

Another Full Moon

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Another Full Moon

by [Fire_Cat](#)

Summary

Another full moon, another night where wolf howls echo in the distance.

Etho knows to be careful of werewolves, to avoid them if he sees them. But encountering a good friend during a rough transformation isn't something he can walk away from, even if it would be safer to do so.

Another full moon, another morning waking up exhausted and in pain.

Bdubs knows that stress will agitate his wolf and make transformations difficult, it had happened before, it would happen again. Werewolves can do a lot of damage to themselves when agitated, so perhaps it's a good thing he has a friend willing to try to help him.

(Also known as Etho finds Bdubs on a full moon night again, it's not going to be as easy to deal with as it was back then though, and Bdubs is in for a rough time..)

Notes

At last I am back with more vampire au fic! Took a little longer than I would of liked to get

this done but I'm happy to finally have it finished! This is another plot for this au that my friend CJ and I have had in place for ages, have looked forward to writing it and it was fun to finally get to a point where I thought it would fit nicely!

And yes this is a multi chapter fic- well, a two parter. Because with how I want to write it, splitting it seemed like the best idea. (And this is already 4k words long so putting it all as one thing would make it gigantic. I've already started the second part, so hopefully it won't be too long a wait, we shall see though!

Not entirely sure if this part warrants the usual 'can be read as romantic if you like' disclaimer aside from maybe one or two lines. The second part of it will probably be more present but we shall see!

I really didn't know how to tag this one feel free to let me know if there's anything you think I should add to the tags! And more will be added for the second part when I post it!

But anyway, as always, a big thank you to my amazing friend CJ for building this au with me and being generally wonderful! And today, also a thank you to Cazuchan for doing some beta-ing for me for this fic, much appreciated! Damn this is a long start note, enjoy the fic!

A Long Night

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Another month, another full moon, another night where the air felt strangely still, soon to be punctured by distant wolf howls.

It didn't bother Etho, not in the slightest, but everyone else seemed to make a big deal of it, and lately, he had started to keep a closer eye on the moon's phases. Only because recent friendships made it slightly more useful to track.

He'd been told many times over the years to be careful if he was going out on a full moon. The wolves usually kept to the forest but you could never be too careful, and sometimes one would stroll into the city a little way. It wasn't rare, and Etho had seen it happen up close multiple times.

He knew that werewolves were dangerous, of course he did, but he was more than capable of dealing with the stray wolves who may try to cause problems for him.

Besides, he'd lived too long to be scared of the big bad wolf anymore.

Tonight, he thought, would be no different. It had only just gotten dark, the moon hadn't quite risen yet, but it would soon, and then the usual song and dance would begin.

Something caught his eye as he strolled down the empty path that bordered the forest. A familiar scent and a figure that he knew stood awkwardly and alone amongst the trees.

Etho stopped walking and squinted at the person, trying to focus on exactly what he was seeing.

It was Bdubs, that part was easy. Dressed in nothing but a loose t-shirt and shorts, Etho could see how exhausted he looked even from this distance. How he stood with his arms wrapped around himself, staring blankly ahead and trembling slightly. Though whether that was from the cold or the fear that Etho could smell from here, he wasn't sure.

Part of him wanted to call out, to see if he was okay, but he wasn't so sure if it was a good idea. It didn't look like he'd been noticed, the moon would rise any minute now. It was better if he kept his distance. Safer. For both of them, probably.

Besides, Bdubs would be fine. Etho knew that the full moon stressed werewolves out. He was probably just stressed, nothing to worry about.

Right?

Then again... He hadn't seen Bdubs all week, hadn't spoken to him much either. All he knew was that he'd been busy with work, and right now he didn't look okay...

The moon finally emerged and crept above the horizon, its white glow quickly hitting the ground.

Etho stepped back into the shadows, watching from afar as Bdubs' gaze snapped up to the sky, his eyes going wide as he saw the moon above him.

He stared at it, unblinking as if he was unable to look away. The tension in his body grew enough that even from this distance; it was unmissable. Bdubs gripped at the front of his shirt, his gaze

finally dropping from the sky as he screwed his eyes shut and grit his teeth in pain.

Etho couldn't help but stare at him. He wasn't sure he wanted to see this. Didn't want to see his friend suffer, but he didn't look away.

Bdubs' knees gave out and he caught himself on his palms before he hit the ground. He was panting, trembling, bathed in the moon's light. Etho could hear quiet whimpers coming from him and it tugged on something deep within him.

Etho had seen werewolves transform before, had seen how excruciating and dreadful the whole process was. But this time it was someone he knew, someone he was close to and cared about, and that made it different. Made it difficult to watch. But it wasn't something that could be stopped.

Usually, if he encountered something he didn't want to see, he'd just leave. But leaving Bdubs in this state felt wrong, even if there was nothing that could be done for him. It would be safer if he left, but he couldn't bring himself to.

The tension in the air could be cut with a knife. It was broken by an agonizing cry that almost seemed to echo through the forest. The wolf inside Bdubs was waking and changing him.

Fabric ripped and joints cracked as Bdubs' body grew, his limbs stretching, bones popping and reshaping themselves. Sharpened claws scraped at the dirt and dark fur sprouted from his skin.

Another pained cry shook the air, the sound shifting into a strangled snarl that went straight through Etho. He found himself turning away from what he was witnessing, pressing his back against a nearby tree and covering his ears.

He didn't want to see this. Didn't want to watch his friend suffer like that. Didn't want to hear his screams.

If he had a heartbeat he was sure it would be racing right now. He didn't know if that feeling was fear or adrenaline. Things like this didn't usually affect him so much...

Eventually, the cries stopped and everything fell silent again. An almost eerie quiet that lasted maybe thirty seconds, before an ear-splitting howl rang through the area.

