

# *Hunger for Blood*

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*<https://discord.gg/rphq>*

The dark side alley was only illuminated by the faint light of the full moon in the clouded night sky. The fresh blood felt warm on the man's hand in which he held a blood smeared knife, small pearls of blood still dripping from the blade onto the cobblestone.

The man stood in the alley, gazing down at the dead body of a man with his throat cut open in a wide gash in front of him. To him it didn't matter who this Drunk had been, nore did he care. He'd been unfortunate enough to take the wrong turn into the wrong alley at the wrong time. The air slowly filled with the sweet and metallic smell of blood and death, blooming like forbidden red roses in the air beneath the moonlight. A faint smile tucked on the corner of the man's lips as he was savoring this sweet and yet forbidden scent.

And so he started to disassemble the dead body of his Victim, limb by limb, organ by organ, mutilating the dead body with a twisted delight and with this faint smile playing on his lips humming a little melody to himself as he lost himself in his dedicated work.

"London Bridge is falling down, falling down...  
London Bridge is falling down,  
my...fair...lady..."

As he hummed the melody happily he remembered the gurgling sound of the Drunk as his throat had gotten cut open from behind, his knife soaring swiftly through the air before burying the sharp blade into the soft flesh. To him, it was a beautiful melody that he just couldn't get enough of. In moments like this he felt alive, but it was only until he showed up...

The sharp scent of blood hung heavy in the air. Of course. It would attract him. He hadn't eaten for days, on one of his many.. tests of how long he could last without losing his mind. Although, those around Vilo would've told you that he already lost it. And how couldn't he? He has lived for thousands of years. Saw the death of his family, and friends. Saw how humans treated each other. It isn't known *how* long he had been alive, but it was enough to develop such a hatred for everyone around him.

Vilo paused. A grin slowly curled onto his face, and he blended into the shadows, his footsteps silent as he walked into the dimly lit alleyway. He paused, seeing the scene up ahead, the man dissecting and mutilating the body. He couldn't help but scowl at such a waste of

blood, it was making him angry. It was making him *hungry*.

He could t stop himself as he descended on the man, he lost it, wanting fresh blood, wanting to sink his fangs into something moving. Not something that was dead. His sharp claw like fingers grasp for the man's neck. Pushing him against the wall as his red eyes searched madly for a biting point.

He had not heard the man approach him. His steps were silent, his presence almost unnoticeable in the dark until a shiver ran down the murderer's spine. *Someone was behind him* Just as he was about to turn around the man grabbed him by the throat, pulling him up from his knees and slammed him against the wall.

The murderer was surprised for a moment, shocked even that someone had managed to sneak so close up to him while he was indulging himself in his delicate work. He had always been careful before, picking the right time and the right place for his work, leaving no evidence that would let people think he did it.

But this man was different. He was strong, the grip around his throat tight, his eyes filled with primitive hunger and having an unusual red color. The murderer gasped for air as the man had pinned him to the wall. After a brief moment of processing of what just happened, a grin formed on the murderer's grin as he slammed his knife into the guts of the man, twisting the blade as it had sunken completely into the man's flesh up to the handle. The rough pull off the ground had not caused him

to drop his knife in any way and so the murderer's grip had only tightened around it. He didn't care who this man was. He was a witness and he couldn't let him get away alive or call the guards.

Vilo felt the stab. It burned, just because he was a vampire, didn't mean he wasn't going to feel the pain. His grip tighten but now his eyes was drawn to something else, the grin of his pray, the will to fight back and *enjoy this*. It fascinated Vilo. His nails drew blood as Vilo slammed the murder into the wall, grabbing his wrist trying to force it against the rough brick.

This was a bloody fight, and Vilo was keen on winning. But Vilo was losing blood, black blood mixed with red on the knife.

“You’re a interesting one.. Maybe..”

*Maybe Vilo could keep this one.* He slammed the murderer one last time trying to at least rattle him. Happily watching his reaction, whether it be fear. Or that twisted look of enjoyment. Vilo wanted to see it. That's when his fangs sunk deep into the neck. He couldn't control his hunger much longer. He started to drain the blood from this man. Slow, precise, and watching closely. The more he took, the more color returned to skin.

His nails were sharp. They began to cut into his skin before the man was somehow able to reach out again to slam the murderer back into the brick wall. A pain filled groan escaped his lips. How was this man still alive? Why did he have the power to fight back with even more force than before? The man was confused. His gaze flicked down to where his knife was. *His blood was black* the murderer noticed,



fascinated by this man as he also tried to push his hand back against the brick wall. With ease his hand along with his knife was pinned against the wall with ease. This man couldn't be human.

An amused grin formed back on his lips which slowly began to show hints of despair, but moreover the thrill and sheer excitement of this encounter as he was still fighting against his grip, trying to free himself.

"Bastard" he spat this insult at this monster as he'd made a comment about being interesting. He was about to cuss him out even more as he felt a sharp pain in his neck. He groaned in pain as he felt the sting in the side of his neck. He was able to understand that this man had just bitten him, trying but unable to push him off of him. It was as if all his power and life

was drained out of his veins. The more time had passed, his body grew weaker, the beat of his heart slowing down as his head began to spin. White spots started to dance in his vision when his knife dropped with a metallic clang onto the hard cobblestone. His quick breaths had turned into shorter huffs as he was barely able to remain conscious.

Vilo stopped only when he looked like he was about to pass out. He let the man slump to the hard cobblestone, he slapped his cheek humming.

“Hey now stay with me, the best I can do for entraining me.”

He still kept hand around the man’s throat, and put his free hand in his wound, drawing blood from it. Vilo hummed softly, grabbing his jaw forcing it open as he squeezed his hand

bloody hand. Blood trickled down, forced into the open mouth of his victim. It was..

Extremely bitter. Vile even. Almost popping and burning his tongue. But at the same time, he wasn't allowed to pull away. Vilo wouldn't allow that.

“You'll feel better. Drink up~”

He could feel how his body slid down the brick wall, his heartbeat dangerously slow, the side of his neck burning as he let out a powerless gasp when the man grabbed him by his throat once again. He could feel his jaw being forced open as something hot and extremely bitter began running down his throat. It made him almost choke on it as he was ringing for air already, trying to pull his head away but failing at it. He had no choice but to swallow

the substance that was burning on his tongue and throat in a way that was almost addictive.

His heart began to beat faster, regaining the strength that he lost earlier the more he drank, as his head began to spin, his vision around him began to warp in a light way as he could see the world around him change in a bizarre way, his heart beginning to grow even stronger until pain shot through the man's chest. He let out a pain filled groan as he stopped drinking, clenching his fists to his chest tight as he could feel his heart almost explode. His back arched in excruciating pain as his body began to convulse violently. His heart was beating in his ears like a raging war drum. He felt like he was dying until his body went limp, the world around him now fully submerging into darkness.

Vilo paused, and picked up Fabienne, staring to walk off and out of London from the darkness. He started to hum the tune he had heard from the one in his arms, all the way to Vilos manner, where his servants treated him. Humans addictive to his blood, forever loyal to him as long as he gave them what they want. They went quiet, seeing Vilo carrying someone new, curious but knew to keep their mouths shut.

Vilo sat him down on a bed, he didn't know how he would react when waking up, so Vilo chained his arms to the bed post. Before sitting in a chair from the corner, grabbing a book and starting to read. Waiting.

A few hours later Fabienne slowly began to wake up before his eyes opened wide as he awoke with a gasp, longing for air as if he had

been drowning and kept underwater for too long. To him it felt as if he had been drowning. Pulled down into the darkness as if being pulled down into deep dark waters with no air to breath, only water to swallow and choke on.

As he was gasping he tried to sit himself up in a hurry but got stopped by the rattling cold chains that had bound his hands over his head to the bedpost and his head hurting as if he got run over by a horse carriage. With a groan he laid back down, closing his eyes again while trying to figure out what had happened to him. "Shit..." he muttered under his breath.

After a moment he blinked, looking around him to see the world in way more vivid and sharper colors and angles. It hurt his brain to see like that but at the same time it now felt as if he had never truly seen in his life before. Yet

he couldn't figure out where he was nor what had happened to him. The only thing he remembered was his work in the night and then... there was this odd man. With his head resting on the bed he was still too dizzy to notice the man at the end of the bed.

Vilo's red eyes glanced at him. He knew what it was like to wake up changed like this. He snapped his book shut, a loud crack came from it to get Fabienne's attention.

“Breathe. Slow deep breaths. Shut your eyes.”

His voice, while sounding tired, was commanding. Not a ounce of kindness sounded. Maybe Vilo was still pissed at the fact that moments before, this newly turned vampire was wasting blood. Yet who was he to hold a grudge?

Vilo got up, and walked to the corner of the room where a small table sat, laid on it was two glasses of crimson liquid. Vilo then crossed the room, back to the bed standing over Fabienne.

“Now. If you’re going to be good. You can get unchained, and even have something to eat. If not. I’ll just leave you here all night.”

Fabienne's attention snapped to the man at the end of the bed as he closed his book with a loud snap. He recognized the man immediately. He was the one pinning him against the wall, he remembered stabbing him, but everything was a blur after that.

He promptly ignored the man's advice as he tried to free himself off his shackles. He noticed his skin seeming to be paler than before, an almost sickly white. Almost like



marble. And there was this hole inside of him. A strong, deep feeling of hunger that penetrated him. He'd never felt such hunger and emptiness before. He'd had to get rid of this feeling somehow before it would drive him mad.

The man was now standing beside his bed, his unnatural red eyes staring down at him. He had to be responsible for the condition he was in. "You... what have you done to me?" Fabienne was able to form those words pressed out in between his teeth as he pulled on his chains. He was hungry, confused and somehow, his body felt different. So different that it could not possibly belong to him.

“Simple. You’re like me now. From one monster to another. You’ll learn to live with it~”

Vilo hummed this. Swirling the liquid. The smell of copper coming from it. But even do. Something felt off about it. He watched as the man before him struggled. Found it amusing.

“Come now. You won’t be able to break the chains like that. Not when you have no strength.”

Vilo sat down on the bed, waiting for him to either calm down, or tire himself out.

Whatever came first for Fabienne.

Fabienne knew that he had no chance in his current state to get himself free from those chains, besides the fact that they were made out of solid metal.

He glared at the man as he sat down on the bed, softly panting from his attempt to free himself, his hunger growing stronger with

every moment. "And what kind of monster are you?" He responded in a cold voice, trying to keep his temper. But then there was this smell. This sweet familiar smell. For some reason, something inside him screamed for it as his mouth began to water, his canines aching as they grew longer and longer into razor sharp fangs that Fabienne hadn't noticed yet. He longed for whatever this was inside of the glass that this man held, but he tried to hide his hunger as best as he could.

"Haven't you ever heard the myth of vampires?"

Round and round the liquid swirled. Vilo's hand care closet with the glass. Just inches away from Fabienne. Of course, he suddenly pulled it back. He was teasing him now. Vilo knew what hunger could do.

“Damn you’re so clueless. Basically. You tried to kill me in the alley. I killed you. And now.. Like I said, you’re like me.”

It wasn’t much of a explanation. But Vilo almost didn’t want him to know, wanted him to be dependent upon him for the answer. Getting a twisted pleasure of his control that he had from this.

“Are you ready to be unchained now?”

Vampires. Undead creatures who feasted on the blood of the living as they may only wander the night. Immortal monsters who lived amongst humans, fearing the sunlight and the holy. Only to be killed through a wooden stake to pierce their undead heart.

Fabienne was well aware about the myths that surrounded those creatures but doubted their existence.

He didn't want to believe that this man was one. Yet it would explain his aching pain in his neck, his fragments of memory from the previous evening. Could he tell the truth? Yet it didn't really matter at this moment since he had been the man who tied him onto his bed. It made him furious. He wanted to kill this man. He should've been dead in the first place. Fabienne had to finish what he started. He had a hard time to focus with this feeling of emptiness, of hunger growing almost insufferable as he was chained to the bed, his eyes fixated on the glass. The smell coming from it was one of the only things he could think about at that moment, this primal feeling of hunger penetrating him.

"Stop fucking with me. I am not like you" he growled at him, yet his chest didn't seem to rise or fall as it would usually do by now.

"Those chains weren't necessary in the first place." He growled at him, a burning rage that was fueled by this hunger and the desire to murder. In this state Fabienne wasn't able to keep his cool and collected demeanor. "Let me go."

“Ah. Hard to accept the truth isn’t it~?”

Vilo seemed, amused. By all this. Laughing. He placed the two glasses on a table before pulling out a key. He could *feel* the murderous intent off his body. Vilo knew he wouldn’t go far, but he would like to see him try.

“And. You are a monster. I saw what you did in the alleyway. I knew from the moment I saw it, that glee in your eye.. You *hate* those around you. You *take glee* in what you do. That’s.. Fascinating~”

Vilo had a sickening sweet voice. He couldn't contain his laugh as he shook his head. His red eyes were paler now. But looking down at the man before him, his body *shook* with excitement on what Fabienne would do next. It was clear how Vilo felt. He unlocked the chains. Waiting.

Faster than a human ever could, faster than Fabienne had ever done in his life before, he'd hurled himself at the man in a leap against one of the nearby walls. His nails were digging into the side of his throat, his other arm pressed tightly over the monster's chest. Fabienne himself didn't care if he was seen as a monster. He felt no pity or remorse for his victims, only the delight and thrill of the moment he saw their life essence bloom for the first time. That first time he was able to see their blood bloom from their body like forbidden roses, revealing

their forbidden shade of red that no color in the world was able to replicate the beauty of.

"Red is such a pretty color, don't you agree? His blood was a beautiful shade of red."

Fabienne spoke in a relatively calm but shaky voice, trying to keep himself together.

"I wonder what yours looks like." With those words he bared his fangs in a sneer, beginning to dig his longer sharper claws deeper into the man's throat.

Vilo laughed this time. It was short, but he didn't seem afraid. In fact, Vilo allowed Fabienne to put his hands on him. One of his own clawed hands around Fabienne's wrist. That was all until Fabienne uttered the last line. His hand suddenly reached out, Fabienne was taller than this man, yet Vilo's grip was forceful as he pulled Fabienne close. His eyes



were now as red as they were when Vilo first attacked Fabienne. Something about, was all wrong. That's when Vilo whispered into Fabienne's ear.

“Let. Go. Of. Me. *Pet.* Back up now and *freeze.*”

All the sickening sweetness from his voice disappeared. His voice wasn't even dripping in malice. Instead. It was dead panned. Despite it being a whisper, it felt loud, as he had almost growled it out. Looking into Vilo's eyes. They had changed. From that *sadistic* amusement. To dark and stormy. To someone who was pushed off.

Fabienne had crossed a line. Vilo was excited to see him fight. But this? Caused a switch to flip. It angered Vilo that he would dare talk about spilling *his* blood. No one. Would spill Vilo's

blood so easily like that, especially not him.  
Not after stabbing him last night.

Fabienne was about to completely close off the man's windpipe when something suddenly had changed. The man had pulled him down by the collar of his blouse, Fabienne's face now close to the others. The sickening sweet smile had vanished and had now been replaced with silent rage.

**Let. Go. Of. Me.*Pet.* Back up now and *freeze.***

The stare of the man was inescapable, his eyes glowing in this deep shade of red. Fabienne was now certain. This man wasn't lying. For a moment Fabienne got lost in them, his anger seemingly vanishing for a split second as his whispered words filled his mind for a blink of an eye. No. He didn't think of obeying those commands. Just as those thoughts had formed

inside of his mind, a stinging pain began to spread in his head like a very bad migraine. Fabienne let out a groan as he felt the pain grow rapidly as his body began to back off of the man, just as he had ordered. Fabienne didn't want to move away, yet his body did not listen. It felt as if he lost all control over it, as if it didn't belong to him anymore.

Further groans of pain spilled from his lips as he let go of the man with shaky hands, visibly struggling to regain control over his own body. "You fucking... bastard..." he pressed those words out between his teeth, writhing in agony as the pain now began to spread through his entire body as if it was set on fire. He had no choice but to give in. It had no use trying to resist the urge. He now stood in front of Vilo, unable to move his arms as he stood there, panting with his body covered in a light

sweat. He hated this monster for it. His urge to slice his throat open only grew with every moment. What was this power? All doubts were now washed away in Fabienne's mind. This man was undoubtedly a vampire and this meant for him with his pale skin, the endless hunger, his good nose and vivid vision... So was he one of them...

Vilo glared at him, and dusted off his red vest that he was wearing. Before clearing his throat. That smile returning.

“Good pet~”

He cooed softly as he stepped forward. His moods seemed to be able to switch at any moment, depending on those around him. He ran his claw through his white hair and now stood inches away from Fabienne.

“Now that is out of the way.. I’m afraid we ended up skipping formalities. I’m Duke Vilo Delandi. Head to the Delandi name. And what is your name~?”

Vilo kept his eyes on Fabienne. Hands now behind his back. He heard footsteps from the hall, ignored them.

His lips twisted into a disgusted sneer as this man had called him pet. He was not his fucking pet. Everything about this man just pissed Fabienne more and more off. The hunger was slowly really getting him, his whole body and fangs aching. It didn't pair well with the pain that had now vanished as fast as it came.

When this man had introduced himself as Vilo Delandi, Fabienne only tsked as he asked for his name

"As if I'm gonna tell you leech." He snapped back at him after a mild scoff. He wouldn't just tell this man his name. Knowing his real name wouldn't go in his favor, essentially if he went out to work on someone, but he had a mild feeling that this was the last time he'd ever been seeing the color red like this. He knew that things would change...

Vilo sighed in disappointment. A long, drawn out sigh just meant to annoy this man. Secretly? He was hoping to antagonize Fabienne more.

"Alright. But I will just keep calling you pet."

Vilo turned his back on Fabienne, going to grab the two glasses. He had opened his mouth to say something, but that's when the door to the room opened. Out stepped a servant. She was obviously clueless to what she was

walking in on. Wanting to check on her master. And. Was wanting, craving praise and his blood if she was good. Poor thing didn't realize what she walked in on.

“Master? Is everything okay?”

Fabienne was about to protest when all of a sudden this scent filled his nose. This sweet scent that let his mouth water and his teeth pang in hunger. His gaze snapped away from Vilo to the maid who entered the room and was about to close the door behind her.

He could hear the beat of her little heart, he could smell her. Fabienne figured that she would be the cure to his seemingly endless hunger. Before he knew it he couldn't control himself any longer. His body had moved out of pure primal instinct as he lunged himself at the maid, pressing her against the wall. She

didn't even have time to scream. It was already too late for her. In only a brief second Fabienne had been pinning her against the wall and in the next moment he had yanked her head to the side to slam his fangs into the side of her neck.

This was a completely new sensation to him. Fabienne had never experienced something like this before. Never tasted something as sweet and as intoxicating as this woman's blood. It was addictive, taking over all his senses as he'd bitten himself into place. He ignored the woman's whimpering as he began to drink from her in deep pulls, tugging at the beat of her fluttering heart. He could feel it beat with every pull of his own, an almost intimate connection. He could feel her heartbeat growing weaker and weaker, but he wasn't able to stop. He had completely bitten



himself in place, completely hooked by the taste, the connection and this feeling to live.

Vilo dropped the glasses. *Shit. Shit shit shit* he thought. He saw the maid about to die, and couldn't stop himself. His hands slammed into Fabienne. Grappling with his jaw, and grabbing his neck before issuing one command. He had no idea if he would follow, not with how his hunger drove him.

“Let go of her!”

The commotion was heard through the manor. Forcing everyone to stop what they were doing. No one dared move, all except one person, making their way up the stairs to see what damage had been done.

He couldn't stop himself. He wouldn't have let go of her if Vilo hadn't pulled him off of her

with all his force, again feeling the pressure of his command in the back of his head. He pulled out of her taking a rattling gasp of air, letting the maid slide down the wall onto the floor. Fabienne took a moment to realize what he had done, his mouth still filled with this sweet metallic taste of the blood. The hunger inside of him was gone for now.

He looked down at the maid in a moment of disbelief, slowly bringing his hand up to the corners of his mouth to see his fingertips being red. He let his tongue graze his long and bloody sharp canines as if he was discovering himself completely anew, which he did in some way.

He took a look at his sharp nails, his skin as pale and perfect as marble. Only after a moment of self realization and after taking

another look at the maid he began to chuckle softly. "Looks like I'm just like you after all" he chuckled softly. "I want more."

Vilo let out a growl, and before he could stop himself, his fist connected with Fabienne's jaw. It was a hard punch, one brought about by anger at the whole situation.

"You damn fool! You would've died with her!"

Vilo started to move towards Fabienne. Letting his anger get the best of him, when a tall man stepped in front of Vilo. His pale skin made it clear he was a vampire; his eyes a cool blue however. His pink hair was tied back, and he wore a butlers uniform, the look on his face was stone cold. Vilo growled at him.

“Master Vilo. You mustn’t let your anger get the better of you, again. Especially when he doesn’t know the rules.”

His voice was calm, deep. Vilo sighed and crossed his arm. He hated to admit it, but Markus had a good point about it. One he couldn’t argue with.

“Markus. Get this mess cleaned up, and dispose of the body properly. We don’t need any more wild animals sniffing around. Once I get him to his new room, have the servants *thoroughly* clean up.”

Markus nodded, bowing as he dragged the now dead maid out. Vilo turned his attention to Fabienne, his anger was still there, but he seemed calmer now.

“Follow me, don’t attack anyone you see, and don’t run off.”

It was another order. One Vilo was serious about, he didn’t need any more servants dying yet.

He didn't see the punch coming. The impact of his fist connecting with his jaw knocked him off his feet. Fabienne fell backwards to the ground, blinking a few times in disbelief as he brought his hand up to his jaw. It had been partly dislocated from the punch and certainly hurt a lot but Fabienne's red eyes were fixed on this man as he held his jaw and relocated it with a crack.

He was about to lunge himself at Vilo as he began approaching the vampire once more as a man in butler's attire and pink bound back hair stepped in front of him, shielding both

from each other. Fabienne watched him argue with Vilo before he went off to dispose of the dead body. His eyes went back to Vilo as he ordered him to follow. Fabienne got back onto his feet, standing there for a second thinking about what to do. Whatever this monster had done to him earlier would limit him in his actions. He probably would have no chance to disobey for now. It would be smarter for him to play along... for now.

He followed Fabienne through the hallways of the manor, thinking about what Vilo said earlier.

"What did you mean earlier with 'I could've died with her'? I thought vampire's were immortal" he asked, scoffing at the end as his eyes lingered on the other vampire. If he was right he couldn't get rid of him just now. He

needed to know more about his new life, about his new existence and he was certain that Vilo would know more than Fabienne knew now.

Vilo sighed at this. *New vampires* he thought, shaking his head. Fabienne saw human servants quickly walking, and moving along with their tasks, a small group of them heading up the stairs after Vilo lead him down. They glanced at their master, and the new stranger. Before stiffening up and getting back to work.

