

## Blood Hunger

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## Blood Hunger

by [Fire\\_Cat](#)

### Summary

Bdubs knows that when a vampire gets too hungry they can lose control of themselves, will resort to following instinct until they're fed. He'd never actually seen it with his own eyes though, not until tonight. And as he quickly learns, it's not the most pleasant thing to encounter.

(Also known as Bdubs finds Etho in a bad state, and witnesses something that he really, really hopes he never sees again.)

### Notes

Time for more vampire au fic! Took a while to get this done, but it's here now! This isn't actually the fic I planned on writing next for this series, but it's the one I ended up doing. It doesn't really matter but hey ho!

These fics do keep getting longer though don't they, I'm not sure how this one ended up as long as it did but oh well, I trimmed it best I could but I don't think there's any more I could cut out. So it's just gonna have to be 5k!

Unlike the others in this series I don't think this one really has any 'could be read as romantic' scenes, but me noting 'you can read it as romantic if you like!' has become standard so, yeah, here's that note!

As always though, big thank you to my friend CJ for being amazing and building this au

with me! Aaaaand I hope that you enjoy this fic!

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

Being on this street always seemed to lead to some sort of shenanigans happening.

Bdubs had been walking up and down this street sometimes multiple times a day for a few years, ever since he'd moved into his current apartment. For a long time, nothing out of the ordinary happened there. It was just one of many fairly normal streets in this big busy city.

It never seemed to be quite so ordinary now though.

Well, most days it did. But every so often when coming down here after dark, Bdubs would encounter a very particular individual, and almost every time it would lead to some derailment in whatever his plans for the night had been.

It wasn't always terrible, especially not recently. But Bdubs didn't like it when his evenings didn't go as planned. After all, it usually resulted in something disrupting his sleep schedule, and he didn't appreciate that.

He'd started to find himself actively hoping he wouldn't run into anything odd when walking down this street. And tonight was no different. A quiet voice in the back of his mind repeated over and over again 'please don't let him be here please don't let him be here please don't let him be here.'

No luck though, of course. Not tonight.

As Bdubs made his way home he spotted a familiar figure standing on the edge of the street, half-hidden by the shadows cast by the nearby buildings. Slightly hunched over, staring straight ahead but seemingly not at anything in particular.

Bdubs frowned as he walked closer, "Etho?" he said, curious and slightly confused by what was going on with his friend.

Etho's gaze snapped to Bdubs, locking onto him, red eyes glistening in the low light. His white hair was messier than usual and his mask was pulled down. He looked... Distressed. "Stay there," he said, his voice tight and firm. "Don't- don't come near me." Bdubs blinked, a chill running down his spine. Etho was always so calm, seeing him slightly panicked was odd.

It wasn't the first time, only a few weeks ago Etho had shown up at his apartment injured and covered in blood. He'd been distressed and in pain then. But this seemed... Different. Somehow.

"Etho... Are you okay?" Bdubs asked cautiously, taking another step forward.

"Just-- *stay away* from me. I... I don't trust myself right now." Etho said, his hands clenching at his sides, he was visibly trembling, even from this distance, almost like he was fighting some sort of internal battle. "I don't want to hurt you.." he added, so quiet that Bdubs barely heard him.

Bdubs swallowed, not quite sure what he was witnessing here, but that didn't stop the roll of anxiety that spread through his body at what he was seeing.

Self-preservation was telling him to back away. Instincts told him to run. Concern for his friend

told him to find out what was wrong and help. It was a strange combination, clashing in his head with none of it coming out on top. “Etho? What’s wrong?”

Etho just stared at him, eyes wide and wild. His hands twitched and he took a step back. “I’m just-- hungry. Really... Really hungry... And I don’t want to hurt you so stay away from me.” he said, his voice turning into a low growl.

That explained a lot though. A hungry vampire could lose control. Could lose control very quickly and become violent and dangerous. Running on instinct and little else. This was rarer in older vampires like Etho. But it could still happen. And it seemed to be right now. Etho teetering on the edge of losing control of himself.

That was scary, Bdubs was suddenly feeling rather frightened. A newly turned fledgling could be very dangerous if they lost control. Bdubs didn’t even want to imagine how much damage a much older, much more powerful vampire could do in a blood-thirsty haze.

Bdubs kept his eyes on Etho, trying to process the situation in his head. This probably wasn’t something he could help with, but just leaving his friend in such a state felt wrong.

