

Vampiric Touch

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<https://discord.gg/rphq>

Nothing helped his hunger. He found himself wandering the streets with the abandon of a drunk, the faces passing without much thought. Nothing felt real. Nothing felt solid. The frost had been churned down to mud crusted with ice that shattered and crunched beneath his boots.

His hunger burned and yet, as much as he ate, nothing sated. It was pointless gluttony; hunt, feed, vomit, hunt, feed, vomit. Again and again and again over several days until he couldn't bring himself to eat. He spent his money at the gambling dens. He was mugged for his coat and waistcoat. His shoes. He gave it all away without much provocation.

A fire in the center square pulled the majority of attentions and he joined the thronging crowd, half stumbling through as a drunk. When he was pushed, he fell, caught by a being of light in his eyes. The Casino was well visited this evening, as always. The big crystal chandelier on the ceiling in the center seemed to enlighten these big luxurious halls. Lively chatter filled the whole room, the smell of alcohol

and cigarettes hanging in the air and penetrating your sense of smell. People gathered around the different tables for Roulette, Blackjack, Poker or any other kind of Gambling. The thrill and excitement that lingered in between these walls was what people always returned and longed for. The Winner takes all and the Loser gets nothing but a mountain of debts.

In a bit quieter corner near the bar sat a man in a round with three other men at a table, enjoying a nice round of poker with stacks of chips scattered in the middle of the table. They didn't know that the younger man with blonde hair had a Royal Flush in his hand until he placed his cards open on the table for everyone to see. "Aww Goddammit Laurent! You won again?!" shouted the man dressed in a black suit. "Seems like today the pot is all yours my friend. Well played as always" another man congratulated him while patting him on his shoulder. "Yes yes lucky me indeed." Laurent gently smiled as he reached for the chips that now belonged to him. On some nights like

this he won, some nights he lost, but his bets were never high enough to get him in trouble. With his next win he was always able to make up for the loss of another night. He didn't have to cheat to win either. His skills in card games were good enough to keep a simple game enjoyable.

As he lifted himself from his seat he downed the last sip of his Martini and threw his brown long coat over his shoulder reaching for the bag of chips.

"Gentleman, I'm afraid this was my last round for this evening. I wish you all a pleasant evening and may the luck play into your cards". After the man said their goodbyes, he went off to the entrance where he handed the Waiter his stacks of chips. While he counted them, Laurent couldn't but steal a glance under the short skirts of the waitresses walking around in the Casino, serving drinks to the customers. A moment later Waiter handed him an envelope filled with his win. After making sure that it contained the right amount, Laurent put it well secured into one of the pockets in the inside of his

coat. He nodded to the waiter one last time before exiting the Casino.

The streets of Orleans on this cold winter evening were lively and filled with people, most of them dressed in rather festive clothes to celebrate something. After all, Orleans was known for its Gambling Halls and nightlife. He began to make his way through the busy streets as he came across the central square where a cheerful crowd had already formed around a bigger fire. As he made his way through the crowd he wasn't quick enough to see the Drunk that stumbled into his way. Before it was too late Laurent bumped into him causing the Stranger to lose his balance and hit the snow covered cobblestone with a groan.

"Oh I'm so sorry Sir. I wasn't paying attention to where I was going. Here let me help you up" With his last words he held his hands out to the strange man covered in snow and dirt, waiting for him to take his hand. He fell holding his head in a long nailed hand, splashed with mud and blood. Laurent could see he

wasn't a normal vagabond. He wore fine trousers, though they were black with wet filth, and a button down with pearl buttons.

His dark hair was ropes with dirt and blood and wet. He let Laurent pull him up and his hand was ice cold. "It is alright." He said gently straightening up. He stood easily to 6'2", wide shouldered and thin waisted. "I apologize I wasn't looking." His voice was soft and underlined with an accent. Dark eyes took some time to focus and he lifted Laurent's chin, chuffed softly, and stepped past.

I can't hear his thoughts. He can ignore me. Interesting.

He shook out his head groaning softly at his migraine. He had no sense where he was anymore. He was hungry but couldn't focus enough to hunt. The Man's appearance didn't match his odd behavior at all. He was a bit taller than Laurent with his 5'11 when he was back on his feet. His clothes were of good quality but they were covered with dirt and filth. He couldn't just be an ordinary drunk that you

saw in every side alley and he couldn't overhear his accent as the man spoke only a few simple words.

Although Laurent always kept a keen eye on his surroundings, when the dark eyes of this Man met the gaze of his own blue eyes he didn't notice his swift movements until his cold hand slightly lifted his chin up before he chuckled and stumbled on his way.

There was something about this man thought Laurent to himself as he watched the man slowly stagger away, but he couldn't explain what it was that fascinated him. Was it his dark eyes, his long dark, but hair or was it the accent? Maybe all three but the fact that his hands had an alarming cold temperature and that he seemed to collapse any second worried him. He couldn't just let this man go without knowing that he would be alright. He had enough time to spare to help him find a Doctor.

And so Laurent went after him quickly as the Stranger began staggering his way through the crowd. When he caught up to him shortly after he gently put his hand on the Stranger's shoulder. "Are

you sure you're alright Sir? You seem quite shaky on your feet. Are you perhaps sick? Should I show you the way to the Doctor?" He let Laurent pull him along by the arm. *Has he always been leading me?* he blinked following without Laurent holding him. He felt his teeth ache

They both rounded the corner down another main street, the two walking together. Laurent could feel him staring, walking a half step behind. "Whats your name?"

The strange absence of thought coming from Laurent made him feel odd. The world was always constant stimulation. Sounds were always loud in his ears... the fires eating away at wood, ice crackling beneath boots. Chattering of people and their stream of thought. *Hungry **few steps further** Sexy cunt in the window Drunk. Wanna go home.*

From Laurent, silence. A pure silence he barely remembered from life. It made him stare and get

lost in it. A glorious retreat from it all, his beauty making it all fade away.

His fingers brushed the back of Laurent's hair, unperceived by the human. *Soft...*

"You're kind to help me. I'm quite lost..."

When the Man didn't answer his questions Laurent perceived the Silence as a yes and began pulling him along by the arm through the crowded streets, corner by corner to one of the few Doctors Offices in the Area. As they walked he felt the man's gaze piercing him from behind, but he didn't care.

With all the noise and music from the streets going on Laurent didn't catch the question for his name and just kept walking with a remaining silence in between them. He chuckled a bit at the next words. "Indeed you seem to appear quite lost. But don't worry, the Doctor is right around the corner."

When they finally arrived at the door to the Doctor's Office, there was no light in the windows and the blinds were already rolled down. *Dammit was it*

closed already? For some reason Laurent had ignored the fact that it was already late and that some stores were closed at this late hour.

"HELLO? ANYBODY THERE?" he called, while knocking on the door a few times. When no response came he had to rethink his plan. He couldn't just bring a drunk and unknown Man into his home and especially not with the amount of money in his pocket. But even when he was only acting, his cold hands were alarming.

"Seems like they're closed already. I have a First Aid Kit at my place. It's not far away from here and you could warm up there. Would it be alright if you accompanied me Mr...?" he asked the Man, hoping to get his name. He felt quite foolish at taking this unnecessary risk, but something about this man just made it worth taking the risk.

"Onyx. Ivanov." He looked passed him at a pickpocket who was loitering, "I am new off a boat from Europe. Got rather turned about." He trailed off lightly still watching the man.

"It'd be wise to get behind me." He glanced backwards behind him, noticing others who were closing off their path. "Aye! You're gonna give us your win, boy!" The ruffian licked the flat of his knife, two others closing off their path out from other directions.

"Move out the way big man. 'Less you wanna get cut!" He, without fear apparently, waved the knife in Onyx's face. He chuffed softly at the apparent lack of fear gently lifting a hand to nudge him backwards, shifting to put Laurent to the wall and himself in front. *Mine....*

He heard one of the men yell but he didn't process what was said. He caught the knife on his forearm, cleaving to the bone, and pushed it aside without even a flinch. He caught the first about the throat and felt it snap, him dropping choking for air.

The second caught a punch across Onyx's face, snapping it aside, before he kicked the man's knee backwards feeling it shatter. He stepped over him and grabbed the front of the thirds shirt.

He slumped in his hands before he had a chance to even play and Onyx let him slide from his hands. "Ah... well..." he looked down and only then noticed his arm. *Not enough blood to heal... that... that hurts.* he wobbled and put his back to the wall to breath, cradling his arm. "Are you alright, sir?" He asked softly staunching the bleeding wound for what was left in him. Onyx Ivanov. The man's name seemed rather peculiar to Laurent. At the same time the strangeness and rarity of his name fascinated him.

Before he could say anything else he noticed the men that already began closing in around him and his company, pushing them into a darker corner of the street where they just went by. He let his guard down so much that he didn't notice them earlier. He was even more surprised when Onyx put himself in front of him, shielding him from the upcoming danger. Laurent was well able to defend himself and he was gonna protest at the weak man's attempt, but then the ruffians already approached him.

The fight happened quickly. In fact, it happened so quickly that Laurent just stood there, watching with slightly widened eyes and holding his breath in a mix of shock and confusion how this Stranger fought for his own sake that he didn't ask for. Although Onyx seemed rather weak and sickly, the brute force and his swift movements behind his shaking feet was terrifying.

Only when he leaned against the wall beside him Laurent saw the blood dripping from the deep slash on the man's forearm. "I am alright Mr. Ivanov but that wound tells me about you otherwise." He reached into one of his pockets, pulling out a white cloth and handed it to him. "Here, use this to stop the bleeding a bit until we arrive at my place. You have my Thanks for busting me out of this inconvenience."

"You're helping me. Consider it slight repayment." He held the handkerchief to his arm, following without much else said. He eventually let go once it closed enough to stop bleeding. "I mightve ruined

this a bit..." he noted holding the rag in two fingers. The aching pain in his arm sharpened himself up enough to realize what he was doing.

He's so close to me... he noted a half smile crossing his lips. They passed into the Grove of trees, the tunnel of blankets casting long shadows over the road.

Once the chatter of the city was behind them, he caught up to walk by Laurent's side. "You live out here so far away?" He noted, looking down at Laurent. *I can hunt safely out here I suppose... I can't accidentally hurt him...* he looked up to the shadowed trees above. The streets got less and less crowded the more they distanced themselves from the buzzing nightlife in Orleans. Laurent and his new companion kept walking along the side of the main road before eventually getting off and following a smaller sideway in between some large trees.

At some point when Onyx apologized for ruining his white handkerchief. "It's alright. You can hold onto it a bit longer if you want" Laurent answered before he

kept walking with this mysterious stranger behind him. It was a beautiful night, the half moon stood high and illuminated the path between the trees with the stars peeking through between the branches and leaves of the trees around them.

The night was peaceful but somehow Laurent wasn't able to find his inner peace while Onyx was following him. He knew too well that this situation was quite dangerous with this man behind him that he didn't even know, but after what happened and with the bad condition that Onyx was in, he couldn't just leave the man standing at the side of the road.

Onyx seemed quite surprised about the location of his home. Laurent was sure that he might've had expected something else. "As much as I like the hustle of the city, I find it quite relaxing living in a quieter area where I can be all for myself." Laurent replied to his question with a calm voice. "And look, we're almost there" he added as the outlines of his home peeked through between the dark trees.

When Laurent turned to look where Onyx had been he wasn't there. His footsteps had gone silent and at the inevitable spin of confusion, his back hit into Onyx's chest.

An arm crossed over Laurent's chest beneath his arm, holding his hair in a tight grip to pull his head aside. His teeth sunk through Laurent's skin with a soft pop and sting. His side went redhot, flooding down, his body sinking down into Onyx's arms.

Laurent could barely focus enough to realize what had happened, Onyx's pulls at his throat an odd sensation. A tugging sting then soothing down, his tongue crossing over to rub away the pain.

Laurent's muscles barely supporting his weight, Onyx let go with a soft gasp, blood staining his teeth, keeping Laurent upright in his hands.

He lifted Laurent fully into his arms, strengthening steps silent as he kept towards the house. Wiping his lips on his arm he paused for breath, then kept moving. His heartbeat was unbelievably slow against

Laurent, a quiet beat every five to ten seconds rather than the endless cacophony in Laurent's own ears. "Almost there... don't talk. Save your strength."

Laurent had only looked away for a brief second before the man had vanished from the side where he was just standing a moment ago. He didn't perceive any rapid footsteps. He was just gone. Laurent did a quick turn around himself in Confusion, trying to figure out where the man was. He took a step back, still trying to figure out what's happening before he bumped into the chest of Onyx behind him. *How did he get there so fast* Laurent thought before he wanted to confront him in a serious tone.

"Hey what's-" he couldn't even finish his sentence before the man's strong hands wrapped around him swiftly, holding him close before Laurent's head was pulled aside. What followed was a painful sting that pierced his shoulder, letting him groan in pain. Laurent was unable to move, pinned against this man's chest.

The pain in his shoulders burned like a raging fire, spreading across his whole body before after a while it translated into something else. The burning flame turned into something numb, quiet and peaceful. It was something warm, something comforting.

As the inner peace overcame Laurent, all the strength in his body seemed to vanish. His legs didn't have the strength to keep him standing on his own anymore, and so he collapsed against Onyx's Chest where two strong arms picked him up like a groom would carry his bride. "What did you...do to me?" He managed to form those weak words that were barely a whisper.

White spots started to dance in his field of vision as the world around him was swallowed more and more by the shadows.

"I said hush." He said gently, grip tightening on him. / *messed up...* he sighed softly looking down at the unconscious man in his arms.

He brought Laurent into his own home, finding what he really hoped was the man's bedroom. It was the largest in the house so he assumed....

He tossed aside the blankets and set Laurent down into them, sighing softly and stroked his cheek with a thumb. *Strong pulse. He'll be fine.* he told himself to try and pause his worrying.

He tugged at the laces to the man's shoes and slid them off, setting them down to the side. Careful, he took off his coat and vest and the neckerchief, gently folding them and leaving them on a seat in the room. Content he wouldn't overheat or choke in his sleep, Onyx covered him with the blankets.

Laurent woke alone in his home. The night felt like an off kilter dream, and for a while one could believe it had been so; only a dream. His neck ached but carried only a rippling bruise no different that those visiting the party houses that filled the lanes. His shirt collar was flecked with blood and a slight fever seemed to imminent by his temperature...

Laurent found himself awaking in his bed the next morning. As he slowly regained his consciousness he felt the terrible headache that split his skull when he tried to sit up. He quickly laid himself back onto the soft pillows with a groan. Questions started to pop up in his mind. How did he even get here? Did he drink too much? How did he made it to his house? The memories of the previous night seemed totally jumbled when he tried to recall them but at some point they were gone. He remembered how he was in the Casino, how he won and made his way through the streets, but he couldn't recall anything further.

How strange he thought while trying to lift up once more while rubbing his neck. He quickly stopped when he felt the pain of a bruise that marked the left side of his neck. Did he bump into something or did he visit one of the Whore houses in the city? They were certainly almost as popular as the Gambling Halls but Laurent would usually distance himself from such establishments with some minor exceptions.

Besides the lack of memories, the headache and the bruise, there was something else. Scraps of a dream about an acquaintance with a strange man came into distant view, the man's name missing of course. He couldn't recall what happened in the dream but the blurred image of that man haunted his thoughts before Laurent passed out on his bed for a second time and awoke as the sun already started to set again.

His headache was a bit milder now as he then slowly got out of bed to heat up some water for a tea before heading back into his room to get dressed properly. He was still a bit weak on his feet and he probably shouldn't go into the Gambling Hall tonight and rest, but he did it anyway. From the Closet besides the huge wall that was filled with all sorts of books, he grabbed a fresh white bluse to wear under his vest, some fine Grey pants and some black polished leather shoes. When he was all dressed he went back into the kitchen across the hallway, grabbed his tea and went back into his room,

watching the sunset inbetween the trees from the huge glass windows besides his bed while taking small sips of his tea from a very delicate cup.

When the sun vanished behind the horizon he went down the stairs, threw over his long black coat before heading out back into the crowded city, the win of his previous night still in his pocket to place bets with. The familiar smell of smoke, parfum and cigarettes hung in the air as always when he entered the great Hall. He greeted the Waiter at the entrance with a nod and exchanged some money for a stack of chips before heading to his favorite quiet corner for a nice round of poker.

As he made his way through the crowded hall he stole some quick glances under the short skirts of the waitresses walking past him until the tables came into view. He spotted a round of some familiar Gentleman that had already begun with a round. Laurent couldn't wait to test his luck this evening but he almost froze in his step when he saw the stranger sitting at the table talking to some of the men.

Although Laurent couldn't recall having this man ever met before, something felt not right. Yet he pushed this feeling away as he walked directly towards the table. "Good Evening Gentleman." He greeted the men at the table as he took his seat across the table from the Stranger, keeping his eyes on him at all the time, trying to recall where he had seen before. "I see we have some new company. Have we made our acquaintance yet?" he asked in a bit more serious tone than his greeting from before while glancing at the man in front of him while he placed his stack of chips in front of him on the table.

He was introduced as a prominent man from Europe, and he raised a glass in greeting. Fleeting images from the night flashed behind Laurent's eyes; the grass. The crackling of frost. A slow drumbeat in his ears. It more felt connected to the man than a memory. A hallucination triggered by his eyes.

Mr. Ivanov spoke with an audible accent that made some of his words guttural rolls, and he seemed to

take a moment to translate some speech back and forth between Russian and English.

He set a cigarette back between his lips, and with a practiced flourish shuffled the cards. He could make them walk across his fingers like they were weightless.

"Mr. Ivan this is Laurent. A frequent player." "A pleasure." "Ivanov was just tellin' us of his travel across Europe." "Indeed. So... I found myself on a ship at knife point..." Laurent found himself barely able to listen, Onyx catching his eyes. *Are you feeling alright, Laurent?* his voice echoed in Laurent's head. Onyx smiled, focusing on one of the cards in his hand. The world slowed as if moving through water, a film pausing between frames. Smoke curled from his cigarette and the flame of a lighter stopped mid spark.

He set down the draw deck neatly arranging its cards *I wish to have a conversation, a brief explanation of my side. I sadly misappropriated my state of health and took advantage of you.* Onyx plucked a card from one

of the other players hands replacing it with a poorer one. When Onyx found the man had been cheating by double drawing, he punched him in the face. The frozen man didn't respond... *Has your memory returned yet. I went a bit far. I was worried you'd die before your door...* Laurent's eyes were fixed on Mr. Ivan's and as he started talking the man locked his own gaze upon Laurent's. His words became hollow and distant with the only thing to focus on being his dark eyes. A sharp pain shot in his mind, making his eyes widen as vivid images flashed before his eyes. The dark night, the men, the cold frost beneath his shoes and...

It was only for a brief moment that all these memories flooded his mind but it was enough to make him break eye contact with him, now looking down at the chips in front of him. He tried to hide his confusion and understanding of this being what happened last night, what was only meant to be a dream.

Are you feeling alright Laurent? His gaze snapped back to him as his words rang through his mind seeing the mischievous smile playing on his lips. *How was this even possible?* His lips weren't moving but yet he heard his voice crystal clear.

The world around him seemed to slow down, more and more until it almost completely stopped with the only exception being somehow him and Mr. Ivanov. Both of them were able to move at normal pace while the scenery around him was almost completely frozen. Laurent watched the way he played the cards with ease and it didn't even bother him that he just punched that frozen man. To him it was rather fascinating how the face of the man twisted in a weird way, the print of Mr. Ivans fist still on his cheek.

Although this whole situation made him curious some part of him tensed up, more alert towards that dangerous man. He nearly killed him yesterday and he wouldn't let him get too close again even though some part of him already knew that this thought was

foolish. "What are you?" he asked in a serious tone when his voice stopped, his fists clenching together while he stared at this odd man and not wasting any more time with this very straight forward question...

A Vampire. he adjusted his cards lightly in his fingers before he lost control. The world sped back to time and the man who got punched, his head snapped back but the blood burst from Ivanov's nose.

He brought a handkerchief to his nose and teeth as the others debated what had happened in the brief stop. The moment of blank misunderstanding in their minds.

"I apologize. I have a blood condition, genetic you see." He smiled disarmingly as the cheater fled from the table trying to remember what he did to his jaw.

He washed out his mouth with his shot of liquor and ordered another, whispering in her ear quietly and slipping her a tip. "Oo I see you sir. Our darlings are cream of the crop." Mr. Terris grinned tapping the table in front of Ivan who chuckled softly.

"Not quite my intent. I like my drinks a certain way and few places rarely provide." He smiled to the girl who delivered his liquor before falling into conversation about the game. He found he'd always been able to talk even if he truly didn't give a damn. Humans gravitated towards people they found a fascination.

He kept an eye on Laurent, mildly concerned of his passive acceptance of the situation. Onyx licked his teeth, bleeding gums still tainted by the humans taste. *Interesting human.* Vampires. Undead immortal beings that say to feast upon the blood of the living. They're only able to wander the world at night, despising the deadly sunlight. Those legends were written in a book that Laurent had read a long time ago but he could remember most of it. It all made sense now. The time that had stopped, the previous night, it seems like he stumbled upon him when the Undead was desperate for someone to feed on. This gesture of good will had him almost killed the night before.

He watched the time speeding up around him again, the face of the cheater flying back and the other player's looking around themselves in Confusion, trying to figure out what just happened. But Laurent had only eyes for this Undead sitting across his table, watching him smile and play with his potential prey but he wouldn't let himself fool from him again.

Yet some part was still drawn to him, a small part that was curious about this mysterious being, fascinated by the mysterious powers that he might possess. He wanted to see it all, but he also knew that being this close to a Being like him would bring his own life in Danger again.

But what had Laurent to lose? His life was boring, meaningless. He lived alone in a big house, spending most of his time in Gambling Halls as a player with average skills.

"Say Mr. Ivanov, what is this certain way you prefer your Drinks? I might as well give it a try." he asked in a calm tone, his eyes locked on the man as he spoke with a slight smile. He was certain that if he was

really a Vampire and requested a certain red substance infused with his Liquor, he would decline giving him a true answer on his seemingly innocent question...

"You know very well what I'd prefer. Lambs is best though it can be hard to acquire at a young age." He smiled softly, most thinking he was referring to wine considering what was brought to the table. He sipped it with a soft sound sound of enjoyment, "Mnm. Though I am partial to white wine as well."

He flicked his card down announcing he was out for the round, happily sitting with his glass. He found it amusing the way Laurent was staring... near would make him blush if he had the capability.

He sucked his teeth silently watching the game and Laurent debating what he was thinking. The people's thoughts around him were so loud and then this silent man fell into his lap. But the distrust was slightly obvious.

He lightly showed his teeth, all of them even and flat, pretty and well maintained. Making sure Laurent was watching him he extended his canines. The delicate slight points lengthened longer points, a second set that replaced his first molars becoming more apparently visible.

This is going to be fun.

Laurent knew very well that he wasn't referring to a wine as it might've appeared at first glance. When you took a closer look at the liquid inside the glass the viscosity was slightly different from the one of normal wine. After he took a sip of his own Whiskey, he paid slightly more attention to the game.

