

Finding a Wolf

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/37122646) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/37122646>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hermitcraft SMP
Relationship:	John Booko & EthosLab
Character:	EthosLab (Video Blogging RPF) , BdoubleO100
Additional Tags:	Vampires , Werewolves , Alternate Universe - Vampire , Alternate Universe - Werewolf , Alternate Universe - Modern Setting , Not RPF , Confessions , Not of the romantic sort but if you want to read it like that you can , Nudity , but only like mentioned it's not explicit , Etho just wanted something to pass the time and now he's confused , i never know how to tag things I apologise
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Vampires and Werewolves
Stats:	Published: 2022-02-14 Words: 2,838 Chapters: 1/1

Finding a Wolf

by [Fire_Cat](#)

Summary

When the moon is full, the werewolves come out, and even the vampires would rather not deal with that, staying inside and occupying themselves in other ways instead. Etho has lived a long time and knows that going out on a full moon isn't the best idea. But sometimes he gets bored, and it's not like the wolves could catch him, he's much too fast for that.

One gives it a good try though, and as the sun threatens to rise Etho is faced with someone he hadn't expected to see tonight. He isn't sure why his first instinct is to see if they're okay. He didn't think he cared that much.

(Also known as Etho finds Bdubs on a full moon and doesn't quite know how to process the conversation that follows)

Notes

More vampire/werewolf au with Etho and Bdubs! Because I love them and I love this au, it's very fun! And I have these fics written up I might as well post them!

This one is a bit longer than the first, I'm not quite as happy with it but I still rather like it! Probably takes place a month or so after the first fic, I don't know an exact time frame though. But yeah, I hope you like this fic and these two idiots being- well, idiots!

And again a big thank you to my friend CJ for chatting about this au with me and also just

generally being brilliant!

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

Vampires in this city usually stayed inside on the night of a full moon. Going out when werewolves were wandering around wasn't a particularly good idea, especially if you happened to be near the forest where most of the local wolves would roam. That canine sense of smell could and would track down a nearby vampire, and those meetings rarely ended well.

It was usually young vampires who got attacked by werewolves. Young vampires who didn't know any better than to stroll close to the forest, and weren't fast or strong enough to get away if they were spotted and chased.

Etho would usually stay home on the full moon too, but some nights staying cooped up indoors just didn't appeal to him. Sometimes he had to go out to hunt, other times he was just bored and looking for something to do or someone to hang out with.

After sunset, he had walked down to the vampire court, going inside to see if any of his friends were around. Though admittedly he knew that they would be, since most wouldn't leave on full moon nights.

He'd talked with Xisuma, chatted with Mumbo and with Doc. He'd hung out with Tango for a while, had played cards with him and been introduced to a human by the name of Zedaph. An odd young man who seemed far more excited to be surrounded by vampires than any human should be.

A few hours passed before he decided to leave, brushing off his friend's concerns about going out tonight. He'd be fine, and if a wolf did find him, he was fast enough to get away. There was nothing to worry about.

Etho wandered around aimlessly for a while, occasionally looking up at the moon sitting high in the dark sky. He'd hear a distant bark or howl. Wolves in the forest that bordered the city, making noise as they went about their night, doing whatever it was that werewolves did with their time.

Whilst he had been closer to the edge of the city than maybe he should have been, he didn't think he was close enough to the forest to actually encounter any wolves.

Not until heavy padded footsteps and the click of claws on concrete reached his ears.

Etho kept walking, pulling his focus away from whatever he'd been daydreaming about and directing it towards the noises. Listening as the slow paw steps of a large creature trailed behind him.

He pulled his mask down a little and sniffed the air, the unmistakable scent of fur and fear and *hunger* that identified a werewolf.

There was a werewolf on the street. And it was following him. Wonderful.

There were several things a person could do in this situation. Idiots would panic and run, activating the wolf's prey drive and getting themselves chased and mauled. Sensible people would keep walking, aiming for somewhere that the wolf couldn't follow them. Such as inside a building.

Etho would spin on his heel, a grin on his face as he met the wolf's eyes and said; "Hey big guy!"

Beautiful night out, huh?"

And that is precisely what he did, laughing to himself as the beast snarled and lunged at him.

Etho wasn't sensible no, but he wasn't an idiot either. He was faster than the wolf, and before it could touch him he leapt out of its reach, clambering up a nearby telephone pole and perching on the top.

"Aw too slow," he teased, "better luck next time."

Werewolves had instincts telling them to kill vampires on sight. Or at least that was Etho's theory, since they would always target a vampire if they saw one. And this wolf was no different. Circling the telephone pole, jumping up at it with enough force that it shook, huge claws digging into the wood. Barking and snarling at the vampire that was out of its reach.

As he watched the beast, Etho couldn't help but wonder who it might be. He knew several werewolves, but it was often hard to identify one outside of their usual human appearance.

Some werewolves did have identifying marks that carried over into their wolf form, scars were a good example, but that still wasn't much use a lot of the time.