Etho hadn't quite expected it and it made him flinch. He looked back at where Bdubs was. Or rather, where he had been. Now, all that stood there was a big brown wolf, its head thrown back as it howled.

The sound faded, and Etho watched as the wolf listened, its ears twitching, but there was no response. No more wolves calling from elsewhere. Etho briefly wondered why but didn't give it too much thought.

It wasn't safe here. Etho needed to leave. There was nothing he could do to help this situation, in fact, being here would probably just make it worse.

A growl met Etho's ears and he brought his focus back to the wolf. Still stood behind the tree, obscured by the shadows, nothing should be able to see him.

But maybe it could smell him. Sniffing the air, the wolf started walking towards him. An aggressive growl revealing jaws full of to-sharp teeth.

Etho took a step back, keeping his eyes on the beast. This was his cue to get as far away as possible.

Just leaving still didn't sit well with him though.

He wasn't given time to think before the wolf lunged at him, snapping its teeth and only narrowly missing grabbing his arm. Etho's quick reflexes kicked in and allowed him to jump out the way, but that was much too close for comfort.

Okay, regardless of whatever he was going to do about this, he couldn't stay on ground level where he was within biting range.

Etho moved fast and clambered up a nearby tree. With his back to the beast, he didn't see it jump at him again until he felt its jaws sink into his leg.

He yelled as he was dragged back down, losing his grip on the tree trunk. His back hit the ground with a thud and he winced, kicking at the wolf with his free leg to try and get it to let go of him.

Those sharp fangs had sliced right through the leather of his boot and he could feel them piercing his skin. It hurt a lot, he wasn't sure he'd been bitten by a werewolf before, so there was a first time for everything.

“Let go!” He grunted as his heel made contact with the wolf's nose, making it yelp and release him from its jaws.

Etho scrambled to his feet and aimed for the tree again, this time managing to climb up and out of the wolf's reach whilst it was still stunned.

He sat in the branches and watched the wolf pace below him, trying to block out the pain that throbbed up his leg.

“You're lucky curses don't stack, big guy,” he muttered to himself, glancing down at the teeth marks in his boot. Being infected with lycanthropy wasn't a risk here, which was nice. Although that didn't make the injury hurt any less.

It was something he could deal with later though, right now he wanted his focus to remain on the large brown beast that was clawing at the tree trunk trying to get to him.

There was an odd sense of deja vu floating around right now, this wasn't the first time he'd been sat in a tree with Bdubs' wolf below him. Weird that this had happened twice.

Last time he hadn't been bitten though, so that was different.

Etho stayed up in the tree, watching as the wolf paced and snarled and clawed at the ground. Occasionally jumping at him and snapping its jaws, though never coming close to grabbing him again.

He wasn't sure how long this lasted before something changed. The wolf started to lose interest in him, it didn't go far, but its behaviour shifted from growling at the vampire in the tree to tearing up the ground.

It looked around before charging at a nearby small tree, hitting it with enough force that it came crashing down, kicking up a cloud of dirt and stray leaves.

The wolf tore at the downed tree, ripping chunks of wood out with its claws and gnawing at the bark. The destruction didn't seem to hold its attention for long though before it turned its teeth on itself.

Etho watched as the wolf chewed at its paws and legs. He could already smell his own blood, and as the wolf tore at its flesh that quickly mixed with the much more potent scent of the beast's blood.

Why was it hurting itself though? He'd never seen a werewolf do that, what was going on?!

Blood dribbled from the wolf's wounds and clung to its teeth, matting its dark fur. Its face twisted as it snarled and wailed, pausing only to howl into the night air again. There was still no response from other wolves.

Etho didn't understand, why was it hurting itself? Why would it do that? He didn't think he knew enough about wolves to figure this out himself, but he couldn't just let this happen. There had to be something he could do! Werewolves could do so much damage and he didn't want Bdubs to be in any more pain than the full moon already brought him.

It was much harder to pull his eyes away from the sight in front of him than he would have expected, rummaging through his coat pockets to find his phone.

Ignoring how his hands shook, he unlocked it and scrolled through his contacts. He knew one person who could probably help him right now.

<Etho> hey Doc is it normal for werewolves to bite at themselves?

He sent the message and hoped it wouldn't take long for the other vampire to reply. He was probably up and about too anyway.

<Docm77> it happens. why? what are you doing?

<Etho> watching Bdubs' wolf, it's hurting itself and I don't know why

<Docm77> stressed?

<Etho> I have no idea maybe. I haven't spoken to him much lately

There was a pause in Doc's responses and Etho bit at his lip under his mask, looking back at the wolf below him. It was chewing at the tree it had knocked down again, but the bite and claw marks on its hide and the blood in its fur were hard to miss even in the dark. It didn't look like it was putting all its weight on one of its legs either, which was worrying.

Two minutes passed before his phone buzzed again.

<Docm77> do you need to hunt tonight?

<Etho> no

<Docm77> are you hurt?

Etho glanced down at his injured leg, it still hurt and it would for a while. But it wasn't terrible, his pain tolerance was pretty high, and he could still walk on it, it'd be fine.

<Etho> no I'm fine

There was another pause, followed by two long and remarkably serious-sounding messages.

<Docm77> okay. Etho, you need to keep that wolf occupied. If it's stressed and agitated that'll be why it's hurting itself, and if it's bored that'll make things worse. Bdubs is going to be in for a

rough morning but if you can try to minimize the damage done to himself it'll help him a lot.

<Docm77> And I don't know where you two are right now but you NEED to keep Bdubs away from the rest of the pack, Ren WILL NOT hesitate to attack if an agitated and aggressive wolf gets too close.

Etho read the messages over twice, frowning at his screen. He wanted to help, of course he did, but how the heck did he occupy a werewolf? And Bdubs was with the wolf pack why would they hurt him?

<Etho> but Bdubs is part of the pack, why would Ren attack him?

