## vampires will never hurt you

### by kkeomtae

**Summary**

Taehyung had already had a pretty weird day, so really, being cornered into an alley by a vampire on his way home from work was probably to be expected.

"...but what if a vampire drank the blood of someone who was anemic would they be seriously grossed out" au

### Notes

Yes hello. I have several works in progress, but inspiration is a bitch and she hasn't been very nice to me lately. Except with this story. Next part will be up in a week. I mean, hopefully.

(proofreading? sorry bae)
Chapter 1

based off of this tumblr post

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Taehyung had already had a pretty weird day.

His mother had called this morning and said she and Taehyung’s dad were on their way to Hawaii for a three-week vacation, just like that, without even inviting their dearest son; at work Taehyung caught his boss snogging the new barista against a box of coffee beans, and then said boss confessed his love to Taehyung a few minutes later with tears streaming down his face. Then an old high school classmate had called and invited Taehyung to her wedding, and Taehyung had this brief existential crisis where he wondered how and when he reached the age where his friends were getting married.

So, really, being cornered into a dark alley by a vampire on his way back home from work was probably to be expected.

The vampire was surprisingly gentle with pressing Taehyung into the brick wall, both of them hidden from view behind a large pile of trash. Taehyung stared into his startling red eyes and thought, ah, so this is how it ends.

“This has been a weird day,” Taehyung blurted out.

The vampire blinked, opening his mouth and licking over his protruding fangs. “Sorry,” he apologized. “I’m just very thirsty. I promise I won’t take much.”

“Yeah, uh, go ahead?” Taehyung uttered, because honestly he had no idea what else to do in this situation. By all means, the vampire wasn’t hurting him yet, but Taehyung didn’t really want to test what happened if he tried to escape. Maybe the vampire wouldn’t kill him if he didn’t try to resist.
The vampire nodded and surged forward, lips ghosting over the side of Taehyung’s throat. ‘This is the most action I’ve gotten in months,’ Taehyung thought briefly before the vampire actually bit him, and then he winced because it really fucking hurt. Young adult novels made this process seem a lot more sexy.

Taehyung thought he was going to be stuck here for a while, sucked dry by this pretty attractive vampire, but then said vampire suddenly flew back as if he had been burned, and he gagged on the mouthful of blood in his mouth.

“Uh.” Taehyung brought his hand up to his throat with a grimace; the wound on his neck stung.

“What the fuck!” the vampire exclaimed, spitting out Taehyung’s blood on the ground. Taehyung wasn’t sure if he should feel offended, because it was obvious he didn’t taste that good. On the other hand that might have saved his ass from a relatively freaky death. “What the hell is wrong with your blood? You taste horrible!”

Taehyung brought his hand in front of him and stared at the blood coating his fingers in confusion. “Well, I - I’m anemic?” Taehyung guessed, because that seemed like the most reasonable explanation. “That might be why. Never thought about this scenario happening before when I forgot to take my meds.” Fainting, sure, that was always a scare if he forgot his iron supplements, but Taehyung never considered what a horrible meal it made him for thirsty vampires.

Not that he even knew about vampires, but that was another conversation entirely.

“You should have told me that, holy shit!” the vampire exclaimed. He rubbed his tongue with the palm of his hand, and the expression on his face was downright pitiful. “That’s the worst blood I’ve ever had, why the fuck don’t you take anything to fix… whatever gross thing is happening in your body?”

“I - well I forget my iron supplements sometimes, I don’t see how that’s any of your business Mr. Vampire.” Taehyung squinted through the darkness. “Sorry I taste like shit?”

“You should be sorry,” the vampire grumbled, and it sounded like he was actually sulking. “Now I need to find someone else to drink from and honestly it’s such a hassle because you humans usually scream too much.”
“Wow,” Taehyung stated, still not really grasping the situation. “Though afterlife you got, buddy.”

The vampire glared, red eyes moving to Taehyung’s neck. “You should wrap that up,” he voiced. “And take your fucking supplements.”

Taehyung watched as the vampire dried his mouth with the fabric of his t-shirt (it was white - how inconvenient) and then stalked out of the narrow alley. Bringing his hand back to his neck, Taehyung stared after him, heart in his throat and wound throbbing, not sure what to do next. Was he supposed to just walk back to his empty apartment like this and forget it ever happened? Wasn’t the vampire supposed to erase his memories or something, or at least have Taehyung swear to secrecy?

He kind of expected the vampire to return for him, maybe kill him. Hadn’t Taehyung seen too much already? The vampire couldn’t possibly think it would be wise to just let Taehyung go, right?

Honestly Taehyung wasn’t even sure how he got himself home that night, but he remembered standing in front of his bathroom mirror and tending to the puncture marks on his skin. It didn’t hurt that much now that the initial shock was over, but Taehyung still wasn’t entirely sure how to process what had happened. A part of him wanted to believe what happened tonight was just some weird hallucination he was having due to stress, but the wound on his neck was too real.

**hey wheein do you believe in vampires**, taehyung messaged to his best friend after taking three pain-killers and bandaging up the wound on his neck in hopes he wouldn’t bleed out on his sheets.

**what the fuck i was sleeping you useless paperclip**, wheein sent in reply.

Taehyung: **no I'm serious - do you believe in vampires?**

Wheein: **buffy isn’t real taehyung**
'It’s best to forget about what happened that night,’ Taehyung thought one week later, right before the same vampire appeared before him again in front of Taehyung’s apartment complex.

He was wearing sunglasses and had an umbrella over his head to screen himself from the harsh autumn sun, but Taehyung could easily recognize him. It wasn’t every day you met and almost got drained dry by a vampire after all; the guy had left quite an impression.

Taehyung wondered what the hell he had done wrong in his past life to deserve this.

“Are you taking your supplements?” the vampire asked as Taehyung openly gaped at him, placing a protective hand over the mark on his neck that was still healing. He knew for a fact he certainly shouldn’t talk to the person who had previously been trying to eat him, so Taehyung kept his mouth shut in defiance.

What was one supposed to do in this situation? Run? Scream?

The vampire frowned when Taehyung remained quiet.

“Well?” the vampire pressed, voice harsh this time, and Taehyung flinched.

“I - no, I forgot?” he squeaked, looking around them with shaking eyes. They were on a pretty crowded street, right outside Taehyung’s apartment block, and the vampire surely couldn’t bite him here, but that didn’t mean Taehyung wasn’t cautious. Maybe if he screamed loud enough, the vampire would be scared at the commotion. “Look - can you just leave me alone? I obviously taste horrible, I don’t understand why -”

Taehyung’s speech got cut off as the vampire pulled a box of iron supplements out of his coat’s pocket (he was wearing a lot more clothing today, covered from head to toe in jeans, a turtleneck sweater and even gloves) and handed it to Taehyung. “Here, you should take this,” he said seriously, and Taehyung didn’t know what else he could do but comply. He had a similar box inside his apartment, but he forgot to take them too often.
“Do you always care about your meals this much?” Taehyung voiced, shaking the pill box. “What does it matter? I mean - shouldn’t you just kill me? Don’t I know too much or anything?”

It was the vampire’s turn to look confused. “Kill you?” he voiced. “I wasn’t going to kill you? I mean, I don’t have to kill anyone to just drink a little blood, and us vampires have rules, too. I was just going to drink a little because my supplier was late, but I couldn’t even have one sip of yours because you taste of fucking despair.”

“Thanks,” Taehyung stated. “I’ll take it as a compliment, since that means you can’t drink from me.”

“Just - just listen,” the vampire said hurriedly. “Just take your fucking meds okay? I have this friend, too, he’s really good with diets and could probably help you put up a dietary plan with high iron intake. You really should take care of yourself, you’re disgusting.”

“Thanks,” Taehyung said again, furrowing his brows at the showering compliments.

“I mean - I mean your blood is,” the vampire corrected himself, “your blood is disgusting. Your face is very attractive but that doesn’t really help when you are rotting on the inside.”

Taehyung snorted. “Says the guy who is actually dead.”

The vampire sighed, and Taehyung stepped back when he moved forward and put a gloved hand on Taehyung’s shoulder, as if comforting him. “Listen,” he started, slowly pulling his sunglasses down to show off his startling red eyes. “I put on 100 SPF sunscreen to come give you this. I will check up on you in one week, and if you’re not taking them regularly by then I will actually kill you.”

Taehyung gulped. “A-are you allowed to do that?”

“No,” the vampire said after a pause, “but I’ll be mad. And I bite.”

Slouching a little, Taehyung gripped the iron supplements tighter in his hand as the vampire stepped out of his space with a slightly forced smile. “I didn’t move to the city to get a
bloodsucking babysitter,” Taehyung found himself saying, and the vampire shrugged his shoulders.

“Tough luck. You should have taken your supplements from the beginning and this would never have happened.”

Taehyung grimaced at that. The anemia might have saved him the first time, but it also made the vampire return. And in the weirdest way possible. He couldn’t believe a vampire was nagging at him to take his pills, even his mother didn’t bother him much about that anymore.

“Ah, right,” the vampire said as he was backing away, “what’s your name?”

“Kim Taehyung,” Taehyung said, and then immediately regretted it. “Shit, why did I tell you that?”

“Common curtesy, Taehyung-ssi,” the vampire scoffed. “I’m Jeon Jeongguk. See you in a week.”

Taehyung shouldn’t have been surprised when Jeon Jeongguk the vampire showed up outside the cafe he worked at exactly one week later. It was dark out, so he was wearing a white t-shirt and ripped jeans, and if it wasn’t for his blood-red eyes Taehyung could mistake him for a normal-looking teenager.

One that previously tried to drink Taehyung’s blood, of course.

“I should not have underestimated you,” Taehyung said, frowning as Jeongguk shoved his hands in his pockets. It was very cold outside, autumn biting at your cheeks, but Taehyung supposed vampires had no sense of temperature. Jeongguk’s bare arms did not seem particularly affected by the cold wind. “Of course you would show up again, you stalker.”
“I’m just looking out for you,” Jeongguk said, sounding insulted. “I want what’s best for you, and whatever stuff is flooding through your veins is obviously not it.”

Taehyung narrowed his eyes at the vampire, shifting on his feet. “You just want me to taste good.”

“That, too,” Jeongguk admitted casually.

“Creep.” Taehyung slipped past the vampire and started walking in the direction of his apartment. It was quite a long walk, and Taehyung didn’t take the bus because the bus cost money, and so did the subway. Not unexpectedly (but certainly unwanted) Jeongguk the vampire followed him; he walked close to Taehyung, a mere step behind him and saying nothing, yet his presence was clear as day.

Taehyung turned his head, a little put off by Jeongguk’s silence. “Exactly what do you think you are doing?”

Jeongguk blinked. “Following you home.”

“Why?” Taehyung stopped, and so did Jeongguk, but he also bumped slightly into Taehyung’s shoulder. They were about the same height, but Taehyung didn’t doubt Jeongguk was a lot stronger than him, being supernatural and all that. Basically he had no chance actually trying to escape from this overbearing bloodsucker. “Are you following me so you can drink me dry in my own home?”

“Don’t be silly,” Jeongguk stated. “It’s not like I can just climb through your window and attack you while you sleep. You need to invite me inside.”

Taehyung stored that information away to the back of his head for later use. He was safe in his own house, which meant Jeongguk couldn’t reach him if he just decided to stay inside. Maybe he should just hibernate until the vampire grew tired of him.

“I guess you don’t sparkle, either?” Taehyung guessed.

“I burn. It hurts like hell, but it’s not necessarily lethal.”
Taehyung nodded. So Jeongguk was a pretty traditional vampire, then, not the kind that appeared in bad fiction. “How old are you?” he asked, curiously, because honestly, if Taehyung was going to be followed around like this he deserved to know some vampire trivia.

“How old are you?”

“How long have you been twenty?”

“Please don’t,” Jeongguk groaned in distaste at the reference. “I’m twenty. I turned nineteen a little under a year ago, five days before I was made into a vampire. I’m very new at this.”

“What the hell,” Taehyung stated, looking him up and down. “That’s so lame, what the fuck. You’re a vampire and I’m still older than you? Holy shit you are possibly the worst vampire I could have befriended?”

“I will bite you,” Jeongguk threatened, fake smile on his lips. His skin was very pale - though it didn’t look unhealthy - but his lips were cherry red, like they were stained with blood. Taehyung wouldn’t be surprised if they were. His fangs weren’t really visible now, a lot smaller than Taehyung remembered them to be.

Taehyung brought his hand to his neck where Jeongguk had bitten him last, taking a tentative step away from the vampire. “You’re not biting me again,” he said, attempting to sound a lot more confident than he actually was. Jeongguk may be younger than him (that was still weird, Taehyung first thought he was ancient) but he was also a supernatural being and honestly Taehyung didn’t know exactly the extent of Jeongguk’s powers just yet.

“I’m going to bite you to check if you have been taking your supplements,” Jeongguk said.

“No. No, you’re not. I promise I will be taking my pills but you are not biting me.” He frowned at the look Jeongguk gave him. “I’m not drunk enough for you to do that again.”

“I’m not going to bite you when you are drunk,” Jeongguk said, as if the notion offended him. “I prefer my food relatively conscious.”
Taehyung gaped at his words. “You shouldn’t even go around biting people without their consent, you stupid bloodsucker!” he hissed. Jeongguk brought his hand to his chest dramatically at the insult. “You said you have a supplier or whatever so it’s not like you need me - if you want to bite me so badly you should at least take me on a date first!”

Taehyung honestly meant the last thing as a joke, but Jeongguk looked like he considered it as soon as the words left Taehyung’s mouth. “A date?” Jeongguk looked him up and down, and Taehyung suddenly felt very naked under his gaze. Vampires didn’t have x-ray vision, right? “Well, sure, if that’s what it takes.”

“I was joking.” Taehyung turned around, and the worst part was that he could feel his ears redden; Jeongguk was in front of him within a split second, having probably used vampire super-speed or something to cut him off. Taehyung grimaced at the smug look on his face. “I’m not dating a fetus vampire just so he can check if I’m taking my iron supplements.”

