

Chapter 1

Octavian is a seven thousand year old vampire who rules over Transylvania. The vampire rules over his kingdom with an iron fist; he's very cruel towards his nation and has a very hateful opinion on warlocks and witches. The Society of Magic has had enough of him, so they place a curse over the vampire.

Because of Octavian's actions, his one true love, - Marius – is cursed to live seven different lifetimes, being reincarnated into something else for every single lifetime. In one life, he's a werewolf, in the other he's a warlock, in another – a fairy, and so on. The catch? He forgets Octavian in every single lifetime, and Octavian has to search for him and make him fall in love all over again, even if he knows he can't make Marius immortal like him. Every time Marius falls in love with Octavian, he dies.

Now, after so many years of anguish – Marius is reborn as a simple human. For the first time in almost seven centuries, Octavian has the chance to make him immortal and stop the curse.

The light, coming from the torches mounted on the walls, reflects in the pool of crimson on the floor. Octavian sits in the middle of all the carnage. Bodies of warlocks and witches are strewn about the room like pieces of old, dirty clothing; ripped from a body and thrown in a careless way, depicting how useless they are.

All of them are dead. Murdered by a vengeful vampire king who just lost the only soul he's ever loved.

Marius is barely conscious in his lap, the light in his dark eyes dim. Octavian breathes harshly, his hold around Marius' body tight and desperate.

"My love, you'll be alright," Octavian whispers, doing his best to sound reassuring, despite how much his voice shakes from the fear burning his throat, "I'll get a warlock to reverse the spell. Or a witch, I don't know who yet, but I'll –"

"Octavian," Marius softly whispers. His face is filled with calm. The vampire looks like someone who has just accepted the fact that they shall

die soon. Octavian does not like it.

“Darling – “

Marius places his weak hand over the hand that Octavian has on his chest.

“It is alright, Octavian.” He murmurs, looking straight into the eyes of his beloved. His own eyes are hooded and dim. The life is leaving him rapidly, and they both know it. They both see it.

Octavian exhales a shaky breath, moving his hand up until he’s cradling Marius’ cheek, fingers trembling against the other’s cheekbone.

“I don’t want to see you go,” the vampire king sobs, leaning his face closer to his lover’s, “you cannot leave me like this. I shall not allow it.”

Marius chuckles breathlessly, fingers coming to curl in the king’s ruffled shirt. The crisp white is stained crimson almost all the way through. Soaked and still warm.

“We shall meet in another life, my dear. I know you – “ he coughs; loud and wheezing, leaving his lover even more desperate than before, - “ I know you will find me in every single one.”

Octavian nods; determination settling into every single line of his handsome face, dark eyes burning with a sudden desperation that is different from the previous, heartbreak-fuelled one. He takes Marius’ hand into his own, fingers intertwining as he brings the hand of his lover up to his lips.

The kisses that he presses to the vampire’s knuckles are careful and soft, yet hold all the love and passion in the world.

“I will. I promise – “ Octavian almost chokes on his own spit with how fast he tries to respond to his lover’s request, - “ I promise I will find you in every single lifetime, until we find a way to break the curse. I swear upon the love between us – I shall never give up until we can be together like this, again.”

Marius smiles. It’s beautiful; so much, that it brings tears to Octavian’s eyes. How is he expected to live without seeing that smile every single day?

“Thank you.” Marisu whispers, his eyelids beginning to flutter shut. The pain and the panic in Octavian’s chest has reached its breaking point, but he

does his best to remain calm. Him falling into an even bigger panic than before is not something he wants Marius to see.

It's not something he wants for Marius to see right before everything turns dark and cold for him.

"Do not thank me, my little bat." At the term of endearment, the younger of the two smiles even brighter, despite his almost closed eyelids.

"I love you."

Octavian does his best to control the tears burning his waterline.

"I love you so much more. With a passion that you will never quite comprehend."

And right then, the younger's eyes slip shut completely, and his last breath leaves his lungs. Octavian is left sitting in a room full of death; full of the stench of blood and despair.

