just looks up and glares, shaking his head. Marcus finally extends his fangs with an angry growl, and wraps a hand around Louis’ neck. “You will call to him! He will hear your voice above anyone else, and when he does, he will not be able to do anything but come to your side.”

Louis only averts his eyes, determined not to lead Harry into a trap. He just stares at the muddy ground, and the small pond surrounding them.

“Fine then, keep the damn thing on! There are other ways to call to a Soulmate!” Marcus barks. He stands up again, kicking Louis in the back until he’s lying face down in the cold dirt, and pulls out a gun. “You two are so new at this, you clearly know nothing. Then again, we are so rare a breed… Here’s a little lesson, sweet Louis, Soulmates will always feel each other’s pain. It is agonizing.”

Louis barely has time to gasp before he hears the gun go off, and a terrible, grueling pain rips through his lower back. He screams through the cloth, crying as the bullet goes through his body and into the ground. He can already feel that Harry knows what happened.

One moment Harry is staking an enemy through the back, and the next he feels the most painful sting in his own heart that he ever has in his centuries of life. At first, he thinks this is what receiving that true death is like, but it’s quickly clear that he is not dead. Harry clutches at his chest, knees failing beneath him, and he falls to the ground as the pain doesn’t go away. That’s when he hears it. A strange, high pitched pinging in the back of his head. Except, it isn’t in the back of his head, it’s to his left side. It’s a far-off sound, coming from the woods behind the main battle, and it’s killing Harry not to follow.
He shakes his head, and turns it to the woods. Everything around him slows down as the sound he heard becomes louder, more distinct. In a moment, Harry realizes the sound isn’t a pinging, but a screaming…Louis screaming. Harry lets out a sudden gasp and races into the woods.

The wound heals, but slowly from the silver that coated the bullet. Louis takes a deep breath, tries to shake off the ache he feels in his lower back, but he knows it’s too late for Harry. His fears are made true when Harry appears before them, blood covering his torn-up clothes, and a wood stake in his hand. He has an almost insane look in his eyes when he sees Louis on the ground, and the hole closing in his back.

“Marcus, you son of a bitch!” Harry yells, lunging at the Elder, who easily escapes his attack. “You let him go, he’s innocent!”

“Harold, you young, pathetic thing,” Marcus says with a grin. “What on earth would Louis be innocent of?”

“Whatever it is you hate me for!” Harry shouts back. He’s about to attack Marcus again, when one of the underlings comes between them with his own stake. “Really? Hiding behind some hundred year old thug? You’re such a coward, Elder.”

“Or I’m just very smart, my boy,” Marcus snickers. He kneels down next to Louis and pulls the young vampire up, once again digging the stake into his neck. There are bloody tears staining Louis’ cheeks as he looks up at his Soulmate, wishing they could literally read minds. “Shockingly, Harry, this isn’t all about you. Rather, I’m intelligent enough to know that you are the most important piece in this puzzle between our kind and those worthless dogs. Well, they aren’t altogether worthless, they did make very good slaves once upon a time.”

Harry has found all the clues leading up to this, but he still can’t believe Marcus would say these things. “You sound like Vlad, for fuck’s sake. You supported us back then! You were on our side in the great war, what the fuck has happened to you? What could have possibly changed you?”

“Who is to say I changed at all? Hm?” Marcus asks mockingly. “You and I never liked each other, so how could you ever be sure you knew me at all? How do you know my fellow Elders even knew me at all?”

Harry shakes his head, trying to ignore the joy Marcus is having in whatever this game he’s playing is. He looks down at Louis, his chest heaving as he watches his Soulmate just stand there and try to reason with a monster. But, Louis also looks strangely determined, and Harry can’t figure out what about. Louis looks back and forth between Harry and Marcus, trying to communicate something, so Harry decides to distract Marcus for longer, hoping that is what Louis needs.

“What’s there to know?” Harry asks. “You are a power-hungry, psychopathic demon. You want to destroy anyone who would oppose you, and take over the world, right? This is all about bringing us back into the dark ages. At least you want to drive all of us back into the coffin, back into hiding from the humans.”

“That is the gist of it, yes,” Marcus shrugs. He really can’t resist monologuing. “Although, there’s no point in hiding from the humans now. I’d rather they join the dogs in slavery, anyway.”

“You can’t really think you’ll win, can you?”

