

Flightless Bird

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Flightless Bird

by [AvoSunflowerTea](#)

Summary

A university house party is the perfect hunting ground for young vampires. It has the seductive air of being on the prowl, the ability to lean into carnal desires if one wishes to. Janus did, very much so, and often indulged in these events.

To the untrained eye, the house could have already been intoxicating. It pulsed with music, wild light flashed across the windows. Students were packed into the house, slithering against each, warm, flushed flesh against flesh. It was practically mouth-watering.

Logan was less enthused to witness this feast of awkward indulgence. Logan was never one to draw out a hunt. University parties never seemed to be particularly fruitful either, the blood always taking on a dry twinge due to the alcohol.

But Janus had asked, and seeing that there was no logical reason he should not attend Janus on the literal hunting ground, he came. And as soon as Janus opened the door he immediately regretted coming.

Notes

HERE WE GO, LADS.

The start of the twilight au.

Honestly, I'm a little nervous posting this! I hope you like it!

Thorn Bush Turns White That's When I'll Go Home

The library was magic.

At least that's what Patton always said. Roman tended to agree with him, the library had a certain flair to it. It must be faeries

Well, if you asked Remus, he would say his brother was an idiot and was completely missing the point of the library.

What's the point of having a giant gothic building in the depths of Forks if there were no monsters in it? They had visited it plenty of times on particularly rainy days when they were kids. Even as a child, Remus wanted to scoff at the very notion. Of course, there were no fairies, or princes, or wizards hiding in the library. it must be dragons!

Or a pit of snakes if you pulled the wrong book. Remus was certain when he was smaller, that a giant snake guarded the library, huge yellow eyes stalked his every movement.

But that was when they were kids. Now they were all grown up. Remus still believed in monsters. He just knew they didn't have scales.

Or at least, he thought so.

"Of course it's raining," Roman grumbled, slinging his backpack across his shoulder. His tan almost looked comical against the flushed rose of his jumper. Roman did not do cold, or wet, or dark clouds. The slashes of rain already made him shudder.

"I can finally-" Remus stretched, and gave a wild howl as his back clicked. He flung forward, landing in a bizarre squat. Roman groaned. "I can finally move my body!"

Roman huffed again, dragging a perfectly manicured hand down his face. Fumbling with the last of their bags, he turned back to his brother. Remus was still in that ridiculous squat but had slacked, all limbs hanging down his side. He was staring off into the distance, eyes slightly lost.

"Dads out there," he said finally. Roman nodded, instantly understanding the anxiousness bubbling building in his brother. Despite how tiny the airport was, they both felt incredibly lost, as if they were tumbling into the white abyss of tile flooring. The twins hadn't visited their father in two years, it was natural they'd feel a bit anxious.

Even so, Remus couldn't ignore the sick turning in his stomach. He still didn't feel like his feet had touched the ground. He was high off, floating somewhere above the clouds still.

Swallowing his unease, he snatched a bag from Roman and marched towards the airport doors.

"Come on," he sighed, "let's not keep the old man waiting."

The thirst was unbearable.

It choked him, like flames licking his throat.

He was insatiable. This raging fire would surely drive him mad.

"It won't kill you." A soft voice cooed, just as sharp pain crackled through his head. A hand shot out, grasping knots of hair, "it'll just hurt like hell."

The voice was right, the thirst didn't kill Logan. No matter how long he went without food, no matter how long he burnt, nothing could fully kill him.

This bloody lecturer might though.

The lecture hall was buzzing. A swarm of inconsequential chatter. Of parties and late assignments and who kissed who. One thread seemed to entangle itself into the very air, however, appeared to stick like honey.

The concept of fresh meat appeared to have gotten everyone into a tizz, which did not go unnoticed by Janus.

"Have we ever met them?" Janus asked, leaning further back in his chair. Logan thought for a moment, running the pen in hand between his teeth.

"No," he concluded, "though I can't imagine they'll be extremely interesting."

Janus hummed, eyeing a pair of students, who seemed to also be engrossed in gossiping about the arrival of the twins.

"Bout time I had a brand new plaything."

Logan rolled his eyes, and bristled slightly, "I can't imagine they'll be any different to anyone else here Janus."

"I heard one of them is an actor." Janus hummed.

Logan finally whipped the pen out of his mouth, "and why pray tell, is that notable?"

Janus shrugged, a lazy grin spreading across his lips. "I've always loved a damsel."

Logan groaned, threading his hands through his hair.

Just one more hour he thought to himself, snatching his hands back into place, and stiffened in his chair. Janus didn't falter his teasing.

"The other one is apparently much more...eccentric." Janus thought for a moment, "They seem fun."

"Well," Logan spat, ignoring the heat flooding his senses. "You can tell more all about it."

Janus snorted, slumping fully.

"You were never good at sharing."

The pen in Logan's hand snapped, spilling dark ink over his hand.

Janus smirked.

Caught Myself

Chapter Summary

Patton, Virgil, Roman and Remus meet up for the first time in six years.

Some things have changed.

Others are painfully stuck in the past.

Chapter Notes

I am a very emotional lady so I had a small cry about Virgil and Ro. Let's hope things work out/

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

"This is going to be so awkward."

"Oh come on Virge!"

"They probably don't even remember us."

Patton didn't falter, despite the incessant grumbling coming from his moby companion. Instead, he swiftly pulled the truck he was driving into reverse, and set them on their way. Patton was undoubtedly a good driver but this did not stop Virgil's eyes from roaming the quiet road. He huddled into his seat, eyes stuck straight ahead.

"But we remembered them!" Patton sang cheerfully, smoothly turning a corner. Virgil's knuckles whitened as he gript the handle. "Besides, CheifSwan asked if I could help today."

Fork University's halls of residence was a small, cozy place. Just like the rest of the city, it had a certain sense of familiarity to it. The buildings were a soft, dusty red brick. The halls hugged the campus area and tittered off into lush woodlands. Patton and Virgil had been inseparable since childhood and university appeared to be no exception. Both separately decided to remain in their hometown but somehow had managed to end up living just across the hall from each other.

Patton insisted it was fate.

Virgil didn't disagree outright, but it was certainly spooky.

What was even spookier, however, was the fact that infamous childhood friends Roman and Remus Swan were going to live down their hallway. The universe, Virgil concluded, must work just to annoy him.

The day Roman had left it had also been raining. Virgil's dark hair was slick against his face, jeans completely soaked and thick with water. It had been time to say goodbye, summer was over, and the twins were returning to Arizona for school. Remus and their dad were busying themselves within the house, getting ready for the drive to the airport. Roman sat out on the front porch with Virgil, both victims to the incessant downpour. Virgil can't remember the exact details of it. He thinks maybe Roman told a joke causing him to chuckle a little. Or maybe he was talking about a new book he'd read or an idea for a story or a video game or-

And then Roman kissed him.

Roman kissed him long and hard, before ripping away. Both boys blushed, face flashing crimson. Before either could speak, chief Swan called Roman from the house, telling him that they were going now. And that was it. Virgil never heard from him again. He never visited again during the summer, never so much as texted or even an email.

Who emailed nowadays anyway.

Suffice to say, Virgil was not looking forward to this reunion. Patton had much sweeter memories of the twins. He still had the friendship bracelet Remus made him. A little frayed and the color faded, but still there. A subtle reminder that friendship knows no bounds. According to Patton at least.

Virgil didn't know how he had agreed to this. Helping the twins move in on a rainy Sunday afternoon wasn't exactly his idea of fun. Patton turned again, gently driving the truck to place, and they finally reached the Swan residents.

And it hadn't changed. Not one bit. It was cozy, if not a little humble. With delicate windows and slightly chipped paint. It was almost as if it had been ripped straight from Patton's memories. A car sat on the driveway, full to the brim with bags and boxes, and... was that a bundle of fabric? Patton pulled up next to it.

"How have I broken a nail already?" A voice boomed from the house, somehow making its way to the two boys in the truck. Patton and Virgil shared a hesitant glance. The voice was chased by another. It was much scratchier than the first.

"You haven't even picked up a bag yet!" The voice cackled.

The door of the house swung open revealing the twins.

That confirmed it, Virgil thought, sinking lowering his seat. The universe was testing him. Maybe, if he focused really hard, he could emerge within the upholstery of the seat, allow his hoodie to morph, and swallow him up. No such luck would come, naturally.

Whilst Virgil was having his slight gay crisis, Patton on the other hand had leaped from the car. He sprinted down the drive, arms flinging wildly. Not minding the rainwater that

splashed at his feet.

"Roman!" He cried, and practically launched himself into the first twin arms, slipping on the slick porch. "Remus!"

Patton swung his other arm around the second twin and curled them both into a warm hug.

Virgil remained sulking in the car. Because of course, Roman had to have the biggest glow-up in the world, as if he wasn't pretty enough. He was tall, incredibly so. With broad strong shoulders and a sharp jaw. His skin was beautifully sun-kissed and complimented his artfully curled hair. It sat like a halo around his head. Despite his Apollo-like features, he wore hues of pastel pink and baby blue, all gentle and dreamy.

Remus had changed too. Virgil couldn't deny how handsome he was. His cheekbones were aching high, you could cut diamonds on them. He was slighter than Roman, but still just as tall. Much more sharp and full of wicked edges. Even from this distance, his eyes were quick and full to the brim with promise. A slash of glitter sprinkled his cheek, highlighting his features to an agonizing amount.

That was it, Virgil should have stayed and wallowed in his dorm room. Maybe it wasn't too late to drop out and become a hermit. Never again to be bothered by handsome boys and past regrets.

They both towered over Patton, who was all soft and squish. He squealed, nuzzling into them.

"Padre?" Roman gasped, peeling Patton off of him, holding him by the shoulders. He gave him a once-over, making Patton giggle even more.

"It's so good to see you two!" Patton sang cheerfully, "Look at how tall you are!"

Roman grinned and pulled Patton into another hug. He swayed slightly, taking Patton with him.

"Look at you!" Roman chuckled. Remus' hand shot out and ruffled his hair slightly.

"We're tall?" Remus snickered, "Last time you were the size of an ant!"

Groaning, Virgil slithered from his seat and slunk up to the porch. He pulled his hood up tight, a weak attempt to fend off the onslaught of rain that had ripped from the sky. Of course, just of course the first time he would see Roman again would be on this damn porch, in the pouring rain."

Hey," he offered weakly, chewing on his lip. Roman let go of Patton, but before he could say anything, Remus lept forward and snatched onto Virgil's hood.

"Holy fuck!" Remus yelled stumbling forward slightly, "when did you dye your hair? You've got a piercing?"

Virgil shuffled, trying to pry himself from Remus' tight grip, the fabric bunched up in his hands.

"I always wanted a piercing, but Roman always said I'd look trashy. Roman look at this, I want one now!"

"Put him down Rem," Roman sighed. Virgil was completely stuck frozen, limbs tense. He didn't ease up once Remus loosened his hold. He was like a statue.

"We're been so excited!" Patton chirped, ungracefully smashing through the stale tension which clung to the air. Virgil fidgeted with the cuffs of his hoodie and peaked up through his fringe. "I can't believe after all these years! The same dorm?"

Roman chuckled, eyes darting quickly between Patton and Virgil.

"Oh, we have so much to catch up on!" Patton carried on cheerfully, bouncing on the balls of his feet. "Let us help with your bags!"

"Let me show you my baby!" Remus sprinted towards their car and began fumbling with the door. Patton followed, still slightly slipping on the mud as he went. Which, of course, as it was that sort of day, left Roman and Virgil to stand alone on the porch. Stood alone. Yeah, Virgil mused quietly, that was an accurate description.

"Hey," Roman said awkwardly, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. He ran his hand through his hair, causing him to wince as his already broken nail snagged on a curl. He snatched his hand back, inspecting the ripped nail with a grimace. Silently, Virgil began fumbling with something in his pocket. He slowly pulled out a little metal box and began fiddling with the side. A metal nail file popped out. Without looking up, he wordlessly offered the nail file to Roman.

"Thanks," Roman blinked a few times, before dumbly taking the file, and began working on his nail.

"You have a sword?" Remus shrieked and dumped the huge box he was holding into Patton's arms. Patton began wobbling with the weight, the edges slamming into his chest.

"Pat!" Virgil shouted, just as he began tumbling backward. Remus spun around, and latched onto the box, dragging Patton with him.

"Gotta be careful with my baby," Remus hushed, and lugged the giant box into his arms. He waddled back up to the porch. Diligently, Patton followed once again, happy that the crushing weight of "the baby" was no longer on him.

Virgil shrugged. Once filed, Roman handed the box back. Virgil snapped the file back into place and buried it into his pocket. That awkward tension began to settle back between the two. Virgil refused to look from the spot on the floor he was staring at. Remus began sucking on his teeth obnoxiously. It was another voice this time that helped slice the air, as chief Swanshuffled from the stairs and out to greet the boys.

"Hello Patton," He said, a gentle smile on his face. "Virgil."

"Afternoon chief Swan!" Patton cheered. Virgil simply ducked his head, eyes filtering.

"Thanks for helping move the boys today," he mused. Chief Swan's voice was like warm honey. Comforting and soft. "Oh look at you four! Just like old times."

"I'm the tallest now though!" Remus said playfully, becoming aware of how obviously Roman and Virgil were trying to not look at each other.

Only Chief Swan and Patton laughed.

"We'll help you get all of your stuff into the truck," Patton said, "And then you guys can go get dinner before officially moving to halls!"

"Sure thing Pat," Roman said thinly and marched towards the cars. Remus gave a funny look before following his brother. They all moved quickly, fluid almost. Almost as if their bodies remembered the days of daring adventures and dragon fights and the such. Virgil was surprisingly the best at climbing trees. At least, when he was little. In his excitement to reach the top, he always forgot to look back down, and be scared of how high up he was. The height never really bothered him that much anyway.

Roman always followed him up. Had always, at least.

The truck was packed with the twins' things. Chief Swan thanked Patton and Virgil, saying that they'd be round in a few hours. And then, Pat and Virge were driving away, leaving the house behind them.

It was the second time Virgil and Roman hadn't said goodbye to each other.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Any comments and feedback are much appreciated and highly encouraged! Until next time!

Set My Soul Alight

Chapter Summary

Remus has a dream, a nightmare, and most certainly not a memory. Roman and Virgil struggle with their feelings for one another. Logan has a hard time with boredom.

Patton just wants to have one nice breakfast.

Chapter Notes

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

The library was never cold.

Despite this, his guts turned to ice. Remus was a kid again, spending the summer with his dad. On a typically misty day, his feet had been pulled to the library.

And it was freezing. There were a few people dotted around, mostly the college students, coffee in hand, quietly tapping over laptops. Nothing out of the ordinary. Remus' wandered through the looming walls of the library, hands gliding over the spines of beloved fairytales, gooseflesh flushing his arms. It was getting colder.

He didn't really know what he was looking for. Until that was, he saw a door he did not recognize. It matched the dark, royal features of the rest of the library. Interestingly a carving of an eye was scratched into its center.

A shiver ripped through Remus, something called out to him- turn back, leave!
So naturally, he pushed a chilled palm to the oak and pushed forward.

"Honestly Janus, darling," the voice was like poisoned honey. Sweet but with thick, jagged pieces stuck into it. It was alluring and repulsive, delicious and disgusting. Its owner, a woman dressed so eloquently Remus was convinced she stepped from a fairytale, was similar. She was painfully beautiful, her face twisted in harsh marble. Her hands looked as though they were carved from stone, harsh, controlled.

Cold. Everything was so, so cold.

The woman continued, "I'm happy for you, I am, but I fear you have grown too use to monotony."

There were three of them around a large table. The woman sat almost with a sense of purpose, she commanded the room without question. Across from her sat two men, one with their backs to Remus, and the other's hair and flash of tie just visible. They had the same hard

air to them but failed to dominate as much as the woman. The one with the tie was stiff, washed out in dark clothes, lacking grace.

The pull from earlier had returned, capturing Remus' in a bitter hold, forcing his feet to stick to his spot. He saw the one with the tie twist, stiff posture ripped apart, fraying into a wild frenzy.

Still, Remus could not move, even with the floods of fear rolling over him.

The man with his back to Remus tore around. Yellow gems glistening, slicing Remus open-

Remus bolted up in his bed, hand cracking against the wall sending sharp waves of pain rippling into his fingers. He howled, pitifully clutching his fist to his chest.

"Pigs!"

His heart was still racing, sickly shiverings shot throughout his body. His legs ached, as though he had been running for miles, they felt heavy and hollow. Remus' eyes danced wildly, desperate to latch onto something, anything.

The inky black sky was just paling through the window. The sky... Remus could focus on the sky.

It looked like a cracked egg, he thought. Slashes of orange yolk seeped across the stars, being chased by the white shell. Patton would like that metaphor. The morning sky rose gently, easing him back into a sense of comfort.

Much more steadily, he reached for his backpack, which he had thrown down by his bed the night before. While Roman had been adamant about unpacking as soon as they arrived, Remus had other plans. Instead, he dumped all of his belongings onto every surface available, which was mostly the floor, and went straight back out into the rain. When he returned who was coated in thick mud, boots soaked through, with a handful of wildflowers he had picked. He had intended to press them when he got back, but that idea was quickly discarded when he saw the gleam of his embroidery needle and set to work instead, sewing the flowers together.

With a grumble, Remus hooked his notebook from the backpack and began sketching.

The images began spilling out of him, too sleepy to really grasp their meaning yet. In thick, bold letters, he scribbled-

Beware, the eye's of the dragon witch!

It was later that morning when Remus finally skipped into the commons. The smell of pancakes floated from the commons and down the corridor, like small fluffy clouds. Light-hearted chattering could be heard. Patton's babble gently moving with Virgil's mumbled

voice. Remus burst into the room, always one to make an entrance, and somehow causing green glitter to dust the floor.

"Morning Rem!" Patton smiled, setting out four plates onto the table with a giant serving plate in the middle. It was stacked high with the most perfectly golden pancakes he had ever seen.

Of all his talents, cooking wasn't necessarily one that Remus acquired. According to Roman at least, who insisted that pickles and Nutella certainly do not go together. Remus, like most things, believed in his own convictions, convinced that his flavor profile was just beyond his time.

"I made breakfast for all of us!" Patton chirped happily, plating Virgil a portion. He mumbled a quick thank you, a returned to hunching over his coffee, all soft and sleepy still. Virgil was beautiful, undeniably so. He had a sweetness to him that was indefinable. In the hunch of his shoulders, his small reserved smile, his gentle laughter which was like the soft pitter-patter of rain.

No wonder Roman's hopelessly in love, Remus thought, claiming a seat of his own, sprawling his legs across the arm of the chair, like a docile house cat. He curled around the notebook in his hand and began sketching absentmindedly once more.

"Thanks, Patton," Remus chirped as the other dished up pancakes onto his plate. He tapped his hands over the squidgy sponge-like texture, before rolling it into a cigarette shape, and unceremoniously dunked it in Virgil's coffee.

"Hey!" Virgil snapped, snatching the cup into him his chest. He gave a pout, before pushing the now ruined coffee to Remus. Remus smiled widely, and dumped all of his pancakes into the mug. "You are such a goblin."

