

The Ballroom Bleeds Blood

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The Ballroom Bleeds Blood

by [Skullsz_Writes](#)

Summary

Vladislaus Dracula comforts Gabriel Van Helsing when he returns after his transformation...

Notes

Yes, they are in a relationship already, and it's not canon, and Dracula takes advantage of Gabriel's vulnerability cause he has no impulse control. lol. I also don't really...write smut...maybe one day I'll figure that out. Lol.

~ I hope you enjoy.

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

"I'll give you more than just the moon, my love," Vlad said, trailing his fingers along Gabriel's naked skin after he transformed back into a human. Another night, growling and enraged until he's nothing but a panting mutt.

Vlad found these moments most endearing since Gabriel always pressed himself close. Fingers that were once thick with claws were now pawing at him, breathing Vlad in, smelling the clean soap and fresh clothes.

He was never the one to allow Gabriel to scent the blood Vlad liked to consume. Not on days like today when the moon descended, and the windows were closed off so Vlad wouldn't burn. And he'd bring Gabriel against his chest, pressing a kiss to his warm skin, all the way up to his neck where he'd dig a little deeper with his teeth.

It would be easy. Gabriel was far too tired, far too lost, and Vlad could drink from him, feed the intoxication. Instead, Vlad pressed a sensual kiss to Gabriel's lips, devouring him like that. Hands tight on his sides, possessing the man who had torn apart animals, trees, and people during the night.

He always came back.

Only for Vladislaus Dracula.

That possessiveness and jealousy burned him inside, and he breathed Gabriel in, needing him in his skin. Fingers felt tight as he pressed hard, and Gabriel let out a discomforted grunt.

"Mine," Vlad spoke, desperation easing through as he pushed Gabriel's head to the side, sniffing his neck only for a moment before sinking his teeth into the skin. Blood filled his throat.

It filled him, burned him, and he wanted more. More.

Gabriel groaned from beneath him as Vlad settled him onto his back, pressing against his clothes, tearing off the pieces, and grinding down to hear the rough tone in Gabriel's throat.

Mine. I want more.

He pulled back to look Gabriel in the eyes, his mouth covered by warm blood, the wound on Gabriel's throat was already healing. He smiled at the dazed look in Gabriel's eyes, and even though Vlad had taken the lead, he already felt Gabriel moving his hips, his hands gripping his sides, pulling at the new clothes Vlad had put on.

Well, that didn't last long, and Vlad wasn't going to let his darling Gabriel feel disappointed since it was Vlad who started it.

"In the middle of the ballroom," Vlad said, tsking as he shrugged off his coat, and began taking off his shirt and pants, and while he did that, Gabriel was kissing at his neck, cursing at him that it was his fault.

Vlad shushed him with a kiss, a lingering one, something akin to softness before they were once again burning between them. A love, lust, something strong and fierce.

Maybe it was the only time Vlad felt warm since the night he died. At least now, he didn't have to choke on his own blood, he got to swallow down Gabriel's in a much more eventful and searing way as their love made its way into their new life.

End Notes

Lowkey, I didn't know what to write for these 2, so this is what came out...

I hope you enjoyed~

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