

The Night Bears Witness

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The Night Bears Witness

by [RainyDayDecaf](#)

Summary

The soul lantern brightened, so vivid that it made his eyes water, but Scott didn't dare to flinch or look away as Sausage lowered the hood and smiled down at him. More of a smirk, really. That same conceited, holier-than-thou grin that he remembered so well from another life.

“You're supposed to be dead!”

“Yeah, weeeeird. It's almost like we're both immortal or something, huh?”

Notes

I didn't tag it outright, but it's worth noting that this is a vampire fic, so the opening scene between Scott and an unconscious Jimmy does contain some VERY MILD coercive/dubcon vibes (but NOT any actual dubcon) just in case that makes anyone uncomfortable.

As for the scenes between Scott and Sausage... I have no excuse. Everything that happens there is 100% consensual ;)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

If there was one downside to being a vampire - and it really was a very *small* downside - it was the necessity of washing blood out of his clothes. Maybe a lesser man wouldn't have bothered. The blood hardly showed against the red and black fabric, and it would definitely up the intimidation factor to walk around with visible evidence of the harm he could cause. But Scott was no lesser man. He was a *material girl*. The image he presented to the lowly mortals was one of obscene wealth, fastidious and flawless, and above all, vainglorious to the extreme. Couldn't very well revel in his own extravagance if he was walking around with unsightly stains on his shirt, could he? He was evil, not *uncivilized*.

So after every feeding, he always took the time to change into a new outfit and thoroughly scrub his hands and face. Since mirrors weren't an option, the process took some time, and Scott made it into something of a ritual for himself. Every few days, when his stomach began to pang with false hunger, when his jaw ached with the need to bite, he would find himself looking forward to the clean-up afterward just as much as the feeding itself. It was also something of a power fantasy, he supposed. Some sadistic part of him genuinely liked looking so immaculate while his sullied victims were laid out at his feet.

Or on the couch, in this particular case. Scott finished fastening his cloak around his shoulders and glanced back at his willing (if slightly coerced) victim. Still unconscious, which was a little concerning. Jimmy was usually awake by now after a bloodletting, but Scott had... admittedly overindulged a little. It was just too *enticing*, having him here in the manor, knowing there was no need to rush through the meal, no chance of being interrupted by any altruistic third parties. And Jimmy made such *delicious* noises when he was in pain. Squirming and mewling and instinctively kneading his claws in the cushions because he didn't dare to lash out at his tormentor.

Scott bent over Jimmy's prone form and stroked a hand through sweat-damped hair, the bites on his neck and shoulders a vivid blight on his clammy skin. Precious little martyr, he thought with some fondness. Surrendering of himself so freely so that his weaker friends would be spared from the vampire's appetite. If only Jimmy knew about Scott's plans for the others... but telling him would be no fun. His reaction later would be well worth the wait.

Jimmy's eyelids flickered, but otherwise he didn't react to the touch, not even when Scott picked up his wrist to check his pulse. Fast, but very weak. He frowned. "Jimmy?"

It took three long seconds for Jimmy to respond. "Nn?" he mumbled.

"Jimmy, can you count to ten for me?"

"...mnh..."

Scott growled to himself. He had definitely overindulged. Stupid, *stupid*. If Jimmy died, there was no telling when he might come back, nor which origin he might become in the transition. A primary source of food thrown utterly to waste. He would have to resort to feeding on his villagers again (tasty enough, but repetitive after awhile) or worse, his *livestock* (very unsatisfying with a horrible aftertaste).

Scott went to fetch a splash potion and shattered it on the floor by the couch, dutifully waiting until some of the color returned to Jimmy's face. What a *chore* it was to keep these lesser beings alive. If only... he licked his lips, and for just a fleeting moment, he let himself long for the taste of angel blood. Lost himself in that heady sense-memory from what seemed a lifetime ago. The only thing he could equate it to was taking the first bite of an enchanted apple. That intense burst of metallic sweetness, pure divinity pouring down his throat, delectable and transcendent and satiating in a way Scott had never yet been able to replicate. Absolutely *nothing* compared, it was like a drug. The closest a creature like him could ever come to feasting on a god.

If he had been in his right mind, he would have left Sausage alive, but Scott was... a little ashamed to admit he lost control. Gorged like an animal, made an absolutely horrific mess on the steps of the church. Sausage had already been badly injured from the fall, yet still conscious enough to know what was happening, to feel every moment of the savage assault, and he had struggled and cried out and *begged* for it to stop. Scott had thought he was just being dramatic at the time, but maybe... maybe some part of Sausage had *known*. It was rumored, speculated, whispered like a ghost story, that even immortality had its limits. That, if one of their kind died in a way that was particularly gruesome or traumatizing, there was a very real possibility of *staying dead*. No new origin, no chance at another life. Just a cold corpse and whatever came after.