<Docm77> a threat is a threat, Rens wolf's first instinct is to protect the pack, even from other members

<Etho> right, okay

Etho swallowed, looking down again as he heard the wolf bark and snarl, still tearing into the fallen tree trunk.

<Etho> how do I occupy a werewolf?

<Docm77> I don't know dude give it something to chase just be careful

Give it something to chase? It wasn't even midnight yet, letting a wolf chase him all night sounded exhausting.

He'd have to think of something though, it was going to be a long night but he needed to try and help his friend if he could.

After sending a quick thank you message he put his phone back in his pocket and focused on the wolf again, it was clawing at its ears and head now, still growling.

"Hey!" Etho found himself shouting down at the wolf before he'd thought through what he was going to do. His voice caught the wolf's attention and it stopped what it was doing to look at him. "You bored down there?" The wolf snarled, hackles raised as it approached the tree Etho was perched in.

Etho ran his options through his head. He'd like to avoid getting bitten again, so staying in the trees was probably the best idea. Moving on the ground was easier though. He could outrun the wolf without too much difficulty, he'd just have to be careful not to let it get too close again.

He could also move between the ground and the trees, that could work too.

'If only he had a very large tennis ball.' He thought. 'Dogs love tennis balls right? That would keep it occupied.'

Etho shook the silly thoughts away and shifted his weight so that his feet were underneath him, ignoring how his leg hurt and keeping his eyes on the wolf down below him.

He just had to keep the wolf busy, had to give it something to do so that it wouldn't hurt itself any more than it already had.

Easier said than done he was sure, but he'd do his best.

Etho leapt out of the tree, wincing as the landing sent pain jolting up his leg. Maybe he should be

careful about which foot he put his weight on tonight.

He glanced over his shoulder to see the wolf about fifteen feet behind him, its bright amber eyes almost seeming to glow under the moonlight.

“Bet you can’t catch me again!” he taunted, and the wolf lunged.

He broke into a sprint before it could reach him, he wasn’t letting it get close to him again.

His first few steps were considerably more painful than he’d expected, either that bite wound was worse than he thought or werewolf bites just hurt more, he didn’t know. Either way, he did his best to ignore it. It didn’t matter right now, he could still run so he was fine. Besides, there were more important things to worry about.

He could hear the wolf following him, the sound of bounding steps and loud pants reaching his ears. Jaws snapping as it tried to bite at his heels, the gap between them was too big for its teeth to even come close, which Etho was glad for. He would like to avoid getting bitten again. Thank you very much.

He just had to keep moving. That was probably the best plan. Keep moving but not too fast so that the wolf always knew where he was.

Keeping the wolf’s attention proved harder than he thought it would. It would gladly chase him when he was on the ground, but as soon as he jumped up into the trees it would lose interest very quickly and resort to tearing at whatever it could get its teeth on. Be that the things around it, or itself.

Etho couldn’t help but wonder exactly what had left Bdubs in such a state that his wolf would act like this. Assuming that there was a connection anyway. It was certainly possible, maybe he’d ask later.

He noticed the wolf wasn’t quite putting all its weight onto its left foreleg either, which worried him. He hoped that the wound wasn’t as serious as it looked and wouldn’t hurt Bdubs too badly once the sun rose.

As he moved through the forest with the wolf, Etho kept an eye out for any signs of other werewolves. He trusted that Doc knew what he was talking about and didn’t want to risk Bdubs getting close to the rest of the pack if Ren was likely to attack him. Ren was much bigger, much stronger, Etho didn’t need to be all that smart to figure out who would win that fight.

Another question popped into Etho’s head as he jumped between trees. Had Bdubs known to keep his distance tonight, or was it just a very lucky coincidence?

It didn’t matter right now. He could wonder about all that later.

The night wore on. Etho continued running. The wolf continued chasing. For once a werewolf’s instinct to attack a vampire on sight was proving very useful.

Every so often he’d jump up into the trees. It gave him a chance to rest for a few minutes and to check the time. He’d looked up when the moon would set, and he was now practically counting down the minutes until it finally sunk below the horizon.

That’s not when this would end though. There was a roughly fifteen-minute window between moonset and sunrise today. That wasn’t a lot of time to check on Bdubs and to get home before the sun came up. Etho was sure to get burnt, and he was already dreading it.

Whatever happened after Bdubs transformed back into human form, Etho would have to work fast.

The hours passed much too slowly, and Etho could feel himself tiring. The wolf, however, didn't seem at all worn out. It had more energy than he did clearly, which wasn't ideal.

His leg was still hurting too which wasn't helpful, and he'd quickly taken to landing on his right foot whenever he jumped out of trees in hopes of easing some of the pain in his left. He could still run just fine, it hurt, but he was fine. He'd had worse than a little wolf bite.

Eventually, the sky started to grow lighter, his phone buzzed in his pocket as it always did this close to sunrise, and Etho wasn't sure he'd ever been so glad that morning was here.

He checked the time again, the moon should be setting any minute now. The wolf finally seemed to have calmed down, pacing back and forth at the base of the tree Etho was perched in, still limping slightly, but no longer growling or snarling.

He waited, and he watched, and finally, the moon dipped below the horizon.

For reasons that he couldn't quite figure out, he found himself looking away as the wolf howled one more time, the sound of cracking joints and pained whimpers finding his ears, followed by a soft thud of a body falling to the dirt.

Only once the air was quiet again did Etho peer down from his spot in the branches, and sure enough, he saw Bdubs curled up at the base of the tree. Unconscious, naked and far too still.

Etho sighed and jumped down from his perch, landing on his right foot and continuing to ignore the sticky blood that had pooled in the bottom of his left boot.

He'd expected Bdubs to be in a bad state, the wolf had been covered in bites and scratches, limping when it walked and dripping with blood. But seeing Bdubs in that state made Etho's stomach twist uncomfortably. There was no fur to hide the severity of the wounds anymore, and some did look nasty.