Jeongguk smiled. It still looked fake. “I’ll pick you up in front of your place some time next week. Do you have work on Saturdays?”

Taehyung spluttered. “N-no, but -”

“Great, see you then. Remember your pills.”

Taehyung almost forgot about the date.
His week had been hectic, between late shifts and morning classes, and honestly Taehyung was too worn out to think about vampires. He had planned to just sit inside and watch reruns of dramas for the evening, maybe tell Wheein to come over with some ice cream, but then he went to take out the trash and saw a very familiar vampire standing outside his apartment complex’ door. Jeongguk was wearing a nice pair of jeans and a white shirt - honestly, Taehyung thought white was a very unfortunate color to wear for someone who drank blood - his eyes a darker shade of red than the last time they had seen each other.

Jeongguk’s eyes trailed over Taehyung’s appearance as he exited the building, gazing over his pajama pants and torn shirt, eyes eventually stopping at the bag of trash in his hand.

“Love your purse,” Jeongguk said, sarcasm dripping from his voice, “is it the new fall collection?”

“Fuck off,” Taehyung groaned. “I’ll just - I’ll be right back, I just need to change. Do you want to come inside?”

One second, and Taehyung realized his mistake. The shit-eating grin that spread across Jeongguk’s face was infuriating, and Taehyung wondered how many sins he had committed in his past life to deserve this. He had not intended to invite the vampire inside, but his mother had raised him to be a polite boy, and he hadn’t thought things through. Being nice was just a natural thing to Taehyung, and now it got him in a very sticky situation.

Shit.

“Damn it.”

Jeongguk snorted. “How do you fuck up that badly?”

“It’s my speciality,” Taehyung deadpanned, screaming on the inside. “Just stay here, okay? Be a nice bloodsucker and don’t come inside my apartment just because you can now.”

“You invited me inside,” Jeongguk reminded him.

“I’m withdrawing that invitation.”
“Doesn’t work like that, Kim Taehyung.”

Taehyung knew that. He had been exposed to enough vampire media and was more than unhappy about the outcome of his own stupidity, because he should know better. He should never let his guard down around Jeon Jeongguk.

“Just - stay here.”

Jeongguk shrugged his shoulders and said he would wait, said he wasn’t going anywhere, but also made sure to tell Taehyung he was a very impatient person. Taehyung resisted the urge to flip the vampire off as he threw his trash bag in the bin and then ran back up into his apartment. Sure, if Taehyung had been a smart person he could have just stayed home and refused to come out again, but now he had invited Jeongguk, a vampire, inside his apartment complex.

_I Was Too Polite And Accidentally Invited A Vampire Into My Home_, an autobiography by Kim Taehyung.

Not that Taehyung actually thought Jeongguk would hurt him. The vampire was weird and oddly devoted to taking care of his meals, but Taehyung was usually a good judge of character and nothing about Jeongguk said he was actually dangerous. Sure, Taehyung knew he should be a little cautious, but mostly because he had no idea when Jeongguk was actually planning on drinking his blood.

It hadn’t been pleasant the first time, so Taehyung assumed it wouldn’t be the next time, either, but he was slowly coming to terms with the fact that the vampire was not going to give up. The sooner Taehyung accepted his incoming fate, the better.

Taehyung threw on something decent that was in the clean part of his closet; a nice yellow sweater and a pair of wide-legged pants. It would do, because Taehyung wasn’t dolling up for some lackluster vampire, especially not one that was trying to drink his blood. His hair was decent, he smelled nice, and he wore his nice Converse, even.

Before exiting his apartment, he left a small post-it note on his coffee table, just in case Jeongguk actually decided to kill him; Wheein had a spare key to his flat and at least she would find out why Taehyung was gone. Of all people she deserved to know, though knowing her she would find some way to resurrect him and then kill him again for being so stupid.
“I’m here,” Taehyung announced as he closed the door to his building shut. It didn’t look like Jeongguk had moved an inch from his original position, feet planted on the ground and looking oddly normal where he was scrolling through his phone under the light of a lamppost. The vampire looked up and even gave Taehyung a tiny smile.

“Are you taking me somewhere dark and deserted to dispose of my body?” Taehyung asked when approaching the vampire. He shrugged on the grey coat he had brought with him, because contrary to Jeongguk’s clothing choices, it was freezing outside.

“Don’t be silly,” Jeongguk snorted, shoving his phone in his pocket, “I’ll buy you dinner first.”

Taehyung narrowed his eyes suspiciously. “Really?” he drawled, crossing his arms in front of his chest in defiance. Jeongguk lifted one, unimpressed eyebrow. “You’re going to buy me dinner?”

“Yeah?” Jeongguk shrugged his shoulders. “Why not?”

Taehyung wasn’t buying it. The vampire was too insistent, like taking care of Taehyung actually mattered to him. Like this was actually a date. “I’m not going to let you bite me just because you’re buying me food,” he stated. “I’m not that easy.”

“Figured as much. Let’s go somewhere we can both enjoy ourselves, then.”

Jeongguk motioned for Taehyung to follow him, and Taehyung hesitantly did as he was told. The streets were buzzing with college students escaping their dorms for a night out, and to anyone else it might look like Jeongguk and Taehyung were just on their way to a party, too. Colored contacts were in anyway, maybe people just thought Jeongguk had a very peculiar sense of fashion; no one really gave them a second glance.

“What is this… place you’re taking me to?” Taehyung tryingly asked when they had walked a while in silence, Taehyung always making sure to be a small step behind the vampire so he wouldn’t lose sight of him.

“A bar,” Jeongguk replied. “But don’t worry, they sell human food too.”

Too.
Taehyung grimaced. “Is it like… a *vampire bar*?”

“Kind of,” Jeongguk shrugged. “The people who own it are blood suppliers, so they run a sort-of establishment where they make drinks suitable for vampires as well. It’s a *no human feeding policy* there, so you don’t have to worry about me biting your neck on the dance floor or anything.”

“Why would I want to dance with your dead ass?” Taehyung scoffed.

“I’m a good dancer?”

He hadn’t exactly expected that answer. Giving the vampire a quick once-over, Taehyung tried to imagine Jeongguk dancing under blinking lights in a club, but honestly he couldn’t really see it happening. “Alright, whatever you say. I’m still not going to dance with you,” Taehyung decided, looking away when he realized he might have been staring a little too long. “So - are the people who own this place vampires?”

Jeongguk shook his head. “Nah, that wouldn’t be a very good establishment, I think. They’re human. Mostly.”

“How does that work?” Taehyung asked, honestly curious. “Wouldn’t you vampires easily be able to steal from them, or whatever? Kill them, even? And what do you mean *mostly*?”

Leading Taehyung down from the main street towards a cafe-district, Jeongguk started explaining. “Most vampires respect these guys, because they get them cheap blood and give them a place to hang out, so they don’t dare to do anything in the bar. Having a supplier is the best way to survive in the modern world as a vampire. It was different before, but vampires have evolved a lot, too, you know?”

The streets were pretty quiet in this area, but Taehyung still thought it was weird how openly Jeongguk could talk about things that were supposedly *fiction* without being cautious. “How is it now, then? Compared to the stories I’ve heard in books?”

Jeongguk shook his head. “I’ll explain more when we get inside,” he promised. “We’re nearly there, but let us sit down before I give you a whole vampire lecture.”
Shrugging, Taehyung only followed as Jeongguk led him towards a set of steep stairs he might as well have missed if they hadn’t been pointed out to him. They led to what looked like a basement apartment, guarded by a blonde girl with reddish brown, kind-looking eyes; the sign above the door behind her read ‘Bar Soleil’ and Taehyung wondered if all vampires had a very ironic sense of humor.

“Hey, Momo,” Jeongguk greeted the girl by the door, lifting his hand to give a short wave as they walked down the narrow steps. She smiled in return, looking over Jeongguk’s shoulder to give Taehyung a once-over.

“Hello,” she said, softly, a small smile forming on her lips. “Is this your friend? He smells nice.”

Taehyung gulped, and wondered how fast Jeongguk would catch up with him if he started running now.

“I know,” Jeongguk stated, and Taehyung could practically hear the disgust in his voice. “The taste is a total disappointment though. He’s anemic.”

“Oh.” Momo scrunched her nose up. “Ew.”

“Are Yoongi and Jimin in?” Jeongguk asked when Momo moved to open the door for them.

“Just Jimin,” Momo said, sending a short, kind smile when Taehyung passed by her as quickly as possible. “Have fun, you two.”

Taehyung did doubt he would have any sort of fun surrounded by vampires who apparently thought he smelled nice, but he gave her an attempt of a polite smile in return, though he expected it looked pretty forced. Jeongguk waved him inside the bar, and Momo closed the door behind them.

The bar wasn’t as dark and dungeon-like as Taehyung expected. It had grey brick walls and floors, vines and fairy lights hanging from the roof, booths and tables in dark wood and soft r&b (Taehyung supposed Zion T. was a vampire favorite) was playing over the speakers. Taehyung admitted it had a nice mood, though he usually was more fond of the fast pace of clubs than quiet bars.

“Let’s go to the bar,” Jeongguk said, pulling Taehyung gently by the upper arm. “I’ll get you a
drink, and you can order some food, too.”

“Okay,” Taehyung voiced, a little distracted at the sight of two burly vampires arguing over a heated game of Uno in a booth close to them.

Behind the intricately carved bar stood a rather short guy with silver hair; he was mixing up some metallic blue concoction for the girl sitting in front of him, and Taehyung swore her skin glittered a little under the dim fairy lights. She turned her head a little, and Taehyung stared in fascination at the glowing rhinestones embedded into her cheeks; her eyes were completely pink, with no pupil or whites.

“She’s a faerie,” Jeongguk helpfully said when he noticed Taehyung’s questioning gaze. “Don’t talk to her, she might be able to play you into some century-long slave contract. Faeries are tricky bastards.”

Taehyung was just surprised there were more things than vampires. Honestly vampires were enough excitement for him, he didn’t need faeries on his list of New Things To Be Terrified Of. “Didn’t you say this is a vampire bar? Are faeries allowed here, too?”

Jeongguk shrugged. “Don’t know. I’ve never seen one here before.”

“She’s family, Jeonggukie,” the silver-haired guy behind the bar said when Taehyung hopped onto a bar stool, as if he had heard their entire conversation. He looked too young to be running a bar, much less one that dealt with bloodthirsty vampires on a daily basis. He looked like he should be sitting next to Taehyung in college. “My sister-in-law.”

“She’s Yoongi-hyung’s sister?” Jeongguk asked. Taehyung had no idea what was going on, simply looking between Jeongguk, the bartender and the faerie with interest. “They look nothing alike.”


The bartender rolled his eyes lightly at her reply and slid the glowing blue drink towards her. “Here you go, Hani,” he said, grinning when she gave a small, appreciative nod. “Now, Jeongguk - what can I get you and your…” the bartended paused, looking Taehyung up and down, “hot date?”

“Jimin-hyung,” Jeongguk said, clearing his throat. “this is Kim Taehyung. Taehyung, this is Park
Jimin. He owns the place.”

“Ah,” Jimin said in realization, “you’re the anemic kid.”

Turning his head towards Jeongguk, Taehyung gave the vampire his best deadly glare, in hopes that Jeongguk’s already dead body would decompose. “You talk about me a lot, you creep?”

“A little,” Jeongguk huffed, but he looked a little embarrassed, almost. “I asked what you needed if you were anemic. Jimin-hyung bought the iron supplements.”

Taehyung clicked his tongue, turning slowly back toward Park Jimin. “Give me one tequila sunrise, please.”

“Ouch, Taehyung.”

After looking through the menu Taehyung also ordered himself some fried chicken - they didn’t have garlic chicken, oddly enough, which was a shame because it’s Taehyung’s favorite - Jimin mixed a Tequila Sunrise for Taehyung and a Bloody Mary for Jeongguk. The look Jimin sent Taehyung across the bar told him he should not try to have a small sip of Jeongguk’s drink, even if it was just to taste, and Taehyung realized there might be some actual blood in it.

A part of Taehyung really wanted to know what sort of odd ingredients Jimin had to work with behind the bar, when his customers were vampires and faeries and God knows what else.

“Okay,” Jeongguk said after they had finished half of their drinks and Taehyung was ripping through his first chicken leg. “Hit me with the questions. I’m sure you have a lot of them.”

Truth was, Taehyung didn’t really know how to start. “Uh,” he uttered, taking a tentative bite of his food. He had a lot of questions on the way here, but now he couldn’t even think of a single one. “I - uh - you said I smell nice?”

Great job Kim Taehyung. You go Kim Taehyung.

“Yeah. That was why I tried to drink from you to begin with, because you smelled really good. I’m
surprised no other vampire has ever tried to drink from you before, especially since Momo said the same thing.” Jeongguk grimaced lightly. “Too bad your smell is false advertising for the real deal.”

Taehyung groaned. “Fuck off. I am taking my supplements now, almost regularly.”

"Almost," Jeongguk repeated, mockingly.

"Listen, you," Taehyung grunted, pointing an accusing finger in the vampire's direction, "old habits die hard. I'm generally very bad at remembering stuff like that, and I have been doing very well these past weeks. Don't you dare question me."

Lifting his arms in defeat, Jeongguk let a small smile play on his lips, one that wasn't particularly scary but more adorable.

"So." Taehyung cleared his throat. "Vampires. Faeries. Any other creatures I should be wary of when walking home in the dark?"

Jeongguk leaned a little back in his seat. "Well, there are werewolves, but they're practically domesticated. They're good at taking care of newly shifted wolves and newborn vampires, though, so they usually handle that deal. There are witches, but they mostly make potions and do magic that hides and helps us supernatural folk rather than harm humans." Jeongguk looked like he was thinking. "Merfolk. In the river. They're like faeries just in water, I advice you not to get involved."

Taehyung frowned. "How can you guys even keep hidden?"

"Most of us have old magic," Jeongguk said, sounding a little proud. "Faeries just look like normal humans to most because of it, and magic makes us easy to miss in a crowd or easy to forget. I'm sure you've experienced that, with nearly forgetting me a few times?"