“God, everyone is the same with those myths. We *can* die. But it’s hard to actually kill us.”

Vilo reached a cross section. Before turning right. Leading him down a hall.

“Simply put, if we drink the blood of someone who has died, it’s like poison to our bodies. We

die with them. Now there are some rules to follow. One. You don't go into the west wing. That wing is off limits to everyone but Markus and I. Secondly. Upstairs is for any guest who come by. Downstairs basement is for servants.”

Vilo paused to glance at Fabienne to make sure he was listening. He stopped at a door and opened it. Inside, the room had a window, showing the forest behind the manor. Inside the room was a desk, a empty bookshelf. And a coffin.

“This will be your room. Markus is across the hall. And that door. Connects to my room. Only use it in emergencies if you need to get to me. Until you learn to control your rude behavior you aren't permitted to leave the grounds. I



shall provide any needs for you. But you must understand. We have to keep ourselves secret.”

He could smell them. Hear their little hearts pounding in their chest. The humans that surrounded Fabienne, that moved in the house like mice in the walls. He had to keep himself together to not jump at any of the few humans that came close to him. His eyes automatically fixed onto a few of them as if he was looking at his prey, the feeling of his fangs panging but somehow he was able to control himself and followed Vilo to his new room. It was mostly empty with the one thing that caught his eye being the elegant black ornamented coffin in the middle of the room.

"Seems like some myths are still true."

Fabienne chuckled at the sight of it. He didn't like the thought of sleeping in this thing. "But

I will not sleep in this thing like a fucking corpse" he added in all seriousness.

"And what makes you think that I will follow your orders just like that?" His voice now had this playful threat to it as he approached Vilo. He wanted to test how far Fabienne could go to anger Vilo. He wanted to see the limits of them. In this moment his urge to murder was once again prominent.

"You saw what happened when you first disobey. Such is the blood bond that we now share."

Vilo watched him as he approached, his eyes narrowed. Vilo could almost feel the murderous intent from him, but Vilo didn't back up. Just stood straighter. He wasn't tall. No. Shorter than Fabienne, he scowled showing off his fangs.

“If you don’t sleep in it. Have fun burning when the sun rises. That’s. The reason we sleep in coffins.”

Vilo knew this first hand. Still have some scarring from the times he had simply refused to sleep in such a confined space. He growled the moment Fabienne was just inches from him.

“Back. Up. Don’t try getting this close when I don’t even know your name.”

Blood Bond. That was the thing they now shared. The reason why Fabienne had to oblige to the Undead's command under that amount of excruciating pain. He hated Vilo for it. Being trapped here, robbed of his freedom was not what he wanted.

He sneered at his comment about burning in the sun, approaching him further until he growled at him.

"Fabienne. Fabienne Moreau." He replied with a sickening sweet smile on his lips as he didn't back off from Val.

"If you want to keep me in here, at least get me some art supplies. Something to keep me from tearing this whole place down." He spoke his last words with a low growl.

“Granted. I’ll be sure that the servants will bring them to you later this evening.”

Vilo stayed calmed. He couldn't tell Fabienne everything. Not yet, once he is able to control himself, only then Vilo would allow Fabienne some freedom.

Fabienne was now closer to him, Vilo standing in the middle of the room. He could see Vilo's fangs peeking out gently from his lips, his pale skin, his sharp black claws. Vilo's expression was hard to read. Ever since Markus had come in, Vilo didn't allow anyone to read his expression.

"Do you have any questions. Fabienne."

Fabienne held his gaze as they stood in front of Vilo, staring him back down. He couldn't read any of his expressions. Fabienne wasn't happy about the fact that Vilo could keep him here. It made him feel like a prisoner. The fact that he would get some art supplies didn't make the situation any better, but at least he had something to kill his time with.

"Why did you do it?" That was the question he asked after a moment of silence, his pale grey

eyes lingering on Vilos. He had to admit, his face was quite handsome. Young, elevated cheekbones as if a marble statue had come to life. It was almost inspiring. Yet he didn't believe that just because he had found him in the alleyway doing his work was enough reason to bind someone to oneself for eternity.

Vilo paused when he heard the question. In truth. What he did last night was impulsive, he didn't even plan for it. Part of it was because he was interested in Fabienne, because he got angry, and because he was impulsive. Yet he didn't want Fabienne to know.

“Like I said,. I was interested. You took joy in what you did. How you weren't afraid of me.”

He maintain this. Not going to tell the truth. He was just happy to have someone now who

wasn't Markus. Even if Fabienne would want to kill him at any point.

Was he really telling the truth? Fabienne wasn't really sure. Was pure interest enough reason for taking him with him into his dark realm. His words were true. Killing brought him a twisted sense of joy. The moment the knife pierces the flesh, revealing the first glance at the beautiful shade of red that would await him inside, was the most beautiful moment of all. It made him feel alive

"Interest hm?" He muttered to himself, keeping his eyes fixed onto him with a mild smirk on his lips.

"I had no reason to be. And I still see none to be." With his almost silver gray eyes piercing through him. Fabienne was telling the truth. He was not afraid of him. This little sense of

control Vilo had over him was no reason for Fabienne to be afraid. It has been a long time since he had felt true fear.

“Then you shall understand in due time why.”

Vilo saw the sun coming up. While there was little light in the room, he still hated the feeling of being burned. So he straightened himself up.

“I suggest you get *some* semblance of sleep, and like I said. Unless you want to be burned, the coffin is the best choice of it. By the time you wake up again, the room should be more.. Fitting to you.”

And with that. Vilo moved past him. His footsteps making no sounds as he exited the door. Fabienne could hear him talking, giving out orders to Markus on instructing the



servants to do before he rested himself. The voices were low, but Fabienne new hearing could at least make out who was talking.

He gave Vilo a sneer before he walked off, giving audible commands towards his servants and his butler. After he heard how they were gone, he stood alone in the room, his gaze now wandering back to the black ornamented coffin. He found the thought of sleeping in there not very appealing, although he had no problem sleeping in limited spaces since he had been used to it since he was a child.

He opened the heavy curtains in front of one of the windows, seeing how the sky began to turn into a lighter blue again. He could feel the warmth already begin to radiate on his face like warm sunshine. He didn't want to find out how the pure sunshine would burn his skin.

He pulled the curtains back closed and walked back towards his coffin, raising an eyebrow as he opened it for the first time. Inside it was well cushioned with a fine pattern sewed into the fabrics. It appeared as if it was the best one could make out of their situation for a vampire. Letting out a long sigh Fabienne stripped himself off his fresh white blouse, remains of the maiden's blood staining the sleeves and collar. As he did so, he noticed the change in his physique. His body seemed overall more well built, his muscles well defined, yet remaining slim. He let his longer pointy sharp nails glide over his chest, his skin smooth as marble. It seems as if this was his form in which his undead body would remain, being a vampire didn't seem that bad at all.

After this short moment of self adoration, Fabienne kicked his boots off to the side and

slowly lowered himself into the coffin, taking a last unnecessary breath before closing the lid of the coffin over him, the world around him now plunging into darkness. To Fabienne it felt odd at first, he could still hear a few voices from inside the house, but the overall silence and darkness inside the coffin seemed somehow calming. Closing his eyes, he found himself soon slowly drifting off into a dreamless slumber...

Time had quickly passed, the sun setting and the moon rising. Hunger rose into those like Fabienne, Vilo, and Markus. Fabienne could find that he easily can open the coffin from the inside, and as he did, he saw his room was different.

Now the room was fuller, the desk still there, now there was a soft, velvet couch against the

wall, away from where the sunlight would go, the empty corner had a table with paints, brushes, and a aisle with canvases near it. The desk was now stock with papers and ink pens, as well as charcoal sticks. A oriental dresser stood, his clothing laid out on it.

In the room was Markus, he had two servants with them. A woman with curly red hair, and soft blue eyes. And a man who had straight brown hair, and green eyes. Seeing Fabienne get up, the two bowed.

“Ah. Master Fabienne. Good to see you’re up, now if you have any request for your room, master Vilo will hear out any requests. These two will be your personal servants. Rebecca and John.”

Markus smiled at Fabienne. He was there to make sure no more.. attacks happened.

Fabienne opened his eyes, driven by the feeling of hunger inside of him. He heard someone standing inside of his room which caught his attention. He opened the coffin with the handle on the inside, groaning as he sat himself up in the process. He let his hand glide through his brown hair, letting his eyes skimmer through the now more filled room before they quickly locked onto the two humans who stood by the side of this other vampire.

His mouth already began to water, his teeth aching and growing at the smell of those humans, hearing their beating heart, seeing their soft pulls beneath their necks. Fabienne's pupils narrowed a little more together as the vampire's voice faded into the background, his attention only focused on the humans, especially the male. Driven by hunger, his

hands grabbed onto the side of the coffin as he suddenly leaped himself out of it in one swift movement, his teeth bared in a hiss, ready to lunge at his prey.

Markus stepped in front of him. Arms crossed. Vilo had warned him this might happen, so he was there for this. The servants didn't even look afraid. They seemed, happy to meet Fabienne.

“Master Fabienne. Get ahold of yourself. We don't need you killing your servants on the first day.”

Markus sighed. Running a hand through his neatly combed hair. He seemed to know how to handle a fledgling vampire.

“Don’t focus on them. Don’t look at them. I know your senses are focusing on the blood, but this isn’t the time nor place.”

Markus had his hand on his shoulder. Keeping him from his prey. Vilo had started to Fabienne room. He had gotten back from a meeting. And was pissed, he opened the door to the room, his eyes glancing around the room at the tense situation.

He was about to get hold of the young man when Markus stepped into the way, staring him down like scolding a little child.

"Oh? And what is gonna stop me from doing so?" He replied, his voice sharp with his elongated teeth still visible.

"I don't care about the time or place. I'm starving and those two are already here." He

glanced over his shoulder to the humans as Markus put his hand on his shoulder, Fabienne baring his teeth in a snarl with a low growl in response. In his fit of rage and hunger he didn't even notice Vilo entering the room. Normally with his newly heightened senses he would've been able to sense him, but his focus was laying on different things at the moment.

“Fabienne. That’s enough. If you’re hungry get presentable. We are hunting. Now.”

Vilo’s voice was loud. Commanding. This made the other two servants flinch, quickly bowing to Vilo, who didn’t look amused. He looked tired, and hungry. Markus frowned at this.

“Master Vilo, are you sure he is ready for this?”



Vilo glared at Markus. Who sighed, and nodded. He snapped his fingers, causing the two servants to leave.

His bright gray eyes were now resting on Vilo as his voice rang loud and commanding through the room. Yet Fabienne didn't even flinch as he looked at the other vampire. His order seemed promising. The feeling of hunger inside of him was growing. If he wouldn't get something to eat soon, things could get really ugly.

"And where exactly are we going?" He asked coldly, but also slightly curious as he tilted his head a little to the side.

"Out to one of the bars that's open, maybe a casino. A club. Anywhere."

Vilo was annoyed it seems, but he kept his tone steady. Markus had forced to Vilos room. Getting his coat.

“There are a few rules however. You can’t attack anyone on the streets. We don’t want to attract the damn church or a angry mob. If you do, I’m not bailing you out. Secondly. We take them somewhere less populated. We don’t want anyone knowing about us. Got it?”

Markus cleared his throat. He had two coats, one for Vilo, and one for Fabienne. Fabienne also noticed his clothes were cleaned of blood.

"Fine." Fabienne grumbled after Vilos little pep talk. It wasn't as if he didn't have any experience before. It was the hunger that made him act that way, the overall fact that he couldn't yet control his powers very well.

He took the set out clothes off his oriental dresser and went behind a room divider to change into his new set of clothes. After a moment he came back wearing a fine red vest with a white puffy shirt underneath, along with some black pants and some black polished leather boots. He then put on the black coat that Markus had offered him, completing his overall look.

"Shall we then." He asked rather politely as he looked at Vilo, trying his best to hide his hunger.

Vilo nodded, and led Fabienne out. There was a black carriage waiting on them. The driver silent. Vilo got in first, and gesture to the bench across from him. As soon as the door closed. The driver started for the London

streets. Stopping just before they got into the city.

Vilo stepped out stretching. They were in a poor side of town. The perfect hunting ground for Fabienne. Where casinos, bars, and whore houses lived. Vilo grinned. Cocking his head to Fabienne.

“So. Where shall we go first hm?~”

Vilo seemed excited about this. Giddy. After all, he couldn't express how impressed he was with Fabienne with his first kill. This time he was more, loose.

Vilo opened the door, Fabienne got into the black carriage that brought them into the poorer parts of London, the streets that Fabienne grew up with. The streets that he had

roamed for years trying to survive until his time at the orphanage.

When the two exited the carriage into a busy street, the smell of humans immediately filled his nose, his eyes darting around the street from human to human. It was a lot. The bright lights of the lanterns and from the inside of the brothels, the sounds of people murmuring, carriages driving by, the music booming from the inside of the different establishments. Everything all at once was a lot for Fabienne to take in. Everything was loud, bright, intense. He just stood there in place, widened eyes darting through the street, his chest rising and falling in a mild feel of panic as the whole world seemed to crash down onto him.

Vilo frowned, glancing at Fabienne, and he stepped in front of him, he was short, so he

couldn't block out the light, but he got his attention.

“Look down at the street, and hold your breath should you need too, if it is too comfortable, take small, shallow breaths.”

Vilo whispered this. Just enough where Fabienne could hear him over the noise. Vilo's voice was calm, kind even. Something for him to focus on.

“If you don't stare at humans for too long. You won't hear their heartbeat, focus on one sound, and breathe, it will allow the other sounds to fade. Your eyes will adjust, just give them time.”

Vilo seemed genuinely concerned about Fabienne. He was calm, and pointed about his advice.

The world around Fabienne had seemingly started to translate into an ocean of bright and loud buzzing noises, nothing to keep track anymore, nothing to keep him grounded anymore. He was about to get swallowed completely until someone stepped in front of him to catch his attention. It was Vilo...

His soft voice and his advice gave him something to focus on as he calmed himself down a little, listened to his advice and tried holding his breath for a moment. He gave Vilo a silent nod as he looked up again for a second to let his eyes wander over the houses of this street. Few casinos, clubs and whore houses were aligned in one street. "There" His eyes settled relatively fast on the whore house across from them.

Vilo gave a soft nod, and held out a hand. It didn't matter if Fabienne took it or not. Vilo was just secretly relieved Fabienne managed to calm down with the sea of sights and sounds.

Vilo started to the brothel. It wasn't big, but it was the perfect hunting spot, after all, people working there went missing a lot. And it would be relatively easy to lead a victim out.

“Alright. You'll get to choose the victim.. Just, control yourself until we get somewhere desolate.”

He stared at Vilos hand for a moment before he took it with mild hesitation. Else he would've run into danger of leaping at the next best human throat.

When the Two entered the brothel, they were immediately greeted with the smell of lots of



cheap perfume, piano music and of course, lots of women of all kinds wrapped in pretty dresses greeting them. Most of them already sat in other men's lap, making out with them, laughing while some dragged their men into more private chambers upstairs.

Fabienne gave the woman at the entrance a quick nod before they made their way into one of the bigger rooms in the brothel, standing himself in a corner to observe. His eyes again focused on Vilo as he'd held his breath, his gaze shifting into the filled room to look for his next victim.

His eyes quickly wandered to a group of prostitutes standing in one corner of the room, his gray eyes almost immediately locked onto one woman in particular. Her blonde locks were draped up, decorated with a few pearls,

her silhouette wrapped in a pretty emerald green dress. She was a beauty and Fabienne wanted her.

Yet in this group it would be hard to approach her on her own. This woman seemed to be lost in a deep conversation with one of the other women and it would be hard to pull her out of there without any suspicion arising. It would be way easier if Fabienne could've just **come to him...**

"Her" Fabienne whispered, only audible for Vilo to hear. His eyes were fixed on the woman as Fabienne focused on her even more. He wanted her, **call her...** With his gaze lingering on his prey, suddenly the woman threw a quick glance into Fabienne's direction, her gaze caught by Laurent's almost entrancing eyes. As he held eye contact with the woman, the

world seemed to transition into a hollow and distant background as he focused now entirely onto the woman's gaze, an action out of pure instinct.

**Come to me** Those words sounded hissing and hollow, ringing through Fabienne's mind as he watched the woman's gaze become more soft, almost blank under his stare. If Vilo would've now looked over to him now or only had a quick glance at Fabienne's eyes, he would be able to see how his pupils had shifted into a more cat like shape, the area around his slits traced with a golden glow while the rest of his eyes shifted into a blood red.

This intense connection only held for a short moment, until the other whore broke the woman's short trance-like state as she placed her hand on her shoulder, shifting the

woman's attention away from Fabienne. He only blinked before looking to the ground to focus again, his eyes now having returned to this bright gray again, not seeming to have noticed what exactly had just happened.

Now. The woman was heading towards the direction, even with the connection broken, the nagging feeling to go to Vilo and Fabienne, even though she couldn't explain why.

Vilo stared at Fabienne. A smile plastered on his face of curiosity and pride. He had noticed what had happened and it was obvious that Vilo knew he made the right choice.

“Well, hello there boys. Is it just the two of you? Or do you want to come with me alone Hm? Have your friend here wait until we are finished.”

The woman smiled at Fabienne, glancing at Vilo. Something drew her to him, and only him. Vilo hid a feeling of disgust for the human before him.

“Actually miss, we would love to get a private room, my friend here is a bit shy so.”

Vilos voice was sweet, lying enough to now get her to lead them upstairs to the private room. Vilo nudged Fabienne gently forward to follow her.

It was as if his wish had come true when the woman approached the Two, her eyes locked onto Fabienne. He couldn't bear himself to speak, trying his best to hold his breath but somehow still inhaling a swiff of her scent. She was beautiful but his gaze was quickly drawn to her exposed neck. He quickly shook his gaze off, giving the woman a friendly but a little shy

smile as he followed her up to one of the private rooms.

The room had a good size with a big bed taking up most of the space in the room. After the Three had entered Fabienne had set himself onto the couch besides the woman, trying his best to keep it together and to not pounce at her directly, but to wait for the perfect moment. Not until she wouldn't scream at least, but he couldn't help how his eyes again fixed on the crook of her neck and this gently pulsing artery beating beneath her soft skin. At this point Fabienne's mouth was already watering, teeth throbbing but he had to wait just a little longer.

For now. Vilo just sat back watching the whore cling to Fabienne. She didn't know who she just invited into her room, but something

about Fabienne, left her blindsided. He was handsome, someone she never seen before as she looked into his gray eyes. Her own shimmering hazel eyes studied Fabienne, his eyes, his lips, his cheekbones.

She hadn't noticed his fangs, not yet anyways as she traced her fingers around his wrists, getting his coat on him. She let her neck be exposed as she leaned close to him. Her emerald dress falling with her figure as she now was mere inches away from his lips, her eyelids fluttering closed.

She was so close. His eyes rested on her as the whore helped him take his cloak off his shoulders. Yet she came closer and closer, oblivious of the danger and what monster was sitting next to her. Fabienne could smell her as she leaned in close, inhaling her sweet scent in

a shaky breath that made his teeth ache further as they began to grow slightly.

His one arm began to wander over her shoulder as his other hand rested on the side of her waist. When the whore bowed down foreword, leaning in for a kiss, Fabienne let her connect his lips with hers for a second to quieten her down further. It was a soft and loving kiss but it didn't last for long because the taste of this woman was all he needed. After he parted his lips from her slowly, he bowed down into the crook of her neck, the whore thinking that he would now pepper small kisses along her throat, but in reality Fabienne inhaled her sweet scent before baring his teeth with a mild hiss, followed by his sharp fangs breaking skin as they sunk quickly into the woman's neck.



With his arms around her shoulder and waist, Fabienne now pulled her close as her sweet blood had hit her tongue. It was an intoxicating feeling as he began to drink from her. He was hungry and so he drank with deep pulls, his nails sinking partly into her flesh as he closed his eyes to savor the taste, the moment as he felt the woman's heartbeat growing weaker and weaker beneath his lips the more he drank. He didn't care about the sounds the whore made, as long as it was no scream, a deep groan escaping from his own lips as he finally got to feast.

He pulled his fangs out in a rattled breath, holding the now lifeless body in his arms. It had taken him a lot not to drink past the point of death, but he somehow remembered Vilos' warning just in time. The seemingly endless feeling of hunger that had been penetrating

Fabienne just a moment before was almost gone now as he now sat on the couch, his lips and fangs covered in blood as he took a moment to catch his breath a little.

Vilo had been watching as Fabienne feed on the whore. He was delighted to see that Fabienne had stopped just in time, he was sitting on the couch smiling.

“Enjoyed yourself Fabienne?”

Vilo was hungry, but he would allow Fabienne to get his fill first, as he was new to this. Though, Vilo was careful to watch the time. They didn't want to bring attention to themselves.

Eyes clouded with some of the remaining pleasure that came from his fill, Fabienne leaned his head back, gazing up towards the

ceiling, soft huffs escaping from his lips. Hints of a soft smile grazed along his lips as he still held the woman in his arms.

"Yes." He whispered softly as his soft eyes filled with a glint of delight. "I never thought I could feel like this in my life." His words were a soft whisper as he seemed happy, lost in himself a little. His words were true. To kill was the only thing that made him feel like this and now with his heightened senses the feeling seemed to last longer while soothing the seemingly endless hunger. It was almost as if it was the best thing that happened to him after years of his miserable life.

Vilo then got up, humming softly. He picked up the body of the woman and set her in the bed, covering her up. He didn't want anyone to

find the body so easily. He patted Fabienne's shoulder.

“Sit right here I'll be back.”

And out the door he went, heading down to the brothels main floor, scouting for someone else.

His breathing slowed. He looked for anyone willing to get off the main floor. Able to reach deep into their mind, and know their thoughts. Finally. His eyes landed on a brunette who was wearing a pale blue dress, she seemed timid, was probably new to all this, and was feeling overwhelmed. So, he decided to come up beside her. Gently whispering in her ear.

“Hey.. You seem overwhelmed. Why don't you come with me Hm? Let you have a little.. break.”

His voice to her, was soft. Kind. So she trusted him as she followed him upstairs into the room.

When Vilo took the corpse out of his hands, Fabienne let himself sink against the back of the couch, giving the vampire a nod before he was left alone. In the silence of the room, his fingers wandered to the corner of his lips, taking the back of his hand to smear some of the remaining blood off his face.

It turned out to be the right decision when he heard two pairs of footsteps approaching the door, one of them being significantly more silent than the other. Vilo entered the room with another whore, a brunette wearing a blue dress. If Fabienne's hunger would've been like it was before his first drink he would've taken her down as soon as the door was closed. But

now since his hunger was less prominent he was able to think a little more clearly.

He gave the woman a soft smile before his eyes shifted towards Vilo. He knew that this woman was meant for him. Yet he couldn't help but feel how his hunger remained.

Vilo could see the hunger in his eyes.

Something about it, made him pause. He wasn't that hungry. He survived on less blood, and he didn't want Fabienne to be starving.