"Why thank you, Virge," Remus beamed through a mouthful of soggy breakfast.

"Should we get Roman up?" Patton asked, plating the third round, before finally plating himself. He scrunched his nose at the bits floating in the coffee mug before he began chewing on his own breakfast. "I don't want it to get too cold."

"The princess is probably putting his face on," Remus slurped the rest of the spoiled coffee, allowing the pleasant warmth to fill his chest. He sucked at the squished bits that got stuck in his teeth. He saw the flash of...something split across Virgil's face for just a second, who then found the sleeve of his hoodie very interesting. "I'll go get him."

He skipped back from the commons, to the hall, and didn't even bother knocking on Roman's door. He hollered his name as he swung into the room.

"Pat's made us pancakes!" He beamed, flopping on the bed. If Remus' room was a dump, then Roman's was certainly a dragon's treasure hoard. Fancy pens, paintbrushes, a canvas or two sat proudly on the shelves. The bedsheets were deep red, smooth, and plump. But at the desk, makeup laid scattered, Roman slumped in his chair, forehead slammed into the table. The golden stand mirror he insisted on bringing had toppled over.

Remus pursed his lips, blowing a raspberry as he rolled onto his back, head coming to hang off the bedside.

"Roman," he hissed, "I swear to god if this is still about-

"He still has it, Rem!" Roman lament, fling his head back just to hit his forehead once more. "He still has it!."

"Lice?" Remus sneered, reaching to tickle Roman's side. Roman battered his hand away with a dramatic flourish.

"The swiss army knife!" He lamented, throwing his head back once more. This time he fully slouched back, letting his head rest against the back of the chair. Roman gave one mighty huff.

"Maybe he'll stab you with it?" Remus offered helpfully, smirking at his brother's grimace. "Come on, Patton wants you for breakfast."

This earnt groan, followed by another huff.

"So what if he still has it?" Roman shot up suddenly. His face flashes with a sense of false confidence, but his eyes didn't look fully convinced. "Patton still has the bracelet, and it's not like you guys-"

He cuts himself off, slumping once more, exhaling, and letting his elbows rest on his knees. "It's' fine." He sneered, rising from his chair.

"You're welcome!" Remus shrilled, rolling off the bed completely, crashing to the floor. He scrambled up, beaming at his brother. "Be lucky I didn't steal your breakfast.

The morning quickly came and went. Virgil greeted the twins stiffly before making a rushed excuse about having to find a few books from the library.

"The library?" Remus asked face curling into something unreadable.

"Uni library," Virgil murmured, pulling his hood up.

Remus left soon after, seeing that Roman had finally settled, and was spinning delightful stories around Patton's head. Classes were to start today, but he needed to head to student services first.

Student services were suffocatingly grey. He felt nauseous just looking at the bleak walls. Formality had never been his strong suit. It had always felt stuffy. Despite this, Remus steeled himself against the grey of the room. He just needed to get one measly signature and he would be sorted. He could bound out into the colorful wild world once he had the piece of chicken scratch.

The holder of said signature, Mrs. Miller, was a remarkably bleak woman, even by Remus' standards. Her hair was in fat rolls, like sausages hanging from her head. Her nose was squished black pudding. Skin was the color of spoiled milk. Remus was suddenly very grateful for the pancakes Patton made.

Mrs. Miller grumbled over the paperwork one last time, sat at the desk across from Remus, before flipping to the back sheet once more.

"And you are certain," she asked, voice like frying fat, "that is the pathway you wish to take."

"Absolutely!"

"It'll be very difficult to manage."

"What's life without a little bit of challenge?" Remus began bouncing his legs, shoulders twitching impatiently.

"As long as you are certain Mr. Sanders," and with a stiff twist of her pen, the paper was signed. Remus' face split into a grin, ripping the paper from the desk and span out from the room. He called over his shoulder a rushed thank you as he barrelled out of the door.

He smacked the wall slightly with his giant art bag, causing the paintbrushes to rustle. He turned, fumbling with the paper in his hand, hitting the wall again, as he brought up his now confirmed timetable. He had a bio lecture on the second floor of the science faculty. Twisting, his bag hit the wall for a third and final time before he skipped on his way.

It's a funny feeling, thinking you're going to drown in flames. Fire flickering throughout your throat, spreading across your tongue and the back of your teeth. Searing through your lungs, burning holes throughout your entire body.

Ironically Logan had been bored. Normally he looked forward to the start of the academic year. But he'd already taken the universities' physics degree. Twice now and nothing had changed since the last time he took them. The English department didn't particularly interest him this year either, despite the module they offered on Agatha Christie. Logan concluded that since he hadn't formally taken a biology undergraduate degree since 1957, he figured it was a time to "flex that muscle" as it were.

Though he was not one to boast, he felt this year would be terribly easy for him. He settled himself a few rows from the front of the lecturing stand. He was early, as perusal, and felt he had enough time to absentmindedly begin flicking through his book. A copy of *Pride and Prejudice* that Janus had lent him. It had the later's loopy writing plastered across each page.

Heathen, Logan had thought, disgruntled by the idea of marking a book thusly.

Sin was his next thought. His sense was flooded, crashing over him like a mightily wave. The smell of cinnamon and coffee buried itself in him, curling against his lungs. Logan's eyes

snatched to the front of the room, where a boy had walked in. All stringy, with messy hair, covered in glitter.

That's not what Logan was focusing on. Logan was focusing on the delicious column of the boy's neck. the skin looked petal-soft, like a rose waiting to be plucked. It was dusted with erratic freckles, they spiraled down his chest and to the rest of his body.

A snarl ripped from his chest. Logan knew he was in trouble.

This boy was a house fire, and here Logan sat, covered in gasoline.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Honestly, prinxeity is so much fun to write! let's hope they sort themselves out soon and no drama happens. That would be simply awful!

And uh oh! I love this classic scene from Twilight, I hope I've done it some justice.

As always thank you so much for reading. I really hope you enjoyed! Any feedback or comments would be greatly appreciated. They truly make my day when I see them!

Best wishes.

I Hate This, You're Leaving me Breathless

Chapter Summary

A first meeting, an awkward conversation, and a surprisingly caring Remy!

Chapter Notes

Hello!! I'm back to the land of the living!

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

Let it be known, Remus was a sucker for detail.

He could tell you in-depth about the hair lockets Victorians used, made from real human hair. He could describe the certain squelch sound of bug being crushed, the way a person's eyes would widen at a particularly gruesome story. He could sit for hours dragging his hands across the sand, making each grain fall between his fingers.

So when the guy Remus sat next to shot up as though he had a taser shoved up his rear end, suffice to say, Remus certainly noticed. He gave the man a bemused look before scattering his pens and notebooks across the limited table space. Twirling a neon green marker in his hands, he turned back to the boy.

"Hey," his voice came out like electric sparks, all excited and vibrant. "I'm Remus!"

The boy physically flinched, as if he was a cow trying to swat flies from his face. He juttied his chin in one swift, curt nod.

"Not a fan of pleasantries?" Remus carried on, always one to point out an awkward conversation. In fact, it was one of his favorite past times, being made aware of the awkwardness made people squirm like worms. "Me neither, Roman says I should but like no one actually cares about the weather right? Anyway how far into our friendship do you want to jump into because I've discovered this-"

Of course, before Remus could get any sort of reaction from this guy, he was rudely interrupted. A professor trying to be way too hip and happening for his own good stood at the podium, the collar of his polo popped and sleeves rolled up. He looked like the 2000s threw up.

"Hello and welcome class!" He called, defusing the simmering chatter of students. "This first lecture shall act as an introduction before we-"

From then on it would have seemed like the lecture had lost Remus, who was wildly drawing in his notebook. He took the neon green marker and started making broad swirls. He then took an equally garish pink pen and began making swirls the other way.

What was even more off-putting than Remus' impromptu art session was the guy set next to him. He had not looked away from Remus once. Remus was convinced that the guy hadn't blinked once since Remus sat down. He wondered if his eyes would pop from their sockets and squelch across his notebook. That would certainly be a story to tell Roman.

Hey Roman, I made a friend today but their face fell apart whoops.

Remus twitched his head, suppressing the incoming bubble of giggles which really would have ruined the mood, considering the lecture was just starting on chemical burns and fire safety.

But that small twitch certainly got a reaction from Remus' silent classmate. He didn't see the hand come down onto the desk, but Remus sure as shit heard it, as a loud bang cracked across the lecture theatre. The professor stuttered for just a moment, sending a quizzical glare in their general direction.

And for the first time, the boy actually spoke.

"Apologise, professor, my hand slipped." And wasn't that the most interesting thing? The guys' voice was smooth, like molten chocolate. But there was a catch, Remus could tell, an underlying harshness- shattered glass among the sweetness.

The professor gave a nod, happy with the very lame and uninspired excuse, in Remus' opinion. The rest of the introductory lecture was rather uneventful, Remus' ears only really perked up when the lecture mentioned extra lap time opportunities and research plans. Perfect- Remus had a project idea in mind which involved excessively stabbing maggots.

With a final, if not redundant, welcome to the new students the lecturer dismissed the class.

The boy sat next to Remus bolted. His hand clutched the door handle, ripping it open, and took one hard look at Remus, before disappearing down the hallway.

Remus felt something slightly icy curl at the very bottom of his stomach, a slight nausea, like the harsh rocking of a ship. It made him feel sick. It was a rare instance that someone flummoxed Remus, let alone make him speechless.

Luckily Remus wasn't one to dwell on past events so he quickly swiped his belongings into his art bag, hefted it under his arm, and skipped out of the classroom.

Remus had held the title of class' obnoxious weirdo for years now, he wasn't going to let some small town no one take that title from him.

Logan was drowning.

Logan was on fire.

Logan felt his bones crack.

Logan felt his throat snap.

His skin melt.

His tongue zizzle.

Burning... Burning.

What was that boy?

Logan's immediate thought was to rush into the arms of the sanctuary, no more than a wisp of wind. But when the hot, molten burn in his throat didn't ease, coupled with the now repulsive smell of human blood still in his nose, he instead made a sharp turn and headed towards the lush woods which surrounded the city. The green of the woods just barely soothed his throat, acting as a shield between him and the boy. The further he got, the wilder it became until he was sprinting past snares of foliage and brambles. The fire still felt so dizzyingly intoxicating however that he failed to notice the imposing rock in his path. He tripped, sending himself flying into the dirt. Behind him was a sticking crack, the rock splitting into two on impact.

For a moment he just laid there, face burrowing into the soft, damp mud. Maybe, he pondered, he could stay here forever, allow the brambles to entrap his body, and let the woods swallow him whole. That, of course, would be ridiculous, he thought a second later, his strength was at such a magnitude that some measly twigs couldn't stop him. He doubted a titanium cell block could stop him currently.

Logan wanted- needed to feed. Whoever or whatever that boy was, Logan needed to sink his teeth in now and drink him in.

The thought made him gag a little, and he tried to flinch away from that disgusting, primal part of him. He breathed in the sweet decaying scent of the woods floor, all soft and gooey.

He had to remain logical, objective, this was what he was good at. Not some wild beast who tore through a human's throat at the first inclination of desire.

The thought made him shudder, the image of the boy's slender throat flashed before his eyes. His dancing freckles, the pointed hands, and thin wrists and eyes so sharp and-

He pressed his face back into the earth, inhaling a cleansing breathe.

Murder on the first day of term was never a good look, Logan reasoned to himself, and covertness was absolute. Especially since Janus-

Logan shuddered again.

Be reasonable, he chastised himself, you cannot allow some measly mortal chase you from your very own home.

Logan refused to fall victim to his own sense. That would just be foolish. His senses were meant to work for him, not hinder him.

Despite very much knowing this, he took another deep breath and drank in the forest.

Despite the morning of awkward prolonged eye contact, in which Virgil adamantly did not take part in thank you very much, he was having an okay day. His introductory lecture in classical drama went well, and he even got through ordering coffee without fluffing it up. As of present Virgil was curled up on the sofa in the commons, bopping his head to the music playing from his headphones. All in all, it was looking to be a pretty smooth first day of university.

Which of course meant that the twins simply had to burst through the door at that moment.

"-No more than normal Rem." Roman mutter, rolling his eyes. He flashed Virgil a weak smile, went to sit down next to him but awkwardly faltered, fluttered his hands for just a moment before perching himself at the kitchen table instead.

Remus on the other hand essentially cannonballed Virgil, flinging his limbs down onto the sofa face first.

"Virge!" He lamented, sticking his legs out behind him so he resembled a plank of wood, "do I smell?"

"Ew- gross," Virgil flushed, scrunching his nose up, "I don't want to know what you have been up to, trash panda."

Roman chuckled. Not his normal boisterous bout of laughter, but a soft almost shy huff. A warm blush graced Virgil's cheeks, causing him to slightly twist away.

Remus grumbled and flopped onto the floor like a fish.

"You probably scared him off Rem, with your usual charm." Roman grinned, more full and dramatic this time.

"Do I even want to know?" Virgil asked, curling in on himself.

"Remus," Roman began, now with usual flair and exuberance, "was being his usual self and-"

"uh uh uh!" Remus flung himself from the floor, filtering onto his feet. "He didn't give me a chance to even talk about my maggots!"

Roman rolled his eyes, resigned to the idea that his brother was truly a lost cause.

"Whatever, look I've got a drama meeting soon, just...keep out of trouble okay?" Roman jumped to his feet.

"Love you too!" Remus called, slinking his way back to the sofa.

Roman went to leave the commons, but stopped abruptly, stumbling his usual air of grace. He glanced to Virgil, who flushed in response. Roman's face matched his, bright red creeping up his ears.

"um..I'll" Roman swallowed, "I'll see you later? Virge?"

Virgil blinked, "sure..."

The next few lectures came and went rather uneventfully. Remus was fully prepared to get his freak on that first lecture back, to fully reclaim his title as resistant werido from that up ass boy.

But there was a no-show.

Remus had at first shrugged, it was this dude's prerogative to ditch class. Fine, it totally hadn't miffed him at all.

And then the next lecture- another no-show.

Remus was seriously considering if the guy had completely dropped out.

Remy Newton was never late to anything, he had decided. He showed up exactly at the fashionably correct time. Everyone else was either too late or rather early. Normally they were unfashionably early, according to him.

And what was super yuckas, according to him, was his dormmate, and now bestie was sleeping in late. This was uncommon, as Emile Picani was unfashionably early to every single thing.

"Babes!" Remy called, slouching against the door of his roommate. "Like, are you gonna join the land of the living today?"

There was no distinctive noise. No upbeat cartoon music from the room, no joyfully light singing, no rhythmic tapping of a pen. A nervous tic Emilie had, which he thought no one had noticed.

"You okay in there hun?" Remy called again, hands on his hips, back still resting on the door. "I'm going for a coffee, do you want any-"

The door creaked open, sending Remy flying, ass over kettle. In a move that could no way be seen as stylish, Remy crashed to the floor.

"Hey! That was like, so not cool babes, I-"

Remy stopped. Huddled in his pastel pink duvet, cuddling a blue plushie toy, was Emilie. He was shivering slightly, soft little pants escaping his cracked lips.

"Oh hun," Remy murmured, getting up, "are you like...sick?"

Emilie moaned, all high pitched and stringy, none of his usual softness. He scrunched up his eyes further, burying into his bed.

"I'll like-" Remy winced at the idea, "get you some water or something."

Emilie would stay sick for the next few days, unable to speak or even lift their head off their pillow.

Somehow, miraculously, Remy didn't get sick at all.

Must be all of the iced coffee in winter, Remy thought.

Remus was, for all instances, pretty happy with himself. Since the first lecture, he had successfully claimed the sport of resistant werido back for himself, as things should be.

In the few weeks, he had been able to snag extra lab time. This included stabbing maggots, putting slime on fire, and making little cells dance.

All in all, it was shaping up to be a pretty good first term.

With giant art bag in hand, Remus swung into the lecture hall, plopped down all of his art supplies, and began to furiously draw in his notebook. Well, what was left of his notebook. He had torn off the cover in a fit of artistic genius in a previous seminar and replaced it with crochet and sequins. Remus was so invested in the sharp lines of his drawing that he only vaguely noticed the person sitting down next to him.

That was odd, his thoughts caught up to him, most sane people have realized that sitting next to him normally resulted in being covered in paint or chalk. Remus stopped mid-stroke of his pencil and whipped his head up.

Cold, golden eyes stared back at him.

"I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to introduce myself," the boy said. The boy from the first day. The one who freaking fled from Remus was sitting right next to him. "I'm Logan Cullen."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter sort of killed me a little bit ngl, but I'm super happy with how it came out!

Any criticism or comments are highly appreciated and encouraged!

Best wishes,

Avo.

I'll Seek You Out, Flay You Alive

Chapter Notes

How did I have the audacity to leave this fic like that??

Content warning for Twilight typical violence

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

The night air weighed heavily with the stench of rain and blood. The woman, a visage of marble engulfed with hellfire, lapped at the remaining blood on her hand. The human male below her struggles to crawl from her heeled boots.

She pushed further down on his back, where he faltered, unmoving.

“If I remember correctly,” she purred, finishing licking her fingers, “those Cullens try to leave you little lot alive.”

She smirked and she picked the man up by his collar, his head lolling to one side. Lightning flashed, electrifying her features. Shocking blood red hair, razor sharp features, and deep crimson red eyes. Her face wet from the rain glistened like diamonds.

“Though that snake gets you to forget,” She mused, “if you see them, tell them that Dragon Witch is back for a visit.”

With that, the man's body slammed back to the ground. He began clawing at his neck, as fire began to consume his veins.

Remus looked like a deer in headlights. He felt like he was about to be hit by a bus. He'd been hit by a car once, a thought flashed across his mind. He had, for an old artsy movie project he was making. He'd managed to break his collarbone, felt the sharp fixture stick under his skin and-

“You're back!” Remus interrupted his thoughts, mouth still slightly agape. His hands fluttered slightly, sending a wave of glitter over the both of them.

“Yes I-”

“Are you a spy?”

“I-” Logan blinked slowly, his mouth twitching slightly. “No.”

“Are you sure?” Remus reared back, as if suddenly suspicious of the boy.

He should be suspicious! Here comes the usurper once more to take his title as class weirdo! To cast him to just the unusual, and no longer unsettling! To-

“You’re-” Logan began, but swallowed, interrupting himself. “A spy?”

“Yes!” Remus nodded, “it’s only natural. This is your homebase and cover, and you can ditch whenever you want because you’re secretly gaining intel.”

Besides himself, Logan chuckled. “Unfortunately my life is not that interesting.”

Remus’ eyes widen, “where have you been then?”

“I was ill,” Logan said, a little too stiffly. Remus hunched over his notebook, obviously unconvinced.

“That’s exactly what you would say though.” Remus grumbled.

Roman was totally okay. He was fine and cool as a cucumber and totally not freaking out that Virgil had just caught him singing ABBA at the top of his lungs.

Holding the cup he had in his hands tightly, Roman stood like a statue, arms still half open to his pretend audience.