He's left sitting in a pool of crimson, with the dead body of his lover cradled in his arms, laying half-strewn over his lap. He's left completely alone.

Without someone to share the throne without. Without his lover. Without his own *queen*.

He's completely alone now. The tears rush down his cheeks; finally freed from his eyes. Finally allowed to fall now that Marius cannot see them. Octavian slouches over his body, holding the man tight, sobs wracking his own body.

"I'm so sorry, darling, it's all my fault." Octavian sobs.

He sobs, and he doesn't stop for a while.

Chapter 2

When word spreads of what has happened, Transylvania falls into mourning.

Black flags are hung from every single street corner. Black roses and black candles litter the front gates of the castle, with vampires and humans alike coming to pay their respects to the fallen queen of Transylvania. The fallen counterpart to the throne. The lover of their king.

Octavian does not leave his chambers for days.

He remains in their private chambers, sleeping the days away in the large four-poster bed that Marius had loved so much. Octavian had secretly thought it was rather tasteless, but now he cannot climb out of the bed, and there is not a single place in this castle that feels as sweet and special as this one four-poster bed. He knows that all the maids and butlers of the castle are worried about him. He can tell by the way they linger outside of the doors to their chambers, but do not dare to come in, in fear of the king snapping and doing something that he shouldn't.

They leave blood outside of his room so he can refuel himself, but Octavian finds himself only drinking when he feels completely weak.

Nothing seems of point anymore. Not when Marius is not there to be with him. Not when Octavian wakes to an empty space beside him and cold sheets wrapped around him.

Not when every single night only brings tears and agony to the king.

Octavian knows the things that are being said about him. He can hear their whispers even if they try to be as quiet as possible. Their silent voices float throughout the castle like smoke from a candle.

He wishes he had enough care left in his body to silence them. Wishes, that he cared enough to do so, but he doesn't.

What is the point of anything in life, if Marius is gone?

“That's it.”

That's the first thing that Octavian hears when Sebastian comes crashing into his bedroom without so much as a knock on the door.

“What are you – “

Before Octavian can finish his sentence, Sebastian is ripping the silk blanket off of Octavian's body and throwing it on the floor.

“I am completely and utterly done with your ridiculous moping.” Sebastian hisses. One snap of the fingers makes the heavy-set velvet curtains part with a flourish, letting the bright afternoon sunshine inside the dreary and dark room.

Octavian hisses at the sunlight, even though it cannot harm him. Not with his ring on his finger.

“Sebastian, I am not in the current condition to entertain your ridiculous – “
“No!”

Octavian flinches back at his younger brother’s angry tone. The younger vampire now stands in front of him, crowding the king in as he leans over his laying form.

“You’ve been cooped up in here for weeks.”

Octavian blinks. *Weeks?*

“Yes, weeks.” So, he had said that out loud. “For weeks you’ve been neglecting your kingdom and moping.”

That.

Now, that makes Octavian angry, and he finds himself sitting up abruptly, anger burning in the depths of his eyes as he leans in closer to his brother.

“How dare you say that? How dare you compare my grieving to something as insignificant as moping?!”

Sebastian has the audacity to roll his eyes at his older brother. He takes the edge of the second blanket and rips it off of Octavian.

“You lost Marius. So?” Right as Octavian is truly about to lunge at his brother and hurt him for saying what he is now – for even *implying* that the loss of Marius is not the worst thing that could ever happen on this wretched earth – Sebastian speaks again. “You are acting like you have lost him *forever*; when in fact, you have not. You still will be able to find him and make him love you.”

Octavian sits back against the pillows, hands coming to rub at his temples.

“Yes, I will, but every single time he falls in love with me, he dies. So, pray do tell, dear brother, how is that any better than what has happened now?”

Sebastian looks at him. His dark eyes hold a wisdom that Octavian truly prays he will one day have as well. His younger brother has always been, essentially, the smarter of the two.

“I am not saying that it is better in any way. All I am saying, is that just because the situation is not exactly how you want it to be right now, does not mean it will not become better later. Marius would have not wanted to see you the way you are being right now.”