With the eyes of this man resting upon Laurent and after what happened he just couldn't really focus on the game. While he was still in the round his eyes wandered between his cards, the other players but mainly he kept a close eye on Mr. Ivan, hoping that his slight staring wasn't too obvious. The Undead just sat there sipping on his lamb blood while the other

players were too focused on the game, totally oblivious of the content in his wine glass.

His brows raised slightly in surprise as he watched the man's canines grow to a sharp and unnatural length with a sinister grin on his lips, his eyes filled with amusement about this situation.

When Laurent was finally able to take his eyes off his teeth he downed the rest of his glass and laid his cards open aside indicating that he was out for that round. "If you Gentleman would excuse me for a second." he said with a calm voice, his eyes wandering over to Mr. Ivan as he spoke before leaving the table to head to one of the restrooms. He didn't really have to go but he needed a moment to gather his thoughts without this man in his presence.

Before he entered the restroom he took a quick glance over his shoulder to make sure that the Undead didn't follow him. When he finally was inside he grabbed onto the long sink and looked at himself in the big mirror. He wasn't sweating much but his

distress was slightly visible. He knew that the next time the two were alone he might not survive but yet he still longed for another conversation with this man. There was something that drew Laurent back to him. Was it his powers? His Strength? Whatever it was, he needed a moment to calm his mind, to rearrange his thoughts before he would talk to him again, planning on how he might be able to survive...

He watched Laurent leave and sighed softly, suddenly bored without the one to annoy.... He set aside his empty glass, wine heavy with sweet liquor. It looked like blood burnt like liquor and was sweet enough to settle his craving for sugar... *perfect drink really...*

Apparently it'd set off Laurent enough to run away. He huffed tracing a shape on the table top waiting for him to come back.

Eventually he got up to wait in the back hall, leaning on the wall. He could smell Laurent inside though it was faint under the reek of filth.

"I want to talk, Laurent." He said lightly, talking toward the door, standing to the left of it. "I promise not to hurt you." It took Laurent some time to prepare himself again to face this possibly dangerous man once more. He was about to exit the restroom when he heard his muffled voice through the closed door.

Laurent was pretty sure his heart stopped for a second with the hair in his neck standing up again. He backed up again with his lower back pressing against the cold sink. Of course he found him. He was his next prey. But why did it have to be exactly him?

"What do you want?" He scoffed, asking in a calm but slightly nervous tone, given the situation that he was trapped with no escape. *Another bite?* he added quietly in his mind. He knew the answer too well...

"I want to apologize." He said lightly, back to the wall by the door. "I'm aware I frightened you." He talked quiet to try not an overwhelm.

"When you found me I hadn't fed for six or seven years. Doing so starves the brain... it's why I was so," he paused, "lost. It's like being blackout drunk you can't think." He explained lightly. "I wasn't in control. But I am now... I'll never bite you again without permission." He swore setting his head back on the wall. He glanced towards the silent door, debating if Laurent had listened or believed him.

"I'm going to leave now. I'm staying at the girls house down the street. Marienettas..." he pushed up off the wall and Laurent could hear his shoes clicking on the floor as he left.

He could hear how his steps distanced from the door further and further until they completely vanished. Followed by a long sigh he let himself drop against the wall left from the door. He was a bit surprised by his very polite answer which obviously still caused some distrust in Laurent. *Could this man be trusted? Was he telling the truth?* Part of him still didn't believe the man's words. *He is obviously lying* Mr. Ivanov wouldn't just apologize to his prey and let

them go when the situation served Laurent to him basically on a Silver platter. But what if he really meant it...

Laurent left the bathroom after a while and went back to the table to say his last goodbye's for the night. The cold winter air that met im as he exited the Casino gave his cheeks a light blush. He just wanted to forget that man, but the name of the whore house kept piercing his mind. *Marienettas...* He had been there on a few rarer occasions with some drunk companions after a few too many rounds and it was also one of the more popular ones in the city, known for their beautiful and talented women.

And just as he was intending to return to his home he found himself in front of the bright front Doors of the house "Marienettas". Driven by the curiosity and a possible dangerous change he entered the huge and illuminated entry hall. With the smell of cheap Parfume and cigarettes in the air he saw men with well dressed women sitting in their laps, kissing and

laughing while some women dragged their Clients into some more private chambers for some more intimate work.

"Juhuuu~", "Mr. Belenois! <3", "Hello there Handsome" he heard the whores cat calling from one of the bars as he walked up to the reception. "Good Evening Miss. I'm looking for a certain Mr. Ivanov. I believe he resides in one of your hotel rooms at the moment." he greeted an older woman at the register with a gentle smile hoping that she would give him the right number to his room. "Up the stairs, second floor on the right." the woman replied in a bored tone while lightening up a cigarette, not paying any more attention to him.

Laurent nodded a quick thanks before he went up to the staircase to which the women had pointed at. Upstairs he stood in front of the door to the room where he would meet the Undead once more. He took a short moment to gather himself before he was foolish enough to knock on his door...

"It is open." He called lightly. The inside was kept dark, large swathes of dark curtains covering the wide glass windows. Smoke curled about him on the couch, the tip of his cigarette glowing in the dim light. A half dead fireplace cut out the cold.

He was stretched out on a lounge. His undershirt was unbuttoned to the base of his sternum, the white cotton offsetting his pale skin and midnight hair.

Someone was asleep in his bed, but it wasn't a dress set over the back of the chair. A waistcoat and trousers were left on the floor with a pair of boots.

He let out a breath of smoke, red eyes skimming to the side to look at Laurent. "Done hiding in a washroom, *Mr. Belenois?*" He drew out the name, though not to tease. He needed to slow down the speech to say it correctly. It gave him a sarcastic tone.

"Drink?" He held up a bottle, "Promise its wine." He winked, pouring a small glass of white wine and held

it out with a delicate hold on the stem. "Sit. Discuss with me."

The room was dark when Laurent entered. The thin smoke of cigarettes hung in the air with Mr. Ivanov laying spread out on the lounge besides the bed. Laurent's gaze wandered through the dim room that was only lighted by a almost burned down fire in the fireplace. He noticed the clothes, that clearly belonged to a man, laying on a chair with the owner sleeping inbetween the sheets.

"I didn't know you already had some company *Mr.Ivanov*" Laurent replied in the same mocking tone as he spoke the name, slowly seating himself on the couch that was still empty, facing him. He took the glass of white wine that he was offered, keeping it in hid hand before he would actually take a sip.

"Why did you want to talk to me again besides your apology?" He asked in a bit harsh and serious tone, trying not to let himself bother from the man in the bed, his eyes only locked on the Undead in front of him...

"A bellboy. Enduring. Like a puppy that loves despite the sting of the whip." He sunk back into his lazy pose, head back looking at the ceiling while he smoked.

"I find you fascinating. Considering the mass response to me is terror." He finally answered in response, putting out the glowing tip of his cigarette on his tongue with a hiss.

He tossed it to the bowl of cigarette remains, looking over when his guest mumbled in his sleep. He got up to check on him, smiling softly as the other played with his hair as Onyx bent over him. "Иди спать, глупый мальчик..." Onyx said softly tugging down the curtains to leave him to sleep.

He slid back over the couch to relax again, head propped up on his fingers, watching Laurent. "You have questions. I can feel them. Ask, or you might burst..." he waved a hand gently picking up his glass of wine to sip.

Laurent watched every move of him curious as the Undead laid on the couch across him. With his marble skin he almost looked like a statue that came to life and Laurent blushed a bit as the man put out his cigarette with a hiss on his tongue before getting up to look after his other visitor.

Laurent was surprised by how gentle the Undead was with the man in his bed. Mr. Ivanov mumbled something towards the man in a language that he himself couldn't understand before he tucked him back in. It almost seemed like he actually cared about him.

When he sat back down onto his couch Mr. Ivanov watched him close again with his head resting upon his hand before reaching for his glass. Laurent wouldn't just burst out with his questions like a little kid, but the man was right. He was curious indeed and, so he believed, the main reason why he followed the spider into it's web.

"It doesn't happen everyday that one stumbles upon an Undead like you Mr. Ivanov, if that is even your

real name." Laurent said in a relatively calm voice while taking his first sip from his own glass. "I've only read about your kind in books and fairytales, never thought I would meet one... up close." He paused in between his last words as he unintentionally reached for his shoulder rubbing the still bruise on his neck. "For how long have you been like... this?" he continued, gesturing up and down to Mr. Ivanov with his free hand from his shoulder.

"I can't fully say. A good portion of time I was spent underground. Earliest I remember when I left was 1720 or so." He picked up another cigarette, lighting it. "You'll likely never stumble onto another in the wild that'll leave you alive. It is... poor behavior to do so. Especially if you remember it." He set his head back again, smiling softly.

"And my name is Onyx. I can't say if my name was that as a human but I was named that by my predecessor." He smiled softly, "Ivanov is a basic name. Common. Like Smith or Doe. Easier to hide I suppose." He rolled a hand lazily. "I'm overall

heading north, aiming for the ice. I've always wanted to see it." Gently he sat up, bare feet skimming across the carpet.

A woman knocked at the door and Onyx greeted the small group with a smile. Laurent felt the pause again, able to identify it this time, Onyx kicking the boys clothes beneath the bed.

He leaned on the edge of the bed post, arms crossed, making sure the girls stayed away from the bed.

He was a gracious enough host, keeping the girls laughing and entertained. They always did rounds of the building to try and get clients.

He stepped away from the bed once the girls left, the bellboy terrified at being found in a man's bed. He had to be 19 or so, bruises peppered down his arms, "Sir you promised no one would see!"

"Laurent's in no position to judge pup. It's fine. As I said." Onyx reassured and laughed softly as the lad fled. Laurent watched the Undead talk while taking

another sip of his wine. A part of him was fascinated by just his mere existence and he knew too well about his twisted luck.

"Onyx is a rather peculiar name, but I have to admit that it has its charm." Laurent nodded, leaning back into the couch still keeping a close eye on him while Onyx spoke with a rather soft and charming smile.

Their little conversation was suddenly interrupted by some of the ladies that worked at this establishment. The way the man greeted them at the door seemed rather friendly and unbothered before a slight eruption in the air made the hair in Laurent's neck stand up. He must have used his time stop again because the clothes of the boy that were placed on the chair just a moment ago and clearly visible for him to see, were gone and only peeked a bit from under the bed.

As Onyx blocked the view on the bed with his massive slick body and broader shoulders, the boy slowly awoke from his sleep, only to seek more cover inbetween the sheets.

The boy glanced with wide eyes at Laurent with the tone in which he spoke with Mr. Ivanov seemed rather angry and hurt as he pulled the clothes up from beneath his bed to leave.

"What a pleasant way to end the evening." Laurent let out a long sigh watching Onyx over his shoulder before taking another sip of wine. "Are there any other abilities you possess besides being able to seduce innocent bellboys?" he scoffed a bit, testing how far he could lean himself out of the window without wanting to sound too mean. "No offense to your choice of lover or anything" he added quickly afterwards, wanting to make sure that Onyx wouldn't misunderstand him, raising his one hand in defense. Besides, he still wanted to know what mysterious abilities lay inside of an undead, nearly immortal being.

He swiped blood from his nose cleaning up, "Shall you become a bellboy?" He chuckled softly, tossing his coat on the bed. "When you live so long you get tired of pretending. I am a faggot, and damn happy

of it. Besides most men are so damn repressed they come crawling back to me." He grinned lazily, organizing a suitcase on the side of his bed.

"I can pause like you've seen before, and choose who pauses and doesn't. It is very exhausting on me however so I do not use it unless I must. Or I need a conversation..." he smirked softly, "I can hear thoughts and communicate through them. However I cannot hear you." He waved a hand to the left of Laurent, "sound..." in front of Laurent, "No sound..." and to the right, "Sound." He noted with audible confusion.

"Heightened hearing. Scent. Sight. Strength. Speed." He listed off lazily. "What else do you need?" Flopping onto the bed on his chest he groaned landing. "I thought Russia was loud, but this place is deafening."

"Thank you for the offer, but i have to decline" Laurent chuckled at his probably not so unintentionally sexual offer while watching him walk over towards his bed again

He listened in fascination while Onyx organized his suitcase on his bed, watching him from over the back of the couch. "Hmm I see. Most of the legends are true then" Those were all abilities every mortal would desire to possess.

Laurent was a bit surprised when Onyx mentioned that he was silent compared to everything around him. He was no one special, so why him?

"People are drawn to the big city like moths into the light. Everyone tries their luck here, most of them failing but the hope and the thrill of living on the edge and with the big success seeming in close reach gives them the kick." he answered while also relating in a strange way. If it wasn't for the peace and quiet of his own home, he would've probably gone mad too.

"Welcome to Orleans Baby." he chuckled, watching the man drop onto the bed and spread his arms slightly in a mocking embrace before taking another sip from his glass.

He groaned softly, holding his head gently. "Так чертовски громко." He half rolled sideways to watch Laurent over his arm. "So. What do you want mm? Locked into an addiction already?" He raised an eyebrow. His eyes were dark in color, denoting his hunger. Healthy seemed to be a brilliant scarlet and darkened as he lost strength.

"I'm going to be heading out soon. So either you're coming with me or you're going to go home." He lazily sat up wiggling his toes in the carpet.

Laurent scoffed at his question but it also got him really thinking. Why was he here? Why did he visit the Gambling Halls? What was he doing to his young life? He was only in his early 30s so why did he seem so stuck here?

"I'm not sure, maybe i am." he said in a calm voice but it had a small hint of somewhat sadness. "I grew up not far from here and the house i live in is pretty nice, nothing that you see too often these days. I guess i'm just stuck here, trying to make my live a bit more exiting until I take my last breath."

He watched him sit up on his bed, groaning in exhaustion like he had a massive hangover. "What, need help picking out a new bell boy?" he chuckled giving him a slightly teasing smirk over the back of the couch.

Laurent felt how he got more comfortable around Onyx now since that joke just slipped out of him before he noticed, hoping that it wouldn't offend him. Tho some part of him already had this weird gut feeling that this suggestion of him might not be the true reason...

"I need a bit more than bellboy. I've got 6 or 7 years of nothing to make up for. I hadn't eaten the whole time..." he sighed softly, rubbing his face. "You wouldn't have someone you hate more than life itself would you?" He chuckled softly then followed it with, "I tease."

He bent and pulled up socks and his shoes, neatly lacing then sliding over spats to cover them. "If you'll excuse me, I have walks to take." He tugged on his

coat and gloves, black hair tumbled in soft curls about his shoulders.

"I'll be returning here. But it may be a few hours or so." He said lightly.

Laurent knew that his gut feeling was right. Onyx was about to head out to seek out his next victim. "I know none, unfortunately for you. Although I could imagine that some Gentleman at the Casino would rather like seeing me dead on the floor with a bullet through my skull." he replied in a bit more serious tone. Talking about killing someone in such an easy matter felt odd but it seemed to fit too well into the conversation. After all, they were discussing possible murder and he was telling the truth. An accident like this on an evening where he would be lucky wasn't so far off and it could end his life way quicker than expected.

He watched Onyx getting ready to head out while talking. "Then let me accompany you. Sitting around and waiting seems way too boring. Besides, I'm curious to see what you can do with those powers of

yours" Laurent answered with an unexpected confidence in his voice and downed the last sip of wine before getting up to grab his coat besides Onyx. Laurent's imagination started to run wild as his mind started to paint a clear picture in his head.

Onyx kneeling on the floor, covered in blood, bent over the pale and limp body that he was holding with his teeth sunken into the victims neck as the pulse got slower and slower... He shivered a bit at those thoughts but something was just too fascinating about this picture and a part of him wanted to see how it became reality...

"Walk with me then..." he smiled gently, hands sliding into his coat pocket. At the stairs, he looked across the floor below them. His pale red eyes focused, pupils tightening to cat like slits.

Pretty women. . . .Need a drink. . . . **Where to go tonight?** he closed his eyes, mind falling through the layers to start refining his search.

Damn prick always wins on the table he's got to be stuffin' aces. I'll catch him tonight.

"You're playing a table tonight." He stated lightly glancing back to Laurent. "One believes you're cheating." He chuckled softly. For being such a large standing man few gave him a glance. In fact it felt most were completely avoiding even a passing look. He treaded through a sea of people without opposition, a warship of his own making.

With Laurent trailing behind, he led down to a game table and tugged out a seat for Laurent. "Good evening gentlemen. Mind we sit?" Onyx smiled, sitting himself.

Big foreign bastard really thinks he's gonna keep up? "Absolutely, join join. We'll deal you both in." The gentleman smiled biting his cigar. Onyx took one of the smokes for himself, cutting the end to light. Surprised he won't choke on something bitter The man was a prominent casino

player, normally winning the big tables at night and running a small gaggle of girls.

Onyx let smoke out between his teeth picking up his cards, not knowing a thing about the game. He was relying on a human which he didn't care for doing, but he was an interesting human. He glanced to Laurent out the corner of his eyes.

"Hope you don't mind gents my friend assists me play. Being a foreigner we play dice much more than on the paper." He let his full accent drop, making him near unintelligible. His smile made their main target uncomfortable. Fucked up teeth...

He followed Onyx out of the room, walking behind him as he stepped beside him to the railing of the stairs, gazing upon the open floor below them.

Laurent caught a slight glance of the Undead's eyes focusing on what was happening down there. He tried his best not to stare at his sharp, marvelous profile while he stood beside him.

When Onyx spoke again out of nothing, Laurent's mind snapped back into reality before clearing his throat "Umm sure, Why not. Funny that someone perceives my average luck as cheating." Laurent could only chuckle and raise a brow at the thoughts of his potential prey.

Laurent followed Onyx down the stairs, walking behind him through the crowd of customers of the whore house. People seemed to glance at them from the side while also avoiding staring at them.

When they arrived at the table Laurent got his first real glance at his opponents. Some men were sitting around the table, one of them swarmed by a group of women in particular. He took the seat that Onyx tugged out for him besides his own seat and took a hand of 5 taking a look at his Cards.

"What game are we playing Gentleman?" Laurent asked, looking at the man that had multiple women at his shoulders.

"We were just playing a simple round of Mau Mau. I assume you are familiar with the rules right?" The man answered in a cheerful tone while taking another pull from his cigar.

"That I am indeed." Laurent slightly smiled at him, watching the Dealer put an open 6 of hearts in the middle of the table after Laurent placed a small debt to the pot on the side.

He had two hearts, an Ace of Clubs, a Queen of Spades and an 8 of Diamonds, a very mixed hand. Mau Mau was a game about getting rid of all the Cards from one hand as fast as possible by matching the played card the color or symbol to the card that lays in the middle. If you're unable to do so you need to draw a new Card. Before playing the last card from your hand you have to say Mau and when the last card is played you have to say Mau Mau. If you forget to say Mau before, you need to draw additional cards, putting you in a bigger disadvantage with more cards to get rid of.

Laurent watched his own hand while glancing at Onyx and the man across from them chatting before beginning the round as he put another 6 of Hearts on the Starter 6 of Hearts card, now waiting for the others to make their move.

Color and shape match. Mostly reds. Onyx lazily organized out Laurent's hand, not having cards under the guise of learning the game. The way he sorted left the cards to play in a wider hold, the unusables more put together. "So it's matching the suits..." he stated lightly 'learning'. He gently touched the top of a card, following the line around. Six heart to queen heart, queen diamond, diamond four, four spade, back to queen, draw. Deck provides King or 9..... He pushed Laurent's Queen of Spades into his main hand, instructing him to play it when it came round, a nonsense useless question covering his instruction.

Only one of them could copy after the 8 in suit allowing for Laurent to play more colors. He was following along and able to count the cards, guiding

through his pretend questions and soft touches of the top of the cards or taps of the table. He even instructed when to hold off so it wasn't as suspicious why they could follow up cards in perfect orders.

Further games with Onyx, he stacked the deck. His shuffling of cards was controlled and well practiced sleight of hand made his and Laurent's deck as controlled as he could get it. Slowly ringing money out of the four other men playing with them. His smile got bigger and bigger through the night as the others debt kept growing. He liked to egg them on. Their pride kept them playing, especially when the Onyx went on a 'loss' and pulled the money right back out of their hands. Laurent was able to see he wasn't doing this for fun or the money, it was purely for the hunt. He played more aggressively and spoke harsher, eyes focusing in one of the men in particular as he played.

And when it came time to collect, he knew the other couldn't pay. He let the man leave on excuse of getting their money. Neatly, he stacked the spare

deck and straightened up from the table. "We are ready to leave now Laurent." He let out a shaky breath, before leading to the door, pinning his coat shut.

He stepped out onto the street and helped Laurent step down to the stone, smiling gently. "We follow from behind now. His servants leave at 9. We wait until then."

The two walked for the man's townhouse, Onyx looking up to the outside trying to focus in on the people inside. He shook his head at the loud sound and headed for the alley between the house and the next. "I will carry you." He bent to let Laurent hold onto his back, waiting.

He and Onyx made a pretty good team. With the almost unnoticeable small gestures while he pretended to help him understand the game, Laurent kept on winning with some planned losses in between to keep the men interested, hooked to the game by their own pride. As the night went on, Onyx's smile got wider and wider, shuffling the cards

with a lightness and grace that wouldn't be expected of a man like him.

Laurent watched him smile and laugh and how he was laying focus on the one man in particular that was swarmed by women during their rounds. But Laurent knew the true intention behind his laughter and wide smile. He was able to see the wide and hungry grin that hid beneath Onyx's mask. It was only a deceiving act to only lure his prey further into his deadly arms and merely meant for the purpose of his hunt. It was scary how easy it seemed for Onyx to do so because Laurent knew that he could've been this man, his prey.

As he watched the men leave, Laurent only nodded quietly in understanding to Onyx and followed him outside, hesitating to take his hand at first before letting Onyx guide him onto the stones from the stairs in front of the Brothel.

He followed the Undead into a dark side alley beside a bigger and luxurious house on the street. It was well illuminated with bigger windows and doors on

the second floor which led to the broad balcony. Laurent proceeded to nod in silent agreement as Onyx explained his plan. It was impressive to him that he could read the thoughts of all the people in the house just from this side alley and could only wonder why he was the only "silent" one.

"Wait what? Are you gonna jump up there?" He stated, a bit startled by his words at first. When he saw Onyx's widening smirk that played on his lips, he let out a small sigh. "Fine." He spoke as he started to hold onto his back. "But don't let me faAhh" Laurent wasn't even able to finish his sentence before Onyx grabbed onto his legs and leaped off with an incredibly high and powerful jump straight up on the balcony.

Onyx landed as quiet as a cat on the balcony, gently letting Laurent down from his back. "Well that was... fun." Laurent said in a slightly sarcastic voice, but he was more startled than truly mad at him. "Are we still gonna wait here?" he asked, standing with him standing against the wall besides the Glass door.

He grabbed the rail and lithely pulled them on top of it, letting Laurent down at the top. Onyx wasn't bothering to check his movements anymore, crouching neatly like a gargoyle. It set off Laurent's nerves whether or not he was unafraid. Onyx moved unnaturally, fully a being a human could only slightly empathize with. "I want in his office." He stepped off the rail, carefully popping open the door completely silent. "Fool doesn't lock his doors." Whispering he slid inside to the office.