He should probably run and get as far away from here as he could. But would running activate some kind of prey drive? Etho’s gaze was locked onto him. If he tried to leave, would Etho chase him? He didn’t know. But he knew that if Etho did chase him he wouldn’t stand a chance at getting away.

“Okay... Okay Etho I’ll- I’ll go.” he eventually said, holding his hands up a little in front of him and taking a step back, very aware of how Etho stepped closer at the same time. “You- you do what you gotta do okay? And I’ll- I’ll leave you to it,” he added, trying to swallow down his nerves as he took another step back. Watching as Etho took two steps forward.

A nervous chuckle found its way out of him. “I can’t keep away if you keep moving closer Etho..” he tried to smile, but he knew it wasn’t a very convincing one.

The streetlights glinted against Etho’s red eyes as he tilted his head a little, stepping forward again. Something was not right here. Well, Bdubs already knew that but... He wasn’t so sure that Etho knew what he was doing anymore.

The air was tense and the silence lingered for far too long. Etho’s gaze didn’t move from Bdubs, looking like he might pounce, or run, at any given moment.

Bdubs was starting to think he’d discovered what it felt like to be a rabbit that had been spotted by a hungry fox.

Everything happened so quickly. Etho moved so, so fast.

He leapt forward, closing the space between himself and Bdubs in less than a second. Given no time to even process what was happening, let alone react, Bdubs found himself being grabbed and spun around, strong hands gripping his shoulders and moving him so fast he couldn’t even shout.

The sudden movement sent his feet slipping out from underneath him, and he fell forward onto the pavement, barely managing to catch himself with his hands, scraping his palms on the asphalt and narrowly avoiding hitting his head.

He tried to push himself up but was stopped by Etho’s weight on his back and hands grabbing his wrists, inhuman strength pinning him to the ground.

Bdubs could feel himself trembling, breathing too fast and his heart pounding against his ribs. This was bad. This was very very bad.

“Don’t. Move.” Etho growled, his voice loud in Bdubs’ ear.

Bdubs didn’t need to be told though, he had no intentions of moving, not with an incredibly hungry vampire currently on top of him and eyeing his neck. “Okay..” he managed to choke out, keeping as still as he possibly could.

“I need blood,” Etho said softly, almost apologetically, the growl in his voice fading. It didn’t help to calm Bdubs down though. If anything it made him panic more, his breath catching in his throat as one of Etho’s hands moved to tug the collar of his hoodie away from his neck, feeling the vampire’s lips brush against his skin a second later.

Bdubs squeezed his eyes shut, just trying to breathe and prepare himself best he could for the bite that he was sure was coming.

The roaring of his heart in his ears obscured the shout that came from further down the street.

The loud fast footsteps approaching didn’t register in his brain until they were practically on top of him.

Just as Etho was about to bite he suddenly jerked away, his weight disappearing from Bdubs’ back, something grabbing him from behind and pulling him off him.

“Hey! What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” came another voice, a familiar voice that Bdubs knew, but the rush of panic in his head was stopping him from placing it. He propped himself up on his elbows and looked over his shoulder, and only then did he realize who else was there.

Golden blonde hair, black leather vest, red shirt, sharp eyes. That was Tango. And he didn’t look very happy.

Etho was growling again, his focus now entirely on Tango. The younger vampire stood his ground, but the hint of concern on his features was hard to miss.

“Etho...” Tango said, his voice much softer. “Calm down,” he added, firmer and louder that time.

The only response he got was a snarl, Etho looking almost feral with how he was glaring down at Tango. His usual cheek and light-hearted attitude were completely gone and replaced with something far too close to a wild animal.

“Get out of my way,” Etho finally spoke, each word dripping with venom, “*He’s mine.*”

Bdubs knew that Etho wasn’t in control of himself right now, but he sounded so.. *Possessive.* It made him uncomfortable and he didn’t like it.

Tango held his hands up in front of him, “Okay, I’m not gonna go near him.” he paused as if expecting Etho to reply, “You’re hungry, and that’s fine, these things happen. But you need to calm down, okay dude?”

Etho hissed, baring his sharp fangs and taking a step closer to Tango.

Tango flashed his own fangs in response but wasn’t given a chance to do much more than that.

Etho was fast, he was so, so fast, and he lunged at Tango with such speed that the gap between

them was closed in the time it took to blink.