Taehyung thought back, to how he had felt like he'd been busy the whole week with no time to think about anything supernatural. He didn't feel like there was any magic behind it, but that was probably the point. Jeongguk had been a small, vast memory that Taehyung only remembered briefly when seeing the wound on his neck, but he hadn't really dwelled on the topic of vampires a whole lot.

"I can always see you, though," Taehyung frowned. "Your eyes."
At that, Jeongguk did look surprised. "Really? They're always red to you?"

Taehyung nodded.

Before Taehyung could grasp the situation, Jeongguk cupped his face, and Taehyung let out a small squeal as Jeongguk carefully scrutinized his face. "Does my magic not work on you?" Jeongguk wondered, turning Taehyung's head a little. "That's weird."

"M-maybe my anemia makes me immune," Taehyung tried to joke, but Jeongguk was too close for him to feel comfortable.

"Har har." Jeongguk let go of Taehyung's face and took a sip from his drink with a frown, red eyes narrowed into slits.

Taehyung rubbed his cheeks, feeling them heat up a little which was Very Unfortunate, and cleared his throat awkwardly. His fried chicken laid forgotten on the bar counter. "Is that why you walk around so easily? Because your magic makes you easy to miss?"

"Yeah. I was uneasy about it first, too," Jeongguk nodded, "but my Sire quickly assured me most humans wouldn’t even notice if I stepped out right in front of them in broad daylight."

Taehyung frowned. "Your Sire?"

"The one who made me," Jeongguk explained simply. "He is a lot older and a lot more interesting than me, so if you actually want to know how the whole dynamics of vampires he’s the one to ask, not me. The only reason I’ve managed so well is because him and his mate have been taking good care of me after I was turned."

“So… why did he turn you?"

Jeongguk gave him a deadpan look. "Why do you think?"
Oh. Right. “Ah. Sorry about your death?”

Jeongguk shook his head. “Don’t sweat it. It was an accident, and Namjoon-hyung just happened to be at the right place at the right time.” He grimaced. “Or wrong place, I guess. Depends on how you look at it.”

“How do you look at it?”

Jeongguk shrugged. “I’m okay with it. It’s not the worst thing, being a vampire. There aren’t really any hunters around anymore, and most of us are just… peaceful. No drama. Just immortality. Which might suck, in the long run, but I wouldn’t know.” He slumped forward a little, picking at the rim of his glass. “I’m taking things as they come, at the moment. I’m still Jeon Jeongguk, for now. Still alive. Sure, it’s going to be a pain later, explaining to my parents why I’m not getting any older but - it’s better than them thinking I’m dead. I think.”

“Hm.” Taehyung supposed it wasn’t that bad. Sure, eventually everyone Jeongguk knew would die and he would still be the only one alive, but he supposed thinking too negatively when you were immortal was a bad thing as well. “I guess it won’t be too bad, you’ll have a lot of time to learn new stuff. Do you sleep?”

“Yeah, sometimes,” Jeongguk nodded. “Like, if I haven’t had anything to drink in a while I get tired quite easily. I take a lot of naps during the day. And during summer.”

“What do you do, then? As a vampire?” Taehyung asked. “I mean, beside stalking me?”

Jeongguk looked just a little bit flustered. “I don’t stalk you, I keep tabs on you every now and then to check whether you’re doing okay. You know; taking your meds, staying alive. That human bullshit.”

“You mean you watch over me so that you can eventually drink my blood, when I taste good enough?”

“Basically,” Jeongguk admitted. Taehyung grimaced. “But it’s not like I follow you around everywhere or something, I have shit to do too. I have classes, and work. I mean - my whole undead life doesn’t revolve around you, you’re not that special. You just smell nice.”
Taehyung blinked. “Anti-climatic. I was expecting you to tell me you were in love with me or something.”

“Calm down there, Bella Swan.”

With a grimace, Taehyung aimed and kicked Jeongguk as hard as he could in the shin. It probably didn’t hurt very much, because Jeongguk barely flinched. “What did you expect, you overgrown leech. You’ve been obsessed with me or something! Are you just going to leave me alone as soon as you’ve had a bite of me or what?”

Jeongguk shrugged. “That’s generally the plan, yes.”

Taehyung frowned, crossing his arms over his chest and turning up his nose. “Then what’s the point of telling me all of this? Why tell me about everything if you’re just going to leave when all of this is over?”

“Thought it would be better that way, honestly,” Jeongguk said. “I mean - I’m not planning on dragging you into mingling with vampires and werewolves, but you already know we exist, so the best I can do is assure you we don’t really hurt anyone. Most of us, anyway. I mean - there are always assholes, no matter what species, but Jimin usually handles those cases before humans get suspicious.” He shrugged again, and Taehyung hated that he kind of made sense. “I wouldn’t want my shitty self-control to have you walking scared around Seoul for the rest of your life. I’d feel guilty.”

“You’d feel guilty,” Taehyung repeated, deadpan expression on his face. “Yet you plan on drinking my blood.”

“Yep.”

“Fantastic.”

Jeongguk’s eyes brightened, wide grin spreading across his face. “Don’t you mean —” he leaned close to Taehyung, so close his cherry red lips were nearly touching his ear, “—fangtastic.”

“… I hope you burn on a stake.”
“That’s fair.”

Wheein found Taehyung in the university library, nose buried between the pages of *Vampire Forensics: Uncovering the Origins of an Enduring Legend*. She bumped down next to him, brows raised to her hairline at the multiple titles of vampire literature scattered around the table.

“What sort of kink have you gotten yourself into now?”

Taehyung briefly looked up from the passage he was reading to give Wheein a small look. “I’m not sure, but it involves biting,” he voiced, and pulled down the collar of his turtleneck to show his best friend the bright pink scar forming on his neck. “Like, lots of it.”

Wheein’s expression was a mix of disapproval and even more disapproval. “Aren’t you about ten years too late to have a Twilight phase, Kim Taehyung?”

“He doesn’t sparkle, I’ve already discarded Twilight.” Taehyung waved his hand absent-mindedly. “Just nod along please, and pretend like you believe me. It makes everything about ten times easier for both of us.”


“Jeongguk,” Taehyung said, because at no point had Jeongguk asked him to keep *whatever they had* a secret. Hell, Jeongguk had willingly taken Taehyung out to answer all his questions about vampires and werewolves. “He’s the vampire that bit me. He was going to drink my blood but apparently my anemia makes it taste like shit, so now he’s made it his mission to —” Taehyung paused at Wheein’s slack jawed expression, “— he wants to drink my blood, is honestly all you
need to know. He wants to drink my blood, I accidentally invited him into my house one time so now I’m not even safe in my own home, and he’s very attractive. It’s unfortunate.”

“What part of that is unfortunate to you?”

Taehyung grimaced. “All of it, I guess.”

Wheein pulled a book titled *Vampires and Science* out of the large pile of literature on the table. “Okay; I have no idea why you would be lying about this, so I’m just going to assume this vampire obsession isn’t caused by you having been high for the last three weeks. Let’s say it’s real —” she opened the book at a random page, “— if so, you should probably stay at my place.”

“Mh, probably,” Taehyung agreed. “I mean, I’ve come to terms with the fact that he isn’t going to leave me alone until he gets his teeth in me, but I’d rather it didn’t happen while I’m sleeping in my own home.”

“He said he was going to leave you alone?” Wheein asked.

Taehyung nodded. “Yep. Promised, even.”

Wheein snorted loudly. It was obvious she didn’t believe a word Taehyung was saying, but she was at least kind enough to just go along with it. Taehyung really appreciated it. Wheein was great. Taehyung wondered if Jeongguk had a friend like her that he would have to leave behind eventually.

“Apparently, many people think vampires pump blood with their skeletal muscle,” Taehyung said, eyes scanning over the text in his book. He had been here for two hours already, just reading, even though it was stupid. He knew where Bar Soleil was, and could probably go there for more answers than these books could give him. “Do you think that means they can get hard?”

“I don’t know,” Wheein stated, furrowing her brows. “Is it important? Do you plan on hanging the vampire before he sucks you dry?”

Taehyung shrank in his seat, cheeks growing warm. “I’m just curious,” he mumbled unintelligibly.
“Curious if the vampire is good in the sack?” Wheein questioned, looking far too amused. “Please sort you priorities, Kim Taehyung.”

“Please lower your voice, Jung Wheein.”

Wheein sat back, looking smug, Vampires and Science resting on her knees. “Why don’t you just text the vampire and ask if he can get it up or not? Why you gotta pretend like you read serious literature for it if you can just sext him about it?”

“Don’t have his number,” Taehyung mumbled.

“Shame.”

Taehyung slammed the book shut, staring intently at the dark paperback cover of it. He didn’t know why he was just waiting for Jeongguk to pop up like he always did when he knew where to go to get answers. Sure, he wasn’t certain just how safe it was to walk into a vampire bar while not accompanied by an other vampire, but Jeongguk had assured him they had a non-feeding policy there, right? Maybe the bartender — Jimin? — could answer more of Taehyung’s questions.

“What time is it?” he asked Wheein, who was now actually reading the book she had picked out of the pile.

“Around 8 PM, why?”

Taehyung frowned, tapping his fingers against the table. “Vampires are awake at 8 PM, right? They should be?”

Wheein made a noncommittal should — I guess — and Taehyung rose to his feet, pulling his bag and jacket with him.

“Where are you going?” Wheein asked.

“To get some answers.”
“Hello, Taehyung!”

Momo was standing outside Bar Soleil, friendly smile in place and red eyes glinting under the blinking sign above her.

“Hey, Momo,” Taehyung greeted, rubbing the back of his head sheepishly. “Uhm — are you okay with me going inside? I was wondering if, uh, Jimin was in, maybe?”

“Jimin’s inside, so you’re more than welcome! Are you taking your pills?”

Taehyung blinked. “Excuse me?”

“Jeongguk told me you’re taking medication to make your blood taste better!” Momo chirped, cradling her hands under her chin and peering up at Taehyung, cutely. “That’s very nice of you to do for him, Taehyung, I wish I had a human friend like that!”

Taehyung’s eye twitched. “Yes. Friend. Great.”

The bar looked the same at this hour — just a little bit more brightly lit — light pop playing over the speakers. There were no customers at the moment, but Jimin was still behind the bar, silver hair and golden skin unable to miss. Taehyung made his way over, awkwardly gaining the bartender’s attention while loudly clearing his throat. “H-hello, Jimin?” he said, and Jimin looked up from where he was cleaning a fancy glass. “Do you remember me?”

Jimin’s face split into a grin. “Yeah, of course! Taehyung, right? Tequila sunrise!”
“I - it’s Monday —” Taehyung started, but really, when had that ever stopped him before? “Yeah, uhh - one tequila sunrise, I guess.”

“Got’cha!” Jimin voiced, winking at him. “Nice of you to stop by, is Jeongguk not with you?”

“Hm? No - no, I just - I was bored. Decided to stop by to make sure I hadn’t just… imagined this whole place up.” Things shouldn’t make sense, not logically, but Taehyung had the scar on his neck as proof of Jeongguk’s vampirism. He’d seen the faerie girl last Saturday, and she definitively wasn’t human, so honestly Taehyung had no doubt in his mind Jeongguk was telling the truth about everything. He was just trying to figure out how he could think less about it. Whatever magic trick Jeongguk had pulled the first times to make Taehyung’s mind drift off of everything that had to do with the supernatural didn’t seem to be working anymore.

Jimin finished making Taehyung’s drink in record speed, and after sliding it over to Taehyung he pulled out a cold beer from underneath the counter and made himself comfortable on the opposite side of Taehyung. “So,” Jimin said, eyes twinkling. “What would you like to know?”

“Uhh…”

“Don’t be shy. I know you must have questions, and I’m sure Jeonggukie didn’t answer all of them.”

Taehyung hesitated, because honestly he wasn’t entirely sure what he was most curious about. “Are you… human?” he eventually asked, not sure if it was rude or not.

“Yep,” Jimin confirmed.

“Did all of this —” Taehyung gestured wildly around him, “surprise you?”

“Oh, boy — Jeonggukie didn’t tell you?” Jimin laughed, as if Taehyung had said something very funny. “I am mortal, but I was born into this world. The supernatural one, that is. Except I was kind of born to kill vampires, not help them get their monthly blood supply.” Taehyung felt his mouth drop, and Jimin giggled at his expression. “I’m a hunter. My family all are, anyway, and I’m trained well and know exactly how to effectively eradicate bloodsuckers and mangy mutts, but —” he shrugged, “—it’s not really needed. Supernaturals have been blending in with society for a long time, and the only ones I have to get rid of are the ones who turn rouge. And those are far and few in between.”
“Wow,” Taehyung stuttered, not really knowing what more to say, “I guess I feel kind of safe here, knowing that.”

“What, you don’t feel safe with Jeongguk?” Jimin asked, amused.

Taehyung frowned. “I — I don’t know. Well, I know he wouldn’t really hurt me, and I trust him on that, but I also know he only follows me around because he wants to drink my blood and stuff.”

“You sad about that?”

“No,” Taehyung immediately protested, ears turning red. “I don’t know. Maybe. There’s more to me than blood bag, you know. He only shows up like once every week to check if I’ve taken my supplements, not really talking to me but still invading my private space, and now he’s saying he’s going to disappear as soon as my blood tastes good? I mean — that’s kind of shitty of him, isn’t it?”

“Very shitty,” Jimin agreed, lips curling into a sly smile. “You like him.”

“I — I think so?” Taehyung uttered, his face turning warmer by the second. “I mean - we don’t really know each other, apart from the whole thing with him courting me with unlimited iron supplements.” He huffed, because honestly it was infuriating. Taehyung liked Jeongguk about equally as much as he was annoyed with him, which was a great deal. Jeongguk was interesting, and Taehyung at least wanted to know more about him before parting ways. “I don’t know if I actually like him or if he put some weird vampire spell on me, but him trying to drink my blood in that alley was the closest I’ve been to a cute boy in like five months.” Taehyung frowned at his own words. “Does that make me sound desperate?”