There were cuts all over his arms and legs, wounds from sharp teeth and claws cutting through his skin and oozing blood. His left arm was completely coated in it, a deep gash and vicious bite marks explaining why the wolf had been limping. There was a cut on his face too, dripping blood down his cheek.

Etho swallowed and stepped closer, glancing at the time once again before shoving his phone into his pocket. He had just under fifteen minutes to figure out what to do here.

He dropped down onto his knees and leaned close, listening for Bdubs' heartbeat and making sure that he was breathing. When the sound of both reached his ears Etho felt relief race through him.

All these injuries though, these were serious. They needed tending to. You couldn't just take a werewolf to the hospital. But he'd probably already lost a lot of blood and something had to be done!

Etho gently shook Bdubs' shoulder, "Bdubs? Bdubs can you hear me?" he said, hoping that he'd stir, that he'd wake up and know what to do more than Etho did right now. "Bdubs? Please wake up.." he shook his shoulder again, being careful not to hurt him further.

There was no response though. No sign that Bdubs had heard or was going to wake up.

Etho ran his hand through his hair as he glanced at the sky. The sun was coming up. He was

running out of time. But he couldn't leave Bdubs here!

The light was making his skin itch.

“Okay... Okay..” he muttered to himself, running things through his head. He couldn't treat injuries like this out here, but he did have first aid supplies in his apartment. Well, he had bandages and the likes anyway, since that was all he usually needed when he hurt himself.

He knew roughly where he was, and home was a bit of a way away but if he ran he could make it before the sun rose.

He just had to be quick. No dawdling. No distractions. If he just left Bdubs out here so far from the rest of the wolf pack, he didn't know who would find him or when. How long he'd be out here alone, injured and vulnerable. If anyone would find him at all...

“Bdubs, wake up, please.” Etho tried one more time, but still, he got no response. This wasn't going to work, and he was running out of time.

Etho grabbed the zipper on his coat and tugged it down, shrugging it off and carefully wrapping it around Bdubs. He'd done this once before, the last time he'd found Bdubs on a full moon night. That time had been significantly less stressful though.

The sky was getting brighter, the sunlight was starting to hurt his eyes.

Etho had a hoodie on underneath his coat, and he pulled the hood up over his head, hoping it might protect him from the light a little. He wanted to avoid getting burnt if at all possible.

He shifted his weight so that he could get his feet underneath himself, and then very carefully, he scooped Bdubs up in his arms. Trying not to jostle him too much as he stood and adjusted his hold on him so that he was comfortable.

He couldn't help but stare down at Bdubs' limp form for a few moments, he knew that werewolves were tough, stronger than humans when it came to the injuries they could survive. But they weren't invulnerable. And as far as he knew, they could still get sick or even die from injuries sustained from their wolves.

And that thought alone scared Etho, it really did. He cared about this odd little man. More than he would admit to. More than he'd ever thought he would. It was still strange, but the thought of something happening to him was not a nice one.

With one more look at the dawn sky, Etho started running toward home. He was fast, and getting to his apartment in the ten or so minutes before sunrise should be possible, even when not able to run at full speed.

He just had to hope that once he'd patched Bdubs up the best he could and let him rest, he'd wake up and be okay. Or as okay as he could be right now, anyway.

He'd call Doc too, let him know what had happened, and maybe ask for some advice. Etho knew how to tend to injuries but usually, they were his own, not someone else's. He didn't like having to ask for help, but his comfort wasn't the important thing here. And besides, he'd known Doc a long time and the man was literally a doctor, so he'd know what to do, just like he had earlier.

He should also probably take a proper look at the bite on his leg, but that wasn't his priority.

Making sure Bdubs was safe and taken care of was the most important thing right now.

That, and getting home before the sun came up. That was also important.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaand we reach the end! It's been a rough night for these boys hasn't it! I'm sure they're fiiiine though.

Well, actually I know how they are, but you guys will have to wait until I write the second part. Or rather, until I finish it, I've already made a start.

Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this fic! It was fun to write something more focused on Bdubs and the werewolf thing (Even if it is from Etho's POV) since we've already had a fair amount of vampire stuff. It was tricky, but a fun challenge, and I'm happy with the finished fic!

Whilst I'm here I'm also gonna drop this au Tumblr tag, I drop art for the au sometimes and answer questions when people send them in (and I love love love when they do!), it's fun to draw and write for the au outside of these fics! [Head on over here and you'll find the stuff!](#)

Thank you to everyone who made it to the end and who leaves kudos' and comments on these fics, I love all of you! <3

The Following Morning

Chapter Summary

In which Bdubs wakes up in a lot of pain somewhere unfamiliar, he's had a very rough night, but his friends will look after him.

Chapter Notes

Here it is! Chapter 2! I actually got this done quicker than I thought I would, so that's very nice! I tried to make this chapter about the same length as the first one, it ended up being a little bit longer, but I think it's fine! As the chapter title probably suggests, this is very much the aftermath of what happened in chapter one, there's a lot more dialouge, but I like it, and I hope you'll like it too!

This one probably is worth a 'can be read as romantic if you like' note, the first chapter not really, but this one? Yeah you totally can, I don't mind!

As always, big thank you to my wonderful friend CJ for being great and working on this au with me! And once, a thank you to Cazuchan for doing some beta-reading for me, much appreciated!

And that's all I have, enjoy this chapter!

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

Another month, another full moon, another slow morning waking up sore and uncomfortable. Or in considerable pain. It often varied.

Bdubs was used to this to some degree. He'd been doing this whole song and dance for ten years now, it was just another part of his life. Albeit an exhausting and somewhat annoying one.

At its best, he'd wake up with a headache, feeling stiff and tired, like he'd slept weird or had too much to drink the night before.