“I’m already winning, kid,” Marcus snorts. He commands his men to back off, and he stands up,
with Louis being brought up with him. “Once I destroy you, and your Soulmate, my forces will overpower your distraught friends, kill my colleagues, and any other council members that thought they could help tonight. I’ve already been updated on our progress in bringing down the most powerful wolf pack in the world.”

Now it’s Harry’s turn to laugh. “Your people should really get better at communicating. I rallied the pack, and freed the pups you tried to steal.”

“Oh, because capturing children is really so hard.”

That is the moment when Louis has had enough. He throws his head back into Marcus’s face, at the same time Harry quickly tackles one of the guards into the other, and the two of them force their way into each other. In the sudden struggle and confusion, Harry drops his stake, but he lets out a loud whistle, signaling to Liam where they are, just as Marcus tries to grab Louis again.

“Don’t you fucking try it,” Harry spits, pushing Louis away and grabbing Marcus by the collar of his shirt. He then shoves Marcus into the pile with his two men, one of which jumps up to attack Harry, but Harry rolls away from it. He lands next to his stake, and lifts it up just in time to stab that vampire, and then retreat to where he had pushed Louis.

When it looks like Marcus is about to run at them again, a swarm of wolves and vampires come barreling through, a mixture of good warriors and Marcus’s followers. The mass confusion and close-quarter battle is just enough to hide Harry and Louis from Marcus for a little while.

“Harry!” Louis moans, finally able to breathe again. He throws his arms around Harry’s shoulders, crying into his neck, but so happy to be back in his arms. “God, I was so scared. He came out of nowhere, and poor Niall—oh god, is Niall okay?”

“He’s fine, Sunshine,” Harry says, petting Louis’ hair and kissing his temple. “I’m just happy I could get to you before Marcus could—”

“Don’t say it, please,” Louis whines. He lifts up from the warmth of Harry’s neck so he can pull his love into a kiss, both of them crying into it. “B-but he said a lot of things to me, and I think I figured something out.”

“What?”

“Well, I think I know why he’s doing all of this—”

“Lou, he wants to take over our kind, he needs power—”

“No, besides all of that!” Louis groans. “The things he said, about you and I, and the way he was talking…I-I think he and that Elder Vlad were Soulmates.”

“He—what?”

“Obviously, I wasn’t there, but does it make any sense? Could they have been Soulmates?”

Harry thinks about it, really thinks about it. Back then, he didn’t know a thing about Soulmates, and then for so long after he didn’t even believe they were real. But…it is the only missing piece to what happened back then. The only viable answer to Marcus’s behavior during and after the war, and the best reason for him to want to finish what Vlad started. “It…it makes perfect sense, oh shit.”

“What does this mean?” Louis asks nervously.
Harry shakes his head. “It means he has to be stopped, he has to be ended. I’m going to fucking end him.”

“Harry—”

“No, I don’t care how much older than me, or stronger than me he is. He is the other half of the worst vampire to ever be created. He fucking shot you, baby, just because he hates me. God, he watched us—no. He’s probably been jealous of us the whole time, watching our love grow while his was destroyed long ago. And he wormed his way into our ceremony. He saw you—I can’t let him live!”

“You can’t fight him like this, y—you’re not focused—”

“I’ve never been more focused, or more clear headed in my life,” Harry growls. He pulls Louis into another passionate kiss, then drags him away from the rest of the fight. “Stay here, let me do this.”

“Harry—” Louis is too late this time, because Harry is already running back into the fight. Louis sits down behind a tree, trying to keep his eyes on his Soulmate, but everything and everyone is moving way too fast.

What he can’t see, is Harry finding Marcus in the middle of a crowd, and engaging him in front of everyone. Marcus looks all too pleased to finally be fighting Harry, and his strength makes it easy to keep Harry at bay.

Harry runs around to Marcus’ back, and just as the stake scratches Marcus’s skin, Harry is kicked in the shin, and elbowed in the face. Harry groans and slips to the ground, but rolls away from Marcus trying to stab him with his own stake. Harry grabs a rock and throws it hard at Marcus’s head, breaking his nose.

“Fuck! What is with you two and my nose!” Marcus yells. He ducks when Harry throws another one, and jumps at him, pinning Harry to the ground. Marcus growls and bites down on Harry’s neck, causing Harry to scream in pain, and even Louis feels the sting. “Hmm, I think I can taste him in you. Blood sharing, Harry? I would have thought you were too square for that.”