The woman sat down, relaxing herself on the couch, it was a good thing after all, she would be easier to subdue. Vilo kissed her neck, gentle. Acting loving, though Fabienne could see no emotions in his eyes. A hand went around her mouth to muffle her as he took her wrist, biting down. She panicked at first but

couldn't fight. Vilo motioned to Fabienne to take the other wrist if he still wanted to feed.

He watched the Two settle on the couch across from him, Fabienne's eyes lingering on Vilos for once as he watched how he slowly seduced the woman before he struck. His teeth began to ache a little as he watched Vilo biting into her wrist, the woman quietly whimpering as she couldn't fight, nore would she have a chance in the first place.

A quick eye movement from Vilo was enough to know what he wanted to say and so Fabienne sat on the other side of the woman, slowly taking her wrist into one hand before digging his fangs into her wrist. Again, the sweet smell and taste of the blood filled all his senses as he drank, closing his eyes for a

moment to savor it as best as possible before he opened them again, looking over to Vilo.

Vilo was actually smiling for once, blood dripping from his fangs as he had his fill. Leaving the the rest for Fabienne. He looked so content leaning back on the couch, his white hair back, and his eyes closed. He didn't notice Fabienne staring at him.

The whore was almost dead, her weak cries had now turned into sputtering as she was pale and shaking. Vilo was annoyed at the trembling she couldn't control, softly huffing. At least the night was good while it lasted.

His eyes glanced to the windows, seeing how the streets started to break off from the large crowd. It was getting pretty late. Those who were still out were either drunks, or the unsavory types.



Blood was dripping from his chin as Fabienne was enjoying his second meal until the woman's heart was only barely beating. Slowly he was getting the hang of it, although it would still take him a while to maintain control. When he was done, he dropped the woman's wrist back into her own lap, as he leaned against the back of the couch, panting slightly as his hunger was now satisfied for now.

Vilo looked over at Fabienne, he had cleaned up his face, and he saw blood trickling down from Fabienne's face. Vilo reached over the body, and took a small cloth, dabbing at the blood to clean him of.

Vilo didn't know *why* he was doing it. But he felt the need to get close to Fabienne. His interest growing, though it was locked away by

his poker face. He had smiled once he was content, but now he was back to his usual cold expression.

"I can clean myself very well, thank you." He scoffed at how Vilo wiped away most of the blood from his chin, turning away from him slightly, but also somehow letting him finish his work. He wasn't sure why he did but something in him was drawn to him, longing for him, but he couldn't tell what. He was a little embarrassed in the first place.

"Is it gone now?" He asked after a moment, his eyes now looking back at Vilo.

"Yes. It's gone."

Vilo got up. Putting the cloth in his pocket. He grabbed his coat to put it on, back turned on

Fabienne so he wouldn't see the bit of color on his face.

“We should get going now, before someone notices..”

Vilo waited for him before leaving the room, making his way out of the brothel. Everyone was busy to notice them leaving, good. Vilo felt relief that tonight was a success. He lead him back to the carriage, although Fabienne could swear he felt eyes on him. But, when he turned, there was nothing.

The ride home was uneventful, dull even. As Vilo walked through the door he sighed. Glancing at Fabienne. Excusing himself to the study. A few servants following him. Fabienne saw Rebecca and John waiting for him.

"Agreed" Fabienne stood up from the couch as he grabbed his coat as well, taking one last look at the two corpses before they left the whore house unnoticed.

The ride home was silent. When the Two were back at the mansion he watched as Vilo left him alone in the entrance hall as he went into the forbidden west wing. Now he was only left with his Two servants, he handed the woman his coat as he went past them towards his room, not expecting the Two to follow. Je didn't have an opportunity yet to check out his new art materials and so he was a little excited about what Vilo had gotten for him.

Once he had gotten into his room he walked towards his table, letting his hands glide over the high quality paper and pens, his eyes shimmering over the white canvases. Yet he

couldn't ignore the strong human scent that came from his servants who apparently hadn't left his side.

"Leave." He ordered the two in a cold tone, not turning around to face them while he spoke.

"But master. We were assigned to you, and well.. We have a favor to ask."

Rebecca smiled softly, but she seemed to have a hunger as well. She was pale, like all the servants. But she indeed was human, her little heart beating fast just being in front of Fabienne.

"You see, I don't know if master Vilo had told you this yet, but we currently are in need for our fix."

Fabienne remembered in passing that Markus had mentioned something about vampire

blood and humans, though it was around the time Fabienne was hungry, and not focused on him. John was quiet as usual, Rebecca doing all the talking. He was fidgeting with his sleeves though. Seems he was in need for a fix too.

“We will do anything you asked. Anything at all.”

"And I said leave me. **Now.**" He replied still cold, this time giving the Two a threatening glance over his shoulder.

"I don't care if you want your fix. I don't even know what you want from me. Go ask someone else." He tsked before shifting his attention back to his materials. He really wasn't in the mood for something like this. Their smell already slowly began to drive him crazy.

John cleared his throat, stepping forward and putting a hand on Rebecca's shoulder to stop her from speaking out of turn with Fabienne. His voice was gruff, he looked to be in his mid forties. Older than any of the other servants he had seen.

“Excuse Rebecca Master Fabienne. She is still new here. Essentially. We're hand picked to serve masters of the house here. In exchange for our services, we ask for a fix of vampire blood from our masters. Of course. In exchange, we obey any command that our masters order. Information, getting items, and even allowing our masters to feed on us.”

John's voice was steady. However there was some desperation in it, but seems he knew to calmly explain. Make himself, useful to his master.

Now Fabienne was curious. He turned around as the man calmly explained to him what they were in need of. "I see. And why do you ask me that? I'm sure Vilo or Markus could give you your fix better than I can. I don't know how much you need, nore do I know how much your body can handle." He spoke, his gaze lingering on the Two. He was slowly starting to get a little frustrated, their scent filling his nose, their hearts beating fast. They seemed truly desperate. Maybe he could make use of it later on, but Fabienne really didn't know how much he could give them.

“It’s just a drop or two of blood. And master Vilo says that it’s best for masters to give their personal servants for blood.”



John had backed off slightly. Watching Fabienne's expression. He was keen on living. But something nagged at him to get his blood.

"Oh, did he? Huh..." Fabienne raised an eyebrow at John's explanation, as an idea came to his mind. A cruel hint of a smile curled along on his lips as his eyes darted back to the humans, his silver gray eyes filled with a shimmer of sinister delight.

"Tell me how much you want it. How much you need those few drops of my blood. If you beg nicely, maybe I will give you some of it." He said in an almost cruel soft voice, his gaze lingering on the Two filled with anticipation.

Instantly, Rebecca was on her knees. Clinging to Fabienne's coat.

“Please master Fabienne. I need just a few drops of your blood. If you give it to me, I’ll forever be loyal towards you.”

She looked up at him. Her eyes wide in anticipation her grip tight.

“Please. Master. We need your blood. We will be loyal and follow your command from here on out, I promise.”

John had now joined her, looking up at the tall man. It was a pitiful sight seeing a grown man and woman begging. But seems they needed it, and badly.

His eyes held a glimpse of delight in them as he saw both humans kneel to his feet, clinging to him as if he was the last thing to keep them alive. It appeared as if he truly was the last thing to keep the Two alive.

"Well then, I will not deny you my blood any longer." He spoke with a softness in his voice which mostly did resemble pity for them. He then proceeded to lift his right hand up a little, studying his thumb nail for a moment. It was sharp enough. A pearl of blood now started to form on the tip of his index finger as he'd proceeded to prick the skin with the nail of his thumb, now lowering his hand down to the two without bowing his back. "Slow. Only one drop, one after another." He'd say softly, almost kind as if doing them a favor. To him it felt as if he tried to feed two starving stray dogs, gaining her trust and their loyalty.

And. They obeyed him, only taking one drop, but one drop was enough for their mind.

To them; it felt like a high that was never enough, something they wanted more. And

just because he was the one to give it. It allowed them to pledge his loyalty to him. For as long as they were alive.

He watched the two desperately longing for the blood on his finger, seeing how the blood had an obvious effect on the Two humans to his feet. It was ironic. It wasn't long ago since Fabienne had been human. To see two humans so desperate in front of him reminded him of his childhood in the orphanage. How the bullies had gone on their knees, begging him to convince the supervisors from the truth for that they were innocent this one time. Yet Fabienne didn't. He had always been cold in a way that might seem immoral for most people. He didn't care.

"Now prove it to me. Show me your loyalty."  
He demanded still rather soft, yet

commanding, his hand reaching up to meet the woman's gaze.

Rebecca unbutton the servants jacket everyone wears, and held her wrist to him, offering a chance for him to drink. She smiled softly, looking up at him.

“Of course. You can take as much as you need master.”

She spoke softly, her gaze never faltering from him.

He took the woman's offered wrist into his cold hand, feeling his mouth watering at the sight, the smell, yet now that he had fed earlier, he was able to control himself.

"Does it feel as good as when you get a taste of my blood?" He asked curiously with a softness as he reached out with his other hand to hover

it over her pulsing artery before he began to slowly trace it with his middle finger. This kind of gesture along with his tone of voice was a combination that could make anyone's skin crawl. "How does it feel?"

“It.. It does feel enjoyable. Very enjoyable to us. It’s why we don’t mind being used like that.”

Rebecca shuddered at this. Her face red now as she let him get close. He could feel her heart beating fast as she didn’t dare pull away from him. John was watching this. Silent and smiling.

He let her wrist rest in his hand for a moment longer while Rebecca described how it felt very good for the humans. He then let go of her arm as he stepped past the Two and took his seat on the couch, expecting the Two to stay on

their knees as he made himself a little more comfortable in this conversion.

"Tell me about Vilo. What do you know about him and his butler?" He asked his Two servants, his gray eyes scanning them both in a now more cold glare as he rested his arm on the side of the couch.

Rebecca went silent, uncomfortable, she hadn't been here for long, and those who knew Vilo, always kept everything quiet.

"Master Vilo was turned into a vampire at a very young age, after.. losing his family years ago."

John started to talk, though he soon looked away, he seemed hesitant to tell everything but under Fabienne's gaze, he started to tell what he'd knew.

“Markus has been with Vilo since he has turned, usually, vampires aren’t in each others services, but Markus felt.. Responsible for Vilo’s accident.”

His gaze wandered over to John as he began to talk, seemingly hesitant about sharing those information with his new master.

"What kind of accident?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at that useful information. He needed to know more about Vilo.

"It appears as if you're having trouble telling me everything I know. Maybe I should rethink my decision of sharing my blood with you Two if you continue to keep secrets from your master." He spoke, hints of a cruel grin forming on his face, eyes filled with a hint of a mischievous glimmer.



“Years ago.. Long time ago, there was a fire that consume the manner. It killed the former master of the Delandi name. Markus.. turned the young master Vilo to save his life. And then. Ten years after that his mother died as well.”

John was quick to give the information under the threat of the withdrawal of vampire blood. Rebecca was looking down silent hearing it all.

"Oh really? Is that the reason why he allows me no access to the west wing?" Fabienne asked curiously as John seemed to be suddenly way more talkative.

Fabienne didn't like his past. It was a cruel, sad past of an abandoned child he wasn't too fond of to revisit. It seemed as if he wasn't the only one with a fucked up childhood.

“Yes. That is.. correct. I don’t know the full reason the west wing is closed off, but he only allows personal servants that has served him for a long time.”

John then became silent, having no more to tell. But Rebecca was trying to keep her eyes off him. She knew something, though. Seems she was afraid to say it.

When John fell silent, seemingly having nothing more to tell, his gaze wandered over to Rebecca who had kept her gaze low. He could hear her heart beating faster than usual, making it obvious that she knew more than she'd said.

"You're hiding something, aren't you Rebecca?" Fabienne teased her, his gray eyes piercing through her.

"How about you tell me what it is before I change my mind again." He teased her cruelly again.

"I.. I can't master Fabienne! If I do, then we both will be in trouble.. I don't want that."

Rebecca's voice was soft, yet he could tell she was afraid. John stiffen up as she refused. Hearing Fabienne's voice, something about this seemed all wrong.

"I don't care about what you want. There is nothing I should be afraid of." He spoke sharp ,his eyes narrowing as he stood up to approach the kneeling Rebecca, forcing her to meet his gaze again by grabbing the human by her chin a bit rougher this time.

Once again, as his eyes fixed onto her in a more focused stare it was as if the world

around them began to move into the background, the only thing that existed now were Fabienne and Rebecca. Again, his eyes now began to form into cat like slits as his eyes started to pulse in a deep red color along with hints of gold around the iris. For Rebecca it was an entrancing stare. She would find herself bound to his gaze as her mind would go blank.

**"Tell me what you know"** Fabienne said those words more persistently, yet those words seemed to have like a hissing undertone in his own and Rebecca's mind. She would have no choice but to obey his commands.

Rebecca suddenly became relaxed, her face falling as she rested her chin in his hand. Her words came out in a wispy state, almost slurred.

“There is a secret way in using the servants entrance to the wing, I managed to sneak in there once during the day. The wing was destroyed, with only one room remaining in good condition. The masters study. But it was locked, Vilo always carry the key to the wing and study around his neck.”

John watched wide eye, seeing how entranced Rebecca was. He had heard about vampires having powers before, some hidden, and some that you could tell. But nothing like this.

“There.. Was also this one room. But I was caught and almost killed when I came close to it..”

And that’s all Rebecca could say for she didn’t remember anything else.

"Was that all?" Fabienne asked, watching the woman's soft but empty gaze. He didn't understand yet what he had done. He assumed that she was telling him all of this out of fear, for her life and the withdrawal from his blood.

After the woman kept silent, Fabienne let go of her chin, walking past the Two towards his empty canvases. "If both of you tell anyone about this I will personally drain you dry before denying you your blood for 2 weeks." He said in a cruel and coldly calculated voice, giving the Two a glance over his shoulder.

"Now leave."

And with that. They both quickly left Fabienne alone. He could tell there was more to be discovered by this. That Vilo was hiding things from him.

— — — —

A week from when Fabienne had turned already passed. Vilo was teaching him more now on how to survive, hunt, and a brief mention of powers. He didn't tell Fabienne of his own, but wanted to observe him to see if his powers were as strong as they were.

Sadly, he didn't seem to have much time now. As Markus came in and pulled Vilo aside. Whispering to him. Fabienne heard Vilo sighed.

“I've been summoned for some business. Stay here okay? I'll be back before the sun rise.”

With that, he quickly left. Vilo hadn't left like that since Fabienne came to the manor. Instead choosing his time to spend with him.

The week had passed in a bat of an eye for Fabienne. He'd spend time with Vilo to hunt and learn. He was now able to control his hunger better, yet he felt like Vilo still kept a few things from him. He wasn't sure but he would find out sooner or later.

When he had some time Fabienne had made use of his new art supplies, starting to paint one of his new canvases along with doing various sketches on paper which were now spread across his table. He was standing in front of his painting wearing a white blouse with his puffy sleeves tucked up as he was working on his painting. The strokes of paint currently seemed to depict a pale woman, laying completely naked and stretched out across the painting with a black snake wrapping around her body. A part of her rib cage seemed to be missing, showing



unfinished hints of flesh. He seemed to be completely immersed in his art until Vilo stuck his head through the door and told him that he would be gone for a while.

"Yeah, whatever." He mumbled, not paying further attention. He kept working on his painting, but something seemed missing in his painting.

Vilo paused, hovering for a bit staring at the painting, he made a mental note when he came back to ask to see his artwork, but soon left.

Moments later, Rebecca soon slipped into the room, she had been ordered to check on Master Fabienne to make sure he wasn't ignoring his hunger.

“Master Fabienne?” He had heard the human approaching just before she'd snuck into his room.

"What is it Rebecca?" He said, now mildly annoyed at the fact he'd been now disturbed twice. He would not look at her either as he was trying to keep focus on his art.

“I’m here to see if you are wanting to feed..”

Her voice was soft, she was by the wall, as to not get into his way. She had gotten use to serving Fabienne, and gave him a soft smile.

“I will admit. I was also curious of what you were doing this time.”

He only looked up at her once she'd mentioned Fabienne's hunger, and she wasn't wrong. Fabienne was feeling the hunger inside him rumble. He proceeded to put his paintbrush

back into a nearby glass of water, setting his color palette aside and wiping his hands clean on a towel. He then walked over to a nearby couch, sitting himself down lazily as he patted on his lap a little, giving Rebecca a faint smirk, yet his eyes were looking at her as if she was his prey.

"Come sit"

Rebecca's face went red, she had been more curious about master Fabienne from the moment he arrived, but this time it felt like she had to get closer to him. She walked over, and sat down on his lap. He could hear her little heart beat rapidly waiting to see what he would do next. Her tiny hands fidget nervously as she kept herself from moving away.

It wasn't that she didn't want to be closer, but she was hesitant on if she should be doing this.

After all, for the servants. They held vampires up higher than themselves. As they were the master.

He'd let Rebecca take a seat on his lap, studying her for a moment. He could hear her little heart flutter, feel her radiating heat. He would let his long fingernails skimmer over her collarbone, along her neck and up her throat until he held her chin up with one finger beneath her chin.

"Tell me, what makes you think that what I do is any of your business?" He would speak to her in a cold and warning tone that yet would send warm shivers down the back of her spine. Fabienne was not used to people truly acknowledging his art and so he only assumed that she would look away like everyone else. "Reveal your neck for me." he'd whisper, his

gray eyes already locking onto part of her throat.

“Of course I’m interested. I’ve always been interest master Fabienne.”

She smiled at him, and obeyed. Rebecca’s uniform was easily made to expose the veins in her wrist, and neck. She opened the collar of her uniform, showing her neck.

He'd watch Rebecca reveal her neck for him, as he leaned into the crook of her neck, taking in her sweet scent.

"Then tell me, what does my painting tell you?" He cooed now softly into her ear as his breath brushed her ear and skin. From how she was sitting frontally in Fabienne's lap and from the way the couch and the painting were

placed, Rebecca would have no problem seeing it.

"Don't stop talking. If you stop nonetheless..." he didn't even bother to finish his sentence as he dug his fangs into her neck without hesitation. Rebecca would know that Fabienne could make it a very unpleasant procedure for her and she was well aware of it. He had his arm wrapped tight around her waist as he drank from her. Fabienne had himself adapted to the taste of blood already, possessing enough knowledge to know how to make a bite feel good or painful. He let out a little groan as he felt how his hunger started to ease, the human blood filling all of his senses.

"It.. It.."

Oh god, being up this close, feeling the sharp, needle like fangs dig into her neck, it threw off

Rebecca. No matter how many times she tried to get use to it. She couldn't help but shiver. Loving the feeling.

“For me it.. shows how much decay is with humans. The form, the ribs sticking out. The black snake around her.”

Rebecca couldn't stop talking, she kept trying to focus on the painting. But would look down at Fabienne. Look down as his arms wrapped around her, as she sat helplessly on his lap. He had simply bewitched her at this point.

He lost himself a little in the sweet taste of her blood, hearing her voice tremble from the pleasure she would experience as she clinged to every little word. Fabienne heard her voice growing weaker and weaker as she seemed to be barely able to focus.

He pulled his fangs out of her neck with a rattling breath, keeping her close as he let his tongue graze over his bloody fangs. Her gaze was hazey and Fabienne found joy in seeing her helpless like that in her arms.

"What a nice little interpretation. Good girl." He murmured gently, lifting her chin up to let his tongue graze over her wound.

"Yet I still think there's something missing..." Fabienne stated, gazing over to his own painting.

Her blood was a deep crimson on her now pale skin. Rebecca couldn't help but gently tremble in his arms.

"Thank you master."



Her voice came out slurred almost, she rested her chin in his fingers as he lifted it. She also glanced at the painting. Silent now.

His eyes wandered over the painting, only darting to Rebecca once she'd spoken. As his eyes skimmed over her for a split second, they once returned to her neck, his gaze seemingly caught by the crimson remains of her blood.

Then it hit him. In one swift move Fabienne had pushed the woman off to the side to get up from his couch, grabbing Rebecca's wrist to pull her up behind him to step in front of his painting. Fabienne had pulled her roughly to his side before taking her wrist and once again, piercing her skin in a not so soft way he'd done before. As he pulled his fangs out again, trying not to drink even more from her,

blood began to flow down her wrist and arm, a few drops spilling even on the red carpet.

Fabienne yanked the dizzy woman even further to the side as he grabbed one of his brushes, putting it on the open wound and soaking it in the human's blood before he directed it towards the painting as he began to place a few marks on the woman's pale neck. Fabienne's lips tugged into a grin, chuckling softly as he saw the fresh blood on the canvas. Being able to catch the exact color made him feel enlightened in a way Fabienne had never felt before. It was ironic.

He'd spread a few more smudges and splats of blood across the woman's exposed ribs, not caring about his servants well being in the moment as he kept a tight grip around the

woman's wrist, the love and affection he'd shown earlier vanished without a single trace.

Rebecca was dizzy now, leaning against the wall as the blood loss was getting to her. At this point she was now wanting to sink to the floor.

At first it frighten her that the affection he showed just disappeared, but for some reason. She didn't think anything less of Fabienne, watching as he continued to paint.

It took him about 30 minutes until his painting was finished. Laying his brush aside, Fabienne stepped back to admire his creation.

"Look Rebecca what your blood has created. Not only does it give life to me, but you're part in something as beautiful as this. Isn't that right?" He asked her, pulling her close so she

could stand in front of him, one arm placed on her shoulder as he took her wrist, letting his tongue glide over her open wound to make it heal.

“Yes. Something you created.. It’s beautiful. And a honor to be used to make it.”

Rebecca was still in a dazed state. Trying to focus on the painting. There was a slight knock on the door, before it opened. Vilo had came back from his “errand”, and peeked into the room. He frowned seeing how Fabienne held Rebecca.

It made him angry. Why though? Because Fabienne was holding a mere human servant. A scowl now was on his face. Jealousy. That’s what he was feeling, but why. It angered him even more that he felt this way.

“Am I interrupting anything important?”

He leaned against the door way. His emotions now hiding behind a mask. A forced smile on his lips. But his eyes was now drawn at the painting. Now, replacing that fire of jealousy was a new feeling. Curiosity. He stalked behind Fabienne to get a closer look. Cocking his head to the side.

His gaze wandered back to the door where Vilo stood, watching the Two as they stood in front of the painting.

"You weren't at all. I just finished my project with, let's say, Rebecca's help." He gave Rebecca a little smile before he bowed a little forward towards her ear.

"Leave now. Get some rest." He spoke in a soft, yet cold tone towards Rebecca with only a hint of what could've been kindness.

He could see Vilo's curiosity in his eyes as he stepped in front of his painting. "Take a look for yourself." Fabienne said, stepping aside a little so that Vilo would be able to see the whole painting.

Rebecca quickly left the room. Ignoring Vilo's glare. But the jealous vampire snapped back at Fabienne's voice.