At its worst, he wouldn't stir until hours after the moon had set, exhausted and in so much pain that he could barely move. As if he'd been hit by a truck.

Not that he knew what it felt like to be hit by a truck, but he could imagine it felt something like that.

Regardless, if those two states were on a scale of one to ten. Then the former would be a one, and the latter a ten.

Bdubs woke slowly, feeling like every bone, muscle, and nerve in his body was on fire. Exhaustion sat heavy in his brain and trying to focus past the pain was hard.

He laid still, not daring to move yet in case it agitated something. His head was pounding, and a

dull ache in his joints led to sharp pangs all over him. And to top it all off, there was an uncomfortable queasiness in his stomach and the foul metallic taste of blood in his mouth. Great.

Gradually, he started to become more aware of his surroundings. He was laying in a spacious bed, warm and wrapped in soft blankets. Not on the ground somewhere in the forest. Which was quite nice.

He forced his eyes open just enough to see where he was, expecting to see the somewhat familiar ceiling of Ren and Doc's spare room. He'd woken up there a few times over the years after rough full moons.

It was dark enough that he couldn't see much, what looked like black-out curtains blocked the sunlight that was trying to get through the windows, but what he could make out, he didn't recognize.

This was someone's bedroom, but he wasn't sure whose.

He knew that it would hurt, but Bdubs still wanted to try to sit up. To get a better look at his surroundings and figure out where he was.

Quiet pained noises made their way out of him as he tried to move. Putting most of his weight on his right arm rather than his left, which was hurting more, he slowly managed to sit himself up a little, leaning back against the headboard.

Fabric shifted and dropped away from his chest as he moved, he looked down to see something familiar draped over him on top of the blankets.

A dull green coat with thick white fur lining the hood. That was Etho's coat. Was this Etho's room?

Bdubs hummed to himself, brushing his shaking fingers through the soft fur, finding it strangely comforting to touch.

There were bandages wrapped tightly around his hand, and more on his arm that he hadn't noticed until this moment. Squinting against the darkness and the painful fuzz in his head, he could see that they were tied neatly.

He tried to move his left arm up to inspect that too, but even the simple act of trying to lift it sent pain rushing up to his shoulder. He gasped quietly, squeezing his eyes shut. Ow.

His left arm was more badly injured, it seemed. Okay. Best to keep that still then.

Bdubs tipped his head back against the headboard, trying to take deep breaths hoping it might ease the sharp pains thrumming through him.

Right now he'd put himself at an eight on that *'how bad was the full moon'* pain scale.

Soft footsteps coming towards the room caught his attention, and he opened his eyes just as the door creaked open and Etho's head poked into the room.

"Hey," he said, his voice quiet, "I thought I heard movement in here. How're you feeling?"

"Like I got hit by a car..." Bdubs grumbled, almost surprised he'd managed to get words out.

Etho hummed, "Can I turn the light on?"

Bdubs thought for a second, "How bright is it?" he asked, his head still hurt and he was sure bright light would agitate it, he'd like to avoid that if he could.

"It's not that bright, always had dimmer lights in my room," Etho said, and Bdubs heard a click as he flicked the light switch on the wall.

True to Etho's word, the light wasn't as bright as Bdubs had expected it to be.

"Is that okay?" Etho asked, Bdubs wasn't sure what to make of how considerate he was being. He was still trying to process the fact that he had woken up in Etho's apartment, a lot was going on in his mind. He didn't have the brainpower to concentrate on much else right now.

Bdubs blinked a few times as his eyes adjusted to the light and his vision cleared, before giving Etho a small nod.

Etho walked over to him and sat on the edge of the bed, "You look terrible." he said with a small smile, apparently trying to lighten the mood. He looked tired too, with dark circles under his eyes.

"Thanks, you look punchable," Bdubs replied, something vaguely resembling a smile tugging at his lips for a second.

Etho chuckled, "Yeah okay I deserved that. You had a rough night huh."

"Ugh... Yeah, I knew I would..." Bdubs muttered, closing his eyes again and shifting uncomfortably, nausea rolling in his gut.

"You okay?"

"I feel sick... In a lot of pain.." Bdubs muttered, trying to keep his breathing steady.

"Please don't puke on my bed." Etho paused for a second, looking like he was thinking, "What can help with nausea?"

Bdubs managed a small smile, "I won't promise anything." He thought for a few seconds, he knew the answer to this but his brain was working very slowly right now. "Uh... Ginger? Mint? Anti-nausea meds? Those are great, those are."

Etho tapped his chin as he thought, Bdubs noticed the bandages on his hand and frowned.

"Did you hurt your hand?" he asked, the words leaving his mouth before he'd thought them through.

Etho looked at his hand, then met Bdubs' eyes again as he held his hands up a little, both were bandaged. "Yeah, well kinda. Just caught the sun a bit on my way home earlier. Nothing serious though, I'm okay." he said, a nervous smile on his lips, sounding like he was trying to be reassuring.

Bdubs nodded slowly, "You got burnt.. Bringing me here?" he guessed, that had to be what had happened, how else would he be here?

"Yeah. Yeah, I did. But it's fine. Don't worry about me." Etho said, waving his hand a little as if to dismiss the whole thing. "I might have some ginger tea or something laying around. I'll have a look," he added as he stood up again, changing the subject.

"Why would you have ginger tea?" Bdubs asked, he knew that Etho could have normal food, but

him keeping things like that in his kitchen still seemed odd.

“Cos it tastes nice?” Etho answered with a shrug, “I’ll be back in a minute.” He smiled as he slipped out of the room, pulling the door closed behind him.

Bdubs sighed softly to himself and let his eyes fall closed. He was so tired. Everything still hurt.

He’d known that the full moon was going to be rough this month. He’d felt under the weather for a few days, tired and headachey and just generally agitated.

Life had been stressful. Work, family, it was a mess of deadlines and commitments and it had all taken its toll.

