**Start**

Cold.

It's always a little cold, being England. Or drizzly. Or grey. Sometimes, the countryside seemed doused in a perpetual night, at least during the deepest Winter days.

All fine, for his kind. He liked the shadows. He once disliked their ambiguity, but he'd long since grown used to the concept. He was the kind of person who adapted well to surprises, or had learnt to, at least. Surprises, upturns and change were staples in his life, and it was either learn to accept and appreciate their ability to change life's flow or become uptight and lost like the rest of them.

However, one thing he did dislike was the cold. Contrary to popular belief, he was very much warm-blooded, even if his skin was cool (not icy) to the touch. And though he liked the sound of the rain and the sight of snow, he hated the sensations they brought. Being soaked to the bone was never pleasant, and he often found himself unable to fathom why children saw the cursed white flakes as something good.

He shuffled closer to his crackling fireplace, longing to absorb more of the warmth and wishing it wasn't so hard to get his fingers to a bearable temperature in this weather. They became icy in the cold, and warming yourself up when your digits feel like they'd just been submerged in a frosty pond was a difficult and frustrating venture.

There was a shuffle from upstairs and he turned to see his living companion bundled up warmly and coming down the staircase. He had to double take, suddenly realizing the orange scarf he was wearing was not a scarf at all- he'd wrapped his hair around his face to keep himself warm.

Where are you going?

Think about his hair

**Next.**

The boy exhales, before combing back his mop of hair, placing a few delicate fingers to his chest. "My name is Rathlen von Raxaus Crausheim."

"The...crown prince of England?" Kenneth asked slowly, and the boy nodded as Fionn chortled.

"No wonder he was able to contact Jillian. I'll go put on some tea" the red head said, still snickering behind his hand, moving through the small house.

"So the monarchy is directly requesting my help?" Kenneth asked slowly, moving into the living room, the young man trailing behind him. "You'd think you'd be avoiding my kind."

"My bodyguard doesn't approve" Rathlen said with a shrug. "But I want to do this as effectively as possible. You're related to Gabriella Peringway, thus the monster knowledge, and a vampire, most likely skilled with Corrupt magick."

Kenneth rubbed his chin. "I am, but why is that important?"

The boy glances at his feet for a moment, before exhaling. "I am able to use Corrupt magick and I need a teacher. No one I have spoken to knows another human with the same capabilities as myself."

Kenneth's eyebrows shot upward. "A human with Corrupt abilities?"

"That's what everyone says" said Rathlen ruefully. "You see my problem?"

He did...sort of.

He let out a long sigh, before gesturing to the couch. "If you need a place to stay, you can sleep here and we can discuss this later. Despite my disposition, I do sleep at night."

"Oh, well that's convenient" said Rathlen brightly, sitting down on the couch. "I've been riding for the last few hours."

"Mhm. If you really want lessons, let's start now" said Kenneth, giving Rathlen a sharp look. "Snuff out the light in here."

Rathlen blinked a few times, before sighing, muttering something under his breath and plunging the room into pitch black. The fire wasn't out- Kenneth could still hear it- but all light had been dismissed.

"Not bad" murmured Kenneth, abolishing the spell. "You have talent."

The boy sighed, as Kenneth went to the linen cupboard and pulled out a few blankets, throwing them at him.

"You're being very accomodating."

"You're the one sleeping in a vampire's home, kid" said Kenneth, walking into the kitchen as he rubbed his eye.

Well, this had turned out to be an interesting night. A stirring feeling of instinctive caution warned him that this would be one of those moments of change, but where it would lead remained a mysterty.

Start

**Don't cause trouble.**

With a hefty sigh, Kenneth rubs his forehead with his index finger and thumb. "Fionn, I know about the caravan incident last week. Don't cause any trouble, understand?"

"You sound like your mother" Fionn muttered, going to walk out the front door only to smash someone who was standing behind it into the wet ground outside.

Investigate, passively.

Investigate, aggressively.

**Jillian**

The leader of the werewolf horde. Those with access to her and her wealth of information are rarely people with little influence in the world. She finds others curious, but most of her goals centre around deposing the opposing werewolf horde's leader, Romulus.

Investigate, passively.

**Where are you going?**

He gave his ginger-haired companion a deadpan stare. "Where are you going at this time of night?" he asked, and the other immediately looked like a child with their hand elbow-deep in the cookie jar. He quickly masked this expression with one of arrogant confidence, scoffing at the question.

"You're a hundred years too early to be asking me about my night-time outtings, Kenneth," and Kenneth's face immediately morphed into annoyance.

"I'm nearly four hundred years old, Fionn!" he retorted furiously, and the red-head rolled his eyes.

"Thirty or so years is not 'nearly'."

"It is when you're -four hundred years old-" Kenneth hissed, and Fionn scoffed again, heading for the door.

Stop him.

Don't cause trouble.