“Just a little,” Jimin assured him. “Don’t worry too much about it. I’m sure Jeongguk wouldn’t mind getting to know you better — you just have to tell him you want to. The boy’s dense, but I can tell he likes you.”

Taehyung could have guessed that, honestly. Why else would he be following Taehyung around with bullshit excuses. “How do I even get to that conversation, though?” he wondered. “Like — ‘I know you’re just in it to drink my blood but can we get to know each other first? Maybe make out?’”
It looked like Jimin was about to reply, but then the entrance to the bar opened, another customer appearing for an early Monday drink. At least Taehyung supposed so, until he saw the shift in Jimin’s expression; his face lit up like a fucking Christmas tree, eyes sparkling at the sight of the new arrival.

A pale guy with dusty pink hair and lazy, light-brown eyes approached the bar; he was carrying a large cardboard box without much difficulty, and Taehyung noticed how the guy’s pierced ears were sharp — like an elf’s — and his cheekbones dusted with glitter. Taehyung assumed he was a faerie from his appearance alone.

The faerie placed the box on the counter without acknowledging Taehyung, immediately greeting Jimin with a soft, barely-there smile. “Hey,” he said, voice deeper and raspier than Taehyung had expected.

“Hello nurse,” Jimin grinned cheekily, leaning across the counter to cup the pink-haired man’s face and kiss his nose. “How was work?”

“Hm,” the man grunted, rolling his eyes lightly — probably at Jimin’s nurse comment. Taehyung noticed that he was indeed wearing simple, blue scrubs under his thick coat. “It was okay. Boring. I got this week’s supply, though, should be enough for all the orders we’ve gotten in.” He pulled Jimin in, pecked his mouth and both his cheeks; Taehyung felt like he was intruding on something very, very intimate. “Who’s the human? Friend of yours?”

“His name’s Taehyung,” Jimin said, and Taehyung sat up a little straighter in his seat, locking eyes with the faerie. “He’s Jeonggukie’s friend.”

The faerie looked genuinely surprised. “Jeongguk has friends?”

Jimin snorted at that comment. “I guess he does, now. He brought Taehyung here last Saturday, when you were working your night shift. They’re cute together.” He smiled smugly as Taehyung felt his cheeks redden. “This is Yoongi, by the way. My darling boyfriend. He works as a nurse at Hanyang Medical Center.”

“Oh — oh, that’s how you get the blood!” Taehyung exclaimed, like it wasn’t obvious. “That makes sense.”

Yoongi lifted one eyebrow, sharing a small look with Jimin that Taehyung didn’t know what
meant. “I’ll go store these in the back, and then I’ll go take a nap before the midnight hours set in,” Yoongi said, pulling the box back into his arms. “Nice meeting you, Jeongguk’s friend.”

Taehyung watched as Yoongi moved to the back of the bar, Jimin throwing a flying kiss after his back. “Is he — he’s a faerie, right?”

“Half,” Jimin corrected. “His mom’s a faerie, but his dad was human. Needless to say, he’s not the most popular at family reunions. For multiple reasons.” Jimin shook his head, lightly. “He’s significantly more human than his siblings, and faeries aren’t exactly known for being… pleasant. They don’t understand human emotion or compassion, and they can’t lie, either. Their magic is old and tricky and can lure you into centuries of slave contracts without them actually telling you blatant lies. They’re very persuasive bastards.”

“Wow. They sound… great?”

Jimin giggled, taking Taehyung’s now-empty glass off the counter. Taehyung hadn’t even realized he’d finished it. “As I said, Yoongi is a lot more good-natured than the rest of his family. Though it was immensely difficult to court him, I’ll admit.” Taehyung’s eyes widened as Jimin reached over and lightly pinched his cheek. “Compared to him, Jeongguk is a walk in the park. Vampires are simple. So don’t worry your pretty little head around it.”

Somehow, Jimin’s words of comfort did actually help. Sure, he wasn’t as human as Taehyung had hoped, but it was enough to know he wasn’t the only mortal in this weird, weird world.

“I have one more question,” Taehyung said when he declined Jimin’s offer of another tequila sunrise, on the house.

“Ask away.”

Biting his bottom lip, Taehyung pulled his phone out of his coat pocket and — hesitantly — handed it over to Jimin.

“Do you happen to have Jeongguk’s number?”
> hey can vampires get hard

[from: count draculame]

> ??????? who the fuck is this

[to: count draculame]

> who do you think do you seriously have any other friends

> i went to bar soleil and got your number from jimin

[from: count draculame]

> …. this is taehyung isn't it

> you went to bar soleil to get my number

> just so you can ask if vampires can have sex??
[to: count draculame]

> yeah

> it was really eating me up, im very curious

[from: count draculame]

> ??????????? of all things

> we can, but,,, why is that a thing you were curious about

[to: count draculame]

> idk i feel like it might come in handy in the future to know

> whether or not you can get it up

[from: count draculame]

> ?????????????

> what do you mean

> taEHYUNG???????
“You moved.”

Jeongguk was leaning against the entrance of Taehyung’s university, blending effortlessly into the crowd with his ripped jeans and leather jacket. He looked so good Taehyung had to remind himself to breathe for a short second. Weak.

“Temporarily.” Taehyung corrected him, stopping in front of the vampire and shoving his hands in his pockets. He offered Jeongguk a tiny smile. “A simple precaution.”

Jeongguk looked just a little bit offended. “I wouldn’t actually sneak into your room like some creep and watch you sleep, you know?” he said, frowning deeply. “Despite being a vampire I still know what’s fucking wrong.”

“I know, I know,” Taehyung said, nodding. “You’re a nice, righteous vampire. A shy lil’ bean.”

“… how much did you talk with Jimin, exactly?”

Taehyung only grinned in reply. Obviously, they hadn’t talked too much during Taehyung’s spontaneous visit to Bar Soleil, but Jimin had given Taehyung his own number as well as Jeongguk’s and told him to text whenever he could. It turned out they had a lot in common, and Jimin was very easy to talk to, even over text. It was better to talk to him about inquiries regarding vampires rather than bugging Wheein too much — Taehyung could tell she was reaching the end of her patience now that the exams were right around the corner.
“Do you — wanna go somewhere?” Jeongguk asked, nervously shifting the weight on his feet. “On — uh — on a date?”

Taehyung willed himself not to grin widely. “What happened to ‘my entire undead life doesn’t revolve around you’, hm?”

Jeongguk rolled his eyes, and Taehyung guessed that if vampires could blush, Jeongguk’s face would be a little pink by now. According to Jimin Jeongguk did get easily flustered when people were obviously flirting with him (apparently it happened a lot at Bar Soleil) and Taehyung had decided to test it out. If Jeongguk was persistent on hanging around him for a while, Taehyung might as well make it fun and enjoyable for himself.

“It still doesn’t,” Jeongguk said. “But it could revolve a little bit more around you, I guess. It wouldn’t hurt.”

“Wow!” Taehyung gasped dramatically. “What character development!”

“Shut up.”

Jeongguk’s voice had no real bite in it, a tiny smile playing on his lips. He grabbed Taehyung by the sleeve his sweater, pulling him along. “Let’s go somewhere you can eat. Anything you want?”

Taehyung grinned. “Something with garlic?”

“Now you’re just being an asshole,” Jeongguk snorted. “If you have nothing smart to say, let’s just go to a café. I’m craving coffee.”

“You drink coffee?” Taehyung frowned. “You can still consume human shit?”

Jeongguk grimaced. “Not yet — not food, at least. I can drink things like coffee, tea, soda; but I can’t eat human food. It’s going to take some time for me to teach my stomach to keep it down, apparently. But it is possible — I mean, my Sire’s mate is a chef and everything. They go on dinner dates all the time.”
“And... How old are they?”

Jeongguk shrugged. “I don’t know. Like... five-hundred?”

“Are you saying you won’t be able to eat food in, like, hundreds of years?” Taehyung exclaimed, gasping dramatically. “Wow. That’s truly tragic.”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk nodded. “That’s, like, the worst part of it. But then again I’m never actually hungry, either. Just thirsty for human blood and all that jazz.” He shook his head, like it really wasn’t that big of a deal, but Taehyung couldn’t imagine going a whole year without the taste of barbecue or seafood. Man, that made him sad. “Still - I can drink coffee, so let’s — let’s find someplace nice.”

They ended up taking the subway to Insa-dong, to a café that sold one liter iced americanos for 3000 won. “Why the fuck would I need one liter iced americano?” Jeongguk argued, but he got one anyway, for them to share. Two straws any everything, real romantic. Taehyung tried not to think too much of it, because Jeongguk was still a vampire and he wasn’t sure how wise it was to date one.

“Okay,” Taehyung said when they’d found a nice spot inside the café, huddled into a corner and far enough away from prying eyes, “tell me the best thing about being a vampire. Like — really sell it to me.”

“Seriously?” Jeongguk laughed. “You want me to sell you vampirism?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Taehyung nodded. “Come on. Lay it on me, convince me being a vampire is like, the coolest thing.”

Jeongguk grinned widely, showing off his weird mix of bunny-like front teeth and sharp fangs. “Well — where do I start?” He leaned back in his chair, and it looked like he was really thinking it through. “Okay; all-nighters,” he started, “all-nighters are like, no problem. You won’t be tired as hell the next morning if you decide to stay up all night — or day, in my case — watching anime. When I was still a fledgling — a newborn, I guess — Namjoon didn’t allow me out of his apartment. I basically just spent two weeks marathoning One Piece and drinking out of blood bags.”

Taehyung nodded, taking a long sip of his coffee. “Vampirism equals more anime — got it.”
“I’m sure it will also help me during exam season,” Jeongguk added, “which reminds me — I now have time to learn all the shit I want. Like, I can finish my business degree first since my parents want me to, but then I can do art like I want to, because I have time and Namjoon and Seokjin are backing me financially. Also living forever means at some point you’re gonna earn lots of money. At least Namjoon is, like, filthy rich.”

“Now that you mention it,” Taehyung exclaimed, “all the main leads in dramas who are supernatural — My Love From The Stars, Goblin; they’re all rich, right? So I guess it’s an immortal thing. Do you guys live in, like, a castle or something? A really big mansion?”

“No, we live in Gangnam.”

“Oh.” Taehyung deflated. “A castle would have been cool. If I was a vampire I’d have a castle.”

Jeongguk shrugged, lightly, leaning forward to take a sip of their gigantic coffee. It was a little watery, and definitely not the best coffee Taehyung had, but he didn’t really care. He didn’t come out for the coffee anyway. “I think Namjoon-hyung and Seokjin-hyung lived in a castle before, but they said something about it being a bother to maintain,” Jeongguk explained. “I can understand that, you know. 500 years of household chores probably does something to you.”

“Huh. I guess that’s true.” Taehyung rested his head in his hands, watching Jeongguk as he took another sip of their shared coffee. Their eyes met, and for a second Taehyung thought, wow, he’s really fucking handsome, before the vampire looked away. “Anything else?” Taehyung asked, just to keep the conversation going. It was already painfully obvious Jeon Jeongguk the vampire was attractive, and even more obvious that Taehyung was stupidly attracted to him. That didn’t mean Taehyung needed to think about it at all times.

“Well — it’s quite fun showing up at the gym and lifting as much as those really muscular bodybuilding bros. You know, seeing their surprised faces fills me with joy.” Jeongguk sighed. “Other than that — well, there are a lot of small things. I don’t get tired as quickly, got more energy to do the shit I want. Did I tell you I teach dance classes?”

Taehyung blinked. “No,” he said. The most Jeongguk had said about dancing was that he was supposedly good at it, but Taehyung had heard that from guys in the club right before they brought out the whip and naenae. “I wasn’t aware you were that good of a dancer? Do you teach, like, kids?”
“Elementary kids, middle schoolers. The other instructor is a werewolf, so —”

“Jesus Christ, those poor kids!”

It was very noticeable, the way Jeongguk flinched, shoulders rising and face twisting into an uncomfortable grimace. “Ah,” he uttered, “p-please don’t say that.”


He flinched again, and Taehyung’s eyes widened. “Oh shit — is that a thing? Like — the name of God can actually hurt you?”

“Not actually hurt us,” Jeongguk mumbled. “Crucifixes can, but hearing… the name — it kind of just makes us very uncomfortable and a little bit nauseous. We can’t say it, either.”

“Huh,” Taehyung nodded. “I guess we know what our safe word is.”

Jeongguk’s eyes widened. “What?”

“What?” Taehyung mimicked, feigning an innocent smile.

Jeongguk’s cheeks puffed up in a manner that certainly did not scream “bloodthirsty vampire”. He looked annoyed. “Taehyung,” he seethed, lips curling over his fangs. “You can’t just… say that and expect me not to ask questions! And — and you need to explain what you meant with that text, too!”

Taehyung tilted his head to the side. “What text?” he asked, trying his best not to laugh.

It was fun watching Jeongguk so frustrated. Taehyung felt a smile creeping onto his lips, because he could only imagine how much the vampire would be blushing if it was physically possible —

“Oh.”
It was faint, but Taehyung could see the slight hint of a pinkish hue on Jeongguk’s cheeks. He gaped, stood up in surprise, and leaned over their small table to cup Jeongguk’s cheeks. His skin was cold, but not dead-cold, more ‘I’ve been outside for a few hours in the snow’-cold. “Woah!” Taehyung exclaimed, pinching Jeongguk’s skin. Jeongguk made no apparent move to resist Taehyung’s ministrations, merely sat there with wide eyes as the human examined his face. “You’re blushing! You can blush?”

“O-obviously,” Jeongguk said after a short silence, hands coming up to grab Taehyung’s wrists — he pried Taehyung’s fingers off his face. “If my blood can rush to my dick it can also rush to my face, you idiot.”

That made sense, obviously, but Taehyung had never thought of it. Before he could realize what he was doing, Taehyung’s eyes dropped to Jeongguk’s crotch area. “Oh, right,” he heard himself say. “Makes sense.”