*Get ahold of yourself* Vilo chastised himself and stepped forward and stared at the painting, Vilo was silent. Staring. He thought it was beautiful, he glanced at Fabienne.

"You have a gift.. A really. Really good gift."

His voice was soft. It didn't have the hint of mockery or the teasing in his voice. Instead, a sense of impressiveness and admiration. Vilo always had a eye for the arts. Either be it art or books, he was drawn to it.

He stared for a moment at Vilo, surprised by the softness in his voice, his eyes growing wide as he looked at his painting.

All of his life, people weren't fond of his kind of art. Not from the small drawings he made on paper and small canvases in the orphanage depicting morbid shapes and figures to the sculptures he'd made out of all the things he could find. Once he'd made a figure out of rotten food and utensils he'd found all throughout the orphanage. The smell was penetrating, yet Fabienne always found joy in making his art. He'd learned to live with the

fact that Noone would ever truly understand his art. Yet Vilo looked at his painting with eyes wide in fascination.

"People always despised my art." Fabienne spoke softly, a look with a hint of sadness on his face as he looked at his masterpiece. "They said it was too... grotesque, an abomination that should not be called art in the first place. Nobody truly recognized it before nore my abilities." He said, looking away, not wanting Vilo to see his eyes that were filled with a hint of even more sadness with a hint of anger now. Fabienne heard Vilo huff, before placing a hand on his shoulder. Vilo understood it, even if he wouldn't admit it.

"People think art has to be all beauty that is in their definition. This, is art. Morbid, curious,



but beautiful. It's also your art, how you see things.”

Vilo looked at him. Usually, he kept his emotions behind a stone mask, with only his eyes showing twisted amusement or boredom. But now his face was slightly tilted, a small smile on his lips. And his eyes, those pale red eyes showed a kindness no one had seen before.

He looked back up towards Vilo once he felt the man's hand on his shoulder. His words were kind. Never had any words towards his art had been kind. Fabienne hadn't expected any of his words towards him to be so kind...

"Thank you..." Fabienne muttered, feeling a little foolish for even thanking him as he looked away.

"I will continue to make more of my art, no matter what anyone says."

"Good. Because you should continue."

Vilo dropped his hand from Fabienne's shoulder. Hiding the slight dust of a blush on his cheeks by clearing his throat.

"When you are ready. I think I would like to try out something I have noticed with you."

Fabienne didn't know this. But Vilo now felt better than when he had to leave for business. Yet he had procured a specialty for Fabienne. A test. Vilo wanted to see the extent of the influence Fabienne had.

He looked back at Vilo.

"Oh? And what would that be?" He asked, curiosity now in his eyes. Fabienne was

wondering what this man would be up to again.

“I’ve noticed a power you have. I know I briefly mentioned it.. And I want to test exactly how much you can do.. Come. Follow me.”

Vilo walked out of the room, grabbing a candle and light. Vampires could naturally see in the dark. Yet, it was mere habit due to the human servants. Lighting it, he motioned for John and another human male to follow them.

Fabienne has never been to the basement. Down in the basement, aged blood, wine, and food for.. “guests” and servants stayed. There was also a servants hallway, connecting to many places in the manor. He could hear chains rattling now. Fabienne only raised an eyebrow as he mentioned his powers. He was confused. "Wait, what do you mean with

powers?" He asked as he followed Vilo down into the basement where he himself had never been before.

The deep and the with flavour packed smell of blood shot into his nose as he smelled all the blood down here. "I thought the blood of the Dead kills us? Why is there so much of it down here?" He asked curiously before he heard the chains. Fabienne was wondering who or what might be on the other end of it

"As I said before. Yes, blood of the dead is poison to our body, however much like how wine ages, blood, if made carefully using a special process, can end up aged. And yes. Your power. Vampires are imbued with a power special to them, be it mind reading, a form of hypnosis, ect. Not much is known about these powers however."

Vilo hummed slightly stopping. He turned on his heels to face Fabienne. A look of amusement playing in his red eyes, the flame of the candle dancing in them.

“I have noticed during the first hunt, your power had already manifested, able to draw our prey to you. Now that you have a little more control of yourself. I want to see what you can do.”

"Wait, say that again..." Fabienne stared at Vilo as he turned around to face him.

"I don't even know what to do or how to do it." He began, crossing his arms. Fabienne had't even noticed that he'd used any of his powers, if he even had some. He was still skeptical about Vilos whole plan.

“There are certain.. Traits that appear with powers, even with hunger and blood bonds. Nails become sharper, hearing as well. There is also the fact that the eyes will glow. So it’s hard to realize, especially when you’re new.”

Vilo could see the skepticism in Fabienne’s eyes. Even with him skeptical, Vilo couldn’t help but to want to push for this.

“All you need to know, is that if you follow in my directions, I can help you realize it~”

His voice had a hint of excitement, amusement. His eyes shining.

Fabienne could feel Vilo's sheer excitement about helping the fledgling vampire becoming aware of his new power. Fabienne had to admit that he looked kind of cute when Vilo was filled with excitement like this, but quickly Fabienne

pushed that thought away. Now he was curious. He wanted to know what he was capable of with his new life as a Vampire. He had already discovered his new body and senses, yet if there was more to it he was curious to find out what it was.

Without saying anything Fabienne walked up to Vilo, following him deeper into the basement between all the storages for the aged blood

And he finally was able to see who was chained up. A human male who was angry, scared. He looked to be cut up and hurt, however not fatally. The chain was tight around his wrist and neck, allowing him very little room to move.

Vilo hummed softly setting the candle down on a table, giving a curt nod to John and the

other servant. They moved beside the male human. Ready to subdue him if things go wrong.

“We are going to start out small with the tests, and slowly push it to see the limits. Now. The powers of a vampire is more mental, I myself can tell what my victim is thinking.”

He moved beside Fabienne, before looking down at the kneeling male, his excitement ebbing into a state of disgust for the victim.

“I want you to keep steady, don’t try and force it. Only when it starts we can push the limits, when I use my power, it feels like I’m reaching for my victim.”

He followed Vilo along the hallway until he saw the human in heavy chains. The smell of his blood immediately filled his nose again,



making his mouth water but remembered Vilo's tips not to focus on it.

He looked back at Vilo as he explained how vampiric abilities worked, yet Fabienne was confused. He didn't know how to access those powers, nore did he know what they were.

"But... I don't know how to use them. I don't even know what exactly I do or how they work." He said to Fabienne, eyes wandering back to the human

“I know.. But. I have my ways.”

Suddenly. Fabienne felt a hand on him. As Vilo leaned in close. Vilo knew his confusion, he decided to play with it.

“What is it that you would want Fabienne..? This human hates us. Such a lowly creature thinking that he can have such a opinion when

we are better. In fact. He tried to escape multiple times. He could be used for something. Anythinf. If you make him submit to you.”

Vilo chuckled slightly. Seeing as the human was now struggling. He could feel the hatred, and fear from the human.

“I guess you could say I have some.. ulterior motives for this too. I want to see, your passion, and know your wants. I want to see what you want out of this human. Or. What to make of this human.”

Vilo was close to Fabienne. Whispering this in his ear. Keeping his attention as he sent a silent signal to the two servants. The chains loosen. Causing the victim to struggle more and more. Until finally, a snap could be heard.

The human had broken free. Vilos grip tightened on Fabienne.

“Stay.”

He ordered the other vampire. Even though their blood bond would find Fabienne staying under his command. Vilo didn't let go, as they both watch the human start running for their life.

“Oops.. Look like your prey has gotten away. Hm? Do you want him back. To chase after? What *do* you want~?”

His eyes widened in surprise as he felt Vilos hand on his shoulder as the vampire leaned foreword to whisper into his ear. Fabienne held his breath for a second, shivers running down his spine as those words rang through his mind. They were utterly convincing,

tempting like the snake in the legend of Adam and Eve that tempted both of them to take the bite out of God's forbidden fruit. In the end both had succumbed to their temptation and suffered the consequences.

All his life Fabienne had been hesitant, bound by human rules and laws that wrapped like chains around his throat to keep him in place and therefore not being able to be truly free to act. From his days in the orphanage to the time he'd spend in the dark alleys, almost starving to death. He had never been free.

But now that Vilo had found him he had become something more powerful than any human could've ever imagined. He had come as close to God's forbidden fruit as he'd never been before. Vilo was Fabienne's snake, tempting him further and further to take a bite

out of his deep red apple of desire and in this moment, he finally took the bite.

Fabienne realized everything now. To him it felt as if all the weight crumbled off his shoulders at the enlightenment. Yet he had been too focused, too bound on Vilo's words that only the snap of the chains brought him back to reality. He saw the human bolting through the hall, running for his life as he could somehow sense his fear. He instinctively wanted to run after him, catching him but Vilo held him back. Fabienne felt the pressure of the blood bond rest on his shoulders as the vampire forced him to stay, making him watch on how his prey ran away.

His gaze only flicked quickly to Vilo once at the sound of his voice, hearing him talk.

*What do you want*

"I want him... I want to see his red." Fabienne whispered, eyes glowing a deep shade of red as his mind was racing to the human, trying to sense him as the human fled through the mansion. Yet Fabienne was still remaining here, bound by the blood bond between him and Vilo.

“Good..”

Vilo's voice cooed to Fabienne, seeing his eyes grow red. He gently snaked his hand to Fabienne's chin, forcing the vampire to look at him.

“Bring him back. Make him submit to you, and only you. Don't let him get away~”

And with that, Vilo released the vampire. Stepping back, a playful grin on his face. One

that was amused, sadistic, waiting to see the outcome of this.

The human had burst out of the basement, ran through the manor and out the door. The manor was surrounded by woods. Easy to trip. To get lost. But the male human only knew to survive.

Vilos touch had send shivers down Fabienne's spine, his red eyes now fixed on Vilo as he was talking to him.

His eyes sparkled with a glint of delight as Vilo told him to return the human, letting him step back before he bolted past him in unhuman speed through the halls of the mansion, heading towards the door and into the woods.

He could smell the human, hear his beating heart as he ran in a not so far distance to him.

He bolted towards him, catching up to him with ease as he cut the humans way off still in a certain, bright grey-ish red eyes glaring at him as he now stood few meters in the human's field of running.

The human froze, stopping. He took a few steps back instinctively.

“What the hell? What the hell are you!”

He was obviously scared, backing more and more before bursting into a sprint. Trying his best to get away. Thoughts racing through his mind.

He didn't care to give the human an answer, sensing his fear as he bolted away again. But this time Fabienne stood still. He watched the human run away, remembering Vilo's words. He said that he was able to call people. Was



that the reason why the whore did have such a great interest in him? Vilo wasn't sure, but he was certain about one thing: This human was his prey.

Fabienne took a deep breath as he let his senses focus on the human, feeling him, hearing his breath, hearing his heart pounding in his chest.

**Come to me** Fabienne spoke those words barely in a whisper as he held his hand out towards the still fleeing human, yet his words rang through Fabienne's mind in a loud hiss. Despite the distance between them, the human would hear his command, having no other choice but to follow with his mind going empty with the world slowing down around him.

The world slowed down. And so did the human.

Fabienne could see the human slowly turn and start walking to him. There was no fight for control, no struggling. Just blind obedience. Now standing before him was his prey. Looking dazed, but waiting. Waiting for Fabienne to give another order.

Red eyes resting on the man, Fabienne watched the human with curiosity as he walked towards him without putting on a fight. He looked dazed, his face blank as he stood now before Fabienne, seemingly waiting. Part of him was surprised that it had worked, seemingly guided by his instincts. He would remember this feeling.

A hint of a cruel grin played on Fabienne's lips as he grazed the human's cheek. *How far can I go...* Fabienne thought, studying the human's helpless expression.

*"Kneel"* Fabienne spoke his command, again focusing on this human, wanting him to obey and curiosity if he would.

The human got on his knees. Kneeling for Fabienne now looking up at him. Fabienne felt the connection that Vilo had also talked about.

The human tilted his head. Staring up at Fabienne. His expression blank. Staring into his glowing eyes.

Fabienne didn't expect the human to actually obey his command without hesitation. The man seemed helpless in his eyes. Fabienne almost pitied him as his curiosity grew, wondering what the human would be willing to do for him under his spell.

"What is your name?" He asked the human as he bowed slightly down to lift the human's chin up, studying his blank expression.

"Mark."

His blue eyes were dull. Much like how Rebecca was when he questioned her, he almost slurred his words. As though he was out of touch with the world around him. His chin heavy in his hand.

"Tell me Mark, what is it you want?" Fabienne asked him, looking into his dull blue eyes. To him, the fact that this human was kneeling in front of him had been already amusing, but the look on his face made it even sweeter.

Deep down it reminded him of the kids at the orphanage, begging for him to convince the supervisors that these bullies were innocent

this one time when they truly were. Fabienne never did unless he received something of them in return

There was a slight pause. What did Mark want? He was slightly trembling in his body. His fear starting to surface. But no matter how much he felt it. He wouldn't pull away.

“I want to live.”

It was a honest wish. As soon as he was captured. Chased. Mike felt like he wanted to live. That he needed to live. Live. Fabienne was certain that every of his previous victims wanted to live. Yet it never stopped him from feeling the thrill of fresh blood dripping down his hands to make him feel alive, to give his horrendous life a purpose.

Fabienne looked down at this human as he spoke his wish, a smirk growing wider on his lips.

"Then follow me." Fabienne said, almost soft as he went around the human, gently tucking on the humans chin to make him follow his gaze until his finger slid from beneath his chin with Fabienne turning his back on him to return to Vilo with his prey.

He didn't know if the human would live. Maybe he would die just after feasting off him a few times. But for now, he would take him back to the mansion.

And so, Mike followed all the way back to the mansion where Vilo was waiting.

Vilo had been pacing. Why did he feel slightly worried? Fabienne could take care of himself.

There was no need to feel like this. This feeling irritated him, Markus watching him pace.

“Master Vilo. Is there any reason you feel so irritated.”

God. Vilo hated when Markus snuck up on him. He had been deep in thought, not even noticing the vampire behind him. A quick glare made Markus sigh. Ever since Fabienne came to the mansion. Vilo has changed. Markus didn't know if it was good or not.

Fabienne returned to the mansion, Mark walking close behind him, seemingly still caught by Fabiennes spell. He gave Vilo a small mischievous grin, his eyes still glowing a bit red as he walked up to Vilo, stopping in front of the stairs as he let Mark step beside him. Fabienne didn't need to talk to make it clear that he'd successfully caught his prey.

Vilo stopped. Grinning at this. He was proud of Fabienne, but hated how close Mark stood to him. Vilo chuckled.

“I take it that you managed to figure it out?”

Vilo now stepped closer to Fabienne. Glancing at his prey, who looked away from Vilo.

Feeling his hatred for him. He gave Vilo a satisfied nod as his gaze wandered back to Mark who stood besides him. "You said he would be mine now if I catch him alive."

Fabienne said almost soft, his hand wandering over Mark's jawline to make him meet his own gaze.

"What should I do with him?" He asked, looking almost pitiful at the entranced man.

Vilo paused thinking. He indeed said that he could do anything if he caught him alive, so



what did he want to rip the human apart just because Fabienne was touching him. Looking so pitiful at him. Vilo fought back the urge to snap at him.

“You can do whatever you want with him. Make him a servant. Dependent on you. Kill him. Use him in your paintings. The choice is yours.”

Vilo was thankful that his voice hid his feelings. He tilted his head. Watching the two.

Fabienne tilted his head slightly as he was thinking. To kill this human would be too easy. "I think I'm going to keep him." Fabienne stated after a moment of silence.

"You said you wanted to live, didn't you?" He looked deep into Mark's eyes, trying to keep

their connection up as his eyes held a glimpse of cruelty within them.

“Yes. I don’t want to live.”

Vilo watched with interest at this. The connection stayed up. But. Vilo noticed Mark trying to resist. To wake up essentially.

“If you want to keep him dependent to you. I can help with the process of getting him addicted to vampire blood.”

Vilo didn’t know why he was helping with this. Just that he wanted to continue to see Fabienne happy. Even if it was a sadistic way.

Fabienne loved seeing Mark helpless like this, keeping his hand on his chin.

"How does it work?" Fabienne asked, his eyes wandering over to Vilo. He was curious if it was as easy as he'd imagined.

“You slow introduce them to your blood. Although you have to find the right amount or, the human will simply die.”

Vilo chuckled. It was amusing to see a human beg for his blood. To grovel at his feet. So imaging this human, Mark, do so caused his spirits to be up.

“As you’ve noticed. All servants in the manor are addicted in such way. It makes them more.. Agreeable. They don’t run. They obey.”

"How useful." Fabienne said, his gaze wandering back to Mark.

"I suppose he would make quite the good pet~" Fabienne chuckled a little, letting his eyes glide over the man's rather muscular body.

"Should we go inside then to continue?"

Fabienne looked back at Vilo, his tone bit more cheerfully. To him this situation was pure amusement.

"Yes. We shall."

Vilo was grinning at this point, enjoying the amusement on Fabienne's face. Heading into the manor, as soon as the door closed, Fabienne felt the connection sever.

Mark blinked. He felt dizzy for a moment, couldn't remember much from when he was under Fabienne's control. But he knew to not run, every sense in his body told him to be afraid. He looked between Fabienne and Vilo. Freezing up.

He followed Vilo back inside the mansion, giving Mark a glance over his shoulder to

follow along like a obedient pet. Yet as soon as the door closed behind the Threes Fabienne felt something fade away in his mind. He turned his head around to see Mark blinking all confused before his body tensed up and his heart began to race in fear.

"I see... that's how long this all lasts."

Fabienne noted as he approached Mark again with a an almost gentle smile on his lips, yet his grey eyes told otherwise.

"Do you remember anything of what just happened Mark?" Fabienne asked curiously, his head tilting slightly as he now almost stood directly in front of the human.

"I.. Remember running."

Mark's memory was fuzzy, he could remember a few moments before Fabienne made the

connection at best. And while something nagged at him to not run, fear was about to overtake him.

“I was running. From you. How did I get back..”

Vilo chuckled darkly. Almost laughed at the humans fear. The confusion. No matter how much he wanted to move closer to the two. He was going to let Fabienne take care of it.

"Fascinating..." Fabienne said, taking his hand up to his chin as if studying a test subject. In his eyes, Mark was one. Something to experiment on. To find out the limits to his power.

"There is no need to think about something like that now." Fabienne chuckled.

"What do you think Mark if I make you... a little gift?" His mischievous eyes were looking up at the man who was a bit taller than Fabienne.

"A gift..?"

Mark tilted his head. He didn't know why but he was curious. He stared back with his own brown eyes.

Vilo sat down now in one of the chairs in the sitting area. Resting his head on his hands. His red eyes found themselves watching Fabienne. His face showing no emotions, however.

"Yes... I will give you a taste of something you've never had before. Something only a few will get to try in their life." He lowered his voice a little as he began talking, leaning in a little closer to Mark.

"I'm sure you won't get enough of it." He now murmured into his ear.

"What do you say... do you want to accept this gift?" Fabienne now whispered into the humans ear, not feeling the connection between them, but to Mark those words would be utterly convincing on their own. He would have a hard time resisting Fabiennes offer.

Mark couldn't bring himself to resist. He gently nodded. Unable to speak. Just wanting what he was promise. The promise of such a gift, the humans greed showed.

"Yes. Yes of course I'll accept."

His words were nothing more then a whisper. A need.

"Good" Fabienne almost cooed gently before he stepped back from him a little.



"Then kneel, for you may receive your gift." Fabienne spoke with a soft yet mischievous smile on his lips. Once Mark had set down, Fabienne took his index finger and thumb of the right hand together, pricking the skin of the index finger with the tip of the sharp thumb's nail, giving his thumb a little squeeze to open the wound enough so that a pearl of dripping blood would form.

In reality Fabienne had no idea how many drops he needed to give, but assuming that Rebecca John only received one or two drops of his blood it couldn't be that much more. His gaze wandered to Vilo, a hint of his grin still on the face. The question he had was obvious.

"Three to four drops. Enough to give them that high they seek. But. It won't fry their brain."

Vilo hummed slightly. He knew how to deal with newcomers to this. Excited to see the reaction of this human.

Many who come under the influence of the vampire blood have different effects. Some got pleasure from it, some see their deepest fear before being lost into it. It all depended. On who received it. Fabienne couldn't help but grin a little when he grabbed Mark's chin, pulling it forward as he forced his mouth open, his thumb placed on the human's tongue to keep it in place.

"Don't be afraid. Enjoy it. Savor every drop." Fabienne cooed gently as he held his index finger over the humans mouth.

*One... Two... Three... Four... and Five*

He let those drops fall on Marks tongue as he pressed his thumb against his finger to get those drops of blood out one by one. He knew that Vilo had said that four would be enough, but he wanted to see what an effect a singular drop of blood would have on him. Although Fabienne didn't necessarily wanted Mark to die yet, he knew that this human was replaceable. If something went wrong he would just hunt down another human to take his place.

After the five drops of his almost black blood had fallen onto the humans tongue, Fabienne let go of his chin, stepping back a little to watch the humans reaction.

When the blood hit his tongue. The reaction was almost instant. It brought him crashing to

his hands and knees. He was shaking at this point.

Oh how his mind was fuck, he was dizzy. But had a hunger. A hunger for more. He tried to move forward but his body was heavy. He swore. He could hear voices too. That whispered about how Fabienne. Could give more.

Fabienne felt his hands trying to grip at his pants leg.

“P-Please. I need more.”

"I suppose you liked your gift then? How wonderful~" Fabienne looked down at the human who was now trembling to his feet, shaking from the effects of his vampire blood.

"Not so fast my Dear Mark." He said, stepping back a little out of Mark's reach.

"You will only get more if you decide to stay here with me~" he smiled down cruelly at the human.

"What do you say Mark? Will you become my little pet?" Fabienne chuckled a little, tilting his head a little as his grey eyes glinted with delight

"Yes. I'll stay with you. I'll be a pet. I just need more."

Mark was now begging. So pathetic. Vilo laughed now. It was always so amusing seeing a human grovel for more.

"Seems you got a pet Fabienne."

Vilo's words came out in a sneer almost.

Looking down on the human. Sure. He hated humans. But the fact that he watched Mark try and touch Fabienne. Something inside him

snap, he couldn't comprehend why such a lowly creature should be close to Fabienne, yet he wouldn't go back on his promise.

"Good" Fabienne cooed almost gently before he turned his back to Mark. He was amused by the pitiful behavior of the human, partly dwelling in memories of the past a little.

"Someone bring him back to my chambers and put him on a chain" he gave the servants who were watching a commanding look as they went to fetch Mark and drag him to his chambers. Now Fabienne was alone with Vilo again, his eyes resting on him. "He is pathetic isn't he?" Fabienne chuckled, fixing the sleeves of his white blouse a little

Vilo chuckled and came close to him once Fabienne was alone.

“Humans are pathetic. Remember that.”