Strong hands grabbed the front of Tango's shirt, pulling him across the pavement to slam his back against a nearby wall. Tango yelped and coughed, pulling at Etho's wrists and trying to pry his grip away. "Etho! Stop--" Tango tried, his voice shaking slightly as he pushed at Etho, trying to get him to let go. "I want to help you but you need to-- to let me go!" he shouted, but all he got in return was a growl and bared fangs.

Bdubs finally managed to pull himself up onto his feet, taking a few careful steps closer. Etho was stronger than Tango. Etho was *considerably* stronger than Tango and knowing that made Bdubs very concerned about how this might pan out.

The silence lingered for less than a minute before footsteps and another voice came from across the street. "Tango! What-- what the hell is going on?!"

Bdubs looked over and saw two more familiar faces standing on the other side of the street, both looking confused. The one who had shouted was Impulse, another werewolf. Bdubs knew him well. The other was Zedaph, who was human.

Completely human. Perfect vampire prey.

Tango opened his mouth to reply, but in that same moment, Etho turned away from him, his movements quick and sharp, his gaze locking onto Zedaph as another snarl tore its way past his lips. His hold on Tango's shirt loosened as he moved to step away from him, but Tango didn't give him a chance to do more than that. Quickly wrapping his arms around Etho's middle and holding him tight, digging his heels into the ground as Etho tried to pull himself free, leaving Tango visibly struggling to keep the older vampire still.

"You are not going after him-- Impulse get Zed out of here!" Tango yelled.

"Tango what the hell--"

"Just go!" Tango shouted back at his friend, not giving Impulse a chance to talk. The streetlights glinted against his fangs as he grit his teeth, curling his fingers into the fabric of Etho's coat in vague hopes that it would make holding him still easier. Impulse gave a firm nod before grabbing Zedaph's wrist and dragging him away down the street.

Bdubs watched them go before looking back at the two vampires, frowning as he watched helplessly from the sidelines. Etho was too strong, he was far too strong for someone to restrain him like that, even another vampire. Tango was so much younger he didn't have that same strength.

The way that Etho was struggling against Tango was painful to watch too. Hissing and growling and clawing at Tango's arms. It was awful and left an ache in Bdubs' chest, he hated it. Hated seeing Etho like this.

Blood-lust did terrible things to even the nicest of vampires. Nobody liked to be reminded of this, and right now Bdubs didn't want to see his friend try to hurt people whilst behaving almost like a wild animal.

An incredibly powerful, incredibly fast wild animal that could easily rip a human to shreds if given the opportunity...

Tango grunted and stumbled back as Etho slammed his elbow into his ribs, stunning him for long enough that it allowed him to slip free of Tango's grasp.

“No!” Tango cried, reaching forward to try to grab Etho again, but he was too slow, his fingertips brushing against the fur of Etho’s hood just as he stepped out of reach, running across the road and heading in the direction that Impulse and Zedaph had gone only moments earlier.

Etho was so fast, but what Tango lacked in vampiric strength, he apparently made up for in speed.

Bdubs went to say something but didn’t get the chance. Tango yelled and practically leapt away from the wall he’d been pushed against, breaking into a sprint and running after Etho, his form almost a red and black blur in the low light. Bdubs knew that he couldn’t keep up, but he wasn’t going to let them get away from him either.

His heart pounded against his ribcage and the cool night air burnt at his lungs as he ran after them. It was painful, but he couldn’t lose sight of them, he needed to know what was happening.

He heard a shout and a yell, rounding the corner at the bottom of the street just in time to see Tango jump at Etho, grabbing from behind and using the momentum and his weight to knock him to the ground.

Etho landed with a thud on the pavement, immediately trying to get up again but was stopped by Tango sitting on his back, pinning his arms to his sides with his legs and planting his hands firmly on his shoulders. Etho hissed and kicked, trying to throw Tango off of him.

“Stay down!” Tango growled through gritted teeth, his voice strained, but determined, Etho stilled slightly, but not completely, red eyes glaring up at Tango.

There wasn’t much Bdubs could do, he had to leave this to Tango and hope that he knew what he was doing, that he could help Etho before someone got hurt.

Bdubs found himself carefully walking around the two vampires towards Impulse and Zedaph, standing with them as he watched all of this unfold.

Once Etho had stopped struggling quite so much, Tango lifted one hand off of Etho’s shoulders, bringing his wrist up to his own mouth and biting down.

It had to have hurt, but he didn’t even wince. He let go a second later, looking at the blood dripping down his skin from the new wound.