His fingertips whispered across the wooden desk top, gently running over the curve of the glass light on it. Taking in this world of theirs through touch. He remembered when the first electric light burned his eyes, the first Oldsmobile belched its toxic taste. All these new things around him....

He tugged free a spare chair, tucking it in the corner out of sight, debating where to put Laurent. Eventually he opened the slatted door to a closet and set down a seat for him. "I need you out of my direct sight and his. Just in case." He instructed

lightly, slightly breaking one of the beams to the wood door to give Laurent a view through.

Only once Laurent was sat and the door was shut in front of him did he go to his dark corner to sit. Laurent could see him there, just his folded legs, waiting.

The man burst through his door to go to his desk, not noticing the other was sat until the man had moved behind his desk. He startled and put a hand to his chest. "What the fuck?! How did you get in my house?!" He settled himself, "Let me guess you're here to get your money?" "No."

Onyx didn't move but the man went for his gun, so he sat watching him panic and pull at his desk drawer. A pistol trained onto Onyx's chest as the vampire rose. "I'm here for more than that." His voice was soft, rolling with his accent and desire. He crossed silently to the desk, the furniture between them, silent slow and controlled. It made the human panic more.

The gun was deafening in Laurent's ears, the force pushing back Onyx's arm slightly. He stopped where he stood, a few steps from the desk. "I'll let you reload." He gestured lightly. The man's hands were shaking so hard Onyx thought he might not load the chambers. Three more shots popped and tore into Onyx without responses as he advanced.

"What are you?!" He yelled like a dog barking to frighten. All sound. Onyx wrapped his fingers over the edge of the desk and with a single simple one-handed motion, tossed the heavy desk aside. The massive piece of furniture broke the wall and the sound sent the human on his ass in terror.

Onyx's back to Laurent kept the human from seeing much, but he bent over his meal. The older man's face twisted in a face of pain, yanking at Onyx's back and hair trying to rip it out. Choking gasps rattled in his throat as his lungs filled with Onyx's blood.

They didn't die from losing blood, they died because Onyx forced his own blood into their body. His venom burnt tissue and dissolved useless

components in their blood. They burned from the inside out and their bodies failed, Onyx taking back his blood and what remained of his meals in their final breaths..

Desperate to get him off the man punched Onyx in the side, making him growl. Onyx slammed him backwards to get him to stop digging his fingers into his throat.

His head smacked into the wood floor with an echoing sound and blood ran down the side of his head.

His hands slid off Onyx's coat and hit the floor with thuds. The vampire rose, watching the bloodless man beneath him die....

"You may come out now." He called back to the closet lightly, tugging out a handkerchief wiping his mouth. "He's dead."

Laurent watched every movement, every gesture that he made like he was observing a wild animal on the hunt, ready to strike at any moment. As Onyx

opened the glass doors on the balcony he stepped slightly hesitant behind Onyx into the Office, taking his place hidden behind the opened and a bit broken door of the closet.

He felt his heart racing in his chest as the man entered his own office, his face widened a bit in surprise and in growing panic while Onyx spoke and came out of the shadows slowly getting closer to his prey. Laurent's eyes widened in surprise as the man pulled out his gun followed by a loud and deafening shot, the bullet tearing through Onyx's right arm. Laurent caught himself flinching at the shot but he was rather fascinated by how unfazed the Undead was. They widened even wider as three other shots followed all right into Onyx's chest. He watched him standing in front of the desk completely unfazed and ignoring the fact that this would've been deadly for a normal human being.

Laurent watched this bizarre and unnatural scene out of his corner in a mix of what he believed was fascination and only a surprisingly small amount of

fear in the back of his mind. The way he flipped the heavy table against the wall with an almost ridiculous amount of strength, how he bent over his victim feasting on his blood with the victim's face twisted in terror and agony.

Other people would've run for their lives, would've screamed, cried out in fear but not Laurent. He watched this grotesque scene with eyes widened in fascination. It was like watching a wolf tearing a deer apart and as much as one might want to look away, one simply couldn't. Laurent didn't want to.

When all the power and color out of the man's body seemed to have faded Onyx got up leaving the dead body on the floor, gazing over towards Laurent waiting for a reaction. Laurent then continued to get off his seat slowly leaving his safe spot and walking towards the Vampire, his mouth still covered in splashes of fresh red blood. *what a beautiful shade of red...* Laurent's gaze was fixed upon the holes in his chest where the bullets had pierced his Suit and flesh. His gaze proceeded to wander towards the

white corpse, the horrified expression still engraved on this man's pale face. His neck was pierced by two sharp fangs, this beautiful red shining in contrast to the pale skin. It was almost too beautiful...

"That was... fascinating" Laurent whispered his last words carefully, reaching with one hand towards Onyx's wounds as he spoke. "Did it hurt?" he asked, his hands now hovering over one of the wounds with only two fingers almost touching the part of his suit that was soaked in red around the wound while slightly twisting his hand as he inspected it, driven by his curiosity and the thrill of his situation...

"Yes." He said softly, hands by his sides, letting the other touch him. "We should leave. It was loud." He murmured softly, wiping off his mouth and chin. He gently took Laurent's wrist, wiping clean his fingertips.

Quiet and settled, Onyx let Laurent to the ground off the balcony, dropping down behind him. Onyx held tight to Laurent's arm seemingly struggling, pausing in place for a moment.

Loud .

Laurent had to tug him along gently to get him to walk forward, eyes flicking between slits and proper pupils, shaking his head roughly.

When they made it back to the girlshouse and Onyx's room, he slid to the floor to sit holding his hair.

Very loud . . . He yanked off his waistcoat and shirt, tossing them, bullet holes barely bruises on his chest. "It is time for you to leave... please." He mumbled, sweating, trembling as he pressed a hand to his face shaking. "Lock the door behind you..."

How was he so brutal, but yet so gentle? Laurent wondered as Onyx gently took his hand to wipe the blood off his fingertips for him. The way he took his hand gave his cheeks only a bit more color than usual. As soon as they both left the balcony Laurent felt his hand on his arm, Onyx's weight slightly leaning against him. As they walked along the busy streets back to the whore house he felt Onyx uneasy steps, his heavy breathing and his struggle to walk

even straight. To Laurent it seemed very similar to when they first met.

"Are you alright Mr. Ivanov?" he asked gently, looking over his shoulder worried about the man he almost had to drag behind him once again. He heard his groans and saw the way he shook his head, but not in a denying way, but more like he was trying to get rid of something in his head. Was it the noise? They were on the crowded and lively streets with lots of people after all. Whatever it was it clearly brought him great discomfort and the sooner he would be back into his room the better.

Laurent watched Onyx almost collapse onto the floor seemingly writhing in agony when they arrived back at his room. He was about to protest against his order to leave but with his pleading barely a whisper he just felt incredibly sorry. Part of him didn't want to leave his side. "Fine. But please take care of yourself." he said after letting out a long sigh, taking one last look at Onyx, how he cowered beside the

chair, trembling and sweating before he closed the door behind him, leaving him alone to his suffering.

On his way home part of Laurent regretted leaving Onyx alone, praying that he would be okay. He wanted to know so much more about him. That night Laurent wasn't able to sleep with the clear image of the hunt still burned into his memory. *So brutal, yet so beautiful* It beheld a twisted kind of beauty in that act and it made him feel alive watching him. A thrill that no Casino could ever give him.

He got up from his bed in a rush, sweeping all the books and documents from his desk, sending the papers flying. He then proceeded to grab a pen and a blank piece of paper and tried to bring this marvelous memory onto paper. He loved to draw when he was younger and his younger Self even aspired to become an artist, but education and life had made his childish dream and passion fade away. But seeing Onyx hunt like this, seeing this beautiful shade of red, it seemed like it reignited his flame of passion again.

He spent the rest of the night scribbling like a lunatic at his desk, sketching and drawing Onyx bent over his prey, the expression on the man's face as he took his last breath, the thick blood that dripped from his neck... But it wasn't good enough for Laurent. When he was halfway done with most of his sketches he crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it beside his desk. As the sun already started to rise over the trees he and his desk were surrounded by balls of paper with both complete and incomplete sketches covering his whole desk. One might say he seemed like a Lunatic, but Laurent just had to preserve the beauty of this moment for all eternity before it faded away. Some of his Sketches turned out nice, some more detailed than others but they all showed Onyx and the twisted expression of his Victim.

Sometime after the sun was up and Laurent finally had no energy left, he passed out onto his table. He awoke with a groan while the sky had already a bright orange from the setting sun. It took him a moment to remember what happened yesterday

staring at this mess around him. The sketches weren't nearly as satisfying as the real scenery, but they kept the image in his head alive for now.

After he cleaned up all that mess he got ready to head out again, changing his clothes before throwing over his coat to head into the city, to Onyx. He had to make sure that he was alright and he just had to see the Undead again. Were his wounds already healed? He was really worried about the condition in which he left him yesterday.

When Laurent arrived at the whore house he took a deep breath before knocking at the door. "Mr. Ivanov? It's me, Laurent. Can i come in?" he asked gently, waiting for a response...

He didn't answer, but his door was unlocked. The smell of old blood was apparent when he entered. A washbasin was full of thin black blood, broken down by whatever Onyx's body did to process it. Broken down by his saliva.

He'd forced himself to be sick, the overwhelming *sound* burying him as he had gained back his strength. The blankets were hauled to the floor off the bed and beneath it. The darkness had been a comfort, dulling off stimulus.

Holding tight to his hair he stared straight ahead, wrapped up in the blankets. When Laurent looked beneath at him it reminded the man of the soldiers he'd seen once. Lost in their own memories and exhausted....

"Hello." He said hoarsely, voice torn out and rough. It was jarring to see him, but the silence that followed was sublime. "Fabulous example of my kind, mm? Hiding beneath a bed like a toddler afraid of the thunder." He mumbled, a soft breath in denoting he was waking a bit out of his mental loops and noting where he was. "Has it been long?" He tsked softly, thumping his head back onto his arms, hair greasy from his illness and sticking to his temples and neck in wisps. "I lost track a bit..." he pulled up the

blanket around him, apparently content beneath the bed.

As soon as Laurent opened the door a penetrating smell shot into his nose. It was a weird mix of blood and iron mixed with the smell of rotten eggs lingering in the air of the dark room but it didn't stop him from entering and locking the door behind him.

He watched the coal glittering inside the fireplace, spending only minimal light to illuminate the room, but it was enough for Laurent. The smell seemed to come from a bucket filled with a blood-like substance. *Was that vomit? Did he throw up?*

He could see how the room was empty with all the blankets from the bed missing before hearing Onyx's rough and powerless voice from under the bed? *What was he doing under the fucking bed?* Laurent thought slowly, stepping in front of it and kneeling down to peek under the bed only to see that all the blankets had been stuffed under it with Onyx's head peeking out between all the layers. Laurent raised an

eyebrow at this peculiar sight with his eyes slightly widening in shock.

He immediately regretted it that he left Onyx all alone. He was in a terrible state, hairs greasy sticking to his wet skin, his voice sore and worn out, his eyes glossy and lifeless besides the fact that he was already dead. He certainly couldn't just be sick because he hadn't eaten in a while. Was it the noise of the City? Did all the buzz rob him of his sleep? He had already mentioned before how loud the city was for him compared to his homeland but Laurent didn't expect it to be that serious.

"I see someone's had a rough night as well." Laurent chuckled, looking back at his seemingly endless frustration over his drawings.

"Well, you can't hide there forever you know." he smiled faintly reaching one hand under the bed towards him offering him to pull him outta there...

Carefully, he wedged his hands to pull himself out on his own. Shirtless he swayed again as he sat up, so he

held tight to Laurent's arms to keep from falling back over. "There's a hunter somewhere in the area..." he paused to get himself off the floor and flop sideways onto the bed moving slow and visibly shaking. "Its easy to get us at times. Hit a drink house, poison us out. Most would've fallen asleep in the house immediately." He panted lightly, an arm set across his eyes. He looked to the side past his hand to look at Laurent. "Whyd you come back?" He asked lightly, sounding genuinely curious.

He was so tired, but he was strong enough he'd recover. For most of his kin they'd have shut down immediately. He couldn't remember after leaving the house, nor when he'd laid to sleep. He felt a touch better after the short nap though.... His forearms were covered in half healed bites and he sucked his teeth, cringing at his own taste and the bitter backing of Blackthorn. He hadn't even been able to taste it. The dust was tasteless to humans, but would burn from the inside out; causing hallucination, exhaustion, nausea, to death in his kind. "Damn..." he

murmured softly at the sight of his arm and let it drop to his chest. "I'm tired...." he couldn't keep his eyes open even as the other potentially talked.

Laurent could tell when he fell asleep, able to watch him fight to keep awake and failing. Legs still half off the bed and body in an arch, he fell asleep completely. His breath was shorter than Laurent would expect, making him look like he was only breathing half breaths.

He watched Onyx slowly crawling weakly from under the bed, visibly shaking and powerless. He grabbed onto his lower arm as Laurent helped him to sit on the bed without his legs giving away. He stole a quick glance at his bare chest, blushing a bit and trying to look away as best as possible. When Onyx grabbed hold of his arm Laurent noticed dark bruises and what appeared to be bite marks all over his arm.
What did he do to himself...

When Onyx flopped exhausted sideways on the bed and started mumbling something about a hunter Laurent got curious. That would explain why Onyx

was in this terrible state but how did they catch him? They've been together all night and besides Onyx's hunt there were no strange acquaintances.

He watched him squirm slowly and clearly in agony on the bed, the crook of his bruised arm covering parts of his face before slightly turning his head to ask Laurent

"Why did you come back?"

That was a very good question. Why did he come back? Someone else just might've moved into another State or Country just after their first acquaintance. "I don't really know." he said scoffing lightly at himself before watching the dim light of the almost burned out fireplace. "Maybe it was the guilt that I left you here in such a shitty state. Maybe it was curiosity."he chuckled a bit at his apparent hopes to die.

"Ever Since I lived here, my life has been boring, meaningless. I lost all my passion, all my hopes, my dreams. But then I met you. That scenery yesterday,

how you've sat on the floor, bent over that man... I just couldn't get it out of my head. You've inspired me Onyx. I-" he stopped in his tracks as he turned his head again towards Onyx only to see that he had fallen asleep.

Overall he was laying in a seemingly very uncomfortable position to sleep with his legs still over the edge of the bed and his back arched laying beside Laurent. He only chuckled at this view, seeing Onyx sleeping beside him. He then gently stood up, grabbed one of the pillows from the foot of the bed and placed it on the bed where his head was supposed to lay.

Putting some more blankets on the lower side of the bed, prepared to gently tuck someone in. Laurent then proceeded to carefully lift Onyx's long legs onto the length of the bed, careful not to wake him up and paying attention that his upper half wouldn't slide off the bed. He then sat on the edge of the bed beside Onyx, bowing over him and awkwardly grabbing his bare and sweaty chest to pull him more

towards the middle of the bed. *His breaths were much quicker and shorter than those of a human body...* he thought while he obviously had a harder time to bring him into a more comfortable sleeping position...

He groaned softly, shifting with a bit of persuasion. When Laurent moved his shoulders, his arms tucked around the man's waist and pulled him down to the bed.

Laurent found Onyx holding onto him, one of his long legs over his, arms around his ribs. His grip tightened to make a point of saying he wasn't moving from that spot.

Half curled up around him, Onyx closed his eyes and quickly fell back asleep.

He was cool to the touch and kept Laurent at a comfortable temperature even beneath the thick quilt. Laurent's heart beat loud in Onyx's ear, Onyx' head set across his chest.

When Laurent was just about to pull the blankets over Onyx leaning over him as he was still sleeping he gently adjusted his sleeping position. He slightly gasped surprised when Onyx's hands wrapped around his waist and one of his legs over his own, pulling Laurent down onto Onyx's body.

"You gotta be kidding me." he mumbled a bit annoyed while trying to pull away from him with his cheeks blushing, only resulting in his grip tightening around him. Onyx held onto him in his sleep, grumbling a bit as he curled up against Laurent's chest, keeping him close and not letting him go, which made his cheeks go even more red. To Laurent's luck he locked the door properly before.

Laurent let out a long sigh as he accepted his fate. He wouldn't be able to get out of that one. Even in the Undead's sleep he was very strong. So Laurent just laid there with Onyx's head against his chest, sleeping like a huge cat beside him. It was truly an odd picture to him. Laurent was only barely able to grip a corner of the blanket besides him, pulling it

over both of them. If he was gonna spend the night with him in this smelly room, he could at least get a bit more comfortable.

He let Onyx snuggle against him, getting a bit more complicated in his arms. The Undeads body temperature was soothingly cold, it felt nice and comforting under those warm blankets. Slowly the sleepiness overcame even Laurent as he listened to the quiet breaths of Onyx beside him. Why did this feel so good? Why felt his chest so light? "How odd..." Laurent chuckled quietly before also succumbing to his sleepiness in Onyx's arms.

When Laurent woke the room was clean, windows open to let in the morning light. He'd obsessively cleaned and packed, his things set aside on the table. A note was pinned to the door for him.

Gone out. Be around very late tonight. Have to go out of town to eat.

When he was looking at the note, someone knocked. Their touch was light and quiet.

He smiled brightly, his dark eyes permanently stuck dilated to different sizes. "Good morning! I apologize for the interruption. I was told there was a man here I needed to speak to. An.... Onyx?" He smiled glancing past Laurent into the room. "Is he here?"

Laurent woke up from the sun shining through the open window on his face. He set up on the bed with a groan, rubbing his face before shielding his eyes from the too bright sunshine. Once his eyes had adjusted to the brightness he let his gaze wander through the room. That reek of metal and rotten eggs were gone along with the bucket with the room being very clean overall. He remembers falling asleep involuntarily in Onyx's arms and now he wasn't there anymore. The thought at this moment made his heart flutter a bit again, but why?

His attention snapped towards the door when he heard a light knock coming from outside. On the door was hanging a note from Onyx, stating that he was out of town and wouldn't return until late afternoon. *Great* he thought to himself. He got out

of bed to answer the door. He had expected one of the girls of the house, but instead there was a man in front of a door. Immediately Laurent's stomach started to twist a bit. Something wasn't right about this man. Something that was a bit offsetting about this man were his eyes. One seemed to be permanently dilated while the other one looked completely normal.

"Unfortunately he isn't here at the moment. Come back another time." he replied in a bored tone giving him one last glance as he was closing the door behind him. He didn't care about wasting his energy on formalities to that hour, even if he didn't know what time it was...

His foot connected with the lock of the door, breaking it open with a shattering twist of metal. A large owl perched in the open window, its eyes set with pentagrams.

He noted the letter, pulling it down. "Be around very late..." He tsked softly, rolling his eyes. The owl chattered softly.

"I'd sit. We'll be sitting around until your bastard comes back." He rolled his head to look over at Laurent, "and you try to run, I'll kill you." He added sitting down in a seat. From his pocket he pulled free a blindfold, wrapping it about his eyes.

"Talk to me. Why were you hunting with it?" He crossed his arms, hand beneath his chin.

Just as he turned his back to the door he heard how the wood splintered behind him with the loud sound of cracking metal. He quickly turned around to see the man standing in the doorway taking down his foot and strolling into the room and picking up the note from the door that fell on the floor. *He is the Hunter* Laurent realized. That's why something didn't feel right about this man.

The man strolled over to the lounge seating himself as he spoke in a casual tone. His own fist slightly clenched when he called Onyx a bastard and he couldn't explain why this made him so angry.

Laurent noticed the huge owl sitting on his window chittering softly and her Pentagram eyes locked on Laurent. He only raised an eyebrow at those odd eyes and paid more attention to the man who just took out a blindfold and wrapped it over his own eyes.

"To start off, he's not my Bastard. Second, why would I wanna talk to someone who just burst into a Stranger's room without permission? He stated in a rather serious voice as he went over to take a seat on the couch when the man ordered after the threat of killing him. *Don't expect me to just sing like your poultry over there...* he added quietly in his mind, trying not to provoke this guy any further.

He chuckled softly holding out his arm toward the owl, who quickly shuffled over towards its master. "Taelon. You didn't tell me you could sing." He chuckled softly to the bird who nuzzled under his chin. Laurent could feel Nikolas' eyes on him, even though the man couldn't see.

"You'll sing how I desire, do know that." The tawny owl hopped onto the arm of the chair then back to the window, watching outside. "I ask again. Why were you hunting with it? Do remember you answer me you can walk away intact." He gestured lightly with a hand, amused. "You don't even need to speak it. Think it. I will see." He tapped the side of his own head. "Quickly now. The night is coming. I doubt he'd be happy with his pets guts across the floor." He lightly gestured to the floor, a soft smile across his lips. Fear was always something that seemed to work. He waited for their thoughts to race and show him what he wished to see....

Dark comes father. I know Taelon. Watch for it okay. Killer Man? Yes Taelon.

"Now. Talk to me." Nikolas smiled to Laurent.

Oh for God's sake his eyes widened in Surprise as the man clearly heard his thoughts but he tried to keep his poker face on.

*Do you think I'm afraid of **you**?* Laurent thought to himself, scoffing at the thought without saying another word, fully knowing that this man could hear everything. He survived once and he would do it again.

He scoffed lightly at his insult, throwing a determined glance at him, his jaw clenched from this overall very risky situation. *As his so-called "pet" I'll tell you shit. I'll just empty that brain of mine especially for you. Oh and if you can hear this too: be so kind and go fuck yourself* a light smirk started to form on his lips at his last thoughts. This was either the smartest move he could do or it would be his ticket to hell...

He sighed rising and stepping towards Laurent but stopped when Taelon shrieked. Red tendrils, pulsing through with black, slammed through the window and hooked to pull Onyx through. And he was furious. Snarling, he swiped down Taelon from clawing at him. "ты." Onyx spit out the word as more

tendrils rose from his back, sliding like worms from beneath his skin, pulsing with his heartbeat.

"привет старший брат." Nikolas smiled softly pulling two short curved blades from his belt.

"Ты мне не брат." Onyx's tendrils wrapped gently around Laurent. They were soft like velvet and strong easily picking him off his feet to move him.

"Go outside. Run away." Onyx ordered. Nikolas seemed too nervous to move, half crouched with his knives waiting. He glanced nervously to Taelon who seemed injured.

"Тебе нужно вернуться домой. Отец простит тебя." Nikolas murmured softly and Onyx laughed derisive.

"Отец не прощает. Специально для тех, кто ступил в Эдем." Onyx caught Nikolas about the waist, sweeping him off his feet and raining down hits into his face. His full strength made the floor shake, and Nikolas just covered his face with his arms fighting with him.

He slammed the knife to its Hilt in Onyx' side, hauling him over. "Он простил тебе этот грех! И ты плюешь ему в лицо. Он хочет, чтобы ты вернулся домой."

He pressed the length of the blade up under Onyx's throat, sitting on him to keep him down. "Я вижу, ты скучаешь по дому. Вы скучаете по нам. Вернись." He begged gently, knife slowly cleaving into Onyx's throat.

The glass shattered as Onyx pulled himself through the window, Laurents eyes widened as he saw those pulsing red tendrils coming from his back. He was clearly angry, leaping towards the man who else would've probably ended his life just now.

