Down In The Forest

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Down In The Forest

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Summary

Older kids at the Orphanage used to tell Simon Snow that the Forest near the school was haunted.

What better idea than to go search them in the middle of the night?

Notes

I apologize in advance for the mistakes. English isn't my first language but my fucked up brain prefers to write in it so here we go I guess.

"Come on Penny, it'll be fun!"

The girl rolled her brown eyes at her best friend but still followed him into the dark forest. She perfectly knew none of them had any good reason to be here. She checked the time on her phone and put it back in her pocket after seeing that it was already quite late and realizing that she wouldn't be able to get enough sleep when she will come back to her bed.

"Tell me again Si', what are we doing here?" She asked, already knowing the answer but hoping it would make him aware of how crazy his idea was. Unfortunately, it wasn't always working with Simon Snow.
"Some older guys at the orphanage used to to scare me before going to sleep, they were saying that this forest was haunted or something." Simon was only half-thinking about what he was telling, his curiosity was at his peak, and he knew he wouldn't be able to leave this place without researching it.
"Ok, I'm finishing this now cause it's too much" She stopped " Are you seriously thinking about finding something in here like I know you're not that sharp but don't tell me you believe in ghosts."

Simon stopped too and turned back to face his best friend, fortunately, the moon was full and particularly bright tonight, so they didn't need to use their phones to see something. His blue eyes were easy to read, but Penelope didn't need to, she could already tell that he wasn't listening to anything she was saying. He clearly hadn't turn because of her, his eyes were scanning the trees around them, quickly switching from one branch to another like if he was following an invisible animal.

"Did you hear that?" Simon said, almost whispering.

Penelope hadn't heard anything except the wind moving the leaves. She was starting to be cold, so she stepped toward Simon, the temperature wasn't that low for an April night, but the brown-haired girl couldn't shake the feeling that they shouldn't be here. Not that she wasn't used to that feeling, her and Simon must have visited every place they weren't supposed to near their school and this forest wasn't even forbidden but she had a really bad feeling about this place, and her feelings were usually right.
Simon grabbed her hand and started walking toward a tree, this wouldn't have been that much of a problem if it didn't mean leaving the only track that could take them out of the forest. Penny's sense of orientation wasn't bad, but she wasn't feeling like herself in the middle of this place, and she wouldn't even talk about Simon's one, this boy could get lost in his own bedroom.

"Maybe we should...." Penny whispered before getting interrupted by a sound from behind the tree that was in front of them.

She squeezed Simon's hand by reflex, he didn't seem scared.

His brain wasn't controlling anything that he was doing, his legs were still moving toward the noise that sounded more like someone talking than an animal, he could feel the hand of Penny in his own and the cold feeling of her purple ring, but he just wanted to keep walking

forward.

Deep down he knew that he was probably going to be disappointed by whatever he was going to see, he wasn't that naive, he knew that ghosts were not real, just like magic or werewolves. But he kept on moving toward the low sound.

As they were walking, the moonlight was starting to disappear, they hadn't realized yet how dense the forest truly was out of the track, and Simon was starting to feel bad for dragging Penny here with him. After a few seconds, she took her phone from her jacket and turned on the flash.

They had to stop for a little time because the bright light almost blinded them, but with the light, they were able to continue without risking falling over a root or anything else that could be on the ground of a creepy forest. Simon realized that as soon as the light had appeared, the mysterious voice he used to hear had vanished. Part of him was relieved because he really didn't want to be found in the middle of a dark forest by some weirdo, but another part was scared that the light could lead the so-called weirdo to them. But like Penny had already noticed, his brain didn't seem available at the moment and his curiosity wouldn't let him turn back and leave the place.

Both of them were now next to the tree, none of them knew how they were able to distinguish this tree from the hundred other around them since there wasn't any sound anymore, but they were sure it was this one that they had to walk up to.

Simon was five-foot-ten, which meant that he sometimes had to bend to avoid some branches and leaves, Penny was shorter, so she didn't have this problem, but it also meant that her field of vision wasn't as disturbed as Simon's one. She never really complained about this before, but when she saw what looked like a human figure in front of her, she made a note in her mind about it.

She quickly turned her flash towards her chest to cover as much light as she could and tried to hide behind the tree without too much noise, which was difficult in a forest. Simon didn't understand what had happened and only wondered why the light was out, he also didn't seem to notice that Penny's hand wasn't touching his anymore, clearly, it wasn't a big deal for him because he kept walking. Or maybe his brain hadn't figured out yet that something was going on.

Penny tried to grab Simon's hand again, but she couldn't find him in the dark, she didn't dare turning her phone again and risking being seen any more than she had already been.

"Simon" She whispered as quietly as she could.

But she didn't hear an answer. For a few seconds, her brain was a real machine, she was thinking of everything she could do right now, clearly, she had the opportunity to just leave and let him face his mistakes, but she just couldn't do that. She could also just call his name louder, but her throat was blocked by fear. She also had to think about being quick because for every second she wasn't doing anything Simon was getting closer to that thing.

On his side, the young boy wasn't even thinking about what he was doing, his steps were small because of the sudden lack of light, but he could still see in front of him a small ray of moonlight through some leaves. He moved the branch with his left hand, the one Penny used to hold a few seconds ago, and saw something move toward him.

The right way to say it would be that he thought he saw something move towards him, because that something was extremely quick.

Simon didn't have time to say something or move before he felt a huge force push him back, his reflex was to grab the hands he felt on his chest and he fell over a root bringing with him what he was holding.