...not a pleasant thought. Scott had enjoyed his mothling origin for centuries, until that first shocking death and resurrection, and if there had been anything in the in-between, he couldn't recall it now. But of course, had he been given a choice at the time, he would have chosen to come back. Maybe that was the difference. Maybe the universe had seen into his soul, seen that he wasn't done just yet, and that was all it took to pop him back with a new body and a new purpose. And if Sausage had been too *weak* to drag himself back from that same brink, that was certainly not Scott's fault.

He wondered idly what the odds were of Jimmy's next origin being an angel. Scott braced his hands on the couch cushion and leaned in close, inhaling his scent, licking up one last little bead of blood from the crook of his neck. The gamble was almost worth it. Almost.

"Just rest here for a bit," Scott murmured in a velvet ear. "I'll send you back home soon."

Jimmy didn't stir. But his breathing was steadier now, his heartbeat growing stronger. He should be fine while Scott made the journey back. The manor was very secure against intruders. Scott marked him and left Jimmy to his rest, striding down the stairs to the foyer. Late afternoon sunlight streamed in the windows, and he hissed out of habit. Annoying, but it would be night soon, and then he could travel for hours and hours without pause, especially now that his veins were brimming with fresh blood.

He opened the front door, took a single step outside and *screamed*.

By some miracle, Scott flung himself backward into the shaded foyer, and instinct drove him to roll around on the floor until the flames were extinguished. His startled shrieks and hisses faded to breathless panting. The clothes had taken the brunt of it, but his arms, legs and face smarted everywhere the sunlight had touched him. Scott braced himself to examine the damage, but the reddened, blistered skin was already healing over, drawing on his blood reserves so swiftly that it made his stomach cramp.

"Wha... what?" Scott said, deeply shaken. He glared at the windows and spat a furious hiss. "What?! *Excuse* me? Since *when* does the sun burn me? I literally was just outside earlier today!"

The sun did not answer. Typical. Scott unfastened his cloak and lamented the tatters of his waistcoat. He only had so many of them! The fabric was *expensive* to import, and he didn't

exactly have a steady source of income.

Maybe it was a fluke? Or maybe it *wasn't* the sun, maybe someone had laid a trap for him just outside the front door. Scott stalked down the hall to try the back door instead. This time, he was careful to stay in the shade of the veranda and examine his surroundings for any signs of hidden enemies or triggers. But no one was in sight. No unfamiliar scents lingered.

Gingerly, Scott stuck his hand over the railing. As soon as the sunlight touched him, the skin on the tips of his fingers stung and began to smoke, and he yanked his hand back just in time before it could spontaneously combust and catch his sleeve on fire.

His nostrils flared with a new scent. A *familiar* one.

“Oh no, you did *not*,” Scott snarled. He went back inside, shoving the door with such force that it ended up in splinters against the wall, and went upstairs to where the heads of his victims hung, magically preserved so they wouldn't rot. Displayed above the heads were hundreds and hundreds of pure white feathers, artfully arranged to form the shape of outspread wings. The feathers still faintly reeked of incense and holiness.

Scott bared his fangs at the dead angel and thrust out his hand. “You,” he said. “What have you done to me? The sun has never hurt me before! Why now? You've been gone for ages!”

The head, much like the sun, had no answer for him. *Typical*.

“You think this will stop me? You think you can still protect them, even from beyond the grave?” He turned on his heel with a haughty sniff. “You know, I think I'll go kill one of them right now. Maybe Gem again? Or one of the inchlings? I know how fond you were of the little pests. I'll bring back one of their heads to keep you company, shall I?”

Scott waited until he was down the stairs and out of sight before he cradled his hand to his chest and whimpered.

The walk back to Jimmy's home was long and arduous and painfully, *painfully*, maddening. Really, how did peasants manage on the day-to-day? One step at a time, no easy leaps over rough terrain, the blistering sun beating down every single moment. The hideous red umbrella he had dug out of storage was doing its job, but Scott could still *feel* the threat like a knife on his nape, like a wooden stake poised to plunge into his heart. He only made it a very short distance from his lands before he had to stop and hide in a grove of trees. There, he sulked and waited for sunset, huddled under his umbrella and viciously insulting the dead angel in every language he knew.

“This is a mere *inconvenience*,” Scott muttered. He tried not to be annoyed that he sounded like a goth teenager, not a powerful and terrifying creature of the night. “If an umbrella is all it takes to stop this... this *curse* or whatever it is... I mean, it's just not very effective, is it?” He peeked out to check the progress of the sun. “And if all you're trying to do is ruin my aesthetic, I *will* be getting a cuter umbrella. You can try to kill me all you like, but I will *burn this world to the ground* before you make me look unfashionable!”

