

A handsome devil with long locks of white hair and bright silver eyes stared up at his friend's "house". He fidgeted a bit, pulling his cloak over his eyes as the sun beamed down on him—he really hated the smell of his own skin burning. His friend said that he had a cure for his Vampirism; something that would make his symptoms a lot more manageable. He sighed and hurried onto the outdoor porch, glancing over at the slowly swinging bench as he rang the doorbell. Thankfully, the sun was going to set soon. He clicked his fangs as he heard a loud "shit—coming!!" from inside the home. A young man around his age with large, circular glasses and a light grey beanie opened the door. Small bits of brown hair spilled from under the woven hat, and he had a nervous tick where he couldn't quite look the vampire in his eyes. "Simon," the vampire greeted. "I got the invitation. You know, on this weird... 'phone' thing."

"Oh, yeah! Uh.. Xenon sent it—he did," Simon huffed as he stepped back, opening the door wider and gesturing inside. "Please, come in. He's—he's been obsessing all day with this 'magic serum'—" His voice trailed off as the vampire stepped inside and quietly closed the door behind him. Then, he added, "He *cut himself* and his blood started moving!!"

"Ah come on, that can't have been the weirdest thing you've ever seen—I mean—you *are* the Slender Man," the vampire replied as he hung his cloak by the door.

"Look—I murder pe—"

"*Murdered.*"

"Well yeah. I just—that—mm," Simon choked on his words. "You—you steal mens' souls and make them your—"

"Stop."

Simon scoffed. "The point is, I don't know what therapeutic... weirdness Xenon is up to but it's making my stomach turn."

"But he gave you that form.. so?" the vampire asked.

"He let me choose..,things," Simon grumbled as he scratched his chin. The two walked through the kitchen and out onto the back patio, where the one they called "Xenon" was swinging in a hammock as he chatted with one of his lovers over a small holographic transmission.

"Oh yes, the home you got for us was perfect, my love," he cooed.

"Oh I'm so glad, dear virus; the old serial killer's days were limited

anyway," Xenon's lover giggled. The virus chuckled along with his wife, crossing his legs in the hammock. Simon and the vampire stared on in silence, only to be startled by a little boy with red hair bursting between them and running over to Xenon. He mumbled and squeaked excitedly, opening his cupped hands to reveal a moderately sized spider. "Th-where did the tiny boy come from?!" Simon stuttered. The vampire spun his head in Simon's direction and raised a brow. "You're telling me you were here for how long and you didn't think--"

"Shut up man, I just woke up," Simon squealed.

"You have visitors," Xenon's lover chirped.

"I see.. dear Dracula has finally showed up," Xenon chuckled as he gently took the spider from the young boy's hands. Dracula ran his fingers through his hair, grumbling as he stared off to the side. "*We are the moon, elegant and alluring.*" Look, if I didn't know any better I'd have thought you were writing me a love letter," he scolded. "Do you know how bloody hard it is to not only **get up** in the morning, but to also **walk in the damned sunlight?**"

"You made it, didn't you?" Xenon asked, a nervous grin on his face. Dracula narrowed his eyes, almost snarling at the virus. Instead, he pulled off his shoe and chucked it at the Xenon's head, causing the virus to accidentally drop the spider in his mouth and choke on it. The little boy panicked, beating at Xenon's stomach and catching the spider as it was shot into the air, delicately bringing it to his small round face and kissing it as it writhed. Dracula and Simon were unable to see, but the spider was going through the cycles of Corruption, having come in contact with Xenon's saliva. "Okay, I deserved that," the virus grunted.

"Is everything okay over there, Virus?" Xenon's lover asked.

Simon shyly ducked back towards the doors as his friends had a quiet stare-off, only to be interrupted by the little boy's excited squealing as he jumped between them to show them the spider. Dracula pinched his forehead and hopped his way back into the kitchen, sitting at the bar and groaning about how long the nights were going to be.

"Yes," Xenon responded with a warm smile. "Everything is okay."