Penny heard the sound of Simon falling and she quickly pointed her flash towards her friend, or what she thought would be her friend. She realized that Simon was on the ground but also that something else was on top of him. She didn't see a face, but she saw what looked like the back of another boy, he seemed taller than Simon by a few inches and thinner than him.

The young girl didn't know how she saw all that information in a second because next thing she knew what looked like a teenager was gone and nowhere to be seen around them. She walked toward Simon who was still lying on the ground. His face hadn't moved, and he looked like if he was still seeing the thing on top of him.

"Simon are you ok?" She asked kneeling next to his face carefully not putting the flash in his eyes.

He didn't answer.

"Simon?" She insisted, grabbing his shoulder.

The boy jumped at the touch of his friend and shook his head to forget the image he had just seen. He quickly stood up, too quickly, and his head started spinning for a few seconds. Penny stood up too and helped him steady himself. She checked the time on her phone.

"Maybe we should head back, we have classes tomorrow." She spoke.

Simon nodded and he took her hand again before he started walking.

Penny would have argued that they weren't going in the right direction, but she wasn't even sure of that right now, all that she knew was that Simon still had this weird look on his face. After a few minutes, they found the path and followed it, usually Penny would have said that they couldn't be sure it was the right path, but she didn't think it would help any of them, all that she was thinking about was how quiet Simon was. It almost made her uncomfortable, most of the time she would complain about him talking non-stop, she couldn't remember how many times she told him to shut the hell up because she was trying to think. But now her mind was blank, and Simon wasn't saying a thing.

The next morning Simon and Penelope didn't say a word about what had happened during the night, and they didn't either during the rest of the day. Penelope had wanted to talk about it, she almost brought up the subject at lunch, but she was afraid that Simon would have the same reaction, she knew that he had seen something that night, something that she hadn't, and that this thing had scared the crap out of her best friend.

Simon knew how to pretend that everything was going perfectly well. He had to use that talent during the whole day. After coming back to his room from the forest he didn't manage to sleep, the face of the thing that pushed him seemed printed on his eyelids. He could tell that Penelope wanted to ask him something at lunch, but he didn't have the strength to tell her that he had reacted weirdly for no reason because even if he didn't know it, there was a reason for his behaviour in the forest.

The only thing that he was sure, was that he wouldn't be able to sleep again that night, and

that he had to find out what was that thing. His mind kept telling him he had imagined that face, whether it was from the lack of sleep or Penny's flash that could have tricked his eyes, what he saw couldn't possibly be real and he knew it.
Still, he could see white fangs over his face.

Simon was boarding in a small high school, this meant that he could easily sneak out by the window of the boy's bathroom after curfew. That was exactly what he did around midnight. He hadn't told Penny about it because he knew that she would have done anything to keep him from going back there.

That's how Simon Snow found himself following the path inside the forest. As soon as he left the main track, without really knowing how he remembered where they had done it the night before, being alone and more attentive here made him fully realize how dark the place was. He had the flash of his phone on but he still felt like the darkness around was swallowing him, he was sure that no one else would be able to find him if he ever got lost here, and on top of that, he had no signal. The teenager was starting to realize how dumb he had been to come here but he had to, he wanted proof that he hadn't been hallucinating the night before.

This time, Simon didn't hear anything except his own footsteps on the grass, he didn't see anything moving around him except the leaves shaking because of the wind. He decided to sit on the ground next to a tree and turned his flash off.

He stayed here waiting for what seemed like an hour, but when he checked his phone, as carefully as possible, he realized that he had only been waiting for twenty minutes. He sighed and rested his head on the tree behind him, it was almost the same time as when Simon saw him yesterday and he wouldn't leave without seeing him again.
During the last few minutes, he had decided to call him he and not it, because Simon was certain that he was just a teenager like him.

Two minutes later as Simon was picking the grass around him, he heard something moving on his left. The boy slowly moved his head to realize that it was only a doe, he didn't even know that there were does in this forest. He still noticed how the animal seemed frightened, almost as if it was running away from something. The animal seemed very far but in a matter of seconds it was already so much bigger, he could now see a strange shadow following the animal just as quickly.
When the animal was in front of him, it stopped, and he realized that it was because the shadow had grabbed it. Next thing he knew the animal was now laying on the ground and the shadow that looked more and more human was on top of it. He wasn't that far, and he saw that what could be the head of the person was pressed again the animal.
Simon couldn't move because he realized that the person was not only killing the animal, but he seemed to be feeding.
When the person stood up, the young man could see that he was just a few inches taller than him. He could barely see his hands or his face, but his skin seemed very pale, almost white, and the moonlight didn't help him look any different from a ghost. The person looked around him and Simon realized that he was looking directly at him.
Simon Snow almost screamed when he saw fangs in the mouth of what would have looked like a perfectly normal teenager.

He quickly stood up but suddenly his legs refused to move, the person was now walking toward him. At every new step, Simon had a better view of him, he was now sure he was a teenager that should have been around his age, by the time he realized that his grey eyes also had a hint of blue the two boys were really close. When Simon noticed it, he took a step back, he knew that he could end up like that poor doe any second, but he was fascinated by the eyes of the boy in front of him.
He noticed that the other boy was about to say something, but when he looked down at his mouth, he could still see the fangs that had haunted his mind for the last twenty-four hours, and a few drops of blood around them.

Simon sometimes had this strange obsession with things he was afraid of. For example, he was terrified of fire, as he had lost both his parents in one when he was a child and he was always afraid that any place he would enter could catch fire instantly, but at the same time he was always fascinated by the way a candle would be consumed by a flame. The same thing was happening to him at this exact moment, the person in front of him was terrifying but he couldn't stop watching him, staring at him would be more correct.
Especially his eyes.

