

allowed a little vice

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by Anonymous

Summary

Zam needed money.

That was his main motivation, walking up to the quaint little building, advertised as a way to help both vampires and those in need of extra cash. Pangi was sick, and they couldn't afford the medication needed to fight off the infection. That was the only reason he, despite all of Pangi's outcries and pleas for sense, signed those papers that released the business from liability. Why instead of checking for blood draw donation, he chose live donation, chose to allow a vampire to drink directly from his arteries.

Notes

Hi. I promise I'm still working on the last chapter of the 5+1, it's just being a little bitch. Take some gay ass vampires to tide you over in the meantime. I didn't read this over so excuse any stupid mistakes, lol.

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That was his main motivation, walking up to the quaint little building, advertised as a way to help both vampires and those in need of extra cash. Pangi was sick, and they couldn't afford the medication needed to fight off the infection. That was the only reason he, despite all of Pangi's outcries and pleas for sense, signed those papers that released the business from liability. Why instead of checking for blood draw donation, he chose live donation, chose to allow a vampire to drink directly from his arteries.

It paid nearly four times as much as regular draw, he reasoned. With this, he could afford the first round of Pangi's medication, and could come back in a few weeks to allow him to buy the second, and the third and final after that. It was so much more risky, sure, that's why he had to sign so many liability forms, but it was worth it.

After he filled out all those forms, proving his identity and having to make sure that he was totally okay with being treated like a capri-sun, he went back to get his blood tested.

And after all was said and done, *come back tomorrow*, they said. Come back after we call you and match you up, as long as your blood is clean. Gods, the way these forms were worded made him feel like a piece of meat. That's what he was, though, wasn't it? Just food for a predator one step above him on the food chain.

Pangi wouldn't stop pestering him once he got back to their small apartment, even if he couldn't get up from the couch without Zam's help.

It's risky.

He knows. There's a reason why live donation paid so much more; there was a lot more risk in allowing the bloodsuckers access straight from the source.

What if you react badly?

Some people found out they were allergic to the venom the hard way, with a vampire's teeth still in their neck. It was one of the biggest risk-factors in allowing a vampire to drink from you for the first time, because they were not likely going to be able to stop themselves before the anaphylaxis takes away your ability to breathe.

What if it makes you weak, what if you get sick too?

It didn't matter to him. Helping Pangi get better was the most important thing to him. He didn't care if he got sick, or reacted horribly, or if it was painful as hell, or even if he died. If he died, the settlement that would get paid out to Pangi afterwards would be enough to cover his meds *and* his rent for the next three months, anyways. So it would be worth it, to give him that chance again.

Those factors were what gave his shaking hands the strength to answer his phone at noon the next day, giving him the all clear and informing him that he already had a match. He could come in later that day if he had time for it, even.

Worked perfectly for him, he even had the next day off work. He'd have an entire day afterwards to rest and recover. On his way out of work, after changing out of his uniform, he texted Pangi that he'd be late home that day and turned off his phone.

He couldn't deal with a barrage of texts and calls trying to convince him to change his mind last-minute. With the way adrenaline was starting to hit him, it might just work. He wouldn't let it.

He was just glad the shaking didn't affect his ability to drive.

He walked into the location, signed the papers, and then had to wait. He was there forty minutes early, just long enough to start to regret his decision making skills. This was stupid, he was going to find a way to mess it up somehow and he was going to die not because of an asshole vampire, but because he was so embarrassed he exploded.

Oh gods, what if he tasted bad? He had eaten take out a few too many times over the past couple of weeks, what if it made his blood taste funky? Or what if he smelled bad?

The mental image of a vampire caring about how he smelled was enough to make him almost laugh out loud. He'd be fine. Probably.

Without a phone to distract him, left in his car so he could avoid the temptation, he stared at the little TV in the corner of the little lobby area. It felt far too similar to a waiting room in a doctor's office, and that managed to ease his nerves a bit.

He was just going to get his blood drawn. By a vampire. Into their mouth. Maybe the lady on the screen trying to sell him this blood pressure medication would be able to help him stay calm enough.

He honestly got distracted by the frankly dumb way of advertising this medication, the commercial ridiculously long, with an equally long list of side-effects to match. He was so engrossed in the goofy imagery of people looking way too happy for the high rate of heart issues that he nearly jumped out of his skin at the sound of the door opening, the nice lady who was at the front counter calling his name.

The hallway was a blur, his heart back to jackrabbit tempo, and he had to take a moment to wipe the sweat off of his hands and onto his pants.

She walked him to a room, before asking for the final time if he wanted to back out.

No, he had said, with a voice crack raising his tone an entire octave. She gave him a reassuring smile, told him that he would be okay, then let him into the room where the monster sat.

If it weren't for the horns, he would look like any person he'd see on the subway, with a phone in his hand and a casual outfit. No dramatic trims or wafting capes to be seen.