The rage fills Harry up again, and he punches Marcus in the cheek, knocking him off his body. He wants to say something about how his blood only belongs to Louis, but Harry chooses instead to channel his anger into killing Marcus.

However, with every punch and every offensive move Harry makes, Marcus ducks and avoids, letting Harry tire himself out. They both lose their weapons, but Marcus still taunts Harry at times, calling him a washed-up child.

“Better than being a bitter, and lonely piece of shit!” Harry retorts. “Sorry your evil Soulmate was executed, but being heartbroken isn’t a good excuse to destroy the world!”

“You little—don’t you dare speak about something you don’t understand!” Marcus says angrily.

“Don’t understand? You kidnapped my Soulmate and threatened to kill him! I understand you more than anyone else here! More than any of your stupid followers!” Harry growls. He runs past Marcus, grabbing a stake from a pile of what used to be one of Marcus’s progeny, and turns back to his enemy. “And I’ll gladly reunite you with Vlad, right now.”

Marcus just smirks, and runs at Harry again, hands flying to Harry’s wrists and he twists Harry’s arms behind his back.
It may have been a long time since Harry was truly in battle, but he still remembers what helped him win all those times before. He looks around, and spots Liam’s wolf alongside Cara’s, both taking on five vampires at once. Liam bites and claws at them, injuring all of them just enough for someone to finish them off with a stake. Once the alpha gets through those attackers, Harry takes the chance to call out to him.

“Liam! Get his side!” Harry shouts, shoving Marcus towards an oncoming wolf.

In this form, Liam rails against the Elder, biting into his side and growling, looking rabid. Marcus screams in pain, but claws at the wolf’s neck, sharp nails tearing through the fur and the skin. Liam whimpers, and Marcus throws him aside, quickly standing up and kicking the wolf in his stomach, right over the spot he’d been shot with the silver.

Harry lets out an angry scream, and grabs a broken tree branch from the ground. He runs to his friend’s side, pulling the wolf into his lap, “Li, hang in there, I’m gonna finish this soon.”

Louis finds Harry again just in time to see someone charge at him from behind. Louis gasps, and his instincts take over, as he runs as fast as he can to stop him. He grabs the person’s arm and fights him for the stake, winning just as they fall to the ground. Louis closes his eyes and shove the stake up, striking right through the vampire’s heart. Louis’ eyes widen as he watches the vampire explode into droplets of blood, which cover Louis’ small body. He lets out a staggered breath and drops the stake, retching from the mess he made.

Harry looks very impressed when he turns to see who saved him, but Louis still feels gross. “Baby! You saved me!”

“That is disgusting”—Louis gags, shaking the blood from his hands. He pulls himself together, and joins Harry in kneeling next to Liam. “What happened to him?”

“Silver wound, he must still be weak where the bullet hit him earlier,” Harry explains, petting Liam’s weak stomach. “I-I gave him my blood but it must have not been enough.”

Louis is about to ask if there’s anything he can do, when the sound of maniacal, twisted laughter comes from beside them. Suddenly, Louis feels as though he’s been here before. The sounds of the battle around him slow down into a muggy, fog, and even blinking doesn’t clear things up. Marcus walks forward, sloshing through shallow water to get to them, and it reminds Louis of something he must have seen before. Then it hits him.

“M-my dreams,” Louis whispers.

“What did you say, Lou?” Harry asks, shaking Louis’ shoulder, but even that feels like its’ far away.

“The dreams I had…but that means,” Louis’ voice trails off as he slowly turns his head away.

Out of nowhere, a small, white wolf comes sprinting through the fog in Louis’ view, and through the dark trees towering over them. It looks over at the three of them, eyes zeroed in on the dark-furred wolf crying in pain on the cold ground. The white wolf shakes its head, in disbelief, in anger and pain, and then turns to Marcus, who is still laughing.

Louis starts to open his mouth, but he still feels like he’s in slow motion, like everyone around them is, even Harry. The young wolf breaks into a run, then leaps through the air, letting out a loud howl before its teeth close around Marcus’s neck. He rips through the skin, shaking his head around and wildly throwing Marcus around. In minutes, the movement stops, as Marcus’s head comes clear off.