He felt one of those tendrils wrapping around his waist, feeling soft and almost like velvet where they touched his skin, but he got picked up with ease by them, pulling him to the side. Laurent felt the rush of adrenaline course through his body, watching Onyx from the side for a moment before he ordered him to go.

It would've been probably the best to leave for Laurent, to get as far away as possible, but he was frozen in place. He watched the two fight, cussing at each other in a language he couldn't understand. From the way they talked to each other they must've known each other. It was like watching a brutal brawl of life or death between siblings...

Laurent watched Onyx in fascination until he got thrown to the ground with the Hunter on top of him who was pressing his knife harder and harder against his throat. Before Laurent could even think he hurled himself at the Hunter, throwing him off Onyx. On the ground Laurent sat on top of him, kicking the knife away the hunter had dropped, to the side. His fist only missed his jaw by an inch and just as fast as Laurent had hurled him over he got sent off almost flying with his body against the nearby closet. His body crashed against the wood, groaning in pain as he tried to get up from the floor. He must've hit his head really hard because he felt something warm dripping from his forehead. His world started to spin

lightly and it took him a lot not to pass out. He could barely move, pulling in a sharp breath Laurent felt his whole body aching and burning in pain.

He got his throat to close, spitting blood and gently picked up Laurent from the floor into his arms. Stepping over Nikolas, they went outside and to the roof.

He set Laurent onto the roof and, touch gentle, checked his bleeding head. "Don't do foolish things." He said softly.

Nikolas was wailing at it made Onyx wince. *I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hit it so hard...* he knew his brother wasn't listening to him. He was left blind in the room, his bird dead in his arms.

He'll kill that human. Not a chance.

Sighing, holding a suitcase in one hand, he pulled Laurent to his feet. "Go home Laurent." He ordered and walked for the fire escape, leaving the other behind him.

He felt Onyx strong arms carrying like a bride in his arms up on the roof getting only one glance at the man that was whimpering and cowering over something.

"Guess we're even now" Laurent faintly chuckled to Onyx as he inspected the bleeding cut on his forehead on top of the roof. He still felt a bit dizzy and shaky on his legs, but it slowly got better. Laurent had to admit that Onyx was quite handsome. Those tendrils was something he'd never seen before and now he was even more drawn to him, by his power, driven by his curiosity and maybe even something else although Laurent couldn't make out what it was.

When Onyx got up to leave and just told him to go home Laurent only scoffed. He was pissed that after all what happened those were his only words towards him.

"Wha- No wait! The Hell I won't! You can't just leave me here like that!" He called after him, following him

as quickly as he could in his condition, getting hold of his arm just as he opened the fire exit door.

He tsked softly ignoring him but not outright stopping him. He tugged on his coat to cover his blood soaked shirt and neck, limping down the stairs to the street.

"My sibling threatens to kill you and you act like it's nothing." He sighed finally, tucking his arm inside his pocket, his broken wrist aching.

"Fine. Come on. We have a train to catch if you're following me." He said lightly, fully assuming the other would be worried about leaving everything behind.

"Sibling?" He mumbled in Confusion stopping in his tracks on his way downstairs behind Onyx for a second before catching up again. *So the Guy who almost killed him was his brother... interesting*

"Wai- Train?! Where are you going? You just popped in out of nowhere into the City, got me almost killed, TWICE and now you gonna fuck off again?!" he

rampagengly grumbled behind Onyx as they walked along the street.

Whatever his reason was, when his Psycho Brother would show up again without Onyx to save him he wouldn't come alive out of this one again. It might be best to accompany him for his own safety. What did he have to lose here anyway? His reputation? He didn't even have a job and he mostly only lived off the heritage his father left him along with the house he lived in.

He let out a long sigh "Ugh fine. Give me 30 Minutes. I'll pack some stuff and meet you at the train station." He said before heading with quick steps towards his house. When he arrived in his room he pulled out a suitcase, opened it on the bed and threw a good mix of his clothes in there along with some Pens and paper. He grabbed some cash from where he stored it in a hidden place somewhere in between those walls and put a smaller notebook and pen in his coat before locking those huge front doors, preparing to not see his home for a while.

With the suitcase at his side he made his way through the trees until he eventually arrived at the train station. He spotted Onyx leaning against a more shadowy wall of the huge building near the tracks. He approached him slightly panting (his suitcase wasn't that small after all).

"Okay i'm here now. Would you mind telling me where we're heading?" He asked Onyx only, his tone slightly annoyed because of all the hurry

"Considering your sudden academic interest in me, I'd assumed you wished to join me. I'm visiting my brother. A different one not the weird bird fucker." He waved a hand lazily. "If Nik is going after me, he's going to be going for the other." He said softly, holding out Laurent's ticket.

"We will only be gone a few days. Enough for everything to cool down and the rest of the humans to forget we were here." He said softly, rolling a hand lazily. "When we come back no one will remember the fight. Nor remember meeting me." He took Laurent's case setting it between his feet to

guard, giving the human a place to sit. "We have ten or so minutes. Sit. It'll be here soon enough." He crossed his arms, his dark hair tied back lazily from his face.

Laurent glanced at the Ticket that Onyx offered him for a second before taking it and putting it into the pocket of his coat besides his notebook. The two started walking along the side of the track, Laurent listening to Onyx and watching him from the side as he talked until they eventually both sat down on one of the banks.

He watched Onyx putting his suitcase in between his long legs on the cobblestone without even asking but Laurent didn't mind. It was new to him that seemingly everybody forgets after some time that they've ever crossed paths with him and it only made his fascination for his kind grow even more. Glancing over at him while they waited for the train to arrive he confronted him in a rather slightly grumpy but still curious tone

"And where exactly does your other brother reside? Besides, how many of your fucked up brother's are there?" crossing his own arms in front of his chest leaning against the back of the bench.

"Technically or time wise. I and the brother we are going to are called twins. We are not genetically related, but we were made at the same time and off each other. Nikolas is younger than us but we helped train him. Beyond the three of us I'm aware of four older than me but I'm sure there's more. I don't know everyone." He scratched under his chin. "And I only have two sisters, both are asleep." He added.

"He's near enough by that I can sense him. So I'm going until he finds me." He chuckled softly and got up, picking up the suitcase. The train stopped with a breath of steam and Onyx gave his ticket. He'd paid for a first class private car. "Sleep. It'll be an overnight ride."

He settled onto the top bunch, giving Laurent the larger bed, flipping open a book of his own. "I... thank you. For helping me."

"Damn that's a shit load of Siblings." Laurent muttered after Laurent was done counting his undead family tree. Growing up he was the only child with no one to call sister or brother. He was the one who had to carry the family burden already from a young age after the death of his father.

He walked close behind Onyx as they made their way through the small passage towards their own private car up in first class letting Onyx carry his suitcase. As soon as they entered their car Onyx swung himself onto the top bed leaving his suitcase standing besides the lower and obviously larger bed. He watched Onyx pull out a book out of his jacket before Laurent sat down onto his bed, not tired at all. He pulled out the notebook with a pencil and started to sketch down what he could remember from the Fight earlier.

He stopped in surprise as he heard Onyx above him thanking him. "I'd say we're pretty much even now." He chuckled before going back to sketching. "Are they all like you?" Laurent started to ask

Questions while sketching some thin pencil lines that slowly started to depict Onyx with his little brother towering over him, his knife pressed onto Onyx's throat. *Beautiful*

"What about those tails that you've grown during your lovely brawl with your little Brother? Do all Vampires have those? And how is your "Twin Brother"? he gestured those quotation marks with his right hand where he was holding his pencil before continuing. "Is he gonna try to kill me too?" he said in a sarcastic tone...

"My siblings are all quite varied. My two sisters were placed into a hibernation, as they prefer to sleep. They wake for war and little else. My twin is more... calm than I. But he may attempt to indulge. He has a love of finding new taste." He passed down a page, a rough sketch of two Asian women backlit, like he had been watching them with the moon behind.

"And few have the weapons I have. They are difficult to form and even harder to use. My twin is far better at them than I." He scratched under his chin sighing.

"Few of us talk with each other. It's been ten years since I saw Nikolas... 20 or 30 since my twin..." He settled onto the bed huffing. *Hungry again.*

"Suure...new tastes." Laurent repeated slowly. Of course he wasn't safe by Onyx's side after all. "Can't wait for another one of you to bring me onto the verge of death once more." He chuckled sarcastically with only a slight hint of distress noticeable before he put his book aside to take the drawing that Onyx handed him from above the bed. It was a rather beautiful drawing although it was only a rough sketch.

"Did you draw this?" Laurent asked while still studying the sketch up close...

"Yes. Those are my elder sisters. They remain in Eden permanently. That took me a very long time when I was a child. I definitely do not have your natural skill." He chuckled softly, "and my twin would not kill you. He is a doctor after all. He's always had incredible control over how he lives and eats. You're in far more

danger from me than him." He explained softly toeing off his shoes and dropping them to the floor.

"I spent a great amount of time with my two sisters, they practically raised me, even if they didn't wish too." He settled into the bed, propped against the wall.

He found himself smiling softly, a comfort in speaking to someone. Someone who didn't know better to the pain. He eventually slid down off the bunk and sat onto the lower bed, sliding in to be by the wall. "I'm sleeping by you." He stated, clearly expecting an argument.

Laurents Cheeks flushed a bit red when Onyx complimented his sketches. "Ever Since i was a kid I loved to draw, to paint the world around me and capture those moments with pen and paper but eventually i've forgotten about it with the responsibilities that come as one grows older."

"I don't really know why I stopped in the first place. I forgot how nice it feels to hold a pen and paper for

something other than letters and bills." He chuckled and faintly smiled, glancing down at his notebook, already filled with some light sketches.

"Oh, really? Who would've thought" Laurent raised an eyebrow at his statement over Onyx's own nature while laying the sketch on an empty page and started to draw Onyx's sisters in his own style leaning against the wall while drawing.

After a while Laurent heard the bed over him squeaking a bit before Onyx suddenly dropped beside him on the mattress. He glanced over at him scoffing at his statement. "What are you, a Toddler?" he scoffed a bit, slightly irritated but also a bit amused. "I thought Vampires don't need much sleep" Laurent chuckled holding the Page with Onyx's sketch towards him to take without looking up from his own sketching.

When Onyx took the sketch back Laurent had certainly filled the next 2 pages and just as he was about to flip to the next page...

"Ouch...shit" he hissed, abruptly pulling his hand away from the pages. He had cut the side of his thumb on the long side of the paper as he was turning to the next, a small red line forming out of small pearls of blood when he took a closer look at it...

"I sleep more than most. Sleep isn't needed as much, but we get just like you. Annoyed and exhausted." He said lightly, settling by him. He watched over Laurents arms as he drew.

He blinked at the cuss and touch firm but careful on his wrist, tongue rasping over the split skin. The burning pain lessened to a soft buzz, and Laurent couldn't even find the cut.

Whenever he licked or bit, it felt intimate. A recognition of both of their beings. As both could feel the others pulse, even the softest beat beneath the skin... An expression of trust. Even the smallest amount.

He let go and laid fully to sleep, his scarf over his eyes.

His cheeks flushed red in surprise as Onyx's firm but gentle grip lifted his wounded hand up to his mouth where he let his tongue glide over his cut. The sensation of his raspy tongue over his skin made him slightly shiver, made his heart beat just a bit faster. The hot sensation of the papercut immediately started to ease after Onyx had let go of his wrist. It was like his tongue sewed the cut flawlessly back together as if nothing ever happened.

"Wow..." he whispered, letting his fingers glide over the spot where the cut was just a moment ago. It was completely gone. He looked over to Onyx who had just finished settling down besides him in bed, his scarf pulled over his eyes. At this point Laurent didn't even care. He untied his shoes and put them aside along with his coat. Laying down beside him with some distance between them he turned down the lamp a bit before unintentionally scooting just a tad bit closer towards Onyx. He closed his eyes and

soon drifted into slumber with the sensation of Onyx's tongue still on his hand.

When he awoke a bit later Onyx was gone. He didn't know how late it was nor when the train would arrive but it was still night outside when he looked out of the window from the train car. He then sat up in bed, leaning against the wall and rubbing his eyes. He bent over towards the night table where he'd put his book and pen and started to do some rough sketching of Onyx, how he had slept beside him, killing some time until Onyx might return...

His returned was marked by a soft thump at the door and a muffled, "Oh Fuck" before he got the door open. He stood in the doorway unsteady from the trains rumbling, before half falling through to lay down.

"When did you wake up?" He pushed himself to the inside half of the bed by the wall. "I went to go walk the train." He smiled softly, "Got a little sidetracked.... by the by there's a charming few

soldiers up a few cars." He stated it without shame, stretching with a quiet groan.

He looked over to his drawing and eventually took the pencil out of his fingers, putting both aside. "Its still very late you should be sleeping." He tsked putting both items onto the side table, fully leaning over Laurent in the process. Laurent watched Onyx stumble back into the car on very shaky legs especially with the train moving. "Seems like you didn't just get distracted by those soldiers." He stated watching him flop onto the bed beside him. Laurent had already been able to smell the liquor just when he entered the car. Onyx was obviously drunk. "I've been awake since not very long ago" he said while going back to his sketching.

When Onyx took his book and pen away he wanted to protest but then Onyx suddenly leaned fully over him to reach the night desk. The smell of Liquor shot into his nose and he had to turn his head to the side a bit to keep a clear head. "Damn Onyx, how many

Drinks did you have?" Laurent asked him while he was still bending over him, blushing again...

"Uh.... four." He stated but didn't specify four *what*. He also took a carafe of water downing a good portion and wetting a rag to wash his face.

When he sat back his eyes lingered for a touch long, enough to make note of the flush on his turned away face. "Why are you turning away, mm?"

Lithe fingers turned Laurent's face back to him, talking very close to his face. "And what's more, what's with the blush?" He purred softly, their noses nearly touching, fingers stroking over his cheek.

He purred softly in his throat, eyes flicking down and Laurent could see him swallow, but he pulled back popping the buttons to his waistcoat.

"Ummm... you're very...close" Laurent stuttered a bit as Onyx held him close with his fingers gently stroking his cheek. He tried to avoid his gaze, to turn only slightly away, but he couldn't. He didn't even

realize before that that he was blushing. And why was he even stuttering?

Letting out a long breath as Onyx backed off from him again he sat himself up a bit more against the wall. He'd seen that look on his face, that quick glance towards his neck when he was so close...

"I've seen that glance you know" Laurent stated towards Onyx raising an eyebrow teasingly...

"Sue me." He said softly pulling Laurents fingers back to his lips, kissing his palm softly. He pressed his face gently to the inside of Laurents wrist, feeling his pulse across his skin. "You smell and feel good. I can't help it." He stated bluntly voice soft.

He let go of his arm, wriggling down under the blanket. Propped up on the pillows he watched Laurent silently, soft breath making his chest rise and fall visibly as he rested eyes shut.

His heart started to beat faster as his lips gently kissed the palm of his hand. His marvelous soft skin teasingly against the inside of his wrist sendd slight

shivers across his spine. Laurent knew exactly what Onyx wanted but the first time wasn't very pleasant for him. But why did a small voice inside of him longed for more of his gentle touch? What had he done to Laurent?

"The last time you had a taste you almost killed me... why should I let you have one now?" He asked rather suspiciously from across the bed watching Onyx laying tucked away under the sheets

"I was dieing then... besides I didn't kill you." He noted pointing lightly with a finger. "Why... thinking about it?" He chuckled softly crossing his arms.

"I can make it feel good." He added after a moment. "Not like before..." a smile crossed his lips, eyes still closed as he leaned against the wall.

He talked like he was trying to convince Laurent, and partially himself. *Don't beg. You don't need it.* he tightened his crossed arms.

"Who Knows" Laurent shrugged "afterall you can't find it out for yourself" he chuckled softly with a small smirk playing on his lips, glancing over to Onyx.

He got indeed more curious when Onyx mentioned that it would feel better. "Oh is that so? How does it work then?" he asked curious...

"Isn't it better to feel than talk?" He smiled lazily finally opening his eyes. "Whatever. It's no loss to me." He chuckled and relaxed sighing. Silence only made the curiosity grow....

He could hear Laurent's heart in his ears, amused and trying to work out Laurent's possible thoughts. Was he curious.... if Onyx pushed would Laurent be upset or afraid? He sighed softly. "You might have a point there." He faintly chuckled at his offer with a slight smile on his lips.

Some part of him knew that Onyx was right. A part of Laurent wanted to know how it would feel besides the pain he had experienced the first time.

And so he unbuttoned his white blouse half way, sliding the fabric down his left shoulder fully exposing his neck to Onyx. He straightened his back a bit looking over to him on the other side of the bed determinedly, waiting...

He had been watching out the corner of his eye, and when he stopped to wait, he gently pulled Laurent into his lap.

An arm wrapped around his waist and tucked under his shirt slightly, Laurents skin warm in his palm.

He gently buried a hand into Laurents hair and lightly tugged his head to the side. Soft kisses feathered over his skin, lips brushing over the pulse in his throat.

Laurent pressed tight over Onyx's stomach and hips, held up onto him. His hand skimmed to Laurent's ass as he broke skin with a soft pop.

Blood welled in his mouth and he moaned, holding the other close in his arms. Laurent could hear his heartbeat and Onyx's, one chasing the other until

they matched. Pulling at Laurents heart. Tugging him in to Onyx's touch. It only hurt for a second before turning to gentle heat, making him tremble. His bite thrilled and gave him butterflies in his chest, racing through his veins like fireworks.

He let go with a soft gasp, teeth stained red, holding him in his arms.

Laurent felt his strong arms at his back gently pulling him into Onyx's lap. His heart was racing from what a foolish decision it might've been. But somehow he trusted Onyx. After all they've been through he wouldn't just kill him but he still could've tricked him with the supposedly good feeling. *I suppose curiosity kills the cat afterall...*

He felt his breath over his neck, his soft lips brushing over his skin in the form of gentle kisses. His fingers held onto his hair while the other arm around his waist held him close to Onyx's chest. Laurent placed his own hands upon Onyx shoulders, his heart filled with thrill and something else. Was it Desire? Longing? At this point he was sure that there were

more feelings than just pure curiosity in Onyx's Being. But how? He had never found interest in a man before, but what was it about Onyx?

A mild gasp escaped his lips, followed by a small whimper as Onyx fangs split his skin open, unintentionally digging his fingers into his shoulder. The pain was only quick and very soon translated into something more soothing. He leaned his head slightly back, his eyes fluttering as more shaky breaths escaped his lips. It felt so light and warm, comforting alongside Onyx's heartbeat. Onyx's tuggs matched the beat of his own heart, soon both of their heartbeats unite as one, connected to each other by this rather intimate moment. *Fuck this feels relly good...*

When Onyx pulled his fangs back out of his neck he let his sink onto Onyx's shoulder, his breaths still shaking from this addictive feeling. Laurent didn't say a word, only resting in Onyx's arms...

He gently licked over the wound, closing it though not completely healing. He'd have the mark for a few

days again. *God I want more.* he sucked at his teeth gently, waiting for Laurent to have the strength to move.

When Laurent shifted back he sat down hard into Onyx's lap, which made the vampire shift him. He was hard and raring to go... Gently he tried to slide Laurent off him to the side.

"You were right" Laurent chuckled quietly still with his head resting on Onyx's shoulder. "This felt very good" when he felt something hard near his crotch while he sat in Onyx's lap he shifted his own position a bit and he did not just refer to himself at the moment. This whole scenario was very arousing to him and he was already so deep, sitting in the lap of a very attractive Undead who was the first one to make him feel good like no woman at the girl's house ever could.

So when he lifted his head again and Onyx was just about to shift him he hesitated for a moment before scooting a bit closer into his lap again, leaning in

close to wipe a bit of blood out of the corner of Onyx lips before leaning in for a kiss.

This was the first time he ever kissed a man before and to him it seemed very subtle but he couldn't hold back. He kissed him a bit shy with the slight taste of his metallic own blood filling his mouth.

He held the back of Laurents head gently, fingers in the fringe of his hair. His mouth was soft beneath Laurent's, warmed.

He didn't push, keeping his lips closed, and pulled back with a soft breath. "What was that for?"

Amused, he laughed softly, wiping Laurent's lip with his thumb.

He cleared his throat softly, a gentle flush across his face and mouth, and settled down into the blankets. His heart was racing in his throat and he didn't quite know why...

Why is he setting me off... I've kissed humans before....

"I don't know." Laurent chuckled softly, avoiding his gaze a bit embarrassed, looking down at the sheets but he still got a glance at the slight blush in Onyx's pale face. *Seems like he liked it...*

"At least you don't have to visit those charming soldiers anymore" he chuckled a bit nervously before realizing what he just said was only intended as a casual joke to break the silence. "That is not what I-I... oh god" Laurents Cheeks flushed red from the embarrassment before covering his face with one of his hands. *How embarrassing*

He laughed softly, paused like he was trying to hold it back, then failed and fully laughed again. He let his head drop back to the pillows stroking Laurents cheek idly before dropping his arms over his chest. "I had a drink was all." He chuckled softly, "why? Jealous?" He smiled softly looking to the side out the corner of his eyes.

Gently he leaned back to him, holding Laurents chin in his fingers to kiss him again. Closed lipped, he sat back and laid down again. "Now... sleep please. It's

very late and we will be there tomorrow afternoon."
"Maybe..." he looked further down in embarrassment when he heard Onyx's laughter. He was still leaning against the wall before Onyx lifted his chin up from the side for another unexpected kiss. Laurent's cheeks were already a bit red and this second kiss made his heart flutter even more. Part of him was sad when Onyx parted from his lips again, wishing that it would've lasted longer.

"Fine." Laurent said towards Onyx's suggestion to sleep. He laid his head down onto his pillow crawling with his feet under the blanket beside Onyx before shifting away with his back towards Onyx to prevent him from seeing his total blush.

"Sleep well Onyx" he yawned before settling to sleep and just as he was about to fall asleep he felt Onyx beside him shifting with one of his arms wrapping around his tummy, pulling him just a little bit closer to him. Laurent let it happen, a bit happy to receive some more affection before falling asleep beside him with a gentle smile on his lips...

Laurent woke to Onyx's face buried into his hair, hand against his stomach, out cold.

A man in the hall was announcing an hour left on the trip before disembarkment and Onyx groaned softly.

He sat up holding his head gently tsking. "God... what time is it..." He squinted at the small clock and groaned at the 8am time flopping back down on his side.

"If you're changing clothes hurry up and do it now." He pulled the blanket over his head.

Laurent awoke from his sleep with a groan. When the Man in the hallway announced the remaining time of the ride. He immediately blushed when he felt Onyx's face buried in his hair and the arm against his stomach. He gently pulled his head a bit more away from Onyx before he sat himself up stretching his arms a bit. He took a look towards the small clock besides the door 8:30...

He pulled his legs out of bed and sat on the edge for a second before pulling his suitcase from under the

bed to get himself some fresh clothes. "No peeking, got it?" He said in a rather suspicious tone glancing towards Onyx who's blanket was still pulled over his head.

Taking one last glance over his shoulder Laurent began to strip down, starting with his white blouse pulling it over his head and tossing it onto the bed. He then proceeded to take off his socks and stood up from the bed to change his undergarments.