“I was just getting cup o noodles!” Virgil rushed looking down.

Great just great, Roman snapped into what he thought was a more neutral stance. Hand on his hip as the other hand dangled lamely to his side.

“No problem,” Roman let out a cough, his voice coming out squeaky and tight. Virgil shuffled into the shared kitchen space. Roman flustered when Virgil stopped in front of him. Eyebrows shooting up.

“Um..” Virgil pointed around Roman, “I need the kettle.”

“Right right!” Roman’s voice was a bit too loud for the quiet of the room, and he dramatically swept to the side, effectively whacking his backside into the cupboards behind him.

Virgil snorted, but quickly diverted his eyes. They both remained in silence, only the sound of the kettle filling the heavy space.

“It’s raining.” Roman said idly, twisting the mug in his hands.

Virgil scoffed, rolling his eyes, “it;s always raining Roman.”

Roman’s hands froze, a shiver licking up his spine as Virgil spoke his name. The awkward air had crystallised into something more, something tangible. The two locked eyes for just a moment.

“Good timing Virge,” Patton swung into the kitchen, shattering whatever remained in the air. “I need a hot chocolate right now.”

Patton plopped himself onto the counter top between Roman and Virgil, dropping his books onto the floor.

“Whoops!” He chirped, but before he could slide off the counter both Virgil and Roman swooped down to pick up the books. Roman’s hand just feather touched Virgil’s. Virgil sprang back up, and stuffed his hands into his pocket before turning away from the others.

“You can take my water Pat,” Virgil grumbled, pulling his hood over his head and marching to his room, “I’m not hungry.”

“Holy frog’s balls,” Remus breathed, standing in front of the library. The library, with the eyes and the beasts and overall unnerving bone chilling look.

Disappointingly, Logan Cullen did appear to be normal, unremarkable even. A little bit stiff and maybe slightly socially constipated but ultimately he was boring.

There was one thing Remus hated more than boredom, and that was wasted potential. Logan Cullen could have been anything. Monster hunter, government spy, spectral ghost haunting the university.

Turns out Remus didn’t need to worry about being usurped at all.

With such lack of excitement, not even his maggots could cheer him up. Which is how he found himself following his feet, into the heart of town, and to the library’s door.

He bit his cheek, and stepped in.

He was instantly hit with the familiar warmth and smell of old books. People were dotted about on large oak tables. Books spiraling across the desks. Sofas and overstuffed chairs littered every nook and cranny. The room was filled with soft, warm lights, hanging from the high ceilings.

It was magic.

“Oh sure,” a voice caught Remus’ attention. “Just let the storm in, by all means I love mopping the floor.”

The speaker was a boy around Remus’ age, sitting at a help desk nestled in between two shelves. He wore a dark button up, with his blond hair poking out of a yellow beanie, and had a viper-like sneer on his face. Lowering the book he was holding, he revealed the crackle of a deep red scar slashing across his face.

The door slammed shut behind Remus causing him to jump, like a startled wet cat. Remus’ face split into a beam.

“I’ve read that!” He cackled, picking up the book from the boy, who merely raised an eyebrow.

“You’ve read Frankenstein? How underground,” the boy rolled his eyes, nimble hands easily snatching the book back from Remus.

“Shelly is like the coolest ever! Did you know she fucked-”

“Do you always find pleasure in interrupting a man’s reading time?”

“I can always find pleasure with a man,” Remus shot back without missing a beat, wiggling his shoulders.

The boy rolled his eyes, but gave a sharp chuckle.

“You’re funny, I’ll give you that.”

“Why thank you!” Remus fluttered his lashes in faux filtration. “I’m Remus!”

“And I’m reading,” the boy swung his feet onto the desk, and opened his book again.

“Right,” Remus nodded, understanding for once that the conversation was over. He twisted away, itching and eager to explore the library, before he slammed into the chest of Logan Cullen.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!

Any comments are much appreciated!!

Best,

Avo.

P.S I've already started on the next chapter this time lol

Meet Me On Your Best Behaviour, Meet Me At Your Worst

Chapter Notes

Car scene C AR SCENE CAR SCENE

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

Something was like...totally off.

It had started as inconspicuous enough.

Emile blanched at the sweets Remy had gotten him when he felt better.

Cool okay, like Remy knew taste buds could change.

Then Emile began staying out later. Cool no worries, maybe he had lots of assignments to do, staying up to study like a nerd.

But when came back one night, somehow smelling like crisp apple and alcohol, Remy quirked an eyebrow.

But, like he wasn't one to overreact. He was totally chill and down for this new bad-boy version of Emile.

But when, in the early hours of the morning, a random man stumbled into Emile's room, Remy knew something was desperately not normal. The man looked star-struck, happily dazed out of his mind.

And Emile...looked ravenous, with venom in his eyes and a sharp glint to his teeth.

—

Logan felt like praying.

Praying to whatever higher power could hear him. Whatever higher power that had even the smallest amount of sympathy on him.

The swirl of cinnamon and coffee was dizzying. But to feel Remus' body against his, the soft plane of his chest, the ropey muscles of his arms

“How tempting,” a voice in his head purred. Janus' eyes flashed over the book he was reading to reveal a weedy smile. Logan glared at him before startling at the touch of Remus' hands on his biceps. A crashing roar swirling in his chest as he felt that man's heart beat in just the touch alone.

“Oh hey specks,” Remus chirped, using his hands to push himself away, “you stalking me or something? Way to change it up on a guy-”

“You do know this is a library?” Janus drawled, going back to his book. “Silence is key.”

“So this is what has gotten you so worked up.” Janus’s voice filtered again in his mind, “Interesting. I don’t see it but, you’ve always had a unique pallet.”

The fiery rush of need flooded Logan again, the wild roar of a beast once quelled stirred.

“And you’re late,” Janus’ voice punctured the roaring of the beast for a moment, shooting him a breath of clarity.

Logan turned to Janus so quickly, his heels clicked. “Apologise, I was simply-”

“Oh it doesn’t matter, let’s go before we waste anymore time.” Janus stood and glided over to Logan, untangling him from his spot. He placed a hand on his elbow, and guided him further into the library.

Remus stood puzzled, something in his gut could sniff adventure. Even with boring, plain Logan Cullen afoot.

—

Patton took off his glasses to rub his eyes. It had been a long morning and the smiling Janus was not helping.

When Patton had first met him, he assumed as he does with everyone, that they would become instant best friends. That plan, however, quickly became dismissed due to the other’s viper like tongue. Even now, Janus cocked his head, as if he was a cat toying with a mouse.

“But surely,” Janus’ voice was smooth, like velvet, easy to get lost in, “if you want the best for others we must assure the individual has not only base but superficial needs met.”

“But at the expense of others? What about community? What about-”

“But if every individual had their needs met, the community would form for a higher purpose such as art, not just out of need. Would you really want a community based on just practicality?”

“I-” Patton was cut off.

“So are we going to actually get started or like what?” Remy Newton, who was sat in between the two, lifted his head from the desk he had face-planted on. The three were meant to be working on a presentation but somehow it devolved.

“Right, sorry, Remy,” Patton flushed, putting his glasses back on.

Janus gave a harsh chuckle.

Oh, Patton was so going to need at least two hot chocolates after this.

—
“I think it should be illegal to be this cold,” Roman huffed, rubbing his gloved hands together. He was completely bundled up, bright red coat drowning in a scarf and hat. Just his rosy cheeks, pink nose, and eyes just visible through the pile of fabric. “I don’t get how you two aren’t freezing.”

Him, Virgil, and Remus walked across the university’s parking lot back to their halls. Virgil expertly dodged the ice on the ground. Remus somehow managed to skid across each patch he hit.

Remus snorted. “Or you’re just a big bitch.”

Virgil shrugged, “I guess that’s what happens when you live in the devil's armpit.”

This caused a crackle from Remus and a flurry of indignant noises from Roman.

“How dare you!” Roman shrilled, “Arizona wasn’t the devil's armpit, it-”

“Was hot as balls!” Remus snorted.

Roman grumbled again, before letting out an undignified shriek. His arms went flying as his foot slid across the ice on the ground. Before his back could slam into the hard concrete, he stopped mid-air. Virgil grasped onto Roman’s arms, they were entangled as if in some elaborate dance. Virgil easily helped him back to his feet, blushing furiously.

“Um, thanks,” Roman sputtered, smoothing the imagery rumbles of his coat.

Virgil shrugged, before putting his hood over his head, “Don’t mention it princey.”

The nickname slipped out of his mouth before he had time to think, causing him to blush further. The silence over them lay heavy, and piercing.

“Wow,” Remus sucked his teeth, not wanting another minute to see his brother and best friend awkwardly flirt for the next half an hour before Patton returned home. “You know what, I’ve got to go. Like right now.”

“Go? Where?” Roman flashed a pleading look to his brother.

“The lab,” Remus waved him off, “I need to check on me maggots.”

“You are so rancid,” Virgil huffed, before continuing to walk back to halls. Roman’s hands flexed for just a moment, before following him.

Remus slipped on the ice a couple of times, walking back to the science lab. He was so focused on how he was going to try to expedite the Roman/Virgil problem he didn’t even hear the screech of car tyres.

He certainly noticed the cold, hard grip on his hips, however, and the sickening crunch of metal.

He laid, sprawled across the floor, Logan hovering above him, his hands embedded in the side of the car.

Boring, average Logan, had just crushed a car door with his bare hands.

That flicker of adventure in Remus' gut sparked suddenly, sending heat creeping all the way up to his chest.

What are you?

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed!

Any comments or feedback are greatly appreciated!

All my best,

Avo

Speaking In Tongues, We've All Been Summoned

Chapter Notes

If you know where the quote is from you win my undying love

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

Roman's face was pale, like day-old porridge. He looked as though he was going to be sick, pacing back and forth from his chair to the end of Remus' hospital bed.

"Honestly, I'm fine!" Remus bristled, crossing his arms. The bed under him crinkled, and it took everything he had not to pick at it. He rolled his neck, shivering at the pop of his spine. The hospital wing was strikingly lit up and carried a symphony of beeps, clicking pens, and hushed voices. Remus kept cracking his bones so that he didn't go insane.

"You were hit by a car!" Roman shrieked, stopping his pacing for just a moment before continuing tenfold. "You are not okay! You're in shock!"

"I've been hit by a car before I'll have you know," Remus rolled his eyes and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. Roman shot out his hands and practically wrestled him back to a laid-down position.

"Remus?" Chief Swan burst through the double doors of the room. His face matched Roman's, all drained and stricken.

"You called Dad?" Remus seethed, glaring daggers at Roman.

"You were hit by a car!" Roman threw his hands up.

"I wasn't! Dad I think Roman's finally lost his mind," Remus grumbled, "look it didn't even touch me. If I was hit, that would have been a way more fun story-"

"I heard the Chief's son was in?" A scratchy voice called. A plain-looking doctor entered the room, swinging the door behind him, but not before Remus got a glimpse of sharp blue and golden eyes walking down the hallway.

"Besides I would of been total road kill if Logan hadn't caught me." Remus prattled on, his voice rising in volume. He craned his neck, trying to look through the glass window as the doctor shone a light in his eyes.

"No signs of head trauma, you're going to be just fine," The doctor finally concluded.

Remus instantly shot up, "Cheers doc, same time next week?"

Before Remus could leave, Roman grabbed him by the scruff of his collar.

“Come on,” Roman grumbled, “let’s get you home.”

Roman frog marched him to the reception of the hospital, where he struggled to fill out some basic forms. The itch to doodle in the margins was only dampened by his brothers’ hard stare. Suddenly, Remus’ ears prickled, sensing a familiar voice close. He turned to Roman, looking him dead in the eyes.

“I’m going to piss,” Remus stated, and followed his feet down the corridor, away from his ever-suffering brother and tired dad. His gut was right, adventure was out there, and it led him straight to Logan Cullen.

Logan’s shoulders were so tense they were practically up to his ears. His whole body looked like a copper wire which had been decimated by a lightning bolt. He was talking in a hushed whisper, to the boy from the library. The boy, in contrast, seemed completely at ease. His body leaning against the wall, his movements akin to a waterfall.

As soon as Remus turned the corner Logan’s eyes flashed to meet his. The other boy turned slowly and quirked an eyebrow at Remus.

“Oh, it’s you,” he drawled, almost bored. He looked between the two before rolling his eyes, “I guess I’ll go.”

Janus brushed past Remus, but not before looking him up and down with those bored eyes.

The two of them stood in awkward silence, and an electrical buzz stretched across the abyss between them.

“How are you feel-”

“What the fuck dude?” Remus cut him off, eyebrows shooting up. Without thinking, Remus swooped in on Logan, until he was mere inches away. Logan let out a shuddered breath, his hand braced on the wall. “You are so like a soviet spy, fucking superhero spider-bitten alien man-”

“Be serious,” Logan scoffed, somehow inching closer still.

“I am wild,” Remus bristled, his eyes hard and steady. Logan paused, a faraway part of his brain recognizing the quote. He rolled his eyes, dismissing the random thought.

“I was standing right next to you Remus.” His voice sounded reedy, unconvinced of his own convictions.

“You were nowhere near me,” Remus almost snarled, “You stopped the car, you pushed it away with your hand.”

“Can’t you just say thank you?” Logan’s voice remained low, and he pinched the bridge of his nose. Something deep and primal stirred in Remus, telling him to run. Telling him that if the car hadn’t made him mince meat, Logan just might.

“Thank you?” Remus allowed the words to trip from his tongue, unsure of how they tasted. Logan huffed.

“You’re not going to let this go are you?”

“No.”

“Well,” Logan rolled his shoulders, “I hope you like being disappointed.”

Logan stalked past him, leaving Remus stewing.

“I’m onto you spider alien Superman!” He called, scrunching up his nose. His head gave one last twitch before he returned to his brother.

—

“Remus? Remus!” Roman called, his voice strained, and slightly panicked.

“Boo!” Remus burst from the tree tops and hit the ground on his stomach.

Patton giggled in delight, pausing the VHS tape of the twins they were all watching. Once out of the hospital, Chief Swan cooked the twins dinner, before shyly showing the boys the old home videos he just “happened to find.”

Remus insisted they take them back to show the others immediately. Patton and Remus were splayed on the floor, sharing a bucket of popcorn. Virgil had huddled himself to one corner of the sofa, practically engulfing himself in his hoodie. Roman sat on the other corner, still as a statue. Their bowl of popcorn was left untouched between them.

“I remember that tree!” Patton gasped, sitting up on his elbows. “Gosh, where was that?”

Patton pressed play again, and the video cut to a different recording.

“I’m gonna get you for that Princey!” Virgil heard his tween voice cry out over the roar of the sea. He and Roman sprinted across the damp sand of the grey beach. Roman flung a stick with a clump of seaweed on it.

“I’d like to see you try hot topic!” Roman called back. But Virgil easily caught up to him, snatching the stick from Roman, and smacking him with the seaweed.

Roman shrieked, “Gross oh you villain!”

Remus paused the tape, leaving a giggling Romana and Virgil on screen.

Virgil tried his best not to die inside.

“La Push baby!” Remus crowed.

La push baby! La Push!

Any comments or criticism are greatly appreciated!

All my best,

Avo

A Couple Words, A Great Divide

Chapter Notes

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

Five Years Ago

Dearest Virgil

No, that was stupid.

Sup Virg!

Roman cringed at that, and the imagined scrutiny Virgil would dish out.

Virgil-

“What you up to?” Remus’ voice crackled from the doorway. He was, as always, covered in glitter, with paint and mud speckled across his face and the shirt he was wearing.

“You’re going to take someone's eye out with that jacket,” Roman huffed, twisting away from his desk to look at his twin.

“Oh, hopefully!” Remus giggled, petting the spikes of his leather jacket. “Some eyes would really -”

Roman threw a book at his door, effectively swinging it shut on Remus’ face.

Present Day

“You’re going to take someone’s eye out with that.” A bored voice drooled.

Remus’ head snapped up quickly to meet shiny golden eyes.

“Oh hey, nerd!” Remus giggled, The boy in the library with the crackle scar tentatively poked the spikes on Remus’ jacket. He rolled his eyes, not bothering to sit beside Remus.

“I have a name you know.” The boy flicked his hand as if offended by the nickname. Remus craned his neck up, throwing his head back until his face was almost horizontal. “I’m not going to tell you but I do have one.”

“I can see up your nose,” Remus whispered after a beat before the boy tapped his book against Remus’ forehead.

“You’re in Patty-cakes class right?” Remus continued without hesitation.

“Who’s?” The boy quirked an eyebrow, almost accepting defeat and sitting across from Remus. His dress shoes propped up on the wooden table, they somehow never seemed to get mud on them, despite the constant downpour. Remus wondered why anyone would bother cleaning all the mud off, in fact, enjoyed the footfall trails his shoes left behind-

“You’re doing that thing again.” The boy mused. It wasn’t unpleasant, his tone, but it still pricked gooseflesh up on Remus’s skin. After a handful of weeks since the car incident Remus had returned to the library. The boy with the scar and attitude seemed always to be there no matter what. Whilst even Remus could admit that we’re not friends exactly, they were edging onto the verge of... something. Maybe weird accomplices, or fiends in arms. Either way, it was a comfortable mix of intrigue and unsettlement that subdued Roman’s incessant need for Remus to “make normal friends.”

The only thing that had ruffled Remus’ feathers, literally he had added them to his jacket, was that he had to share his new fiendish company.

Now Remus was generous, he had to grow up with Roman after all. And Remus enjoyed gifting things. He liked making with his hands and sweat and pouring his creations into the abyss which was the world.

But sharing with Logan Cullen was damn near impossible. Especially since it was evident that Logan hadn’t had to share a thing in his stupid life.

“Not that I care particularly,” The boy continued, rolling his eyes. Whilst it sounded sarcastic Remus knew that it just meant he doubly did not care. The boy was on some kind of 5D chess and no one else seemed to know how to play.

“What’s got you all tangled up.” The boy picked up his copy of Frankenstein and flicked through nonchalantly.

“Oh wouldn’t you like to see me tangled up,” Remus snickered, shimmying his shoulders, causing feathers to puff off his jacket.

“Oh don’t act so shrewd.” He wasn’t but Remus guessed that was the point. Remus really liked the library boy, it was almost like trying to speak backward but also upside down.

In layman’s terms, Virgil wanted the ground to swallow him whole. Or an axe murderer burst down the door and split him into two. Or the ceiling could simply cave in. That would all be fine.

But instead, of course, he had to suffer.

Remy Newton was fine. Virgil had no real strong opinions on him until up to a minute ago. Right until Remy had flopped onto their sofa and opened his mouth.

“Patton baby,” he smirked, casually throwing his legs over Roman’s lap, who was already seated. “You gotta warn a guy when he’s gonna be in mixed company!”

In truth, Virgil was meant to be sitting next to Roman. Well... Virgil was mustering up the courage to sit next to Roman. That basically meant he was already sitting next to Roman... right?

Roman chuckled and said something back. The two continued what sounded like flirty banter but Virgil couldn't really hear over the race of his heartbeat.