The world goes back to its quick motions right after. Louis heaves in a deep breath, and time speeds
back up and into place. There are screams of terror all around from Marcus’s followers, a few of which try to attack the little wolf, but quickly back off when they see him covered in dark red blood. All the warriors and werewolves take the advantage and begin to finally overwhelm them, killing most of the evil forces, and driving the stragglers back to the bar.

The young wolf keeps its jaws bared, snarling at anyone who dares look at it the wrong way, as it jogs away from the bloody pulp that was Elder Marcus.

Louis blinks a few times. Harry runs to the pulp and spits on it, pulling out his phone to call Zayn. And the white wolf lays down next to Liam’s, licking over his wound. Louis just sits next to them, watching and trying to process everything that just happened before him.

“N-Niall?” Louis asks, almost so quiet he himself could barely hear it. The wolf blinks as well, and looks up at Louis with very familiar blue eyes. Louis nods, and slowly stands up, unable to find any words for the situation. He quickly goes to Harry’s side, and waits for him to finish his call.

“Yeah, it’s over. No trust me, I saw it happen, he’s definitely dead. I imagine Amelia and Julius will have their guys clean this shit up here quickly,” Harry says to Zayn, trying his best to mask the shaking in his voice. Even he is surprised by the outcome. He notices Louis next to him, and puts an arm around Louis’ shoulder. “Honestly Z, you would not believe who did it.”

Louis swallows a lump in his throat and stares down at what is left of Marcus, and suddenly feels faint. He knew becoming a vampire might have a few setbacks, but an all-out war and the death of a corrupt leader is a hell of a way to start out. Louis looks back at the wolves, but they’ve already changed back into human form.

“Ni? I thought I told you to stay back in the house,” Liam says weakly, cradling Niall’s cheek in his hand.

Niall leans into it, closing his eyes at the comfort he feels from his alpha. “I could feel that you were hurt and I…I was just so angry. Nobody hurts my Alpha and gets away with it. I don’t care who they are.”

“God, I love you,” Liam groans, as Niall leans down to give him a giddy kiss.

Louis smiles at the scene and looks back up Harry, who is now annoyed and bickering with Zayn about the details. Louis just takes the phone from his hand, and hangs up, kissing Harry’s cheek. “Haz, I really think Zayn can wait until tomorrow night. The sun will be up soon.”

“Right…what the fuck just happened here?” Harry asks, laughing in his utter confusion.

“I don’t know, and I really don’t care,” Louis shrugs. “I’m sure we should help with the clean-up, but I just really want to go home. I need to sit for like, ten years straight.”

“I think I will join you in that, a decade will go by nice and fast for us,” Harry says, scooping Louis up in his arms. They walk over to their friends, who are trying their hardest to cover their nude bodies up. Harry shakes his head. “You two okay?”

“Are you kidding? My mate just assassinated a vampire Elder…we’re great!” Liam says enthusiastically, but weakly.

“I was taught by the original Elder killer,” Niall points out, hiding behind Liam’s body from other’s running around to wipe up the rest of the battle.

Louis smiles at them. He still doesn’t quite understand his dreams, or why he even had them, but it’s
nice to know that they were actually good things in the end. He wants to say something, to interrupt
the celebrating from his friends to tell them he’d dreamed Niall would do that, but decides against it.
These are something he can figure out later. He’s just happy to have the hardest parts be over.

Harry helps Liam stand up and Louis gives Niall his shirt to cover up, and the four of them slowly
stumble back to the bar, welcomed like heroes. The wolves quickly take Liam inside to help him,
and some even lift Niall up, howling for their omega. Louis and Harry each wrap an arm around
each other, and follow everyone inside. While everyone else is ready to recover and party for their
success in another battle, and the squashing of a terrible rebellion, all Louis and Harry want, is to go
home and finally rest.

+ +

“It’s been six months since the most fatal massacre in modern times, perhaps ever. Along with the
revelation that Elder Marcus, an influential vampire leader, was actually a Vampire Power
extremist, there was also a coup staged by his followers, in an attempt to over throw the other
Elders. The incident was contained and defeated by various vampire rights leaders, but we are still
left with many questions. What does this mean for Vampire rights in America? Why did he target
New Orleans specifically? And how did such a rebellion form under everyone’s noses?