The air was feeling heavier every second in Simon's lungs, he couldn't stop looking at him, but he couldn't keep doing it either. It wasn't a question of how awkward the situation was because it already was, he just felt that he could combust any time now.

"What are you?" Were the only words Simon managed to form.
The boy in front of him raised his eyebrows and a slight grin appeared on his lips. Simon must have looked even more baffled than he already was because the other boy went back to a neutral face.
"Isn't it obvious?" Said the boy.
Simon had seen enough movies and read enough stories to have the idea of what the boy was, but he just couldn't bring himself to say it out loud, because then it would mean that it was true.
"What's your name?" Simon ended up asking.
The question must have taken the boy by surprise, because he seemed to be looking for the answer for too much time.
"Baz." He said smiling.
His fangs were gone.

Simon was feeling calmer, and a bit safer as he saw a human smile in front of him. He smiled back without really knowing why.
Baz turned his head quickly, he seemed to have heard something that Simon hadn't. When he looked at the boy's blue eyes again, he seemed terrified and worried.
"You can't stay here, please go now." Baz had whispered loud enough for Simon to hear.

Usually, Simon would have argued and stayed, but the imploration in Baz's voice was so overwhelming that he would have done anything he would have said. So, he turned and started running towards the high school and his bedroom. Just before he could lose the sight of Baz he slowed down and looked back at the strange boy who wasn't looking at him.
He was a vampire. A bloody beautiful one.

On the way back Simon checked his phone, he had stayed in the forest for three hours and he had ten texts from Penny.
"Si are you here?"
"Simon?"
"What are you doing?"
"Don't tell me you went back to that forest please"
"I know you were afraid yesterday, but please don't go back"
"I swear you better just be asleep"
"But you never go to sleep without telling me goodbye"
"I'm going to your room"
"You better be here"
"I'm coming"

The last message was sent forty minutes ago, and Simon had that feeling that it didn't mean that she was coming to his room. He knew Baz had told him to leave, but he couldn't risk Penny being in the forest on her own at almost four in the morning.

He went back inside but had no idea where to start searching. Overall, the forest wasn't that huge, but the mix of branches and leaves was very thick. He decided to follow the track until he would hear something or just find her walking too.
Unfortunately, after walking for almost ten minutes he still couldn't find her or anything that would even prove she was there. His phone was gonna run out of battery pretty soon and he was starting to doubt the fact that Penny was really here. He stopped and looked around him.

"Fuck" He whispered.

Only a few seconds later he saw something running toward him, he was starting to feel like it was becoming common now.
"Penny?" He asked with hope in his voice.
"Simon?"
At first, he was relieved to hear his name, but he realized just as quickly that it wasn't his friend voice. The person stopped in front of him.
"Baz?" He asked confused.
"I know where she is, follow me." He said quickly.

Simon was too lost to ask any question and decided to just do as he has been told. They were both running. Actually, Simon was running as fast as possible and Baz looked more like he was walking really fast. After a few minutes Simon slowed down, his cardio was never really good, and he was starting to be very tired. Baz also slowed down, and they were now just walking.

"How do you know my name?" Asked Simon. "Or that I'm looking for someone?"

Baz didn't answer, but he had a guilty look on his face. They both stayed silent for the next minutes.
The taller boy stopped in the middle of the path and turned toward Simon. Their faces were really close and if the boy with bronze hair wasn't so confused, he would have noticed from the heat in his cheeks that he was blushing.

"Stay here, do not move, do not make any noise" Baz whispered in his ear before walking away from the path.
As soon as Simon started to wonder why on earth, he was obeying this stranger he had just met, he saw Penny running to him. He opened his arms and hugged her tightly.
"Are you ok?" He asked quietly.
She didn't answer but he could hear her crying against his chest. At the same moment, Baz appeared, but his face seemed different, colder than when he had left Simon.
"Follow me." He said without any emotion in his voice.

They finally arrived at the end of the forest, it was now five o'clock and the sun would start rising in almost an hour. Penny and Simon kept walking until they realized that Baz had stopped at the border of the forest.
Simon turned back to face him and locked his eyes in the other boy's ones.

"Thank you." He spoke.
"Don't thank me." He answered coldly. "Just don't tell anyone what you have seen here."
He didn't leave any time for Simon to say anything and just walked back into the dark forest.

Penelope and Simon went back to their high school as quickly as possible and before splitting up decided that they had to talk about what had happened, but not before a few hours of sleep.
Simon had explained first what he had seen, he was almost surprised when Penny didn't contradict him about what was Baz. She didn't say a lot about what had happened to her, just that she got lost and found Baz at some point, the boy had a feeling that she was hiding something, but he didn't say anything. His friend was pretty stubborn when she wanted to and if she wanted to keep quiet about something, he wouldn't be able to make her say it.

They also promised themselves to never return there, at least not alone.
The following week none of them left during the night, not even to see each other, they stuck to texting and they both felt like it was enough.
Both? Not really.

Simon had tried his best to forget Baz and his haunting eyes. He hadn't managed to sleep well this week because of this feeling that something was watching him. He could feel a burning stare every time he was in his bedroom at night, and he could have sworn that one night he saw something move through his window.
He wanted this form to be Baz so bad that one night, after feeling watched for a few minutes he quickly stood up and opened his window. He couldn't fit through this one because the school had put bars probably to prevent students from leaving. Simon had always noted how dumb it was to put them here but not in the bathroom.

As soon as he could see outside, he caught a glimpse of something moving outside. The moon wasn't as bright as last week and he couldn't really see what was in front of him, but he was sure of one thing.
It was Baz.