When Taehyung looked back up, Jeongguk was staring at him, red eyes gleaming. He was still holding onto Taehyung’s hands, and suddenly Taehyung felt a little vulnerable, realizing how easy it would be for Jeongguk to actually hurt him. Jeongguk seemed to be staring at his neck, and Taehyung gulped audibly. “You’re taking your pills, right?” Jeongguk suddenly said, licking his lips, and then — before Taehyung could even think of a reply — he was leaning in.

Oh shit. Shit. He’s going to bite me—

“Jeongguk —!”

Jeongguk did not bite him. Instead, the vampire pressed his lips softly against Taehyung’s, so gently Taehyung might have mistaken it for an accident. It obviously wasn’t, however, since Jeongguk did it again, and again, and Taehyung slowly but surely felt his eyes slide close, enjoying the gentle press of Jeongguk’s lips against his own. It was just kisses, and they were in public, but despite that it filled Taehyung with warmth. Which was weird considering Jeongguk’s lips were a little cold and chapped.

“Public,” Taehyung managed to say, voice uncharacteristically weak, “we’re in public, Jeongguk.”

Jeongguk barely moved away, face still impossibly close and red eyes focused on Taehyung’s lips. “You’d rather we go somewhere private?” he asked. “Moving fast there, aren’t you?”
“Y-you’re the one who kissed me out of nowhere!” Taehyung spluttered, face probably a matching hue with Jeongguk’s eyes at this point. “I thought you were going to bite me and suck me dry in the middle of this coffee shop! Then I’d never — I’d never, you know, see you again.”

Jeongguk’s eyes widened.

_Ah, shit._

“You — you wanna see me more?” he asked, brows furrowing. “L-like this?”

“Yes, you fucking idiot,” Taehyung said, rolling his eyes. “I don’t even know _why_, but I want to see you again. I don’t want you to just keep tabs on my medicine intake and drink my blood and then leave like you said you would. I wanna get to know you. And maybe — and maybe kiss you more. Like this.” Taehyung licked his lips and closed the distance between them again, placing a small kiss to the corner of Jeongguk’s mouth. “T-that’s okay, right? There aren’t any special dating rules between vampires and humans?”

Jeongguk shook his head, quickly, adorable smile on his face. _Shit_, he was so _cute_. “So — you want to go on another date with me?”

Taehyung sighed. “Yes. _Yes_ I want to go on another date with you, Jeongguk. You’re oddly charming.” He narrowed his eyes at the still-grinning vampire. “It’s not some weird old magic you’re working on me, is it?”

“Nah, I’m just that great,” Jeongguk bragged. “It’s inevitable, that you’d want some of this _sexy vampire sugar._”

Taehyung snorted, pushing Jeongguk’s head back with his index finger. “Yeah, keep telling yourself that, little _leech._” Still, he couldn’t help but beam at how _happy_ Jeongguk looked, nose all scrunched up from how much he was smiling. The part of Taehyung that had seen too many vampire shows and read too much fiction warned him this was a horrible idea, that he would get his heart torn to shreds both figuratively and literally.

The bigger part of him really just wanted to bone the hot vampire.
“Let’s go somewhere else,” Taehyung said, immediately standing up from his seat before his thoughts could catch up to him. “There is this place nearby called the Love-Labyrinth. I believe there are a few dark corners there good for making out.”

visit my tumblr to scream about lack of updates (don't actually)
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

How To Date A Vampire 101 by Kim Taehyung

Chapter Notes

HAAHAHAHAHAHAH IM SORRY (pls dnt kill me)

there is no angst

also not proofread

“T’m dating a vampire.”

Taehyung stretched over Wheein’s lap, groaning loudly as the reality of his own words hit him; he palmed his face in his hands and peeked at his best friend through the gaps between his fingers. She gave him an unimpressed look in return. “Help me, Wheein. I’m a walking cliche. I’m oddly attracted to him and now I can’t stop — I can’t stop thinking of his stupid face.” Taehyung hadn’t even been able to focus at all during class today, only managing to doodle tiny vampires in the margins of his notebook. He had the fresh memory of Jeongguk’s fangs nibbling softly at his lips running through his head on repeat.

“Usually that’s what it’s like the you have a crush,” Wheein grunted in reply, flicking Taehyung’s forehead. “Is he at least hot?”

“So hot,” Taehyung groaned, trashin g his feet a little in defiance. He hated admitting it. Hated admitting how sickeningly attracted he was to a stupid, fetus vampire. “Why am I this pathetic? I didn’t ask to be dragged into some mediocre fan fiction. It’s exam season, I really don’t need this!”

“Suck it up, Kim Taehyung.”

“…”
“Sorry, bad choice of words?”

*I’d love to suck him,* Taehyung thought shamelessly, but he managed to keep himself from actually saying it out loud. As good of a friend Wheein was, Taehyung assumed she didn’t want to know about his bedroom fantasies. She was also only now slowly coming to terms with the fact that Taehyung wasn’t joking about the whole vampire thing, and that was more than enough support for the moment. Taehyung imagined it was difficult being his friend sometimes.

Taehyung sighed again, snuggling into the fabric of Wheein’s cozy sweater. “He’s cute. And hot. But he’s a vampire and honestly I should fucking know better. How desperate am I for a good lay to divulge in something slightly reminiscent of necrophilia?”

“*Taehyung,*” Wheein wheezed. “Oh my God, please don’t think of it like that.”

“What am I supposed to do?” Taehyung pouted. “I’m doomed. What if I actually start to like him, like — like him? He’s charming and all that, and physically he’s like 126% my type. And since he’s a vampire with enhanced strength and all that he could probably fuck me up against a wa —”

“Enough,” Wheein cut him off, placing a hand over Taehyung’s rambling mouth. “Why don’t you actually get to the bone zone with your hot vampire boyfriend before you start to think about the feelings-aspect of it? Right now it sounds mostly like a crush — infatuation, maybe — and lust. Like, you’re fond of him but mostly the idea of him. Is that right?”

Taehyung frowned. It didn’t sound completely right. Not when he got a funny feeling in his stomach every time Jeongguk smiled so hard his fangs were showing. “I guess,” he lied, clearing his throat awkwardly. “I just — now I have even more shit to worry about. Exams, getting my blood sucked — and now feelings.”

“Though life you got there,” Wheein snorted. “Just take it easy, okay? Concentrate on your exams for now, keep in contact with your vampire boyfriend, and then you can talk this over once you have more time. I mean — if there is anything you guys have it’s time, right?”

“True,” Taehyung said, but somehow that didn’t make him feel better.

Wheein carted her fingers through Taehyung’s hair. “You’ll be fine, Taehyung. Now — please get off my lap. I have an essay in sociology that is due in 22 hours and I haven’t even started it yet.”
“Want me to go get you some energy drinks?”

Wheein batted her eyelashes. “Pretty please?”

Nodding, Taehyung patted his friend’s head rather harshly. “Okay, okay. I’ll go out and get some refreshments for you. Start that paper, the snacks will be a reward for what you get done. I’m going to do get my coat.”

“Reward,” Wheein snorted. “If anything this should be you paying back to me for having to listen to all your drunk ramblings thorough the year. I didn’t need to know about your vampire fantasies, or dreams of being sandwiched between several Monsta X-members — yet here we are.”

“Fine. Whatever. I’ll be back with your payment.”

Pulling on his coat — the autumn sun was harsh today, and the air crisp and cold — Taehyung tailed out of Wheein’s small apartment to the closest convenience store. It was only a few hundred meters down the road, right next to a bakery, and Taehyung had been there one too many times after getting piss drunk at Wheein’s place.

Taehyung politely greeted the prepubescent boy behind the counter and walked straight to the snacks aisle, surveying the different options. He knew Wheein’s favorites by heart at this point, and was about to grab a bag of dried squid when his phone rang. Count Draculame flashed on his screen, and Taehyung answered it embarrassingly fast.

“Hey, what’s up?”

“Where are you?” Jeongguk said, sounding panicked.

Taehyung frowned. “Uhm — I’m at a convenience store? Buying snacks?”

“Where, Taehyung?” Jeongguk stressed. “I need to know where.”
He supposed something was wrong, because Jeongguk really didn’t sound like he was joking. “It’s in Yongsan, close to the international school,” Taehyung said, “what, do you want the exact address or —?”

“No, I’ll find you,” Jeongguk said. “Stay where you are.”

“What?” Taehyung exclaimed, but Jeongguk had already hung up. “What the fuck you stupid bloodsucker.” He stared out the windows on the front of the store, and true enough the sun was shining. It was definitively not ideal weather for Jeongguk to go anywhere outside. Why was he even awake at this hour?

Taehyung made sure his phone was on the loudest sound setting before slipping it back into his pocket, turning back to the task at hand. He grabbed a few bags of crisps and moved towards the drinks section, contemplating sitting down in the small dining area with some instant noodles to wait for Jeongguk. He didn’t know how fast a vampire could run exactly (or where Jeongguk even was at the time of the call), but the vampire had sounded very desperate so Taehyung was going to follow orders for once.

Taehyung grabbed a box of cup noodles and paid for all the snacks and drinks, and just as he sat down in the tiny seating area by the microwaves and kettles, Jeongguk stormed in. He was wearing a cap, sunglasses and a mask, body fully covered in clothing and hood pulled up over his head; as far as Taehyung could see there was basically no visible skin on him yet Jeongguk smelled a little bit burnt, and Taehyung wrinkled his nose as Jeongguk crashed down in the chair next to his.

Jeongguk pulled off the face mask and sunglasses, quickly, and looked at Taehyung with obvious distress.

“What —”

“Hug.”

There was no time to protest before Jeongguk pulled him in for an embrace, squeezing Taehyung as close as he possibly could while they were still sitting on the spindly chairs. “Sorry,” Jeongguk muttered, lips barely brushing over Taehyung’s ear. Taehyung shuddered. “I woke up to a scare.”

“Why?” Taehyung frowned, burrowing his face into Jeongguk’s shoulder to hide his oncoming blush. “What happened?”
“Jimin called. There’s a rouge vampire loose in the city.” Jeongguk sighed deeply, pulled away slightly to look at Taehyung’s face. “He wasn’t spotted anywhere near this neighborhood but — I was still worried. It’s stupid. But — but if you’ll let me, can I just stay with you until the immediate threat is taken care of?”

Taehyung felt warmth wash over him at Jeongguk’s pleading expression, and he couldn’t really bring himself to protest. Sure, Jeongguk was probably overreacting and Jimin surely had the situation under control, but Taehyung — Taehyung liked that Jeongguk worried. That he cared enough about Taehyung to have ran out in the scorching sun to make sure he was okay.

He still smelled weird though, and Taehyung only noticed why when he got a good look at Jeongguk’s hands.

Jeongguk’s hands without gloves.

“Shit, Jeongguk!”

The vampire’s hands had obvious burns and blisters on them, and Taehyung made a sound of terror because holy shit it looked painful. He carefully grabbed Jeongguk’s wrists, making sure not to touch the burnt areas, inspecting them carefully. “What were you thinking?” he hissed, shooting Jeongguk a sharp glare. “You should have worn gloves, you idiot!”

“It’s okay, it’ll heal —” Jeongguk started, but Taehyung was having none of it. He stood up from his seat and stomped towards the teenage cashier.

“Do you have any bandages or something?” Taehyung asked, the cashier jumping at how sharp the tone of his voice was. “First aid kit? My stupid boyfriend managed to get himself hurt.”

The poor convenience store employee stuttered out a I think we have a first aid kit in the back I’ll go get it, and ran to the back of the store, through a door that said ‘staff only’. It was obvious he was just a little bit terrified of Taehyung, because he returned in less than 20 seconds, green first-aid kit in his hands. “Thanks kid,” Taehyung said, grabbing it out of the cashier’s grip.

He slammed the first-aid kit onto the table in front of Jeongguk, opened it, and started pulling out the necessities for taking care of burns; some antibiotic ointment and bandages. Taehyung once worked at a summer camp and had to take first aid class, so he could probably handle a sunburnt
“Hands on the table,” Taehyung instructed. Jeongguk was staring dumbly at him. “Now, idiot.”

Jeongguk did as he was told, but Taehyung could still sense the vampire staring intently at him. Taehyung tried to ignore it and pulled out a bottle of water he’d bought from the bag of snacks by his feet. “This might sting,” he said, before pouring cold water onto the blisters on Jeongguk’s hands. The vampire sharply hissed, and Taehyung turned to see Jeongguk’s fangs biting into his bottom lip, eyes turning a startling red. Well, Taehyung thought, I guess it’s really painful.

“Hey,” Taehyung said, softly, after looking over his shoulder and making sure the cashier wasn’t meddling in their business. “It’s okay. It’s gonna hurt, but you’ll handle it, right?”

Jeongguk nodded, quickly, and Taehyung took that as a sign to pour more cold water onto the vampire’s hands; Jeongguk groaned this time, less vocal, and then he dived forward and hid his face in the shoulder of Taehyung’s ugly alumni sweatshirt. Hurts, he muttered, but Taehyung kept his resolve and continued pouring, knowing the cold water would soothe the nasty burns on his hands. It wasn’t an ideal place to nurse burns, but it would have to do for now.

He managed to carefully dry the vampire’s hands before dabbing some ointment onto the burns, Jeongguk now fully pressed up against his side and nuzzling into the crook of Taehyung’s neck. Taehyung didn’t even think about how close Jeongguk’s teeth were to his throat at this point, fully immersed in the task at hand.

“Okay, bandages,” Taehyung said, grabbing for the gauze, “almost done, Jeongguk.”

“Mhm.”

Wrapping Jeongguk’s hands carefully in bandages, it turned out, was a simple task. Jeongguk had stopped whining and hissing at this point, saying that the pain was slight. Apparently he healed fast, but never this fast, so Taehyung felt oddly proud as he looked at his finished work; Jeongguk’s hands and fingers were almost completely covered by the bandage. “There we go,” Taehyung said, and he watched as Jeongguk removed his head from Taehyung’s shoulder and stared down at his fingers. “As good as new.”