The last bit of sunlight vanished from the horizon. Scott smiled and put the umbrella away, stretching and sighing as the moonlight soothed away the residual sting. He was a little hungry now, but that was fine, he could make a quick snack from one of Jimmy's cats, if he was desperate.

“Shelby's plan to cover the world in darkness is looking more tempting by the minute,” Scott said, more to himself than to anyone else who might be listening. He crouched and *leapt*, soaring high

above the trees and coming down again with hardly a sound, light on his feet, silent as a shadow. By now, it was easy to fall into the rhythm of fast travel, his mind free to wander and take in the scenery. When he passed by Heaven's Reach at a distance, he noticed that the church had gone dark. No lanterns, no candles, no sign of the old caretaker anywhere. Maybe the cleric had finally died or abandoned the place. By mortal standards, it had been a very long time since the angel fell. Scott had a feeling he wasn't the only one who had given up hope for his return.

No. Not *hope*. Wicked vampires didn't do hope. Caution, that was the word. He had been wary, always on edge, ever vigilant for the day when Sausage might come back with new abilities and a thirst for revenge. It would have been inconvenient yet also *interesting* to have a true enemy to pit himself against... but, alas. One couldn't have everything.

He left Heaven's Reach behind and forged onward. The hours passed, the moon reaching its apex and slowly beginning its descent. Scott kept one nervous eye on the horizon, but sunrise was still at least an hour away by the time he alighted on Jimmy's beach. He eased out a slow breath and told himself firmly it was *not* relief he felt. He had not been scared, *at all*, of being caught out in the sun and burned again. He refused to give the universe that satisfaction.

Just to show how utterly unconcerned he was, Scott took his sweet time strolling through the fields as the horizon slowly lightened. He didn't even touch the cats, though his mouth flooded with saliva at the sight of their warm little bodies. But, no. Poor Jimmy wasn't responsible for the sun suddenly deciding it hated him. Scott would be *nice* this time, he would even make the swap from inside the house instead of somewhere inconvenient like a cave or the bottom of a pond. Jimmy was likely awake by now, maybe a little woozy, he would appreciate being somewhere comfortable and safe from roving monsters. And Scott would take great pains to remind him next time that he didn't *have* to be this merciful. Jimmy should be *grateful* to still have his freedom and not be locked away in a dungeon never to see the light of day again.

Hmm. *There* was an idea. Maybe once Scott was home and had rested and devoured a villager or two, he would get to work on a new addition to his manor. He could build a truly magnificent dungeon if he tried, with all manner of chains and torture implements, blood and filth coating the walls, spooky moans and screams from tortured souls trapped and suffering. Yes, he quite liked that.

He was still pondering the concept, toying with a half-formed layout in his mind, as he laid himself down on Jimmy's bed and made the swap.

Darkness. A click of redstone, a piston shunting. His stomach dropped and he was falling, falling, dropping straight into *heat, fire, burning, PAINPAINPAINPAIN—*

—Scott *howled*, clawing, thrashing, nearly tearing off his own fingernails on the stone blocking his way. He couldn't move his legs, they were *in lava* up to his knees, slowly sinking, he was blinded and choking and *not understanding what went wrong, why this was happening—*

(—some ludicrous part of his brain chanted *boogeyman, boogeyman*, but it was one of those weird thought trains that only made sense in dream-logic, so quickly forgotten and dismissed—)

—the stone cracked, finally gave under the heat of the lava and his own relentless strikes. Scott had no idea where he found the strength when his body was one great big screaming mass of *OUCH*, but he pushed through the barrier to gravel, to sand, to *water*, and at last some of the mind-melting heat was left behind. But oh, the *paain*. This was not okay, it was bringing back too many memories of the blazes. He broke the surface of the river with a sobbing gasp and floundered until he found grass and could heave himself up onto a muddy shoreline. His body shook with reaction, waves of white-hot agony pulsing in time with a nonexistent heartbeat. His

stomach cramped again, and the pain lessened a tiny bit as sensation returned to his legs and feet.

But not all of it. Scott bit back an anguished noise at the sight of his scorched, weeping hands. That was it. His blood reserve was gone. He wouldn't heal until he fed again. And he had *no idea* where he was right now. Scott had never seen this part of the river before, too accustomed to navigating from the sky. His manor and villagers could be miles away in any direction. And Jimmy was all the way back at his home now, too far for his blood to be of any use...

...oh. Oh, of course. That conniving little *snake*.