**Force a name out first.**

"Name first" Kenneth said, and Fionn made an annoyed huffing sound from beside him, grabbing the boy by the sleeve and dragging him inside, shutting the door behind him.

"Sorry, my friend is -blind as a bat-" he said, giving Kenneth a sharp stare. The brunette's brow furrowed, as the young man tried to smooth down his hair.

"Well then, introduce yourself!" Kenneth huffed. "Clearly Fionn already knows, but I'm -blind as a bat-, apparently."

Next.

**Don't move.**

Ignoring the other's threatening persona, Kenneth refuses to budge. Not taking no for an answer, the now-riled up red head shoved his younger companion aside and charged through the door. To both their surprise, someone seemed to be on the outside of said door, and was sent tumbling into the mud in the street outside.

Investigate, passively.

Investigate, aggressively.

**Investigate, passively.**

"Are you alright?" Kenneth asked, and the figure slowly sits up. He's young- early twenties, perhaps, maybe even late teens- with a mop of curly brown hair and azure eyes. He glanced between the two of them, giving them both an assessing gaze.

"I was given this address on the basis of a recommendation. I hope my intrusion is of no inconvenience."

"Recommendation?" Fionn asked.

"I'm trying to sort out the current monster problem, and I was told and expert dwelt here."

"Ah. Kenneth, this is your show, I believe" Fionn said, tapping the younger man on the shoulder. Kenneth's lips puckered, looking frustrated.

"Who are you?" he said, and the young man sighed.

"Must we perform introductions in the cold?" he said, looking quite frustrated. "If it is of any consolation, the recommendation was from an old friend. Jillian, to be precise. I am not a man of little consequence."

Let the boy in.

Force a name out first.

**Think about his hair**

Fionn Alderban never really explained his reasoning for growing his hair like he did. The long, ginger locks had been his trademark for so long it took a bit of thinking on anyone's part to realize that such length was impossible to have within a human lifespan, or several, even. He was a literal, ginger-haired Rapunzel, though he had cut it a few centuries ago to keep it at a 'manageable' length. Despite this, while plaited it still hung at his ankles. As someone who kept their hair short (his fringe was absolutely determined to stick directly upward, and he was not allowing it to do as it pleased), he couldn't fathom why he'd do such a thing.

Exhaling, he rubbed his short brown locks, before putting a hand on his hip.

Where are you going?

**Stop him.**

Moving quickly, Kenneth stepped directly in front of the door, folding his arms and giving Fionn a haughty look.

"At this time of night, you've got one thing in mind" he said crossly, and Fionn's eyes narrowed.

"Get out of my way, Kenneth" he said sharply, but the brunette refused to budge, stubborness glowing in his eyes.

"I know about that caravan last week. You've used up your yearly human quota, either eat some blood roses or get some pig's blood when the butcher opens tomorrow."

Fionn growled audibly at him. "Move."

Don't move.

Drag him upstairs.

**Let the boy in.**

With a long sigh, Kenneth let the boy into the warm house, shutting the door quickly so that the cold air wouldn't continue to rob the room of warmth.

"Good call" Fionn stated, patting Kenneth on the shoulder, which earnt a confused expression. The red-haired vampire chuckled, looking a little devious.

"You really don't realize who he is, do you?" he asked, and Kenneth grumbled under his breath. Was he supposed to know who this kid was? He didn't look all that important.

"Well, better get this over with" Kenneth said, turning to the youth, who was in the process of lighting brushing his riding garb off. "Who are you?"

Next.

**Drag him upstairs.**

With the cold playing on the younger vampire's nerves, he grabbed his elder companion and went to drag him up the stairs. However, a knock from the door distracted the two of them, and the red-haired man immediately took advantage of the situation, leaping out of the other's grasp and barrelling through the door, only to knock the other person into the muddy street outside.

"Curious. A human visiting at this time of night?" Fionn commented, as Kenneth stepped hesistantly toward the doorway.

Investigate, passively.

**Investigate, aggressively.**

Being of a rather old age, Kenneth had learnt from many experiences that humans who show up on your doorstep in the middle of the night rarely want anything good.

He stepped forward, growling threateningly at the youth sitting up in the mud before him. He's somewhere in his early twenties, with a mop of curly brown hair and bright blue eyes. Somehow, he seems unphased by Kenneth's aggressive demeanour.

"What do you want?" he hissed, letting his eyes flash red. The man winced, but quickly regains his composure.

"I was recommended to come see you by Jillian about the monster problem" he said quickly, getting to his feet and throwing his palms up in surrender. "I mean you no harm."

"Who visits at this time of night?"

"Must we do introductions outside?" he said sharply, brushing himself off.

Let the boy in.

Force a name out first.

**blood roses**

latin: rosa cruorem. A red rose that only grows in soil where blood has been spilt. The base of the flower contains a liquid that can be used as a substitute for blood, and the flower can also be eaten. The flower can be differentiated from normal roses by its white thorns. Interestingly, the flower itself retains a rose's scent right up until the base is opened up.

Stop him.