

Rile Up The Wolf

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Rile Up The Wolf

by [Fire_Cat](#)

Summary

Etho is a vampire, and he has been for a very long time. When you've been around for a couple of centuries finding entertainment can be tricky, but sometimes it shows up in the form of a funny little werewolf man who's just too easy to rile up.

Also known as Etho lives to be a menace and Bdubs sort of just has to deal with that.

Notes

So apparently what's really gotten me writing lately is me and my friends vampire/werewolf/[insert creature here] au. Been having a lot of fun with it but especially with Etho and Bdubs I think. I wrote this in one sitting about a week ago, I don't know how but I did.

And I'd like to give a big thank you to my friend CJ for chatting about this au with me and fueling the brainrot but also just for generally being brilliant!

But anyway, I hope you like this!

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

The local vampire court was an important part of life for many of the vampires that lived in the city. Essentially functioning as a safe house for anyone who needed a roof over their head and the guarantee of a meal when they were hungry.

They took in confused fledglings and kept them fed so they didn't kill anyone in a blood-crazed daze. They would tend to wounded vampires who would otherwise be left to starve. They kept vampires, and, in truth, any other magical creature who came by, a safe place within their walls to rest, eat, and socialize.

Despite all this, though, Etho was not a part of the court. He had been briefly when he first arrived in the city, and he was on friendly terms with the grandmaster, a polite English vampire named Xisuma, who still let him come and go as he pleased. But Etho didn't live there anymore.

He was what Xisuma, and many of the other vampires, would call a stray.

Etho had never quite liked the term 'stray'. To him, it implied that he didn't have a home. That he was on par with the vampires who skulked around the forest after dark looking for humans to slaughter. And that wasn't him, not at all.

Quite the opposite. He did have a home, a lovely little one-bedroom apartment that cost him literally nothing to live in- the landlord didn't need to know they were being hypnotized into letting him stay there for free. And whilst he was an excellent hunter, no doubt about that, he never killed his prey. Well, not intentionally anyway. Sometimes it did just happen.

Sometimes humans would leave home one night and not come back, their bodies found in an alley the next morning bitten and bloody. It happened. Humans were weak like that. It couldn't be avoided. Etho never did it on purpose though.

Etho spent his nights exploring, hunting, sometimes socializing, if he felt like it. And, more recently, following and riling up one of the local werewolves.

Maybe it was a bad idea, maybe one of the pack leaders would come after him if he wasn't careful. But the strange little American wolf was just so much fun to taunt and tease, he couldn't help himself!

He'd probably regret it down the line, but right now, he tried not to think about it.

BdoubleO was the wolf's name, or just Bdubs, or at least that was how he'd introduced himself. He was short, stocky, loud, and prone to shouting. Wild brown eyes that shimmered with amber under the streetlights. Etho was convinced that the man only owned green hoodies that were slightly too big, and jeans with holes in the knees.

Which was quite a contrast to Etho himself, tall and lean as he was. Hair dyed white and eyes always glimmering bright red, his scarred left eye a slightly darker shade than his right. His thick fluffy-hooded coat obscured his form a little, and the soft soles of his boots let him walk quietly with ease.

The latter came in useful when he was trailing after the wolf again. Hopping across lampposts and telephone poles barely making a sound. Bdubs knew he was there though. Etho was sure of it. It was always this street that they crossed paths on after all.

"You're not as stealthy as you think you are!" Bdubs yelled from the street below, squinting against the yellow-ish glow of the lights as he glared up at Etho.

Etho smiled down at him from his perch on top of the lamppost, hands tucked into his coat

pockets, "If I was really trying to hide you'd have no idea I was even here."

"Oh yeah? Prove it!"

Etho gave a low chuckle, and a small shrug, "Okay, sure." and he let himself lean backward, just far enough that gravity would take him. He spun in the air as he fell, getting his feet under himself and landing softly on the grass next to the pavement. A small hop backwards away from the streetlights and a little bit of vampire magic, and he knew that Bdubs would have no idea where he'd gone.

This was proven about five seconds later when Bdubs started calling his name and looking around.

Etho bit his lip to stop himself from chuckling again, just watching the confused wolf try to figure out what was going on.

A vampires' powers grew stronger as they got older, and Etho was older than he looked. He had a little bit of hypnotic power- practised if only so that he didn't have to pay rent. But his main skill was in speed, strength, and stealth. He was fast, he was strong, and if he didn't want to be seen he could blend into the shadows like a black cat in a dark alley.

It was very useful for hunting. But it also made a fun party trick to confuse people with.

Holding the shadows close to him and being careful how he placed his feet, Etho moved silently towards Bdubs, waiting until just the right moment when the shorter man had his back to him.

Two quick strides forward and Etho threw his arms around Bdubs' shoulders, bending down just enough that his mouth hovered near his neck, the fabric of his mask brushing against Bdubs' skin.

Bdubs yelped and froze in place, eyes wide and staring forward at nothing. Etho watched and waited for him to process what was happening.

"H-how did you-" Bdubs stuttered, his voice little more than a whisper.

"Do you still think I'm not that stealthy?" Etho asked, a cheeky smile hidden under his mask.

He heard Bdubs swallow, his breath catching in his throat a little before he replied, "Nope, you're- you're definitely stealthy, dude. Very- you just disappeared!"

"Yup yup, it's very useful, makes hunting much easier."

