

Change of his dead Heart

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by [RandomWeirdCat](#)

Summary

What if Jason and Godric met when Jason decided to wonder the Church?

Jason walked through the large church. No matter who he was with, or when he was walking through it, it was just a big ass church.

Jason almost got lost if not for checking in each door and back tracking his steps. Finally, he reached a normal area without so many complicated doors, only one door was in his sites now.

' Steve won't mind me looking I'll just say I'm doing a search for God or something ' Jason gripped the handle, pulling it and pushing.

It was locked. The only locked door he's come across all night. Jason blinked like a confused owl.

'Why's it locked?'

Jason looked around, no one was around...It wouldn't damn him to hell or anything if he check it out, right? It was just a door.

Jason slammed into the door, he'll fix the door later if he broke it, which he totally is aiming to do that. With a silent pray and apology to God, he kept slamming into the door until the a hinge popped.

Jason caught the door by the knob as it creaked open and leaned against the door frame.

Jason looks around again, he went peaked his head in and he seen stairs that leaded down, it was probably the basement...What could be in the basement of a church? Especially a church like this one.

It wouldn't hurt to look, to be curious like George. Jason rubbed the back of his head, he's already broke a door, might as well go the rest of the way. "And down I go on the Yella' brick road."

Jason continued down the multiple stairs, This place was too fucking big with too many closets full of stakes and bibles.

Jason reached the bottom of the stairs, he sees another door.

' *Damn two doors?*''

Jason reaches for the knob, slowly with a twist, it opens. "Hello?" Jason said, popping his head into the room and checking if anyone was here.

He seen a big...Is that a fense around a bunch of shit? Jason looked and sees some board games, along with one of those stretching balls for yoga and other shit.

Jason slowly spins in a circle to take in the very large basement. "Is that Lord Land?" A shitty off brand of '*Candy land*', he reaches for it.

There's another voice talking to him. "Yes, it appears so."

Jason jumped back, "*Holy shit!*"

He whips around to finds a very short guy standing behind the fence. The guy was wearing some funky clothes, all white too. And his shirt was open just enough to show off some of his chest.

The guy tilted his head, "You did not know I was here."

Well that didn't sound like he was asking.

He looked pale and young, younger than Jason, that was for sure.

How long was had this guy been down here? He didn't see him when he first walked in. Jason takes a step forward, looking the guy completely up and down.

“What're ya doing down here? You know the door was locked up there? Ah shit, did you lock you're self inside there?” Jason asks, he's done that before. He's locked himself outside of his home at least a dozen times.

The guy tilts his head, narrowing his eyes slightly. “I am here to assist Mr. Newlin and the church. I knew the door was locked, they told me they would lock it until they were ready to come collect me.”

Holy fuck. They locked this poor guy down here? What the fuck was that bullshit about? Jason approached the fence, clutching at the door of it.

“You look pale like paper. What, did they forget you've been down here?! Come on, let's go talk to Steve and sort this out.”

He finds a small lock on the door, he's kicked bigger locks than that.

Lifting his foot, slamming it as hard as he could into the gate until the lock pops off.

The man watched him, not making a single sound and not moving one inch. Jason holds a hand out for him. “Well? Come on.”

Gently and slowly, the man reaches his hand out and places it in Jason's warm and slightly sweaty one. The man doesn't move again, they just stand there holding hands for who knows how long.

Jason is stuck, wondering how cold the guy had to be and why his eyes seemed to be three different colors at once.

Blue, with some hints of green and browns mixed in.

He kind of wanted to ask what color his eyes really were and why they were kind of pretty.

Focusing on the hand that held his, Jason felt like when he put away groceries in the freezer, right up till his hands got to the point of being so cold they were numb.

Finally breaking the staring contest, Jason jumps into action.

“Woah, you’re freezin’!” He yells, stripping off his fellowship of the Sun’s sweatshirt and throwing it over the guy’s shoulders.

Those pretty eyes widen.

Jason stares again. “Huh?”

“You really didn’t know I was down here, nor do you know what I am.” The guy’s lips twitch and Jason thinks he’s smiling, but it’s a really small smile.

“Course I didn’t know you were down here, if I did I would’ve came quicker to help ya out of here.” Jason begins connecting dots. “How long have ya been down here?!” Jason tries to pull the guy towards the door, grabbing his elbow and continuing to pull.

“For a few days I believe...” He talked so nice, there was a bit of an accent that Jason has never heard anything like it before.

The guy lets him pull him towards the door, stopping them just as Jason reaches for the door knob.

“I truly appreciate your help, but it is not needed. I have chosen to stay here and I apologize for the confusion.” The guy reaches a cold hand and places it over his warmer one.

Jason just does some more staring. “What?”

The coldness, it kind of feels familiar. Like he’s been close and felt it before, like when he was close to Ed-

...Wait. The fence. Was that a silver fence over there?

“I am a vampire.”

Jason let’s go of the vampire. “Oh.” He stares at the small vampire. “But Steve hates vampires, how’re you helpin’ him?”