Laurent glanced over his shoulder to make sure Onyx wasn't peeking before he started to change his boxers quickly with his back towards Onyx. Right now all the blinds in the car were still closed, only illuminated by two smaller lamps on the walls.

Laurent then proceeded to change into some new dark gray pants with a new white blouse "8:30 is a bit early for you. The sun will be up when we arrive. Is it true that you turn into dust when you're exposed to sunli-" He asked casually while buttoning up his light Gray vest over the blouse slowly turning towards Onyx as he fiddled with the buttons but stopped

abruptly in his tracks, his face flushing red and his eyes widen in embarrassment. Onyx wasn't buried under his blankets anymore. He was watching him with a wide smirk.

"HEY! I said NO PEEKING asshole!" He huffed, still a bit flabbergasted. Looking away from him in embarrassment he proceeded to put on his coat.

"How...long have you been watching?" He asked with the slight anger and embarrassment in his voice clearly recognizable.

"You have a freckle just under your ass." He stood up lazily, "and you were taking forever so."

He opened up his own suitcase, pulling off his shirt and vest. He didn't change his pants, considering he didn't have another pair with him.

He tightened up the corsets on the sides of his high-waisted pants, pulling in the waist, and slid on a heavy coat.

"No. We don't burn like flames... boom. Ashes type burn." He slid on a pair of heavy lensed glasses, the

dark glass blocking from the front and sides of his eyes. "We get more tired, and our skin is sensitive. We sunburn faster and we can get sick." He stepped out into the train hall to fully stand, pressing a palm to the roof to keep his balance.

"We are like most predators, hunting in the dark of the evening most commonly." He said lightly, pulling back to let two women pass through the hallway.

He was eager to get off the train, fiddling with his paperwork for their travel, holding his and Laurents suitcases.

When the train stopped with the wild squeak of brakes and steam, Onyx eagerly got off then helped Laurent down. "Find a place to sit and wait. I'll deal with this." He held up their papers.

He blushed even more at the bluntness in the voice when Onyx stated that he was staring at him basically during his entire change of clothes. Although Laurent was still slightly grumpy he

listened fascinated to his explanation while they got off the train.

He took a spot on a bench on the side of the Train station still a bit near the tracks, both suitcases placed in front of his feet and watched Onyx as he went off with the paperwork. Leaning against the back of the bench, he crossed his legs and pulled out his notebook and started to trace some thin lines on an empty page which soon would depict Onyx wearing his dark glasses.

"What a beautiful drawing." A curious female voice said suddenly beside him. Laurent was so focused on his drawing that he hadn't noticed the woman that had sat down beside him on the bench.

"Thank you." he replied in a casual voice before going back to sketching. The brown haired woman leaned in closer watching him outline some details.

"Mind if I take a closer look at it?" She asked curiously, leaning in too close for Laurent's own comfort. "Sure. Here." Laurent held his book out to

her so she could get a better look at it but he wouldn't let her take it.

"You seriously got some talent there!" She replied when she was done admiring Laurent's quick sketch. "You're too kind Miss, although it took me some lifelong practice to get to this point."

The woman chuckled at his last words. "Could you try drawing me? My name is Emily by the way." She smiled, already shifting her position a bit to a bit of a more side profile.

Laurent didn't know how long Onyx's paperwork would take so he could give it a try. "Sure Emily. Why not." He agreed "Please try to move not that much" he ordered, already tracing the curves of her body, which were covered by her blue dress. The woman only giggled a bit, smiling softly for Laurent to sketch. He got so focused on his work again that he didn't noticed when Onyx approaching him...

"He won't tie you up." He'd bent talking in her ear on the side away from Laurent. "How dare you taint his

image with such indecent thoughts. He a good man and you, a married woman." He hissed softly smiling as she squirmed.

His full claws were extended, crossed over the woman's throat, not pressing tight but enough to move the skin.

"What would your husband say? Being married to such a little *cyka*. Mm... his names' James... and hes coming to fetch you soon. Should I tell him those thoughts?" He purred softly as she fled, standing straight. His claws sunk back into his fingers to normal lengths, a soft smile playing across his face.

"Let's go." He tucked his hands into his pockets. "I have us a car." He smiled taking their cases to carry.

He only caught a glimpse of Onyx talking to the woman, her face on the verge of tears before she walked off quickly. He had seen Onyx grip around her neck with his sharp claws extended while he had been whispering something into her ear. Laurent couldn't quite grasp what he had whispered but now

she was gone. He looked at his unfinished Sketch, slightly angry at Onyx's threat towards this seemingly innocent woman and at the fact that he wasn't able to finish the sketch.

He closed his book with a clap and put it away before he got up to catch up to Onyx.

"Care to explain what THE FUCK that was?" He hissed, grabbing him by the right arm on the way to their car.

"No I don't care to." He smiled lightly like he was proud of himself, letting Laurent pull on his arm.

He pushed the glasses up again, covering his eyes and with it; his obvious thirst. He'd been jonesing most of the morning with little idea why....

At the car he opened the door bowing to let Laurent in, before shutting the door and putting the suitcases in the boot.

He slid in on the other side and shut his door, giving the area where to go along with a bit of money.

He slid off the glasses, rubbing his eyes gently. The brief time out made them ache like hell. "By the by, don't listen to Dante much. He's a snake." He noted.

He grumbled to himself letting go of Onyx's arm. He knew that he couldn't stop him in his tracks.

Whatever he had told her it couldn't have been nice. There was nothing he could do about it now, the woman was gone and she could be glad to be still alive.

Laurent took his seat in the car, scoffing at Onyx's bow as he opened the door for him. After all he was still a bit mad at him.

"Well what is he gonna make me want to believe?" He asked with a less angry tone, his gaze wandering out of the window as he asked and clearly facing away from Onyx.

He waved a hand lazily not answering looking out the window. The car pulled to the gate of a large manor house, a man of the staff opening it for them. They also opened the car doors when they pulled up

the drive. Onyx got out, leaving them to get their bags, and a man helped Laurent from the car.

Onyx knocked on the front door once Laurent was by him, and the door opened to reveal a black haired man who paused at the sight of Onyx.

He punched Onyx so hard it knocked him on his ass holding his face, and slammed the door hard enough to rattle the porch. "I deserved that..." He said softly wiping his bloody nose.

He got up and knocked again.

"Fuck off Onyx." "Dante please. I just want to talk."
"Go fuck a dog." "And you're a bitch, you'll do now open the damn door." He slammed a palm into the door. "I'm not turning your pet for you again." "I'm not asking you to. Its about Nikolas."

Dante reopened the door a crack looking through, "You've seen him?" He asked softly, red cat like eyes skimming to Laurent. "He tried to kill me so yes."

Dante hesitantly opened the door to let them in, padding barefoot deeper into the house. He was wearing night clothes far too large for him, his black hair tied into a messy ponytail. "Come on."

His mouth stood open when the car stopped in front of the gates to a large manor house. "Now that's what i call fancy" he raised an eyebrow secretly admiring the view. After he exited the car and watched some of the servants carrying away their luggage, he followed Onyx to the front porch.

Laurent couldn't hold back his giggles for long after Onyx landed on his ass and muttered something about "well-deserved" "I must say that went pretty well." He said teasingly, still chuckling.

The conversation didn't help with his giggles. It was hearing two Siblings fight over the last piece of chocolate. His chuckles stopped when he heard Dante's last words. *Pet? Turning?* Questions started to flood his mind. Burning questions where Laurent needed the answers of.

Laurent followed Onyx inside the house. The house was as fancy and luxurious from the outside as from the inside.

"Onyx?" He said his name as a question in an admonishing tone as he kept foot with him "What did he mean with "pet"? And furthermore, what did he mean with "AGAIN"? He gave him a warning side glance. Laurent knew that Onyx was old, but was he only one of his new replaceable pets?

"Mm... so he's new." He noted looking back as Onyx made an annoyed animal like sound, "Why don't you say how many times you've fucked up Onnie?" He chuckled softly leading into a sitting room. "Shut it." He sunk into a chair. He tsked pouring a drink of liquor passing it to Laurent before opening a second bottle of something different. The new drink made Onyx gasp. "How the hells did you get this?!" He cradled the cup carefully. "Unlike you, I'm on good terms with the Eden." He folded up to sit in a chair with his glass, long legs tucked up. "So. Tell me everything about Nicolas."

Onyx started in telling the story in Russian, Dante watching Laurent like a hawk. Eventually he set down the glass sighing softly, "So. Why keep the human around. It's dangerous for both of you." "*Laurent* can make his own decisions." He said pointedly and Dante tsked. "Don't give me that bullshit. You're not one for giving choices. Nor telling the truth." Dante sighed softly pinching the bridge of his nose. "You both are free to stay. Onyx you know my price." He stated and made a face as Onyx rolled his eyes. "Just... if you fuck be quiet. You woke me up anyway." He grunted half annoyed as he pushed up to stand.

"If you need me I shall be in my studio." He half bowed as he excused himself. He huffed rubbing his face. "That went better than I expected..." He muttered to himself sinking back into his chair. Leaning back watching the two "brothers" fight, Laurent sipped on his Drink listening to them talk first in Russian and then later in English. His mind was still racing with questions, he even knew where

to start. His cheeks went a bright red as Dante's last words before he left.

"Oh yes, SOO much better than getting punched in the face as a greeting" he said in a sarcastic voice towards Onyx before he took another sip of his Drink. "Say, what was that with "not giving choices" and "not telling the truth"?" he asked curiously in a more serious tone. *What was he hiding...*

"Leave it lie." He tsked softly warning. He was in no mood to talk of it. "There's an empty bedroom on this floor. Down the hall. Get some food from the staff." He muttered and slipped out heading after where Dante disappeared.

After a few minutes it was obvious he wasn't coming back right away. A servant knocked lightly smiling. He was an older man, about sixty, and dressed in simple gray clothing. "We prepared a room for you and have dinner there." He advised lightly, cheerful.

Laurent watched Onyx leave the room, still sitting in his seat expecting him to return after a bit. After a

few minutes passed he downed the rest of his Drink, put the glass on a nearby table before getting up from his seat, watching one of the older Butlers enter.

"Thank you Sir. I'll be there in a minute" he replied politely. "Allow me to show you the way Sir" the butler offered him. "There's no need. I'm sure I'll find it myself." Laurent replied, declining his offer.

"As you wish Sir" with those words the butler left the room. He walked up to the door where Onyx went through and entered a huge hallway with a staircase running up the wall on the sideway. Just as Laurent passed the stairs he heard two loud muffled voices from the floor above. He knew that he was supposed to get a rest, but he needed answers.

And so he went up the staircase as quietly as possible, following the two loud voices up to a huge closed pair of doors. He recognized Onyx's voice muffled through the door and so he carefully put an ear on the door and listened...

"You really are a problem." He sighed softly passing the open crack of the door. "I am aware." He flopped onto his bed, having shed his shirt. He thumped his foot on the bed post. "But there's no reason for me to go searching. I dislike humans. Why bother to try and sleep with them." "Because then you don't bother the people you do know just to eat." He tsked picking up his knife, spinning it idly in his fingers. "What are you doing with the human then? It's not like you to play around." He tugged out his ponytail. "Hes... odd. It's strange. And he makes me happy who cares." He sighed softly to sit, "I'll offer but considering she died the last time..." He gently cut his throat, holding Dante in his lap when the other sat over him.

Laurent had been watching through a mirror. With Onyx's face aside they stopped talking, devolving to an intimacy that Laurent hadn't realized was truly possible.

They were close in a way a human couldn't understand, a foreign relationship that ran deeper than Laurent's short time on earth.

Dante kept Onyx's hands pinned down, them idly flexing into fists shifting softly under Dante. The good feeling Laurent had before was mimicked here, between them both.

Dante pulled off him with a soft hiss, Onyx looking asleep under him. He rolled his head to look at the door, still half open mouthed and with two fingers motioned. The door in front of Laurent shut then locked with an audible click. This was something Laurent wasn't supposed to see. He witnessed the full scene of Dante bowing over Onyx, drinking from his blood as they both got lost in a deep bond that Laurent would be never able to understand in his short lifespan as a human. He wanted to look away from the reflection of the mirror but he couldn't. He didn't grasp his fists clenching at first, but as they deepened their Undead bond, Laurents nails started

to dig into the palm of his hand. Was he jealous? *But why...*

His eyes widened a bit in surprise when suddenly Dante turned around looking him directly in the eye and slamming the door shut in front of Laurents nose. "Shit" Laurent cursed under his breath. The fact that he was caught spying on them wouldn't make his stay any more comfortable. He went back down the stairs in quick steps, his heart pounding in his chest.

When he found the room Laurent sat down on the huge bed. The room was as luxurious as expected with a stack of smaller sandwiches on a plate on one of the lower tables, but Laurent rather grabbed the bottle of Liquor beside it. He took a sip directly from the bottle before sitting down on the bed in frustration. The liquor burned in his throat but it didn't help with his odd feelings.

He pulled out the small notebook and pencil from one of the pockets of his cloak before tossing it over a nearby chair. Kicking his shoes off he started to

trace some lines down, thinking about the grotesque picture that he had just witnessed. The thin and gentle lines soon translated into heavy black slashes, almost tearing the page apart from the force of the pencil.

Laurent closed its notebook with a loud frustrated slam before tossing it further away from him on the bed. *What were those feelings...* he let out a frustrated groan letting his body flop back onto the bed, his hands in the air for a moment before his hands covered his face in an exhausted gesture.

"Are you fucking kidding me?!" Filtered from upstairs. The sound of stomping feet came from upstairs than to his door, slamming open his door.

A furious Dante dumped Onyx on his floor in a heap, laughing.

"Take your fucking vampire whore so I may weep for the sake of my people in fucking peace." He snarled, accent for once slipping through.

Onyx was out cold and it looked like Dante hesitated then broke, carefully lifting Onyx onto the bed instead of the floor. "Stupid fucking bastard. What the fuck did you do?" He huffed softly directing the question to Laurent.

"He's never turned me down... ever.... and now suddenly he cares how a human feels." He pet a sleeping Onyx's face gently sighing.

"Know this Laurent... hurt him, and I will hunt you down. And I can do so far faster than Nikolas. Faster than you can run." He said softly, waiting for Onyx to visibly wake a bit.

Laurent quickly jumped off the bed when the furious Dante busted his door loudly open watching him with a slight confusion as he dropped the unconscious Onyx onto the floor.

"What did I DO? I did NOTHING!" He huffed angrily at Dante while he laid down Onyx on his bed where he had laid just a second ago. "And why should I hurt

him? Guess what, the first time we met he almost killed me! Who's hurting who now."

Laurent could tell that Dante's Thread was not an empty one. He sighed deeply as he stood beside the bed, watching Onyx sleep on his bed and Dante sitting on the edge beside him. Laurent certainly didn't expect this deep bond between those two and if it was true what Dante said, that Onyx had rejected his own kind for him...

"What is he to you?" He asked hesitantly, leaning a bit against the foot of the bed.

"My maker abandoned me in a place we call Eden. It's a place for the head of bloodlines and their birthed children. No one in Eden, except servants, are turned. They were never human. I was not supposed to be there. My maker knew that. He hoped I'd be killed as I was not meant to be. Throw a baby in a river knowing it'll die i suppose. Make me trespass knowing id be executed." He gently cleaned up Onyx's throat. "He defended me and gave me work. He saved my life, shitty and small as it was at the

time, until I could challenge my place and join his bloodline." He said softly. "He made me an individual to our society. Made sure they couldn't ignore me, nor himself."

He spoke with a gentle reverence, a carefully cultivated respect. Remembering when the young man had held out his hand to him, gave him his name. Told him what happened to himself.... it was always frightening to never remember before that day. He often tried only to feel the burn of blood in his throat. "I would follow him to hell and back. And he picks you..."

He pushed up when Onyx groaned. "You really knocked me out?" "Yup." He smacked him, more a pat, on the face and went for the door. The longer Laurent listened to Dante's story, the more was his anger replaced by pity and sympathy towards him. Those feelings made Dantes last words sting a bit. But why did Onyx choose Laurent after all the two have been through?

"Dante. Wait." he spoke as he was just about to leave the room.

"I promise." Laurent said in a gentle voice with a soft smile on his lips, glancing over to Onyx after he spoke those true words...

Dante rolled his eyes lightly as Onyx grabbed Laurent about the waist to tug him close. He toed off Laurents shoes for him. "Oh by the by," Dante laughed softly pausing at the door, "Hes going to be flying high for a few hours." Dante chuckled and shut the door behind them.

Onyx tugged Laurent to sit on him, holding Laurents legs by his sides. "He's not wrong I have absolutely no idea what's happening right now." He laughed softly.

"Whoa-" Laurent exclaimed, surprised by how Onyx yinked him close to his chest, watching him try to take off his shoes.

"Wait what?" He was confused watching how Dante closed his door before he got an answer. He looked

over at Onyx, who was clearly with his head in the clouds. He could tell just by the way he tried to untie his shoes.

"Clearly you don't. Looks like someone gets cuddly when they're flying high." Laurent looked at him chuckling a bit softly on how he tried to untie his shoes for him.

"Humans are warm I can't help it." He huffed blowing his bangs out of his eyes. He got distracted by the size difference of their hands, pressing their palms together amused. He laced his fingers into Laurents and pressed a kiss to the man's thumb idly.

He noticed the tray of food and pulled the small table close, "Eat. You need to. He has a chef on staff you might as well put it to use." He stated, fussing.

He eventually shifted Laurent to sit on the edge of the bed to eat, laying behind him.

Laurent rolled his eyes a bit chuckling softly as Onyx entwined his hand with his own, his cheeks getting just a bit more color than usual from that small kiss.

"Guess a little bite won't hurt." He shrugged after Onyx placed him on the edge of the bed with him lying behind Onyx stretched out like a huge cat. Laurent then reached for one of the smaller sandwiches on the tray filled with different kinds of foods. A variety of sandwiches and breads were draped beautifully on plates besides a smaller pot filled with some kind of soup, baked pork chops, some roasted chicken and even some pie and cookies on the side.

After his first bite, Laurent noticed just how hungry he had been. "Say Onyx... what is it you see in me?" He asked while munching on his sandwich, trying not to look at him with his sudden more dejected expression

"You're interesting. Attractive. Sue me for having a fascination." He cleaned beneath his nails not hearing nor noticing the change in his voice.

He rolled and took a sandwich nibbling on it. He looked almost tired, thoughts languid and slow. It felt nice to not have his thoughts running full speed.

"Why do you ask anyway." He mumbled curling up to his back with his sandwich.

"I saw you with Dante... Why do you need me then?" He glanced at him from the side now. This question has been bugging him for a longer time now? *Why him...*

He took a piece of cornbread after he was done with his sandwich.

"I love Dante. Enjoy his presence. But he pretends he knows how I feel. He acts as if he knows what I need at every moment and demands constantly that I be amongst the vampire world. He craves validation so much he assumes everyone else must feel the same..." He pulled a piece of ham out of his sandwich. "I like to be an individual. Not a vampire at all times."

"You do not treat me as if the whole world revolves about my being. It is merely a peice of it."

Laurent smiled faintly at his words. It was true. Although he was fascinated by Onyx's kind he never

only wanted to talk to him only because of what he was.

"And what happened to the ones that you tried to make a part of your world then?" He asked, referring to what he heard in Onyx's conversations with Dante earlier before grabbing another smaller Sandwich

"A long time ago, I met a woman named Madelaine. I wished for her to join me and at the time, I had very little control. I convinced Dante to help me stop, if I couldn't, and give us a safe place until she was strong enough to defend herself. She turned but she... she killed herself. It didn't feel the way she thought." He said softly staring at the ceiling. "There was a few who would travel with me or act my partner for a time, but none wished to join me forever." He rolled back towards him, "so I enjoy Humans presences while I'm graced with them. Brief lights of joy in my life." He pet Laurents hair gently.

"I'm sorry to hear that this has happened to you." Laurent said more quietly. "I gotta admit, these last few days have been very exciting" he chuckled a bit,

downing the rest of his Sandwich before crossing his legs on the bed and so automatically and unintentionally scooting closer to Onyx. His cheeks flushed a light pink when Onyx stroked his hair.

He waited until the other was finished before leaning up. His fingers skimmed gently to Laurent's jaw, holding his face gently, thumb barely touching his bottom lip.

Visibly he looked down to Laurents mouth, soft breath whispering between his teeth. "I'm going to kiss you again." He warned gently as if asking to.

When no fight was presented he followed through, head tipping slightly to press their lips together. His fingertips hooked gently at the edge of his jaw to hold him close.

Multiple short, closed mouth presses devolved into a longer, slightly parted kiss. He was hesitant, careful not to hurt him in his eagerness, free hand lacing into the back of Laurents shirt.

Laurents face went red as Onyx gently turned his head towards him before gently asking for consent. He didn't know what to say, and he didn't want to say anything. His heart filled with butterflies when Onyx's lips gently pressed onto his own, Laurent closing his eyes as he kissed him.

"I- i don't understand...why does this feel so good?" He whispered shakily, parting his lips from Onyx for a moment after a few kisses but yet still, something inside of him longed for more...

"Hush and let it." He murmured softly and gently pressed another kiss, tongue slipping to flick over Laurents lower lip.

He sucked Laurent's lip gently, fully wrapping an arm around his waist and pulling him in close until Laurent was nearly in his lap.

He peppered smaller kisses down his throat, cradling his head in a palm. "If it feels good why fight it, love?" He smiled softly fully lifting Laurent into his lap.

He felt Onyx gently sucking on his lower lip as they kissed, his arm wrapping carefully around his waist, pulling him closer to Onyx's body.

"I- I just didn't know that a man could make me feel like... this" he whispered, his voice still shaky but only a bit louder as Onyx traced down small kisses down his throat. Leaning his head gently against the palm of his hand, Onyx scooped him up into his lap.

Laurents hands started to slowly wander onto his shoulders as he sat in Onyx's lap, enjoying the sensation but also questioning himself. *Why is this happening? I've never kissed a man before? Could it be that...*

"You're overthinking." He noted softly amused, drawing Laurents chin down to look at him. "I tend to go fast, so if you're wishing to stop now is the time." He said lightly, pressing further kisses up the line of his jaw and to the pulse in his throat.

He licked there softly, tingles popping down Laurents spine. "Do I need to bite you again?" He

whispered, neatly undoing a side strap to Laurents vest, shifting to the buttons on the front.

"Please... don't stop" Laurent whispered, leaning his head back, closing his eyes as Onyx worked his neck down with gentle kisses. His tongue sends shivers down his spine as Onyx lets it glide over the artery In his neck.

"It might help me a little..." Laurent had to admit to Onyx's offer while he was already tucking on Laurents Vest. His heart was pumping in his chest from all these thoughts and emotions. It might be good to calm down a bit. Besides he had to admit that the sensation from the first, technically second bite was a pleasant feeling. Something that connected them both on a deeper Level that Laurent couldn't really understand...

His teeth pressed into Laurents throat, but the human didn't even feel pain this time. A deep ache was there, but more strongly came the pleasure. Heat boiled in Laurents core and down his spine. The

human found himself relaxing into Onyx's arms, Onyx's thumb stroking over his cheek.