It was far from the first time, and he knew it wouldn’t be the last, but it was always unpleasant. And since it always knocked him down for some time whilst he recovered, he’d often end up even more stressed, which didn’t exactly make him feel any better.

And right now. He just felt awful. But he was grateful to Etho for helping him. Though exactly how that had happened he still wasn’t sure.

Noises were coming from elsewhere in the apartment, Etho moving around most likely, but Bdubs wasn’t focusing enough on them to figure out exactly what those noises were.

He just tried to breathe and not think about anything. His head hurt, thinking hurt. Everything was just not great right now.

Footsteps moving towards the room forced him to focus again, he opened his eyes just as Etho stepped through the door holding a steaming mug in his hands.

He sat on the edge of the bed again, holding the mug out for Bdubs to take. “Here, ginger tea. Might settle your stomach a bit.” he smiled softly.

Bdubs went to lift both hands but winced when a sharp pain shot up his left arm again. He took the mug in his right hand instead, albeit a little awkwardly, and the weight of it strained his sore wrist, but he could manage.

“Thanks,” he muttered, taking a sip of the hot drink. It tasted nice and the warmth sat pleasantly inside him. “Mm, might wash the taste of blood out my mouth too.”

Etho chuckled a little, “Yeah that’s probably not too nice for you huh.”

“Doesn’t help the nausea that’s for sure.”

“I guess it wouldn’t,” Etho said, though he sounded unsure on that. “You tasting blood when you woke up hadn’t crossed my mind, despite what I saw last night.”

Bdubs raised a brow at him, “What did you see last night? How did I even end up here with you?”

Etho hummed, “I found you before the moon rose. I don’t think you saw me, but you looked stressed. I stuck around, the moon came up, the wolf came out, and after taking a snap at me it started hurting itself.” he spoke slowly like he was running it all through his head as he was talking, figuring out exactly what to say. “I didn’t want to leave you on your own so..” he shrugged, looking down at his feet and rubbing his eyes. He looked so tired. “So I kept close all night. Brought you back here once the moon went down.”

“Wow..” Bdubs muttered, sipping his tea, “Didn’t know you cared so much..”

“Can we.. Can we stop pretending we hate each other? Please?” Etho said, his red eyes meeting Bdubs’ again, “I never hated you. I wouldn’t have helped you if I didn’t care..”

Bdubs faltered, he had no idea how to respond to that. He didn’t hate Etho, he had done originally, just a little bit. But not now, not for a long time... They’d talked about it before, they did care about each other, he knew that.

Before he was given a chance to figure out what to say they were interrupted by a buzzing sound coming from the hallway. A similar sound to the intercom in his apartment, so he assumed that’s what it was.

“Who’s that?” he asked.

“Probably Ren.” Etho said, breaking into a yawn and covering his mouth before he spoke again, “I called Doc a couple of hours ago and he said he’d send Ren over once he’d rested. To check up on you.”

The intercom buzzed again and Etho stood up, wincing and staggering slightly as he did so. Was it more than just his hands that were hurt?

Bdubs frowned “Etho... Are you-”

“I’m fine,” Etho said quickly, standing straight and smiling. It was hard to tell with how hazy he still felt, but Bdubs was pretty sure Etho wasn’t quite putting all his weight on one foot right now. “I’m fine, don’t worry about me.”

Bdubs went to say something else, but before he could Etho left the room. He wasn’t limping, but there was *something* wrong.

He was hurt. He was definitely hurt. Why was he lying?

Bdubs listened to the noises coming from outside the room, muffled footsteps and hushed voices.

He drank more of his tea, the ginger had gotten rid of the worst of the bad taste in his mouth. He still felt nauseous, but not quite so likely to throw up. So that made his life a little bit easier right now.

It took maybe five minutes before the voices and footsteps started getting louder again, moving towards the room.

“Hey Dubs, how’re you holding up?” said Ren as he walked in, followed closely by Etho, and lastly a blonde man that Bdubs was sure he recognized but couldn’t put a name to in his current state.

“Well, I’m alive. So that’s nice.” Bdubs said, shifting to put his almost empty mug on the bedside table, hissing between his teeth as the movement pulled at wounds and sent pain digging at his skin. “Ow..”

“Easy does it,” Ren said as he stood by the side of the bed. “I brought Martyn along with me, I think you’ve met him?” he gestured towards the blonde man. He did look familiar, the name was familiar too. “Dude’s a healer, thought that might come in handy.”

Bdubs smiled at Martyn and said hello. They must have met at some point. He did look familiar.

Maybe at Doc and Ren's place or something. Mutual friends and all that.

"I also brought.." Ren rummaged through his coat pockets and pulled out a packet of tablets. "Painkillers."

Bdubs let out a sigh of relief and tipped his head back, "Oh thank god. Ren Shepherd, I could kiss you right now."

Ren laughed, "Save that for later, my dude. Let's get you sorted first." Bdubs was more than happy to do just that.

Tending to so many injuries took time. But what Etho had done to patch him up initially had apparently helped out a lot, and had slowed or stopped any bleeding rather well.

Etho had smiled and said that he wasn't completely clueless when it came to dealing with injuries. He was older than all three of them combined after all, he had experience.

Bdubs made a mental note to thank Etho properly later. He hadn't done that yet.

The painkillers Ren gave him worked quickly, dulling some of the discomfort. Not all of it, he was still in pain, but it wasn't quite as unbearable anymore.

Martyn held his hands close to the injuries that needed looking at most, and green light sparkled around his fingers. Glittering healing magic seeping under Bdubs' skin and mending some of the damage.

Dealing with the wounds on his face and arms was easier and less awkward than the ones on his legs. And Bdubs found himself peering under the covers before moving them away to make sure that he wasn't naked.