"Oh, and Virgil should come!" Patton giggled, still sitting on the table.

"Yeah...what?" Virgil said clumsily, face heating up.

"Oh yeah, like totally." Remy lazily looked over to Virgil, glancing up and down once before returning his gaze to Roman. Roman was drinking in the new attention, his shoulders somehow broader, smile even more dazzling.

"Earth to emo nightmare," Roman's voice was like honey, "Remy's party."

"Oh yeah," Virgil nodded dumbly, "I love.. parties."

Roman gave him a quizzical look but soon got washed away by Remy's incessant flirting.

Maybe the sky could just fall on him.

"This is literally so stupid," Virgil murmured, chewing the nail of his thumb. He stood on the cliff edge with Roman, hands twitching in anticipation. Virgil looked up at the spiralling tree in front of them and firmly decided that he'd like his feet to stay on the ground thank you very much.

"Oh come on, Doctor Gloom!" Roman rolled his eyes, hands fluttering to find the right spot to begin his climb, "it'll be fun!"

"I don't think climbing an ancient twig is fun."

Roman snorted, rolling his eyes, "You used to love climbing!"

"Yeah," Virgil scoffed, pulling his hood up to protect his ears from the sharp wind, "when I was a kid."

Roman swung himself up to the lowest branch and scrambled a bit before continuing.

"Yeah well, you used to be fun." Roman instantly cringed, regretting his wording. He gritted his teeth, before climbing up further.

Virgil's face burned a hot red, a bitter taste pooling in his mouth.

"Well a lot can change Romano," Virgil spat, casting his eyes down to the grey sand scuffing his converse.

Remus sat a few metres away, perched on a rock, his long legs dangling off the edge of the cliff. He couldn't wait to hear Roman bemoan his epic fumble later tonight.

"You've been gone a long time," Virgil continued, face burning even hotter.

Roman grumbled, sitting down on a branch, and hooking his knees before hanging upside down. "So you've turned into a proper count woe-laf." Roman rolled his eyes, "Jeeze Virge if you missed me that much you could have just said-"

Virgil snapped his eyes up to Roman, who froze under his gaze. Remus could have sworn even the sea halted for Virgil then.

Virgil rolled his eyes, and the world returned to normal. "Whatever, I'm going to help Patton."

Virgil shuffled back to where Patton and the truck were. Remus swung his legs even further over the cliff edge, giggling.

"What was that?" He cackled, pushing himself further up on his hands. Roman swung himself back into a seated position and thoroughly whacked his head against the trunk of the tree.

"Leave it, Mus, please." He whacked his head again, "I'm wallowing in self-pity."

Remus rolled his eyes, his fingers tracing the rock he sat on. He flexed his fingers, reviling in the crack of bone, before essentially body slamming himself over the cliff. Holding the rock face, he dangled himself over the crashing waves.

Chapter End Notes

Not an April's fool but I am a jester!

Let me dance for your amusement.

Love,

Avo

Your Speakers are Blowing, Your Ears are Wrecking

Chapter Notes

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

Patton knew people thought he didn't see things, and not just because of his thick glasses. In a way, his friends were sneaky like that. Virgil firmly believed Patton didn't know when his adrenaline spiked at the slightest sound. Roman just simply assumed Patton took no notice when his cheeks flushed while talking to Virgil. Janus always snickered when he delivered another swift backhanded compliment.

Sometimes, Patton thought, Remus could understand what he took in. Remus always had a sharp look in his eye, as if constantly aware of an inside joke. But then again, Remus tried to hide his tension through head twitches and uncoordinated finger taps, so Patton couldn't be 100 percent sure.

So when Virgil marched back down to the van, away from Roman and his display of strength whilst climbing a tree, Patton instantly knew that the two had a squabble.

Patton was shocked it hadn't happened earlier if he was honest. The two were always butting heads when they were little. Like the time Virgil had declared that the prince in Cinderella was stupid, and was the reason they should never trust boys. That had Roman almost puffing steam out of his ears. Or the time Roman insisted Virgil should go to prom night one year. That had led to a shouting match between the two about how commercialized the teenage experience was.

Still, Patton beamed a smile to Virgil when he finally got to the car. Virgil simply opened the backdoor and flopped his body across the backseat.

"Hey Virge," Patton chirped, pulling a beach blanket out of the trunk. "What's up?"

Virgil groaned into the fabric of the seat, not moving, "I hate boys."

"Hates a strong word buddy!" Patton hushed gently, pulling a cooler box from the trunk as well. They were going to cook fish on a bonfire if they were lucky enough to avoid Remus' tendency to light EVERYTHING on fire. Remus was allowed to have his own bonfire, and the rule was he could burn anything as long as it wasn't dinner, anyone's property or it wouldn't explode. Patton imagined Remus would be able to find a few loopholes but that would be part of the fun. "Did you want to help me start looking for firewood?"

Virgil grumbled but didn't complain at the offer. "Yeah, that sounds fun Pat."

"Oh great!" Patton wrestled all he was carrying into his arms. "Let's find a place to set up and then we'll get started!"

Virgil easily took the cooler from Patton and the two set up their little campsite a few metres from the car. They both began to look for firewood but Patton soon got distracted by the rock

pools. Virgil rolled his eyes half-heartedly before searching among the tree line. He was just about to put his headphones on when he heard-

/crash/

“I get that he’s an idiot.” Remus scrambled from his spot on the woodland floor, the twig he swung from still in hand. “There isn’t a but he is just an idiot.”

“What?” Virgil’s eyebrows knitted together, feeling heat return to his cheeks.

“But like, you’re a three-week-old In & Out burger and he’s a dog with no legs.”

Virgil’s face went even hotter, “What?”

“Or like... he’s the soil for a dying plant pot, and you’re moss growing on the soil, depriving the plant of any life and- “

“Remus!” Virgil nearly shrieked, “what are you on about?”

Remus threw his stick behind him, and shrugged, “Look man, pleasant metaphors aren’t my strong suit.”

“You have a strong suit?”

“I do! My birthday suit.”

Virgil blanched, rolling his eyes. “You’re so weird.”

“Thank you!” Remus shone, happy he had at least taken some of the fire off of his brother. Remus did care, just in his own way.

“We could of used that stick,” Virgil crouched down, picking up more potential firewood.

“No you couldn’t of,” Remus flashed a grin, spreading out his hands. They were glistening with something shiny. Virgil wrinkled his nose again. “Slime mold! It’s everywhere here!”

Virgil shivered, sticking his tongue out. “Just wash your hands before dinner.”

“But the extra flavor!” Virgil threw a twig at Remus in disgust.

The firewood was eventually gathered, Patton was rescued from the rock pools and Roman had finally been convinced to come down from the tree. He had spent most of his time at the beach brooding out to sea.

Patton was having none of that. Between mouthfuls of fish he pointed at Virgil.

“Hey, why don’t you tell us one of your old ghost stories?” Patton beamed, the flickering of fire casting shadows against his frame. Virgil hunched into himself, eyes darting between the three of them. Patton and Remus were on either side of him, leaving Roman to sit directly across from him, face just visible through the flames.

“Oh jeez, I don’t know,” Virgil began to draw idly in the sand, “they were pretty lame.”

“Nu-uh!” Remus snorted, flicking popcorn at Roman. “They were so cool, tell us the one about the snake in the library.”

“Or the ghost in the museum? You know, the one in Port Angeles?”

Virgil looked up only to make eye contact with Roman. He had made up that story when they were all taking a day trip to Port Angeles. On Remus' request they visited the museum as apparently they had a “Know Your Body,” show on. Remus practically ripped Patton’s arm off running to the exhibit. Roman and Virgil hung back, the graphic displays obviously turning Roman’s stomach. The story just began to tumble out of Virgil’s mouth if he was honest. It was about a ghost attached to a painting, and a tour guide falling in love with the portrait. By the end of the exhibit Roman had taken Virgil’s hand, all 3D models of skulls and charts of lower intestines forgotten about.

“Oh!” Patton shrieked, making everyone jump. “What about the vampire story you were writing?”

“You’re a writer?” Roman cocked his head.

“And?” Virgil shot back, slightly ruffled by his question. What did Roman know? Roman hadn’t bothered to ask.

“Nothing, I-”

“Sold! Go on emo nightmare, scare my pants off!” Remus cackled.

“It’s like..whatever.” Virgil murmured, clearing his throat, before flashing Remus a devilish grin. “You know though, the vampires around here aren’t like your everyday Dracula.”

“These vampires can hunt in day light, use their charms and money and their powers to reel you in. Until you’re so far gone they can bend you to your will, literally controlling your mind.”

Patton squeaked and eased in further to Virgil.

“It’s said that these vampires can bend not only minds but steel. Creatures so fast and so strong there is no escape.”

Remus felt something in the back of his brain begin to tick. Something pushing itself to be unravelled.

“But why would you run? When they can offer you whatever you need, or at least they convince you they do.. Jessica Stanley was just like us, in fact, a student at Forks University. She was nice, popular. The perfect mix to be prey. It was at a house party these vampires ascended on her. Fuzzy from all she had drunk, a seemingly innocent boy had convinced her to follow him upstairs. As she followed she looked back once, to find all the party goers missing. The bedroom door creaked, and the lights shut off. All was quiet until-fangs ripped into her-”

“Patton jumped, kicking up sand with him. Roman stood up with one knee before laughing, collapsing back down on his blanket. Patton shivered, giggling as well.

“I didn’t mean make it scary -scary!” Patton smiled, swiping some of the sand off of him, and pushing Virgil’s shoulder gently. Virgil chuckled too, cheeks beaming scarlet at the sudden realisation of all the attention.

They all simmered down to silence before Remus piped up.

“I liked it!” he beamed, before throwing the entire bag of unpopped kernels into the fire.

“Remus!” They all shouted in chorus.

Chapter End Notes

Be thankful I've cut this chapter in half, it was almost over 2k words. Next upload soon!

Trying to write a story within a story via character dialogue is actually really hard.

Best,

Avo

You caught me under false pretences. How long before you let me go?

Chapter Notes

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

“Edible art?”

The voice made him jump so much Remus crushed half of the clay arm he was forming. It was such a throwaway comment, Patton mentioning Port Angeles, that Remus was surprised it pricked his brain. But for some reason it had stuck, so he found himself following his footsteps, and a Greyhound bus up to the city. Funnily enough in the exhibit space was a show about North American folklore. So of course Remus wondered, found the first woodblock painting there, and plopped himself on the floor. He rummaged in his backpack, bringing out some clay and a water bottle. “The Pale One.” the painting had been dubbed, showed a woman with porcelain skin and horrifically sharp features.. Her eyes looked like pools of blood...with glitter in them.

So naturally Remus also pulled out said glitter. It was all going fine until freaking Logan Cullen showed up.

“Remus.” Logan greeted, standing over him. Logan’s back was stiff, his body completely angled and pointy. It looked as if he had stumbled across gum on his shoe.

“Hey, specs!” Remus greeted cheerfully, squeezing the clay between his fingers, letting the excess water run down his wrist, before rolling it back out.

Logan quirked an eyebrow, “How are you feel-”

“You know your mood swings are giving me mega whip lash specs.” Remus snorted, reforming the crushed arm. He didn’t look up to Logan.

“I was simply enquiring how you are, Remus.” Logan scoffed. He flexed his hand as if needing to grasp the situation.

“I’ll be better once you admit you’re like an alien or bitten by a spider.” Remus flashed him a smile, wicked and lively. Logan flattened out his shirt, almost nervously. “Mr soviet spy, sleeper agent-”

“I want us to be friends.” Logan cut him off, avoiding eye contact. He swallowed and looked at the woodcut. “I would like us to be friends.”

“Well if that’s what you wanted!” Remus jumped up but slipped on the mess he made on the floor. The wedge of his boots folded inwards, sending him flying backward. Logan easily caught him, one hand holding his elbow and the other his wrist.

“Can you at least watch where you’re going?” Logan snapped, not letting go. But his face instantly dropped any harshness, and became almost shy from what he said. “Look I’m sorry for being rude all the time, I just-”

“Look rule number one,” Remus pointed a slender finger at Logan’s chest, “if we’re going to be friends, then you’re going to have to get use to me hitting the deck a lot, it’s a fact of life.”

Remus beamed, eyes locking onto Logan’s, “Second rule, there are no rules!”
“But you just said-”

“Oh come on, specs,” Remus rolled his eyes, hooking his hands on Logan’s shoulders before dragging the two back to his place on the floor. Logan shook his hands, as if like a startled bird. It was cute, it made Remus want to find more ways to ruffle his feathers. “Lighten up, feel the vibes, go crazy!”

Logan looked bewildered, eyebrows shooting upwards. Remus easily cradled the other’s hands into his lap and began to plop clay into Logan’s hand. He began molding absent-mindedly.

“We’re all going to a party at Newton’s next week. You should come.” Remus smiled, still sharp, but less overpowering. It somehow eased Logan in.

“Ah, parties.” Logan breathed, allowing his fingers to be guided by the other. He felt the others dance across his skin, the slight touch sent flames up his arms, spiraling to his chest. His throat tightened suddenly, his mouth felt dry and ashy. He wanted to dig his nails in, wanted to drag Remus into his lap and push his way to his throat. “Parties are too crowded.”

Remus dropped their hands. Something clouded his face, something Logan couldn’t recognize. His head twitched, sending another gust of tantalizing air towards Logan.

“Ahh want to get me alone do ya specs?” The sharpness was back. The push and pull. Alone...yes! - No... He couldn’t...he could maybe.

“Do you like coffee-” Remus’ voice was strained. Almost as if he was not use to such mundane words tripping off his tongue.

Just because he couldn’t taste the wine doesn’t mean he couldn’t enjoy its aroma.

Roman knew he couldn’t charm his way out of this one.

To be fair, Roman didn’t like necessarily resorting to bluffing his way through situations. But still, he needed a bit more genuineness and less showmanship.

He wasn’t sure how he was meant to untangle himself from the clumsy situation with Virgil. If Virgil had been tense beforehand he was practically a wooden board at this point. He didn’t even brave the sofa, empty or not, and instead chose to bundle up on the floor or perch on a table.

Headphones in, he didn't even look up to see Roman. Virgil sat cross-legged on the table in the middle of the room. He scrolled through his phone, lips turned downward.

Roman hesitated, before deciding to sit down on the sofa, feet firmly on the ground. He tapped his fingers against his notebook, before flipping it open.

He vehemently ignored the glances Virgil sent him.

"How adventurous," Janus drawled, sipping his coffee. He and Logan sat across from each other, the library empty, the night sky heavy with a full moon. Logan scrunched up his nose and took his glasses off to clean them with the edge of his shirt.

"I can't understand how you can drink that."

Janus grinned wickedly, like a cat ready to pounce on its prey after playing with it for hours. "Don't deflect from your vices to mine." He took another sip. "You, and a house party."

Janus chuckled, relishing in the pointed look Logan shot his way.

"Don't you have larger issues to attend to?" Logan pushed his glasses back onto his face.

"The Volturi and the Dragon Witch are not due for another decade," Janus replied coolly, the tension of his words unsaid, like rushing water under thin ice.

"But it is not me who is yet to decide." Logan could feel his lips turn upwards.

Janus shrugged, "they may have forgotten if we were so lucky."

Logan suppressed a shudder, as of current luck was not on his side at the best of times. Janus took another of his coffee, Logan bit his tongue, dreading the idea of drinking any human beverage when he saw Remus next.

/Do you like coffee/

Remus had simply asked and unable to think of a better answer Logan had said yes.

Tomorrow morning was going to be a long one.

Chapter End Notes

AHHH yes...it's all coming together

Love,

Avo

White Demon Where's Your Selfish Kiss?

Chapter Notes

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

Janus had sweet lips, even to others of his kind. It was a gift, or as he called it a "certain talent," he possessed. He could easily wind people in and out of his circle as easily as stirring his godforsaken coffee. That was another talent of Janus, to the chagrin of Logan, the consumption of mortal food and drink aided in his ability to move freely among his prey.

But what came so naturally to him did not go as smoothly to others.

The sun was just blooming over the damp forest. He was leaning against a tree covered in moss, observing the startling carrange in front of him. One of the university students was hunched over the ribbons of what looked to be an unsuspecting camper. The tent shredded, speckled with mud and blood. scattered around was that of a mountain lion. There There was no struggle for either victim.

"It's the alcohol in their blood making them taste bitter," He said nonchalantly. The boy whipped around frenzied, eyes blood red and wild. He snarled, rivers of crimson dripping down his chin

"Lord," Janus sneered, "they are not a meek takeaway, you're meant to savor the taste-"

The boy launched at Janus, sinking his nails into the bark of the tree and ripping out a chunk. But Janus had already stepped away, too quick for the boy to track. Janus poked a pointed shoe at the body on the floor.

"I remember being much quicker," Janus wiped the blood off of his shoe on the dewy grass. "I certainly remember having more sense than whatever you're doing."

The boy stalked towards Janus again, white pearls of teeth glistening in the sun in a sneer.

"You," the boy spat, "you did this."

"Oh come now Emile," Janus soothed, "have you not enjoyed the fruits of your damnation?"

The boy faulted for a moment, giving Janus ample time to step forward.

"I've been watching, Emile," Janus continued, "You have a gift, people want to impress you, want you to like them. This-"

Janus gestured to the mess on the floor, "this is unbecoming for someone such as yourself. I could show you how to enjoy the wine your damnation offers."

Emile finally stepped closer, the sun hit Janus' blonde hair, making a halo around him.

Logan had been hunting all night. Without the help of Janus who was "sorting his own affairs," he could not indulge in the delights of human blood, settling for the wild beasts among the surrounding forest. He fed and hunted till he was sick of it, so full he feared he might collapse if it were possible. He hadn't felt tired, this truly tired since he was mortal. He was full but not satisfied, his teeth hungered for something he knew he could not have.

He and Janus did drink human blood. Janus' skill of manipulating the mortal mind made it possible. But with this hunger, this thirst, and need to tear into Remus. He knew he would not stop after one sip. Janus had offered his services immediately. Logan's body felt electric as just the thought. His fingers itched to pull at soft flesh.

But Remus was more than his blood, Logan had realised with icy clarity. Remus was quick and sharp and clearly saw the world in a way Logan simply could not conceive. Janus had rolled his eyes, claiming that Logan was "ever the academic." Logan had not mentioned the other burning reason for his frustration and fascination.

The boy's mind was like a fortress.

Most mortal's minds were like a simple corridor, and Logan could typically just wander through

Remus was a labyrinth, not allowing one inch of room into his mind, it mostly spiraled across mountaintops, and Logan got lost trying to untangle himself from the vast landscape of thought. It wasn't that it was murky, those Logan could ascertain, but that it was untraceable. An uncharted ocean.

It was intoxicating, to say the least.

And he was going to have coffee with the boy.

Lord save him, he thought as he plunged his canines into yet another deer.

Roman hated 3 am.

No reasonable person needed to be up that late. What weirdo would voluntarily stay up until-

"Oh hey," Virgil turned the corner into the commons. Roman could have collapsed on the spot, feeling his chest cave in.