"What are you doing here?" Simon asked.
Baz walked towards him, he looked like he was coming out of the darkness itself. But he didn't say a thing.

Simon called him, trying to get any type of reaction but he looked like he wasn't allowed to talk, he just kept staring at him. The two of them were now really close, only separated by the bars of the window.
"Do you want me to come outside?"
Baz stayed silent, but he nodded, he just looked so sad and scared that it compressed the other boy's heart. Simon smiled lightly, put on his shoes took a sweater and his phone before living his room as quietly and quickly as he could.

A few seconds later he was outside, but he couldn't see Baz anywhere. He checked around the high school, it was as if he had never been here. He called for his name one last time and guessed that he probably was a bit too obsessed with this boy, as he started walking back towards the building, he felt something against his head, and then he couldn't feel anything anymore.

When he opened his eyes, he couldn't see anything. His head was hurting so much he had so close his eyes again even if there wasn't any light. He took a few deep breaths and when he slowly opened his eyes again, he could only see a few trees around him.
He had promised Penny not to come back here alone. Surely, she wouldn't get mad at him, it wasn't like he had gone here on purpose.

"Finally awake?" Asked a voice behind him.
It was when he tried to look at the person who spoke that he realized that he was tied to a tree, he also noticed how the voice sounded a lot like Baz's one, but older and deeper.
The man appeared in front of him and if Simon had thought that Baz was as white as a ghost, this guy was almost translucent. He was way taller than the blue-eyed boy was, and he was wearing a black suit.

"Couldn't help but notice you talking to my boy the other night." He spoke. "I'm sure you can understand that we just can't let you live with a secret like that. You, humans, are so bad at keeping them."
Simon had no idea what to say, or even if he should say something.
"Well, you won't see tomorrow so the least I could do is introduce myself." He said, almost laughing. "Malcolm Grimm"
Simon still wasn't saying a thing.
"Come on, you were clearly speaking a week ago." Said the man not looking at Simon.
The young boy followed Malcolm's gaze and saw Baz on the side who was clearly doing anything not to look at any of them. He decided to ignore completely the two of them and just stared at the ground.

"If you want it that way. I guess we have nothing to talk about then." Said the man coldly.
Simon couldn't help but raise his head. His heart almost stopped from the sight of the large fangs that appeared where his perfectly normal mouth used to be. He started walking slowly towards his prey.
"Wait!" Said Baz who was still standing next to them.

His father stopped and looked at him. Baz went next to his father and started to talk; Simon noticed that even if he was talking more quietly than normally it was still loud enough so that

he could hear him. A quick glance by Baz made him think that he did it on purpose.
"Maybe we don't have to do it father, it has been more than a week and he didn't say anything." Said Baz, trying not to look as desperate as he was feeling.
"How can you know for sure? And how can we know that he won't do it later?" Replied Malcolm.
"Maybe we can turn him?"
Simon didn't think he would ever be able to forget the anger that he saw in the eyes of Baz's father. He felt like he was already dead, but also noticed that the young boy hadn't reacted.

Malcolm grabbed his son by his arm so quickly that Simon almost didn't notice it, next thing he knew he couldn't see them anymore, he was alone. That's when he realized that he had to do something right now if he wanted to leave this place alive, or human.

He tried to twist his hands in every way possible but the rope that trapped them was extremely well tied, he had only done it for a few minutes that his wrists were already aching He then tried to break it by scratching it against the wood of the tree behind him, but it was too thick, he understood that it would take hours and gave up. His eyes were completely adapted to the darkness around him and he kept looking for something that could help him, but nothing was around.
After some time, he heard a scream. He had no idea where the sound came from, but his heart started beating quicker and he started trying to move his hands again, the adrenaline that had kicked in made him unaware of the mess he was making of his wrists.

When he saw a form running towards him, he stopped moving, paralyzed by the fear of what it was going to do to him. When the person stopped, he was baffled to see Baz.
His grey eyes were filled with fear and his breath was short, which seemed odd for Simon considering what he was. He quickly grabbed the rope and cut it. The blond-haired boy couldn't understand how easily the other one had broken it and for a split second he felt extremely powerless next to him.
Simon was now totally free, but he still couldn't move.

"Come on now!" Said Baz with desperation in his voice.

The sound of his voice seemed to kick Simon, and he stood up quickly. For a few seconds his head was spinning really violently, he had to put his hand on the tree to stay up.
He felt a hand on his shoulder, and when he turned his head, he saw Baz looking at him. He nodded, and they both started running.
Simon had no idea where they were going, but his mind was too lost to understand anything, he just knew that he had to follow the other boy.

After a few minutes of running through the woods, Baz finally stopped, the shorter boy didn't notice it and bumped into him. The fact that he didn't even move a bit shocked Simon for a few seconds, but he didn't say anything. He still hadn't really come to term with the fact that he wasn't human.
Baz took a deep breath and turned toward Simon.

"The end of the forest is right there, you should leave. And I don't only mean the woods, you should go as far as you can from here." He said coldly, he had tried to look at him while speaking, but he finished his sentence staring at his hands.

"Wait, what?" Was the only thing Simon managed to say.

The other boy slightly chuckled and locked his eyes with Simon's blue ones. His face softened for a few seconds.

"You have to leave; my father won't stop looking for you or your girlfriend."

Simon started laughing.

Baz didn't know how to react, some part of him thought that the other boy had snapped. That everything that just happened to him was too much and his mind just went crazy.

"It's just that" He tried to stop laughing "Penny isn't my girlfriend."