Octavian looks down at his hands. The usual jewels decorating his long, slender fingers - rings with diamonds and rubies bigger than rocks – are gone. He had taken them all off, leaving them on Marius’ vanity, next to his boy’s collection of beautiful necklaces and dainty bracelets; diamonds and pearls and sapphire stones left laying inside ornate wooden boxes.

“You have never been in love, Sebastian,” Octavian whispers, not daring to look up at his younger brother for fear of the other male seeing his tear-filled eyes, “You have no clue what it feels like to lose the only person you are willing to die for.”

Sebastian sighs, sitting down on the large bed.

“I have not been in love, and I do not know what it feels like, that is true.” Octavian nods at Sebastian’s words. “However, I cared for Marius a lot. We all did, and it hurts knowing that he is not around anymore, but...he will. One day, he will be with all of us again. Here, where he belongs. But until that day...you have obligations and you have a duty to this nation.”

Octavian swallows the lump in his throat. He hadn’t even realised he had one.

“Besides...Marius would definitely be upset with how you are handling everything right now.”

Octavian can’t help the little smile stretching over his lips.

Yes, his boy is definitely a firecracker of a vampire. He would definitely be scolding Octavian right now, if he could see him.

The image of the smaller boy scolding someone as powerful as him...It is most certainly entertaining, and Octavian used to live through those scoldings with an amused quirk of the lips, and eyes full of love and fond.

Imagining that same boy now, with a frown marring his pretty features, - and all because Octavian is, as his brother would call it, *moping* – does not sit well with the vampire king.

New-found energy courses through his body as he sits up straighter and faces his younger brother.

“You are right.”

It’s all Sebastian has to hear to smile, wholeheartedly and endearingly.

Octavian is full of determination to rule this kingdom the way Marius would have wanted him to.

Chapter 3

“Octavian, no, stop it right now!” Marius screeches, laughter filled tone of voice betraying how much he actually does not want his lover to stop. The vampire king’s fingers are digging into the younger vampire’s sides, tickling him, touch as light as a feather, yet causing the other so much joy and laughter.

“Now, why would I do that when you laugh so wonderfully, my heart? When you blush this way?” Octavian counters, leaning down the few needed inches, and pressing a gentle kiss to the younger boy’s brow.

Marius blushes, as he always does – cheeks colouring a beautiful shade of pale pink, just like the roses blooming in the garden of the castle; the same ones that Octavius had the maids plant just because Marius had expressed his love for the beautiful flowers.

There is not a single thing in this world that Octavius would not provide Marius with.

“You are a heathen, my king,” Marius says, soft and sweet. He looks up at Octavian with wonder and reverence in his eyes. Octavian can already imagine what Marius is thinking.

Thinking, how different they are. Thinking, how lucky he has gotten to be loved by the King. It makes the elder frown slightly, moving forward to press a few more feather-light kisses to the young vampire's forehead and eyelids.

"Get those ridiculous thoughts out of your head, my little bat."

Marius' eyes widen to the size of saucers as he stares back at Octavian. Beautiful and earnest.

"What thoughts? You cannot read my mind."

Octavian smiles, tracing his fingers over the boy's cheek. Gentle. Never any more pressure than necessary in his touch.

Not when it comes to Marius.

"I do not need to read your mind to understand the things you are thinking." Marius blushes, breaking their eye contact, but Octavian doesn't mind. He doesn't force the boy to look at him; he simply leans in to press his lips right on the spot that separates Marius' eyebrows. "I know it is a mindset that you find hard to break out of, but please, do try. For me."

Marius locks their gazes together once again then. His eyes shine like the night sky outside. Bright and beautiful.

"I promise to try, my dear."

Octavian smiles, tilting Marius' head with a gentle finger underneath his chin. Presses their mouths together, seemingly to seal the promise. Their fangs graze over each other's bottom lips. Sharp and dangerous, but forever gentle for each other.

"That's all I want you to do for me, my heart," Octavian whispers, kissing Marius with an intensity that they both share for each other. "That is the only thing I shall ever ask you to do for me."