Roman's eyes ached, and rubbing them just seemed to irritate them. Despite how much water he drank he couldn't get rid of the sharp pang of pain in his head, as if his brain had been hollowed out and replaced with a symbol drum. And then in swans Virgil, bundled in his hoodie, and wearing soft plaid pj bottoms. Virgil clung to a coffee mug in his slender fingers. His hair was fluffy and swept into his dark eyes. And his voice- god his voice Roman couldn't take it! He was soft and sleepy like hot chocolate on a rainy day.

Virgil's eyes darted across the room and what Roman would do to ease him back to that sleepy state.

“Hey Virge,” Roman finally sighed, putting down the script he was holding onto the sofa. He ran a hand through his curls, exhausted.

Virgil lightly stepped over to the kitchen area and switched on the kettle. He placed the mug on the side before hopping onto the kitchen top, chewing his thumbnail.

“Why are you-”

“Look I want-”

Their words clashed together, and for a startled second they sat in dumb silence before floundering.

Roman gave a careful smile, rubbing the back of his neck shyly. Virgil pulled his sleeves down, diverting his eyes.

“Sorry,” Virgil quickly hushed, biting down on his nail again.

“It’s okay,” Roman said, giving what he hoped was a rueful smile. “You first.”

Virgil puffed out his cheeks. “Just..you never stay up this late. Everything okay Princey?”

The casual use of the nickname sent sparks up Roman’s spine, and he suddenly felt very awake. Hyperaware of his hands, he quickly straightened his posture and cringed at the pop his spine gave.

“Oh, everything’s fine, Virge, not to worry.”

Virgil arched an eyebrow, finally focusing his gaze back onto Roman. He felt a butterfly shoot up to his throat. Roman could wax poetics about those deep pools of molten chocolate if Virgil asked him too. Hell Roman was in such a state that there wasn’t much he wouldn’t do if Virgil gave the inclination.

“It’s just,” Roman stuttered ungracefully, suddenly desperate to fill the silence and break the heavy stare on him. “I just can’t seem to get my lines right.”

Virgil lowered himself gently off the counter. He slowly walked to the sofa, as if a bird unsure of a predator nearby.

“I’ve never known you to struggle with some dumb lines Sir Sing a lot,” Virgil plucked the script from the sofa before rolling his eyes. “Seriously, Romeo and Juliet?”

“It’s a classic!” Roman snatched the script back indignantly before cringing at his harsh movements. Virgil startled slightly, cheeks going back to a pinkish colour. “And I’m not struggling, I’m just having a creative block!”

“Whatever you say Romanoe.” Virgil skulked away and flicked the kettle off before it whistled, but still sent Roman a small smile.

He rummaged through the cupboard, expertly making his sixth cup of coffee for the day.

“Virge you cannot be serious.” Roman gapped lamely as Virgil took sips of his drink. “No wonder your sleep schedule is so messed up.”

“No rest for the wicked Princey.”

“You clearly must be really wicked.”

A deeper blush set on Virgil’s face this time, and an equal pink dusting bloomed on Roman himself. That heavy silence fell again and Roman felt as though he would burst if he didn’t lift it, that the quiet seriousness might scare Virgil off.

But to his surprise, Virgil broke it. “What bit are you stuck on?”

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to eat my Louis Vuitton shoes if Virgil and Roman don't sort themselves out soon but I have a feeling they wont.

Off With Your Turret Aren't We Just Terrified

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning for blood and accidentally cutting finger on a scalpal

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

Patton blinked once, twice before concluding what he had walked in on was cuter than any kitten photos he had ever seen.

He stifled the excited squeals in his throat before rushing out of the commons area and towards Remus' door.

He tapped just once before Remus called to let him in.

“Remus!” Patton thinly veiled his excitement in a half whisper, before stopping, taking in Remus' room in its full glory. Remus had torn up the carpet and painted all over every inch of wooden floor. Different plant matter speckled the walls, the ceilings were dotted with different drawings and glow-in-the-dark stickers. Remus was still in his pyjamas, a simple tank top and boxers which said “kiss me,” written all over them. Freckles splattered every inch of his skin.

“Hey daddyo,” Remus didn't look up from the drawing he was finishing in his lap. “Have you come for my wake-up call?”

“Remus,” Patton giggled again lightly, “come here!”

“Kinky,” Remus sniggered, standing up and taking Patton's hand, “I can't do it on demand though, oh and my safe word is Minnesota salad.”

“Stop being crude,” Patton hushed lightly, leading him back to the commons. He presented what he found on the sofa proudly, like a dog showing off his favourite chew toy. Remus felt his chest tighten, and bubbles of laughter threatened to escape his lips.

“Could you get any more gayer?”

Roman was stretched out on the sofa, one arm slung behind him, the other curling gently into Virgil's hair. Virgil was nestled into Roman's side, both their legs were intertwined. The script they were working on long forgotten on the floor. Remus wanted to cringe at how soft and sweet they were. Virgil's usual skittish nature had been replaced by an unprecedented tranquillity.

“It’s so sweet!” Patton bounced on his feet, “do you think they finally-”

“Nah,” Remus cut in, “I reckon we’ve got a few more dramatics before they realise.”

Patton whined as Remus giggled some more, a bit louder than either intended.

Virgil’s eyes shot open and gasped sharply. As if like a soldier, Roman shot up, cradling Virgil further into him, and wildly shot his other arm out, as if defending them from predators.

“Now that’s the gayest thing I’ve ever seen,” Remus sucked his teeth.

Virgil instantly bolted and broke free from Roman’s grip. In his frenzy he scrambled over the script on the floor, tearing apart some of the papers. He looked down and stopped so suddenly Remus was slightly convinced that Virgil had stopped breathing.

“Virge,” Roman began but Virgil darted from his spot.

“Sorry,” Virgil mumbled, pulling his hood above his head.

Roman’s eyes flickered between the script and the doorway where Virgil disappeared from. He grunted, before flinging his hands over his face.

“Oh dear,” Patton sat down by Roman, offering him his hand. “I guess you’re right Rem.”

Something fluttered across Remus’ face, and deadpan “Minnesota salad.”

The spiked adrenaline was tangible in the air before Logan looked up to see Remus. He felt his insides twist, and his senses scanned for any immediate distress. But Remus was just grinning, his cheeks rosy from the chilly morning, and hands holding two takeaway coffee cups as he strides across the campus car park. His hands are cold, Logan thought dumbly, before shaking the thought away. He took one last cleansing breath before Remus reached him. His skin felt like it could bubble over at any minute.

“Hey, Specs!” Remus stopped to pop one of the coffee cup lids up and gave it a sniff before scrunching his face. His hand jutted out, offering the cup to Logan. Logan took it and held it between his fingers awkwardly.

“That doesn’t give me much hope for the taste.” He murmured and gave it an experimental sniff as well. It had the usual bitter scent of the stuff Janus drinks.

“Oh, nah,” Remus began to chug his coffee, “I got you normal coffee. I get about a shot of each syrup.”

“Correct me if I’m wrong,” Logan pinched the offensive drink between his fingers, “but I thought you said you wanted to get coffee.”

Remus shrugged and began walking up to the science lab. “I provide when needed.”

“No that’s-” Remus’ eyes shone at him, all quizzical and sharp. Logan tried for the nth time to stretch his ability and poked at Remus’ thoughts. He was met with a harsh, spiked wall that sent a jolt of electricity down his body. Logan was practically clawing at his insides. “I mean, isn’t the whole point getting the coffee?”

“I asked if you liked coffee, not if we’d get it” Remus grinned, pressing the lab door open with one hand, leaving an imprint of green glitter. “”

“So what are we doing?” Logan felt like his lungs could collapse, and relief washed over him..

Remus sniggered, and yanked one of the lab’s cabinets open, revealing rows of boxed-up bugs. “We’re going to check out my bookworms.”

Icy cold reality suddenly doused Logan’s moment of reprieve.

He couldn’t do this. Out in public where his instincts would have consequences he could do, people watching them, and an easy escape he could do. But this? Alone in a secluded random room with Remus. Rain slashed against the window, the wind began to whistle an off-beat tune.

No one would hear, no one would come in, Logan’s mind raced, it would be so easy to take him now, to take Remus’ face in into his hands and tip his head back and bully his way into that delicious-

Logan rooted himself to the spot, he was not an animal, he reminded himself.

Remus began rummaging around in the cabinet, standing on his toes to reach the highest part, completely oblivious to the storm raging behind him. He made a small grunt noise which sent another flick of flame across Logan’s chest.

Remus slammed a notebook on the countertop and ushered Logan closer. He took a tentative step forward, that heat continuing to spread. Remus began rambling, words spilling out before Logan could even register what was being said, the proximity sending his head far into the clouds. It was as if his ears had been stuffed with cotton.

Remus paused for just a second, and the look he gave Logan made him feel like he could spill his guts. Remus was all wide-eyed and excited and flushed. A dusting of soft pink covered his freckle-splattered nose sending hunger roaring through Logan.

“Earth to specs!” Remus chuckled, waving a hand in front of him.

“I’m listening,” Logan blinked, unaware that he was slowly inching forward.

“I didn’t take you to be squeamish.” Remus began to fiddle again with the supplies.

“I’m not?”

Remus squinted at him, uncertain but still wistfully grinning, and began rummaging around again.

Logan could just about grasp what Remus was rambling about- something about owl pellets and “treasure,” and different diseases and Logan could almost laugh at how juvenile this so-called experiment was.

Remus looked almost manic as they dissected different pellets and put them under microscopes. His hands were deft, working smoothly with the scalpel, and twirling a highlighter in his other hand.

On their third dissection, Logan decided to take in one tentative breath. The scent of cinnamon and coffee was rich on his tongue, and his head roared for a moment. But the fire in his chest remained just a flicker.

Logan let a smug smile grace his lips. Tittering on a knife edge meant he might fall back to control, he mused. It didn’t mean total damnation.

Remus looked up at him through his dark eyelashes, and his lips split open into a grin.

“Treasure?” He asked and bumped up against his side. Logan stilled for a second, waiting for the fire to spread, and noted that it only slightly licked its way to his throat. Feeling brave, Logan turned to Remus.

“If by treasure you mean bones, then yes.” Logan pushed the pellet to the side with the scalpel he was using.

Just as Remus darted his hand out...

And Logan felt his entire body be engulfed.

“Pigs!” Remus snatched his hand back, the sharpness of the blade ran across his finger. The cut instantly began to thump sharply, hot white pain bubbling as it welled up. Bright crimson split from the tip of his finger and ran down his wrist.

Logan caught his wrist so quickly he was mildly surprised he didn’t break it.

“You’re bleeding,” Logan grunted, teeth feeling sharp in his mouth.

“I’m fine,” Remus flushed and Logan felt his knees give out. He couldn’t -

“It’s fine,” Remus sputters again, “you know this one time I fell off my bike and I hit the ground so hard I tore all of my arm up. You could basically see the muscle and there was so much blood Roman basically fainted and the dirt-”

“Stop,” Logan whined, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

“Right, sorry,” Remus laughed, uncertain and shaky as if his laughter had been made from fizzing bubbles. “I’m not helping, are you okay? You look like you’re going to puke.”

Logan’s eyes flashed open, dark and predatory, but the intensity almost immediately melted away. Remus didn’t bulk, didn’t even flinch. He just grinned, teeth showing.

“You need first aid.”

“Just run it underwater,” Remus shrugged.

Logan tentatively, slowly turned Remus’ hand over. Almost as if inspecting a fresh cut of meat. He hummed, slowly allowing air back out of his lungs. “You don’t need stitches. But you need to clean it.”

Remus allowed Logan to guide him to the first aid kit. Despite his shaky hands, and roaring head Logan made quick work of the cut.

Remus bent his finger, testing the limits of the bandaid before giggling to himself. Logan searched his face.

“I’ve got it!” Remus snickered, “You’re an immortal boy scout.”

Chapter End Notes

This chapter took FOREVER and was HARD

Any comments are appreciated.

Love,

Avo

You're the Queen of the Superficial, and How Long Before You Tell the Truth?

Chapter Notes

I didn't even have this chapter planned in the outline but it's here and I sort of love it?!?!

So enjoy.

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

Virgil felt like his insides had been swapped for porridge.

His stomach felt sticky and thick and even if one more person talked to him he might just throw up.

He rubbed his temples, attempting to soothe the dull ache inside his skull. His bed felt suffocating, the blanket kept ensnaring him, tangling his body to a restraint he couldn't fight. His jumper felt wrong, sticking to him clammy, the tag rubbing against his skin.

The day had been practically torturous. He had just about managed to skirt around Roman, dodging out his eye line as seen as he clocked him. He also somehow managed to avoid the inevitable onslaught of cooing from Patton or the jesting of Remus.

Virgil had concluded that it would just be safest to stay in his room until graduation.

But that plan was short-lived when his room felt so suffocating. It shouldn't be. The rain had been unforgiving all day. Sheets of ice cold had pummeled the window. When Virgil had been brave enough to retrieve a coffee from the kitchen he had quickly turned again, spotting Roman sat at the table with Patton. Of course, Roman was wearing that stupidly cute, pastel pink jumper. He was so incredibly broad it made Virgil's head swim a little. He had just caught the excited lilt in Patton's voice.

"I think I'll wear-"

It was whatever. Virgil didn't actually care, he thought but he didn't even fool himself.

He'd go for a walk, he decided. 8 pm was hardly the witching hour but the autumn sky was already pitch black, the clouds low and heavy. Rain poured without any regard for those down below.

He had just reached the front door when he realised how stupid of an idea this was. But it would have been even weirder to just open the door to close it again and walk back to his room. Kicking himself Virgil took a step outwards.

Great now he was miserable and wet and had no clue where he was going. He needed caffeine. The only place he knew that would be open despite time or weather would be the library.

What genius thought to put a coffee machine in a library Virgil didn't know but he was thankful to them.

Janus felt Emile tense next to him without having to look up.

“Someone's coming,” Emile whispered, putting the comic book he had been pretending to read down. The library had been quiet, much to his relief or annoyance he couldn't decide. It was tedious work, and Janus is adamant that when he was first turned he wasn't as slow to learn as Emile. But that could be forgiven, it was his mess after all as Logan had pointed out and whilst Janus may be selfish he wasn't cruel.

There were moments, he admitted to himself, that he found delight in Emile's transformation. Whilst Emile might have been a slow student he was eager and willing and ultimately trusting. He was becoming better at waiting, finally grasping the point of hunting and setting a trap and coiling, letting his prey do all the hard work.

An easy smile graced his face, scenting what Emile had. The soft, sweet scent of peaches and cream waft to the library. The door just cracked open, allowing Virgil to slip in. He had his hood over his head, clothes damp, and music plugged in. Emile instantly went to stand but Janus waved his hand.

“Not yet,” he went back to reading his book. Emile whined, pushing himself further into his chair. Janus ignored the way Emile ran his tongue across his sharp teeth. “It won't taste as good.”

Emile paused, exploring his sharp canines with his tongue before swallowing hard. That was it, Emile thought, finally sensing what Janus had. There was a rotten sweetness to this boy. Something spoiled, his mood downcast, like an apple gone bad.

“Try reaching out,” Janus murmured, flicking through his book nonchalantly.

Virgil's eyes barely flickered to the desk where Janus and Emile were. He knew Emile, he was Remy's roommate. How those two got on he would never know, chalk and cheese in the same cookie jar.

Janus, Virgil's mind drifted, he thought he knew. He recognized him at least, he was a constant at Forks for him, just as Patton was. But they never got close, and Virgil couldn't really remember much of Janus growing up. He just knew he spent most of his time in the library. Virgil shrugged, rolling his eyes at himself. Nerd.

“He's upset,” Emile concluded in a hush whisper, halfway between giddy and wary. Janus arched an eyebrow, gesturing to him to continue. “He's embarrassed about something.”

They watched silently as Virgil quickly, quietly made a coffee at the old machine tucked between two full bookcases. He rubbed a hand across his cheek.

That did.

“He’s in love,” Emile realised, his mouth watering at the idea of love drunk blood. He could smell it now. A consistent, soft thing, sweetening the already freshness of Virgil’s scent. But it was still tainted by whatever was upsetting him.

“Let’s see if you can cull the rotten fruit.” Janus murmured.

Virgil curled himself onto one of the overstuffed chairs, and began flicking through his phone. The screen lit up his face. He sipped absentmindedly, ignoring the predators just across from him.

“Oh isn’t it dark and stormy himself,” Janus drawled and Virgil instantly sat rigid.

“You look as if you’ve been caught in a downpour,” Emile placed his comic book on the table, settling his attention. Virgil surprised himself, he didn’t want to squirm away from the attention. Emile didn’t look at him with any weight in his eyes, just a softness almost akin to Patton.

Virgil grunted, “yeah something like that.”

Emile giggled, and casually rested his wrists on the table in front of him, open and at ease. “I hope it’s not raining this bad for Remy’s party.”

Virgil blinked, “yeah I guess so.”

“You’re coming right?” Emile said it so sweetly, Virgil was shocked to find himself nodding.

That spoiled sweetness began to lift, leaving room for just the freshness. Emile felt pride ripple through his chest, he was getting quicker at picking at other’s emotions.

Virgil’s mind screeched for a second. He just agreed to go to a party. A party which Roman was going to and was going to have to talk to people and watching Roman flirt with others and maybe dance and-

“I’m really looking forward to it!” Emile’s voice caught his freefall and cradled him back down to a sense of security. Virgil cupped his face in his hands, feeling his eyes grow heavy. Emile continued to talk but Virgil couldn’t quite hold onto the thread. Just knew he was safe and warm and everything was soft.

Virgil felt his arm slip and he sprawled across the chair, toppling over some books. Lazily he picked one up.

Frankenstein, he realised dumbly.

Virgil felt a bolt of electricity shot through him, a pain behind his eyes so sharp he dropped the book, letting it clatter to the floor.

He saw blood, so much blood, and Remus crumpled on the floor and heard snarls and a sick fleshy ripping and-

Suddenly he was back in the library and bolted from his spot. Even Jans struggled to gather his composure.

Virgil's eyes were dark and wild. Not like some meek deer in headlights but an injured beast waiting to strike.

"I'll catch you later," he murmured, slightly stumbling to the door and trudging out to the rain.

With his meal gone Emile all but whined again, flopping onto his chair.

But Janus just grinned wolfishly, brain snagging at what he just saw.

"My dear," he hushed Emile, "that was just the appetiser."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

Any comments or feedback are much appreciated!

The Spotlight Is On

Chapter Notes

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

Despite the less-than-ideal start, his morning with Remus exceeded his expectations. Remus' eagerness for "treasure," hadn't been dampened at all. Remus's consistent nattering of all and everything, allowing whatever thoughts in his mind to spill out of his skull appeared to be infectious. Logan found himself not just talking but asking questions. Remus never seemed to falter, if he didn't know the answer he simply attempted to discover it, encouraging Logan to help him research. The topics ranged from science to art to literature to bogs to folklore. He set them off on a wild treasure hunt across the town. When Logan asked if the pellets changed regionally Remus looked like a firework set off. He was out the door, dragging Logan with him, demanding they go discover what owls were regional vs. their nationwide counterparts. This led them to the woods where Remus stated he liked the dark drizzle of rain, and when Logan asked if he linked William Turner paintings Remus took his hand again and directed them to a local gallery, which had prints.