“*TRAITOR!*” Scott bellowed at the surrounding trees. With a lot of effort and cursing, he dragged himself away from the water's edge and flopped down in an undignified heap, bloodlust roaring to life. If anything living had been in reach at that moment, it would have been ripped to shreds in two seconds flat. Oh, he was going to take great pleasure in making Jimmy suffer. This was no accident, this had been *planned*. An attempt on his life meticulously plotted out beat for beat, using Scott's own ability against him. He might have been impressed if he wasn't so unbelievably pissed that it *worked*.

Somewhere in all of this, past the pain and the rage and humiliation of being played for a fool, Scott felt a prickly warmth at his back. Gradual, incremental, slowly edging into noticeable discomfort, a canary song that he almost didn't heed until it was too late. His anger was instantly smothered, horror flooding him like a bucket of ice water.

The sun was rising.

The sun was rising.

“...oh god, oh god, oh god,” Scott whispered. A lingering habit from a previous life. Vampires had no one to pray to. He turned his face from the light and struggled to rise on trembling legs that didn't want to bear his weight. The stench of smoke hit his nose, and Scott frantically ditched his cloak, but that just exposed more of his skin, and whatever wasn't already burned was beginning to itch and tingle.

He moaned and curled in on himself, dizzy and feverish and terrified. “Oh god, *please...*”

The trees? Too far away. The water? Too far behind him now. The umbrella? He had no idea, probably burned up back in the lava trap. Scott darted a look up at the pale sky and wished he hadn't because now his *eyes* hurt. Black and white spots blotted out his vision, the beginnings of a migraine forming. It hurt, *it hurt*, everything hurt so much. It was going to hurt a lot more in a few minutes.

“Please, no. *Please*, no.” Scott couldn't make himself shut up. The shameful, delirious prayer poured from his lips without restraint. “Please, oh god, not this, *not this*, I'll do anything, oh god, oh god...”

He was going to lose everything. *Again*. He would have to start all over in an unfamiliar body, powerless and bumbling and *weak*, at the mercy of everyone he had wronged. No, *no*, he couldn't bear it. He would rather not come back at all.

A shadow fell across his face. Not enough to save him, all it did was prolong his suffering. Scott keened and blindly sought out the source of that blessed shadow. “Please,” he rasped. “Please, I need...”

A low chuckle. If Scott had been paying attention, he might have recognized it and felt true fear

for the first time in a long time.

“How the tables turn, my friend.”

Strong arms cradled him, lifted him up, and to his giddy relief, Scott was shrouded in complete darkness. The unnatural chill was a balm to his scalded skin. He smelled gravedirt and incense and let himself sink into it, so grateful that he didn't question, didn't even bother to open his eyes.

“You're lucky I heard you. Even now, still can't resist a good prayer. Let's have this reunion somewhere more fitting for our kind, hm?” A pause and another chuckle. “Maybe get you some new clothes, too. I know how you gotta be the most stylish one in the room.”

Scott slipped under, oblivion taking him while he was still trying to decide between *thank you* and *who are you*.

The first thing he knew upon waking was the exquisite, iron-like aftertaste that could only come from recent feeding. There was dried blood on his hands. Caked under his fingernails, smeared all over his lips and jaw, coating his tongue and throat. Scott cracked his eyes open, briefly confused as to why he wasn't in his manor... but recent memory filled in the blanks. His body was stiff and aching, as if he had been lying in the same position for hours, but he wasn't on the verge of death anymore. Small mercies.

The second thing he noticed were the bodies. Or what was left of them. Scott had *no* recollection of tearing those villagers limb from limb and flinging the pieces in all directions. So wasteful. So *messy*. But at least they weren't his *own* villagers, nor was this his church, so no need to concern himself with mopping up the pools of blood...

Wait. A church?

Scott turned his head, wide eyes roving from the dusty pews up to the stained glass windows. The glass was tinted, magically blocking out the sunlight and leaving the vast space as dark as night. The only light sources were a few stray, guttering candles and a single soul lantern, flickering strong and bright above the altar, casting everything in ghastly shades of blue and violet.

...okay, the vibes were *impeccable*, but this was unmistakably the Church of Saint Pearl. A place he hadn't set foot in since the day he decided to murder an angel. Scott bolted upright and noticed for the first time that his clothes had been changed. He was wearing - he recoiled and hissed a little - the robes of an acolyte of Saint Pearl. Though someone had gone through the trouble of dyeing them black, so it wasn't too horrendous. But still, *blegh*.

“Who did this?” Scott said in a low, dangerous voice that echoed back to him from the high ceilings. “Who brought me here?”

“That would be me.”