“Tango what-” Impulse tried, he didn’t seem to know what was going on either.

Tango glanced up at him but didn’t speak, licking blood off his lips. His free hand found the back of Etho’s neck, holding his head still as he moved his bloodied wrist down to Etho’s mouth. “Bite this.” Tango almost growled.

Etho held very still, almost looking like he was trying to resist, trying to stop himself from taking what was being offered to him. Bdubs didn’t know why, Etho was so obviously hungry he needed to feed.

Was it because it was vampire blood? Did that make a difference?

Regardless, Bdubs knew that if a vampire was hungry enough, then the mere smell of blood, of *any* blood, would be enough to make them bite.

And after a brief moment of hesitation, *bite* is exactly what Etho did.

With one swift movement, Etho snapped his jaws shut around Tango’s wrist, his fangs sinking into

the soft flesh, making Tango wince. Blood dripped down Etho's chin as he drank, eyes closed, all of his focus now on what he was doing.

Bdubs wasn't squeamish, but something about watching a vampire feed made him uneasy. And yet, he found himself unable to look away.

After a minute or two Etho let go, freeing his fangs from Tango's wrist, laying still and resting his head on the pavement.

Tango pulled his arm away from Etho's mouth, watching him closely for another thirty seconds before slowly standing straight. Blood was still oozing from the wound in his wrist, dripping down his arm and disappearing into the fabric of his fingerless gloves, though he didn't seem to acknowledge it.

It took a few moments before Etho moved too, pushing himself up onto his elbows and looking at the others. Tango stepped around and in front of him, filling the space between where Etho was laying, and where Bdubs was standing with Impulse and Zedaph.

"Is... Is he okay?" Zedaph asked from somewhere just behind Bdubs.

"Tango?" said Impulse, sounding slightly concerned.

Bdubs took a step closer to Tango, looking down at Etho as he sat up and wiped at the blood on his face with his sleeve.

"Etho?" he said, voice coming out quieter than he'd expected it to.

Etho looked up at him, his red eyes were softer and his expression much calmer, blood smeared across his chin and still clinging to his teeth. "Hey," he said quietly, a nervous smile tugging at his lips as he turned his gaze up to Tango. "So uh... That... Happened?"

The look on Tango's face was not a particularly happy one. Not in the slightest.

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A yawn pulled its way out of Bdubs' throat, trying to blink the sleepy feeling away with little success. It was way too late at night for him to be up and about, especially outside and with other people.

And yet, here he was. Sat on the pavement with two vampires, another werewolf, and a human. Leaning against the brick wall behind him and just watching Etho, who was sitting quietly beside him, cross-legged with his elbows on his knees and head in his hands.

Tango was sitting on Etho's other side, talking about something though Bdubs wasn't quite paying attention to his words. Next to Tango, was Impulse, who was currently tying bandages around Tango's bloodied wrist. And then on the end of their little row, was Zedaph, a notebook in his lap and pencil in his hand, scrawling something down on the paper.

"I thought only fledglings could be sated by another vampire's blood?" said Zedaph, looking up from his notebook, his voice pulling Bdubs out of whatever thoughts he'd drifted into.

"Zed now is not the time for questions.." Tango sighed.

"But it's fascinating."

"Everything is fascinating to you." Impulse chuckled, finishing patching up Tango's wrist and

patting his arm before moving his hands away.

“Yes but this is particularly interesting,” Zedaph said as he took the roll of bandages from Impulse and tucked them into his bag. Bright pink with a sheep pattern on the front, Bdubs could only assume he’d picked it up from the children's aisle. “Don't you think it’s interesting, Impulse? I want to know what’s going on here.”

“I mean, I already know the answer so, it’s not that interesting.” Impulse shrugged, leaning back against the wall and crossing his arms over his chest.

“I’m... Kinda curious too, not gonna lie.” Bdubs spoke up, leaning forward a bit so that he could see the others better. Maybe he shouldn’t have encouraged Zedaph, he’d heard from Tango and Impulse that the man had a slight... obsession, with magical creatures and learning about them. But he was curious as to why what Tango had done had worked and calmed Etho down. And whether it would last or not, that too.

Tango rolled his eyes, running his fingers over the bandages on his wrist for a few seconds before pulling himself up onto his feet and standing in front of the others.