He'd never thought he'd be so relieved to find himself wearing underwear, but that was apparently where his life was at right now. He decided to just be thankful for it and not dwell upon the realization that Etho had taken the time to dress him as well as bandage him up.

Gradually they went over all the cuts and gashes and bites that littered his body. Tending to each the best they could with what they had.

Smaller scratches completely healed and disappeared with Martyn's magic. Larger wounds couldn't be fixed instantly like that though, but the magic could soothe them and hopefully speed up the overall healing process. Or at least that's what he was told anyway.

Martyn and Ren both agreed that Bdubs should keep his left arm in a sling for a few days. The wounds there, nasty bites and claw marks that cut deep, would take a bit longer to heal and the magic could only do so much.

Bdubs wasn't particularly keen on that, but at least nothing was broken, and it wasn't his right arm so he should still be able to write and draw.

He also found himself wishing he'd known someone with magic like this years ago. But hey, better late than never.

Whilst Bdubs was being taken care of, Etho stood at the foot of the bed, watching them all. Like a guard making sure nobody stepped out of line. Bdubs didn't know what to make of that. Was he just uneasy about having people he didn't know well in his apartment? Or was he being protective? Probably best not to ask.

He did want to tell Etho to get some sleep though. He looked exhausted, vampires weren't supposed to stay awake past sunrise. It was dark in here with the daylight blocked out, but a glance at the clock by the bed told Bdubs that it was nearly 11am. So Etho should have been asleep *hours* ago.

Bdubs kept his mouth shut about it though. At least for now. Etho had already dismissed his own well-being *twice* this morning. A third attempt would probably just lead to similar results.

When Martyn and Ren were finished with what they were doing, Bdubs could safely say that he was in significantly less discomfort. Which was very nice indeed. His joints still ached, his limbs hurt and he wouldn't trust himself to walk very far. But he could move a bit easier and think more clearly, and that alone was a vast improvement.

If he'd been at an eight on that '*how bad was the full moon*' scale when he woke up. He'd now put himself at a five, maybe a five and a half. Still not great, but better than before.

He'd been given a pair of Etho's sweatpants to wear as well, which was nice. Putting them on was painful, and they were too big, but it was better than only wearing boxers.

At some point in the last ten minutes or so Etho had sat down in the desk chair in the corner of the room, his elbow on the arm of the chair, chin propped on his palm, eyes closed.

"Is he asleep?" Martyn asked quietly, leaning a little closer to Ren and Bdubs.

"Looks like it. Way past his bedtime, poor guy." Ren chuckled.

"We can't let him sleep like that," Bdubs said, frowning a little, it didn't look like the most comfortable position to sleep in. Heck, Bdubs had nodded off at his desk enough times to know that it wasn't a comfortable position to sleep in.

"As the human in the room, I'm not waking the vampire up," said Martyn.

Ren smiled and rolled his eyes. He stood and went over to Etho, gently shaking his shoulder, "Hey, wakey wakey sleepy head."

Apparently, Etho's response to being woken up was to hiss and flash his fangs at whoever had disturbed him. Causing Ren to jump back and hold his hands up. "Whoa- easy there, dude."

Etho groaned and leaned forward, putting his head in his hands. "Sorry.." he muttered.

"It's alright, no worries." Ren smiled, patting his shoulder before moving his hand away. "Bdubs is all patched up, so Martyn and I will head off, let you two get some sleep. You both need it. You can call me if you need anything though."

"Yeah. Yeah, thanks." Etho said, lifting his head and giving a small tired smile. "I'll show you out." he stood, but almost immediately winced and dropped back down into his seat. "Ow.."

"You alright dude?" Ren asked.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Etho said as he stood again, this time staying upright. Now that his head was clearer Bdubs could tell that Etho wasn't putting all his weight on his left leg. He was definitely hurt. Why wasn't he being honest about it!

"Etho you're hurt, please don't lie.." Bdubs said, concern evident in his voice. He was worried about his friend.

Etho held his gaze for a long moment before sighing. “Okay. Okay fine. I got bitten last night. But it’s not a big deal. It’s fine.” he sounded so dismissive of the whole thing, Bdubs didn’t like it.

“Bitten? I... Did I bite you? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“I didn’t want to worry you. I’m okay.”

“But I hurt you...”

“And I’m alright.” Etho gave him a tired smile, he was trying to be reassuring but Bdubs still hated that he’d hurt him. “Call it payback for me nearly hurting you the other week.” He added with a shrug. Bdubs wasn’t sure how comparable the two situations were, but he supposed he’d accept that for the moment.

“Right,” said Ren, looking confused about all of this. “Werewolf bites take a little longer to heal even on vampires. Just as a heads up in case you didn’t already know that.” Bdubs didn’t think he’d known that, so that was an interesting little tidbit, though it also just made him worry more.

“I... I could take a look if you like.” Martyn offered.

“No, I’m fine. Really. I’m a tough guy.” Etho smiled, seeming so casual about it. Martyn looked like he wanted to say something but he kept quiet.

Soon after, Martyn and Ren said their goodbyes and wished Bdubs well, and Etho showed them out of his apartment.

Bdubs laid down, he was tired, and talking so much had left him feeling drained too. Being in less pain made sleep sound much more achievable though.

He wasn’t sure if he’d dozed off briefly or what, but the next thing he knew he felt the bed dip and opened his eyes to see Etho sitting next to him.

“Can I ask you something?” Etho said, sitting with his legs tucked to his side and his hands in his lap.

“If you want,” Bdubs replied, sitting up a little bit so that he was more propped on the pillows rather than lying flat.

“What left you so stressed that your wolf was hurting itself?” Etho asked, “I’ve seen plenty of werewolves over the years, but never seen behavior like that.” he sounded so concerned, Bdubs felt a bit bad for worrying him, but it was nice to know he cared.