Scott hissed again, far louder and more panicked than he would have liked, and he was on his feet in a blink as someone stepped into view from the alcove behind the altar. Garbed in the same blasphemous dark robes with the hood drawn up to shroud his face. But Scott could see enough. And there was absolutely no mistaking the shadow on the wall. Unseen to the naked eye, a pair of featherless skeletal wings slowly unfurled to a span that nearly encompassed that entire half of the church, mantling over Scott like a predator.

“...you're supposed to be dead,” Scott whispered. He was trembling, he realized. Standing here like an idiot with his jaw on the floor, staring down the man he murdered. The soul lantern

brightened, so vivid that it made his eyes water, but Scott didn't dare to flinch or look away as Sausage lowered the hood and smiled down at him. More of a *smirk*, really. That same conceited, holier-than-thou grin that he remembered so well from another life.

Sausage held out his hands in a little *ta-da* motion. "Take a picture, Scott. It'll last longer."

"You're supposed to be *dead!*" Scott shouted. "I killed you! I have your head hanging on my wall!"

"Yeah, weeeeird. It's almost like we're both immortal or something, huh?"

"How long have you been back?" Scott looked around, taking note once again of the tinted glass. That would have taken quite some time to commission and install. "Clearly, the answer is *long enough.*"

"Aww, did you miss me that much?" As Sausage leaned forward and braced a hand on the altar, his robes shifted and revealed that one of his arms was entirely bone. Blackened and withered. "Wow, I had no idea you cared about me like that! Would've come around for a visit *much* sooner, if only I'd known."

Sausage turned and descended to Scott's level, casually pulling a fancy glove over the skeletal hand. "Sorry about the clothes, by the way," he said and gestured at a pile of charred rags in the far corner. "They were a lost cause, and I figured you'd prefer some modesty when you woke up." He laid a hand on his chest. "You see, unlike some people, I'm still a *gentleman* no matter what origin I'm rocking. I don't take pleasure *at all* in the prolonged torture and debasement of my enemies, no matter how badly they might have wronged me in the past."

Scott groaned. "Oh, for... would you shut up?" He rubbed his temples and breathed slowly in an effort to calm down, fury and fear warring within him. "I forgot you were like this. I honestly forgot."

"Like what?" Sausage said, all false innocence. "I'm just reconnecting with one of my *dear* friends from a past life. You know. After he brutally murdered me. Mauled me and drained all my blood and left my broken body to rot. Did you know there were witnesses? You traumatized a whole generation of poor innocent villagers! Think of the *children*, Scott."

"Oh. My god. Stop. Why are you *like this?*"

Sausage held out his arms. "Would you like a hug? You look like you could use a hug right now. You just went through a *very* stressful near-death experience, and I'd like to be a good friend and offer you some comfort in this trying time."

"Just kill me and get it over with!"

That seemed to bring him up short. Sausage dropped his arms and the sarcasm with it. "Kill you? Why do you think I want to kill you?"

"Do you really need to ask me that?" Scott made himself hold his head high, arms stiff at his sides. He had been waiting for this, hadn't he? He knew it was coming all along. And he would *not* go down begging for his life, no matter what awful torments Sausage decided to inflict on him. "Why else would you bring me here? This is your revenge, isn't it? Drag me off to the place where I killed you and..."

"And save your life?" Sausage said, with a nod to the bodies strewn all over the floor. "Let's be honest, if I wanted you dead, you were halfway there already. Wouldn't have taken much for me

to finish the job. So you tell me. Why are you still alive? Why aren't you tied up or locked in a dungeon or staked out in the sun right now?"

Scott... did not have an answer to that. Sausage wasn't stupid, there was no reason for him to go through all the trouble of bringing him food and letting him heal to full strength, not if he planned to murder Scott right after. But the only other explanation was that he wanted Scott alive, which didn't make *sense*. The angel he once knew had no reason to show him mercy. Angel Sausage had been dutiful, arrogant, sanctimonious, easily spooked by scary things, and above all, *predictable*. But this corrupted version bore only the slightest resemblance to that man. Scott had no idea what he wanted, what he was thinking, and that deeply unnerved him.

"The answer is very simple." Sausage approached him in measured steps, close enough that Scott had to tilt his head back to meet his gaze. There was something terribly wrong with his eyes. No light reflected in them, they were like depthless pits. And his scent had changed, too. Sausage didn't quite smell... *alive* any longer, yet he also wasn't fully undead either. It was the weirdest dichotomy Scott had ever experienced.

"I just have one thing to say to you, vampire. One thing I've been waiting to tell you from the moment I crawled out of my grave."