“Fine,” he started, hands in his pockets as he spoke, “any vampire can feed on another, and it will ease their hunger... But it’s only really ideal for fledglings who haven’t tasted human blood yet, for everyone else, it’s more a last resort during an emergency.” he said, not looking at anyone in particular, and speaking as if he were reading this out of a textbook. “Etho,” his gaze found the other vampire sitting in front of him, “is old enough that he should not need to resort to that though. It shouldn’t happen. Ever.”

“You think I wanted that to happen?” Etho frowned, his voice unusually firm as he dropped his hands into his lap and looked up at Tango. It was the first time he’d spoken since they’d all sat here. “It was an accident. Bad luck with hunting. That’s all.”

“It still shouldn’t have happened dude, I’ve known you for years and I’ve never seen you get that bad.”

“It hasn’t happened in.. decades. So you wouldn’t have.” Etho shrugged. “I’m sorry, I am. But right now, my head is still a mess and I’d like to go home.”

Tango opened his mouth to speak, but Zedaph beat him to it, “How does an older vampire even get into that state in the first place?”

“Same way any vampire does. By going too long without feeding.” Etho replied, looking at Zedaph through the corner of his eye.

“How long can you go without feeding?” Zedaph asked, Bdubs wasn’t sure whether to admire his confidence in asking a vampire somewhat personal questions or to be a bit worried for his safety. Either way, he didn’t say anything.

“Uh, a couple of weeks I guess,” Etho said, sounding slightly unsure, Bdubs wouldn’t be surprised if Etho didn’t keep that close an eye on it. “Tango why is he asking me questions?” Etho asked as he looked back up at Tango.

“He just... He does that.” Tango sighed before turning to Zedaph. “Zed please stop.”

“But-”

“Stop. Please. For now. Please.”



Zedaph inhaled through his nose and let it out his mouth in a short huff. “Fine. I’ll be good,” he said, tucking his pencil behind his ear.

Tango rubbed at his eyes with the heels of his hands, dropping them back to his sides as he spoke. “Thank you.”

“So. Can I go home?” Etho asked, taking the topic of conversation back to where it had been before the disruption.

“No, no you’re coming back to the court with me,” said Tango, folding his arms over his chest and standing straight.

“I’d rather not-”

“I don’t care. I’m sorry dude but my blood won’t keep you calm for long and you know that. You’re coming to the court with me whether you like it or not.”

“You can’t force me.” Etho frowned, and sat this close to him, Bdubs heard the quiet growl in the back of his throat. He wasn’t sure why Etho seemed so reluctant though, the vampire court was *literally* the best place a hungry vampire could go. Surely Etho knew that.

“Etho?” Bdubs said gently, not so sure he should be interrupting their conversation but doing it anyway. Etho’s expression softened as he turned to look at him, and Bdubs managed a small, hopefully comforting smile. “Maybe you should listen to him... The court can help you, right? Can make sure you’re fed and not at risk of going- uh-”

“Wild?” said Zedaph.

“Feral?” said Impulse.

“That’s... probably not the right word.” Bdubs scratched at the back of his neck, he didn’t know what the right word would be but he didn’t think it was either of those.

“I’m not with the court, and I don’t want to rely on them,” Etho said, brushing his white hair out of his face, his voice softer when talking to Bdubs than it had been when talking to the others.

“You wouldn’t be. You’d just be asking for help.” Bdubs said, a slightly more genuine smile crossing his features this time. “You didn’t hesitate to ask me for help when you got hurt a few weeks ago. What’s different now?” he asked, realizing a moment too late that he probably shouldn’t be asking Etho questions like that, but he couldn’t take it back now.

“I just don’t like..” Etho trailed off, shaking his head and staring at his lap. Bdubs couldn’t help but wonder how he was going to finish that sentence, but he didn’t ask, it wasn’t his place. “Fine. I’ll go with you. But then can I go home? Please?”

Tango nodded, “Yes. Xisuma will let you take from the court’s blood stores, and then you can go home.”

“Thank you,” said Etho. Quiet hung over the group for a few moments before he spoke again, “And, thank you for helping me, Tango. I do appreciate it.”

“You’re welcome, dude. I’m just glad no one got hurt though.”

“Other than you anyway.” Impulse pointed out. Tango just shrugged and dismissed the comment, remarkably unbothered by the act of biting himself and then letting Etho feed on him.

Bdubs decided to keep his mouth shut about how his palms still stung from where Etho had knocked him to the ground, that he was sure he'd have a few bruises come morning. Etho was already distressed and he didn't want to worry him further.