He pulled free with a soft gasp, laying Laurent back into the blanket. He hadn't bit to feed this time, trying to fill Laurent with enough of his venom to feel as relaxed as he could make him.

He set Laurent down onto the blankets, carefully undoing the buttons of his vest than the shirt beneath. Bending he pressed kisses to the exposed naked skin, down the center of Laurents chest.

A light gasp escaped Laurents lips when Onyx's teeth sank into his throat. Slowly, Laurent felt his rambling thoughts easing, his fast pounding heartbeat slow down, the tension in his body melting away as he sank more into Onyx arms. While he felt Onyx's gentle strokes on his cheek and all those things that set his body at ease, he felt the familiar heat spreading from his spine across his entire body letting only his crotch stiffen up a bit. A comforting warmth that he had already experienced before, but this time it set his mind at total peace.

His breathing was slow and steady when Onyx layed Laurent onto the sheets, almost like he was sleeping. Laurent was still awake, being able to feel how his Chest got exposed to fresh air with the sensation of Onyx's tracing his soft kisses down the center of his chest.

Laurent didn't want to fight this feeling anymore, he longed for it, he wanted to let it happen. He let Onyx do all those things to him and he enjoyed every bit of it. So he just kept laying there, only shifting slightly as Onyx's soft lips feathered over his chest, leaning his head a bit back and letting out a small groan of pleasure...

He gently slid Laurents arms free from his clothes, putting a half wet kiss just beneath his ribs high on his stomach. Holding his sides gently, Onyx's tongue rolled over his nipple, then gently tugged barely in his teeth. Watching him in an attempt to gage what Laurent liked, he suckled softly at his chest thumb brushing over his skin. "I love that little sound." He purred softly.

Another smaller groan escaped Laurents lips as Onyx gently worked on his chest, placing a few more sweet and gentle kisses on his chest before carefully sucking on one of his nipples, his tongue carefully teasing him.

After Onyx fully unbuttoned his blouse with the sleeves no longer covering his arms, Laurent shifted his body only slightly, not wanting to disrupt Onyx in his work. Laurent could feel Onyx's gentle touch on his sides, gently caressing the soft skin with his thumb.

Laurent writhed in gentle pleasure under Onyx, slowly putting his right arm more angled onto his pillow besides his head, his head slightly leaned back to savor those pleasure filled shivers. Onyx was truly a Genius, knowing exactly what he was doing to Laurent to pleasure him.

He made it back to Laurent's mouth, leg between his and grinding up. His hands tucked around Laurents wrists pinning them to the pillows. Sucking and

licking at his lower lip and tongue, his weight pressed down against Laurents hips.

He sat up hands skimming down Laurents front, going to his waist band to open the buttons. He easily pulled his pants down and dropped them aside, tugging the blankets over them both mostly to keep Laurent warm.

He sunk down trailing kisses, fingers running down Laurents thighs. Kissing the inside of his thigh, Onyx hid beneath the blankets. He licked the inside of his thigh, sucking softly.

He kissed Onyx's lips eagerly with his hand pinned onto the pillow, feeling his leg grinding against his growing bulge. With Onyx's chest pressed onto his as they kissed, their hearts beating alongside each other.

Laurent let his head drop back onto the pillows once Onyx lifted himself up from him and began to strip him down further until he was completely naked on the bed. He felt the soft blankets lay over his body

like a fresh soft layer of snow keeping him warm as Onyx, buried under the blankets, trailed soft kisses on the inside of his thighs with his fingers gently running down the sides.

Every kiss, every gentle tuck of his lips made Laurent shiver, his breath starting to get a bit more shaky again while Onyx's gentle lips feathered over the inside of his thighs.

Soft gasps escaped Laurents lips as Onyx placed yet another gentle kiss on his thigh and he just couldn't control it any longer. He wanted to feel his lips on his skin, to feel more of his gentle sucking. And so with a soft moan Laurent slowly closed his legs gently more around Onyx's head, still giving him enough space to work with.

He gently wedged a hand over Laurents knee to comfortably shift. Holding Laurents cock in a palm he suckled the side, feeling him pulse under his lips.

He wrapped his tongue over the head of his cock and sunk him to his base, throat hot over his length.

Bobbing, he held up Laurents hips gently, head bobbing and purring softly.

Laurents heart began to flutter a bit again, gasping softly when he felt Onyx's soft lips gently kiss along the side of his shaft, oh how it filled him with longing and desire for more.

He let out a soft breathless moan as his tongue coursed over the tip of his rock hard cock, sending prickly shivers of pleasure down his spine.

"Mmmmm...fuck yes" Laurent let out a soft groan when he felt Onyx's throat taking in all of his fully grown length, bringing him a gentle kind of pleasure that made his eyes flutter and his toes curl...

His fingers gently massaged his entrance without pushing, getting him used to someone being there. Tongue still wrapped about his cock he slid a finger into Laurent, lifting his hips carefully into his lap.

Sitting up he lifted off the blanket to jerk him off, finger inside him rolling over nerves. A soft smile hadn't left his face the entire time, but he was

getting ancy. Huffing softly he distracted with kisses to Laurents throat.

Another soft groan escaped Laurents lips when he felt Onyx's finger teasing his hole gently before slipping it inside. Followed by more soft moans and whimpers he felt Onyx's finger press against his prostate, only increasing this pleasurable feeling inside of his stiff cock.

He felt the pressure build up inside him even more, this feeling of pure ecstasy even growing as Onyx began to jerk him off while still keeping his finger in. With every pump the pressure increases more and more and so does the volume of his moans and whimpers.

His arms wrapped around Onyx's back, keeping him close while he covered his neck in small kisses while Laurent desperately tried to keep the noise down, only for it to end in soft whimpers and moans in between shaky huffs.

He smiled softly stopping jerking him to cradle him close, pressing another finger into his hole. "So cute." He teased softly.

He muffled Laurent with a kiss, gently pricking his bottom lip to make it bleed, suckling softly at his mouth. He ground himself into Laurents thigh, pants tented and obvious. He desperately wanted to do more, but feared hurting him.

Laurent let out another whimpery moan when Onyx slid another finger inside of him, which was soon to be muffled from Onyx's lips on his. He felt the short sting in his lower lip, the gentle tug as they kissed again while Onyx held Laurent close, warming and comforting him.

Their hearts beating close beside each other, Onyx's grown shaft pressing eagerly against Laurent's thigh, the feel of his fingers giving him a feel of pleasure that he'd never experienced before, it all made Laurent moan softly into their kiss...

Cradling his face gently, tongues wrapped together Laurent felt Onyx change intentions. Every touch before had been hesitant and carefully edging him towards his release but stopping before he could. He no longer did so, pressing his fingers to the base, panting from working himself up so much....

"Godssakes this is harder than I thought." He half laughed breathlessly.

While Laurents tongue danced with Onyx's, laying cradled in his arms and his hands snaked slowly up the side of Onyx's neck, cupping his cheeks as their lips were melting into each other. Suddenly, Laurent felt how his gentle and careful touch turned into something more powerful, something more longing that didn't edge him any longer. His moans got louder, his breath quicker. His heart beat faster as the pressure inside him increased more and more, driving him closer and closer to his orgasm.

"Fuck...mmm... i- i'm getting close..." Laurent was only able to form those words in a breathless

whimper, unintentionally making him sound like he would beg for it, but he couldn't help it.

He smiled softly, the man cradled in his arms, giving him nowhere to wiggle away to.

His hands kept pushing Laurent to his release, purring softly hearing the humans heart race. A kiss pressed Laurents mouth open, his tongue twisting in his, sucking. "Pretty boy."

His smaller moans and whimpers into Onyx's wide kiss got louder and louder, his breath quickening with every thrust of his fingers inside of him, increasing this heavenly feeling of pressure more and more until he was almost bursting...

"Mmmm... oohh fuck..." Laurent's pleading moans translated into a breathless whimper when his cock all of a sudden busted with cum, spreading the hot load of his orgasm all over his stomach.

His nails dug into Onyx's shoulder as his whimpers flooded into their kiss. When Laurent finally parted from their sweet kiss he leaned his head back against

Onyx's shoulder trying to catch his breath, his eyes fluttering from this sweet release, relieved from all the built up pressure and with gentle waves of pleasure coursing through him as Onyx held him cradled in his arms...

A hand at the back of his head held him up, gently pulling his hand free. Carefully he picked him up like a bride and carried him to a connected bathroom. Sitting on the edge of the bath with Laurent in his lap, he started the bath tap then passed a wet washcloth to Laurent to clean himself up.

While they waited for the bath, Onyx sat, Laurent tucked against his chest, content to just hold him tight. "Are you alright?" His voice was gentle and low.

Laurent held himself close against his chest with one arm still at Onyx's shoulder while he was carried to the bathroom. His bare body was covered in a light sweat, his chest rising and falling heavily. When Onyx carried him in what it looked like was a connected bathroom, the sound of running water soon filled Laurent's ears.

His cheeks flushed red at Onyx's soft and deep voice "I- i think so..." he replied in between soft and shaky breaths, taking the wet cloth with a slightly shaky hand. While he was slowly cleaning off the mess on his lower stomach, the sound of running water still in his ears.

"Might be hot." He warned helping to set him down into the warmth of the bath. He sat by the side, resting his arms on the edge with a soft smile, tucking his chin on his arms.

"Ask me whatever you want. No secrets." He finally spoke again, the dim light of the bathroom making his eyes flicker like cats.

Letting himself sink slowly into the steaming hot water, Laurent let out a long sigh leaning against the back of the tub. The warm water felt nice on his bare skin, it was comforting. He let his head sink back into the warm water, letting his face hover over the water before dipping his whole head under for a short moment. He hadn't bathed in a while now and had needed one after all this traveling.

After he got up to get some air again, Laurent sat himself upright against the back of the tub again, slicking parts of his wet hair back to look back at Onyx. The Vampire had been watching him with a sweet smile.

"You were never even human were you?" He chuckled faintly leaning a bit more against the back of the tub, his arms crossed, not even bothering to cover his private parts at this point. "Who are you Onyx?" Laurent asked in a slightly more serious tone. It was time for answers...

"It's... Complicated. But no, I've never been human." He tipped his head sideways on his arm. He idly played in the water, fingers skimming across the surface. "I am just... me. My past is the problem." He sighed gently.

"The first mother was Lillith, the first wife of the first man. Both were made by God of the dust. Lilith refused to have Adam control her and she fled the garden. But the one thing she wished for, was children. Wandering alone in the wasteland she

begged God for children, but he ignored her. So the devil granted her two sons. The first vampire and werewolf. They both split and made their bloodlines. Any children of them rule, and their children are to inherit and command the lower masses."

He said it like scripture, something memorized after it was repeated around him.

Laurent listened to Onyx's story, bound by his story that seemed straight out of a legend. "Soo... you're basically an ancient human being wandering around on earth since the beginning of mankind..." Laurent stated after a moment of silence, Onyx's words still heavy in the air.

"Are you really Lilith's Son or just a closer Descendant or... in what exact position are you on the family tree?" The questions just started to spill from his lips, his head tilting slightly, curious as he spoke while still containing this feeling of excitement.

"Is that the reason why you fear the Crucifix?" He added with a mild chuckle hoping that this joke wouldn't offend him too much...

"My father is the son of Lilliths son. Lillith is my..." He counts visibly trying to place where he was, "Great Grandmother."

He laughed softly at the crucifix joke, splashing him lightly. "It's an old urban legend. Better to lie than let people know our real weaknesses." He smiled. "Time moves a bit funny when it comes to God and the devil. Their worlds." He pushed up to fetch two towels from the cupboard.

"Up now. Before it goes cold." He ordered gently wrapping him up when he did.

He let himself help out of the bathtub from Onyx, wrapping the towels tighter around his body. He knew that Onyx was special just from his Being as a Vampire but he was clearly out of his reach. He was only a small dot on Onyx's painting of existence. Why should he be interested in someone like him, a

human when he had Dante and such a quite powerful family.

"And what am I to you in your immortal existence
"Your Highness "?" He spoke the last words in a bit of a fancier Voice followed by a small mocking bow at his last words before he started to walk back into his room. "Just another one of your meals that you can fuck before devouring?" He scoffed lightly, tugging his towel tighter around his waist as he spoke, his back turned towards Onyx.

He laced his fingers in the back of his hair, pulling Laurents head back. "I do not find that funny." He tsked softly, holding him there.

"If you're determined to piss me off that's the quickest way to it." He let Laurent pull away, his hair slipping through Onyx's fingers.

"If I didn't care why would I take you with me, hmm? Why would I tell you shit."

The tight grip in his hair let him stop in his tracks. Laurent brought his hand back to his head, grabbing

Onyx's wrist in a desperate attempt to get himself free. Biting his teeth together he listened to his few words. When Onyx's grip got loose he stumbled a few feet away from him, giving him a salty glance while rubbing the back of his head where Onyx had grabbed him. He tsked before dropping himself on the edge of the bed, burying his face in his hands for a moment.

"I'm sorry..." he mumbled, his face still covered by his hands. "It's just... the last few days have been a lot for me. In this short amount of time you threw my life completely over and I'm just questioning everything right now... even myself..." he let out a deep sigh, now pinching the back of his nose with two fingers, resting his other arm on his leg and keeping the towel in place.

"If your that determined to leave, I'll remove myself from your life. You'll lose some time but. You wouldn't remember me. You can go back to your pretending not to be gay life."

He sunk to the floor in front of him, gently lifting Laurents face up. "I am very happy with you. I want to be with you for you. Not just your blood. Not just what you can give me." He reassured softly. "I'm sorry if I hurt you." He pressed his forehead to Laurents knees.

Laurent's cheeks flushed a bit red at the way he gently lifted up his chin to meet his sorrowful gaze, to watch him as he apologized softly. He could see that this offer of giving Laurent his life back seemed very hard for Onyx to bring up. A life without him. A normal life...

Laurent's own gaze filled with regret as he saw Onyx press his head against his knees, his words making his heart flutter. He then gently "Please, you don't have to. You threw my life into chaos, you brought me into danger, you nearly got me killed twice..." his voice was filled with sorrow and warmth before he paused for a short moment "but those days were the most exciting days i've ever had. Fuck that boring straight life. I want to stay with you Onyx, not

because of the thrill or because you're an immortal Being. I wanna stay with you because of...you."

With his last words he gently lifted Onyx's head back up to meet his gaze, smiling softly, his voice filled with warmth and love, his heart fluttering like a dozen butterflies

"And so I have to decline your offer." he let out a small singular chuckle after his words, the straight part in him still refusing to believe what he just said. Laurent chose to be with a man and he accepted it...

He gently crawled onto the bed by him, tugging him to him wrapping up in the blankets with a soft growl. "Little fool." He grinned lazily, holding him wrapped up in the blankets. "It's time to go to bed." Shifting sideways in the bed he patted the blankets, laying shirtless. He smiled softly as Onyx wrapped him into the blankets, chuckling at his lazy grin and his words. Wrapped in his blanket Laurent let himself flop besides Onyx, not really caring that he wore nothing underneath the blanket.

Laurent laid down beside Onyx, still softly smiling, the blanket wrapping around his body like a loose cocoon as he rested his head on the pillow. He looked up at the ceiling for a moment before turning his head to look at the handsome shirtless man beside him in bed...

He could see Onyx was listening elsewhere, his eyes giving him away. His pupils were always a bit thin, but when he highly focused they were barely visible lines.

He smiled softly resting his head down on his arm. He drew Laurent back to his chest, cuddling up tight to sleep.

Soon Laurent fell asleep snuggled tight against Onyx's chest. When Laurent awoke with a small grunt again a few hours later, Onyx was still beside him in bed snoring a bit. He then proceeded to get slowly out of bed, careful not to wake the sleeping Onyx up. After he returned from the bathroom he put on some more modest clothes; some simple gray

trousers, a white soft blouse under a dark brown vest.

After he closed all the buttons he stepped out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him before heading along the hallway to explore the house a bit. Up on the high ceiling in the entry hall hang a huge chandelier, the light of the sunset gleaming through some of the windows on the end of the Doorways. Laurent went on exploring this luxurious place a bit further until he stopped in front of the doors to the room where he had sat with Onyx and Dante before.

Mild voices rang through the not fully closed door. One appeared to belong to Dante, but the other one wasn't familiar to Laurent at all. He walked up carefully to the door a bit closer to listen, hoping that he wouldn't be caught again...

"Tis impolite to lurk." He called lightly, "If you're wanting in, enter." He sipped his glass, back to the door.

He was a small man, barely cresting 5'6". A wild shock of white hair stuck out like he'd been asleep making him look half crazed. He turned to look back to the door, arm over the back of the couch. "Don't do it." He growled and the other held up his hands. "I respect Onyx. I have no need to eat currently." He chuckled, "though he does smell tasty."

"I apologize. It was not my intention to seem rude." Laurent apologized, opening the door to step into the room. His view was immediately caught by the strange man with his unnaturally bright hair. His bright red eyes seemed to be burning right through him in contrast to his white hair. *Another Vampire...*

"Good Evening Gentleman. I hope I'm not interrupting." He greeted them politely, taking a seat on one of the corners of an empty couch.

"With whom do I have the pleasure?" He directed the question towards the strange Visitor.

"Koyl. Charmed." He smiled sipping his drink, eyes never leaving him. Dante was watching Koyl like a

hawk, visibly tensed. "Sit down normally Dante. He's perfectly fine." Koyl stated glancing over his cup. "I have no desire for Seraphim blood." He chuckled and Dante stared.

"What?" "You can't smell it?" "No..."

Koyl chuffed softly with a laugh setting down his glass.

"Wait wait wait..." Laurent held up his hand in confusion after Koyl's words, not being able to put them together and also surprised to see the blank stare of confusion when he glanced towards Dante. The uninterrupted stare of Koyl's bright red eyes made him progressively more nervous.

"What is Seraphims blood?" he continued, asking in a suspicious but rather confused tone of voice

"Angels." He said softly watching Koyl. "Only a small amount. But enough it burns my nose." He sipped his drink and made a soft sound gesturing, "means someone in your family tree is a descendant of the first angel. He was brought to earth to oversee Lillith

and her children. Got sucked into humanity just as quickly as the rest of us." He laughed softly.

Dante sat back, shocked into silence and Koyle seemed to find it funny.

Laurent let himself sink against the back of the couch. *First Vampires, now Angels...* His mind was spinning from all this new information. What does that mean for him now? Would it explain why Onyx claims him to be total silence? Did Onyx know abt this? And a far more important question: If he was telling the truth then who exactly was Koyle that he could just smell this tiny amount of blood out of the air when the two Vampires around him seemed to have no fucking idea about it?!

"What does this mean in context for me now?" He asked massaging the side of his head still trying to process the information.

"Absolutely nothing. You're just a nice snack for this younglings." He chuckled sipping his drink. "If you get turned it may give you some added little tricks

but for now, meh." He shrugged lazily, finishing his drink and set it aside pushing up. "Now that my curiosity is sated I'm going to bed." He passed by fingers skimming over Dante's cheek as he left going upstairs.

Laurent watched Koyle as he walked out of the room before turning his attention back on Dante.

"Who exactly is that Guy?" He asked in a serious tone, still feeling Koyle's red eyes on him somehow which send even more chills down his spine...

"Hes what we call a facet. A piece of a demonic entity that formed on earth. He likes acting a vampire. Humans break a touch too easily for his tastes." Onyx was in the door frame. "I should've seen it... Seraphim. Damn." He mumbled. "I'll go deal with him." He chuckled softly, pushing up and following Koyle. He let out a long sigh of relief when Dante and Koyle were gone, leaving only the now awoken Onyx in the doorframe.

"Are you fucking kidding me..." he mumbled under his breath pinching the back of his nose.

"Fist Vampires, now Angels and Demons. Oh for God's sake what's next? Fucking Unicorns?" Laurent let out a small hysterical laugh while sinking more against the back of the couch. He couldn't just believe everything they said right? He was afraid he would go mad...

"Are you okay?" He said softly sinking to sit on the floor by him, concerned. "I know this is a lot..." He murmured petting his cheek. "We can go home tonight if you want. To think..." "It's okay i-..." he paused and took a deeper slightly shaky breath "I just need a moment to think..." Laurent got up from his seat heading towards the door with quicker steps. Grabbing his Coat from the Coathanger on his way out he pulled it over himself before opening the door to Outside.

The cold and fresh air of the starry night greeted him as he stepped outside in what seemed to be a big courtyard planted with trees, flowers and bushes. He

followed the cobblestone path that led through the garden that was illuminated by smaller lanterns.

When Laurent had finally reached some distance between him and Dante's house he let his back slide against the trunk of a large willow tree until he sat on the soft grass that surrounded the roots. The tree was only illuminated by a small lantern a bit farther in the distance. In Between the branches above him, he could see the stars peeking through the leaves on the firmament. In some way it reminded him of home.

He brought one of his legs up leaning the back of his head against the trunk trying to calm his mind. *What am I gonna do now?* He let his head drop into his hand that leaned onto his upright knee. He couldn't just return home now, he couldn't leave Onyx like that. The cold fresh air helped him to clear his mind, to relax a bit while processing all this new information. He had a particularly bad feeling about this Koyle though, but for now he was alone, safe.

He crossed through into the garden, knowing Laurent couldn't see him. He passed the trees, fingers skimming the bark. In a small open space in the back of the garden sitting in the center, hands pressed together. *What to do. What to do...* he clicked his tongue to himself.

If Laurent stood he'd be able to see the back of Koyls head as he sat in the center of the courtyard. One could see flashes of his being. Clawing hands pulling at him with the craving to return.

He shook his head settling himself and got up, walking bluntly to Laurent. "You. Why are you following about Vampires." Laurent looked up as he felt this piercing gaze on him, sending cold shivers down his spine. When he looked up he saw a figure almost in front of him, his hair stinging compared to the dark night. He looked Coyl up and down as he had approached him, noticing with a slight terror the moving silhouettes of hands in the shadows, pulling at his Being.

"I'd say that's none of your Business. Now leave me alone." Laurent replied in a more grumpy tone. He did not have the nerves to be polite anymore after all what happened. He just wanted a moment of silence. Although something inside him told him that he was already in trouble.

"Do you think it's wise to speak to me in such a way?" He tipped his head and Laurent saw another flash of his being, a black form with a singular eye in his forehead, before he settled back to himself. "I'd be smarter than that. You're dealing with predators."

He gestured for the other to stand, "Get up. Now." He ordered and whether or not Laurent moved, he dragged the human to the open stone floored portion of the garden. "Hit me." He ordered rounding to face him.

The hair on the back of Laurent's neck started to stand up as he heard His eyes widened in shock as he caught a short glance on Coyl's true demonic form before he flashed back to normal.

Before Laurent could even get up on his own, the hands grabbed him by his collar pulling him up from the tree on the cobblestone.

"Why should I do that?" He asked in a suspicious tone. They both knew he wouldn't stand a chance against Koyl. He wouldn't even be able to reach him or might get his arm broken in the process...

"You're sorely behind. You can't follow a vampire's speed. You can't even begin to defend yourself. I don't know what the plan is for you but you may as well start learning now. Now fuckin hit me." He ordered. "Or I'll kill you before your prince can get out here."