Bdubs turned his head just enough to look at Etho, his brown eyes still wide and staring, a hint of concern crossing his features. "Don't you dare bite me." he said, clearly trying to sound firm, though not quite able to hide how his voice shook a little.

Etho hummed as if he was considering it, glancing around at nothing in particular before meeting Bdubs' gaze again. "You're lucky I'm not hungry." he said, "And that werewolves taste kinda gross this close to a full moon, wouldn't be a particularly good meal." he added with a shrug, squeezing Bdubs' shoulders before letting him go, stepping back and standing up straight.

As soon as he was free, Bdubs whirled around to glare at him again, "The hell're you talkin' about? 'Werewolves taste kinda gross'? What does that even mean?!"

Etho tucked his hands into his coat pockets, "Werewolf blood just doesn't taste that good for about a week either side of the full moon. I don't know why, it just doesn't."

"How do you know that?"

"I've been around a long time, you start to pick stuff up after a while." Etho smiled, and that was very true, his head was full of all sorts of bits of information that he'd picked up from somewhere at some point over the years. A lot of it was probably out of date or irrelevant at this point though, so maybe it wasn't all useful, but he had it if nothing else.

He'd be a master in a useless trivia contest.

"Right," Bdubs said, still eyeing him cautiously, "out of curiosity, how old are you, exactly?"

Etho hummed and absently tapped his chin as he thought, "Two hundred? Maybe? Might be rounding up a little there, or down. One or the other."

"You're *two hundred* years old?" said Bdubs, sounding like he didn't quite believe it. Etho nodded. "Okay, yeah, I guess you would pick up a lot of facts in that time." he paused, "And you look younger than me, I hate that."

Etho snorted, "We can't all be youthful immortals like me Bdubs." he said as he stepped around him, patting him on the head and ruffling his hair in the process before strolling down the street a little way.

Bdubs swatted at his hand and yelled after him. Etho wasn't entirely sure that he'd follow, but a moment later he heard stomping footsteps belonging to an annoyed-looking Bdubs coming up beside him.

"Aw, you followed me." Etho smiled, teasing a little.

"No, I just- I was already going this way." Bdubs huffed, shoving his hands in his hoodie pockets.

"Where are you going when you walk down this street anyway?" Etho asked, genuinely curious for once and not just trying to rile him up.

Bdubs hesitated a moment before shrugging, "Home. I live that way."

"Oooh. Okay." Etho paused, thinking for a moment of what he could say to annoy him. "Can I come?"

"What? NO!" Bdubs yelled, glaring up at him again.

Etho chuckled, "Aw, why not? We could have tea."

"You are NOT coming to my house."

"Shame. I could have made you pancakes. With maple syrup."

"God you really are Canadian aren't you. Why do you know how to make pancakes?"

"Can't a guy have a hobby?"

"You're a vampire."

"And you're a werewolf, but here we are. And I can eat food. It doesn't do much for me, but I can eat it."

"You're *really* annoying, you know that right."

"Yup yup. And you're *very* fun to wind up."

The back-and-forth halted and silence hung over them. Bdubs still glaring as Etho looked down at him, the corners of his eyes creasing slightly with the smile hidden under his mask.

It took a solid sixty seconds for Bdubs to pull his eyes away from Etho and look forward again as they walked, and another sixty seconds before he spoke. "Can vampires eat normal food? I always figured it'd make you sick."

"It does if I eat too much, but a little is fine." Etho shrugged, looking forward as well, rather than at the werewolf walking beside him.

"Huh. I didn't know that."

"Well, now you do! So where do you live exactly?"

Etho was certain he heard Bdubs growl before he yelled again, "You are NOT coming to my house!!"

Etho bit back a laugh, it was just so easy to rile him up.

Despite Bdubs' protests, the pair ended up walking together until they reached the bottom of the street, at which point Bdubs pointed at Etho and once again told him that he was not taking him back to his house. Not at all, not ever. Etho just smiled and gave a cheerful 'maybe next time then', which only seemed to wind Bdubs up even further.

They parted ways and Etho walked back up the street the way he'd come. He could have followed Bdubs from the rooftops, but he didn't, not this time anyway.

He wasn't sure what he'd spend the rest of the night doing, but he had plenty of time to figure that out. He could go find some friends down at the vampire court, or maybe he could go hunting. He wasn't really hungry, but it never hurt. Or maybe he'd just explore. He didn't know, but he'd figure something out.

The night was still young after all. But for the moment, he was just looking forward to when he might see Bdubs next. Hopefully soon, he was a very entertaining man to be around.

Who would have guessed that the latest interesting thing in Etho's long life would be an angry little werewolf man with no volume control and too much gel in his hair?

Etho wasn't complaining though. Not in the slightest, and he couldn't wait for the next time they crossed paths on that street. He was certain that it would be a lot of fun.

End Notes

I don't know why this was so much fun to write, I guess Etho being a nuisance is just enjoyable? I have no idea, oh well, I hope you liked this!

This isn't the only fic for this au I've got either, maybe I'll post the rest later, do let me know if you'd be interested in seeing more of these two!

Oh, and if you want to know what the boys look like here, I drew them the other day and [it's on my Tumblr here!](#)

Works inspired by this [one](#): [This is a bad town for such a pretty face](#) by [Blu3Devil](#), [Curse \(Blu3Devil\)](#), [Fake Fur and Other White Lies](#) by [GoodTimesWithScar](#)

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