"Is this really the only thing that you understood from what I said?" Baz tried to look annoyed, but Simon's laugh made him feel warmer than before.

"Ok, sorry." The blond-haired boy said, finally being serious again.

"You have to leave, alright?"

Baz smiled softly and turned around.

"Wait!" Simon caught his wrist. «What are you going to do?" He had no idea why he was saying that, or even why he cared so much.

Baz looked at the boy's wrist sadly, they were scratched and burnt from the rope.

"I have to go back, Father won't be pleased, but I have to."

"Why did you do it?" Asked Simon. "Why did you save me?"

Baz shrugged. He stared at the other boy's freckles wondering how much time it would take for him to count them.

"Do you want to go back?"

The question woke Baz up from his trance, he really did not want to face the anger of his father. Anger would be an understatement for what he would do. He couldn't bring himself to answer, he knew deep down that he was going to have to leave his family at some point but only thinking about it reminded him that he had nowhere to go. The sadness in his eyes tore Simon apart.

"You know you don't have to." Tried the golden-haired boy.

"Yes, I do." Finally said Baz.

"Why?"

"I can't just leave them; it will be dangerous for all of us."

"Just answer this question Baz." Said Simon. "And look at me while doing it."

Their eyes were locked together, they both were slowly feeling warmer, and Simon was sure they were getting closer.

"Will it be dangerous for you to go back?"

Baz dropped his head. Simon gently grabbed his chin and lifted his head up.

The taller boy knew what was going to happen to him if he came back. He already wasn't on his father's good side, especially since Simon's friend had weirdly escaped a week ago. They were constantly arguing about how they should live their life. Baz was tired of living in the darkness of the forest, he knew his father had lived horrible things with humans, but it was centuries ago, and the young boy was sure that the world had changed. He was sure his father would never forgive him for his betrayal. He was sure his father wouldn't hesitate to make him stop rebelling. He knew he would let him starve to death.

"Can't you come with me?" asked Simon.

"It's too dangerous, I'm a monster I can't put you in any more danger."

"Baz, you just saved my life. I can assure you that no monster would do that."
Simon's hand was still on the other boy's chin, the contact made them both feel safe. He felt some movement under his fingers when he saw a smile on Baz's face.
None of them had noticed that the sun had started rising minutes ago.

Suddenly the alarm on Simon's phone rang. The boy had completely forgotten that he had it in the pocket of his sweater. He broke the contact with Baz's skin to take his phone. It was harder to look away from his eyes.
He didn't have any notification for there was no signal in the forest, but it was already six in the morning, and he was starting his classes in two hours.

"Isn't the sun bad for you?" Asked Simon as the two of them were starting to walk towards his school.
Baz chuckled. The other boy's heart melted at this sound.
"It doesn't kill me, but I get sunburns really easily."
Simon still had no idea what he was going to do with Baz, or how he managed to make him go with him. He didn't even know why he wanted him to be safe or how he knew he couldn't go back home, but if there was one thing that he knew, it was that he was doing something right.

As they were almost at the school Simon's phone made a noise, and he noticed that Penny had just sent him a message asking him why he wasn't at breakfast.
Simon answered that he woke up late and that he wasn't hungry. Of course, both statements were lies, Simon was both exhausted and starving.
When they reached the school, they were both silent, Simon went through the window of the bathroom first. No one seemed to be here, he motioned for Baz to come and the boy did. They walked quickly towards Simon's room. Once they were inside, he closed the door and locked it.

"So, what now?" Asked Baz.
The other boy sat on his bed while Baz sat on the chair next to the desk.
"I have no idea." He answered, looking at the floor.
Simon's thoughts were a bit clearer than in the forest, his wrists were also starting to hurt him a lot. He rubbed them without really noticing, and Baz felt guilty about it.
"I'm really sorry." He spoke.
"It's ok." Said Simon.
"No, it's not, I knew why my father wanted me to come here, I knew he didn't just want to talk with you. I risked your life because I was afraid of him."
Baz's hands were shaking, he was staring right in front of him, but he seemed to be somewhere else, his eyes were empty.
"Baz."
The boy didn't react.

Simon stood up despite his tiredness and put his hand on his shoulder. The other boy turned his head quickly to avoid the look that Simon would give him as he could feel the tears blurring his vision. But he was betrayed by his shaking.
Simon had no idea how to react, usually, he was the one breaking down in front of Penny. He did the only thing that came to his mind and hugged the other boy. The first thing Simon

noticed was that Baz didn't push him away. A few seconds later, it almost felt like he was also hugging him back. The shortest boy tried to comfort the other one by gently making little circles on his back with his thumb. It seemed to work as he felt Baz's muscles relaxing under his touch.

They both wouldn't have minded staying like that for longer, but a knock on the door surprised them. They separated and Simon stood up.
"Simon come on we'll be late." Said a voice from behind the door.
It was Penny.
"Bloody hell." Whispered Simon.

He took his phone from his sweater and send her a message saying that he wasn't feeling well and that he couldn't talk because his throat was hurting.
She asked him if he wanted her to tell anyone. He felt bad for lying to his best friend, but he couldn't tell her the truth now. He texted her no, and heard her footsteps slowly fading.
He looked away from the door, he could see that Baz was staring at him.

"So, how are we supposed to leave?" Asked Simon.
"Why does it look like you are so happy to be forced to leave? It's all my fault, I'm so..." Baz started.
"Shut up." Said Simon. "Do not apologize to me one more time about what happened, ok? It's done, and it would have happened anyway so let's just deal with it and then forget it."
"How can you be so calm about it?" asked the black-haired boy.
"I don't know, it just feels like I'm doing the right thing now." Was the answer Simon gave him.
What he really meant was that it felt right to be with him and be sure that he was safe.
"Just please take a break, you look exhausted right now." Said Baz slowly.
"No, I'm ok don't worry."
Baz didn't want to argue, but he could see that Simon was struggling to stay awake.