The gloved hand came up to cradle his cheek, and it took every ounce of restraint Scott had not to hiss and slap it away. Sausage leaned in to speak directly into his ear, beard rasping against his cheek, and Scott braced himself for a hidden weapon, a splash of holy water, *something* to make all of this make sense.

"...thank you, Scott."

Scott stiffened. "What?"

Sausage grabbed his face with both hands, laughing and smiling like a lunatic. "Thank you! Thank you, *thank you*, thank you so much! You set me free! I didn't even realize I needed it until it happened!"

"I'm... sorry. *What?*"

Mercifully, Sausage released him. He was practically prancing, doing a little spin in the center of the church with his arms outspread. "You really have no idea. It was *crushing* me. All of it, the responsibilities, the expectations. I *liked* being an angel, but see, here's the thing... the more gifts and miracles I granted for other people, the more they started to *expect* it and the less they cared about the work I had to do to keep the forces of evil at bay. And it was never going to end! Just more and more of the same, more of my power and effort going to waste on people who didn't appreciate it!"

He let his hands drop, the smile twisting into something closer to a snarl. "They didn't even finish my grave. They called my church a damned place and left it abandoned. Not one single prayer to Saint Pearl in all the years I was gone, so what did I even *do* all of that for? What was the *point*?" Sausage turned back to him, dark eyes almost hypnotic. "But I think I understand now. I know why you did what you did. This new power I've been given, it's... it's *intoxicating*. It's incredible! And it's who I am now, I can't help my nature, so why should I be shunned for having a little fun with it? Maybe I *want* them to fear me. Maybe I *like* the way they look at me now."

The soul lantern flickered again, dimming and brightening, and the taste of gravedirt hit the back of Scott's throat again.

“They could have had the angel,” Sausage said in a low voice, “but now the wether is all they’re left with.”

“...wow,” Scott said, mildly enthralled despite himself. “You know, when I turned into a vampire, I was literally just like ‘guess this is my aesthetic now’ and called it a day. Didn’t bother coming up with a whole evil monologue to justify myself. I have to say, I’m liking this new side of you.”

“I had a feeling you would,” Sausage said. The smugness was still annoying, but now that it wasn’t in the service of all things good and holy, Scott thought he could get used to it. “You want to see what I can do now?”

Scott flashed his fangs, more intrigued by the minute. “A demonstration? Just for me? My, oh my, Sausage. Are you trying to impress me?”

The angel would have gotten flustered and defensive at that. But now Sausage only gave him a playful wink. “Maaaaybe. But first, uhh...” He gestured tactfully to his own face. “You want to get cleaned up first? You’ve still got a little...”

“God, *yes*,” Scott said emphatically, finally allowing himself to cringe at the blood on his hands. There was a little bit on Sausage’s glove now as well, and the tiniest smear on his jaw that Scott was doing his best not to stare at and salivate over. “Where’s the washroom in this place?”

An hour later found them outside, standing on an overlook with the church at their backs. The sun had gone down, which startled Scott with the realization that he had been unconscious and at Sausage’s complete mercy for over half a day. Not a pleasant discovery. He could not afford to show such weakness again. Scott made sure to keep a bit of distance between them, arms crossed, letting the moonlight gradually restore him and fill him with new energy. He still didn’t *entirely* trust Sausage not to try something underhanded, but for now, his curiosity overruled his caution.

“See that village down there by the river?” Sausage said. He stood at the very edge of the cliffside, heedless of the lethal drop. Maybe he had forgotten he didn’t have wings. Or maybe this new incarnation had powers beyond what Scott could ascertain from a mere hour or two of close study.

“That’s your village, right?” Scott said.

“Not anymore, it’s not.” Sausage rolled up his sleeves and peeled off his glove, completely nonchalant about showing off his skeletal arm. “Just checking, you don’t have any particular attachment to anybody down there since I’ve been gone, right?”

Scott curled his lip. “The last time I was in that village, I was a mothling. Most of them thought I wasn’t sentient. And then some *child* tried to lock me in a lantern and use me as a nightlight.”

Sausage snickered. “I would’ve paid to see that,” he said.

“Please tell me you have a sinister plan involving that particular village? I’d love to see it burn to the ground.”

“Just watch, my friend.”

Sausage closed his eyes and breathed. In and out, once, twice. When he opened his eyes again, the irises flashed bright silver, and Scott stepped back when he sensed the air shifting, raw necromantic power gathering and coalescing. It formed into the shape of a skull billowing smoke that screeched and strained against the control of its master. But Sausage held it back, seemingly without any effort at all. He took his time, aiming with care, lips stretched in a wicked smile.