"It looks like they've been sat in the rain," whispered Remus, giggling slightly, "I wonder if they'd get moldy...I wonder if you could paint with mold."

"There are over 100,000 different types of mold, and it can grow on many surfaces, including Christmas trees." Logan had blurted out.

Remus' grinned again and they darted back to the woodland area. When Remus had found a pine tree, he began climbing it.

"Why do we use pines as Christmas trees?" Remus called down from his perch, inspecting the branch. "Maybe society is wrong. We should use cactuses."

"The Christmas tree traditionally symbolizes everlasting life, hope, and the Garden of Eden. However, a more practical reason is due to how spaced out the branches are so they can be fully utilised for decorations."

It felt like a dance between them and Logan felt almost dizzy with it. Remus seemed unfazed by Logan's vast amount of obscure knowledge. Contrary, he seemed to thrive off of it, having someone bounce ideas and off hand comments to.

It was like watching a fireworks display.

The morning quickly tripped into the afternoon, and then the afternoon disappeared to the evening. It wasn't until Remus began to rub at his face that Logan remembered: humans need food, humans need sleep, humans need rest.

"You're tired," he stated. They had found a meadow up high in the surrounding wooded area. It was dotted with vibrant flowers and Remus had been pressing them as they spoke.

“I’m Remus,” Remus plucked another flower, “that was a Patton joke.”

“It’s late,”

“It’s five o’clock somewhere.”

“Remus,” Logan placed his hand on the other’s arm. Even through the jacket, he could still sense his heartbeat. Logan stilled himself as Remus looked up at him. Remus was beautiful, Logan finally realized. With his thirst under a strained control, Logan was startled that he might hunger for something else. His eyes were a bright, sharp green. Lips full and smart and a tempting blush pink colour. “Rest is imperative for proper function.”

Remus cracked his spine by jutting his head.

“I function just fine,” he smirked, raising his eyebrows.

Logan rolled his eyes, “you’re so forward.”

But he took Remus’ books from him and held out a hand.

“Let me walk you home.”

Remus was in trouble.

He could feel it as soon as he walked through the door of their shared flat.

He bounced on the balls of his feet, wincing, waiting for the onslaught.

Without a beat, Virgil crashed into his back, causing them to crumple onto the floor, a heap of limbs and damp clothes.

“Great scot!” He heard his brother cry from the kitchen area, springing to the doorway with Patton galloping behind him.

“Actually, we’re Irish,” Remus’ speech was muffled on the floor. He easily hooked his leg around Virgil, and tumbled them across the floor. He managed to sit on the other’s lap, pinning him to the floor. Virgil flushed and attempted to scabble away, looking like a kitten plunged in ice water.

“Virgil!” Remus squealed, cackling escaped his chest. “If you wanted me on the floor all you had to do was-”

But Virgil didn’t offer any snark and come back. His hands shot out, grabbing at Remus’ arms. His breathing was labored, eyes darting across Remus’ body.

Remus sat back, taking Virgil with him, Virgil seemingly unwilling to let him go.

“You okay emo?” Remus scrunched his nose, and his head twitched. His insides felt like worms, worms that had grown legs. Despite his teasing, he never enjoyed Virgil’s distress. It

was always more fun to torture Roman anyhow.

“I’m fine!” Virgil grumbled, but didn’t release his hold, “What’s wrong with you?”

“Do you want alphabetical or - ”

“Where have you been?” Virgil sputtered, cutting him off.

“Oh wouldn’t you like to know,” Remus wiggled his eyebrows and easily pulled them both to their feet.

“Virge-” Roman hesitated, placing a tentative hand on the other's shoulder. Virgil stiffened again, twisting around to break free. It was easy, Roman let his hand fall limply to his side. “You okay Virge?”

No, Virgil was not okay.

Virgil could admit he was anxious by nature. But currently, he felt like electric shocks were pulsing around his body, his bones floating around his skin, his head swimming with spikes. As soon as he touched that book he saw Remus dead. It was all so real, the blood and the sound and the scent-

He felt his chest cave in.

“I’m fine,” he spat but turned back to Remus.

A slight caution hinted in Remus’ eyes but his face didn’t give so much away. Here Remus stood, soaking, smiling, covered in glitter. Remus snorted and ruffled Virgil’s hair. It began to melt at the iceberg of stress.

“Pick up your phone next time doofus,” Virgil rolled his eyes, finally letting go of Remus.

“You’re soaking!” Patton shrilled, attempting to gather Virgil’s wet hoodie off his back but Virgil easily pushed him off.

“What’s got your knickers in a twist?” Remus shook his head like a wet dog, droplets flying. He rubbed his thumb against the plaster on his finger and tried not to flinch at the dull ache.

“Seriously?” Virgil hooked his phone from his pocket and showed the news alert.

Body found at La Push Lake.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, now this is my new fav chapter.

Any comments are appreciated!

Love,

Avo

The Truth Is Hiding In Your Eyes, And It's Hanging On Your Tongue

Chapter Notes

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

The news of the body had spread across the town like a flash flood and seemed to have left equal amounts of devastation in its wake.

Their dad forbade them from going out after dark, Patton insisted everyone send him updates on where they were, a slurry of updates spewed out on the news.

It was suspected that an animal had gotten to this unfortunate camper, the smell of cooking leading him to their base. What Remus didn't understand, when the crime scene photos leaked, was why a mountain lion's head was also present.

"It's properly a wolf or something." Virgil had stated one day when they were all watching the news, the news anchor once again implored if anyone knew the victim to come forward so they could be identified.

They had been ripped to unrecognizable.

"Seriously?" Roman sat on the sofa, Patton next to him, their legs brushing against each other. Virgil had perched himself on the back of the sofa, letting Patton to rest his head against his knees. "Aren't they like more scared of us than we are them or something?"

Virgil snorted, "That's spiders moron. You're not in Arizona anymore."

If Roman was thinking straight he might of been able to make a retort, but this was the most Virgil had said to him since they woke up nestled against each other. So instead he just rolled his eyes and hoped no one else could hear his heart beat wrestle in his chest.

"It could be a monster," Remus murmured from his spot on the floor, a heap of coal pencils and sketching paper. "Big octopus, or a giant bumble bee with knives for hands or a dragon or a witch or a dragon witch or a-"

Virgil snorted, and flicked Remus' ear, "dragon witch?"

"You know," both twins said in unison before Roman let Remus continue, "a witch who's a dragon."

"We made it up when we were like eight."

"You're both dorks." Virgil rolled his eyes. Roman felt his cheeks burn but didn't counter.

"Oh, it's horrible!" Patton eased himself further into Virgil. "It's just so sad!"

“Dad said he’s got some of the guys tracking something big out past La Push.” Roman hushed him and ruffled his hair. “It’ll be gone before you know it. Besides, not to worry, I’ll protect you my charming Prince.”

Patton giggled at this but it didn’t ease his fiddling with his cardigan.

Roman acted like he didn’t catch Virgil rolling his eyes at him.

If Logan was a lesser man he could have strangled Janus.

“Oh relax, please,” Janus smiled, not moving an inch. They sat across from each other in the library. The night continued its downpour of rain, and no one dared come visit the library at this late of an hour. “It’s one small mistake. I recall you made plenty when you were his aged

Logan his back stiffened at the slight jab, hands rubbing his temple. Flashes of his day, the woods, the paints, the flowers, Remus mingled with what Janus was showing him- blood and gore and bits.

“It is imperative you are careful,” Logan snapped.

Janus shrugged, unfurling his hands. “It’s all a learning curve, besides you can’t make an omelet without cracking a few eggs.”

“But it’s not just figuratively cracking some eggs.” Logan sneered, “It’s a human, it’s our safety, it’s-”

“He won’t touch your plaything.” Janus smiled coolly, without any remorse. Logan went dead still, his head roared.

“You miss understand-”

“Don’t be coy with me Logan,” Janus chuckled, leaning back in his chair, “I know when you’re lying.”

Logan felt a hot white rage snap inside him. It burnt worse than any thirst. “Enough.”

Janus chuckled, resting his face in one palm. “I feel as though the brother is fair game. Or maybe his friends. They all seem delicious really.”

Logan snarled, a low rumbling sound deep from his chest. Janus laughed humourlessly.

“But I won’t set Emile on them yet.” Janus soothed and for some godforsaken reason, Logan felt like he was being honest. “Besides, I require your assistance.”

“With what?” Logan spat, eyebrow quirked, face harsh.

“There’s a party, I want to see if Emile has gotten the basics of the hunt down.” Janus grinned.

“Why can’t you do this alone?” Logan asked cautiously.

“I need your help to make sure Emile-” Janus thought for a moment, waving his hand in the air, “to keep Emile on track and not become wayward. You’re currently the epitome of self control, for some god unknown reason.”

He pushed his glasses up to rub his eyes again, “on one condition.”

“You’re terrible at haggling.”

“Ensure Remus and his- his friends don’t attend and I will aid you in your ridiculous scheme.”

“God you just do not know how to share do you?” Janus laughed, tilting his head back. Logan just looked at him darkley. “Fine, I will, to the best of my ability and knowledge ensure your little pack of pets do not tempt you.”

So what if Remus had been a little bit jumpy lately? So what if the rustle of the leaves made him shoot around or the cry of a crow made his skin feel like it was being peeled off.

He wasn’t going to admit it.

It had only taken a few days for Remus to venture out to the woods. He found the vibrant meadow again and began water painting despite the sharp prick of panic under his skin. Roman was right the police had chased something big away from town. It wouldn’t be back anytime soon-

Was what he told himself when he heard a twig snap.

He scrambled to his feet, papers and paint flying everywhere. He juttred out his arms as if the paintbrush in his hands were a mighty sword.

Logan couldn’t help but laugh.

“It’s you Specs!” Remus gasped, before throwing the paintbrush. Logan caught it with ease despite Remus aiming directly for his face. “Kill a guy why don’t you.”

“Remus,” Logan said by greeting, “you know theres’-”

“A big dog or dragon or witch in the woods- I’ve heard.”

Logan snapped the paintbrush in his fingers.

“I’m sorry,” Logan said dumbly, “A what?”

Remus shrugged, “A dragon witch.”

He pooled back onto the damp meadow floor, rustled through his bag, and fished out another paintbrush, mumbling under his breath about how that paintbrush was on thin ice anyway.

“Where did you hear that name?”

Remus snorted, not looking up.

“I- we made it up, as kids.” He began slashing the paint again.

“What’s up specs, you look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“Remus,” Logan was surprised at how steady his voice was, despite how badly he felt his body buzz, “Remus listen.”

Remus finally looked up.

“Don’t go into the woods again, not until it’s safe.”

Remus’ face fell, eyes almost going dull. Logan felt his heart plummet.

“That’s so boring,” Remus rolled his eyes, returning to his painting. A slight flush on his cheeks revealed that Remus knew he was being a little childish.

But so many had already told him to stay away, to be careful. The monotony of the conversations was searing his skin, felt like his teething was being pulled out.

“Let’s talk about something fun,” Remus demanded, a bit flatly.

Logan paused, eyes chasing something over Remus’ face, his paint-smearred hands, the insufferable jacket. Despite the sharpness of his face or the ropey muscles Remus was ultimately a soft and delicate thing. Horrifically, tantalisingly breakable.

Logan swallowed.

“Stay away from the woods, Remus.”

Chapter End Notes

Love u,

Best,

Avo

You Say Come Touch Me But You're Always Out Of Reach

Chapter Notes

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

“I think the whole thing would be better if they made Juliet into a zombie.” Remus nattered, falling in step with his brother as he exited the rehearsal room.

“Can’t you just say hello.” Roman grumbled pushing Remus’ shoulder before cringing at the rain slick leather of his jacket. The night had turned from a heavy rain to a clear sharp coldness. When the boys left campus grounds they could see the stars. They winked back down to earth, oblivious to woes below them.

Roman may have hated the rain but he despised the cold. He was bundled in fabric that felt stiff and suffocating, high top shoes completely soaked through. Remus appeared almost immune to the elements. His jeans sported rips and holes throughout. His leather jacket being the only sensible item of clothing he wore, despite the stuck on feathers and numerous patches he added throughout the years.

Black ice lurked under a cake of slush. .

“I just think Juliet deserves to go ape shit.” Remus smirked, his boots sometimes cracking thin ice on the ground. Street lamps were sporadically placed between the campus and their flat, making the night feel darker.

“Juliet is a heroine and an icon and I would thank you to leave her be.” Roman argued playfully. He shoved his cold pink hands into his pockets.

Remus smiled, flicking Roman’s ear. “You’re mum’s an icon.”

“Mus we have the same-” But Roman was cut off by a harsh shriek, Remus crashing down to earth, his boots flying from under him on a patch of ice.

“Ha!” Roman doubled over, his laughter booming into the stillness of the night, “that’s what you get!”

But Remus had frozen, staring at something far off into the tree line. Roman crouched down by him, offering him a hand.

“Come on let’s-”

“There’s something in the woods.” Remus scrambled to his feet, leaving Roman behind.

“Mus?” Roman followed, cringing at the harsh cracking of the ice under his foot. Remus darted into the tree line.

“Remus!” Roman hissed, chasing his brother.

“There’s a footprint trail!” Remus called back over his shoulder. Remus expertly dipped between the trees, not even disrupting the snow on the leaves. Roman was less graceful, and felt himself crash through the forest. Roman only caught up with Remus as he stopped in his tracks. He snatched his brother’s wrist. Roman’s face was bright red, a dreaded chill ran down his back.

“So we’ll call Dad!” Roman snapped, flinching at the rustling of the leaves. “Mus, let’s go.”

But Remus ripped himself out of his hold. A sense of excitement scattered across him, as if his entire body was made of popping candy. “Ro, there’s more!”

Remus began stalking the trail again, dragging Roman behind him.

“Remus please!” Roman begged, ducking under a low branch. The forest began to tighten around them, almost swallowing them. A thick vine of thorns ripped into Remus’ cheek just as they stumbled into a clearing.

“Their human footprints!” Remus cackled almost wildly, following the footprints further into the clearing. His heart was beating so fast, he almost missed the roar of rushing water.

“Remus!” Roman yelled across the clearing, just as the ice under his feet began to splinter. The realisation hitting both of them that Remus was smack bang in the middle of a frozen lake.

Remus stumbled, the ice fracturing under any movement. He searched for an opening, his blood running cold.

Roman put one foot out on the ice but it collapsed under his weight. Remus was stranded.

He let out one shuddering breath, before lurching forward.

The sickening sound of cracking ice echoed around him, and he felt like he might spill his guts if he hesitated. He took five shaky steps before the ice gave way beneath him. He hit the freezing water, frigid liquid soaking into his jeans as he clawed for purchase. Desperately, he scrambled up the ice and rolled onto his front, pushing himself to sprint again.

With a final, lung-burning dash across the now-roaring lake, Roman managed to catch Remus in a vice grip, pulling him back to safety.

Soaked and trembling, Remus turned around, breathless. But then his heart twisted as he caught sight of a figure standing on the opposite shore of the lake.

Logan.

Remus coughed violently, his breath hitching in his throat, but in the blink of an eye, the looming shape vanished, leaving only the dark expanse of woods, the icy lake, and the twins.

It was pitch dark out and Roman hadn’t returned.

Which was fine!

There was only a killer serial killer wolf thing out in the words.

No biggy.

He totally wasn't freaking out.

"Virge?" A voice distantly called but it sounded floaty, far away. He couldn't really hear much over the rushing in his ears. He couldn't decide if he was suspended in the air or plunged deep below the water. Regardless there was a dark crushing on his chest, squeezing at his lungs. It pinched at his sides, sending shivers run up and down his body.

"Virgil!" He felt strong hands clamp down on his arms, dousing him ice cold panic.

Roman stood in front of him, caked in snow and ice, all red and freezing. Embarrassment shot through his body, and his blood felt like he could sing.

"You're having a nightmare."

"That position is going to kill your neck!" Virgil flinched at Remus' shrill voice, but he instantly shot up from the sofa when he saw the state the other twin was in.

"What happened to you?" Virgil scrambled from Roman's hold. Remus flicked his head like a wet dog, and instantly took his soaking jeans off.

Roman flopped next to Virgil, head hitting the back of the sofa, exhausted.

"I think he's in shock but he won't let me take him to the hospital." Roman closed his eyes, shivering.

Remus took his shirt off and flung it at Roman with a wet thud. Roman shrieked and flung it back, but missed.

"If you take me to the goddamn place," Remus stretched, revealing the planes of his sides, and his glorious hip bones just above his boxers. Virgil quickly flicked his eyes downwards, blush on his cheeks. "I will kick your balls so hard you will piss out of your eyes."

"Jesus, enough!" Roman began rubbing his hands together, trying to gather any semblance of warmth. "I'm freezing!"

"No but seriously, what happened?" Virgil delicately perched on the side arm of the sofa, and poked at Roman's jeans.

"I went for a midnight swim."

"He fell in a frozen lake." Roman glared, removing his own coat and jumper. Virgil's face went a hot red, and he felt like he was going to pass out. Roman's skin was soft and smooth and beautifully flushed over the outline of his abs.

Lord have mercy.

“You what?” Virgil demanded, hands covering his face.

Remus’ shrugged, “it was refreshing.”

Roman grunted and threw his sneakers at Remus, and dogged again easily, his body moving like a spring. “That’s the last time I’m following you anywhere.”

Virgil sat for a moment, before head snapping up.

“You went into the woods?” He shrieked, coming face to face with a shirtless Roman. Roman burned under his gaze, eyes flashing. Remus took this opportunity to slip out to his room. He went unnoticed.

“Yeah, Rem-” Roman stumbled, but Virgil snapped at him, eyes wild.

“Are you insane?” Virgil pushed against Roman’s chest, causing heat to blossom at the touch. “Are you actually a moron?”

Roman reeled, filling the space between them by brushing Virgil’s hand away. “Don’t be such a worry wart,”

Virgil scrambled back on his perch, almost snarling, “you know, what fine! If you’re stupid enough to go out there, be my guest.”

“Not like you cared in the first place,” Roman spat, crossing his arms.

Pain twisted onto Virgil's face, and Roman felt as if he was a candle who had been snuffed out. A sharp pang clattered in his chest, but before he could even apologise Virgil darted from the living room.

Roman grabbed a pillow and screamed into it.

Chapter End Notes

Any comments are greatly appreciated!

Love,

Avo

And Tumbling, Tumbling, Don't Go Fascination

Chapter Notes

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

The next morning was frosty and harsh. Black clouds hung low in the air, obscuring any sunlight. The ground under Remus' boots was hard, the slush frozen over through the night. His cheek ached from where he had been slashed by the thorns. He was so cold, despite the scolding showers he took last night. His skin was almost raw, but it did nothing to satisfy the deep chill that had settled in his bones. It was as if a knife had been plunged through him.