School time was over now, and Simon and Baz had spent their time talking about how they should leave the town. Penny also needed to go with them because she was as much in danger as them. Simon had finally fallen asleep in the afternoon, and Baz was still sitting in his chair.
He knew it could seem creepy, but he couldn't help himself from staring at the boy. His curly hair was a mess, but it still framed his face perfectly, they were a shade of gold that Baz couldn't describe with words. He moved slightly in his sleep, and some hair fell on his face, the taller boy had to fight his desire to stand up and put it back where it was.
He decided to try to focus on something else, but the room wasn't decorated in the slightest. His mind uncontrollably went back to Simon, but he was now staring at the freckles on his face, they looked like some kind of constellation. Baz was certain he could stare at him for hours. He looked away after hearing a noise coming from Simon's phone who seemed to have heard it too as he was slowly opening his eyes.

"Why'd you let me sleep? It must have been boring." Said Simon while taking his phone.
"You were tired, and it was ok." Answered Baz.
"Were you watching me the whole time?" Asked Simon jokingly.
The other boy didn't answer, but he was slightly blushing.

The silence was broken before it became too awkward by Penny knocking on the door. Simon took a deep breath and unlocked the door, he knew he had to tell her, but he looked worried, then he opened the door.

"Are you feeling better? Did you get some sleep you look horrible?" She said, walking in and staring at him.

"Well, thanks you look amazing too Pen." He answered.

Penny was still staring at him, and Simon had no idea how to make her realize that someone else was in the room. He moved slightly, and he could now see at the face she was making that she noticed him.

"What is he doing here? Did you go out last night? You promised Si!" She said, looking into Simon's eyes.

"It wasn't really like that Penny." Said Simon.

They both sat down on his bed, and Simon explained the whole story. He sometimes looked at Baz to make sure he wasn't feeling completely left out and for compassion when Penny shot him a deathly stare when he told her he was the one that lured him outside.

The young girl took a deep breath and looked at the boys.

"Simon, could I talk to you in private please?" She asked, but it wasn't a proposition as she was already standing up.

The two of them went outside the room, and as soon as he closed the door Penny started to talk.

"Simon Snow, what the hell is this? I know it's hard to believe but first you know what he is and second, we can't just leave like that! School isn't over, and my parents will never let me change school now! Like I know you go soft as soon as you see a pretty boy but please have some common sense!"

"But Penny we don't really have a choice, this guy wanted to kill me I saw it, I can't risk losing you because I was a child and I wanted to go in the forest!"

"Well, at least you do realize you were being an idiot." Said Penny under her breath.

They continued talking for a few seconds before coming back into Simon's room. Baz was still sitting, but he wasn't paying attention to anything. He had stopped paying attention to anything when Penny had told Simon that he was soft for him and when he hadn't denied it.

"Ok, how do we leave?" Asked Simon.

"I don't know, my parents will never let me change school like that for no reason." Answered Penny.

"You could get kicked out." Said Baz quietly.

Penny shot him another deathly glare. Maybe he was taller than her and not even human, but he looked scared for a second.

"I mean, he's not wrong, the orphanage won't give a damn if I don't show up to class, they probably won't even know it, but your parents might, and I'm not letting you here."

She looked at her phone for a few minutes and quickly looked at Simon.

"They're going to call me soon; I'll try and figure something out.

"Penny, you are amazing." Said Simon.

"I know, I'm going in my room, and I'll tell you know how it went. See you tomorrow."

She stood up and left the room silently.

Simon looked at Baz, but he could see that something wasn't right, the boy was looking sick.
"Baz? What's going on?" Asked the boy.
"Hungry." He simply said Simon could almost feel disgust in his voice.
"Do you want me to go grab something? I always take things from the kitchens."
"Not that kind of hungry. » Said Baz.
Simon had no idea what to do in that situation, it was clear that the other boy had to drink, but he also didn't look like he would harm him.
"It was a bad idea for me to come here, I should go back." He started to shake again.
Simon took Baz's hand, and they both sat on his bed.
"Look at me, if you think it's best for you, I'm not gonna stop you, but please you saved my life, and I don't want you to pay for that."
"I need to think."
Simon nodded, he got up and went to the door.
"Wait." Continued Baz. "Please stay here, I don't want anything to happen to you. I'll leave ok?"
"The bathroom is full of people right now; you won't be able to leave." Said Simon.
"You do know I could just break that." Said Baz pointing at the bars on the window.
The golden-haired boy nodded, and Baz went through the window leaving him with his thoughts.

Simon took some food that he had stolen from the kitchens a few days ago and sat on his bed. He started eating and thinking about what had just happened to him.
He hadn't let himself think about it since Baz was constantly with him and he was very distracting. Simon wouldn't admit it, but the other boy didn't leave him indifferent, and Penny was completely right, he made him soft. He still couldn't understand how quickly he had trusted him or why he wasn't afraid of him.
Thinking that Baz really was a vampire wasn't as weird as he would have thought, it wasn't as unbelievable as it sounded.
Maybe it was because deep down he was childish and he has always wanted fantasy stories to be more than myths, but he smiled slightly at the thought of vampires being real. Maybe other stories also were true. He made a side note to ask that question to Baz when he would come back. If he would come back.
His smile disappeared as he realized that he could just leave him here and never come back again, or worst he could have been playing this whole time, and he just went back to his family to guide them here.