This wolf was on the smallish side, maybe a youngster, or perhaps just someone who was short. Its fur was brown, which didn't narrow things down at all, and its feral eyes almost seemed to glow bright amber.

If nothing else, Etho knew from this that it wasn't the local pack leader, which might come as a relief later. That wolf, a man named Ren, was massive even by werewolf standards. His eyes were an icy blue and he had a very distinctive scar across his snout. He was also missing a leg, which on its own was a pretty obvious giveaway that it was him.

Etho had no idea who this wolf could be though. But then again, it probably didn't matter. It was probably some random wolf he'd never met who was only targeting him because he was a vampire.

He should leave the wolf alone and keep his distance. But Etho was bored and curious, and so he hummed to himself and jumped from his perch on top of the telephone pole and into a nearby tree, finding a nicer place to sit amongst its branches. The wolf followed him, clawing at the trunk and snarling up at him again.

He knew that hanging around near an agitated werewolf was a bad idea. But he'd made his choice, and for some reason, he wanted to know who this wolf was. It gave him something to do, and he'd still have time to run home before the sun rose. It was fine.

So he made himself comfortable, sat on a thick tree branch with his back against the trunk, letting one leg dangle over the edge as he watched the wolf below him.

He was way out of the wolf's reach up here, he wasn't in any danger of being grabbed or bitten, so he could just stay put and see what happened.

Exactly how long he spent up there he didn't know, he wasn't that good at keeping track of time. But much to his surprise, the wolf stayed nearby. Sometimes wandering about to sniff and dig at the ground, but never going far, and always returning to growl up the tree at Etho still sat in the branches.

Thankfully, no other people passed by, so there were no humans to catch the wolf's attention. There were no other wolves close enough to get a response from it either, so, for whatever reason,

it stayed.

His phone buzzing in his pocket, an alert he'd set to remind himself the sun would rise soon, and a loud howl from the wolf, was what stirred him from whatever daydream he'd fallen into.

Etho glanced up at the sky. It was still dark, but the smallest hint of light was starting to breach the horizon. He needed to go home soon.

Then he looked down, just in time to see the wolf shift from a huge furry beast, back into a relatively normal-looking man.

A man that Etho knew.

Light brown skin, dark messy hair and scruff on his jaw. A bit on the shorter side. That was Bdubs.

Etho was almost surprised, though maybe he should have suspected that it was him. Now he thought about it, that was one werewolf who had a reason for going after him.

Though really, trying to maul him seemed like a bit of an overreaction to some teasing and messing around.

Etho hummed and jumped down out of the tree, landing softly near the werewolf. He stood straight for a moment, just watching, trying to determine whether Bdubs was unconscious or just staying still as he recovered from the transformation. Though either way, he was lying there, motionless aside from his chest rising and falling as he breathed, vulnerable and out in the open.

And wearing very little.

Nothing at all, in fact.

Etho kept his eyes on Bdubs' face, if only to spare the man his dignity. Though he wasn't sure how many werewolves- especially people who had been wolves for a long time, which he was fairly certain Bdubs had- actually cared about stuff like that.

Waking up outside and naked didn't feel like something a person could get used to, not to Etho at least. But if it happened once a month, then maybe it could become normal. He had never thought of asking, and in truth, he wasn't sure he wanted to know.

He glanced at the sky again, just keeping an eye on the light levels, before he grabbed his jacket zipper and tugged it down, shrugging his coat off as he crouched and draping it over Bdubs, hoping to keep the morning chill off of him.

A little less than five minutes passed before Bdubs finally stirred. Wincing a little as he shifted. His eyes fluttered open and found Etho, still crouched in front of him.

"E-Etho?" he stuttered, his voice rough and quiet. He coughed and cleared his throat before speaking again. "What, what are you doing here?"

"Your wolf tried to maul me," Etho said quite casually, leaving out the part where he'd taunted the wolf first, "failed miserably, but it tried," he added with a slightly cheeky smile.

Bdubs' eyes went a little wide, concern crossing his features as he lifted his head off the ground and got his arms under himself so he could sit up, "What?" he asked, "I didn't hurt you did I?"

Etho shook his head, "Nah, of course not. I'm much too fast for any wolf to catch me."

Bdubs looked relieved as he sat up straight, pulling Etho's coat closer around his shoulders. "Wait- this is your coat."

"Yup yup, didn't want you getting cold."

"Hah. You almost sound like you care."

"Would I have stayed out so close to sunrise for you if I didn't?" Etho wasn't entirely sure what had prompted him to say that, but now the words had left his mouth and Bdubs was looking at him with an odd mix of confusion and surprise in his dark eyes.

"You spout a lot of crap but that- that was genuine. Wasn't it? You actually care about me?" said Bdubs, his expression softening as a small smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. Etho didn't know how to respond to that, but thankfully he didn't need to, as Bdubs looked up at the sky and then back at Etho, a hint of panic replacing the soft smile, "Wait hold on, it's getting light. You shouldn't be out here!"

That was an observation that Etho did know how to respond to. "The sun hasn't quite risen yet, I've still got a few minutes before it starts to hurt," he said with a shrug.

