

winter in prague; 1618

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winter in prague; 1618

by [whichlights](#)

Summary

winter in prague; 1618. tensions are high after the defenestration of multiple catholic officials, and a war will break out not quite two years later. in this time of tensions, a vampire by the name of clownpierce is injured.

his friend is there to care for him, at least.

Notes

everyone else was having fun with their vampire au i wanted one too.

this is backstory for a more elaborate au i may yet get to :3c but rn its just kinda setting up clown and redds relationship at its core, where even if they snap at each other and like to bully each other, in the end its going to be the two of them sticking together.

warnings: genre typical mentions of death, blood, and biting.

Silver wounds don't heal right- or at least they don't heal *fast* . Clown glares at his leg, which has unhelpfully decided to stay limp and damaged, slowly oozing blood through his bandages. He can't walk like this, and if he can't walk, he can't hunt. He shakes in his patchwork blanket. None of the rats will come close enough for him to bite, even if he was quick enough in his injury to

catch them.

So, with nothing else to do, he waits.

He's been propped up as comfortably as he can be against a bag of flour, with a wood and canvas shack protecting him from the elements. Annoyingly, there's a stale biscuit within his reach. It doesn't do anything to help with his hunger.

It's been five days since this arrangement started, and no sign of improvement from his leg. He'd tried to walk on it, but the injury gushed blood far too much to keep up with, and the aftereffects of a silver knife jolted pain through his entire body. If Rasplin was to be believed, it would take at least a month for it to heal. He hopes it's less- he hates when Rasplin was right.

Day was breaking. He glares at the pinkening glimpse of sky he has, willing it to turn dark again. If the sun rises too fast, he'll be alone all day, and he's already been alone all night. If he starts having to talk to the rats for company, he's going to lose it.

Before the sky turns blue, though, what he was waiting for comes. Redd slinks into the alley, his cloak pulled up around his head and whooshing behind him as he moved quicker than any mortal ever could.

"I thought you wouldn't make it," Clown manages, already reaching out. Redd falls into his arms, gracefully avoiding putting any weight on Clown's lame leg.

"You always doubt me." Redd takes off his cloak and lets it pool on the cobble ground below them. "No one found you?"

"No." Clown presses his face into the crook of Redd's neck and shoulder, breathing in the dirt and blood scent that clings to his shirt.

Redd tilts his head to the side, baring a neck with no pulse. "Go ahead."

Clown hesitates for only a moment. "But you-"

"I ate enough for both," Redd says, which is a lie to make them both feel better.

One of the multiple reasons no coven will have them, he muses, is that this is meant to be taboo. Feeding from another vampire should be unheard of. But Clown can't hunt, and Redd can. Clown opens his mouth, fangs already extended in his hunger, and bites.

Redd gives a little sigh, melting further into Clown's body, head tilting back for better access. Feeding from Redd is cold and stale, since the blood came from someone else already, but Clown feeds eagerly anyways in his hunger. Redd mumbles something through the haze of saliva relaxants, and his hand comes up to stroke Clown's hair, keeping his head down when he tries to retreat sooner than he should.

Clown pulls away, lapping at the bloody mark left to make sure nothing goes to waste. Redd purrs, and Clown wraps his arms around his shoulders, pulling Redd closer to him. He imagines what it would feel like if they were both alive, if Redd's warmth would chase away the early morning chill from his bones.

"I can't do this for much longer," Clown mumbles, licking at Redd's neck as a bead of blood appears on it. "I'm going mad."

"We'll make it," Redd insists. "And you *will* do this for as long as that leg takes to heal."

“I despise being alone all night,” he huffs, more petulant than anything.

Redd’s hands are gentle in his hair. “I know,” he whispers. The press of his body against Clown’s is comforting regardless of the presence of heat. “I’ll try to come back sooner next time. It’s been difficult to hunt.”

Clown licks up Redd’s neck again as more blood trickles down. Redd laughs a little bit, even as he gives Clown better access. “If you keep licking, it’s not going to stop bleeding.”