After that, the group all stood up and Tango suggested that Bdubs, Impulse, and Zedaph go home. Bdubs had wanted to refuse, to stay with Etho and make sure he was okay because he didn't look or sound okay.

Quiet and agitated, slightly distracted, like he was still struggling slightly with whatever was going on in his head. And maybe he was. Bdubs didn't know how a vampire's instincts affected them beyond what he could see with his own eyes. Didn't know what went on in their heads when they were hungry, or what it felt like to lose control when it got too much.

Well, maybe he sort of understood the last one, albeit in a very different context. Lycanthropy and vampirism were not the same, after all.

Before they all parted ways though, Bdubs found himself talking and catching Etho's attention. "Etho?"

"Yeah?" Etho replied, at some point, he'd pulled the hood of his coat up over his head, and the fur that lined it blended in with his hair. He'd pulled his mask back up too, leaving only his eyes visible and his face framed by a ring of white fluff.

"Are you okay?" Bdubs asked, "Well, I know you're not *okay* but like... I don't know, you just seem a little out of it? I guess."

Etho sighed softly, but the corners of his eyes creased a little with a hidden smile. "I'm okay. Or I will be. This just isn't much fun."

"No. No, of course not." Bdubs said, stepping closer to Etho and gently patting his arm, "I hope you feel better soon."

Etho reached forward and pulled him into a hug, taking Bdubs by surprise as he found his face pressed against Etho's chest, his cheeks burning as Etho held him close. It took a moment, but he was soon smiling and returning the hug.

"Thank you," Etho mumbled softly in his ear, his fingers gripping onto the fabric of Bdubs' hoodie to hold him a little tighter. "And.. I'm sorry for scaring you, I didn't want to hurt you.."

"It's alright, I'm okay," Bdubs said, giving Etho a gentle squeeze before pulling away and looking up at him. "I'm just glad you're alright," he added. Etho smiled down at him, his hair falling over his eyes. "Now go with Tango, sort yourself out. I'll see you soon, okay?"

Etho nodded, "Yeah, I'll see you soon."

Bdubs smiled and stepped back, "Take care of yourself, Etho." he said, giving a small wave as he walked over to Impulse and Zedaph and the three of them walked down the street.

Thankfully the walk home wasn't a long one, he'd already been near his apartment when he'd first encountered Etho anyway, so it was mostly just a case of covering the distance he hadn't been able to earlier.

Once he was back in his apartment, Bdubs wasted no time getting himself ready for bed. This evening had been... Eventful. And he was tired. Well, he'd already been tired before running into Etho but now he was even more so.

As he curled up in bed he felt about ready to pass out, but he still found himself lying there staring at nothing for a few minutes. Just running everything that had happened through his head.

He'd seen hungry vampires before but never one who had lost control. It was frightening. Very frightening to see someone who was usually so level-headed acting so aggressively. It scared him, even now that it was over and everyone was okay, he felt his heart rate pick up with belated fear.

Bdubs took a deep breath and rolled onto his back, pressing his hand against his chest and willing himself to calm down. Everything was okay. Etho was okay. He was safe. Nobody had gotten seriously hurt.

Something in the back of his mind told him that if Tango hadn't shown up, things could have been a lot worse. That there would have been nothing stopping Etho from biting him right there and then. But Bdubs shook the thought away and curled up on his side again. There was no use dwelling on what-ifs.

For now, everything was fine. He was okay. Etho was okay. Everything was okay.

Bdubs did hope that he'd never see anything like that again though. It was awful, and seeing Etho in such a state was distressing. He didn't want to witness it again, not ever.

## End Notes

And we reach the end of another fic! That was a lot of excitement for one night wasn't it Bdubs, couldn't have been fun. Etho will be okay, he will. Just another rough night for him, poor guy! At least Tango knew how to help though! Even if he isn't particularly happy for much of this fic, oh well.

But yeah, this fic probably isn't my favourite that I've done so far, but I do like it! What's next? Well, I've got more vampire au fics I want to write, and also something else that I've been drafting, so look out for those I guess!

But for now, I hope that if you made it this far that you enjoyed this fic! I love all of you who leave kudos and comments on these fics, makes me very happy knowing people like these stories as much as I like writing them! :D

Oh and also, did you know I've been posting art and even a bit of lore for this au up on Tumblr? It's true! You should totally go check it out if you're enjoying these fics, and maybe throw an ask my way if you want to know more? [The tag it's all going into is here!](#) I'd love to see some of you guys over there!

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