Laurent snarled at Koyl's words. He knew that they were true and he felt the anger starting to boil inside of his chest.

"Alright then." He said in a calm voice before clenching his right fist, hurling it back before punching towards the Demons jaw...

He swatted it aside, fingers hitting between two of his ribs hard enough to ache. He moved like he jumped frames of a film, body jerking and skipping with his speed and control.

"Again." He ordered backing up. Further attempts got him more taps and touches. "Too slow." He tsked.

He drew in a sharp breath as Koysl rammed two of his fingers into his side. The pain only fueled his anger more and more. Laurent continued to try landing a punch, but the Demon was just too quick. Soon his body would be covered in light bruises, still not giving up on trying to land at least one punch.

"How about you would stand still for ONE DAMN SECOND!" He grunted in between his punches, slowly getting frustrated by those shenanigans, frustrated from his own uselessness with every empty punch and the pain that followed right after. Slowly his body started to ache, pearls of sweat forming on his forehead, his lungs burning the longer their sparring went on.

He got hold of his wrist, twisting until his knees hit the ground, holding it above his head. "Pathetic. Slow and lazy." He pushed his arm away, "I expected better from a shard of Gabriel." He helped him off the ground. "If you don't learn to protect yourself, you're going to die."

He groaned exhausted when his knees hit the hard cobblestone. He was exhausted, huffing heavily, light pearls of sweat covering his forehead. He let himself help up from the stone, his body aching at every movement as he pulled himself up.

"Well, how the fuck am I supposed to defend myself against fucking Vampires when i'm only a goddamn Human!" He huffed angrily at Koyl's tone of voice. Physically he would never be able to match neither their speed nor their strength.

"Then stop fucking around and ask Onyx to turn you." He growled softly arms crossed. He was pouting like something was upsetting, things not quite what he wanted. "He'd do it you know. Eagerly." He walked back for the house, head down.

"Just. Don't leave Onyx's side. This world is dangerous." He said softly laced with concern.

Still standing in the middle of the courtyard, Laurent watched Koyle leave. He stood there for a bit and looked up at the night sky. *Too slow...* The words still ringing through his mind, he couldn't stop thinking about his suggestion. He could live forever, alongside Onyx, but for what price. He would kill...

With his mind rambling with new thoughts, he made his way back into the house, his body aching with every move. *Weak...* Onyx sat on the couch, glancing over to him when he entered. Laurent let himself drop beside him with a grunt, his muscles and bruises screaming at him as his back hit the pillows.

"Sorry, I had to clear my mind for a bit" he greeted with a faint smile, although his mind was even more rambling than before.

"Onyx, if I asked you to turn me... would you do it?" He asked after a moment of silence, leaning a bit against his shoulder. *Pathetic...*

"Of course. I've offered to you before." He sat on the bed with him then noticed how tired he looked.

"What happened?" He tipped up Laurents skin tsking at a bruise.

"What is this?" He growled checking over his arms with grazing fingers. He skimmed his hands firmly down the inside of his legs and Laurent realized he was checking for bites. Dante's bites didn't heal quickly like Onyx's.

"What happened Laurent." He snarled furious. Furious one of them would even try to touch him.

"It's nothing, really." Laurent assured him, trying to calm him down as Onyx got more and more furious.

"Just your little Demon Friend giving me some sparring Training. Obviously I didn't stand a chance." He chuckled nervously at his last comment, realizing again how weak he was as a human. His bruises were proof enough.

"Please, calm down. It's nothing, really..." he said in a calm voice, looking worried at Onyx. *I knew that this Koyl was trouble...*

Onyx got out of the bed, storming to the hall. He shoved open another door screaming at Koyl who stood to meet him.

"Ты сукин сын. Я убью тебя, если ты снова тронешь его!" Onyx screamed in his face. Koyl's hand popped to his forehead and Onyx fell back, head snapping back from the force. He fell, eyes rolled back in his head, in a heap to the floor.

"Idiot..." "No, no Onyx wait!" Laurent called after him, trying to get a hold of him before he got out of the door, but Onyx was just too fast gone. "Shit..." he cursed under his breath while trying to catch up to him. Just as the open doors came into view Laurent heard him screaming something in Russian, followed by a smacking sound and a loud thump.

Laurent hurried to get to the door and froze in the doorframe when he saw Onyx lying clearly

unconscious on the floor with Koyl standing in front of him.

"Oh fuck me..." he cursed, getting on his knees beside him, rattling on his shoulders and side, trying to get him to wake up.

"What did you do to him..." Laurent's voice was filled with anger, clenching his fists while giving Koyl a furious glance.

He groaned softly touching his forehead half sitting up. "Ow..." "Hes weak. You'll have to protect him to the point of nauseum. If you bring him in now, you'll lose him in a moments breath." He settled back onto the couch with his drink, ignoring them. "Doesn't give you the right to beat the shit out of him." He tsiked. Laurent backed off a bit from Onyx when he sat up with a groan. Hearing those words again stung in his chest, although not even Onyx had a chance against him. He avoided looking both of them in the face as Koyl spoke, ashamed of his own weakness.

"He's right. I am weak." He scoffed angrily at himself. Something had to change...

"Turn me." Laurent suddenly blurted out without even thinking further ahead and with way more confidence in his look that he actually possessed.

"You're not thinking right." Onyx said softly, lifting Laurent's chin. "Don't argue. Just do it." He barked annoyed. "Shut up Koyl." He said softly and cupped Laurents face. "Are you sure about this?" Concerned, his thumb skimmed Laurents cheekbone. "This isn't something to take lightly. This is forever and always..." He gently pulled Laurent into his lap.

"It seems like I have no other choice." Laurent chuckled softly faintly smiling at Onyx and leaning his head against his hand.

"Besides, spending the rest of my life with you doesn't sound that bad to me." His cheeks flushed a bit as his last words, the faint tuck on the corner of his lips turning into a gentle and soft smile as he spoke.

Before Onyx could argue any further Laurent's own hand moved to Onyx's cheek before he leaned in for a gentle kiss on his soft lips. When Laurent pulled away from this impulsive kiss his eyes were filled with softness and only a slight hint of sorrow and not a single trace of fear.

"Please Onyx." He pleaded softly, somehow determinedly holding Onyx's gaze...

His face was one of pure concern, holding his face gently. "There's always a choice." He said softly "If you're too afraid I'll do it." He stated and Onyx ignored him. He gently picked Laurent off the bed, holding him in his arms and walking for their room. He was silent, running through his thoughts, "You're positive of this?" He asked again, palm on the back of his head. "I don't want to be a burden for you as a human. I want to be able to protect myself" he paused for a second as Onyx carried him towards their room. "I want to spend my life with you..."

Laurent took a shaky breath before continuing.

"So, yes. I am sure."

"You're no burden to me." He assured, "This isn't going to be pleasant. It hurts." He set Laurent down onto the bed, fingers skimming over his front. "But... I will not say no."

He popped the buttons to Laurent's shirt slipping it down off of his arms. He set the shirt aside, touch gentle and soft. The gentle touch of one preparing him for his death.

"Would you rather drink from me or a glass?" He asked gently, rolling his sleeves "I knew you were gonna say that." chuckling a bit nervously he sat on the bed, Onyx's soft touch wandering over his warm bare skin, preparing him. "I'll be able to handle it." He added after a short pause.

"I have no need for a glass." Laurent replied to his question. He assumed that he would receive some of his blood so he wouldn't just die on the spot.

"How exactly will it work?" He asked curiously, in hope that he might be able to prepare himself for this whole procedure.

"I'm going to drain you, and give you as much of my own blood as you can take. It's going to hurt. Your body is going to try to get rid of it by being sick.

You'll drown." He pet his cheek gently, talking soft.

"My blood will change your body until your body can process it, and you'll wake up." He'd pulled up the rug and sat down on the floor, holding out his arms.

"Oh fuck me..." What else did he expect? He would die, only to be reborn as an Undead, a Vampire. He would never be able to feel the warmth of the sun on his skin, never look at the sun directly again. At some point he would've to feast on humans as well...

He took a last deep breath, trying to calm his mind and racing heart before slowly gliding off the bed down into the open arms of Onyx, into the arms of death. Settling down into his arms with a faint smile

he sat in his lap, the soft carpet under them, protecting them from the wooden floor.

"I'm ready." Laurent said after a moment of silence as he got more comfortable in Onyx's arms, leaning his head to the side a bit, closing his eyes, waiting to receive Onyx's drowning kiss of Death.

He cradled him in his lap, fingers stroking his face and neck. A last memorization of his face as it was now.

He gently bit into his throat, skin popping beneath his teeth. He went deeper than he needed, wanting it to be fast. He couldn't bear the thought of him in pain more than he needed to be. He held him so the other didn't have to support himself at all, blood slipping down his neck from the corner of Onyx's mouth.

His own heart slowed, mentally able to change his body to support Laurent. Too hard and he'd kill Laurent. Too little and he suffered and died.

He pulled back with a rattling gasp for breath. Biting down into his own wrist, he held Laurents head up.

A soft groan escaped Laurents lips as Onyx buried his fangs deep into his throat, his nails digging into Onyx's shoulder where he had held onto.

Onyx bite was different this time. The stinging pain didn't ease as much as it did the last time and it translated into a bit more rough pulling pressure. Laurent could feel how all his strength was drained from his body, how his heartbeat got slower and slower with every tuck. White spots started to dance in front of his vision, his hand slowly sliding down limp from Onyx's shoulder almost drifting off into unconsciousness.

By the time Onyx had pulled his fangs out, his heartbeat was dangerously weak and slow, his breath merely a whisper. His pale limp body cradled close to Onyx's chest.

"I- is it...over...yet?" Laurent slowly opened his eyes again with the white spots still dancing in front of his

eyes. He wasn't able to move, his body felt like it was made out of stone. His words were merely a faint whisper as he spoke.

He ripped into his own arm opening himself up. Blood dripped quickly onto Laurents chin and lips, cold against his feverish skin.

The taste was one he expected, metallic and thick in his mouth. "Bite down." He ordered, despite it not being needed.

Laurent could hear Onyx's heart and feel his skin twitch beneath his lips. He kept Laurent up enough to keep from choking. "Drink deep."

Laurent slowly licked up the first few drops that coated his lips, the metallic and bitter taste of Onyx's warm blood filling his entire mouth. He caught some more of the blood that was already dripping from his arm with his open mouth and tongue before pressing his lips onto Onyx's open artery. Biting down as hard as he could with his remaining power, Laurent began to drink deep sips of Onyx's blood.

As soon as Laurent drank his first sip, he could feel a burning sensation in the back of his throat and the more he drank, the more that burning sensation grew and grew with each deep pull, but he wasn't able to stop.

At the same time he could feel his heart beginning to pound again slowly, stronger and faster. Laurent held with both hands close to Onyx's arm as he had bitten himself into place, pressing it more against his teeth while feeling Onyx's heartbeat with every pull as blood dripped down his chin.

Suddenly Laurent felt a hard stinging pain in his chest, making him yelp in pain and letting go of Onyx's arm and instead holding onto his own chest. The pain was excruciating, his eyes wide in pain and terror as his whole body started to convulse violently. His heart beat so fast, making him squirm and shake violently in his arms, sobbing and whimpering from all the pain.

Letting out a blood curdling scream with tears running down his cheek he started to long for air.

The screams and sobs translated into deep raspy breaths, as if one might drown. To Laurent it felt like drowning, his lungs filling with blood making him choke even more, unable to breathe

"Onyx...Help...me" he mustered those last words in between his last rapid breaths, his eyes widened in terror with tears running down his cheeks before his pumping heart suddenly stopped, making the world around him dip into darkness...

He held him tight to keep him still, whimpering softly. As he stopped he gently lifted him from the floor and into the blankets and bed.

With a wet rag he gently cleaned Laurents face and throat, getting distracted and wiping him down head to toe. An obsessive perfecting of his love.

As his skin firmed in death, his hair paled out. Soft in his fingers... he laid holding him close, begging he woke.

His whole world was dipped into Darkness. It was like drowning in dark deep waters of nothing, unable to

breathe until you were pulled back to the surface to long for air.

With a deep raspy breath of air like he had almost been drowning, Laurent awoke in Onyx's arms, his eyes opened wide still in a bit of shock, trying to grasp at what just had happened to him. As his breathing started to ease his eyesight adjusted to his field of view. Somehow his vision was sharper, more vibrant than before.

He also noticed that the heartbeat in his ears was slow and deep, too slow for an ordinary human. Letting his tongue glide over his teeth he could feel his upper Set of canines extended to long razor-sharp fangs, his lower canines being a bit more pointy and sharper than before.

"See. Told you I'd be able to handle it." He smiled up at Onyx, chuckling softly. Lifting up his hand to cup Onyx's cheek Laurent noticed how pale his skin was, almost white like marble. While gently caressing his cheek with his thumb he could also see his nails,

which had grown a bit to a more pointy and sharp end.

It took him a second to realize he was awake, Onyx pressing a kiss to his fingers trembling softly. Laurent could understand more of his expression now. Even if he wasn't fully showing, his face twitched and his eyes changed. "You woke up." He buried his face into Laurents hands relief making him shiver.

He pulled him up into his lap rocking softly, "You're okay." He said more like he was trying to reassure himself.

The world was understandable, even in the dim light. The shades of black collected on the edges of objects, a strange form of seeing without. A hyperawareness of everything around him though only in a short distance. Explained why he couldn't sneak up on Dante or Koyl....

As Onyx suddenly pulled him close to his chest, Laurent hugged him back tight, his face buried in his

shoulder, glad that all his suffering had come to an end.

"I'm okay." He laughed softly muffled into his shoulder as they held each other close. At that moment he was truly happy until...

"Shit... what is this feeling?" Laurent slightly groaned, pulling himself tighter to Onyx at the feeling of the growing emptiness in his stomach, digging his sharp nails into Onyx's shirt. He felt this feeling of hunger grow slowly stronger and soon it would be insufferable.

His eyes darted around the dimmed room still holding on to Onyx's embrace, but somehow he was still able to see everything clearly with shadows deeper in certain corners.

"The hunger or the fact you can hear a mouse in the wall?" He laughed softly picking him up to carry to the bath starting the water. "Trust me, a bath will warm you up and then we will start on the thirst thing." He couldn't keep his hands off him. He sunk

Laurent into the bath, happily sitting on the side watching him.

"Your eyes are still blue. But your hair is a touch lighter," He said softly telling what he could see, voice quiet and soft.

"I suppose both." Laurent chuckled faintly. Besides the emptiness in his stomach he could also hear more. There was indeed a small chittering behind a spot in the wall and there was more. He could hear dimmed footsteps in the distance, faint whispers of voices which made Dante's house seem more alive than before.

Amazed by his improved hearing he looked around the room trying to figure out from which directions those distant whispers came from, that growing feeling of hunger still there but it had gotten more into the background. Onyx sat him down into a chair, helping him undress himself until he was completely naked. At this point he didn't even care that Onyx saw him completely exposed like that. He was still

quite shaky on his feet so sitting down for a task like this was probably a good idea.

After Onyx picked him up again and gently sat him down into the warm water he really took a moment to inspect his familiar but different body. While Onyx talked he took a closer look at his new body. His skin was pale and flawless beneath the water, almost like a Statue has come to life, similar to Onyx. His body seemed more slim, his muscles more defined while his heart beat slowly. He took a string of hair in between his fingers to check when Onyx mentioned the change of his hair color and he was right. Instead of his usual golden blond color it had now turned into a pale blonde, matching his pale marble skin.

"You're right, it is indeed lighter." Laurent stated fascinated, still admiring his reborn body sinking himself a bit deeper into the water. "But the hunger... it keeps getting worse..." he mildly complained in a more serious tone, closing his eyes while leaning his back against the back of the tub. He

had to get used to the feel of his fangs while talking as well.

"I know. If you're not ready to go out, we can use Dante and Koysl. Both have said they'd help." He brushed his cheek with a thumb and gently scooped water to clean and brush through his hair, careful and touch light. "Many learn to hunt from their own kind." He smiled and gently dried his hair with a towel, focused on his new task.

He heard Dante downstairs gently knock on the ceiling which Onyx tapped the heel of his foot to in response. "How far can you hear? Can you hear Koysl talking?" He asked like a curious parent. If he focused he could hear the barest low tones, a soft drone of speech. He let Onyx carefully clean and dry his hair as he talked, his voice gentle and soft to his ears. "I've certainly heard that knock on the ceiling underneath us." Laurent stated after hearing someone knock under them. At this moment he could only hear distant whispers of the talking

people in the house, not being able to tell which one is which.

"I'm not sure. There are so many voices..." Laurent closed his eyes, trying to recall the sound of Koyl's voice, to separate it from the rest.

"Wait... I think I can hear him, but not completely" he said after a moment of silence, trying to focus more. Right now it was only a distant muffling but enough to understand the words "awake" and "turned" followed by an even more muffled chuckle.

"Vampires tend to be cross when they turn others. Down to full murderous rage. I knocked to say everything was alright." He explained lightly. He set out new clothing and a towel.

"The fact you can hear them at all is good. It takes some time to fully understand how one's senses work." He pressed a kiss to his temple.

"Yeah I'll probably have to accommodate to this new lifestyle" Laurent chuckled a bit as he got up from the bathtub only to let himself drop back in with a

small splash and groan. His hunger grew stronger and he let out a low growl as he sat curled up with his legs pulled against his chest in the warm water, his teeth pressed onto each other.

"Shit...so hungry" he growled in pain, his sharp nails digging into his arms, the hunger penetrating him...

He gently removed his bands from his arms, the thin marks healing with gentle itching. "If you can wait, I can bring someone to you." He said softly, "I can tide you over until then..." He offered tipping his wrist up ready to cut.

He lifted him gently from the water and wrapped him in a towel, rubbing him until he warmed up.

"But- I don't want to hurt you." Laurent replied to Onyx, breathing heavily as he got out of the bath and got wrapped in a Towel by Onyx.

He could smell the small traces of blood on Onyx's still healing wound that he had suffered for Laurent, his teeth aching at the smell. Turning his head away, he stood in front of Onyx, trying to keep himself

together while this deep feeling of hunger teared at his strength as it grew stronger...

"You can't hurt me that way." He reassured and lifted him fully to help him dress, gently guiding him into clothing then sat behind. "Please." He said softly and tucked his wrist into Laurents hands.

"I will stop you." He murmured holding him, Laurent leaning back into his chest.

Laurent let himself be aided by Onyx as he got all dressed up again. Dressed in a white Blouse and Gray pants he sat back down onto the bed with Onyx behind him.

His eyes were immediately drawn to Onyx's pulsing artery which was slightly visible under his pale skin. He gently traced his thumb over it with his nail being so sharp that it left a small red line over it, the sweet scent of blood filling his nose. He swallowed hard at the smell, hesitant at first before slowly bringing his arm with both of his hands up to his mouth.

Laurent wasn't able to control himself any longer and sank his fangs into Onyx's skin with a soft pop. He let out a deep growl when he took his first deep pull, the sweet nectar running down his throat, giving him new strength. As he drank with deep pulls, growling deep like a wild animal, he sank his teeth even deeper into his arm. His sharp nails were digging into Onyx's skin, drawing blood as he lost himself in his new almost primal instinct. Laurent couldn't stop, blood already running down his chin as he drank more and more...

He gave enough to satisfy, then pressed his knuckle into a nerve in Laurent's throat. His jaw spasmed and forced him to let go. "Look at you love. Made a mess..." He noted pressing a towel beneath Laurent's chin.

He shook out his aching arm the other wrapped about Laurent to keep him seated.

After being forced to pull his teeth out, Laurent let out a small gasp and loosened the grip on Onyx's arm again. Leaning against Onyx's broad chest,

Laurent took a moment to catch his breath. His chin and corners of his upper lips were covered in a layer of Onyx's fresh blood, his white blouse stained with some blood around the collar.

He licked over his own bare sharp teeth, gathering the last remaining drops of blood as he leaned his head back a little, letting Onyx clean off his chin a bit while savoring this strange sensation of pleasure that came along with his first meal as a Vampire.

"You are just too delicious." Laurent chuckled softly, still a bit breathless while resting his head against Onyx's shoulder.

"I want more." Although his hunger had eased a bit he longed for more. More of this addictive sweet metallic taste...

"I know love. But you'll have to hold on for a bit longer. We can go out once you finish cleaning up and I speak to Dante." He said softly, chuckling at his darlings change.

He got up wetting a rag and ringing it out, holding it out to Laurent. "Clean your face." He laughed softly.

As he took the stairs down he paused Laurent on the steps. "Stay... for just a moment." He said softly and slid into the lounge, another man's voice sounding. The man sounded flat and empty, like a metal tin being hit with a stick. But the scent floated about through the cracked door.

Laurent took the wet rag to clean off all the blood that was left on his throat and the collar of his blouse. Following Laurent into the hall down the stairs his nose caught the scent of something new. He couldn't describe it at first but somehow his mouth started to water only a bit.

When Onyx asked him to stay he did as he was told, leaning against the staircase waiting for him to return. From all the whispers and voices around the house, there was a new one that he heard since he got out of his room and it was clearly coming from the Lounge. So Laurent closed his eyes, trying to

focus on the voices that came from the Lounge to hear the conversation

"It's a gift lovely. Consider it a welcoming into the lifestyle." "Hes happy to help aren't you?" "Of course. My fees paid... I ain't afraid of men and I swear I real quiet like." "See." "This isn't a great idea. I don't know how he will take it..." "Onyx...who is this?"

Laurent stood now in the door frame to the Lounge staring at the unfamiliar man with his voice having a growl like sound beneath. His nails dug into the doorframe, driven by this smell that made his mouth water, eyes immediately locked onto his gently pulsing artery on his neck. His teeth that had grown back to normal length after his taste from Onyx were now starting to grow into full length again, aching at the now overwhelming scent that came from this man. The Man's voice sounded hollow in Laurent's ears, not as full and bright like Onyx's or Dante's.

Human... Laurent realized, trying to keep it together...

Koyl audibly laughed at his state, and the man uncomfortably shifted as his nerves set off. This wasn't right....

Onyx gently grabbed his chin whispering "Don't let him get outside. Let go before he's dead or you'll be sick." He whispered softly.

Vance was talking, but none of them were listening as the human edged toward the door then bolted into the hall skittering. Onyx moved aside, hoping Laurent's speed would trigger.

His eyes filled with a short glint of delight as Onyx pulled him a bit away out of the doorframe telling him that this man was here to silence his hunger. This short moment was enough to leave his prey a big enough opportunity to escape through the door frame into the lower floor run towards the Main Door. With his animalistic instincts and hunger kicking and his sharp fangs bared in a snarl Laurent immediately snapped his gaze back at his target and sprinted after the man across the hallway. He was faster than he could ever run as a human before, his

feet light, completely consumed by the hunger and thrill of hunting his prey.

Laurent had caught up just before the man could reach the front door. Ge got hold onto the back of the man's hair, yanking his head back with brutal force as his other arm wrapped over the man's upper body. The man let out a pain-filled groan as his head was yanked back from behind, unable to free himself from Laurent's tight grip. Laurent held him close before only in the blink of an eye Laurent brutally slammed his fangs into the side of the exposed neck with a growl and began to drink. The man's face was twisted in agony as he whimpered in pain with every deep growling pull that Laurent took from him.