Marius giggles; light and airy. Brings his arms to wrap around the vampire king's neck, pulling him down until their chests are flush against one another's.

"Well, I might ask much more of you," the younger vampire teases. The hidden meaning is not lost on Octavian, who smirks, stroking his fingers over Marius' jaw in teasing, slow strokes.

“Oh, of course, darling.” He almost purrs, leaning to trail a path of kisses from the corner of his lover’s mouth, down to his jaw and the little dip in the side of his neck. Right over his pulse point. “Ask me anything you want, and it shall be yours.”

Marius whimpers, baring his neck for his lover. For his King.

“Want you to love me, for all of eternity.”

Octavian has to pull away from his neck at that. Just to stare down at his lover. At his boy. The Queen to his King.

Just to see the shy blush, yet the earnest eyes of his Marius.

“There is nothing that I want to do more than that.” Octavian whispers.

Marius’ eyes shine.

Octavian can’t help but lean down to kiss him again.

Octavian watches him.

It’s taken him twenty years of searching, but he’s finally found his reincarnated lover.

His reincarnated lover, who does not have a single clue that Octavian is here now, watching him.

The vampire King remains in the shadows, looking out over the town square full of werewolves. Marius, - his Marius, - has been reborn as a werewolf.

The fact makes Octavian want to scrunch his nose up at distaste, but then again, this is Marius. No matter what shape or form he takes on.

No matter what creature he is born as, he is still Octavian’s Marius.

He is still the same exact boy that Octavian fell in love with twenty two years ago, and he will still be the same boy that Octavian fell in love with even centuries after that.

The vampire King watches the way the young boy runs around the town square with his pack members. He’s just as beautiful, just as bright. The only thing really different about him now, is that his pale skin has turned sunkissed, and his dark eyes are now amber.

Like that of a wolf's.

Octavian would want to step out of his hiding spot in the shadows, but he sees the way the pack elders are on high alert.

Clearly sensing a vampire amidst them, but not being able to trace where the vampire is.

Stepping out from the shadows now would be a bad decision. Not because Octavian could not take them, oh no, on the contrary.

He could massacre all of them in a few minutes.

The only thing keeping him from doing that, is the knowledge that Marius would most certainly be afraid of him. Maybe even hate him.

And now that would not be a good start to their love story.

So, he watches him. And he cannot believe how similar this Marius is to the Marius of before.

His mannerisms are exactly the same. The way he walks, the way he speaks... It's all exactly the same, and Octavian finds himself not able to tear his dark gaze away from the love of his life.

A slightly different version; missing the fangs and the bloodlust, but still so similar.

And when the moon slowly comes from behind the shield of the clouds, Octavian watches as his Marius changes into a beast that Octavian would have loved to slay if the circumstances were any different.

Alas, they were the way they were, and so Octavian spent the night in the shadows, watching over his beloved; watching the way the wolf kept running around in circles with his friends, howling at the moon.

Chapter 4

All good things come to an end, and Octavian was already anticipating this moment.

He had spent months courting Marius, who now went by the name Oliver, it turns out.

At first the wewolf had been completely against the idea of even speaking to Octavian, but after some time he began warming up to the vampire king.

It was as if his soul was calling to Octavian. He had even said so himself, one night when he was curled in Octavian's arms, telling him how confused he is over the way his chest literally burns and how his heart literally reaches for Octavian.

As if they were meant to be.

As if, they could find each other in every single lifetime.

Yes, Octavian had thought, that's because we are meant to be.

Octavian spent his nights and his days in the small village from where Maris – *Oliver* – hailed from. It was not easy to hide the fact that he was a creature of the night to all the villagers who saw him daily, but the ring that protected him from sunlight did its job magnificently, and it was rather easy to hide his fangs as long as he didn't speak as much.

It was also not easy to keep calling Marius Oliver. The vampire king often found himself wanting to call the boy by his real name – the only name that was forever stuck on Octavian's lips – but the king was strong.