Vilo watched Fabienne. And before he could stop himself, he smoothed put his hair, as it was a little messy from the run, his hands snaking down as he gently held onto Fabienne’s wrist, looking at the hand that he had pricked for blood. Sure. It was small, easy to heal up. But Vilo couldn’t help but to frown at it.

Fabiennes cheeks flushed a mild pink as he felt Vilos hand glide through his hair in a caring manner. He held his breath for a moment without realizing until Vilo grabbed his wrist gently to look at the wound in his finger with a look of concern on his face? Fabienne didn't dare to move, part of him found themselves unable to.

"How long will it take to heal?" Fabienne asked after clearing his throat after a moment of silence.

"Mm.."

Vilo hummed slightly at the question.

Acknowledging that he heard it. He brought the hand up to his lips, Fabienne felt a gentle kiss, before he licked the wound to have it heal faster.

"Vampires don't heal as fast as humans. So we have to be careful when we get hurt. But.. Licking one's wounds like this can get it to heal faster."

Vilo stepped away now. In front of Fabienne. He was hesitant to let go of his wrist. But did after hearing some footsteps of servants. His



red eyes however stared at Fabienne as his head tilted. Then. A grin seem to form.

“Why don’t we go on another hunt. To celebrate what we learned.”

A warm shiver ran down his spine when Fabienne felt Vilos soft lips press onto his finger, his eyes widening in surprise once he felt his tongue glide over the small wound. He only stared for a moment, flustered a little with a hint of pink blooming on his cheeks before Vilo let go.

He chuckled a little at Vilo's offer to hunt.

"That sounds like a wonderful idea." Fabienne said, a smile curling along his lips.

“Good.. Also. There is a opera later this week.”

Vilo picked up his coat, dusting it off. He now looked serious again, his expressions were unreadable this time.

“I would like for you to attend with me. If that is okay with you.”

It was rare Vilo gave someone a choice. But. He felt like he had to give some choices to Fabienne.

Fabienne had never been to an opera before. He'd never had the opportunity, nore the status or the money for it.

"Of course." Fabienne gave him a soft hint of a smile. Since he had arrived at Vilo's mansion his mood seemed to be a little more cheerful than usual.

Vilo nodded at the smile before glancing outside. Seems their hunt would have to wait for the sun was coming out.

“Let us rest. We can hunt when we go out.”

Vilo almost wanted to utter the words date. But stopped himself, he turned and started down the halls to his room. The sun coming up was just a excuse. Something so Vilo could think.

In Fabienne’s room. Chained up was Mark. He was laying down. Waiting for his master to return. The high from the blood was slowing down. Something that he was dismayed about.

He gave Vilo a silent nod before he also went towards his room. Once he entered he was pleased to see the human bound to his bed, a heavy collar and chain wrapping around the humans neck. He was now wearing a white

frilly blouse that almost exposed his complete chest. The chain on his collar was barely long enough to let the human lay on the floor and not even enough to let Mark fully stand up. It was clear that he had now the status of an animal.

He walked into the room, watching the human rest. "Hello my little pet to your new home~" Fabienne gave the human a teasing glance and chuckled before he silently went for the large black closet.

He then began to unbutton his vest and shirt, exposing his skin for Mark more and more to see until he stepped behind a room divider to change into some more comfortable pants as he walked over to open his coffin, sitting down on it to study the human with a hungry gaze.

All the adrenaline had made him forget how hungry he had been.

Mark was now sitting before Fabienne. He wanted to be closer to his master. And Fabienne could see that in his eyes as Mark waited.

“Master. Can I please have more?”

When Mark spoke. It was quiet. But his voice could still be heard, a roughness still in the tone.

"Not so fast my little pet. I already gave you some of mine. How greedy~" Fabienne chuckled faintly, eyes now trailing towards his pulsing artery on his neck.

"It wouldn't be fair if I would give you more without getting something in return, isn't it?~" he said in a cruelly teasing tone, feeling

his teeth ache at the sight and the beat of the humans heart. It took him a lot of self control not to just pounce at him.

“You can do what you want with me.”

Oh Mark. How willing he was now to throw away his life. All for the little taste of that vampiric blood. He was staring at Fabienne. A hint of curiosity for his new master showing. Fabienne chuckled as he stepped in front of Mark, pulling his chin up to meet his gaze.

"I know I can. You belong to me now. What a good little pet~" Fabienne chuckled amused as he let himself down into the man's lap. Marl was built rather biff, while Fabienne was a bit shorter compared to him.

Now kneeling in his lap, Fabienne pulled Mark's neck to the side roughly by his hair.

"Now savor this feeling, soon you will learn to love it." He whispered against Mark's ear, his words would send shivers down the humans spine before Fabienne burried his fangs into Mark's shoulder just beneath his metal collar. He let out a soft sound once the blood hit his tongue, pressing his upper body more against Mark's chest as he drank deep from him. Soon the human would feel the pleasure behind the soothing pain at the start, taking all over his senses and sending him into an euphoric state.

It lasted only until Fabienne had drank his last sip, pulling his fangs out of his neck with a rattling grasp, collecting few of the remaining blood around his mouth as he leaned back to savor the taste of this sweet connection.

"What do you say my little pet?" Fabienne asked him teasingly as his hands remained on Mark's shoulders.

@ Mark was now trembling. From the pain, from the new pleasure he felt. A soft stream of blood trickling down from his neck. He looked into Fabienne's eyes.

"I do love it. I do.."

Marks voice came from a little whisper. Grasping for breath from it.

"Good~" he cooed softly before he bowed back into the crook of his neck, letting his tongue glide over the remains of the blood and over the two wounds who would soon begin to heal without leaving a scar.

"Tell me again, who is your master?" Fabienne asked again, tugging his two fingers beneath



the front of the collar to pull Mark's neck up to meet his.

“You are my master.”

Mark allowed him to tug, he would let Fabienne do anything. Just as long as he got his blood. He looked at Fabienne his dark eyes longing.

“Master. Can I please.. Have some more of your blood.”

"Patience my little pet. If I would give you some now, you would die." Fabienne replied almost gentle. Mark's body had been through a lot of changes today. It wasn't time to die for him yet.

After giving him another almost gentle smile, Fabienne stepped off of him, leaving him

chained to the bottom of the bed as he went over to lay down into his coffin.

Without saying any further, despite the pleading, Fabienne closed the lid to the coffin, giving into the silence.

And so Mark was forced to wait. Falling asleep soon against the wall. There was silence through the manor as Vilo, Markus, and Fabienne slept in the coffin for the day.

Soon. Markus, the head butler of the household woke up. And started the night. Making sure Vilo and Fabienne are awake. And able to get their hunger out of the way.

Fabienne opened his eyes the next evening, awakening from his dreamless slumber, taking an unnecessary breath before he

pushed the top of his cushioned black coffin open.

He sat up in silence, rolling his shoulders and neck a little before his gaze wandered over to the still sleeping pet, feeling the endless hunger at the sight of the human.

Mark was still sleeping. His head against the wall. Seems he was a heavy sleeper. The chains still keeping him down. Fabienne could hear his heart beating. Nice and rhythmically. The bite mark on his neck almost fully healed up.

With quiet and swift steps, Fabienne pushed himself out of his coffin to approach his still sleeping pet, hearing his steady heartbeat, hearing his soft breath.

Without waking Mark up, Fabienne got on his knee, taking the humans arm and guiding it to

his lips. His fangs broke skin with a soft pop, the taste of his blood dwelling into his mouth as he began to feed on the human, his red eyes locked onto Mark and waiting for his reaction.

Mark opened his eyes. He felt the fangs breaking into his skin and he squirmed a little to get comfortable as he stared back into his masters eyes.

“M-Master Fabienne. You’re awake.”

His blood was sweet on the vampires tongue. His arm limp in the grip of his new master. He couldn’t pull away. Even if he wanted too.

Fabinen's eyes filled with a glint of delight once he saw the young man squirming as he drank from his wrist, closing his eyes to savor the sweet taste that would satisfy his needs.

After a moment, he slowly pulled his fangs out again, his tongue grazing over his fangs and lips to get even the last drop.

"Hello my little pet. I hope you rested well." He spoke softly with a mild, almost kind smile. He then brought the man's wrist up to his lips again, letting his tongue glide up the trail of blood that had spilled and dripped down his arm before grazing it over the two wounds to close.

He then let go of his wrist to stand up, silently walking over to his closet, opening it to pick out what to wear today. As a human he'd never really had the options, but since he lived with Vilo, his life had changed in more than one way.

Fabienne had many different types of clothes, shoes, all for any occasion. Vilo, as closed off

and sadistic as he was, actually would try and give Fabienne what he asked.

In fact. Fabienne had many freedoms. As long as he doesn't go into the west wing, or tried to leave without Vilo.

Mark looked around the room. He was finally focusing on the decor of the room,

Fabienne went through his clothes for a moment, picking out a white ruffle blouse along with a grey vest and some black pants, disappearing behind the wall separator to change.

Giving his pet one last side glance before disappearing, he noticed Mark's eyes being stuck on his recent painting. With a smile tugging on his lips he vanished behind the room separator to change.

"It seems as if my art has caught your eye."  
Fabinne noted as he was still changing.

"You did this..?"

The tone in Marks voice was indifferent to it, his eyes tracking the morbid paints, soon catching on to the latest. The one with the oxidized blood.

Something about it almost made Mark scared, a sense of urgency fighting against the drug like affect to the vampire blood he had consumed. He still wanted to obey his master. But something just unsettled him now.

He noticed even the slight change in the human's voice, emerging back from behind the room separator, fully dressed.

"I did. Every piece you're looking at here are my creations." He replied, buttoning up the

sleeves of his shirt, his grey eyes trailing over his paintings before locking onto Mark.

"Is something wrong Mark? Does something about my art displease you?" He asked, approaching the human slowly.

"No master I am just not use to such art."

It was a lie. One Mark tried to quickly cover up. In truth. He truly hated the paintings. Much like those in Fabienne's past. Seeing no beauty from it.

He could sense that this human was lying. To him, Mark wore the same mask that he saw over and over again. He could hear the man's heart beating faster in his chest. It was evident.

"Liar." Fabienne said with this wavering smile on his lips as he bowed down to grab the



human by his collar, pulling his gaze upwards to meet his.

“I’m not lying! I wouldn’t lie to my master!”

Now. Mark knew he was in trouble. Knew that he had messed up, all he could do was try and backpedal.

“Master Fabienne please. I wouldn’t.”

The sound of the human's heart began to quicken even more once Fabienne pointed out the truth. Lying to him had absolutely no use.

"What is it that you really think of my art?" He asked in a rather sweet tone, yet his eyes were cold, piercing through the human as he pulled the human slightly more up by his collar.

Oh how Mark turned pale at this. Despite being larger than Fabienne, strength was no match to a vampire. His mouth went dry, and Mark

even struggle to utter out words. So he simply shook his head no. Unable to lie under the harsh gaze.

“I am lying.”

Those three words he muttered, as he tried to pull away from Fabienne. A struggle.

Fabienne had known it from the start that Mark had been lying. The fact that he openly admitted it seemed entertaining to him in a way, yet it was quickly pushed away by the hate that boiled up inside of him but being able to mask it.

"Then answer my question truthfully? What is it what you see in my art?" He looked down at his pet, keeping the grip tight around the man's collar.

“I don’t think..”

Feeling the tight grip made him flinch. It made him afraid. Like he knew that that Fabienne didn't care for him. But still staring into his eyes, he was trying to test the waters.

"I'm sorry. I just.. don't like them. It's too much."

His gaze didn't soften a bit once he heard the human admit his opinion towards his paintings.

"It's too much you say?" Fabienne tipped his head to the side a bit, his cold grey stare piercing through the human.

"Well, how about you **tell me every little thought that makes you think it's 'too much'?**" he bowed forward, letting his power radiate through him as he penetrated the

man's mind, wanting to find out his true thoughts, even those he didn't dare to speak.

"I hate them. It just shows a side of morbidity and is ugly. I hate looking at it."

Mark spat out. He couldn't stop himself. Under control of the power, he couldn't look away now from Fabienne.

His gaze only darkened for a split second before his expression shifted into something calm, not showing a single sign of his mistrust from before.

"Thank you for your honesty my little pet. That wasn't that hard now, was it." Fabienne chuckled softly as he let go of Mark's collar with an almost kind smile.

"As a reward i'll now give you what you've been longing for." Fabienne said, giving Mark

a calm and almost kind smile before he lifted his right hand to slice the palm swiftly with the nail of his left index finger open.

"Here. Drink." Fabienne offered his bleeding finger to his blood addicted pet, waiting for him to take it.

Mark, thinking everything was now fine. That his master was a kind master, and wouldn't hurt him for being honest, so he gladly drank.

Of course. He had absolutely no idea how badly he fucked up. Mark didn't know how much he could take. He was greedy for the blood, for the high.

*Let him drink... More and more...*

Those words were on Fabienne's mind as he watched with a stone mask how Mark sucked

the blood off his thumb, just letting him satisfy his greed.

By now it had been far more than three drops, just letting the addict drink and waiting for what was about to happen.

Mark suddenly pulled away. If he wanted to take more. He could. But he had too much of a high now to realize what was going on..

How blood ran down his chin. His body now a deathly pale. Before his face started to turn blue. His throat was *closing*. He couldn't breathe. And yet, he didn't seem to care. Not able to feel the affects.

It wasn't until the burning sensation started. First in his mouth, then his whole body felt like it was on fire. The high he was on, turned nightmarish. His fingers digging into his skin,

trying to claw at his flesh, Fabienne heard him gurgling. He couldn't speak, trying to beg; and yet it couldn't come out. Finally he fully dropped. His lungs depleted of oxygen, his body now starting to violently convulse. His blood from the claw marks turned thick and black as though decomposing.

And soon, everything stopped.. There was just the drip of blood on the floor.

Mercilessly, he watched the human suffer his cruel deserved death with a twisted curiosity about the effects of an overdose of his blood. The begging, pleading look on the human's face was like sweet honey on his tongue.

It was only when Mark's body had stopped twitching that Fabienne bowed down to observe his body's. Part of the veins had turned into a dark black, shining against the

white pale skin of the corpse. A truly fascinating view. It was beautiful.

Tilting his head a little, Fabienne reached with his hand over the corpse, looking at his own sharp nails for a second before he burried them righ into the humans chest. They went through with ease being razor sharp, able to tear his chest wider open so that Fabienne could take a look on his insides.

With both hands he held onto parts of the corpses rib cage, an audible crack sounding as he cracked it open further for display to be able to take a better look at it.

It seemed as if the humans heart had turned completely black, the veins spreading like a disease to his lungs and up his windpipe, taking over even parts of his liver. It was a grotesque, yet deeply fascinating view.



Without big hesitation he went over to his table, grabbing one of his leather sketchbooks and a pen, sitting himself with crossed legs on the floor and began to draw.

Soon the first page would be filled with a few rough sketches depicting the human from different angles, insides visible, his face frozen in despair with the blood drying on his lips and chin. It was a glorious sight for Fabienne.

Vilo smelled the blood before he woke. At first it didn't startle him, after all a servant could've just cut themselves.

But this smelled different. *Dead.*

He was quick to get out of his coffin, noting how it came from Fabienne's room.

Vilo was as worried. He may not admit it himself, but he indeed was worried. His

thoughts going to if Fabienne was hurt. He had quickly thrown on a button up shirt, not bothering to button it up as he opened the room.

The sight that awaited them forced him to stop. Seeing Mark mutilated, blood spilling on the floor, and Fabienne peacefully sketching on the floor. Vilo slowly sat down beside him, glancing at the sketch humming softly.

He knew when Vilo entered the room and kept working on his sketches, unbothered by the fact that Vilo sat down besides him and watched him

"He became the one thing that he seemed to hate the most." Fabienne said with a calmness and a little smile on his face that could make one shiver at this bizarre sight. He then bowed forward to reach for the corpse, dipping his

thumb into the blackened blood of the organs before placing a few swift smudges and lines on the paper to give it some of this deep red color.

“Such a cruel irony for him. But sweet for us Huh.”

Vilo found himself smiling as well. Not bother at all by the gruesome sight. In fact watching Fabienne sketch it out, putting blood there. It made hun happy.

“You seem.. Happy here.”

He smiled softly. He didn't know why he said it. Yet he was drawn closer.

He paused for a second at his words, his grey eyes shifting towards him as he didn't expect those kind words, noticing his soft smile. He never noticed how pretty Vilo was.

"I- I think I am..." Fabienne said more hesitant, looking away not knowing why he had been stuttering in the first place. His whole life Fabienne had never been truly happy, never been able to fully express himself with people looking down on him like garbage. But Vilo had changed his life in any way possible, made him stronger and gave him the freedom to express his new and old nature. While thinking about this he didn't notice the faint hint of color showing on his cheeks.

"Good."

Vilo hummed softly. Leaning close to get a better look not noticing how close he was. Vilo was silent, before gently touching the sketch. He couldn't help but be fascinated.

"You have a eye for beauty. I love it.."

He suddenly got up before brushing off his clothing.

“We are going to the opera tonight. If you want to join me.”

Vilo was close, leaning almost onto Fabienne's touching shoulder. He watched Vilo's marble hands with long sharp nails glide carefully over his sketches, seemingly tasting them.

"Thank you..." He muttered at Vilo's compliment. He had no doubt that the vampire's words were out of pure honesty and adoration for his art. He was the first person ever to tell him those words that way

"Of couse... I would love to..." He looked up at Vilo, not noticing how a faint smile tugged on the corners of his mouth.

“Good. I will let you get ready, the servants can preserve Mark if you want while we are gone.”

Vilo smiled at him and went to get ready in his room. Deciding on some.. Finer clothes for the evening. He was excited thinking about what Fabienne would like more than his own.

Oh how ready he was for this. If anything, he thought this as a small date in a way. Of course never admitting that.

"Dispose him. I can't stand his face." Fabienne looked down at the corpse in disgust. The only thing he'd needed was his blood which was now inbetween the pages of his book.

Once Fabienne had left, few servants had come in to take rid of Mark's dead body. They would

take care of the carpet and floor later once the two vampires would be gone.

After the servants had left quickly, he went over to his closet to pick some finer clothes for the evening. He'd never been to an opera before, but he knew well enough that it was no place to be underdressed in.

He decided on a black frilly blouse, a blood red vest with fine embroidery over it along with a matching red tie and some matching black rather high waisted black pants. He looked at himself in the mirror, having to admit that he looked like one of his artworks. His new life was truly a blessing.

In his new outfit, brown soft curls framing his face, he went down the staircase towards the door. Vilo had been waiting on the bottom of the stairs, looking up to him.

"How do I look?" Fabienne asked, feeling a little shy all of a sudden. He didn't know why it suddenly mattered to him how Vilo liked his clothing.

Vilo smiled softly, Fabienne looked great, better than Vilo ever thought. He loved the way Fabienne looked, his eyes trailing taking in his outfit.

"Fabienne.."

Vilo's own outfit was of a white ruffled shirt with a black corset around his waist. Black slick pants and dress shoes. His short white hair was neatly combed, perfectly framing and showing his pale red eyes. A black coat around his shoulders.

He almost went towards Fabienne. There was a certain pull to him, something he couldn't



explain. He was excited. Vilo couldn't usually stand going out, but with his newfound friend, a twisted sense of joy to bring chaos was there.

"You look fabulous."

He saw Vilos eyes light up at the sight of him, Fabienne feeling himself weirdly drawn to this man. He had the strange urge to be close to this man, to grab his hand and pull him close, Fabienne had no idea why.

"You too." He added as he stood in front of Vilo, getting lost in the man's red eyes only for a moment before he noticed what he was doing, a hint of blush showing on his face before a servant approached him to hand Fabienne his black coat.

And. Vilo walked out the door with him, giving a slight hum to himself as he got into the black

horse drawn carriage. It was nice then usual, comfortable seats, he helped Fabienne in and when the door closed, it started moving.

Silence fell in the carriage as Vilo looked out the window, watching the forest give away to the city. He glanced at Fabienne smiling softly. As the opera house came in view.

He smiled softly at Vilo who helped him into the carriage, slow excitement filling his chest. Fabienne had never been to an opera before. His grey eyes wandered over the street, the clacking of hooves in his ears along with the ever growing buzz of the town.

The opera house stood out to most of the buildings. It was brightly illuminated, men in fine suits and women in fancy dresses flowing in to watch the show. Fabienne could not wait for their hunt to begin.

Vilo had a idea for how their hunt could begin. Fabienne saw a twisted grin form onto the vampire.

“I would say. Whoever gives the worse performance tonight, deserves to die Hm? If they have no talent at all.”

He watched as different people went in. Vilo was quick to change where he was looking not focusing on one specific person, he was hungry after all, but excited.

"What an interesting idea. That sounds like fun, but i'm afraid i'm not really experienced with music." Fabienne chuckled a little, his gaze being drawn out of the window towards the people, but he quickly looked away, back to Vilo. Something he could focus on...

“You’ll be able to know. Unlike normal humans, we have heighten awareness of when things are wrong in a sense.”

Vilo hummed slightly. It takes use to knowing such information. But he was happy, that he could finally share it. He looked back to Fabienne with a grin.

“It’s something I’ve picked up. I never was someone who knew about music either.”

"I see... well then let's see which singer is going to make the most mistakes." Fabienne chuckled in amusement. He was hungry, happy to be by Vilos side, ready to hunt. Vilo stepped out of the carriage, helping Fabienne down. He hummed softly as he guided him through the opera house.

It was huge, and couples were talking, going on dates. Some were just there for the entertainment. As they walked through the door, someone took their coats and handed them a piece of paper, a guide for them. Seems Vilo came here often as they knew him by name, well. His last name. Delandi.

They were guided to a private section; one above the others for privacy.

It was Fabienne's first time in the opera. He still had to get used to all the luxury, to someone who would always be there to fulfill his needs. It was something he never had in the past.

He didn't have time to worry about it longer, but rather to keep his focus on Vilo, to not let his mouth water at the scent from all these human's around him.

Their private section in the opera was only meant for the two, giving them a perfect view at the stage above everyone else. Fabienne looked around, taking in the view and the luxury of the opera. It seemed to inspire him in a way.

"What a great view." Fabienne noted, going up to the railing, bowing forward a little to look into the crowd of people beneath them.

Vilo sent the attendant on their way before stalking towards Fabienne, placing his hands on the railings.

"It isn't it. This section was got my father and I. And now I try and come here as often as I can."

Vilo never really talked about his family. So he was surprised when he easily mentioned it to Fabienne.

At the mentioning of Vilo's father, Fabienne's gaze darkened as he looked down to the crowd as if unpleasant memories came up in his mind that he didn't wanted to be reminded off.

"What was your father like?" Fabienne asked, not looking at the vampire, keeping his eyes occupied and his stomach grumbling.

“.. He was strict. He built his own fortune and became nobility. But. He was kind. Wanted to protect me.”

Vilo had a soft smile. He was happy with remembering his father. A bitter sweet memory but one he loved. He smiled softly

looking at Fabienne hearing the stomach growl.