“Thank you,” Jeongguk said, expression soft, and then he put his chin back on Taehyung’s shoulder. “You’re great.”
“I sure am,” Taehyung said, staring at the mess on the table. They would have to really clean this up before leaving, because water was dripping onto the floor and there were bits of bandage everywhere. “Sure you would have done the same.”

“Of course,” Jeongguk’s voice rumbled, and Taehyung could practically hear grin on his lips. It amazed Taehyung how quickly Jeongguk could go from *pissy vampire-baby* to *piece of shit*. He felt Jeongguk shift, and then his lips pressed against Taehyung’s cheek, and he *giggled*.

Taehyung narrowed his eyes and turned just slightly to look at the vampire; Jeongguk had a shit-eating grin on his face, as expected. “What?”

“You called me your boyfriend.”

Taehyung’s heart stuttered.

“D-did I?” he said, quickly. “Slip of the tongue.”

“Aha. You, know, I’d love to slip my tongue —”

“*Quiet,*” Taehyung stressed, looking towards the cash register, where the unfortunate employee was very obviously doing everything in his power *not* to stare at them. Taehyung sure hoped Jeongguk’s *vampire sugar* would help the guy forget everything that happened in this convenience store today. “You’re supposed to still be in *pain, dickhead.*”

Jeongguk only laughed, slipping his arms around Taehyung’s waist and hugging him close, to the point where Taehyung thought Jeongguk would actually pull him into his lap. He made a strangled sound, not knowing how to hug Jeongguk back in this position; the vampire was snuggling his face into the crook of Taehyung’s neck again, and this time Taehyung was *very* aware of how close Jeongguk’s fangs were.


Taehyung did not trust himself to reply, but he thought Jeongguk was pretty great, too.
from: [count draculame]

> my sire wants to meet you

to: [count draculame]

> no

from: [count draculame]

> ???? what? thats rude, taehyung, he really wants to meet you

> so does his mate

to: [count draculame]

> im not ready to meet your parents
As soon as Taehyung’s exams were over — and Jeongguk’s, apparently — the vampire did convince Taehyung to come meet his sire, with the promise that Jimin would be there as well. It was a *get-together*, Jeongguk said, and Taehyung grimaced at him, because honestly he wasn’t all that stoked about meeting Jeongguk’s vampire-parents. Vampire-benefactors. Whatever Jeongguk wanted to call them.
“You know,” Taehyung complained when they were taking the elevator to the penthouse of a gigantic apartment complex in Gangnam, “this means I’ll go through the bullshit of meeting your parents twice. Because you have two sets of parents.”

Jeongguk sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Namjoon and Seokjin are not my parents, Taehyung, please calm down,” he said, and Taehyung grimaced at him in the gigantic mirror in front of them. The mirror Jeongguk didn’t even show up in. “If I take you to meet my actual parents I’m pretty sure I’ll be the nervous wreck, because I haven’t actually met them face-to-face since I was turned.”

Taehyung frowned. “You’ve avoided your parents for a year?”

“Yeah,” Jeongguk muttered. “I’m an asshole, I know. But I’m afraid they’ll just… know, you know?”

“I don’t think help, my son is a vampire, will be their first reaction,” Taehyung reassured him, because Jeongguk looked a little sad and Taehyung liked it a lot better when Jeongguk was smiley and cocky. “They’ll probably just hug you and wonder if you stay inside playing too many video games.”

Jeongguk scrunched his nose up, adorably. “Think so?”

“Yeah. Don’t worry.” Taehyung slid his hand into Jeongguk’s, squeezing it quickly. “But for now — let’s deal with the vamps, yeah? I mean, you might grow tired of me and my pungent blood so fast I won’t ever have to meet them.”

The elevator dinged open. “Don’t think that’s possible,” Jeongguk said, and Taehyung ignored the rapid beating of his heart as Jeongguk pulled him out of the lift.

The penthouse apartment was gigantic, the elevator leading them straight into a wide hallway with a staircase, chandelier hanging from the roof of the second floor. Taehyung stared in awe, nearly tripping over himself when Jeongguk told him to take his shoes off.

“Hello! Welcome to our lair!”
Taehyung looked up from where he was putting on the adorable guest slippers — they had little bat faces on them! — Jeongguk offered him to see a tall, dimpled man walk towards them down the grand staircase. He was dressed in clothing certainly unsuited for this century, and Taehyung thought he looked like some king. A vampire king. “Uhm — hello,” he greeted, a voice reminding him in the back of his head that this guy was, like, ancient. Definitely old enough for Taehyung to have to bow 90 degrees. So he did.

“Oh — no need to be so formal!” the vampire said, taking Taehyung’s hand suddenly and shaking it. Taehyung heard Jeongguk sigh loudly from the side. “It’s okay! I may be old, but I’m down with the kids.”

“Oh boy,” Jeongguk whispered, and Taehyung blinked at the smiling, regal vampire, trying to process those words. Down with the kids. “Taehyung, this is my sire, Namjoon. Namjoon this is Taehyung, my — my —”

“Boyfriend,” Taehyung finished, when Jeongguk looked at him with an expression that said ‘what the fuck do I introduce you as’. “Boyfriend, possible bloodbag. We’ll see where the future leads.”

“Possible bloodbag,” Jeongguk’s sire — Namjoon — repeated, frowning. “I hope he isn’t forcing you into anything you do not want, Taehyung. If you’re going to be Jeongguk’s subjugate, then that’s very nice of you, but make sure every feeding is on your terms, okay?”

“Namjoon-hyung,” Jeongguk whined.

Taehyung was confused. Subjugate? “Uh — thank you for your concern, sir, but Jeongguk hasn’t even really… fed on me yet.” Though, Taehyung would admit, he was thinking more and more about it these days. He was wondering if it would hurt as much as he remembered it to, and if Jeongguk was going to just do it when he felt Taehyung tasted good enough. Don’t get him wrong, he had been very good at taking his meds lately to prepare for it, but he hoped Jeongguk was going to give him at least a warning. He wasn’t against the idea anymore, but there were things he needed to know. “I’m anemic, sir, so I don’t — taste good. Working on it.”

Jeongguk’s arm snuck around Taehyung’s waist, pressing a kiss to Taehyung’s cheek. “I’m sure you taste great, Tae,” he voiced. “I mean, I hope. Won’t bite you until we’re sure, though.”

“Mhm,” Taehyung hummed, willing down his blush. “Uh — thank you for inviting me, sir.”
The older vampire smiled, looking very non-murderous for a vampire that was supposedly 500 years old. “Oh, it was my pleasure. Jeonggukie has been talking about you non-stop, so we couldn’t wait to actually meet you. Why don’t you join us in the dining room? Seokjin should be done with the food by now, and the other guests have already arrived.”

With Jeongguk’s arm still around him, Taehyung followed Namjoon towards the right, into a dining hall. The chandeliers seemed to be a running theme, and there were old-looking paintings on the wall and a myriad of potted plants situated around the room. In the middle was a long dining table, dressed with blood-red tablecloth; the food on the table looked positively mouthwatering, and Taehyung was very happy he hadn’t eaten at all today.

Jimin was there, and so was his faerie boyfriend Yoongi, the two of them talking animatedly to a guy with tanned skin, orangey-blonde hair and startling yellow eyes. When he laughed loudly at something Jimin said and his mouth opened wide, Taehyung got a good look at his sharp canines.

“You already met Jimin,” Jeongguk started as they sat down, and Jimin sent Taehyung an exaggerated wink from the other end of the table. Taehyung did a double-take at him, and wondered how he hadn’t seen the obvious scars on Jimin’s face before. “So I don’t have to introduce you again. That’s —”

“I met Yoongi, too, actually,” Taehyung said, trying not to stare too obviously as Jimin rolled up the sleeves of his sweater and exposed more scarred skin; bite-marks, claw-marks, lots of them. “Like, very briefly, but we met.”

Yoongi nodded, as if to confirm this. “Yeah. Jeongguk’s only friend. I remember you.”

“Hyung,” Jeongguk complained. Yoongi grinned, looking very satisfied with himself. “Anyway,” Jeongguk continued, motioning towards the unknown guy with the yellow eyes. “This is Hoseok, the family dog.”

“Rude,” Hoseok said, eyes gleaming with mirth. “Don’t mind the mosquito, cutie, he’s just being pissy because he totally knows werewolves are far superior to vampires.” Jeongguk mumbled something about can’t believe you’re saying this in a vampire’s home, but Taehyung was too excited to care at the moment.

“You’re a werewolf?” Taehyung asked. “That’s so cool!”
Hoseok was grinning wide. “I know right?” he said, giving Jeongguk a knowing smirk. “See, Jeonggukie? Even your friend knows I’m better. Suck it.”

Taehyung felt like there might be some rivalry between them — some sort of competition he didn’t know about — because soon enough Jeongguk’s arms were around his waist again, chin propped onto Taehyung’s shoulder and lips impossibly close to his neck. It was like Jeongguk knew this particular position got Taehyung extremely flustered. “Tae,” he whined, kissing just below his jaw. “I’m still the coolest, right?”

“That’s the coolest,” Taehyung uttered, cheeks flushed. He tried to push the clingy vampire off. “Vampires are the best. You’re the best.”

That seemed to have been the answer Jeongguk wanted to hear, because he let Taehyung go and moved — more or less — into his own seat.

Yoongi clicked his tongue, pink eyes fretting between them. “Friends, huh?”

The food was spectacular, all of it prepared by Namjoon’s mate, Kim Seokjin. Apparently he owned several restaurants around Seoul, and Taehyung assumed that would be the vampires’ main source of income. He just thought it was very fascinating that someone who didn’t need to eat had decided to become a chef. “You know, you learn to appreciate food a lot more when you don’t need it,” Seokjin said. Taehyung had deemed Seokjin the responsible one, since Namjoon had already managed to knock over two glasses of wine during their short time together.

It was kind of funny. Namjoon was hundreds of years old yet he was clumsy as hell. Fearful creature of the night indeed.

Jeongguk was the only one not eating, sitting next to Taehyung sipping blood out of a plastic cup. He used a straw, even, to be polite to the guests, but Taehyung felt a little bad for him. It looked like he really wanted to eat beef and jjigae and everything else with the rest of them, and instead he was stuck with some mediocre O positive.

“This is amazing, as usual,” Jimin told Seokjin, mouth full of food. Yoongi grimaced from the side, told him to take it easy, you aren’t healed yet, while pressing a careful hand to Jimin’s
He must have gotten hurt tracking down the rouge vampire Jeongguk talked about.

“How’d it go?” Jeongguk voiced Taehyung’s thoughts. “The rouge?”

“Took him down, obviously,” Jimin said with a grin, pride evident in his voice, “but it wasn’t a walk in the park. It was an experienced vampire, not just a fledgling the werewolf aides had lost track of. He got a few good scratches and bites in — but of course I handled it. Worst thing is just that while I’m healing, mister grumpy pants —” Jimin good-naturedly bumped Yoongi’s shoulder, “won’t let me wear my magic. Which is probably why Taehyung keeps looking at me like he’s seen a ghost.”

Taehyung spluttered when the attention suddenly turned to him. “N-no!” he exclaimed. “I just — I was just worried, it’s a lot of scars!”

Yoongi scoffed, “yeah, and he’s proud of each and every one of them.”

“A warrior bears his scars with pride, honey,” Jimin teased, effectively making Yoongi roll his eyes again. Their relationship was interesting, honestly. Taehyung really wondered how a half-fairy ended up dating a vampire slayer. “But don’t you worry, Taehyung, Yoongi takes good care of me. I’m not hurt, and the only reason I use magic to hide the scars is because they frighten the vampires a little. The ones that show up at the bar, I mean. Most of them know I’m a hunter, but seeing the scars makes it kind of more real, you know?”

Taehyung didn’t really know, but he nodded anyway.

“Well, it’s a good thing you took care of it,” Namjoon spoke, “you hunters make it better for us who try lead normal lives.”

“Got your back, Boss Vamp,” Jimin winked.

It was cool. Jimin was cool, because Taehyung didn’t really want to imagine what his meeting with Jeongguk had been like if vampires weren’t relatively peaceful. Actually, if Namjoon wasn’t your friendly neighborhood vampire, if he hadn’t been there when Jeongguk had his accident — Taehyung still didn’t know exactly what kind of accident it was — then Jeongguk would have been...
dead. Taehyung would never even have met him if he hadn’t been turned by upstanding citizen vampires Namjoon and Seokjin.

The thought made him sad, very suddenly, and he turned to look at Jeongguk, who was grinning widely at something Namjoon and Seokjin were talking about. He looked carefree, young, and while the fangs were a clear indicator he wasn’t just some normal guy, Taehyung was just happy he was there. Happy Jeongguk wasn’t dead. Happy Jeongguk had cornered him in that alleyway trying to drink his blood, so that Taehyung had the chance to get to know him.

*Shit*, Taehyung thought. *I’ve already gone and fallen for his stupid, bloodsucking ass.*

“You okay?”

Jeongguk was staring at him, looking just a little bit worried. Taehyung snapped out of his daze, shook his head and sent the vampire a smile that hopefully said *I-am-fine-and-I-did-not-just-realize-I-am-a-little-bit-in-love-with-you.* “Yeah, just spaced out for a bit,” Taehyung said, taking a deep breath. “A little tired, that’s all. My Chinese literature exam kicked my ass.”

“Yeah?” Jeongguk didn’t look to convinced. “You sure? You look a little — upset?”

“Your face has that effect.”

“Wow.”

Jeongguk dropped the subject, then, and they finished their meal not saying another word. Seokjin said there would be dessert as soon as everyone was feeling up for it, and ordered Jeongguk to show Taehyung around the house in the meantime. As much as Taehyung really wanted a house tour however, he wanted some time alone with Jeongguk more. They hadn’t really seen each other the last week, and that realization of *Jeongguk could have been fucking dead* hit him very hard.

He just really wanted a hug.