He had to adapt to the way his life was now. Had to accept that his lover may forever have different names until Octavian finds a way to turn him into an immortal and break the curse.

Octavian found himself constantly wishing that in his next life, his lover will be born human. Completely human, no power or special abilities possessed.

He hoped for that to happen, because only a human could break the curse. Only a human could be turned into an immortal – could be turned into a vampire. He wished Marius would be reborn as a human. But until then, he had to live with his lover the way he was.

He watched Marius slowly falling in love with him. He knew that the mournful end was coming as soon as Marius would fall completely in love,

and despite how much he was dreading it, he was also, weirdly, looking forward to it.

The faster he fell in love and died, the faster he would be reborn. Hopefully, as the human that Octavian wished he would be born as so desperately.

Right as the werewolf fell in love completely – he got mauled to death by another wolf. Octavian found him bloody and lifeless in a clearing of the forest, half buried into the white snow.

It hurt to see his beloved so viciously attacked, and Octavian spent the longest time, sitting on his knees in the cold snow and holding the bloody form of his lover.

So, that was the first death.

And yet, it did not hurt Octavian any less than the original one, even if he had been expecting it already.

When Octavian returned home, - back to his kingdom, - Sebastian was already waiting for him with sorrow in his eyes and soft reassurance in his smile.

“First death down.”

Octavian nodded his head, but didn't really say anything, falling heavily back into his throne, curling atop it and staring down at the beautiful marble floor. Sebastian bit his lip, standing not too far from the throne and staring at his brother.

“I'm sorry, Oct.”

The vampire king simply nodded, not really willing to listen to pity. Sebastian understood that.

“There's so many things you need y do now that you have returned back home.”

Octavian wanted to lift his head and tell him he's not in the current mindset to be working. He's not in the mindset to attend meetings or make decisions.

But then, he remembered that Marius would not want him to sulk this way, so he sat straighter and leveled his brother with a serious gaze.

“What needs to be done?”

Sebastian did not seem as surprised as Octavian thought he would be. His younger brother began to list all the things that needed Octavian’s immediate attention as King, and the older vampire sat listening carefully.

If he did not have Marius with him, then he would do everything he possibly could to distract himself while waiting for Marius to be reborn yet again.

The centuries did go by.

Octavian found Marius in every single one of his forms. He found him as a fairy and made him fall in love with him.

He found him as a merman and spent his days by the oceanshore with the boy.

He also found him as a warlock, and for some time, Octavian had to calm himself before approaching the beautiful boy. He fought his prejudices and his hatred for the wizarding society and made Marius fall in love with him even then.

Every single time Marius fell in love, Octavian watched him die.

Not once was the boy born as a human, and Octavian truly began to think that he was destined to spend eternity alone.

Chapter 5

Octavian made his way across the city.

The celebration was in full swing, with humans and vampires alike dancing in the streets together. The music was loud and the lights shined bright.

It was All Hallow’s Eve. The humans had no clue how close they were to the same bloodsucking creatures that they themselves were dressed as.

It was a bit ironic for Octavian, when he really thought about the utter obliviousness that the humans exhibited.

He himself was wearing a long black cape. It had been long since he had dressed like he did back in the days – all black capes and white dress shirts.

He still dressed rather...snobbishly, as Sebastian put it. Now, the capes had been replaced with well-fitting suits and expensive, long coats.

His style had changed over the years, but not his mentality or his personality.

As he made his way through the rowdy crowd, a bored expression decorating his handsome features, someone came crashing into him. Octavian found his own arms immediately coming to circle the person's waist to keep them from falling.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" The younger male anxiously called out, barely keeping himself from tumbling forward, still half in Octavian's grasp.

"It's quite alright." Octavian drawled out, and that was exactly when the younger male lifted his head and their eyes met.

A racing pulse. A beating heart. An attractive blush decorating the male's cheeks.

It was Marius. And he was human.