This did not deter him from waking up before sunrise, throwing on his still-damp jacket, and marching to the library.

He knew what he saw, the hard, almost feral stare of Logan across the lake. He looked almost as startled as Remus had been.

Was it his footsteps Remus was following? How would such a dork traverse the iced lake without falling like Remus? Why was he out there to begin with? What sort of weird cult shenanigans was he up to?

To his credit, Remus had been quiet when closed the front door, tip-toeing out as if a scooby doo villain.

“What are you doing?”

“Virgil!” Remus half shrieked as he turned around, seeing Virge glancing up at him through his bangs. Remus recovered, however, his face falling into a mask of a wolfish grin, cocking his head. “Trying to get me alone are you?”

“You technically followed me,” Virgil clicked his tongue. His hoodie was up, obscuring half his face. He kicked the ground with his Converse. “Seriously, what are you up to?”

“I’m going to infiltrate a cult.” Remus nodded his head seriously. He wasn’t half lying. Logan might be in a weird cult.

Virgil grumbled, sticking his hands in his pockets. Remus wiggled his eyebrows. “What you up to Virgy.”

Virgil cringed, chewing his bottom lip. “I just need... fresh air?”

It was said more as a question. Virgil almost hoped that Remus would let it be.

“Is it because you and Ro had a spat?” Remus smirked.

Virgil flushed, crossing his arms. “Oh my god, not everything is about his highness.”

. And words just began to tumble out of Virgil.

“Listen I know this is going to sound absolutely insane but, just don’t go back to those woods. Or the fucking library. Okay.”

“But-”

“No, no fucking butts. I am asking you, Rem. There’s something fishy going on.”

Virgil felt his body turn inwards, heat bubbling along his cheeks and chest. His hands felt clammy and he resisted wiping them on his jeans. This was all so stupid, he thought, what was he on about?

Maybe they would finally sanction him.

Remus was impressed with his self-control to not laugh at “fucking butts.” He remained serious, as serious as he could. “Something has really got you twisted up, what’s tickling you emo?”

Then something began spiraling in his head. Something bitter. Images of when they were kids and harsh words being thrown at Virge and him by others swam before his eyes. Playground pranks going wrong, solidifying the two as social outcasts.

“Has someone said something to you?”

What? No, we’re not fucking ten, Remus.” Virgil rubbed his temples, leaning against the brick of their flat.

Remus sucked his teeth, bouncing from one foot to the next. He rolled the words around his tongue before he began speaking.

“Just talk to him!” Remus rushed, “Like I know he’s an idiot but you really are the weeds to his concrete.”

And with that Remus was off, practically skipping down the street.

Janus didn’t look up when the scent of coffee and cinnamon hit him. He didn’t glance over when the unmistakable sound of wet boots clopped his way. He didn’t even flinch when Remus slammed his hands on the desk.

“Sup Mary Scary.” Remus was already picking through the pile of books next to Janus. Frankenstein, Scorched Grounds, Dracula.

Remus began to flick through Dracula, amused at the scribbles across the pages. Janus rolled his eyes and plucked it from his hands with ease. “Mary Scary? I’m impressed, how long did it take you to come up with that?”

“A few days after rereading your biography,” Remus grinned, picking up Frakninstien instead.

“Oh good, finally someone with standards,” Janus drawled, seemingly content to let Remus rummage through the book. Remus thumbed at some of the pages, before pausing. Uniformed handwriting he hadn’t seen before graced the margin.

“Are monsters born or created?” Remus read out loud, “Someone’s got a case of melancholy.”

Janus laughed, but it was controlled and dry. Remus flicked through the book again, random passages circled, highlighted, question marks dotting the pages.

“Well?” Janus’ voice finally broke his seemingly maddening dissent into the annotations. His voice took on that sugary tone again, making Remus feel like he had fur on his teeth. It was too sickly, too sweet. Remus felt his skin prickle but vehemently ignored his instincts. “Are monsters made?”

“Would you kill baby Hitler?” Remus said without missing a beat.

Janus quirked his head, and smiled, showing all of his teeth.

“You can’t answer a question with a question.” Janus’ smile grew impossibly wider, almost threatening to split open.

“Why not?”

“Why do you think?”

“That’s sneaky!” Remus howled, snatching a highlighter from his back pocket and marking his own passage in the book.

/f I cannot inspire love, I will cause fear./

Remus slashed the page in dark green, and then in blue ink drew a bubble around the quote. In spikey handwriting, he wrote, “Sounds gay, I’m in,” and then drew a few bolts for extra measure. He tapped a rhythmless tune against the table with his pen whilst his eyes scanned the pages further.

Janus was happy to watch his prey play for a moment. He was like a fat cat lolling on the floor while a caged canary sang for him. But he couldn’t help but feel the promise to Logan prick at his mind.

Janus sighed languidly, finally picking up the other book from Remus. His movements were slow but methodical. He gently placed the book next to him and wrangled Remus’ attention.

“Are you as hell-bent as Emile to go to Newton’s on Friday?” He murmured softly, clasping his hands in front of him.

Remus continued his offbeat tapping, not looking up. “Only if there’s strippers.”

Janus laughed and it sounded like bubbles popping to Remus. Lovely and sudden and light. “Do you want to go to the party?”

“I mean sure, it’s either that or get your face ripped off by a murder cult.” Remus shrugged, doubling his rapid tapping. Janus made a displeased noise in the back of his throat. Remus’ eyes shot up and Janus delighted in the attention. He found that sometimes wrangling in a prey was far more satisfying. “Are you not going?”

Janus sighed again, lovely and sickly. “Preferably not, I find the whole thing rather dull

“What you gonna be doing instead?”

“Things.” Janus turned his current read over his hand and quickly found his place. He settled into his chair, happy to watch Remus flounder a bit more.

Remus raised an eyebrow, tapping out a different tune this time. Something quicker, something feral. “Are you always this vague?”

“No.”

Remus’ jagged tapping reached its crescendo, and he slammed the pen onto the desk, flat. Silence fell heavy, and Remus looked as though he could suffocate. His shoulders shot up to his ears.

Janus licked his thumb before turning the page, not looking up at Remus, “Is there anything I can help you with dear?”

Remus’ eyes flickered across the stacks of books. He still needed answers, and Janus was the sole person Logan seemed to tolerate. But his mouth felt sticky, as if the words, his questions were stuck behind his teeth.

Remus swallowed, “You got any books on folklore?”

Janus felt his mouth flood with venom.

Chapter End Notes

Hello!

So this au has become wayyyy bigger than I anticipated lol. why is there lore, why do I have plot? I'm losing my mind. I never intended this.

Either forgive me or worship me. Your discretion.

Avo

The Monsters Are Buried Down Deep Inside

Chapter Notes

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

Roman had never envied Romeo.

Yes, it was a classic, yes it could do no wrong.

But god Romeo was a moron.

Roman sometimes couldn't even begin to dissect the lead's decisions.

But currently, Romeo's idiocy was slowly becoming more and more relatable.

Roman just couldn't seem to make things right.

He just needed to be brave, to use his words and simply woo Virgil back over.

This is what he did, this is what he was good at.

So why did he find himself spitting venom? He seemed to only bash through conversations. Any grand gesture seemed almost wrong. Flowers would feel tacky. A letter would feel cliché. But Roman felt that Virgil deserved more than a simply, dry apology.

But Roman couldn't even pinpoint what he wanted to apologize for.

Hey buddy, sorry I've been crass lately but you did somewhat ghost me for five years and you act like you hate me so I'm defensive.

Like that would stick.

Sup, Virge, quick question how would you feel if I put my mouth on your mouth? Also sorry for being rude, I just fundamentally fear rejection and need you to love and cherish me. Cool?

Absolutely not. What was he even thinking?

"Cat got your tongue, Ro?" Patton's sunshine voice snapped him to clarity. He sat at the table, pen still pressed to paper. A pool of ink splattered against the page, marking his hand.

"Hey Pattycakes." Roman grinned, but it was shallow and dull. He shuffled the pages somewhat absentmindedly. "How are you doing this fine morning?"

"Hungry," Patton said solemnly, face falling serious for a second before bubbling back over to a grin. Patton made easy work of fixing himself waffles with heaps of syrup. He plated both of them breakfast happily, coming to sit next to Roman. Roman kissed the back of Patton's hand as a thank you. Patton giggled in delight, before digging into breakfast.

Despite the warmth and infectious nature of Patton, Roman still felt cold.

He hadn't seemed to warm up since that night in the forest and he wasn't even the one to fall in the lake. If Remus had just listened to him he wouldn't have disappeared for that split second, making Roman feel like his entire world had tumbled into darkness.

But of course, Remus was fine, Remus fucking shrugged the whole ordeal off, flicking Roman's ear before rambling about nothing.

But Roman wasn't. Roman was cold and tired and so stressed. His brother had gone insane—well more insane than normal. His secret crush on Virgil was backfiring so bad he could die, and Roman still couldn't remember his lines for this stupid play.

“Don't you like it?” Patton asked between mouthfuls of syrupy waffles. Roman hadn't touched his food. He poked at his plate with lackluster. “What's wrong Ro?”

“Nothing.” He answered immediately, sending what he hoped was a dazzling smile. But it didn't reach his eyes.

“You worried about Remus?” Patton asked slowly, pushing his own plate aside.

“No,” Roman tsked, cringing inwardly, “why would—”

“It's okay if you were scared Ro.” Patton smiled, not an inch of malice or judgment in his eyes. Patton's face was open and lovely, and Roman felt the chill in his bones sooth for a moment. “Heck, I was scared just hearing about what happened on the ice.”

Roman felt his muscles slack as if he were wrapped in warm dry blankets.

“Yeah, I guess,” Roman sniffed, running his hand through his curls. “It's just- I am worried about Rem, you know? But that's just because he doesn't seem to worry about anything.”

Patton thought this over for a moment, tapping his chin like a cartoon character.

“Well,” he started innocently, “have you talked to Virgil? They used to be close.”

Roman cringed, drawing out a groan from the back of his throat. Patton cocked his head to the side, questioning.

“Virgil and I used to be close.” Roman reiterated, pinching the bridge of his nose. “But every time I talk to him it just seems like we're at each other's throats.”

“Huh,” Patton clicked his tongue. He thought back to the day at the beach, the bickering between the two. Even after hearing Virgil's outburst at the twins going off to the woods, Patton couldn't help but sense the old familiarity. But maybe Roman had a point. The two had been a bit more feisty than usual. “Well, you could start by having an open and heartfelt discussion.”

Roman snorted but backtracked immediately at the confused look on Patton's face. “Sorry Pat, but I would simply rather jump back into the lake.”

“Roman!” Patton gasped, snatching his hands to his chest. “I’m surprised at you!” He mocked a noiseless squawking bird, mouth hanging agape, before giggling with Roman. “No, but seriously, have you two actually had a proper conversation since-”

“Don’t remind me!” Roman whined, feeling the heat drain from his body. “That’s the last time I’m asking anyone for artistic input!”

“That’s not nice.” Patton teased, popping the last of his breakfast in his mouth. “You would deprive me of your art?”

Roman snorted again, before finally starting on his breakfast. “Never my prince.”

Remus felt like his brain was going to slosh onto the book he was reading.

Scary Mary had surprisingly been helpful. He guided Remus to a local history section, rich voice almost spinning sugar around Remus’ head. Something about wolves and mermaids and a tantalizing story about a bigfoot.

“There any stories about a snake?” Remus cut in once, earning himself a startled glare from Scary Mary. The other clicked his tongue, flicking some imaginary lint off from his shirt.

“Never heard of her,” he replied finally, before turning the conversation back to Bigfoot.

Remus spent the next however many hours in the library. Who knew Forks was so freaky? Sirens in La Push drowning men to feast on, werewolves roaming the forest, pale faces stalking unsuspecting-

Remus almost tore the page when he read the surname Stanley.

It felt as though popping candy had shattered his skull.

Something, a distant voice in him which slightly sounded like Roman tried to reason, it’s just a coincidence. It’s a small town, lots of people might have that name. Or Virgil could have gotten the name from this book. It didn’t actually mean anything.

It was an interview from a girl called Jessica Stanley, who believed she met a vampire.

Impossibly fast and strong, cold to the touch, doesn't eat anything, don't drink anything. And when they speak, it's like they're from a different time.

He could feel his heart in his throat, his stomach churning over and wringing itself out.

“Remus.” A voice like iron greeted him, “I cannot imagine that position is comfortable.”

Remus dropped the book. He always wanted to know what setting ice on fire looked like. It looked like Logan looming over him, glaring into his soul. It looked like the twisted harshness on his face, and clenched fists at his side.

Remus stayed on his spot on the floor, splayed out, legs resting up on the wall. He swallowed, feeling his mouth turn ashy for a moment. “Hey Specs.”

“What has happened to your face?” Logan dropped to one knee, one hand hesitantly reaching out but Remus snatched himself away.

“My mother worked rather hard on my face thank you very much.” Remus hunched into himself, curling the book to his chest. His boots made a wet squelch sound against the wooden floor. For once in his life, Remus waited, assessing his situation.

On the one hand, he could admit that his theory that Logan was a supernatural creature was completely batshit. On the other, he’d seen him on the lake, he’d seen Logan stop the car with his bare hands. That had to count for something right?

Logan halted, stilling perfectly, eyes raking over Remus’ form. Remus felt his entire body shiver. “Are you okay Remus?”

He blinked, before crisscrossing his legs, smiling wide, “Do you wanna see my book worms Specs?”

Sometimes it was best to let experiments ferment a while before harvesting results.

Chapter End Notes

I'm running out of the ICONIC Twilight songs and need to look up lyrics lol.

Love you, any comments are so so appreciated

Pray For The Lion And Lamb

Chapter Notes

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

"How do I look?"

"Lovely!"

"Fine."

Roman wanted to reel back in mock horror, to put his hands on his chest and bemoan that he looked fabulous, actually. Instead, his shoulders just sagged a little, letting out a defeated huff. Patton and Virgil had been ready to go to Newton's party for the past half hour or so. The twins, however, seemed to be taking their sweet time. Patton was content to sip on his fruity cider, occasionally twirling his skirt. Virgil was less extravagant, donning his hoodie, the cleanest shirt he could find, and a pair of ripped skinny jeans. Virgil swirled his rum and coke in his glass, regretting making it as strong as he did.

Roman had all but pranced out from his room and presented his outfit and matching makeup look to the others. His white button-up was deliciously low, showing off his broad chest, and sleeves rolled up to the elbows, revealing strong arms. His lips were painted a dark red, almost comically matching the red of his platformed boots if he didn't look so goddamn good.

He did look fabulous, but Virgil wasn't going to tell him that. Virgil had decided that he was only ever going to talk to Roman in one-word sentences ever again. Their last argument still left a sour taste on his tongue, and it stung Virgil's eyes a little to look at him properly.

"I'm ready for my close-up!" Remus screeched from down the hall, running at full pelt into Roman who stumbled. Remus was head to toe covered in glitter and feathers. His sharp face somehow making his server eyeliner look amazing. Patton gushed, bouncing on the spot, adoring the twins. Virgil rolled his eyes, fiddling with the fraying edge of his hoodie.

"Well," Roman huffed, "I don't see you making an effort, J. D-lightful."

Virgil's lip twitched, "Yeah cause I'd rather look like a clown."

Roman felt that bile build in his mouth, but he floundered for a quick retort, stuck on the look of Virgil's lips. How they quirked in a small, snarking smile. How his eyes were soft, and molten chocolate despite the words he spat. Virgil scrunched his nose, clearly winning this interaction.

"Wow," Remus sucked his teeth, flinging his arms around both Virgil and Roman, their heads clattering together. Roman tried to brute his way from the grip but Remus had always been the stronger of the two. Virgil pinched Remus' side, causing him to let go, "who's ready to party dorks?"

A university house party is the perfect hunting ground for young vampires. It has the seductive air of being on the prowl, the ability to lean into carnal desires if one wishes to. Janus did, very much so, and often indulged in these events.

To the untrained eye, the house could have already been intoxicating. It pulsed with music, wild light flashed across the windows. Students were packed into the house, slithering against each, warm, flushed flesh against flesh. It was practically mouth-watering. Logan was less euthanized to witness this feast of awkward indulgence. Logan was never one to draw out a hunt. University parties never seemed to be particularly fruitful either, the blood always taking on a dry twinge due to the alcohol.

But Janus had asked, and seeing that there was no logical reason he should not attend Janus on the literal hunting ground, he came. And as soon as Janus opened the door he immediately regretted coming.

It was the mass of humans that made him stumble. There was almost inconsequential compared to what hit Logan. That burn of spice and coffee, that fire that tore through his throat. It was mixed with something else, something slightly bitter, but still warm. Logan groaned, rolling his eyes painfully at Janus.

"I thought you said-"

"I didn't promise anything," Janus soothed, wagging his finger in front of him, "I simply stated I did not know."

With that, Janus drifted into the party. Despite his somewhat standoffish demeanor, he was greeted, and swallowed by the crowd of gyrating partygoers. Logan groaned again, fighting a snarl that threatened to curl up onto his lips. The primal urge to seek out Remus was beginning to pound against his skull. The scent danced across his tongue, teasing him. Taking a deep breath, a feeble attempt to latch onto the last remaining fresh air, Logan stepped inside.

Janus floated among the guests, somehow managing to enrapture each one with either a purred greeting or a knowing gesture. Janus reviled within his hunting grounds. It was where he could truly indulge and appreciate a glimpse of the decadence that this life had to offer. He had somehow managed to already obtain two glasses of red wine and returned to Logan's side.

"You have competition tonight," He hummed, handing Logan the glass. Logan gave the glass a hard stare. The pulse of the music was getting louder, mixed in with the intoxicating scent of prey, Logan felt as though he was drunk already. His vision began to fuzzi, the first warning that the fire in his throat was becoming too wild.

Unbeknownst to him, Janus was silently guiding him into the kitchen, where the source of all of his problems was. When he saw him, his hand gripped the glass so tight the glass began cracking in his fingertips.

"Easy," Janus hushed into the shell of his ear, "you'll scare it away."

Remus was magnificent. He stood on the table, mindless dancing. He wore those ridiculous boots he wore to the museum and an oversized leather jacket. Every time he twisted his arms up, his shirt lifted, revealing delicious soft skin. And he wore a garish neon green feather boa. And was using said garish neon green feather boa to entrap the giant fool, Remy Newton, forcing their bodies to collide. Remus wrapped his arms around Newton's neck, and practically dragged him inches from his face, noses touching. Remus was singing, Logan noted dumbly.

"But of course," Janus mused, not relenting on his teasing, "I can see why you would rather deny yourself than go see him, what an awful idea that would be."

Before Logan could spit a reply, Janus lazily swung his head to the side, staring down the foremost corridor.

"I've found dinner." And with that, Janus was off, merging back with the dancing masses. Remus spotted Logan from where he was dancing, and for a split second, Logan felt as though he was the prey. Remus' eyes glistened with mischief. He snatched Newton's face into his palm, pressing a rough kiss to his jaw, all the while maintaining that burning eye contact with Logan. He released Newton with an unforgiving shove, before jumping down from the tabletop, stalking his way to Logan.