The skull was unleashed. It hurtled across the sky on an unwavering course for the village where it impacted the central square like a meteor and left a massive crater. The explosive radius completely demolished two buildings and carved another in half, tossing bodies high into the air. Fire caught on more than one roof and began to spread, to the melodious sound of fearful shouts and wails from the inhabitants.

Sausage laughed as he watched the hapless villagers scurry around in a panic. He summoned another skull, idly juggling it one-handed. "Think I can hit that storage building there? It's filled with hay bales. Should go up like a torch in two seconds flat."

"Do it," Scott said, a little breathless as he watched the second skull fly. As promised, the storage building exploded and was engulfed in searing white flames. The animals were panicking now, breaking free of their leads and trampling everything in their path. Some villagers were fleeing, either jumping into boats or running into the fields, though a brave few were still trying to put out the fires and pull their fellows out of danger.

Scott didn't care about them. He didn't care about the village at all. He couldn't tear his eyes from the corrupted angel raining down death and destruction on his people. A menacing silhouette against the dark sky, the wind whipped at his robes and hair as Sausage summoned yet another skull, a wild cackle erupting from his lips, and Scott...

Oh.

Oh.

Well, *this* was new.

"Again."

Sausage was already summoning a fourth skull even as the third took flight on an unerring course for the docks. Effortless, as easy as breathing, like he could do this all day and never tire. Scott skulked up behind him for a better view of the devastation, chin perched on his shoulder, one possessive hand sliding down to grasp at the jut of his hip.

"Again."

"Your wish, my command," Sausage purred and hurtled yet another skull. More than half the village was in flames by now, the survivors huddled together in a circle of fire and trying desperately to shield one another. Sadly, a good number of them never saw the next attack coming.

Scott nipped at Sausage's neck and snaked an arm around his waist to pull their bodies flush.

"Again," he growled in his ear.

Another skull. Another explosion. Scott would have looked, but he was occupied at the moment, attacking Sausage's neck in a single-minded frenzy, just barely cognizant enough to refrain from breaking skin. For once, the pulse of blood just under his lips was only a secondary concern. There was another kind of hunger at the forefront of his mind. A desire, a *carnality* that the moth had never shown the slightest inclination for. He wanted those powerful hands on him, that mouth put to better use than smartass comments and villainous monologues. In the most metaphorical and non-vampirish way possible, Scott wanted to *consume* this man. Drag him off to some quiet corner and give him a whole new reason to scream and beg on his knees.

Somewhere in the haze of lust, Scott felt strong fingers clutch at his hair, and he thought for a

moment he had gone too far, crossed a dangerous line. Until Sausage moaned and pressed back against him and tilted his head in blatant invitation. “Don’t stop,” he urged. “More. *Again.*”

“I still see people alive down there,” Scott taunted. Sausage made a frustrated noise and summoned three skulls at once, and Scott could instantly feel the strain that put on his body, muscles tensing and flexing, his nape drenched in cold sweat as he struggled to wrangle all three skulls in the same general direction. Scott expected them to miss their intended target by a mile. But they *didn’t*. Instead the skulls circled and spiraled around one another, linked by magic and intent, a monstrous body swiftly manifesting with all three heads as its guiding force.

“*Holy,*” Scott said, too stunned to keep the awe from his voice.

Sausage giggled. “More like, uh, *unholy.*” He turned and sagged in Scott’s arms, tremors overtaking him. “Wow. Oh, wow. I didn’t even know I could *do* that.”

The Wither swooped, eerily silent, and every green thing in and around the village instantly shriveled and decayed. Skulls flew in every direction, leveling the buildings, scarring the land, boiling the river. It would be centuries before anyone could even think of settling there again. Not unless they fancied walking through a field of wither roses and watching the skin melt from their bones. If any villagers were still alive, they surely wouldn’t be for long.

And Sausage was still standing. Already, he was catching his breath and taking some of his weight off Scott, no worse for wear after summoning a full-fledged Wither on the fly. And he was *smiling*. So indecently proud of himself for slaughtering hundreds of people in a matter of minutes. If Scott had needed any more proof that the angel was thoroughly dead and gone, this was it.

“What *are* you?”

“...you know, even I have no idea,” Sausage said huskily. His eyes darted down to Scott’s lips, and the hands resting loosely on his waist slid around to press at the small of his back, drawing him closer. “Wanna find out together?”

Scott seized him by the back of the head and yanked him down into a savage kiss. On another night, he might have been mortified by the ravenous noises he was making, but Sausage responded in kind, gripping him tight around the waist, nearly lifting him off his feet. *Oh*, he could get used to this. Scott raked his fangs along Sausage’s bottom lip, relishing the little whine of pain it evoked, and he graciously allowed the retaliation of an enthusiastic tongue down his throat.