We have with us tonight Elder Zayn, who was promoted only a week after the incident, in a move
that has been favorably viewed among the vampire, and human, public.”

“Thank you for having me tonight.”

“We are very honored you are here, but it’s been half a year and yet we still barely know what
happened that night. Is this another alleged case of vampires keeping secrets from humans?”

“Hardly. What happened that night was tragic, caused by very bad vampires and humans who
wanted to power for themselves. We worked with our allies to fight against tyrants, and we
thankfully won.”

“Your allies being humans, correct?”

“Of course! What else would they be?”

“Baby, turn that off. It’s just a rebroadcast of last night,” Harry groans, attempting to pick out a tie
from his vast collection. “I’m already tired of listening to Politician Zayn.”

“Won’t you have to get used to that now?” Louis asks, switching off the TV, and rolling over on the
bed to face Harry.

The older vampire snorts, finally grabbing a tie. “Thank god, no. I won’t be involved in the vampire
to human business. My jurisdiction is only with the vampires of Louisiana.”

Louis smiles and sits up on his knees, grabbing Harry by the waist to pull him back. Harry turns, and
Louis swats his hands away from the black tie around his neck, opting to tie it himself. Once it is
securely done, and neatly pressed, Louis rests his hands on Harry’s chest, licking his lips as he
checks out Harry’s ensemble. “Have I mentioned how hot it is that you are going to be a fucking
King?”

Harry starts to hum, nodding as he joins hands with Louis’ to pull him off the bed. “Maybe once or
twice since Zayn made the offer.”

The aforementioned offer was made five months ago, after all of Zayn’s Elder ascension ceremonies
were completed. They didn’t have to look very far to find his replacement in Louisiana. Harry was hesitant at first, but Louis and Liam convinced him it was the right choice to lead. In the end, thanks to a lot of peer pressure from his friends, Harry caved and agreed to become the King in Zayn’s place. His only stipulation was that Zayn’s villa be given to the wolf pack as another housing facility for when they are in Louisiana. Considering Zayn wouldn’t need it anymore as an Elder, and the fact that his human companions were too traumatized to return to it, he found it a very easy condition to agree to.

“And to think you actually get a coronation to go along with the new title,” Louis says, following Harry to their walk-in closet. He’s been unable to keep his hands off his Soulmate for weeks now. “Is there a crown too?”

“No, Sunshine,” Harry chuckles, letting Louis go so he can get dressed to. “It’s not even a real coronation. We’re just going to Zayn’s for a nice dinner, sign some papers, say some vows, blah, blah, blah.”

“Yeah, and then after, you’re going to be King!” Louis says excitedly. He starts to go through his own collection of ensembles. A lot has been added in the last six months, because Harry couldn’t help but shower Louis in designer gifts after the trauma. “Do you think Liam and Niall will be on time?”

“Normally I would doubt it, but since Niall is the big hero of everything, I’m sure he’ll make sure they aren’t late. Zayn wants to give Niall that award,” Harry says, watching Louis get undressed.

Louis nods, running his fingers over the soft fabric of his line of clothes. He stops on a dark blue suit, one of the newest editions to his wardrobe. He pulls out the hanger and raises his brow to Harry, who very happily approves.

It has been a very weird six months. Louis is still just a baby vampire, but he already feels like he’s lived as many lifetimes as Harry. After seeing his best friend behead one of the most powerful vampires in history, Louis was pretty sure life would never go back to normal.

“I guess it’s a good thing Zayn is taking over the media, though,” Harry continues. “His big ego is really covering up the werewolf involvement.”

“They still aren’t ready for humans to know about them?” Louis asks, placing the ensemble on a small chair.

“Nah, I mean, I don’t think Liam would mind so much, but it would have to be this big ordeal to talk it through with the other pack leaders. Wolves aren’t as closely regulated like we are, in fact, the only thing the packs agree on is that they want to be hidden from humankind.”

“Too bad, because they’re the real heroes.”

“Hey now,” Harry whines.

Louis rolls his eyes to Harry’s reflection. “Okay, I know you would have beaten Marcus all by yourself, eventually. Not your fault Niall got there first.”

“I’m glad it was him who got there before me, I was getting tired anyway,” Harry says.