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Chapter 6

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Because of Octavian's actions, his one true love, - Marius – is cursed to live seven different lifetimes, being reincarnated into something else for every single lifetime. In one life, he's a werewolf, in the other he's a warlock, in another – a fairy, and so on. The catch? He forgets Octavian in every single lifetime, and Octavian has to search for him and make him fall in love all over again, even if he knows he can't make Marius immortal like him. Every time Marius falls in love with Octavian, he dies.

Now, after so many years of anguish – Marius is reborn as a simple human. For the first time in almost seven centuries, Octavian has the chance to make him immortal and stop the curse.

The light, coming from the torches mounted on the walls, reflects in the pool of crimson on the floor. Octavian sits in the middle of all the carnage. Bodies of warlocks and witches are strewn about the room like pieces of old, dirty clothing; ripped from a body and thrown in a careless way, depicting how useless they are.

All of them are dead. Murdered by a vengeful vampire king who just lost the only soul he's ever loved.

Marius is barely conscious in his lap, the light in his dark eyes dim. Octavian breathes harshly, his hold around Marius' body tight and desperate.

"My love, you'll be alright," Octavian whispers, doing his best to sound reassuring, despite how much his voice shakes from the fear burning his throat, "I'll get a warlock to reverse the spell. Or a witch, I don't know who yet, but I'll – "

"Octavian," Marius softly whispers. His face is filled with calm. The vampire looks like someone who has just accepted the fact that they shall die soon. Octavian does not like it.

"Darling – "

Marius places his weak hand over the hand that Octavian has on his chest.

"It is alright, Octavian." He murmurs, looking straight into the eyes of his beloved. His own eyes are hooded and dim. The life is leaving him rapidly, and they both know it. They both see it.

Octavian exhales a shaky breath, moving his hand up until he's cradling Marius' cheek, fingers trembling against the other's cheekbone.

"I don't want to see you go," the vampire king sobs, leaning his face closer to his lover's, "you cannot leave me like this. I shall not allow it."

Marius chuckles breathlessly, fingers coming to curl in the king's ruffled shirt. The crisp white is stained crimson almost all the way through. Soaked and still warm.

"We shall meet in another life, my dear. I know you – " he coughs; loud and wheezing, leaving his lover even more desperate than before, - " I know you will find me in every single one."

Octavian nods; determination settling into every single line of his handsome face, dark eyes burning with a sudden desperation that is different from the previous, heartbreak-fuelled one. He takes Marius' hand into his own, fingers intertwining as he brings the hand of his lover up to his lips.

The kisses that he presses to the vampire's knuckles are careful and soft, yet hold all the love and passion in the world.

"I will. I promise – " Octavian almost chokes on his own spit with how fast he tries to respond to his lover's request, - " I promise I will find you in every single lifetime, until we find a way to break the curse. I swear upon the love between us – I shall never give up until we can be together like this, again."

Marius smiles. It's beautiful; so much, that it brings tears to Octavian's eyes. How is he expected to live without seeing that smile every single day?

"Thank you." Marisu whispers, his eyelids beginning to flutter shut. The pain and the panic in Octavian's chest has reached its breaking point, but he does his best to remain calm. Him falling into an even bigger panic than before is not something he wants Marius to see.

It's not something he wants for Marius to see right before everything turns dark and cold for him.

"Do not thank me, my little bat." At the term of endearment, the younger of the two smiles even brighter, despite his almost closed eyelids.

"I love you."

Octavian does his best to control the tears burning his waterline.

“I love you so much more. With a passion that you will never quite comprehend.”

And right then, the younger’s eyes slip shut completely, and his last breath leaves his lungs. Octavian is left sitting in a room full of death; full of the stench of blood and despair.

He’s left sitting in a pool of crimson, with the dead body of his lover cradled in his arms, laying half-strewn over his lap. He’s left completely alone.

Without someone to share the throne without. Without his lover. Without his own *queen*.

He’s completely alone now. The tears rush down his cheeks; finally freed from his eyes. Finally allowed to fall now that Marius cannot see them. Octavian slouches over his body, holding the man tight, sobs wracking his own body.

“I’m so sorry, darling, it’s all my fault.” Octavian sobs.

He sobs, and he doesn’t stop for a while.