At the sound of the door clicking, the man in front of him looked up, and his eyes nearly made Zam jump. One a toxic green, the other purple with a black sclera. Oh, but he was

pretty though. As he stood up, Zam even noticed that he was wearing a crop top, leaving a sliver of his stomach exposed.

He wasn't supposed to find the monster hot, what the fuck.

He had to take a second to reboot his brain, shaking the vampire's hand.

Subz, his name was. He frowned at the shakiness in Zam's voice, and even asked if he was okay.

Despite clear doubts, Subz took his claim of *I'm fine* at face value. Gods, that would have to be the most embarrassing way to escape the encounter. A vampire thinking he's too chicken to be drank from.

Surprisingly gentle hands lead him to the couch across the room, guiding him to sit down next to Subz.

"Is this your first time donating live?" He asked. "They didn't tell me." One of his hands stayed on Zam's wrist, rubbing circles that helped soothe him, even just a small bit. Why did he expect him to be cold?

"Uh, this is my first time donating, yeah. At all." Zam giggled nervously. This felt so weird, and he hadn't even gotten the fangs on his skin yet.

Subz raised an eyebrow at this admission, though he didn't look very surprised. "No wonder you showed up so early."

"Well, I wouldn't have driven here *that* early, I had work before this and figured it wasn't worth it to go all the way home just to have to leave again right away and- oh."

He stopped at the feeling of a thumb brushing along the side of his neck, Subz leaning closer to him. "Um, getting right into it, I guess?"

"What? I'm hungry, Zam. This is what we came here for, right?" Subz leaned back, pulling Zam with him. He was almost hovering over him, completely unbalanced from where he had been sitting before.

"Uh, yeah, mhm." He was at a loss for words, those eyes making him feel like an insect pinned and displayed.

"Come here, it will be more comfortable this way," Subz said, pulling Zam into his lap.

Now his heart wasn't just racing out of nerves, with this *very pretty* man leaning in incredibly close to his neck.

Relax, he said, hand at the small of his back, hand on the right side of his neck, tilting his head to the side. Zam would close his eyes, but he felt transfixed. His heart jumped when he felt lips brush his skin.

Subz chuckled at that, and he was able to hear it, couldn't he? Zam's face burned, and the speedy pace of his pulse didn't let up when he felt teeth replace lips, digging in slightly.

One exhale later and those teeth were in his neck. While the pain was sharp, it only lasted for a moment before warmth swirled in his veins, filling his limbs with jelly. Gods, this was *nice*. Warm hands and soft lips, he hadn't even noticed when Subz removed his teeth and started drinking. The supporting hands made much more sense when he couldn't help but relax entirely into his hold.

The teeth dragging across his skin no longer felt like danger, they felt like escape. The venom in his veins made him feel more at ease than he had in months, no longer feeling like he had to be alert at every breath.

Was this ecstasy?

The fog started to lift slightly, before he felt the sharp pin pricks again; the warmth rushing down his limbs again, stronger than before. He leaned into the jaws of the monster eating him alive with a sigh.

Subz started to suck on the skin of his neck, and wow, that was a strange feeling. He could feel the blood leaving his veins, and it just felt *good*. It was incredible how comfortable he managed to feel, with how intimate and strange this entire endeavor was.

He didn't even notice when gauze replaced lips, and he was shifted to lean forward against Subz's chest. He simply drifted, enjoying the warm contact and fuzz in his brain.

The pop rocks in his skull eventually dissipated, to his disappointment, before he remembered very suddenly that he was lounging in the arms of a vampire who had just been drinking from his neck.

He sat up, head rushing, before seeing the sweet sated look on Subz's face. He couldn't help staring at his lips, Zam's blood still surrounding them.

Something had to be wrong with Zam, with how hot he found that.

"You doing okay?" Subz asked, feeling far too casual for what had occurred.

It made sense, honestly. For Zam, this was life changing, but for Subz this was just another Tuesday.

"I'm okay, I think," he said, still slightly woozy from the sudden movement. He was surprised he wasn't still shaky, considering the blood loss, but he could take a win when he got one. "Do you always go for the neck?"

Subz pulled the gauze away from his neck, leaning back in to check the bite marks. "Only when they're cute," he responded, before licking the blood left on Zam's neck.

Zam yelped, jumping back and tipping over. Falling on the floor didn't help his dizziness, and neither did Subz's laugh, ringing in his ears. "What the fuck, man?" He said, face bright red.

“The look on your face was priceless, oh my god,” he laughed, before moving to help Zam up.

He couldn't help but start to giggle a bit, with how absurd the situation was. He happily accepted the hand offered, following him back towards the door. Subz lead him towards a bathroom, all kitted out with supplies that he could bandage himself before spinning back to face him.

He leaned down, pressing a featherlight kiss to his cheek before leaning back. “Request me next time you come here, will you?” He asked, before walking away down the hall.

Zam stumbled into the bathroom, and couldn't help but stare at the lipstick mark of blood on his face.

Just what had he gotten himself into?

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