"You still shouldn't be out here, idiot. Go home, I'm okay. There are probably other wolves nearby and I don't think I left my car that far from here." Bdubs' smile came back as he added, "I'll be fine, alright? All this nonsense, I'm used to it. You don't have to worry about me."

Etho hadn't said anything about *worrying* about him, only that he might care a bit. Maybe. Enough that he didn't want him to get hurt, or to be out here on his own in the cold- did that count as caring?

Although, Bdubs insisting that he went home before the sun got too close to appearing above the horizon sounded an awful lot like he cared as well. Huh.

"Fiiine. I'll go home." Etho smiled, purposefully sounding a little reluctant, though in truth he did want to go home. He didn't want to be stuck outside after sunrise, it wasn't a good place to be as a vampire, not really.

"Good." Bdubs said with a firm nod, "Can I- Can I borrow your coat? I'll give it back later, I will." he added, already looking quite snug with the jacket wrapped around him.

Maybe Etho should have expected that question, though he still pretended to very seriously consider it for about ten seconds before replying, "Okay sure, you can borrow it, just for today. Because I'm nice." he paused, a glimmer of cheek in his red eyes, "I think it's a bit big for you though."

"Not my fault you're so lanky is it," Bdubs grumbled, not missing a beat.

Etho chuckled and stood up straight, stretching his arms above his head and letting out a yawn, "You gonna get home okay?" he asked, glancing up at the sky again and squinting at the slowly brightening light of dawn. He didn't have much time.

"I'll be fine," said Bdubs as he stood too, wincing and a little unsteady on his feet at first, but it only seemed to last a moment. Etho found himself resisting the urge to ask if he was okay, and he didn't quite know what to think of that. "Now go. Before you- melt, or whatever it is vampires do in the sun."

"Burn Bdubs, we burn." Etho corrected, wringing his hands together as the increasing daylight

started to make his skin itch. "You should know that though."

"Oh, of course I know that. Leave me alone, I'm tired."

"So am I. I've been up all night."

"Yeah, but you're nocturnal, and also didn't turn into a *massive wolf* last night like I did."

"True."

"Yes. Now scram!" Bdubs yelled, pointing up the street, looking almost angry for a moment, though there was very little of the usual fierceness in his eyes, most of that replaced with tiredness.

Etho held his hands up in surrender and smiled under his mask. "Ooh snappers he's getting angry now."

Bdubs huffed, "You're insufferable."

Etho tucked his hands in his trouser pockets and rocked back on his heels, "Yeah, but you still care about me."

There was a moment of hesitation before Bdubs spoke again, his voice much softer, quieter, but still audible. "Yeah, yeah I do."

Etho wasn't sure why hearing Bdubs admit that felt so nice, but it did, and he couldn't quite pull the smile off his face. "And I care about you too. Make sure you bring my coat back alright, I like that coat," he said, giving a little wave, and before any more words had the chance to leave his mouth, or before Bdubs had a chance to react to what had been said, Etho turned and ran. Long quick strides put considerable distance between the two in seconds.

It was getting light and the sun would rise in a matter of minutes, so he couldn't move quite as fast as he'd be able to in the middle of the night, vampire powers weakened at sunrise after all. But Etho could still run considerably faster than any human could ever dream of. And right now, that was proving very useful.

Trying to put the small confessions out of his mind as he ran down the streets towards his apartment, right now his focus should be getting home where he was safe, not thinking about what had been said between him and Bdubs.

He didn't know where any of it had come from though. It was quite unexpected.

But it was genuine. From both of them. Every word of it.

There was a brief moment of panic as Etho arrived at the door to his apartment building and couldn't find his key. Worried he'd left it in his coat, he found it a few seconds later in his trouser pocket. Sighing to himself, he unlocked the door and went inside.

He was glad to be home again, kicking his boots off and all but flopping onto the sofa.

The past twenty minutes or so of conversation were running through his head much louder than he'd like them to. So what if he cared about Bdubs? So what if Bdubs cared about him? They'd known each other a while now, they talked a lot. And- sure, most of that was taunting and teasing and Etho generally being a menace but, still... He didn't know what to think of it.

Etho yawned again and rubbed his eyes, pulling his mask down and letting out another sigh as he

pulled himself back up onto his feet. It was time for bed. He'd been out all night, he was tired, he was confused by his own emotions. Sleep would help. Probably.

It couldn't exactly make things worse though, could it? And maybe in the evening once he'd rested, he'd be able to wrap his head around what he was feeling right now, and why Bdubs caring about him apparently meant more to him than he thought it would.

And he could go and get his coat back too. That was also important. He couldn't let the little wolf-man steal his coat.

End Notes

Yes sleep on it Etho, then I'm sure you'll figure things out. Maybe. How emotionally competent do you think a 200 year old vampire would be? No idea.

Anyway! I hope you liked this, I do enjoy writing these boys, they're idiots, but I love them!

I have more fic for this au, one of which is a direct follow up to this one, so maaaybe they'll appear at some point, but we shall see!

And look, these fics have their own series set up now, keeps them all together!

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