“Just. Life, really.” Bdubs sighed. “Work. Family. Deadlines that I need to hit but just don’t have enough time to reach. My brother keeps asking me to visit, which is fine, but I don’t have the time to fly out and see him. Just. Life.” he shrugged. “Boring life stuff that’s stressing me out way too much..” There was more to it than that, but that about summed it up without rambling. It was just a mess of things that he wasn’t handling well, and it had taken its toll.

“I see. Does sound stressful.” Etho nodded.

“Just a bit...”

Etho seemed to hesitate slightly before he spoke again, glancing away from Bdubs, “Do... Does your family know that you’re a wolf? I know some people don’t tell anyone, even family.”

Bdubs shook his head. “No. I was gonna tell them. But it was hard, y’know? And they live far away. So I just- didn’t. And at this point I think it’d be too complicated.” he said, and that was all true. It was a difficult secret to keep, but after nearly ten years it felt easier to keep it hidden than to try to explain the whole thing. “Did... Did your family know?” he asked, not sure if he should be asking Etho questions like that.

“They thought I got sick and died.” Etho shrugged, “Which isn’t exactly *wrong* . But at that point, it didn’t matter.”

Bdubs nodded in response, briefly wondering how common that sort of thing was with vampires. Etho didn’t talk about his past though, so that tiny bit of information was strangely nice to have, even if it wasn’t particularly nice information.

Etho yawned and a few seconds later it set Bdubs off too, covering his mouth with his hand. “We should sleep. I think we’re both exhausted.”

“Yeah...” Etho said, rolling his shoulders and stretching a bit. “I can’t remember the last time I was this tired...”

“To be fair, you should have been asleep *hours* ago.”

“Wanted to wait until I knew you were okay.”

“How sweet.”

“Oh, I’m a real sweetheart.”

“You’re something alright.”

They both sat there smiling for a moment, a comfortable quiet falling over them before Etho moved to the edge of the bed and stood up again.

“Where are you going?” Bdubs asked.

“Well, you’re in here. So I was gonna crash on the couch.” Etho said, shrugging and gesturing vaguely towards the door.

Bdubs shook his head at that, “Dude.. No, I’m not kicking you out of your own bed.” he said, and before he’d properly thought it through, the first thing that came into his head left his mouth. “Stay in here. There’s space for two, I don’t mind.” he smiled. It was a double bed so it was big enough for the both of them. Was he sure that he didn’t mind sharing? That was slightly less certain, but it was probably fine.

Etho blinked at him, raising a brow, slightly surprised and probably a bit confused too.

“And- and besides,” Bdubs stuttered a little, “If you’re in the living room or wherever, then if I get up during the day I’m more likely to disturb you, and I don’t want that,” he added, hoping he sounded convincing and not oddly nervous like he felt.

Etho just stared for a few seconds, before his expression shifted into a smile. “If you’re sure.”

“Yeah, yeah of course. It’s fine.” Bdubs nodded, hoping to convince himself a little too.

Being so close to a vampire whilst he slept should scare him, and if he wasn’t so exhausted he was sure that every self-preservation instinct in his body would start yelling again.

But, this was Etho. And... He trusted Etho. As weird as that was to admit to himself, it was true.

Etho seemed to hesitate a little, but then he switched the light off and got into bed, laying down next to Bdubs and sighing softly as his head hit the pillow.

Bdubs found himself smiling a little. Etho was a nuisance, and that wouldn't change. He had the capacity to be terrifying and dangerous. But, in moments like this. He seemed normal. Just a guy.

Making himself comfortable without making things hurt more proved tricky, but eventually, Bdubs managed. Laying on his back and pulling the covers up over his shoulders.

Sleeping all day was going to mess up his sleep schedule big time, but he didn't exactly have the energy to do much other than sleep, so he'd just have to deal with it.

"Hey Etho?" he said quietly, still looking up at the ceiling.

"Hm?" came Etho's sleepy response.

"How's your leg?"

"Sore. 'm okay though."

"I'm sorry for hurting you."

"Wasn't your fault."

Bdubs hummed, he supposed that was true, but still, he didn't like that he'd hurt him. "Thank you. For helping me." he said, changing the subject, "I didn't say it earlier, but I really do appreciate it. All of it." Every word was true, Etho had gone out of his way to help him, and it meant a lot.

"No problem, Bubs." Etho yawned, "Just wanted to.. To help.. Couldn't leave you there alone.." his voice trailed off, and Bdubs turned his head to see him lying there on his front, arms folded under his pillow, eyes closed, completely still. Peaceful.

"Etho?" he whispered, but he got no reply. He chuckled softly and looked back at the ceiling, closing his eyes and trying to rest. Hoping he'd fall asleep as quickly as Etho had. He was so tired, and with a bit of luck sleep would block out the pain that was still bubbling through him.

"Sleep well, buddy," he muttered, finally relaxing. Feeling warm, safe. And, despite the stress and lingering discomfort of- well. Everything. He felt like it was all going to be okay.

Chapter End Notes

These boys are so sweet. They care about each other! They do! I love writing them being soft it's so nice. They both learned a bit about each other today though, which is sweet, and they're looking after each other! And Martyn and Ren were there too for a bit. Can't forget them!

Also if on the off chance you're wondering where this all takes place after Bdubs mentioned flying out to visit his family. This whole au takes place in some unnamed city in the UK. Why the UK? Well I'm British so it's just easier haha, where it's set isn't that important though, it doesn't really come up a lot, but there's a fun tidbit for

you all!

But um! Yes! I hope you liked this and that it lived up to your expectations for this story! I was slightly overwhelmed by the massive amount of feedback I got on the last chapter I don't think I've ever gotten so many comments on a fic in such a short space of time, it made me so happy I love all of you so much!

But yeah, that's everything! I hope you enjoyed this fic, first time I've done multi-chapter stuff in a loooong time. And I'm really happy with it!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!