Louis smiles as he strips off his clothes and steps in front of the mirror, while Harry checks the many text messages from Zayn. Before Louis starts to get re-redressed, he takes a moment to look at his reflection, extending his fangs. It’s so strange how physically he is the same as he was on his twenty-first birthday, but he somehow looks different. His skin is a little paler, and he looks less tired than he
ever did, but it still feels like a whole new body to him. He traces his fingers over the soft, cold skin of his neck, stopping over his artery.

“You know, there is only one thing I miss about being a human,” Louis sighs, tapping on that spot.

“What’s that?” Harry asks, tossing the phone on the bed and crowding up behind Louis. He wraps his arms around Louis’ tiny waist, hooking his chin over Louis’ bare shoulder.

Louis shrugs, placing his hands over Harry’s. “When you would bite me as a human, the two little marks would scar the skin for weeks. I loved looking at those and thinking of you, how I was all yours and you were mine. People would see them and know that not only was I taken, but it was by someone they definitely wouldn’t want to mess with.”

“Baby, we don’t need those marks anymore, we have the deepest bond anyone could hope for,” Harry says, kissing Louis’ neck. “I still drink from you, but I can’t help it if the bite marks go away.”

“No, I know,” Louis says, turning in Harry’s arms. “But I liked having something visual, something that made it obvious that I’m yours. And missing that had me thinking recently…”

His voice trails off as he backs out of Harry’s touch, opting instead to coyly bite his lip and continue getting dressed. Harry stares at him, falling backwards onto the end of the bed. “I’m on the edge of my seat, Lou. What were you thinking?”

“Well, it’s not just something I’ve been thinking about,” Louis starts again. Once his pants are on and he just has the buttons to do on his shirt, he straddles Harry’s lap. “Do you remember those dreams I was having?”

“Sure,” Harry says. He remembers Louis telling him about dreams of a white wolf killing a dark vampire, and six months ago those dreams came true with Niall and Marcus. Harry’s heard of it happening before, Vampires with special abilities, but it’s even more rare than Soulmates.

“So, um, it’s been a couple months, and I would have told you sooner but like before I wasn’t sure what to make of them,” Louis nervously continues. He leans back a little, and Harry starts to do up the buttons for him. “Do remember when you said we should go up to Vermont?”

Harry’s fingers stop in their tracks. “Y-yes…”

Louis’ smile grows bigger, and he pulls Harry’s hands away, lacing their fingers together. “A few months ago, I had a dream of us walking up to a chapel, surrounded by fall leaves, two wolves, and some other fanged figures.”

“Y-you did?”

“Hmmm.” Louis leans in to nudge his nose against Harry’s. “And rings aren’t exactly bite marks, but at least it’s something.”

“So you—”

“Want to get married? Yeah, why not?”

“Oh Louis,” Harry moans, turning them over so he’s got Louis pinned on his back. He gives Louis a kiss, moaning happily into it and rolling his hips. “You really want to get married? You’re not just saying this make me happy?”

“Both,” Louis assures him. “I know it would make you happy, and I really, really want to.”
“God,” Harry groans, moving down to kiss and suck at Louis’ neck. He wants more than anything to bite Louis, and make love for hours, and he doesn’t care that they have somewhere important to be. Just as he starts attempting to take Louis’ clothes off again, he’s pushed away by his giggly Soulmate.

“Harry! We have a coronation to get to!”

“Don’t care, Zayn will understand.”

“You know he won’t, you fucking animal,” Louis continues to giggle, shoving Harry so hard he flies off the bed. “Let’s go get you a kingdom, and then we can come back and celebrate.”

“Fine, fine, whatever you want, Sunshine,” Harry says as he picks himself off the floor, dusting off his pants. He extends his hand to help Louis off the bed, and swoops him up in his arms. “I love you, so fucking much.”

“I love you too, you big oaf,” Louis sighs, nuzzling Harry’s cheek.

They walk down the stairs hand in hand, with Harry opening the front door for Louis like the gentleman he is. They decide to take Louis’ car tonight, so they can drive through the cool New Orleans evening air, take things slow. Everything has moved so fast for Louis, so on peaceful nights like this, where he knows he’s going to have a good time with friends, and end it in his lover’s arms, he loves to watch everything slow down. He watches Harry’s soft smile as they drive through the night, and he takes deep breath. There’s no guarantee that life will be this easy for a while, but for now, Louis can relax, and be at peace.

FIN.

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