“The show is about to begin. Why don’t we take our seat.”

Fabienne's own memories of his father were no good ones. He remembered watching him and his mother argue all the time, watching the two out of a small slit inbetween the closet door, hearing his brother scream as the two fought.

Fabienne snapped back into reality when Vilo spoke to him. "That sounds like a good idea." Fabienne agreed, sitting down into one of the two seats besides Vilo. Vilo sat in the comfortable chair. His head now resting on his hand as the curtain opened and the show started.



The opera a tragedy. A man and woman who weren't destined to be yet can't help but to be pulled together. And like Vilo had said.

Fabienne had a sense. Able to know and sense what was correct. Fabienne watched the curtains part to reveal the two singers, depicting the man and the woman of the tragic opera about forbidden love. He watched the two sing, hearing how they hit the notes accompanied by the music of the orchestra.

He listened for a moment until the male singer sounded weirdly off for a moment. Fabienne felt a tingling, the note that he sang seemingly had to be higher to fit into the rhythm.

His eyes furrowed a little as the singer continued with his part. "Did you hear that?" Fabienne asked, looking over to Vilo to confirm his suspicion of what he'd heard.

Vilo nodded at this. He had continued to watch the opera play out but he confirmed that indeed the male lead was off.

“Heightened senses.. We are the only ones who heard it.”

His voice was low, Though it wouldn't matter. No one could hear them from their own balcony. It gave a sense of privacy for the two.

Vilo leaned more into his own hand as his eyes scanned the faces of the actors. Fabienne couldn't tell his emotions, though, he could see Vilos finger tapping with the music. Something signaling that he was enjoying his time here. Even if he didn't look it.

Fabienne continued to watch and listen to the opera, watching the human's wander around on stage and sing, but not every note was

perfect. He made little notes in his mind of which of the singers had been the most off in tune.

Just as another musical piece seemed to be finished, Fabienne had come to count that the male lead singer had missed the most notes, despite having heard that he was the most praised singer of today's setup.

He could hear Vilo whispering to one of the attendants for the show. One that seemed oddly familiar to Fabienne. He could only make out a few words. But seems Vilo was requesting for the male singer to come to their balcony after all the other guests leave.

Vilo then turned back to the show. Humming along with the final score. Though, Fabienne could've sworn that he would steal glances to

his companion. Quick ones to make sure Fabienne was enjoying himself.

Soon. The actors on stage bowed, the curtains closing on set. And, the curtains on the balcony closed. Fabienne realized that he could still see clearly out below them, however. No one could see into the balcony now. They had complete privacy His head tilted to the side a little as he saw how Vilo seemed to whisper something to one of the attendees that had entered their section. The man was odd because Fabienne's nose picked up a hint of Vilo's scent on him. Was he one of the vampire's servants?

It didn't matter because Vilo seemed to demand a private audience with the male singer after the show. Fabienne's suspicion had been right then.

After the attendee was gone Fabienne watched how the opera came to their grand finale, the music taking him in as he watched in fascination until the curtains closed. He even applauded politely until even two curtains pulled in front of their section. The fabric seemed to be made out of a fabric that made the stage still visible to them, yet Noone would be able to watch inside to them now.

His gaze wandered over back to Vilo. "I suppose we can agree on who is our meal for the evening?" His eyes lighten up shortly with red, showing his hunger and desire.

"Yes. The lead singer."

Vilo seemed more relaxed now that they were away from prying eyes. He leaned back with his head looking up, closing his pale eyes.

“Patience though, we dont want to get caught.”

He spoke softly, as though he was reminding himself, and not his companion.

They didn’t have to wait long. There was three quick knocks to the balcony, the attendee announcing Sir. Gavin, the male singer looked proud of his performance.

“You wanted to see me? I hear you are a backer of the theater, from the Delandi family correct..?”

It was clear that this actor assumed he was here for praise. Vilo gave a glare, he hated humans taking in his family name. But his smile never faltered.

A small grin of excitement curled along Fabienne's lips at Vilo's statement, his hunger growling like a beast in response.

He gave Vilo a small nod of agreement although he did not have the patience to currently wait. Until now he hadn't noticed how hungry he was.

Fabienne's gaze was drawn to the door at the three quick knocks, the lead singer entering with his chest swelled in pride like some bird during mating season.

"Your performance was quite remarkable." Fabienne noted with a similar smile as Vilo's, trying to distract himself from his hunger and the sound of the man's beating heart.

The actor seemed to swell with pride as he grinned putting a hand to his chest. He had

started to ramble now. About his “humble” origins. How hard he worked. Just droning on and on.

Fabienne could see that Vilos attention was waning. He was getting bored. Something that would never bore well for the prey. Vilo’s fingers now were sharp claws. Tapping at the wooden seat. His eyes glowing slightly a use of powers. Able to read the actors mind.

Indeed this actor was a narcissist Vilo found. And it just served to piss him off even more. How *dare* a human think so highly of himself after all. Vilo got up stalking behind the actor. His footsteps light that his prey hadn’t noticed he quickly moved until Vilo leaned on his back.

“Yes very interesting indeed. But you must be so tired now.”



Vilo spoke barely above a whisper. His voice thick with “concern”. The actor couldn’t protest as Vilo guided him to a seat between the two vampires. His red eyes glancing to his companion quickly.

Fabienne listened to the dancer's incredibly boring life story. Slowly his own patience started to wear off and when he glanced over to Vilo, it looked as if he wanted to tear this man's throat open here and now. But they both knew they had to have patience. This hunt was way more delectable than just killing their victim on the spot. Despite both of their hunger, the singer seemed too occupied with himself to notice.

He watched in anticipation as Vilo went up to stalk up behind the singer to guide him in into Vilo's original seat besides Fabienne with Vilo

himself now taking the seat next to it.

Fabienne caught onto Vilo's hint quickly.

"My friend is right. You must be exhausted."

Fabienne tuned himself in with the same tone of concern, his hand wandering over the man's chest to his tie to get the singers attention.

"How about you let yourself **relax** a little?" His voice grew more mischievous as he spoke those words, the singer now feeling bound to Fabienne's glowing Crimson gaze and the words that spilled from his lips. The singers senses would slowly grow dull under Fabienne's influence, his mind and will melting away as he would find himself unaware of what he soon would become.

The actor couldn't help but to indeed relax. He slump down in his chair, a soft sigh escaped his lips as Vilo sat down on the other side.

“What.. is happening?”

The actor slurred his words. If he was fully conscious to this. He would be panicking. But his mind allowed him to escape everything. Fabienne heard Vilo give a soft hum in joy watching the helpless actor.

Something about Vilo today. He was more, giddy, sadistic? The words couldn't come to Fabienne. But, no matter. To Vilo all that matters was if he, and Fabienne was happy. He stole another glance at Fabienne, taking in everything to his memory. How how looked, how his hair fell. So many things had changed, and for once it was something Vilo didn't mind.

Fabienne watched the actor sink into his seat, relaxing as he was told, unable to really move, yet still conscious enough. The singer must've

had problems holding his eyes open when Fabienne pulled the man's chin towards him, once again meeting the man's gaze with his glowing Crimson eyes.

"Shhh... it will all be okay. Just **let your worries fade away. Dont worry. We will take good care of you.**" Fabienne cooed almost gently as the human's mind soon would be completely clouded with no will left to fight his inevitable fate.

Once he was certain that the human's mind was basically gone, Fabienne averted his eyes before looking back at Vilo, noticing his oddly soft gaze. The smile suited him, Fabienne couldn't deny it. There was something about Vilo that made him truly special...

"Take what you want." Fabienne gestured with his sharp fingernails towards the singer's

wrist and neck once he had caught himself again, waiting to take the first bite.

“Why don’t we do it together?”

Vilo blushed at this suddenly realizing what he had specifically said. While Fabienne wouldn’t know, but for vampires, sharing a prey was a form of affection.

“After all. We do deserve it.”

His voice was soft at this. As he took one of the singer’s wrist. It took everything he had not to move to Fabienne, to sit in his lap. "Alright then." Fabienne noted as he couldn't help but the small grin forming on his own lips, his fangs already visible before he dug his fangs into the wrist of the dancer. He only groaned in response when both of the vampire's began to drink from him. The longer Vilo and Fabienne

drank from him, the more this man's groans grew into breathless whimpers, soon his eyes rolling back into his head as he lost consciousness.

Fabienne on the other hand didn't bother about the man's condition as long as his heart was still beating. Another thing that filled his mind as the hot Crimson ran down his throat, was Vilo and how he drank as well. In this moment, Fabienne felt drawn to him, connected to him in an indescribable as they shared their prey almost like a sacred meal. It had something romantic in Fabienne's eyes, but were those odd feelings really love that he felt in this moment. It felt like a sort of appreciation, as if he never wanted to leave this man's side who changed his life in a way he could've never imagined. It couldn't be just simple love, right?

Vilo had closed his eyes. He felt at peace now, drinking from the human that was being consumed dried. After a while the actors heartbeat started to slow, to fade from existence.

Vilo soon opened his eyes, setting the wrists gently down on the armrest of the seat the actor was sitting before Vilo stalked to Fabienne. Seeing how his companions hair was now in his face, Vilo couldn't help but to get closer, and soon, he ran his slender fingers through the hair of the vampire.

He didn't know what to hope to accomplish. Right now, he acted on his emotions, something that Vilo only did once before. Only this time it wasn't anger, it was just pure curiosity and a hint of soft affection for Fabienne. Fabienne's hair was curled in Vilos

fingers, his eyes staring down at the vampire, his fangs still poking out stained with blood.

His eyes were closed while Fabienne drank, savoring the taste of the blood that ran down his throat, filling the void in his stomach for now.

After he felt the heartbeat of the dancer slowly fade away, he opened his eyes, pulling his fangs out of the lifeless arm and setting it aside as well before Vilo approached him all of a sudden. He looked up at this man, his gaze seemingly finding Fabienne's own before he felt his hand unexpectedly glide through his hair after brushing a few strings out of his face.

At first, Fabienne was confused why Vilo would do something like this, but Vilo's gaze was filled with something soft and adoring.



Fabienne had never felt anyone looking at him like this, knowing only the expression of fear and despair in their eyes.

"What are you doing?" Fabienne asked softly, not noticing the little smile forming on his face, nor the heat that flushed into his cheeks. Somehow when he looked at Vilo this way, his heart seemed to beat out of control, like a compass losing his orientation near a magnet and spinning in circles. An odd sensation but somehow, Vilo was the only person Fabienne could think about in this moment, the dying man besides them completely forgotten.

His other hand now gently traced away the blood from Fabienne's lips as Vilo leaned down to the sitting vampire, despite being the shorter one of the two.

“I’m.. Sorry I can’t help but to want to get closer to you.”

His voice was soft, a whisper so only Fabienne could hear him, soft, playful in his companions ear. Fabienne never heard Vilo like this. Even with the best days, Vilo wasn't *this soft*.

“I always.. felt this way. I don’t know why. Why do you bring these feelings out of me?”

He couldn’t help but to now rest his head in the crook of the vampires neck. Softly humming.

The way Vilo now wiped away the blood out of the corner of his mouth gently somehow made Fabienne's chest feel all light and fluttery, like a butterfly being trapped inside a birdcage. The whisper send a small shiver up the man's

spine, making him shudder a little at the sound of Vilo's whisper.

"I don't know. But... you've been doing... the same to me." Fabienne replied in the same soft matter of voice. Somehow Vilo's odd behavior made Fabienne all fuzzy on the inside, gasping softly as he felt the man's head resting in the crook of his neck. The soft hum in his hear was somehow calming yet his heart was beating against his rib cage.

"Why do I feel like this? Like I... need you... close to me?" Fabienne whispered, not noticing how his hands reached forward to settle on the man's hips. Whatever this man was doing to him, Fabienne had never felt such a strong form of... desire?

Vilo felt Fabienne touch his hips. This caused him to try and scoot forward before now

placing delicate kisses to his neck. His touch was soft, gentle, but there was a hint of neediness. Like he didn't want to let go.

Vilo was bold, but treaded the line carefully. Not wanting to scare of his companion. A hint of ice cold fear deep in his core, one that he as due to the fear of him pulling away. Yet it didn't stop him from laying a warm kiss on Fabienne's lips, Vilos hand instinctively resting on the back of his neck.

“I.. need you to. I love you.”

He whispered it. A soft. Gentle whisper. As though afraid he would be rejected.

This man was so close to Fabienne. It almost drove him insane. A small wave of shock went through his body at the soft touch of this man's lips.

Once Vilo pulled away and looked into Fabienne's eyes, he'd be able to see confusion, desire and hunger. Vilo was so close and once their lips finally met, Fabienne didn't pulled away. Not when he felt the man's hand wander into his neck to keep him close.

*I love you...*

Hearing those words made Fabienne shiver a little and his heart beating so incredibly fast. Was it that what he felt? Love? He'd never experienced any of it. Was he even able to feel love for anyone.

"I-..." Fabienne tried to get any more words out. Vilo was so close. He felt his hot breath against his skin, but he couldn't hold it any longer. Instead of finishing his sentence, Fabienne slowly reached forward to close the gap between their lips again once more.

His kiss was filled with eagerness, as if he'd been starving for affection. His grip around Vilo's waist tightened as he pulled the man into his lap, wanting to be close to him. He felt a growing hunger inside of him. Hunger for more of this feeling as they held their passionate kiss. Fabienne hungered for Vilo...

And Vilo hungered for Fabienne. Gentle but firm was the vampire's touch. Slowly and softly exploring his companion's body, although allowing enough time for Fabienne to pull away if he must.

There was a sort of rush to it. Vilo knew just from the kiss Fabienne was wanting him, and no one would dare disturb the two men unless there was an emergency. Something in Vilo's movements, a lingering desire as he tugged on Fabienne's cloths and his own.

Vilo hasn't felt this way in a long time. He craved it now. Finally feeling his own heart and emotions melt into care for someone else other than his own desires.

Vilo mumbled softly. Fabienne couldn't hear it, but it was Vilo mumbling how much he wanted Fabienne. How much he loved him, and how Vilo would never let him go.

Fabienne had no intention of pulling back from his newly discovered companion. He let his own hands explore every curve of this man as Vilo's hands set his body on fire.

He didn't pull back from their kiss once, closing his eyes as he closed his eyes, pressing his lips eagerly against Vilo's, attempting to even slide his tongue into his mouth if Vilo would let him. Fabienne hadn't realized for how long he had longed for this feeling, a

burning passion he'd never felt before, making him only realize how badly he needed this man.

In the rhythm of their kiss, his hips and body moving against Vilo's, his growing buldge rubbing against his lover's while he kept his ass down with one hand. Fabienne's hand had wandered into the back of Vilo's neck, tugging on his hair to keep this man as close as he could.

"I need you... Vilo..." Fabienne muttered against Vilo's lips, his eyes open half lidded, pleading and burning with raw desire for more than just their intoxicating kisses.

"And I need you too."

Vilo allowed Fabienne to tug him close, in turn his hands started to tug at clothes, clearly



wanted them off, almost demanding them off in a way. He couldn't stop how much he wanted Fabienne, how much he needed him.

Vilo finally pulled away from the kiss. Softly kissing Fabienne's neck, his hands carefully tracing his body, before Vilo started to tug at his own clothing, never stopping once to give Fabienne his full attention however.

Every small tug on his clothes send a jolt of excitement through Fabienne. It appeared as if Vilo truly wanted more and Fabienne would indulge in it.

"I have...never done it with another man before..." Fabienne sighed softly as he felt Vilo's kisses on his neck with his fingers trailing down his body. It was true. Fabienne had never had any love interest or sexual desire in anyone. Despite social norms, it

didn't even bother him. Vilo was the one who opened the world to him, showing him that life was worth living. He was the man he wanted to spend all eternity with.

While Vilo began to fumble with his own clothing, Fabienne's own hands began to wander to the buttons of his own vest, popping them one by one as fewer soft sighs of pleasure escaped him.

Vilo gave a soft glance down at him. Vilo was experienced yes, years of being alive would do that, so he was wanting to be careful with Fabienne. Not hurt him.

“It’s okay.. We can go slow.” He spoke softly in his ear. He allowed his vest and shirt to fall away. Fabienne could see his face wKe skin, one that had scars lightly showing. Vilo paused waiting to see Fabienne’s reaction.

He had never shown anyone his scars. The only people who knew was one past lover. But soon he just didn't care anymore he started to go for his pants, not wanting to stop unless Fabienne told him to.

He loved Fabienne. He didn't want to let him go no matter what.

His words gave Fabienne the sort of comfort he needed in this moment. It was all new but seeing the man he felt like he'd grown especially fond of undress in front of him like that, made all his worries fade away.

His gaze was quickly caught by all those small scars scattered over his slightly more colorful body. He looked like cracked porcelain, flawed but... beautiful. Almost enamored, Fabienne's hands settled on Vilo's chest, slowly tracing after those scars.

"You're... a work of art..." Fabienne whispered softly before looking up at his lover to meet his gaze who shortly after went towards the man's pants. With a soft moan, he gave into the heated passion between him and his eternal lover.

It was truly a wondrous time. The corpse besides the Two had long been forgotten. Their tongues fought a fierce battle as they became one. Moans and more lewd sounds could be heard as Fabienne couldn't but yield towards the pleasure of his first time, the bond between the Two growing stronger with every pleasure filled sound and thrust. Both of them got absorbed in their own little world, not caring about anything else right now. Right now, the Two were the only people in this world....

Vilo could feel the tears in his eyes. *Art.* That is what Fabienne called him. Gus chest welled with love and pride for this.

Vilo was caring with Fabienne, showing him pleasure with this , of course this couldn't last forever. As they were just about finished, the door slammed opened, a panicked servant that worked for Vilo in the opera house rushing in.

The poor man stopped short seeing the two naked vampires, feeling his body freeze.

“I-I’m so sorry Markus had-.” But the look Vilo shot him made his voice stamper out in fear as his body involuntarily backed away.

That was all the time Vilo needed before the man crashed to the floor, a enraged Vilo having attacked him.

Fabienne had been writhing in pure bliss beneath Vilo, moaning his name here and there. His head had begun to spin a little as he was about to finish along with his new lover until suddenly all warmth was gone. He had been too taken away to notice the servant that interrupted them.

"What-" Fabienne had been left panting, hazy eyes taking a moment to focus on Vilo, pinning someone to the floor. After he had understood that, it didn't take Fabienne long to click that this new person was a human who had dared to interrupt them. Rage started to boil up inside of Fabienne, cold rage as his grey eyes grew Crimson red, yet ice cold.

"Entering private chambers without knocking? How disrespectful..." Fabienne spoke slowly, cold and sharp in tone as he

stood up to approach his love and the human. That two of the three were actually naked at this moment did not seem to matter.

"What should we do with him my love?"

Fabienne spoke coldly, looming over the human like a death angel while stealing a few quick glances over Vilo's beautiful body...

"Kill him of course." Vilo said calmly, but a crack and the scream that sounded from the man underneath him showed Vilo had broken his wrists. "They dare to interrupt us after all. And I am still a tad.. hungry."

Vilo glanced at Fabienne pulling the man up to his feet, who was now desperately trying to find mercy: saying how it was a grave mistake to interrupt them.

Vilo was thin, but his strength was unmatched for the servant. Strength that had held Fabienne close as he showed his companion pleasure.

Vilo's plan sounded like a good plan indeed. "A fitting punishment I suppose." Fabienne tilted his head a little to the side, watching the human beg for mercy. Once his horrified eyes met those of Fabienne, his will to fight seemingly left his body, only leaving the man to mutter his apologies without squirming like a worm. Fabienne certainly had developed some talent for his compulsive abilities.

"After you, Vilo..." Fabienne spoke softly as he caressed the human's chin before his fingers grazed along the man's pulsing artery of his neck. He was ready to dig in at any moment,



waiting for his lover to take the other side of the neck so that both could enjoy their meal.

“You’ve gotten stronger.” Vilo smiled softly and gave a soft kiss to Fabienne, before moving to the other side. The man didn’t even have time to utter another word before Vilo had bitten in.

Both men started to suck the servant dry as tears slid down the man’s cheeks. Vilo said arched Fabienne, happily enjoying another meal with his lover. He let out a soft hum in delight after some time, before moving away after the prey had been spent. He hugged Fabienne from behind, kissing his neck before softly whispering in his ear.

“We can continue this at our manor. Let’s go home love.” *Home*. How long had it been since Vilo called that place home? He couldn’t

remember, but with his lover by his side the manor of the Delandi family was home.

He blushed a little at Vilo's praises, giving into the way too short kiss before shifting his attention back to their prey. His own fangs pierced into the man's neck at the same moment as Vilo did, beginning to drink hungrily while knowing that he was enjoying this meal with his newly found love.

After letting out a last muffled moan of enjoyment, Fabienne pulled his fangs out just as the human's heart was the weakest.

A small shudder of excitement rushed over the vampire's spine when he felt Vilo hug him from behind and whisper this tempting offer into his ear. "Mmm that sounds delightful." Fabienne almost purred in response, leaning even further against Vilo's body. God he'd

never thought that a person could get so close to where Fabienne's black heart was. He didn't regret a thing in this moment.

Vilo smiled softly before moving away to get dressed. He hummed softly, before looking at Fabienne. The servants would take care of the two corpses in the room, so once Fabienne was dressed, Vilo led him back to the carriage that was waiting for them.

The ride over Vilo stayed close with Fabienne, sitting beside him, and resting his head against his shoulder humming softly. Of course, Vilo didn't know what awaited him.

Heading into the manor everything was still, Markus no where to be found. Servants quickly treated Vilo and Fabienne before scurrying off quickly, however Vilo couldn't care. Not after the night he and Fabienne had.

“Come on. Let’s go to my chambers,” Vilo whispered in Fabienne’s ear, his breath tickling Fabienne, “We won’t be interrupted again.”

Oh how this evening was going so blissfully for the Two. Everything had been perfect, filled with new experiences and feelings Fabienne began to discover in his new undead existence. During the ride, one of his hands had settled on Vilo's thigh, the weight of his head on his shoulder setting him at ease.

One they arrived at the manor, Vilo's promise send a warm shiver down Fabienne's spine. He felt something stiffen against his pants again, but not enough to be noticeable. The more they approached Vilo's chambers, the more excitement built up inside of him. But neither of them knew what was about to await them

behind those doors, waiting for them in the dark... He was sitting on Vilo's desk, a man about Fabienne's size, draped in a fine suit and expensive leather shoes. His black hair was slicked to the side a little messy, bleached blonde at the ends. He seemed to have occupied himself with the delicate letter opener from Vilo's desk, humming softly as he was fidgeting with it, letting it wander and flick smoothly between gloved fingers.

Bright yellow eyes behind a pair of round glasses settled onto the Two as their entered, an unsettling, sickening sweet smile forming on the stranger's face.

"Hello Vilo~"

Vilo's blood ran cold hearing the voice of the stranger, he had a arm wrapped around

Fabienne, and it went limp to his side as Vilo stared at the man.