Though he drew a line at the hand on his ass. Without warning, he bit down hard enough to make Sausage yelp. Blood gushed into his mouth, and Scott absently licked his lips as he pulled back. “Listen to me,” he hissed. “I swear to *everything*, I swear to your blessed saint above, if you’re only seducing me now so you can stab me in the back later...”

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Sausage said. He sounded half in a daze. Scott brought him back down to earth with a harsh yank on his hair.

“I *mean* it. I’ve already been crossed once today. If you turn on me as well, I won’t hear any excuses or pretty speeches, I’ll rip that silver tongue right out of your head.”

Sausage frowned. “Wait, who else turned on you?”

“Not important.” Scott swallowed again. Licked his lips. Huh. That was... he reached up and traced his thumb along Sausage’s bottom lip. His blood looked no different than the last time Scott

had seen it. No different from the blood of every other creature he had ever fed upon. And yet...

“Oh yeah. Um.” Sausage winced and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “Probably doesn’t taste very good, huh? Me being half dead and all...”

Scott stuck his thumb in his mouth and sucked. He groaned, eyes nearly rolling to the back of his head. If Sausage hadn’t been holding onto him, his knees might have given out.

He heard Sausage’s heart rate pick up, the scent of raw fear drenching the air between them.

“Uhhh, you alright, Scott? Your eyes are looking kinda... glowy and demonic...”

Slowly, Scott pushed him back, all the way back until Sausage was pinned to the wall of the church. “*Do not fight me,*” he said, his own voice barely recognizable, resonating with a hellish command.

He honestly couldn’t tell if Sausage was terrified or turned on. He was getting mixed signals from the blown pupils and quickened breathing. Sausage gulped. And he tipped his head back, eyes squeezed shut. He was shaking worse than *Jimmy*, fingers gripping tight to the folds of Scott’s robe.

“I won’t kill you this time,” Scott said. He nestled in close and pressed a kiss to the soft skin under his jaw. “You’re too precious to waste like that again,” he murmured.

Sausage gave a nervous giggle. “G... Good to know...?”

He gasped when Scott’s fangs pierced his neck, bucking against him once in what seemed like a reaction of pure survival instinct. But that was the extent of his resistance. He didn’t plead, didn’t fight. Clearly, he had learned his lesson the first time. Scott let his eyes slip shut and drank deeply. The ambrosial taste, which he had only gotten a little hint of before, bloomed on his tongue like wine, but *oh dear god*, no wine had ever intoxicated him like this. If angel blood had been like an enchanted apple, this was that same forbidden fruit reborn into the most decadent and sinfully self-indulgent dessert he had ever known. Scott drank and drank and *drank* and had the fleeting thought that villagers would never taste the same again. His palate was too refined now, he was ruined, utterly ruined, he couldn’t go back after this taste of paradise.

Sausage made a broken noise, muffled in his shoulder. Scott snarled in warning, but quickly came to his senses and wrenched himself back, gasping for breath. Too much, he had taken *too much*. Anyone else would have been dead by now.

“Sausage?”

“I’m... I’m okay.” Even Sausage sounded surprised. He reached up to touch the bleeding punctures in his neck and stared at the blood on his fingers with something akin to wonder. “I’m *okay*. It barely even hurt! It felt...” A slow, rapturous smile spread across his face. “It felt *good*.”

“...I think you’re a bit lightheaded,” Scott said. He went to press a hand to the bite, to staunch the bleeding. But Sausage pushed his hand away and urged Scott toward his neck again. “Sausage,” he said sternly.

“Scott,” Sausage said. “Scott, I’m half wither. The only thing I feed on is souls.” He looked Scott in the eye and whispered against his lips. “*I don’t need blood to stay alive.*”

Scott blinked. And indeed, Sausage looked completely fine. Not sweaty and pallid with blood loss, still fully aware and in command of his senses. His heartbeat had not faltered even once. It

was too good to be true, Scott thought giddily. A source of blood that was not only delicious, but also infinite and *willing*?

“...what *are you*?”

“Definitely not an angel anymore,” Sausage said. And when Scott forcefully turned his head and bit the other side of his neck, Sausage closed his eyes and surrendered with barely a sigh, panting and dragging his nails down his back and writhing against Scott in slow, languorous motions. Any more of this and the two of them would soon be in no fit state to be in public. Not that there was anybody else around to see anything spicy. And in a way, wasn't it more fitting to let the night alone bear witness?

Oh yes, Scott thought as he withdrew his fangs and kissed the wither man again with blood on his lips. He could *definitely* get used to this.

End Notes

...listen, I'll stop writing Horny Vampire Fics when Scott stops giving the fans everything we want, okay?!

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