When Simon's phone rang the next morning, Baz wasn't back. For a few seconds, he hadn't noticed it and had started his usual morning routine just as if the last hours hadn't happened. It was after putting his clothes on that Simon saw the broken window bars and that Baz came back in his mind. At first, it felt like he had dreamed everything, but he was staring at something telling him otherwise.
The feeling he had before going to bed kicked him again before switching to fear. Maybe he had gone to the forest during the night and had seen his father. Simon knew he couldn't do anything right now, but he couldn't shake the feeling that the other boy was in danger.
He checked his phone and realized that it was time for breakfast, even though he was worrying for Baz, it had been a long time since he had breakfast and maybe Penny would be able to comfort him.

His plan had failed.

The first thing Penny told him in the morning was that her parents hadn't brought the story she had made up. After explaining to her how Baz was missing, it looked like she was relieved.

"But Penny you don't understand, his father is probably looking for us right now!"

"What do you wanna do about it? We can't just tell everyone that we are a danger because a vampire wants to kill us!" She said a bit louder than she wanted.

The students around them looked for a few seconds before returning to their breakfast.

"I don't know Pen; I just don't feel great."

Both of them avoided the subject for the rest of the day. Penny just wanted to think that Malcolm's plan had been to scare them away from the forest, which had been a complete success for her. Simon, on the other hand, just wanted the day to end because his mind was already made up. He had to check on Baz.

The broken window appeared to be really useful that night when Simon snuck out. He knew this time that if Penny happened to realize what he was doing; she would probably lock him up forever.

The path to the forest was starting to feel familiar to Simon, he had no idea if it was good or bad, but it made it way easier for him.

It was midnight when he entered the forest.

There was not any light in the sky, and that's when Simon realized that he should have charged his phone before going out. His battery wasn't dead, but he had no idea how long it would last.

He was slowly walking in these woods that made him feel so lost. He could swear he had only been walking for a few minutes but the time on his phone told him otherwise, maybe it was just the fact that everything looked the same, but he was sure he had seen that tree at least five times already.

The air was getting colder as the minutes went by and nothing seemed out of the ordinary in this place.

It's always right when you think that you are safe that you suddenly think you see something move behind a tree or that you feel like someone is watching you.

For Simon, it wasn't just a thought as he quickly found himself against a tree, a hand on his mouth and another one on his chest. He still noted that despite the speed of his attacker, they had been gentle with him.

"Snow what the hell are you doing here?" Whispered the boy in his ear.

When he realized that the thing that pushed him was Baz, some part of him relaxed because he was alive and visibly well. The other one was just filled with even more questions than he had when he came in this place.

Simon tried to look at the other boy's eyes, but he seemed to be avoiding any eye contact. He put his hand on the taller boy's one and gently took it away from his mouth.

"I could ask you the same question." Simon said quietly.

"I live here." He said coldly.

The confusion on the smaller boy's face seemed to make Baz angry.

"I thought you didn't want to go back, I thought we were supposed to leave!" Simon's voice

was a bit louder.

Baz stayed silent, desperately trying to look away from the burning gaze of the boy. He was almost sure his eyes could give him a sunburn.

"Baz come on, you wanted to leave yesterday. What changed your mind? Was it something I said, something I've done?"

The other boy couldn't help but smile sadly at the desperation in Simon's voice, he genuinely was scared that it was his fault. Well, it was, in some way.

"No Snow it's not you." Baz said quietly. "I came back hoping that I could talk some sense in my father. And it worked, I'm back with them, and they won't hurt you anymore. But you have to stay away from here, from me."

Simon almost didn't catch the end of his sentence as he whispered it.

"No Baz, I can't. I told you it wasn't your fault. You seemed so scared of coming back you can't make me think that everything is right now!"

The taller boy had no idea how Simon could be so sure of himself, or how he was actually right. He had come back to his father, he had begged for Simon's life, and it had worked. Against a promise.

"I have no idea why, but I just can't leave you here, it doesn't feel right it's not what you want it's..." Simon was unable to talk more, he just couldn't find any word strong enough. He took a deep breath and locked their eyes together. "Baz, come with me."

"You don't fucking understand!" Baz had screamed these words, but the only emotion Simon had found in them was desperation.

They both stared at each other for a few seconds, and Simon was almost sure he saw Baz's eyes look at his lips for an instant. Saying that he hadn't done the same would be a lie but admitting it was too much right now.

"I don't want this; I would rather be anywhere else than here." Tears were starting to blur his vision, he only felt bad because he couldn't see Simon's face as clearly anymore. "But I have to, it's the only way he won't come after you anymore."

Simon was speechless.

"It was my fault Snow, no matter what you say. I can't just make you leave like that. I promised him you wouldn't tell anyone."

The shorter boy's hand was cupping Baz's jaw, his thumb was slowly moving on his cheek. None of them remembers when they had started this contact.

"What else did you do?" Simon asked with hesitation.

"I had to promise that I wouldn't see you again." He let out.

After saying this Baz realized how it was probably the last time he would be able to see Simon Snow, and how he was lying to him. This idea terrified him just as much as his father, but it also made him braver than he had ever been.

"Why did..." Started Simon before getting cut by Baz.

"Please don't make me think about it."

Simon realized that the taller boy was now completely staring at his lips. He was sure he was completely red, but he had no desire to escape from him.

"Why did you call me Snow?" Simon asked.

He had no idea how this question left his lips, maybe it was because the tension was so thick he almost couldn't breathe, or just to catch Baz off guard.