Val. His past lover, the one who had both helped, and hurt Vilo. Val knew about Vilo's past, about his hatred for both human and vampires, and out of the two, it was Val who was stronger, more dominant.

Vilo hadn't changed a lot Val could see, he was a little thinner, but he noticed how no new scars were visible, and he didn't seem like he was in madness like he would usually be around this time. After all, this was the night before Vilo's world fell apart.

“Val..?” Vilo was confused. Angry. He instinctively took a step in front of Fabienne, protective. “What the hell are you doing here?”

"Oh you know, the usual. Just checking in on a old friend of mine~" Valentino replied, his seemingly innocent smile remaining on his lips as he continued to fidget with the letter opener.

"I see you got yourself a new toy there. How adorable." He noted, his intimidating yellow eyes wandering over to Fabienne who's posture seemed to stiffen a little.

"Is he the reason why you haven't wrecked this whole place yet like you do every year? Isn't it your special time right now?" Val continued, laughing softly at his recollection of how Vilo usually behaved around this time of the year. A maniac who couldn't let go of his past as it didn't let go of Vilo either. Fabienne just stood there, feeling how Vilo's body tensed up with all the anger boiling inside of

him. Whatever had happened between him and this Val, it had been nothing good.

The stranger's gaze from his exotic eyes send a cold shower down his back. This man reeked of foulness. Although he seemed harmless, Fabienne knew better. His own cold gaze rested on this dangerous man, his cold stone mask hiding most of his rage. Oh how he wanted to kill this Val right on the spot, especially after calling him Vilo's pet...

Vilo couldn't stop himself now. He lost it, launching himself at Val, going to hurt him.

How *dare* Val come into his manor. A manor finally that was home, insult him and his *lover*. That was the worse part of it all was that Fabienne was insulted. Fabienne only seen Vilo this angry when he had first met him in that alleyway, when Fabienne was turned. The



anger that caused Vilo to want to tear anything apart, and Val was his target.

Yet Vilo was weaker than Val. Sure his anger was always what fueled him, but Val had known him for years, knew how to push his buttons and, he was just physically stronger. But Vilo didn't listen to reasoning; he wanted to protect who Val was insulting. His lover.

Vilo didn't even get to reach Val's face yet as the vampire's foot connected too quickly to Vilo's jaw, followed by the sound of an ugly crunch through the room. The impact from Val's kick sent Vilo flying through the air, his back hitting the top of the black elegant coffin a few feet away before his body got to a halt with another slam against the lower wooden part of the king sized bed.

"You still haven't changed Vilo. Still the impulsive bastard as before." Val sighed, pushing himself off the desk to approach Vilo with both of his hands in his pockets.

"Afterall, I'm just here to remind you about a certain festivity coming up soon. One that, as I was told, you have been slacking to appear on." Val noted with a cruel grin, his feet resting on Vilo's hip area.

"They are waiting for you Vilo... you know it..." He spoke a little quieter. It all went so fast in front of Fabienne's eyes. One moment, Vilo was hurling himself at this stranger and the next he was hurled half across the room, accompanied by this ugly crunch on impact. He found himself frozen in place, unable to move with clenched fists, forced to witness this grotesque scene while his urge to kill grew

by the moment. Never in his life before had he wanted nothing more but to kill such a bastard who dared to insult and put a hand on his beloved. Fabienne would let him pay...

Black blood ran down the corner of his mouth, vampires blood. Vilo sat up dazed, he could feel pain shooting up in his jaw. He tried to move away, but was pinned under Val's foot.

“Shut the fuck up.” Vilo growled out. It hurt to talk, but he tried to keep the pain from showing, “I'm not going and it's final.”

To hell with the council. Vilo would let them die and he wouldn't care. Besides why should he go when those bastards left him to rot?

He caught a glance at Fabienne. And for a moment, Fabienne could see the pain in Vilos

eyes. But. Vilo was glad Val's attention was on him.

Hearing Vilo refuse to listen to his still rather gentle warning like a pouting child made Val's grin only grow wider, even showing off his vampire fangs.

"We both know that you don't have a choice this time." He chuckled, twisting the heel of his shoe into Vilo's stomach, applying even more pressure on the spot as he got onto his other knee. This left all his body weight onto that foot as Val bowed down near Vilo's face with a cruel smile and amusement.

"You can't run from fate forever afterall." He spoke in a low tone and a grin before grabbing Vilo by the throat to pull him off his feet.

"Did I make myself clear?~"

“You, and all the other council members can rot for all I care,” Vilo managed to choke out. But he knew it was true, sooner or later he would have to attend.

He couldn't move, he tried to, but Val had a firm grip on him, his claws sank into the vampire's wrist, trying to claw at him. He couldn't breathe a choke plead trying to form on his lips.

Hearing Vilo refuse to admit defeat a second time only made Val sigh this time, almost as in disappointment. "Listen Vilo. I really don't want to do this, but I'm afraid that you leave me no other choice." He looked at his past lover with pity as he effortlessly pulled his own hand out of Vilo's grip, only extending his own claws to dig into the vampire's neck slowly. With his teeth, he pulled off the glove

off his other hand, revealing a large tattoo that covered his hand. It depicted a sort of cross with more exaggerated lines, embedded in white roses and thorns. Below several ugly scars were visible that couldn't be all covered up by the tattoo.

"I'll just have to embroider this warning into your body until every cell remembers those words loud and clearly." Val whispered in a low tone, close to Vilo's ear as he pulled him to himself, the nails on his other hand growing longer and longer, preparing to strike...

Until an enormous wave of pain shot into Val's mind, an insufferable pressure on his mind that made him gasp and groan in pain, causing Val to drop Vilo onto the floor. Overwhelmed by the pain and confused where this all was

coming from, Val groaned in agony, stumbling a few steps back while holding his head.

When he managed to look up, he was met by the icy stare of Fabienne's brightly glowing crimson red eyes as he approached slowly, like a predator who was about to pounce at any moment. He was furious, a burning rage and desire to kill burning in his chest. He wanted this man to suffer. The man who dared to put his hands on his love. He would protect Vilo, no matter what, but in this moment, his only focus was on Val. It almost felt as if a strange power was running through his veins.

Val on the other hand seemed to be held completely hostage by Fabienne's Crimson gaze, wailing in agony as he broke down onto his knees from all the pain. It shouldn't be. Fledgling vampire's shouldn't be able to

influence older and higher ranked vampire's in such a drastic manner, especially not in that age. It couldn't be, but Val couldn't hold onto those thoughts for long from all the pain.

Fabienne on the other hand reached out with one hand to the man who was on his knees in front of him, yanking Val's head back by his hair before he lowered himself. His teeth were elongated, throbbing to tear open this man's throat, all while his gaze was like ice.

"Show me your red." Fabienne whispered, before baring his teeth, about to slam them into Val's neck who couldn't do anything in this moment but to yield.

Then. There was a small pull on Fabienne's arm. Vilo had been released so suddenly, he was gasping for breath. Yet, he saw what had



happened. A mix of admiration, and ice cold fear was now in his veins.

“Don’t,” Vilo whispered, a single tear falling when he looked at Fabienne. His neck was red, now turning a dull shade of black and blue, blood still dribbled out of his mouth, yet he was silently pleading, praying for Fabienne to stop. “Don’t kill him. They.. They will come after us.”

Vilo wasn’t scared of the council. Val knew he despised him, but Vilo was scared of one thing, losing someone he loved. He knew if Val died here and now, the council will be on them for killing another Vampire would be a death sentence.

“I can’t lose you,” Vilo whispered again. Now other tears fell. He had been a fool to think the past wouldn’t haunt him, memories of the

death of his family, from others and his own hands, flood his mind. And fueled his newfound fear of losing Fabienne. “Please, don’t let me lose you.”

*~Kill him~Crush his neck~Drain him~Let him suffer~He doesn't deserve to live~*

Voices whispered in Fabienne's mind, a endless ocean of snakes hissing, filling his heads with those thoughts.

*~Finish him...~*

Oh Fabienne was about to finish him. He was too focused to take in any more of his surroundings. Yet as he was about to dig his fangs into Val's neck, there was this other voice, a feeling of warmth on his skin that was almost drowned by those whispers.

*Don't...*

Fabienne paused, locked into place, as he heard those soft pleasing words. When he looked to his side there was the man he loved, the man he wanted to protect. Seeing those tears roll down his pale cheeks along with his soft pleadings rattled his mind slowly awake.

*Please... don't let me loose you...*

Those were the words that let Fabienne truly snap out of it. His grip remained tight as he looked back at the man who's head he was still fixing back with his grip. This time, an expression of cold disgust formed on his face. "Leave." He growled lightly near Val's ear before letting go of his hair, staying in front of Vilo protectively. Val on the other hand was panting rapidly, sweating as his whole body was still aching, even after the compulsion was gone. It had left him truly breathless and

robbed him off his energy. Once Fabienne had let go of his hair, Val fell forward onto his arms, panting as he tried to comprehend what had just happened.

After a moment he had enough energy to spare to rise from the ground and walk on wobbly legs towards the door, taking a moment to support himself against the doorframe. His back was turned back to them. None of them would be able to see Val's thrilled fanged grin, seemingly filled with almost incontainable excitement behind the remains of pain. Oh how the council would be excited to hear about this. And on that thought, Val took his leave, leaving Fabienne and Vilo alone in his chambers.

Vilo never let go of Fabienne. He couldn't stop the ugly tears falling on his pale skin as he

cried. This is hole encounter had rattled him enough, he couldn't stop.

Slowly his grip wavered and he let go, trying to wipe the stubborn tears away. That's when the babbling started, how he kept saying how sorry he was.

Vilo felt hatred for showing such weakness, such fear. He couldn't breathe as he waited for Fabienne to get angry, to accuse him of hiding things, if lying. He wouldn't blame the vampire. Fabienne had kept a lot of things in the dark for his own selfish desire to keep someone close.

Fabienne couldn't but stare for a moment at Vilo. Seeing his love sobbing like this and cling to his arm like it was the last thing to hold him made his heart ache. A heart he never even

expected would feel any of this after having lived through so much pain and suffering.

Slowly he sunk onto his knees besides Vilo, silently watching him, his eyes filled with sorrow and only love for this man. He had never been good at comforting people, but he was not angry in any form. The only one that mattered now was Vilo, his love...

When he heard his man apologize over and over again, Fabienne had enough and simply leaned forward, pressing his lips onto Vilo's in a passionate kiss. He didn't care about the taste of blood on his tongue, his other hand cupping his cheek softly as the other wrapped around his back to keep him close. His kiss was filled with a deep love, adoration and a sense of calming. Fabienne was glad that nothing further happened to him. Next time he'd see

thus unknown bastard again, he'd finish what he started.

Then came the questions. Oh Fabienne had many. About who this man was, who this council was, that mysterious symbol on the man's hand and more. But that could wait. Right now the only person that mattered was Vilo...

Feeling his lovers lips pressed to his, Vilo had a sense of calm now to him, he slowly stopped muttering, he stopped shaking, his breathing turned normal. He let himself go in Fabienne's grip.

“Master Vilo I'm sorry I had to let him in-!”  
The door opened with a start, Markus rushing in. He had seen Val limp out, but was afraid of the scene he found, instead the tall, pink haired man found his master in Fabienne's

arms, head resting in his chest. He froze before backing away. Markus was about to say something, but Vilo held a single hand, one commanding Markus to leave so he did.

Vilo glanced at the bed and tried to get up, instead becoming dizzy and almost crumpling to the floor again. “Sorry, I have a lot to explain.” He softly spoke. Looking at Fabienne.

Holding Vilo in his arms in such a protective manner felt calming to Fabienne as well. His own heart began to settle down as he held their kiss for a moment longer until Vilo snuggled against his chest. He didn't even pay attention to Marcus who left again anyway.

When Vilo wiggled himself out of Fabienne's arms, he let him but quickly caught him by the arm as he almost fell again.



"Don't worry. I am here to listen." Fabienne tried to calm Vilo a little as he helped Fabienne up, guiding him over to sit on the bed besides him.

Vilo was silent before taking a deep breath in. He had to explain, he couldn't run from it anymore.

"When I was young, my family was happy. My father had been granted the title of noble and.."

*It was years ago Vilo remember. His father had became noble, and his mother married him for it. However, as happy as the pain may seemed, late at night the fights would break out.*

*"Lydia, darling I swear! They are here to protect us!" His father would plead with his wife to see*

*that the council wasn't the monsters she had thought. "I'm doing this for us, for Vilo!"*

*But his mother wouldn't listen. One day, she left for the city. Leaving a busy husband, and her young son alone. That's when the fire began. Vilo remembered being trapped by the flames, trying to find a way out. Then. Nothing. Until Markus cradling his body, he felt cold, scared. His mother showed up a few minutes later, and a maid, one who took care of Vilo from time to time, ran over before Markus could stop her. That was the first blood Vilo Delandi spilled, Markus having to pull the child off before the maid died.*

*That was the day Lydia Delandi stared at her own son like he was a monster.*

*After that, the manor was rebuilt; and Lydia condemned her son to the west wing, in a tiny cramp room chained with a window, letting light*

*in except for one dark corner Vilo would cower in for fear of the pain. She wouldn't allow him to eat until he was on the brink of death, and no servant was allowed to speak to him.*

*Vilo didn't know how long he had been there. It was years, long enough for his mother to start a new family. He could always hear it, and his madness and anger grew.*

*Finally his mind snapped hearing a baby cry. He was lucky. One of the maids where new. One of them showed pity for him. But it was all to late.*

*It was on the day of the fire, the twelve year anniversary of the death of Henry Delandi forgotten, and Lydia was celebrating the birth of her new daughter, Rosemary Belina Screams drowned out the partying, blood painted the walls. Vilo was killing any human in sight. Vilos mother tried to plead. But her son didn't relent*

*soon, feeding on his own mother. Vilo didn't know when he stopped. Only it was little Rosemary's cries that forced him too.*

*His half sister. He couldn't bring himself to kill her. That's when Markus and the council had found him. Horrified at the state he was in. The he council covered up the murders, the deaths, and protected Vilo. But the damage had already been done. They temporarily exiled him in order to assess the damaged Vilo had caused, and Markus took the punishment with him, being in charge of Vilo's wellbeing. It had only lasted a year, yet Vilo had found out they knew about him the entire time he was imprisoned. That they had refused to help him, even after his own father worked for them, even after Vilo became a vampire. After his punishment had been lifted, Vilo ignored the council despite him being in their rank. That's when he had met Val.*

“He was annoying. He wouldn’t leave me alone. But he accepted me, the first one to do so,” Vilo sighed softly. “We were.. engaged.”

Vilo paused before he balled his fist. He remembered the fight that they had. The fact that Val has the audacity to try and convince Vilo to join the council after they had gotten engaged, and let it slip he had told the council everything.

“The council are powerful people. They get what they want, and if you aren’t apart of their “inner circle” then you are the scum of the earth in their book.”

Fascinated, Fabienne listened to Vilo's tragic story. It explained a lot and now in his eyes, everything made sense. Somehow the words of Vilo having been engaged to Val caused a small

pang in his chest, but it quickly went away. It was the past.

After Vilo was done, Fabienne kissed his love once more, soft and gentle. It was one of the things he'd now learned to show his love, to somehow feeling the need to make up for his lack of empathic words. Besides, Vilo's lips were sweet and tasted good.

"What does the council want from you now?" He asked softly against Vilo's lips, keeping his head close with his arm on Vilo's neck.

Vilo gave a soft sigh to Fabienne's kisses, resting his forehead against Fabienne's. He closed his eyes before answering softly.

"Every century they hold a ball. One for the inner circle to show and name their heirs. Since I'm nobility and forced into the circle,

they expect me to attend, I guess the main head, that old bastard, is finally kicking the bucket so.” So it was his duty to show up. To show respect to the inner circle and play along with their own play. “I’ve never attended, and it pisses them off.”

He dropped low, nuzzling his head into the crook Fabienne’s neck, he was feeling better after everything, talking it out, and getting sweet kisses from his lover. But his mind kept going on about how easily Fabienne had taken down Val. It poked at his mind, and wouldn’t let him rest. He glanced up at Fabienne, his pale red eyes gazing at his lovers face, taking in his features.

Feeling Vilo relax against his body felt nice, even for Fabienne. His arm wandered around

the man's waist, keeping him close as he spoke.

"Will that bastard be there?" Fabienne asked after a moment of silence, staring into the void for a moment. He wasn't done yet with this bastard. He'd get his revenge, one way or another.

He gave a soft sigh before nodding. He knew why Fabienne was asking; and he looked away knowing what he was about to say Fabienne would protest.

"You can't kill him." He spoke softly placing a hand to Fabienne's cheek. "Promise me you won't please. The council will kill us both if Val turns up dead. That mark is his protection."

Vilo looked up at Fabienne, he looked hesitant but then spoke, soft, as though afraid of



hurting him. “What happened, how did you do that? What’s your story..”

Vilo wanted to know. Wanted to know more about the man who he was in love with. And, he needed to know in order to protect him. When Vilo only confirmed Val's attendance at this ball, Fabienne could feel the rage inside him slowly spark to life. Yet this time he was quickly stopped by Vilo's soft and soothing touch. Leaning his head into it slightly, Fabienne only sighed a little.

"Fine..." He agreed for his love to Vilo. He didn't want anything happen to him, under any circumstances. At the question about his past and about his actions earlier, he hesitated for a moment, thinking. He despised his past, but since Vilo shared his own, it was only fair if he told him his own as well.

"I don't know what I did earlier. All I felt was this rage and those... I don't know what it was." Fabienne thought about it, feeling a slight memory tickle deep down inside of him, yet it didn't occur to him yet.

"I was born in the streets of London. My family was poor, barely able to survive. I remember my father was an alcoholic, spent little that we had on cheap booze only to let out his frustration on our mother." His gaze darkened a little at those memories.

"I had a little brother. He was only a baby when I bashed his head in with a rock. I was but a little child when I did it. My parents abandoned me. Later I was taken into an orphanage. I spend the rest of my childhood there amongst other kids who cast me out like my parents did. They all called me the 'demon

child'." At his last words, Fabienne chuckled dryly.

"I never found a new home. The kids never played with me, never accepted me. They used to beat me up whenever they had the chance. I despised every single one of them." Fabienne's tone filled with coldness as he clenched his fist, but continued.

"I learned to manipulate, to give them a taste of their own poison. It was a miserable life. The only thing that kept me sane was the art I was allowed to make. They didn't understand it. In their eyes it only solidified my title." He sighed a little at this memory.

"Around the same age I was filled with a curiosity that already went beyond societies morals. It began with dissecting open smaller animals like rabbits, mice and rats. Later stray

cats and dogs. The people around me were blind. They never suspected anything. I was able to manipulate them with ease. It seemed natural to me." He only shrugged a little at that note.

"With 18 I was kicked out. Lived on the streets til I found a shitty job and moved into a shitty apartment where I proceeded to work on my art career. Spend most of my money on new art supplies. But it was never enough. Soon my salary wasn't enough for me to live off and get my hands on new art supplies. I needed...more. And so I began to follow my urges. To kill and discover all those beautiful shades of red. I went on with my killing spree for years... " his gaze wandered back to Vilo.

"That was until you found me. You were the only person to ever catch me in the act." A

small smile even formed on Fabienne's lips as he gazed at his love. Somehow he hoped deep inside that his story wouldn't change anything about the way Vilo would see him...

Vilo nodded softly, listening intently to Fabienne and soon, gave a soft smile with him. He knew how it felt, how he must have been keeping it. Slowly he reached up and softly moved a lock of hair behind Fabienne's ear.

“I'm glad I caught you. I'm glad I was able to bring you here.” He whispered softly before wrapping his arms around his lovers neck, keeping him in a close embrace.

Vilo couldn't imagine his life without Fabienne. It would've been filled with so much pain, and misery, yet this man he had found, he felt free with.

“I love you Fabienne. I always will.”

Feeling Vilo's gentle gesture made Fabienne's heart flutter in a way he only felt when he was with him. His own arms wrapped around Vilo's hips as they lay in each other's arms, sharing the little body warmth they had.

"So will I." He whispered softly, nuzzling his head into the crook of Vilo's neck, breathing in his sweet scent. For the first time in his life, Fabienne had found something that he wanted to protect, something he cared about and Fabienne would never let him go...

A week has passed since the uproar of Vilos past. Since then, his bond with Fabienne had only grown stronger by the day. Going out to hunt on smaller festives they shared their prey and once they arrived home their moans and sounds could be heard through half of Vilo's

manor. A week of peace and quiet. But they didn't know which storm was to await.

As most evenings, as well as on this fateful day, both lovers spend time together where they could. While Fabienne stood in front one of his paintings, adding a few touching shapes and colors, Vilo had made himself comfortable on the couch, his thoughts sunken into the book he was currently reading...

That's when a knock came on the door, one soft, but firm. Vilo didn't even look up before speaking. "Come in Markus," Markus opened the door looking in. His pink hair was in a loose ponytail, and his face was serious.

"Master Vilo, master Fabienne, I'm afraid we have a guest. One who request for your presence." His voice was grim causing Vilo to frown. But that's when Markus flashed a

envelope, one with the same twisted symbol of the council. The servants wouldn't look into his eyes, Judas sat up straight on the couch with a smile that wouldn't falter. He held a tea cup delicately waiting. Rebecca stayed silent watching him.

“How longer will Master Vilo be?” He spoke softly. His voice smooth, with soft tones. But his eyes held a dangerous game. Humming a little to himself, Fabienne had been fully absorbed into his art, his own little world when he heard the knock, followed by Markus' voice. His eyes casually wandered over to him, but his relaxed expression quickly changed into one of worry when he saw the envelope and the symbol embroidered on it.



"Is it...?" Fabienne asked hesitantly, referring to the question if they council had returned with another warning to attend their ball...

"Yes. It is." Vilo sighed placing the book down on the couch before sitting up, he was silent as he went to the door but hesitated looking at Fabienne.

He didn't want to just leave him, but he didn't trust Judas. Vilo took a deep breath and looked at Fabienne, gently walking to him and giving him a soft kiss on his cheek.

"Stay here. Let me deal with this love." He was going to make Judas leave. He wasn't going to take this.

When Vilo only confirmed his suspicion, Fabienne immediately became more alert, his

posture a bit straighter as he watched his love prepare to talk to whoever awaited him.

He only sighed softly at the words of his love, not wanting him to go alone, but for now he only nodded in agreement. "Please, take care Vilo." He only said softly, watching him as he left.

The moment he was gone, his worried gaze dropped, replaced with one of sincerity. Although Vilo had asked him to stay, he wouldn't risk his love getting injured again like Val had done. He was certain that Val wasn't even the strongest within the council.

After waiting for a minute, he put his Color palate and paintbrush aside to follow Vilo down the stairs with steps as light as a feather. He stopped in front of the doors to the saloon where he heard Vilo's voice coming from. So

he just stayed there, outside of the door to listen...