"Didn't know you liked socializing with the commoner's specs," he sneered, lazily swirling that stupid boa around.

Roman was on his fourth shot and could feel the floor from under him give way. His anchor point, Patton, giggled as he held his hand. "Careful!" Patton artfully placed a cup of water in Roman's hand, before sipping on his own drink. "You don't want to get too drunk too quickly Ro!"

Roman barked a laugh, downing the water and wincing at the realisation that his drink was not alcohol. He threw the paper cup behind him, and flung Patton out, encouraging him to dance again. Patton giggled wildly, following Roman clumsily in the dance. Sure, was Roman making it a tad excessive? Yes, but who could blame him?

The cup landed next to Virgil, who sat atop the kitchen counter, back pressed against the legs of Remus who was dancing with Remy. The music was loud, and corny, making Virgil's head bang. The cheap disco lights made his eyes sore. So he sat cradling what was left of his rum and coke. This one, he decided, he made too weak. Disgruntled, he only vaguely resitared Remus' presence leaving his back, as he watched arms snake around Roman. He felt his face flush, and he did plan on just drowning his sorrows when he felt someone stand in front of him. It was Emile, soft and friendly, teeth glinting in his welcoming smile. He positioned himself between Virgil's legs, standing impossibly close to him.

"Virgil!" He beamed, eyes dazzling, "I'm so so elated that you made it!" Emile placed a hand on either side of Virgil, caging him in. But Virgil didn't feel trapped, instead, a soothing rush of calm flooded his senses. The music seemed to dull, the flashing lights now a twinkle.

"Hey, Emile." Couldn't help but smile, looking up through his thick lashes, as demure as a kitten. "Yeah, it's cool."

"Good!" Emile's hands slowly began to drift up Virgil's arms, slowly tracing out an invisible pattern. Virgil shivered happily at the touch. "Do you need anything? Something to drink? A dance partner perhaps?"

Virgil felt any worry or rational tip away, somehow finding himself agreeing. They didn't dance like how Roman did. It was sloppy and soft. The song making them almost sultry, causing a blush to speckle on Virgil's face. One song tipped into the next.

Emile turned Virgil around, pressing his chest to the others' back, and buried his nose into the crook of his neck. Virgil laughed at the touch, just as he made eye contact with Roman. His heart jumped to his throat as he took in the burning, hard stare Roman gave him, it was almost wild.

Despite the heat of the room, Roman felt frozen on the spot, sickening bile twisting, snapping at his bones. His flesh prickled with a possessiveness he didn't realise he had.

Roman easily untangled himself from his dance partner, and broke Virgil free of Emile's arms, grunting out a, "may I?" and twirled them away before being offered an answer. Virgil stumbled into Roman's chest, fire flickering its way from his stomach. The cool, calm was immediately burnt up, replaced with heat scattering across his chest. Roman cupped the back of Virgil's neck, easily twisted them from view.

Emile licked his teeth, holding back a snarl, disgruntled that his meal had been snatched away so easily. His eyes flickered across the room, Logan was being stalked by Remus which eased his sour mood. Janus was leaning against the wall on the other side of the room, observing the mesh of bodies. His eyebrows quirked when he met Emile's eyes. He rolled the tension from his shoulders, wiggling his fingers next to his thigh, remembering that the push and pull was part of the hunt.

Virgil pushed back against Roman, but strong hands kept him in place. Roman's pupils were blown, practically black. "Dude, what the hell?"

Despite his physical advantage, Roman's face collapsed, and he practically whined. "Virge listen- I."

"No!" Virgil pushed back again, accidentally pushing his hand to the base of Roman's throat. "You don't get to have both."

Roman tightened his grip, tangling his hand in Virgil's hair, "Please just--"

"No!" Virgil snarled again, fever building under his skin, "No, you're the one who left. You're the one who started this. You don't get both."

"Virgil please." He felt his knees give way a little, his hold on Virgil helping to keep him up.

“Fuck you, Roman.” Virgil spat, finally breaking free. He knocked into Remy, and he could have choked at the timing of it all, “Whatever.”

He disappeared into the crowd, leaving Roman breathless.

Logan had only been drunk a handful of times when he was mortal. He remembered it being a sluggish, sleepy thing, dusted in between a few social events he attended. As he was now, alcohol didn't touch him. Drinking it as humans did just made him retch without the added bonus of enpriation. Drunk prey just tasted dry, and he needed to drink lots before he felt any sort of buzz.

But this, the searing heat of thirst, forced proximity to Remus. It was intoxicating, it was tempting-

It was dangerous.

He felt his head rush, his eyes sharpening on his prey. Everything else blurred into insignificance, as Remus was the only thing defined in his existence. The soft, pale planes of skin, the freckles, the warm blush from dancing signaling the promise of warm, delicious blood.

The cut still slashed across his cheek.

“I thought you said parties were too crowded?” Remus murmured low, lazily sitting his hands on Logan's hips. Logan could smell the sweet scent of rum coursing through his veins.

It would be so easy, his head spun, not a single person would question it if they disappeared upstairs to a room. Logan could even take his time, enjoy himself for once, burying his nose into the sweet spot of Remus' neck. And if his hands wondered a little, dipped under Remus' shirt to trace along the planes of his stomach, who could blame him? He could kiss him before he fed, he dumbly realized. Kiss him long and hard, steal his breath away. Get him hot and whining and blood rushing before tearing into him.

“Hello Remus,” He finally gasped, the scent sizzling on his tongue. Remus' touch was heavy and hot, making his spine shoot up straight. “I-I apologize for not informing-

“Don't worry about it,” Remus smirked, tickling Logan under the chin with the feathers. “You'll just owe me.”

Logan didn't want to dwell on what that may entail. In fact, Remus could currently request anything and Logan would endeavor to see it done. Remus could demand the moon and Logan would find a way to wrestle the celestial object down.

“Is Scary-Mary here too?” Remus' eyes darted across the packed room. Logan's brain ran through all possible people he could mean before realizing.

“Do you mean Janus?” Logan said in slight disbelief at the nickname.

Remus’ mouth curled in delight, it was as if Logan had indeed handed him the moon. “Oh that snake, I’m using that against him.”

Before Logan even questioned what he meant, Remus snatched his wine from him and tipped it into his mouth. A primal thing roared inside of his chest, as Logan still held the glass, watching the arch of Remus’ throat. When finished Remus let the glass go, he had red wine dripping down his chin. Logan swiped his thumb over the droplets, before snatching Remus’ face between his fingers.

“You never told me what happened.” Logan set the glass down and traced the mark with his free hand. Remus hissed, in pain or delight Logan couldn’t tell. Either way, he felt the fire roar inside of him from eliciting such a delicious reaction.

“I fought a mountain lion,” Remus smirked, in a fluid motion flushing their hips together. Logan could feel the thumping of the other’s rapid heartbeat. What was he doing? There was a difference between flirting with disaster and actively playing with fire. He was diving head-first into temptation and he knew he was not strong enough, not now. “Or I fucked a mountain lion, whatever gets you wetter.”

Would anyone notice, he thought, frenzied. If he just bit down now, shoving his thigh between Remus’ legs and devouring him. It would be fine, he reasoned, and he needed to hear more of those noises from Remus.

“Rem, there's- oh, hello!” a sugary, cheery voice doused Logan into cold water. He ripped himself from Remus, almost breathless.

Patton stood between them, bright-eyed and beaming.

Logan felt his jaw flutter.

Chapter End Notes

I wrote this scene about three years ago. I was a completely different person. My life was completely different. Thank you to everyone who has read, commented, and kudos this fic. It means the world. I cannot believe the size of this thing, and am so grateful to everyone reading.

I cannot wait to write more of this fic. I truly love writing this thing.

All my love,

AVO

My Body Is A Cage That Keeps Me From Dancing With The One I Love

Chapter Notes

C/W for canon typical violence

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

There was so much blood.

Deep crimson slashes splatter across the white marble floor of the library. What was left of Patton lay sprawled on the floor, glasses smashed to bits. His cardigan had been ripped all down his back. Remy lay only a metre ahead, throat bruised and torn. Roman was next, unceremoniously discarded, and crumbled His forearms smeared with blood, almost as if he tried to protect himself.

Virgil, dazed, stumbled over the collapsed form of Patton. His legs shook, and he was surprised he hadn't fallen yet. He could feel his blood rushing in his head, a deep thump that made him feel sick. The stench of death was nauseating, making it feel as though he was drowning, the air weighing heavy on his chest.

The blood trailed down the bookcase in front of him. He took shaky steps forward, He could hear a wet, tear noise as he turned the corner.

Remus lay cradled in the lap of a dark figure, throat red and raw, up for offering.

Virgil dropped the glass in his hand, and suddenly the vision vanished. The music of the party blared back into his ears, causing him to wince. The lights flashed, blinding him for a moment. He pressed the palm of his hands to his face, suppressing a groan.

“Someone looks tense.” Virgil’s head snapped up. Janus stood in front of him, lazily toeing at the broken glass on the floor. His quick eyes flickered from the floor to Virgil. Virgil squirmed under the oppressive gaze. But Janus smiled, showing his glistening teeth. “Worried it’s not all it’s cracked up to be?”

“I’m fine,” Virgil snapped, surprising himself with the steadiness of his voice. But he still clattered into the wall, groaning at the shock of the impact. Shivers raced across his body, colliding together to make him shake.

Janus hushed him, attempting to guide him down to the corridor. “Let’s just find a quiet spot.”

Virgil found himself agreeing.

The voice was buttery, smooth, and indulgent, but did nothing to quell the fire in Roman. “Remy!” It swirled, as the boy threw his arms around Newton. The flashing lights cast over the boys' eyes, revealing a deadly sharpness. “You need to introduce me to your new friend!”

Remy's shoulders sagged slightly, adjusting to the weight of Emile hanging off of him. His voice became uncharacteristically slurred, his jacket becoming rumpled. “Right, babe, this is Ro-”

“I'm Virgil's friend.” He found himself snapping, stomach twisting at the way the boy's head cocked to the side. He looked like a child picking out his latest plaything. “It's funny, he's never mentioned- what was your name?”

“New friend! Do you how do?” The boy smiled, thin and forced. It reminded him of the pictures Remus would draw when they were kids. “I'm Emile.

Roman sucked his teeth, unimpressed. He looked Emile over, noting that he was somewhat unremarkable. Cute in a dorky way if you were into it, which he very much was not.

The lights kept their incessant flashes.

Emile was surprised that the twins did not share the exact same scent. Where Remus had a spice to his blood, Roman appeared to be made of vanilla and caramel. Both just made from the same coffee cup. Roman, however, was tainted by that same rotting sweetness Virgil was.

Emile tried reaching out, tried to shift through that rot, but felt something hard press against his mental walls. His eyebrows shot up, reaching out again, attempting to flood Roman with tantalising promises of love and affection, but was hit again with an icy mental block.

Something began snapping inside of Emile, haunting and primal. A need to push through this barrier. But here Roman stood, unaffected by Emile. He looked bored if anything, maybe slightly sullen. He felt his canines drip with venom, and a snarl snuck on his lips just as a hand landed on the back of his neck.

“I do believe,” Janus' hand clamped down on Emile and looked Roman lazily over. Roman crossed his arms, face scrunching. “You owe me a drink, sweetie.”

Janus roamed Roman again, before giving him a coy smile, “You don't mind if I steal him away do you?”

“Be my guest,” Roman waved a hand, disinterested.

“Oh, you are a dear.” Janus cooed, before dispersing back into the crowd, Emile in line with his steps.

Remy swung around to face Roman, readjusting his jacket, “Roman babe, you’re currently giving mega depresso era and that can’t do. So you’re gonna do a few more shots and get dancing, hon.”

The music somehow swelled louder. And it might of been the alcohol, or the absurdity of surviving that night on the ice, or just his situation with Virgil but Roman found himself accepting the offer.

“Yeah, you know what? Fuck it.”

“Good boy!” Remy howled, as they danced further into the night.

“Wowie, I understand why Remus has been pulling late nights!” Patton’s thoughts were clear and vivid. Easy as a picture book. His blood was light, and delicate, like fresh cotton. Easily loveable.

Remus didn’t let go of his unforgiving grip on his hips. If he was mortal, Logan’s head swam, he might leave bruises where his fingers had been. He tried to pry himself apart but was unable to convince himself to let go of Remus.

“Hello!” Patton chirped, unphased. His face was a little flushed from the mix of dancing and alcohol. His curls plastered against his forehead. “I’m Patton! I’m sorry to interrupt dancey time but I need to borrow back Remus.”

“I am getting all the details, I hope he's kind, he looks kind.” Patton thought dreamily, making Logan squirm a bit.

He’d never taken much stock of what others had literally thought. Most ignored or engrossed in some other activity. It was almost like they could tell sometimes, that they should cringe away from a creature like Logan. Remus spun them around once, coming face to face with Patton. And with deathly seriousness, to Logan’s shock, he spoke. “What’s wrong? Who’s died?”

“Don’t even joke!” Patton mocked in horror, pressing a hand to Remus’ side, before giggling. “It’s nothing, I just can’t find Virge.”

Remus practically shoved Logan from him. He scanned the shapeless mass of partygoers finding his brother dancing with Newton, but no emo in sight. Despite his sunshine appearance, Patton was fidgeting, biting down on his thumbnail.

“Emo getting tickled?” Remus raised his eyebrows, but his mouth turned sour. It didn’t contain any of that cheeky delight from just moments before. The scent of cream and fresh peaches wafted from a corridor to Logan. Janus stood in the entryway, licking his lips like a cat. Janus was always indulgent but never blinded by greed.

“Still a little rotten, but so is love,” Janus’ thoughts spoke in Logan’s mind, smirking, “he’s in Emile’s bedroom if you want a taste.”

Logan's mouth brushed against the shell of Remus' ear, making them both shiver at the phantom contact. "I believe I saw him go down to the bedroom."

Logan couldn't help when he began to draw intentional lines down Remus' arms, straight to his wrists. The heat of his fingertips left Remus burning. But Remus couldn't still his gaze, couldn't stop the whirl in his head, as if his senses were being assaulted by a hurricane.

And then Logan heard it, as though a bell had gone off in a deathly quiet church. His eyes snatched to Janus whose face contorted with a flash of a snarl before settling into cooler features. It was so loud that the room practically buzzed with it. Janus tipped his head back, thoughts floating to Logan. "You're on damage control."

Emile was going for Virgil, and he was not going to stop at one sip.

Logan all but growled, hand biting into Remus' before letting go suddenly. "I can help you look-"

But Remus span out, his eyes dancing across Logan's face. The burning intensity made Logan almost lose himself again, easily subcomming to the tantalizing idea of Remus' eyes roaming over him for a different reason. "You're freaking out Specs."

"I-" Logan grimaced, grappling with his own words, at the situation but to his surprise Patton latched onto to Remus' hand.

"Rem, I'm not sure, I don't think he-"

"I don't think he would either," Remus hushed, but began pushing against the crowd, shoving his way past oblivious partygoers. Everyone was so fucking drunk, Remus realized as he pulled Patton through the mass of people. The crowd swayed as if made up of one unit- as if stuck in a hazy dance all were too engrossed to separate from.

"Emile has a banquet on his way," Janus snarked in Logan's mind, eyes following the little group. Logan found himself trailing after Remus, who easily ducked between people, despite Patton crashing here and there.

Emile's thoughts hit him like a freight train. It was rabid and feral and vapid. Through Emile's eyes he could see Virgil sprawled out and lovely, blissed from the venom Janus had left him with. Emile's hand snatched out, lifting Virgil limp form up up up-

"Get the fuck off of him," Remus burst through the door with a strong kick, practiciailly snarling. Emile spun around, wide eyed and feral. Emile's thoughts ricocheted into Logan's head, banging behind his eyes.

"This one is mine, Logan has his, I want a taste, I need his throat, I-"

His train of thought was sufficiently halted, when Remus landed a punch straight into his jaw.

Emile skittered back, more from the shock than any real power. His eyes glowered, his teeth sharp and beared. His thoughts thrashed again, "he's mine, fuck Logan's stupid claim, he's fucking mine."

“You best leave, Emile,” Logan’s voice was cool, and commanding. Emile’s face twisted, snarl threatening to rip loose. But Logan’s face curled equally vicious, which dampened any fight Emile had.

It did nothing to quell Remus, as he grabbed the back of Emile’s shirt as he left. He pushed him from the doorway, and out into the corridor. “You don’t ever fucking touch him again!”

Emile easily snapped from Remus’ hold and slammed him into the wall. Before Logan could even move, Remus had somehow wiggled from the iron grasp, and reared back to punch again.

“Remus!” Logan near hissed into his ear as he caught his wrist, pressing Remus back into his own chest. The fire prickled against his skin, the need to bare teeth and press claim to Remus thumped against his chest. “Enough.”

“Get off, Specs,” Remus snarled, fighting fruitlessly against Logan. He thrashed in his arms, almost like a wild animal caught in a net.

“Patton,” Logan stated with equal authority. Patton’s soft eyes were wide, hands trembling. “Do you believe you can sufficiently care for Virgil?”

Patton gulped, but was already at Virgil’s side, brushing his fluffy hair from his eyes. Virgil groaned a little, but then giggled, slowly opening his eyes. Logan turned back but Emile was gone. Janus’ voice was clear in his head, “I’ll just do your job for you.”

Logan wrestled Remus from the room, and charged both of them upstairs. Logan found the nearest room available before ripping the door open, and threw Remus in.

“Calm down,” he damned, closing the door behind them, pressing his hand against the soft wood.

It did nothing to the still raging, possessive fire consuming him. A possessive, primal thing paced back and forth his stomach. He felt his mouth flood with venom, ready to take Remus.

“Touch me again and you’ll lose an eye, I’ll rip your nipples off, I’ll-” Remus babbled, jabbing his finger into Logan’s chest. Logan found his hands snatched out, holding Remus in place again.

“Please,” Logan spoke softer, despite the sizzle on his tongue, “Please, Remus listen.”

Remus found his mouth sitting in a hard line, shoulders shooting up to his ears. He did not baulk under the heavy, heated gaze Logan gave. As if he could devour him.

“You have no idea,” Logan hissed, grasp tightening, “why are you so determined to start things you can’t finish?”

“Oh I’ll finish you off alright.” Remus beamed, but it was harsh, and mocking.

Logan was hit with flashing images. He could not tell who's thoughts they belonged to. All he could see was the blood-spattered remains of Remus, curled and ruined. Logan felt his head tip forward, causing their noses to brush against each other.

“You have no idea what he was thinking when he looked at you,” Logan gasped, “you ridiculous creature, you-”

Remus reeled back, “What and you do?”

Logan blinked, “it wasn't hard to guess.”

“You're hiding something.” Remus' became wicked, and his smart mouth curled into a grin. “And whatever it is Specs, I'm going to find out.”

“Remus,” Logan breathed, “I hope for both our sakes you don't.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, this was fun! I should put my characters in more danger!

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