"I don't know, I like it. I heard your friend and you in the corridor."

Simon had no clue how long they stood there, just staring at each other. He had watched

every part of his face being examined by Baz, especially his lips.
"Can I..."
"Shut up." Baz had said before crashing his lips on Simon's ones.

None of them was experienced in the kissing field, but they didn't care in the slightest if they were doing a good job.
Baz was way too busy messing with Simon's golden curls that he had been dying to touch. This was even better than anything he had ever imagined; he felt a wave of heat going through his spine. It almost made him believe his heart was beating. His other hand was on the boy's waist making sure he wouldn't escape, it didn't seem necessary, but he had to know he was in control here.
Simon was cut off guard when he felt Baz's soft lips on his, of course, he wasn't complaining, and as soon as he understood what was going on, he realized that his body had already taken control as his right hand was on Baz's cheek, pulling him even closer, and his left one was resting on his chest. The feeling was indefinable, calling what he felt in his stomach an explosion would have been an understatement.

When they separated, Baz kept their forehead in contact because he just couldn't bring himself to put space between them, which was odd as his body was literally all over Simon's one. Deep down he just knew that he couldn't take his hand off from the golden hair, and even deeper he was sure that if he looked at the smirk Simon was probably wearing, he would just have to kiss him again. The burning touch of the other boy's hand wasn't on his cheek anymore, but on his neck, he couldn't really remember when it had moved, but now he could feel every slight movement.
Simon's mind was a mess, to say the least. He had no idea how to process what had just happened, he only knew that it felt good and that he wouldn't mind giving it another round. He decided to focus on what he could feel around him. He was well aware of Baz's hand on his waist and his other one still messing with his hair, he had liked that a lot.

"That was..." He started to say, breathless.
"I know." Answered Baz.

The taller boy stepped away from Simon and realized how red he was. He also wasn't wrong about his smile. He kissed him again quickly, just because he couldn't help it.
Simon was laid against the tree, and his arms felt heavy just hanging there. Baz felt the same and grabbed his hands.

"I'm sorry it had to be like that Snow."
"Don't be." He answered. "I mean, I'm also sorry about that but, it was also the best thing I've ever lived."
"Please, now don't make it more difficult and leave." Baz had said trying not to let any emotion through.
Obviously, he failed at that.

Simon had been staring at the ground for a few seconds before taking a big look at Baz, not able to say anything he just nodded.
The taller boy moved, allowing Simon to go back on the path. They were now back-to-back, and they were both trying not to break down.

Simon took a few steps before going back and grabbing Baz's shoulder to face him. They didn't even need to say a thing as they sealed their lips one last time. It was shorter but the feelings were the same, he wondered if after many kisses they could fade. It didn't seem possible.

"Thank you." Was all Simon had managed to say before starting to leave.
"I could have loved you, Simon Snow." Said Baz loud enough for him to hear it.

The taller boy was proud of him for managing to keep himself from crying, but when Simon glanced at him for one last second, he suddenly couldn't breathe. In an instant, he left the scene and collapsed against another tree letting all his emotions out. The feeling of coldness he had known all his life was making his way back into his body, and the tears on his face were blurring his vision. He had never felt as powerless as he was now. When the last memory of Simon's warm touch left his body, Baz stood up and slowly walked towards the part of the forest that was supposed to be his house.

Simon was back in his bed. He had no idea why he wasn't feeling anything, maybe his mind wasn't already fully aware of what had just happened. He could still feel Baz's hand going through his hair and the pressure against his waist, but he let himself think for a few seconds that he wasn't just imagining it, otherwise, the boy knew he wouldn't have been able to fall asleep.
The next morning, Simon had struggled to get out of his bed. He had cried in his room as the touch of Baz wasn't even a memory anymore. He had skipped breakfast and almost told Penny to leave him alone when she checked on him in the morning. He hadn't gone to school that day.

When Penny checked on him again after school, he was still a mess, his hair was messier than usual, and his eyes were red from crying. The young girl knew what to do in these circumstances, but she had no idea what had caused this state. She thought that asking right now would be the worst idea possible, so they just stayed together in Simon's room watching a movie on her laptop.
The following day was a Saturday and Simon wasn't able to focus on anything that Penny was telling him about the classes he had missed during the week, his eyes kept drifting toward his broken window and his mind toward the tall vampire. He unconsciously touched his lips.

"Simon, are you even listening to anything I'm saying?" Asked the girl.
"He kissed me."
"Excuse me, what?"
Simon was still staring at the window, a huge grin on his face. Penny raised her eyebrows and sat on Simon's bed.
"Come here." She said, tapping the place next to her.
Simon sat next to her and explained as best as he could remember what had happened with Baz, unfortunately for the details, his kisses were worse than alcohol.

Penny and Simon had spent the rest of the day together. It was now time for diner, and they both sat at their usual table, the room was weirdly quiet.

The director of the school arrived, and Simon shot a confused look at his friend who seemed as lost as himself.

"I know some of you are already aware of the situation, but I have to inform everyone." He paused. "A body has been found this morning in the nearby forest. The police are doing their best to find the responsible, but we have to be extremely careful, there won't be any risk taken. That is why we are cancelling all classes for the following week, your parents have been informed, and those who can come will take you tomorrow. Thank you for listening."

Simon had a bad feeling in his guts, and he quickly took out his phone to find anything about the victim. He stormed off to his room when the body was described as a six-foot-two teenager with long black hair, grey eyes and a pale complexion.

End Notes

Yeah so I wrote this months ago after a very long time without writing anything but yeah maybe it'll lead to something at some point.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!