“This is my room,” Jeongguk said, sounding very much like a nervous teenager while saying so. He had pulled Taehyung up the grand staircase in the hallway to the second floor and entered the first room on their left. His room was a lot less vampire than Taehyung expected; there were no windows, obviously, only posters of IU and BigBang on the walls, and a boring desk with a laptop
on it. There was no coffin, either. Only a queen-sized bed with bland, blue bedsheets.

“Huh,” Taehyung voiced. “I expected more.”

“… more what?”

“I don’t know? More of a dark lair, I guess. Stone walls. A coffin for you to sleep in.”

Jeongguk snorted. “Coffins are extremely inconvenient. And claustrophobic. And not at all ideal for sexy times.” Taehyung supposed he could see that. He wasn’t all that tempted at having sex with his hot vampire boyfriend in a coffin. “Not even Seokjin likes them, and he’s ancient,” Jeongguk added.

“What about Namjoo — ah!”

Suddenly pulling Taehyung down with him, Jeongguk fell down on the soft bedsheets; Taehyung made a slightly embarrassing sound as Jeongguk winded his arms around Taehyung’s shoulders and snuggled him into his chest. Taehyung was kind of happy he could hide his reddening cheeks in Jeongguk’s white t-shirt. “Hm — Namjoon is a special case,” Jeongguk started to answer Taehyung’s question, “you know those hipster kids, who only listens to indie bands and wears thrift shop clothing and only eats organic? Thinks they’re all special because they still appreciate the classics?”

“Ugh, yeah.”

“That’s Namjoon. Just with vampirism.”

“Oh, wow.” Taehyung made absent patterns on Jeongguk’s chest. “He’s kinda lame.”

“Tell me about it.”

Taehyung pressed his lips together, and then he moved up and rested his elbows in Jeongguk’s chest. Oof, what the fuck, dude, Jeongguk mumbled, but Taehyung cut him off with a short kiss. “Still wanna thank him,” Taehyung said quietly. “Namjoon.”
“Why?”

“'Cause he saved you.”

Jeongguk turned silent, red eyes boring into Taehyung’s; he raised his hand and ran his fingers through Taehyung’s fringe. “Yeah, he did.”

“What happened, really?” Taehyung pressed, because it felt like the place and time to discuss this. “How did you… die? You said it was an accident, right?”

The vampire looked sheepish, all of a sudden. “Yeah — yeah, it was an accident, kinda. And it was stupid, but I don’t really regret it, you know?” Taehyung really didn’t. “Ah, of course, you don’t know,” Jeongguk continued, voice turning small. “So — I used to do a lot of night deliveries about a year ago, and I was out like, after midnight on my vespa —”

Taehyung snorted. “A vespa.”

“Shut up. Anyway, I saw this kid, probably a high schooler, and he was cornered by a few thugs and stuff. I’d taken a few boxing classes, thought I could handle them and save this kid, but you know — they were three guys with knives.”

“Oh my God.” Jeongguk flinched. “Shit, Jeongguk, you’re an idiot?”

“You sound surprised.”

“I know you’re an idiot, but that takes the cake!” Taehyung frowned deeply at the small, flustered smile on Jeongguk’s face. “Did the kid get away, at least?”

Jeongguk nodded. “Yeah. He managed to run away and I got stabbed a lot. And then Namjoon found me bleeding out in an alley. He said my last, dying breath was inspiring so he decided to turn me.”
“What’d you say?”

“Dunno. Never asked.”

Taehyung hummed, staring down at Jeongguk; he looked kind of silly from this angle, and Taehyung wanted to bring out his phone and take a blackmail-worthy photo of the vampire and his several chins.

But his own tears kind of stopped him from doing just that.

“Oh shit. Shit, Taehyung, why are you crying?!”

“Why do you think?” Taehyung sniffled, hurriedly sitting up and covering his face with his hands. Shit, he was really sobbing at this point, tears flowing down his cheeks like crazy. “You f-fucking idiot! How could you g-go ahead and do something so stupid? Why the fuck d-did you have to go and play h-hero, h-huh?” He smacked Jeongguk’s chest, the vampire releasing a slight grunt. “You could have died for real! What if Namjoon hadn’t been there, huh?”

Grimacing, Jeongguk rubbed the spot where Taehyung punched. “Trust me, I’ve thought about that myself,” he uttered. “I know it was stupid, but at this point there isn’t really anything I can do to change it. I’m not dead, Tae. Thanks to Namjoon I’m not.”

“But you could have been!” Taehyung stressed, leaning down to cup Jeongguk’s face in his hands and forcefully squish his face together. “I could have never met you.”

The vampire looked surprised at those words, and he hurriedly — flustered — avoided Taehyung’s gaze. “I —” Jeongguk started, voice cracking, “I know it was stupid, but at this point there isn’t really anything I can do to change it. I’m not dead, Tae. Thanks to Namjoon I’m not.”

The vampire looked surprised at those words, and he hurriedly — flustered — avoided Taehyung’s gaze. “I —” Jeongguk started, voice cracking, “I didn’t know you’d be this upset upon realizing this? I mean, I kind of already thought you’d given this some thought, so I wasn’t expecting you to… cry.”

Taehyung fumed. “You’re my boyfriend you useless bloodsucker, of course I’m upset thinking about the way you fucking died. I like you.” Slowly he leaned down, pressing a soft kiss to Jeongguk’s nose. “I’m sure you put some sort of magic spell on me. I can’t believe you made me fall for your lame, undead ass.”

“Mhm.” The smile on Jeongguk’s face was bright and childish and fucking adorable. “I really like
“You better.”

Sitting up straight again — more like *straddling Jeongguk’s hips* — Taehyung sniffled, and dried the last few tears remaining on his face. “Hey,” Jeongguk said softly, lifting his hand and softly caressing his cheek. “I like you lots. And m’not dead. Not *that* dead, at least.”

“Okay.”

Jeongguk pulled him down again, and Taehyung pressed his face against the side of the vampire’s neck, and Jeongguk threaded fingers through his hair. Then, unexpectedly, as Taehyung grew very comfortable and a little drowsy, Jeongguk’s body started shaking with laughter.

“What?” Taehyung mumbled.

“This isn’t how I wanted you wet in my bed.”

“… fuck off.”
so i’ve been thinking… what exactly DID you say to namjoon that made him change you??

[from: count draculame]

> idk, must have been pretty groundbreaking

[to: count draculame]

> or lame

> like

> “i cant die I'm still a virgin”

> haha im joking

> jeongguk??

> omg are you really

[from: count draculame]

> FUCK YOU IM NOT
“Okay, so,” Taehyung started, dumping a myriad of blankets onto his couch. “I have Netflix, so we can watch movies, but I also own like every episode of Fullmetal Alchemist Brotherhood and every Harry Potter movie ever made, so we have a ton of options.”

Jeongguk was standing in Taehyung’s miniature kitchen, popping them (Taehyung) popcorn. With their schedules being pretty much free and their relationship dwelling into the Serious Zone, Taehyung had invited Jeongguk to stay the weekend at his place. Of course, Jeongguk could have entered Taehyung apartment at any time since he moved back (Wheein got tired of him after a week), but because he was a Good Vampire, Jeongguk did not. Instead he waited until he got an actual invitation.

It would be a lie to say Taehyung wasn’t a little excited to have Jeongguk over for so long. Of course he would be, because at this point Taehyung just really enjoyed Jeongguk’s company.

“I’m okay with, like, everything,” Jeongguk said. “I’ve never watched Harry Potter, though.”

Taehyung froze with the remote in his hand, slowly turning to look at the vampire.

“That’s blasphemy,” he whispered. “You’re part of a magical world yourself holy shit that’s —”

“I — I mean, I guess —”

“That’s a sin, Jeon Jeongguk. I can’t believe you haven’t watched Harry Potter.”

Rolling his eyes, Jeongguk pulled the bag of popcorn out of the microwave. “Well,” he said, rummaging through one of Taehyung’s small cupboards on the search for a big enough bowl, “I guess we’re watching it now, so you can educate me.”
“You bet we are.”

Taehyung had seen Harry Potter many times before, but despite the great replay value, he couldn’t find himself to focus this time. Sure, it was cute watching Jungkook get all interested and excited about one of his favorite series of all time, and Taehyung thought it was hilarious seeing Jungkook’s annoyed expression when he said there were no vampires in the films, just werewolves. But Taehyung didn’t actually want to just watch a movie tonight, he realized.

As soon as Taehyung finished half the bowl of popcorn, he decided it was a little unfair that he was here, stuffing his face with delicious snacks while Jungkook couldn’t eat food again yet. Taehyung had been taking his supplements, he hadn’t had dizzy spell in months, and maybe he didn’t want to admit that he was doing it more for Jungkook than himself, but that’s exactly what he did was doing. He was still scared, he really was, but not really for the same reason any more. Taehyung was more scared about Jungkook not wanting him around after drinking his blood than the pain.

(The pain was still an inevitable thing to be scared of too, of course.)

“Hey.”

Jungkook tore his eyes away from the movie - they’d barely made it halfway through the second film, and Taehyung could tell Jungkook was already quite into it. “Hm?” he uttered, immediately looking back to the screen, where there had been another unfortunate petrification. “What’s up?”

Taehyung swallowed, thickly. “Want some snacks?”

Jungkook snorted, rolled his eyes. “Can’t eat popcorn. You know that.”

Putting the popcorn aside, Taehyung took a deep breath before hurriedly straddling Jungkook’s lap. The vampire made a small noise of surprise, hands moving to Taehyung’s hips by instinct to stabilize him. “Uhh - what the -”

“Wasn’t talking about popcorn,” Taehyung mumbled, one arm winding around Jungkook’s shoulders. He leaned forward, elated at the surprised expression on Jungkook’s face. He supposed Jungkook hadn’t expected him to be this forward.
“I -” Jungkook’s red eyes widened as Taehyung reached up and pulled the collar of his shirt down to bare his neck, “- you - you seriously mean -”

“Well, if you’re thirsty...” Taehyung mumbled, feeling the color rise in his cheeks. “If you want to try and see how it tastes again, then - then I’m willing to -”

Jungkook surged forward, latching his lips onto Taehyung’s, the kiss soft and chaste yet a little rushed and desperate. Taehyung hummed, because God he loved kissing Jungkook. He loved when Jungkook held onto him, hugged him, pressed kisses against his skin and looked at Taehyung like he wanted to spent his entire immortal life with him. He didn’t feel like he deserved the affection and obvious feelings Jungkook harbored for him, but Taehyung still liked him — fuck, he liked him so much. Maybe Taehyung wasn’t ready join the life of vampirism yet, but he wasn’t about to just throw away a relationship he was genuinely interested in trying to make work.

“You serious?” Jungkook asked, staring up at Taehyung with glittering eyes. He looked so happy.

“You sure?”

Taehyung nodded, hurriedly, ignoring the warmth spreading in his chest at the smile on Jungkook’s face. “Come on, you knew I was gonna agree at some point, so -”

“I just - I wanted to make sure to get your permission this time around, since - since I practically tried draining you without your consent the first time we met. Uhm - I’m - are you absolutely sure, then?” Again, Taehyung nodded, not trusting himself to speak. “Okay - okay, just - let me go get something real quick, okay?”

Taehyung barely had time to blink before Jungkook flipped him onto the couch, onto his back, and ran towards the hallway to get his jacket. Jungkook zoomed back with a small handful of bandages and a bottle of some weird, glowing liquid. Narrowing his eyes, Taehyung stared suspiciously at the items. “You were expecting this to happen, weren’t you?”

The vampire bit his bottom lip. “At - at some point, yes? I just wanted to make sure we were prepared when, you know, we were gonna do it.”

“You sound like we’re about to have sex.”

“... you wanna have sex?”
“Now?” Taehyung spluttered, because honestly he didn’t think about Jungkook drinking his blood as something very sexy. It had hurt like hell the first time, and he wasn’t expecting it to hurt any less just because they knew each other now.

Jungkook shook his head, quickly, looking very flustered. “N-no, not now! I mean, it’s probably going to leave you a little light-headed since it’s the first time, and it’s not going to be ideal to fuck you with blood pouring out of your neck -”

“Not ideal,” Taehyung repeated. “Really, Kook?”

“That’s, uhh - it’s just that it gets better, you know, if you allow me to drink from you more times. Like you body will get used to it, is all! And we don’t have to - I mean - if you don’t -”

Taehyung sighed. “I want to have sex with you, you idiot,” he mumbled. “But maybe not while we’re doing this? Maybe later?”

Nodding, Jungkook nervously sat down on the couch next to Taehyung again, Taehyung propping himself up on his elbows. He watched as Jungkook put the bandages and the mystery liquid on the coffee table, next to the bowl of popcorn. “What is that?” he dared to ask, pointing towards the glowing bottle. There was a label on it, but the language was unfamiliar to Taehyung.

“Oh. It’s some ointment. I got it from a witch friend of mine,” Jungkook said. “It’s supposed to heal vampire wounds faster, and numb the pain pretty quickly, too. I picked it up because - because I don’t want it to hurt.”

Taehyung quirked one eyebrow. “You didn’t care about my pain that much the first time,” Taehyung commented.

“That was different,” Jungkook mumbled, playing with his fingers in his lap. “I wasn’t in love with you then.”

Taehyung felt his heart-rate pick up, and he was pretty sure Jungkook could hear it too. “Oh,” he stuttered, voice embarrassingly high-pitched. “I — I’m — t-thank you.”
It was quiet for a while, the only sound in the room being the movie playing in the background. Taehyung was pretty sure he wouldn’t be able to focus on it at all, not after this; especially not if Jungkook was speaking the truth about the whole you’re gonna get lightheaded—thing. “So — you going to suck me or what?”

“… what?”

“My blood, Jungkook. C’mon, let’s get it over with.” Ah, Taehyung loved when his big vampire boyfriend blushed. Filled him with absolute glee. “I’m not immortal, get a move on.”

Jungkook didn’t even bother trying to act annoyed. “Okay. Yeah, fuck, I’m actually really thirsty, so — don’t mind if I do?”

He was fumbling with his words, which was insanely adorable. “Alright. How do you want me?” Taehyung smirked, because he knew how this sounded in this situation. “On my back? Arms above my head? What is the optimal sucking position?”