His voice was definitely sending chills all over Jason's arms. "Mr. Newlin wishes for a vampire to meet the sun, I’ve come to fill that position and hopefully help the situation between our species.”

Jason couldn’t for the life of him understand what this guy was saying, "Why would Steve want ya to burn? He’s-That’s insane, so you’re just gonna what? Stand in front of a cross and burn in front of Steve?!”

“I believe he mentioned something about a cross, but yes. In front of him and the rest of his church. I deserve it, my kind has only devolved. I don’t believe there is much hope if there is not a resolve.”

So the vampire was crazy and suicidal.

Jason reaches a hand up to his head, running his fingers through his short hair. “Im gonna be honest with ya...None of that makes a lick of sense to me, sorry.”

God, he was running in circles trying to figure this guy out.

The vampire nods, “That’s alright.”

“Why you deserve to Fuckin’ burn in front of people and what about vamps devolvin’? Ain’t that mean goin’ backwards?” He asks.

The man nods, “Vampires have become more barbaric, savages now that we are revealed to the public. I wish to help the balance between humans and vampires with my death, letting them both find empathy for one another.”

Jason is slowly taking in the information, one piece at a time so it can fully soak in. Suicide, vamp or not, it was a serious thing, he understood that much.

“Okay so, uh...Are you sure though? Like, are you a big deal vampire, or is this like an excuse?” His big mouth is saying shit before his brain can actually think of what words should come out. He almost smacks himself in the forehead.

The vampire blinks, showing no anger or teeth.

“Excuse?”

He gulps, messing with his gray tank top’s loose strands to distract himself. “I-I didn’t mean it like...” He takes a deep breath, “I’ve met a few people and I’ve watched a few movies where like, they feel like you kind of do. Like suicide is the option.”

Jason was explaining something to a vampire, he's doing such a bad job and he knows it. Sookie would be laughing her head off if she could hear him now.

The vampire blinks again, slow like a turtle blinking. He didn't say anything, so Jason kept going.

"And these people try to find a excuse to die, one's like they're a load on people or they deserve to die, like you said." Jason is waving his hand in gestures as he talks, the vampire doesn't once look at his hands and kept his eyes on his.

"I do deserve to die. I've killed many in my years, I've done unspeakable things." The vampire is quiet, quieter than any other vampire he's met before and real gentle with some of his words.

"Well it seems like you're speakin' 'bout them now, and you seem real sorry...Maybe if you pray for forgiveness, that might help?" Jason suggested. His fingers were twitching, lowering in front of him and he was twisting his ring of honesty.

"I've tried many times. But, I believe burning is the only option for all my sins."

"Man, that's bullshit. Maybe you just gotta forgive yourself instead! You seem real sorry, sorry enough to kill yourself. I can't let someone just kill themselves." He feels like he hit a good point, it felt solid.

Jason felt sympathy for the Vampire. Jason didn't know him personally, but this guy was talking about something terrible and he couldn't just let the guy throw his undead life away.

Sookie's Bill was tryna be mainstream and he's done some bad shit he regrets. So what was different about this guy? Why suicide?

He fucked up big time with Eddie, with all the V, if he can just do one good thing, like saving this vampire. He thinks he might also save himself.

God could probably forgive both of them eventually with time or something.

The vampire opens his mouth to say anything else, but pauses. His eyes shift to the ceiling. "There are other humans coming."

Jason grabs the vampire's cold hand and pulls. "Quick, we gotta go!" He whisper shouts.

The vampire shakes his head.

"I do not wish to Leave."

Jason couldn't just leave him. He bites his lip and groans. "Fuck. Fuck, fuck!" He quiets down and let's the situation fully smack him in the face. "I ain't lettin' you meet the sun on my watch, I'll be back to help. I promise."

The vampire tilts his head, the corner of his eyes crinkle and he smiles. "You are an odd human. I do not know if you'll be able to convince me otherwise, but I shall be here regardless."

Jason let's go of the vampire's hand and rushes towards the door, hearing footsteps above.

He panics, leaning against the wall with the door hinges. He presses his back as hard as he can to the wall and closes his eyes.

Someone walked in, it was only Steve.

Thank god Gabe wasn't lingering behind him.

"Hello blood sucker. Mind telling me why in God's name the door was broken?!" Steve screams, stomping towards the also broken fence before freezing. "W-why is the fence broken? D-did you try to escape?!" His voice cracks with his question.

The vampire does that slow blink. "Yes. I apologize, it seems I sleep walk and I accidentally broke some of your property." He bows his head slightly.

Jason quietly and slowly sneaked behind Steve and rushes up the stairs as quickly as possible without making a noise. Steve huffed, "And you didn't think to mention this before?!"

"It is a recent development, I apologize again. I'll make sure it never happens again." Godric watches from the corner of his eyes as the other human escaped without being seen.

He would return, he promised he would.

Godric couldn't remember the last time a human promised him anything like that before.

He will ask for his name next time.

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