Soon the man's body began to slacken, his knees slowly giving away from his lack of strength but Laurent kept his body close to his chest to prevent him from falling over. Blood ran down his chin as he lost himself in the taste of the warm blood.

As the man's heartbeat got weaker and weaker his back in inbetween his shoulder leaves suddenly

started to itch very hard, followed by the sound ripping of fabric. A set of two pulsing wings started to sprout from his back and they were growing. Individual feathers formed along the base spreading like leaves until the wings had covered his full back, gently pulsing in a bright red at the feathers tips while the base of the wings remained a darker pulsing black. The itching had turned into a mild sting, although it was nothing compared to his hunger from before.

With every tug he could feel the man's heartbeat fading, until it eventually stopped. His wings spread lightly as Laurent pulled back with a rattling gasp of breath, leaning his head back writhing in satisfaction as he let the now dead body drop to the floor.

"There is no fucking way..." He muttered, the three men at the end of the hall staring. "Well.... that's fucked." Koyle clapped and walking down the hall to Laurent, heaving up the corpse. He pointed silently, looked at Onyx stunned, and looked back at Laurent half stuttering 'what'... "Are you okay love?" He

silently bent and tipped up Laurents chin. "That was.... fast..." "Yeah. I'm feeling a lot be-" he paused as he saw Koyl carrying the corpse away from him and Laurent could only stare at it.

"Did I... do this?" Laurent whispered with a slight nervousness in his voice as he just seemed to start becoming aware of what exactly he just did. A small hysterical laughter escaped his lips as if he had lost his mind. *Did he?* He brought one of his with blood smeared hands up to his forehead, staring at his sharp and bloody nails while his legs got a bit shaky. *What have I done...*

He caught his hands trying to pull him back to the world, gently touching his wings and wincing when the texture sliced his palm. The small amount of blood sunk into Laurents body. "You made them." He said softly, "You're beautiful..." He added. It made Onyx's heart ache at the sight of him. "But put them away, focus on it..." He pet Laurents cheek.

It was only when Onyx touched his wings, Laurent turned his head to notice them. Onyx was right, they

were beautiful. He stared at them a bit longer until Onyx cupped his cheek gently, blushing at his words.

He closed his eyes trying to calm himself thinking about how his wings would disappear until his back started to ache again. He opened his eyes to look at his new wings and watched them slowly growing back into his back leaving only the torn fabric where they had grown.

"What was that?" He whispered, referring not just to his wings but also to the corpse that Koyle had carried away. His mild panic started to grow again, overwhelmed by this whole new situation.

"All of it was good. I'm proud. Beyond proud." He cupped his face gently swiping his cheeks with his thumbs. "Feel a bit better mm?" He half sighed. "And you're a mess again." He chuckled kissing him, licking the blood from his own that had transferred between.

He gently picked him up walking outside into the garden.

He looked worried at Onyx blushing at his reassuring and comforting words. Half smiling he kissed Onyx back letting himself pick up like a bride as they went out into the Garden. Somehow the night wasn't just black anymore. He could see everything in more detail in a weird way that was hard to describe but somehow he could still see without the night losing any of the magic that it beholds. He looked up into the starry night sky and stared in awe. Different shades of dark blue and accents of blue and purple were scattered across the firmament with more stars that he had ever seen before. It was beautiful...

"Wow" Laurent whispered, unable to take his eyes off the starry night sky as Onyx carried him through the Garden.

He smiled putting him on a bench and sitting by him looking at the sky. "You forget how pretty it is." He said softly.

He shifted to lay his head on Laurents lap, purring softly, eyes closed. It could last forever now. He never had to let go...

Looking up into the night sky, Laurent was happy when Onyx laid his head into his lap. It was comforting for him. After he began to gently stroke his black hair he cupped his cheek with one hand leaning down to Onyx pressing a soft and gentle kiss on his sweet lips, wishing that this moment lasted forever...

He smiled against his mouth, kissing him softly back burying a hand into the back of Laurents hair.

Sighing softly he sat his head back to his lap. "What did I do to get you..." He sighed again, his smile one of pure adoration.

"I suppose almost killing me at our first meeting does the trick" Laurent chuckled at the joke and went back to gently stroke Onyx's hair. They've come a long way together since the first time they've met, which wasn't even that long ago but somehow to Laurent it felt like they've always been together...

"Shall we go home tomorrow?" He asked softly, eyes flicking open. "I know here is comfortable enough,

but I'd like to purchase a home of my own. It is time I settled for a breath." He smiled gently, rubbing a hand across his chest.

"I think that might be a good idea." Laurent sighed, taking Onyx's hand into his own gently holding it. He couldn't leave a house of his size alone for long. Otherwise burglars and thieves might find it a tempting target with all his not so cheap goods in there.

"Why look for a house when you can just live with me?" Laurent asked a bit shyly while gently stroking the back of Onyx's hand with his thumb.

"Do you want me to?" He smiled tucking Laurent's hand against his cheek. "Shall we pack tonight? Leave in the morning?" He offered head tipping aside gently.

Koyl swung around the edge of the doorframe, "Oi. Love birds."

"What Koyl."

"I've got tickets to a party." He held up the pages.

"After all we've been through I couldn't just let you live on the street" Laurent chuckled softly before.

"But jokes aside, i'd love to" he gently smiled down at Onyx gently stroking his cheek with his thumb.

Just as he was about to answer Onyx's offer with a yes, Koyl broke the magic between them by interrupting them in this rather emotional moment. He looked over to him, seeing him wave with the paper in his hand before looking back at Onyx with worried gaze. Was he ready to go back under humans? "Do you think this is a good idea?" Laurent asked slightly worried after what he had done to the human before...

He winced a little worried sitting up. "I'm not sure that's a good plan." "He summoned a blood weapon in his first hour. He can survive a bit of time." Koyl crossed his arms annoyed. "I'm still worried." He sighed gently rubbing his temple. "You want to go don't you Laurent?" He grinned clearly trying to get what he wanted, winking. Onyx huffed gently

leaning back on the bench crossing his ankle over his opposite knee, "It's unwise for us to even be going home on the train tomorrow." "You're a worrying mother. Let a vampire live for once!" He protested. "I'm trying to prevent a mob for fucks sake." "A party might not be the best idea in my current State." Laurent stated in a thinking tone of Voice, watching Onyx being so worried about him and seeing Koyl's wicked glance. *He's cute when he's worrying...*

"Maybe we can stay for a few more days until i got myself more... under control." Laurent said to Onyx more shyly, gently laying his hand on his. The feeling of remorse for this poor man stung only a bit. He didn't have to die like this.

"Besides, I don't think I even have a proper Outfit to wear." He added, looking over his shoulder glancing at the open back of his blouse where his wings had torn the fabric.

"We're about the same size. You can wear whatever Dante's bought for me. I've never worn them." He waved a hand lightly. "Onyx. Go get dressed we are

going." Koyl gently took Laurents wrist to pull him up and inside. "Worst comes to it we move. Not a big deal." He giggled and pulled him along through the house.

Inside a separate massive bedroom, Koyl shut the door leaving them alone. "Form your wings."

Laurent looked with one last worried glance over his shoulder towards Onyx before Koyl pulled him along, leaving him all alone in the Garden.

When they arrived in this massive new bedroom Laurent looked a bit flustered when Koyl suddenly asked him to form his wings.

"Wait what? I- I don't even know how I've done it in the first place!" Laurent protested in confusion. It was the truth though, he didn't know how to form them. It had just happened.

"You formed them in an hour. Try to focus." He begged overly excited of them. "If you can Ill show you whatever you want of me." He offered in

exchange thinking the other was keeping them hidden on purpose.

He turned to his wardrobe opening the doors, tugging out suits and gowns.

The way Koyl pleaded and the look on his face made him almost seem like an overly excited kid who was eager to trade some candy in exchange for something else that he desired way more.

"Seriously Koyl, I don't know how to form them..."

Laurent tried to explain but Koyl seemed way too busy and too excited to listen as he was picking out different kinds of Outfits out of the massive closet.

Laurent let out a long sigh after a moment, closing his eyes to focus. He tried to focus on the feeling he had before when he was blinded by hunger, trying to remember the moment when his wings first formed.

Just after a short moment he felt the familiar itching and stinging in between his shoulder leaves, but it was weak compared to when he felt it the first time. He tried holding onto this sort of feeling, wanting it

to grow stronger but as he pressed his teeth together in concentration, his focus slipped, the mild sting fading away until nothing was left.

Laurent sat himself on the edge of the bed, clearly frustrated. "See. Told you I couldn't do it." He tsked softly. He was still weak after all.

"It took Onyx over sixty years to even make faint forms. You made full fucking wings within your first hour. That's... unheard of. Especially for turned vampires rather than born. It's...." He let out a sound, unable to form the words. He tugged out a coat and grimaced. 'Ugh no.' He tossed it aside.

He pulled free a dress for himself, "You're a rarity. Not a failure."

His eyes lit up at Koyl's last words, blushing lightly. Laurent seemed to have underestimated his whole situation. If it took Onyx 60 years to barely form his blood weapon why did his form so quick? Was it because of his supposed seraphim blood? He wasn't

sure yet but for now it seemed like he wasn't able to summon them.

"I guess we have to wait and see." he chuckled a bit after letting out a small sigh, smiling faintly while watching Koyl rambling through his closet and how he yeeting different clothes on the floor until it seemed like he'd found something.

<@887538199138795630> He held up a neatly sewn vest in charcoal and ruby, setting it aside and searching through further undershirts. What Koyl found was much brighter and obvious that what he would normally wear, and he pulled free a large flowing coat from his closet.

"I'm thinking red. Sets off gold beautifully." He smiled holding it up comparing it to Laurent.

"You think I can wear something like this?" Laurent asked a bit more skeptically, glancing at the long coat and the delicate vest that Koyl held up. He had to admit that both of them were really beautiful but he'd never seen himself wearing something like that.

He usually stuck to the more simple and ordinary colors like Grey and Brown.

Red seemed so extravagant, only drawing attention and he usually tried to keep a low profile as a human, especially with his visits at the casino. Out of all the things, attention brought nothing but trouble.

He motioned for Laurent to change into the outfit he had set out for Laurent.

Koyl stepped behind a changing screen to change, coming back in an elegant white and gold dress and coat. Slim boots boosted his height lightly.

"Come come." He motioned setting Laurent down and gently applying eyeliner to his water lines and lashes.

Laurent took the Outfit Koyl had set out for him with a small sigh, waiting on the bed until Koyl was done changing. He looked stunning in that dress and he didn't question it any further and just vanished behind the changing screen.

Koyl was right, everything had just the right size, almost as if all the pieces were made for him. When Laurent came back from behind the screen he stepped in front of a nearby mirror taking a look at himself in that new Outfit.

He had to admit that this color and Outfit looked indeed good on him, no, stunning actually, which gave Laurent's cheeks a light and surprised blush on his cheeks. He didn't expect it to look that good on him.

The charcoal vest with smaller ruby colored patterns sewn in complimented his black blouse underneath very well and also the red line of his very long and flowy coat. While also making his pale skin pop underneath it gave a nice accent to his pale blonde hair. The only thing that made him raise an eyebrow were those up to knee black boots that Koyl had picked for them. They certainly had some more heel than he was used to and they were slightly uncomfortable to wear at first. Laurent's steps were still a bit uneven, he had to work on that.

"Are those boots really necessary?" he grumbled while he sat back down, Koyl coming rushing with eyeliner.

"And what is it about this Makeup?" Laurent added slightly irritated while still holding still to let Koyl work. As a man he wasn't used to wearing high heels, none was he used to wearing Makeup.

"I know what Onyx likes. And I want his eyes on you." He grinned cheeky, eventually patting Laurents cheek, "that's all I'll do." He promised.

He turned to his mirror doing his own makeup. He looked feminine enough most wouldn't be able to tell if he didn't tell them. He tinted his lips, coiling up his pale hair.

"Honestly I didn't expect you to wear a dress." Laurent noted while watching Koyl doing his own Makeup which made him look even more feminine.

"Looks good on you tho" he added, crossing his arms in front of his chest, hoping that he hadn't offended Koyl with his words.

"I can change my body fully to either gender, but I prefer this one. But I like the company of men." He chuckled winking, "And its easier for me to get about a room this way. I can cling to Dante or Onyx without looks." He smiled softly and bent to slip on shoes, tying them up his thin legs. Pushing up to stand he straightened out his skirts.

"Let's get going then." Laurent stood up from the bed heading in slightly shaky steps towards the door. He held the door open for Koyl to step through but Laurent stopped in front of the stairs downwards, raising an eyebrow while glancing down the many stairs.

Confident that he would trip and fall without any help he clinged with yet one hand onto the staircase as he slowly made his way down the stairs, focused on not falling in his new heels, although they weren't that high.

His walk got better and better the more steps he took and towards the end Laurent had gained enough confidence on his way down that he tried to

walk down the last steps with his back straight and no hand on the staircases. This soon turned out to be a mistake when despite his confidence and pace Laurent still tripped over the last view steps with a gasp and groan. As the last few stairs were racing towards his face he brought both his arms up trying to dampen the upcoming hard impact...

Koyl caught him before he fell, holding his wrist tight. Straightening him up before he took the steps he chuckled as he passed, "The balance will come in time." He smiled straightening his dress. He smoothed his vest as he stepped from the other room. A soft smile crossed his face when he saw Laurent. He swept him off the steps grinning to set him on the floor. "Look at you..." "What the hell are you wearing Koyl?" "Don't be mad I look nice." He rolled his eyes. Laurent straightened his back again, a bit embarrassed that Koyl had to catch him to prevent him from rolling down the rest of the stairs. He grumbled a quiet thanks towards Koyl before

Onyx came into view from the next room, smiling as soon as he met his gaze.

With a white vest and a black blouse underneath along with his white coat pants and freshly polished black shoes Onyx looked absolutely stunning. Laurent's pale cheeks gained a slight blush as his fairytale prince came up to him with this soft smile playing on his lips, a soft grin forming on his own lips. Laurent chuckled in surprise when he got swept off the last few stairs, hugging Onyx over his shoulders and keeping his hands there as Onyx sat him back down.

"You look not bad yourself you know" Laurent smiled softly up to Onyx, bringing one hand up to gently caress his cheek with his thumb, admiring his beautiful lover in front of him.

He pressed Laurents hand to his lips to kiss, smiling softly. He looped an arm around Laurents waist heading out to the car. Two were set for the group of four. He tucked Laurent into the seat before getting in himself.

Dante and Koyl got into the other car. The ride to the party was quiet, Onyx holding Laurent gently to him.

The building was a partyhouse in a more red-light district. A small group of people were walking inside, showing tickets at the door.

Koyl and Dante were waiting for them on the steps.

Laurent's heart began to flutter when Onyx pressed this gentle kiss on his hand like a true Gentleman. Letting himself guide to the car, one of Onyx's arms gently wrapped around his waist, Laurent sat down in his seat.

His eyes were immediately fixed on the human Chauffeur who sat across from him. The human scent wasn't as strong as the first time he perceived it but it was enough to make him swallow at the sight of his exposed neck. He could even hear his heart, beating like a drum in his ears. Laurent closed his eyes after a moment, trying to look down and not to fix too much on the human's neck. While he did he shifted his body weight a bit more against Onyx

while gently tugging on his pants a bit, seeking comfort while trying to keep it together. To Laurent it was yet manageable but he wasn't sure how a party filled with humans would be.

After they both exited the car they went towards the staircase where Koyl and Dante were waiting for them. With Onyx by his side, arm wrapped around his waist, Laurent's eyes darted through the street widened in fascination. The nightlife was buzzing as expected. Voices, sounds, scents, lights, everything was so much sharper for Laurent, it was almost a bit overwhelming...

"Don't think about it too closely. Hold your breath here." A slender finger set in the center of his chest. "When you speak only let out breath. Only breathe in when you hold a drink to your lips. Then you smell the drink mostly." He smiled softly.

To not breathe felt unpleasant but cut off his sense of smell completely. It was doable.

He gently helped Laurent from the car, letting him hold to his arm. Onyx visibly paused glancing to Koyl looking amused on the steps.

"Do you find this funny Koyl?" "Yes. Yes I do." His attention snapped back to Onyx as he explained softly how to keep himself better under control. Laurent did as he was told, holding his breath, collecting it at the point of his chest where Onyx pointed at. It still had that dull feeling in his chest when one holds their breath underwater for the first few moments but Laurent didn't feel the sudden urge to breathe as he used to. If he followed Onyx's advice he would be able to get through the evening without getting driven mad by his sensitive sense of smell and all the humans around him.

He held onto Onyx's arm as they walked up the stairs, his steps a bit more sturdy already but Laurent wanted to make sure that he wouldn't trip again. His grip tightened a bit around Onyx's arm when he saw Koyl's amused smirk. He had picked those shoes for

him in the first place. At the end of the party he would prove him wrong.

He gave Koyl a slightly warning glance from Onyx's side as they had caught up to them, still keeping in mind not to breathe.

"This isn't funny." "That you can't hide?" "Koyl." Onyx growled as the demon, flippant, walked inside.

"Don't stray from my side." He ordered, "I can teach you here we just must be cautious now. This is a party for Koyls kind." He sighed softly.

The inside was loud with music, thrumming in his chest. Waiters carried trays, and Onyx snagged one of the drinks to put into Laurents hands. "Breathe through your nose with the drink." Onyx showed, the scent easing his hunger.

It was easy to see who was a demonic shard in Laurents eyes. They were beautiful, elegant. Onyx avoided them, clearly bristling at their presences. His eyes skimmed the crowds and the dances with clearly predatory eyes.

He didn't leave Onyx's side as they went into the large open Party house. Laurent threw one last glance over his shoulder towards Koyl, slightly confused at Onyx's words. *Does that mean that there'll be more Demons...* Laurent could already smell the trouble rising.

The loud jazz music resonated in Laurent's chest as he went inside the open hall of the party house, scanning the crowd of people gathering on the open Dancefloor. Although Laurent didn't smell them, he could sense the humans, hear their hollow laughter, their soft skin.

His hunger already started to grow again but before Laurent could focus too much Onyx pressed a glass of Martini into his hands that he had grabbed from a waiter's tray. He inhaled the sharp scent of the Martini as he took a sip, just how Onyx told him. It barely distracted him from his yet mild but growing hunger.

As he skimmed through the crowds close by Onyx's side he saw multiple people moving differently from

others. Delicate movements, marvelous beauty and to Laurent clearly not human. Those people among the crowd had to be the Demons that Onyx was talking about. Koyl's kin...

Laurent watched them with curious eyes like Onyx, the rhythm of the jazzy music making his feet slightly tap to the tact. "What are they doing here?" Laurent finally asked, trying only to exhale as he spoke. It made his chest ache for a moment before he took a new breath combined with a sip of his Martini, just as Onyx had taught him, even though it was harder for him not to inhale the human smell with the stinging smell of alcohol...

"Demons are... big balls of energy. Sometimes they break a little, and those little pieces come to earth because it's safer. Those are called shards, like Koyl. They flock together at times to talk and feel the comfort of others." He growled a warning as one of them passed, the man looking them over.

"I didn't want you to be in the Shard's eyes so soon."
Onyx sighed softly, watching the dancing and behind them the band and female singer.

There was enough humans to properly hunt here.
"Who catches your eye, who calls to you." He said softly, guiding him to look about the room.

The shards struck too much fear to comfortably hunt, but the humans were soft. It was like watching mice go about their lives. Something he could pick up and crush...

His eyes skimmed the room, over the crowd of dancing people, clearly able to distinguish the humans from the so-called shards. As his eyes skimmed the crowd, trying to sense someone he didn't notice how he took a small breath, his sense of smell suddenly filled with the smell of humans.

Laurent's gaze locked on a young woman. She was about in her late 20's, her curly hair held down by those glittery hair bands matching her sparkly black

flapper dress. She was laughing while she seemed to indulge in a conversation. Her smell was... sweet.

"I- I can't... I can't just choose one." Laurent said hesitantly, swallowing hard, disgusted by himself that this woman caught his eye. He forced himself to look away from her, staring at his drink, the smell of her still lingering in his nose although he now held his breath again. So beautiful, and young, he couldn't just take her life. But his hunger grew worse again...

"I will stop you. No death tonight." He reassured softly, tucking his hand over Laurents eyes. He had to rely on his feel of the environment. The crowd and the pull of taste and scent.

He kept him held down so he couldn't bolt after someone then uncovered his eyes, watching who his eyes snapped to.

He knew it'd take time to accustom Laurent to it all... "Tonight is only to learn." He smiled and pet his cheek with a thumb.

"Well, how do I do it then?" He asked with a slight tense undertone, trying to stay calm. There was even a slight hint of excitement in his voice, indicating that although Laurent tried to restrain himself he couldn't fully deny his darkest and deepest desires.

His nostrils were now filled with the scent of the humans again as he didn't pay any more attention to his breathing. He was focused on that woman, his target, but not in that primitive state he had been at first. It was more like spying on his prey like a snake, ready to bury their fangs into their prey at the perfect moment.

He made a small step towards that woman, his prey, only to be held back by Onyx's arm. The human inside Laurent was glad to have him by his side, hoping that he would be able to hold him back at the right moment...

"We wait. She's with a group. Notice who she is with." He said softly. A male shard was talking and flirting with her, meeting Laurents eye knowingly.

Onyx forced him to sit back down. "People are dangerous to us in a mob. Say all of these people were human. They'd see us leave with her, and whip up in a frenzy."

"Can you hear her? Like I can." He asked lightly, curious of the full extent of his gifts....

A low growl rolled in Laurent's throat as he met the shards' eyes. With that almost unnoticeable smirk he clearly knew that the woman was Laurent's prey and yet he didn't back off and continued to flirt with her. Laurent didn't even notice that he had stood up from his seat until Onyx pulled him back down beside him onto the chair. Crossing his arms in front of his chest Laurent sat in his chair tsked at how the shard got closer to his prey.

"Not really." Laurent grumbled, not taking his eyes off his prey. Onyx had a point though. A mob would be very inconvenient for them. Laurent had to catch her when she was alone. For Laurent it would've been the best if she would just **come to him...**

His eyes were fixed on the woman as Laurent focused on her even more. He wanted her, **call her...**

With his gaze lingering on his prey suddenly the woman glanced into the direction where Onyx and Laurent were sitting, her gaze caught by Laurent's now almost piercing stare. As Laurent held eye contact with his prey the world around him started to transition into a distant and hollow background, focusing entirely onto the woman's gaze.

Come to me Those words sounded hissing and hollow, ringing through Laurent's mind as he watched the woman's gaze become more soft, almost blank under his stare. If Onyx would've watched him now or only had a quick glance at Laurent'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 more darker blue.

This intense connection only held for a short moment, until the male shard broke the woman's short trance-like state as he placed his hand on her

shoulder shifting the woman's attention away from Laurent. He only blinked before grumbling a bit taking another sip from his Martini, not seeming to have noticed what had just happened.