“I’m hungry,” he says, closing his eyes and pressing his face to Redd’s shoulder, searching for the campfire smell under his clothes.

Redd pauses in his gentle stroking of Clown’s hair. “Do you need more?”

“No.” Clown breathes only on instinct and muscle memory, the air doing nothing for his body, but he sighs deeply nonetheless. “No, I can’t take everything from you. We’re *both* hungry.”

Redd sighs too, because it’s true. Redd’s hunts have been fewer and further between, and he comes back closer to dawn every time he goes out, and he never goes out hunting again on a full stomach. Maybe Redd can stay the night and help him catch the rats- it would be about as good for them either way.

Finally tired of waiting, he tilts his head up to catch Redd’s mouth in a kiss. Redd hums with contentedness as Clown slides cold hands under his shirt. “I would do the same for you,” he insists as Redd’s shirt joins his cloak on the ground.

“I know,” he says, hands on Clown’s shoulders. His eyes are black and glow like coals, and Clown feels something that mimics warmth. “Lay back, love.”

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Redd’s cloak is draped over them to preserve a sense of modesty, though it’s doubtful anyone would stumble across them anyways. Clown traces meaningless shapes on Redd’s chest even as he continues to pepper soft kisses to the top of Clown’s hair.

The day had stretched on while they lay together, and the air had warmed ever so slightly, though it didn’t quite cut through the early winter chill. They were protected from the sun by canvas and alley shade, and Clown closed his eyes to bask in the peace of the small space created for them.

“Do you hate immortality?” Clown asks, not really expecting an answer.

Redd hums at first, and Clown doesn’t get his answer. Then he props up his head on an elbow. “If I wasn’t immortal, I never would have found you. So it’s not all bad.”

“You are awful,” he huffs.

“I know.” Redd closes his eyes slowly, like a cat. “I certainly didn’t choose it.”

“How did you die?” Clown presses his fingers to the nearly healed bite mark on Redd’s neck, rubbing away dried smears of blood.

“I got sick,” he says simply. “I- I don’t think I’ve ever told you this story, but I grew up in a little village. We had a cat to keep away the mice and sometimes it would come to sleep in my bed. My father was a cobbler and my mother made all our clothes with birds embroidered at the hem. I was meant to learn the trade of my father, continue the business, and I was happy to. I had a flirtation

with the baker's daughter, an affair with one of the farmer's sons, but nothing serious. I was... happy. Then one day I just... got sick. My parents left me in my room, and I don't know what happened, but in the night I must have died. In the morning, I woke up."

Clown opens his eyes and presses a hand to Redd's cheek. He leans into the touch, and takes a shaky breath he doesn't need. "My mother came in, and she reached for me, and I was hungry. I didn't know what came over me, I grabbed her arm and I sunk teeth into it, and my teeth weren't my own. My body wasn't my own. She screamed, and my father came up to tear her away from me. I don't know if I would have killed her if he hadn't come. I made them leave the room as they screamed at me, demanding what I had done with their son, what demon sorcery I had committed against their family, and when night fell, I ran because I didn't know the answer."

Clown takes Redd's hand that's still draped over his waist. Redd's eyes flutter as he presses a kiss to the wrist. He says nothing of platitudes- it would fall flat, and Reddoons does not need them. He gives Redd what he needs, instead. "I was part of a traveling group of bards, entertainers," he says. "I was having a drink after a performance when a man came to me, bought me another, and said he saw the way I moved. He said it was like I knew where I needed to be, and angels simply moved my limbs to accommodate. He wondered if I would be open to being hired full time by him, and I took him up on his offer. I awoke that night clawing myself out of a shallow grave, and he was there. I tried to attack him and he took me to the town and helped me make my first kill."

Clown is never sure if he looks back at that memory fondly or with hatred. "He introduced himself as Rasplin, and he taught me everything. He had wanted a fledgling who could fight, who would take to unholy strength with ease and grace. I found you because I was running away from the man who cut off his head and set it on fire."

Redd doesn't offer him any apology either. Clown presses closer to him, only simply needing company. Redd pulls him closer because he needs the same.

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