“You’re doing this on purpose,” Jungkook grunted. “You want a blowjob too?”

“Not from you,” Taehyung sniffled. “I’m not letting these —” he leaned up, put a finger between Jungkook’s lips and pressed it against one of his fangs, “— anywhere near my penis, Mr. Vampire.”

Jungkook sighed. “Alright. No blowjobs. Sad face.”

“I’m not saying you’re not getting any blowjobs,” Taehyung said, leaning back against the armrest of the couch. He sent a wink in Jungkook’s direction, though it kind of failed and he ended up just blinked weirdly. He was too nervous to pretend to be very suave in this situation. “Just not now. I really don’t like the idea of mixing blood and sex, Jungkook.”

“Got it. Well, then.” Taehyung swallowed a squeak as Jungkook moved to loom all over him. Fuck, he was so fucking hot. “Here I go,” Jungkook mumbled, licking his lips slowly as he leaned down to Taehyung’s neck. “Just lie still, baby.”

Taehyung didn’t even dare to nod, going completely still as he felt Jungkook’s mouth on his neck. He expected it to happen fast, but Jungkook hesitated, barely breathing over his skin. “Slap my arm
“if you want me to stop, okay?” Jungkook said, pulling away briefly to give Taehyung a serious look, the joking atmosphere suddenly completely vanished. “Or — just, say the stupid safe word you came up with. You remember it, I — you’re absolutely sure, right?”

“Yes,” Taehyung groaned, getting annoyed. Jungkook’s stalling was making him more nervous. “Just — just get on with it.”

“Okay. Okay.”

Jungkook breathed in, leaned down again, and placed his mouth against Taehyung’s neck. He didn’t beat around the bush this time, and Taehyung winced as the sharp fangs pierced his skin. It hurt, it really did, and Jungkook’s body was pressing him into the couch, preventing him from moving much. “Yep,” Taehyung mumbled, “this is as painful as I remembered it.”

It felt like Jungkook was moving away because of his words, so Taehyung hurriedly circled his arms around the vampire and pulled him closer. “Just drink, Jungkook. I can handle it.”

Jungkook hummed, sucking against the wound; it stung, but not as much as the actual bite had, Jungkook’s tongue sweeping out to lick over his neck every now and then. It still wasn’t comfortable, but the bite itself had been the most painful thing. It took a surprisingly short time for Jungkook to eventually pull away, his lips stained red with Taehyung’s blood and eyes dark red and hooded. “Fuck,” he murmured, leaning down and briefly licking over the open wound, “you taste really good, now.”

“Y-yeah?” Taehyung whispered, fingers threading through Jungkook’s hair. The vampire groaned, sucked at the wound one last time, and then sat back up. He’d ended up between Taehyung’s legs at some point, and Taehyung was lying if he said the thought of Jungkook between his legs for a completely different reason didn’t turn him on immensely. “You finished?”

Jungkook nodded, quickly. “Yeah. I don’t wanna take too much. It would be boring if you ended up lethargic for the rest of the weekend because I couldn’t control my thirst.”

Taehyung felt himself grin. “What a considerate mosquito.”

“I will punch you.”
“I just gave you my blood, Jungkook, be a little nice,” Taehyung huffed. “It hurt. Take care of me. Be a good fucking boyfriend.”

Jungkook’s eyes were suddenly filled with panic. “Oh, shit, I’m sorry — let me just —” the vampire hurriedly leaned over towards the table, grabbing the bottle of ointment and the bandages. He leaned down and licked away any excess blood from Taehyung’s neck — Taehyung squeaked at this — and then dripped a bit of the liquid into the wound. The ointment was cooling, but didn’t hurt, seeping into the wounds; Jungkook might have gone a little overboard, applying a little too much. He wrapped Taehyung’s neck with the utmost care, asking every other second how he felt, and when he finished, he pressed a soft kiss to the bandaged wound.

“There,” Jungkook muttered, smile sliding onto his lips. “Let me go brush my teeth, and we can make out.”

“Okay!” Taehyung grinned.

Jungkook paused when he started moving away, eyes widening as he stared down at Taehyung.

Blinking, Taehyung reached up to poke the vampire’s nose. “What?” he uttered, feeling more vulnerable under Jungkook’s scrutinizing gaze than he had felt with his teeth in his neck.

“You’re —” Jungkook bit his lip, “so cute?”

“You sound surprised? I’m super cute, you’re such a lucky vampire,” Taehyung smiled. “Come on, go wash your mouth. I want kisses. Lots of them.”

“I’ll be right back,” Jungkook promised, jumping off the couch at an incredible speed.

Taehyung did feel a little dizzy, he did, but it was nothing too bad. He had expected a lot worse, and was pleasantly surprised at the aftermath of the whole thing; the wound wasn’t throbbing with pain like the last time Jungkook had bit him, and while it had hurt it hadn’t been unbearable. If Jungkook was speaking the truth about it getting less painful each time, Taehyung was going to consider letting Jungkook drink from him again.

Jungkook was back after a full five minutes, having apparently spent a lot of time making sure his mouth was clean and smelled nice and he had no blood on his face. Immediately, he crashed on top
of Taehyung, hugging onto him and pressing kisses against his jawline. “You okay?” Jungkook asked, voice sweet and red eyes gazing at him softly.

“Mhm,” Taehyung nodded. “Did I do good? How’d I taste?”

“So good,” Jungkook groaned, “man, it’s the best blood I’ve ever had. But I think that’s just because it’s you, you know?”

Taehyung snorted. “My blood tastes amazing because you’re in love with me? Really? You’re going to throw away all my hard work at making myself tasty for you, just like that? Give me a little credit.”

Jungkook just laughed loudly.

“Also,” Taehyung added, trying to move the arm that was trapped under Jungkook’s body, “you’re so fucking heavy. Like — fuck. Get off me, dead weight.”

Jungkook grunted, and suddenly Taehyung found himself flipped around, laying top of the vampire’s chest. “This better?” Jungkook asked softly, and Taehyung hummed as an answer, eyelids drooping as soon as Jungkook started playing with his hair. “You can rest your eyes a little, I’ll wake you up when I have to change the movie.”

“Let me sleep through two movies and I’ll blow you.”

“… fucking deal.”

“Okay, so, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask.”
It was 6 AM. Jungkook groaned. “Now?” he mumbled, staring at Taehyung with tired eyes.

“Yes,” Taehyung said. “I’ve seriously been wondering about something.”

Taehyung sprawled himself all over his naked boyfriend, Jungkook grunting loudly when Taehyung straddled his dick abashedly. “What’s a subjugate?” Taehyung asked, curiously; Jungkook blinked in surprise. “Namjoon mentioned it before, and I think you said something about it, too?”

Rubbing his eyes, the vampire sat up against the headboard, hands trailing to Taehyung’s waist, and then to his ass. Taehyung wriggled a little on top of him. Yeah, Jungkook was guessing Taehyung wouldn’t allow him to go to sleep without at least one more round. He had showed up expecting a movie marathon, damn it. “It’s — what I was kind of hoping you’d be for me,” Jungkook admitted, as Taehyung leaned down to plant a wet kiss to his mouth. The vampire hummed against his warm lips. “It’s a human that’s promised to devote themselves to a vampire, so that the vampire will only drink from them. It’s a… kind of intimate thing, most vampires with human lovers see it as a… confirmation of their relationship, I guess.”


“Y-yeah,” Jungkook grunted, “you’re really not that special, Tae — fuck, you really want to fuck again?”

Taehyung whined. “Yes. It’s the sexy vampire sugar, honey, I can’t help it.” He giggled, and Jungkook couldn’t help but do the same, hands grabbing a little harder at Taehyung’s ass. “But what do you mean not special? I’m the best thing that’s happened to your short, undead life.”

“Yeah,” Jungkook sighed, tilting his head to connect their lips in a short, sweet kiss. “You really are.”

The human’s cheeks turned a brilliant red at that, as if he hadn’t expected Jungkook to agree. “Mh — so, you want to only drink from me?”

Jungkook nodded. “Yeah. I was gonna ask about it, eventually, but I guess you beat me to it.” Jungkook trailed kisses down his boyfriend’s jaw, to his neck, breath ghosting over the bandage.
They’d changed it once already, and the wound was healing nicely thanks to the ointment, but Jungkook wasn’t about to drink from him again anytime soon, no matter how good he tasted. “It’s a bit of a process, though; some magic, a bit of biting, and a very detailed contract. I’m not going to ask you to go through with it unless you — unless you’re sure you want to stay with me.”

“I’m already sure of that, but —” Taehyung said, making Jungkook’s cold heart stutter, “— I guess, I can see where you’re coming from.”

Taehyung stilled a little above him. The mood wasn’t ruined, not really, Jungkook was still horny as fuck right then, but he decided assuring his boyfriend was the best thing — before they went on with the horizontal tango. “There is no rush, Taehyung,” he said. “Like — you don’t have to decide shit like that in years, if you don’t want to.”

“I’ll age, though,” Taehyung mumbled. “Not to sound like Bella Swan here, darling, but I really don’t want to be with you when I’m a wrinkly 80-year old.”

Jungkook laughed heartily. “Don’t worry about that. We have anti-aging potions for a reason. Witches live for centuries thanks to them. Most subjugates don’t get turned unless they really want to, either, you really don’t have anything to worry about.”

“Huh.” Taehyung furrowed his brows. “That’s very convenient.”

Jungkook shrugged. “Witches come up with shit like this all the time; as I said, you’re not the first human to have fallen for a vampire, and anti-aging potions are in high demand. Faeries are also immortal, you know — and you think Jimin is really as young as he looks?”

Taehyung’s eyes widened, and it looked like he was about to ask just how old really Jimin was, but decided against it last second. “You know what — I don’t think I want to know. Instead —” the human jumped out of Jungkook’s lap, and Jungkook felt oddly cold for someone who didn’t really react to temperature changes, “— I’m gonna get some lube. This ass ain’t gonna fuck itself.”

Jungkook grinned as Taehyung sent him some exaggerated and extremely unsexy finger guns. “That’s great. I’ll be here, trying not to fall asleep as the sun rises.”

“I’m still gonna ride your dick into the sunrise.”
“Fucking hell, Taehyung.”

[to: count draculame]

> did you ever ask namjoon about why i could see through your magic?

[from: count draculame]

> oh yea

> he said you probably have ancestors who are witches

> or shamans

> nothing extraordinary

[to: count draculame]

> :(((( thats so lame

> this whole “you’re not special” is really becoming annoying
> i wanted to be magic

[from: count draculame]

> the only thing magic about you is your tongue

(bonus!!)

(“Okay, so —” Taehyung linked arms with Wheein, leading her towards the school gates, “— I’m definitively in love with — and dating — a vampire. I thought I’d let you know.”

Wheein raised one eyebrow. “Alright. Does he have a cute vampire sister?”

“*Nope.*”

“Bummer,” Wheein sniffed. They had both had their last classes today — Wheein finishing her final hand-ins — and Taehyung’s best friend was in a considerably better mood than she had been in the last time he tried to pry the Vampire Bullshit (her words, not Taehyung’s) on her. “I’m assuming you got laid?”

“Oh, yeah,” Taehyung nodded, “nothing dead about his dick.”
“Jesus Christ.”

Grinning, Taehyung pulled her through a mass of crying freshmen. “Anyway…” Taehyung tugged Wheein a little closer. “I’m sure you have a vodka bottle to crank open and celebrate, but — my boyfriend is waiting by the gates, and I know you don’t actually believe he’s a vampire, but it’d mean a lot to me if you’d meet him anyway.”

Blinking, Wheein turned towards the school entrance, eyes scanning over the crowd. “Is it the really pale one in a shirt that says *suck it up*?”

“That’s… definitively him.”

“Huh.”

Taehyung eyed her interested expression with suspicion. Jungkook was walking over to them, sunglasses on despite the cloudy, chilly weather, dressed in a sleeveless top and ripped jeans. He looked so good, damn it, but also definitively not dressed for the temperature. “… what?” Taehyung uttered, when Wheein just continued staring.

“I’m saying this as a lover of tits,” Wheein eventually declared, putting her hands on Taehyung’s shoulders and staring at him seriously, “I’d been offended if you didn’t tap that.” And then she twirled towards the approaching Jungkook, putting on her biggest, dimpled smile; it was brighter than the fucking sun, so Taehyung understood why Jungkook suddenly flinched. “Hey!” Wheein greeted. “You’re the vampire boyfriend!”

Jungkook hesitated, lifting his sunglasses slowly. “That’s… me?”

“Wheein, this is Jungkook. Jungkook, this is my best friend Wheein,” Taehyung introduced them. Jungkook went for a handshake, but Wheein just awkwardly patted Jungkook’s shoulder instead. She was staring a little too intently at Jungkook’s red eyes.

“Oh boy — lovely meeting you,” Wheein babbled, “Taehyung has told me lots about — your eyes are super red — about you, uhh…” She swallowed when Jungkook tryingly smiled at her. “Those are definitively fangs. Fantastic — uhh, I — I have a date? Yeah, with like three bottles of soju. Very nice meeting you, Mr. Vampire, please don’t kill Taehyung, like, ever. B-bye!”
“Wheeh—!” Taehyung cried, as Wheein suddenly sprinted towards the direction of the nearest bus stop. She disappeared quickly in the crowd, and Taehyung pouted after her, disappointed at the abrupt leave. “I was going to ask her to eat some food with us,” he complained, “and maybe get a drink. *Hmpf.*”

Jungkook put an arm over his shoulders, leaning in to kiss Taehyung’s cheek. “Don’t be too upset, Tae. People handle the whole *vampires are real*—thing in different ways. Let her come to terms with it, and we’ll take her to Bar Soleil when she’s ready.”

Huffing again, Taehyung crossed his arms over his chest. “Alright. I guess we’re going there just us, then.”

The vampire hesitated. “M-maybe?”

“… what do you mean maybe?” Taehyung asked, frowning.

“I’m… very thirsty.”

“Oh *fuck off.*)”

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