“I’ve already told Valentino I’m not going, and no way in hell is Fabienne going either,” Fabienne could hear Vilo, he was calm so far, sitting across from Judas. Vilo had opened a bottle of aged wine, trying to be a good host to a intruder such as Judas.

Fabienne noticed the servants had made themselves scarce but he could still feel eyes on him, off to the side he could see a human woman, her hair pulled up tight wearing a black long skirt, and a plain black long sleeve button up. She wore a cross with the same symbol of the council. A servant for the man visiting and follower of the church he resided at. She was waiting, but kept a close watch on

Fabienne. Judas frowned at this and sighed. He shook his head softly.

“You and I both know you both would go. There is no way you can hide the fledgling forever now,” Judas soften his gaze and shook his head putting down the tea cup delicately. “After all why don’t you ask him?”

He stood up and stalked to the doors, Vilo tried to protest, but when Judas threw open the doors, finding Fabienne. Staring into his eyes.

Judas froze, he had listened to the report from Val carefully, it was why he was here, he was curious of the so called “powerful fledgling”. However he didn’t expect the beauty of Fabienne. He gave a polite smile, before bowing.

“You must be the second master of the house. I apologize for coming in uninvited.”

Judas was as tall as Fabienne, and didn't show any hostility. He couldn't help but to continue to stare, to wait for any reaction. His blue eyes unblinking.

As Fabienne had made his way down the stairs and through the hallways, none of the usual servants were to be seen. As soon as he began to listen, he felt a pair of eyes on him. Quickly he'd spotted the strange woman in the corner, letting her be for now as he saw the cross symbol on her hand. He'd make sure that once he'd heard enough that he would make this woman quickly forget that he'd ever been there.

Yet his plans got crossed quickly once the doors that hid him flung open to reveal a good

look at their clearly unwelcomed guest. A man was as tall as Fabienne and something about his presence seemed as unnerving as Valentino's, despite his rather polite demeanor. Somehow Fabienne found it a bit embarrassing on the inside to just be caught like that. He hoped that Vilo would forgive him later.

"And who are you?" Fabienne asked, his face not revealing any sort of emotions yet besides his obvious mistrust towards this stranger.

"I am Judas Von Grevian, it is a pleasure to meet you." He straightened up and stepped aside ushering for Fabienne to join them.

"Lila, please come in and join."

At the mention of her name, the woman followed her master. She was completely silent like a Spector. If she wasn't breathing and

blinking, Fabienne might've thought she wasn't there. Even Vilo seemed to be on edge around her.

“As I was saying. It would be a shame for you both to not show up.” He spoke more softly now, that firm and dangerous tone all but gone in his voice, though he kept his eyes on Fabienne taking another sip of tea. Markus was in the room as well, poring Fabienne a drink. God knows they all needed it. “Though I am more curious, Master Fabienne here was unknown until recently. It would be best to let him experience vampire society.”

Fabienne did not give back the friendly greeting of his guest, but followed the other into the room nonetheless. His gaze wandered over to Vilo as Fabienne took a seat besides him. While crossing his leg, he listened to the

words of this suspicious guest. He didn't trust Judas a bit. How ironic given his name.

"How kind of you to consider which things are best for me, but I have no interest in following your suggestion." Fabienne cut their visitor off, his tone sweet and polite, yet sharp. He didn't bother to hide his weariness to this man.

Judas only gave a slow blink, the only time he ever blinked since Fabienne laid eyes on him. Judas seemed to be in thought, silent and watchful never taking his eyes off him. Until he finally spoke.

"Ah yes, that was rude of me wasn't it, my apologies," he gave a sort of bow, his smile never fading from his face. Lila watched her master with gentle eyes, but something about



it showed, regret? “I must have forgotten my manners, how ill of me.”

Slowly, Judas got up, he sat the tea cup down and backed up a step. His eyes glancing to the window. “I feel I have overstayed my welcome,” his eyes traced back to Fabienne, looking him over. “I hope we meet again, Master Fabienne.”

And with that, he and his servant, stalked out of the manor. As they enter the carriage one order was given to Lila. And that was to keep a eye on Fabienne. Vilo let out a tense sigh, before leaning to Fabienne taking a sip of his wine. His head rested on his lovers shoulder.

“I know I said I wanted you to stay in the room,” Vilo paused and smiled ever so softly. “But thank you for coming and being there for me.”

Something about this guest was just off. Despite how Fabienne kept his polite facade, deep down he was on high alert. He had expected further discussions when he announced his refusal, given how Valentino had already been persistent. Yet it caught him in a mild surprise how Judas just excused himself quickly after.

He tried to ignore his guests stare as best as he could, only giving a weary glance as he took his leave. A small wave of relief washed over him once Judas and his maid were gone. His posture eased a bit as he looked over at Vilo.

"You know I've never been good at following rules." He gave Vilo a mischevous glance as his hand wrapped around his lover's shoulders.

"Who exactly was this man?" He asked after a

moment, taking the blood infused wine glass that Markus offered him before taking a sip.

Vilo sighed and took a small drink of the wine. He knew who Judas was, always felt threatened by him.

“That was Judas Von Grevian, a priest for the council.” He paused, watching as he gently swirled his wine. “The council believes in a “prophecy” that will allow them to walk the day.”

Vilo remembered how stories circulated about Judas after one visit from the vampire, it was how he met Valentino, the two had snuck off to see the vampire who had been exiled for the year. Judas left after some time, Val had stuck around.

He shook his head, a headache forming like always. Judas had never been close to him, growing bored soon after realizing Vilo didn't believe like he did. Took offense. So having Judas show up was a great headache.

Fabienne only shared the same feel when it came to this council's priest. He certainly felt the same shiver that Vilo must feel given his tone of voice. Yet the word about this prophecy had gotten him quite curious.

"Walking the day? How would that be possible." He asked curiously, now shifting to scoot closer to his love, almost sitting into his lap now as he wanted to know more about this, at first, impossible prophecy.

"They say that a descendant from an ancient vampire is suppose to bring a total eclipse, eternal darkness basically," Vilo smiled and

kissed his lovers neck gently nipping softly.

“But, I don’t believe in such things.”

Vilo ran his clawed hands through Fabienne’s hair. Gently tangling it between his fingers, Before smoothing it out again. He finished his glass before shifting to face Fabienne, his hand on his cheek.

“Besides I don’t need prophetic fairytales to keep me going, you are enough.”

He only raised an eyebrow as he heard Vilo telling him about this prophecy. Fabienne only leaned his neck a little to the side, enjoying the soft kiss of his love, enjoying how he combed through his hair with his fingers.

"I don't need those prophecies either... my love..." with those words he shifted Vilo into his lap so that Vilo sat on top of Fabienne now,

straddled in his lap. With Fabienne's hands giving Vilo's ass a teasing squeeze the vampire went in for a sweet and passionate kiss with his lover, enjoying the moment with him and wanting to make his love relax a bit...

Vilo let out a soft moan with Fabienne lips touching his own. He couldn't help but to push himself more into the vampire, wanting to feel his body against his own. He never broke the kiss, even nipping Fabienne's lips ever so slightly.

Luckily, Vilo knew the servants here wouldn't dare interrupt them. Word had spread fast through the manor. Though Markus would give the servants a disapproving glare before shoos them off. In truth, Markus was happy for his master.

Vilo finally broke the kiss, before nuzzling into Fabienne's neck, his fangs grazing the soft skin of his lover, his hands trailing from the back of his head, down his neck, to his chest.

Fabienne could've never imagined how good it felt to be in the arms of someone he loved. It was never anything he experienced before. But because of that, Fabienne would never let go of Vilo again.

As he felt his lover's hands trail down his body, Fabienne's own hands parted ways, one sneaking past Vilo's belt to grope his bare ass as the other snuk below his shirt to trail up his bare back. Purring softly, Fabienne leaned his head to the side a bit, glancing down at Vilo with a thin grin.

"Dig in my love."

Vilo smiled, one finger gently tracing his neck, before going to his chin, lifting it. Before long, his sharp fangs punctured into Fabienne's neck. He sat firmly on his lap his legs around Fabienne's waist.

His hands started to unbutton Fabienne's shirt, going down to his pants, he needed Fabienne, and his actions made it clear.

A soft groan escaped his lips once Fabienne felt Vilo's teeth sink into his neck. He could feel their heartbeats chasing after another with every pull his love took from him. While one of his hands remained to grab hold onto his love's perfect ass, the other wandered up and out of Vilo's shirt to lace his fingers into Vilo's white hair.

A small shiver went up his spine as he felt his clothes getting fumbled open. Soon his pants



became a bit more tight at his love's touch and Fabienne couldn't wait for more to happen...

Vilo pulled away before kissing Fabienne. Soon his hands fumbled with his own clothes casting them aside before beginning to mess with his belt.

Vilo let out a breathy sigh, mumbling something on his lovers lips, before kissing his neck where he had bitten. His hands got into Fabienne's pants, gently tugging them down to get them off.

A soft hum flowed into their Two's passionate kiss. They both were getting more and more heated with every moment, every touch, every kiss...

While Vilo had begun to fumble with his clothes and belt, Fabienne's fingers hands

wandered up to the front to help him getting rid of his top. Once that was off, his hands made it's way back down to Vilo's pants, sliding his hands below the belt once more in the back to feel Vilo's ass and pulling him a bit closer to himself to let his own bulge rub against Vilo's.

Once the belt from Vilo's pants felt loose enough, Fabienne began to tug it down from behind a bit while still groping his love's perfect ass. All that while soft sighs of pleasure escaped his lips, moaning softly as he felt Vilo kiss the spot where the wound was still fresh.

Shifting his own hips a bit, he helped the love in his lap tug down his pants, leaving him only sitting in his undergarments and a opened shirt that revealed his flawless chest. Every small touch only seemed to fire him up even

more. Fabienne needed his love badly, craved him...

"Mmm Vilo..." He only purred softly, closing his eyes at the sensation of his loves kisses while one of his hands began to wander a bit to graze over Vilo's hungry hole, pressing on it slightly to tease him for what was about to come...

Vilo couldn't help but to push himself against the finger of Fabienne, Allowing a soft moan escape his lips as he wrapped his hands around his lovers waist. He couldn't help but to rub himself against Fabienne's buldge. He was needy, wanting for what Fabienne could give him.

He couldn't help but let his hands wonder down into his undergarments working his fingers around his shaft. Vilo was surprised

Fabienne was being bolder, yet didn't think it was a bad thing, he would let Fabienne take the lead if that is what he wanted.

Feeling how Vilo was pushing himself more against Fabienne's fingers. It was a clear sign that the vampire didn't miss. Slowly, Fabienne began to push in his finger, making sure to massage all those walls well so that Vilo would soon be well prepared.

Every friction and touch against his bulge only made him want more and more. With ragged breath, Fabienne felt his lust multiply exponentially with the touch of Vilo's fingers wrapping around his shaft. With a small groan, Fabienne's hips slowly began to move a bit more, slowly getting lost in his pleasure as his finger continued to prepare Vilo with a second finger soon following...

Vilo couldn't help but shiver softly, a moan escaping his lips. He was gentle, but he couldn't hide his excitement with how he worked and massaged Fabienne's shaft, feeling along the length. He knew how to bring his lover pleasure.

Vilo kissed Fabienne again, his free hand combing through his hair. They both were fully undressed now, Vilo's breathing growing heavy. His own bulge nice and hard.

Every of Vilo's soft touches brought another wave of pleasure over him. It was like magic. Soon after, from how wet Vilo already felt, Fabienne was able to even insert a third one. Oh how Vilo was such a little slut for taking all three, but for now Fabienne kept it to himself, too occupied with his lewd sounds and this amazing hand job he received.

The touch in his hair send Fabienne flying on a cloud of euphoria. Moaning softly, his other free hand wandered to grab a hold at Vilo's own erection, slowly beginning to stroke it to the rhythm of his fingers and body movements. Vilo had been the only person to ever see and make Fabienne feel so... wanted... and loved...

Vilo shuddered and gasp, soon syncing his movements with Fabienne, his free hand that was on the back of Fabienne's head pulled him close.

“You're doing so good love, you deserve the pleasure you're feeling.”

Those words were stuttered out as Vilo was reeling from the pleasure. But he never stopped giving his lover his own, praising

Fabienne, and making sure he knew how good of a job he was doing.

“I need you. Please.”

Vilo's breath against his skin, combined with the pleasure of his hands and his sweet praises send Fabienne into a rush. Got and ragged breaths left Fabiennes lips as they were close, a soft groan coming from his lips as pearls of precum started to leak from his tip.

"You are beautiful when you look at me like that... and ask so nicely" Fabienne purred softly, dipping into another shorter kiss before biting Vilo's lip in a teasing manner, grazing it with his sharp teeth. As Fabienne was talking, he pulled his fingers out of Vilo, no longer satisfied with it. He needed his love. Now.

With his fingers still lightly coated, Fabienne used them to lubricate his own shaft, pumping it a few times, grazing over Vilo's fingers a bit while also keeping his love occupied above with kisses trailing from his lips over to his collarbone and jawline. Everything about Vilo seemed to wake Fabienne's deepest carnal desire for more... so much more...

Vilo shivered softly before looking at his lover, he sat up, pulling him close as he had made up his mind and suddenly moved forward, gently pushing down Fabienne. Vilo straddled him, he couldn't help but to rub up against his dick.

He kissed Fabienne roughly, a moan softly escaping as slid Fabienne's dick into him. A moan softly reverberated onto Fabienne's lip. Vilo clearly took control, his fingers laced into his lovers hair, he started to kiss the crook of



Fabienne's neck, telling him how much he loved him, how he was doing so well and being so good.

All while pumping himself up and down on his shaft. Hoping to give Fabienne pleasure.

Fabienne felt himself to be interrupted way too quickly. He wanted to cover all of Vilo's gorgeous body in kisses, but seeing how eagerly his love rubbed himself against Fabienne's own dick was such a erotic sight he could've never imagined.

His hands wrapped around Vilo's neck and shoulder as their lips clashed for another fierce kiss before a moan flowed into their kiss. Fabienne's eyes widened in surprise, moaning softly as he felt how Vilo presses down on him. He was still so tight, even after taking the man's fingers.

His eyes rolled shut as he felt Vilo's hips move up and down in a rhythmic pattern, feeling the hands in his hair, the seductive moans and whispers into his neck. Oh how their display was a feast of carnal desire. "Mngh-ha~... Vilo~" Fabienne moaned his name, clinging onto him as his hips bucked against his love to the rhythm, more sweet sounds of pleasure escaping as they became one...

No one would dare interrupt them this time, no one would watch as their desires took over. And Vilo took advantage of it, not letting Fabienne go, allowing him to cling to him as he himself couldn't help to tremble.

They were lost to time and pleasure now, as Vilo was close he couldn't help but to be a little rougher with his rhythm, all until he couldn't

hold it anymore, collapsing onto Fabienne panting into his chest, shuddering.

With Vilo on top of him, riding him into euphoric heavens, Fabienne soon couldn't hold it anymore but to let the pleasure overtake him. With his sharp nails digging into Vilo's back, few lines of black blood formed on his flawless back.

After one last breathless moan, Fabienne's head whipping back, eyes rolling back shut as the wave of pleasure took over. With a few last deep thrusts, he kept himself as deep buried as possible, Vilo pulled close to his chest.

Fabienne was panting, covered in a light sweat as he tried to catch his breath again. He was together with his love, one with him. Never in his life had he felt so at peace...

“I love you. I really do love you Fabienne.” Vilo whispered, nuzzling himself into his lovers chest. He was exhausted, but pleasure still seemed to reverberate through him.

Vilo didn't let Fabienne let go of him. Not until he finally seemed to carefully get off of Fabienne. He still sat on the couch. His head resting on the back of it as he tried to compose himself. A grin was on his face as Vilo couldn't help it.

Still panting from all the action, Fabienne wrapped his arm around Vilo's waist as he nuzzled in close. His words were sweet, filled with love. It was something that Fabienne never knew he'd crave and love, but Vilo made all those things possible for his twisted heart.

"You will forever be mine, Vilo." Fabienne whispered back gently before kissing the top

of his beautiful white hair. Those words were his way to portrait his love and affection.

Sometimes, the vampire found himself struggling with saying those things out loud, but with Vilo by his side it became easier and easier.

Fabienne only let go of Vilo with a small displeased groan, but once he saw his love's twisted smile, he couldn't stop his own grin that spread across his face. With a small hum, Fabienne rested his head on Vilo's chest, one of his fingers trailing over the vampire's glistening abdomen. With the few drops of cum on his nail, the vampire let his tongue graze over it to taste. "You taste so good, my love" Fabienne murmured gently, remaining rested against Vilo's chest.

Vilo couldn't help but to shiver with that. Letting out a pleased sigh. His face was flush as he chuckled softly. He brushed at Fabienne's hair, before finally looking to the window.

"Come now. We best get rest before daylight comes. I have one last business to attend to." He gave a gentle kiss to his lover's forehead before grabbing at his clothes.

With a small purr, Fabienne had snuggled against Vilo's chest and closed his eyes to relax. He was quite displeased to hear that something would interrupt them so soon.

"Join me in a bath before you go? I want to have more time to admire your body."

Fabienne offered as he hugged Vilo around the waist. His whisper was tempting. "It is a great inspiration for my paintings. *You* are my muse,

my inspiration..." Fabienne purred softly into Vilo's ear before nibbling on it softly...

Vilo smiled, indeed tempted by Fabienne's offer, but he kissed Fabienne's forehead.

"Why don't you go get the bath started okay love?" Vilo whispered. Kissing Fabienne's neck. "I'll join you soon enough. I promise."

Vilo smiled at his lover. He was feeling at ease, knowing how now, he had someone to stand beside. He tugged his clothes on, giving Fabienne another kiss before making his way to the west wing. The burnt remains didn't bother him as much as it did in the past. The unpleasant memories shoved in the back of his mind, replaced by his current lover. In fact it was the reason he had one last bit of work. He was finalizing construction needed to the

wing. Wanting everything to be undone. To make space for something new.

While feeling a bit of the disappointment when Vilo rejected his invitation for now, Fabienne couldn't but feel a bit excited when his love promised him to join him later. "You better not keep me waiting for too long now." He growled playfully against Vilo's lips before they parted ways.

With a fluttering undead heart, Fabienne made his way through the manor, up the stairs until he arrived in their luxurious gothic black bathroom. One of the servants had followed Fabienne, bowing lightly as she helped undress her master.

*~You thirst for her blood don't you...~*



A sharp sting shot into through the vampire's mind, making his body tense up all of a sudden. He was able to stifle a small groan.

"Is everything alright Master?" The Maid asked with a expression of concern on her face.

"Yes..." Fabienne breathed quickly, rolling his head a bit as he straightened his back. Those words had been like a sharp whip, tempting him, luring him...

*~You can hear it... that soft pulse of life~*

Yes. Fabienne could hear it. That scent, that soft pulse beneath that white skin. His fangs throbbed in Hunger, this primal Hunger that tore him apart from the inside...

"I shall leave now then..." the Maid bowed as she folded the clothes of her master over her arm to fetch him new ones for after the bath.

"No..." Before the woman could even react, an ice cold hand clutched around her throat, lifting her up in the air like a weightless puppet. Panic was visible in her eyes as she clawed on her masters hand. That cold crimson gaze was stuck on her. Fabienne watched her as if she were a mere insect, struggling to break free from the two fingers that pinned her wings down. In this moment, Fabienne looked so much older, calm and collected. A merciless killer who watched the servant plead and stummer for mercy.

None of them were heard as the vampire slammed his fangs into her throat. With deep pulls he fed on her, draining the life from her in mere seconds. The pleadings died down into whimpers and faded into nothing as her body went limp in his grip. With a ragged breath, Fabienne pulled his teeth back out, watching

the woman's dying body dangling, only held up by his remaining hand around her throat. He watched her only for a moment longer, distant without any sympathy for her. Almost studying her blank expression in a curious way. That ugly *crack* of her neck let the room go silent. Fabienne watched the life fade in her eyes, seemingly now uninterested letting her body drop to the floor with a loud thud.

~*More*~

He craved more. So much more of that crimson essence of life that could make him feel alive...

“Fabienne dear?”

Vilo's voice cut the silence as the door opened, as promised, Vilo came into the bathroom, ready to relax with his love. But stopped short at the scene before him.

The maid lifeless on the floor, Fabienne, blood dripping down his fangs and onto his body. His mind raced for answers as he tore his eyes away from the maid and to his lover. The crimson showed no emotions.

“Fabienne. What happened?” Vilo was calmed almost sounding worried.

Fabienne's mind was filled with those strange yet so familiar thoughts. Whispers of murder and cheer and satisfaction hissing in his mind, demanding for even more blood to be spilled. He closed his eyes, his head rolling back a bit as he savored those drops of blood landing on his lower lip until he heard that voice.

Fabienne's crimson gaze settled back onto Vilo as he turned around. That moment their eyes first met would fill the vampire with a strong sense of terror and fear. As if Fabienne was

someone else in this moment. He was cold. A killer, but not the one Vilo had fought back in that dark alley. That moment lasted but for a blink of an eye. The next moment the crimson was gone, Fabienne's face flushing in a bit of color as he recalled his strong urge to kill.

"She offered me her blood. I wasn't able to control myself. Therefore I ended her suffering." Fabienne lied quickly, looking away with his hands clutching to fists at his side. The truth was that he himself had no idea what had just happened.

Vilo paused softly. He stood there studying his lover, before he finally spoke.

"Are you sure? You don't lose control like that." There was a mix of emotion in the pale reds of Vilo's eyes. Confusion at finding a dead

maid. Concerned for his lover as he didn't seem himself. And suspicion.

Vilo didn't want to be *suspicious* of his love. But deep down he knew both of their natures.

Destructive, unpredictable, chaotic. After all, with how he found Fabienne. How they fought. The violent affair. He stared straight into Fabienne.

"Fabienne. Darling." His voice became softer as he stepped forward. Calm. Careful.

Fabienne's thoughts trailed off a bit as his love, a small subconscious attempt to almost hide from his love. To protect him from what seemed to slowly awaken and stretch out its claws towards him.

"I am sure." Fabienne replied as he looked back at the man who stole his heart that had been so cold and frozen. In a small attempt to

distract the Two, Fabienne slid his hands up Vilo's shoulders in a slow and calm yet seductive manner. "Now come. Let me study that body of yours..." his voice shifted into a bit of lower tone that he always used to flirt with his Darling, indicating that there were too many clothes on him and how Fabienne would rather like to see him in that warm bath...

Vilo couldn't shake the feeling something was off. This wasn't how Fabienne acted, and he couldn't help but to still feel that worry in the back of his mind.

But when confronted by Fabienne's words, the tone of his flirting. He couldn't help but to undress. Vilo wanted to trust his lover, to not get paranoid. Not now, not this time.

"Okay." Vilo said softly. Taking his hand in Fabienne's. Putting it right against his cheek.