

Faust x Altair: First meeting

2942 words

The night had started like any other job, meetings in a seedy bar, whispered conversations and negotiations. Faust's next job was eliminating a high-profile target, one nasty man that could be compared to a snake. Always slipping through the police's fingers. The man himself was almost harmless, but the fucker was smart and hired bodyguards that were quite proficient at their jobs. He had followed the man's lead, but this time, his target had been prepared.

Blood dripped from his stab wound as his steps grew heavy, navigating the labyrinth-like alleyways, every movement sending shockwaves of agony through his body. The flickering neon signs overhead casted eerie, colorful shadows that danced along the brick walls. The far away hum of the city's nightlife seemed like a distant memory as he pressed on, determination the only thing keeping him upright. The man had barely escaped the clutches of the target's henchmen, but the relentless pursuit had taken a toll on him, sapping his strength with every step. But he couldn't risk fainting now and dying.

Rain suddenly began to fall, a relentless drizzle that soaked Faust to the bone. It mingled with his blood, the drops leaving a trail as he continued onwards. His strength wavered with every step, the world around him growing hazy and blurry. The succubun walked until he could no more, finally stumbling upon an unassuming alleyway. Faust's legs buckled beneath him and he collapsed onto the cold ground. He could feel his form getting smaller, furrer. The man was too weak to keep his humanoid form, "Fuck.." Was the last thing he remembered whispering before his eyes closed. Just...A little nap. That's all he needed.

Altair frowned, reaching out a hand to feel cold droplets seep through the leather of his gloves. Rain was not optimal in any condition, exceedingly so when he had not foreseen such an event and lacked an umbrella. With a click of his tongue, he hastened his pace, tucking his purchase into an inner pocket of his trench coat.

Navigating the hidden alleyways within Burrowgatory was as much a nuisance as the rain. The bright neon signs that littered establishments accompanied by the ebb and flow of bass-blasted music made Altair's eye twitch. Nonetheless, it was his easiest route home, and with his glasses already splattered by a mosaic of rain and his clothes plastered uncomfortably to his skin, home was a welcome thought.

Looking down to avoid a large puddle, Altair almost missed the faded color of blood on the cobblestone. It was quickly getting washed away, and with the various glowing signs casting discordant colors, Altair almost thought it a trick of his tired mind. Still, he knew to trust his instincts.

Straightening his glasses, he peered into the alleyway from which the trail was coming from. There was a small unassuming lump near the entrance, and upon walking closer, Altair could make out clumps of fur. An injured imp, perhaps a large Raebebe or a Bearly? His heart instantly squeezed at the sight of the pitiful thing, taking in its mangled form, all caution abandoned.

Leaning down to pick up the creature, Altair suddenly realized what it was. A succubun, horribly injured with deep stab wounds littered across its tiny body, bleeding sluggishly. Under his scrutiny, he picked out several scars along its form as well. This was all very worrying, and he hastily cradled the succubun in his arms.

His first instinct was to rush to the nearest hospital, but then, suddenly, years of paranoia flooded his mind. Whoever had done this was sure to be looking to finish the job – they would be carefully monitoring the ins and outs of major care centers. If Altair brought the succubun to one... Who knew what grizzle fate they would meet? No, the safer option was to bring them to his home, a secure location that he trusted. Besides, he shouldn't be too rusty with a needle.

With his thoughts organized and a plan of attack, Altair ran through the streets. He tried not to jostle the succubun in his arms, but it was inevitable at the speed of which he was going. When he finally stumbled upon his front door, he almost dropped his keys several times in his haste to get inside. Flicking on various lights and paying no mind to the water he was tracking around the house, Altair got to work. His impups, the rascals, were thankfully asleep. He did not want to trip over them as they ran underfoot, begging for his attention.

Forty minutes later, he snipped the thread of his last stitch. He set the needle aside, peeling off his ruined gloves. Bandages and salve could come later when the fur around the injuries were dry. For now, Altair would set up a forte of towels around his patient's form, for warmth and comfort.

Now that the situation was not life-threatening, Altair took the time to take a look at the succubun before him: dark blue fur streaked with white and black accompanied by sharp little claws. Even in unconsciousness, the succubun's face was twisted in a pout, a furrow between circular brows.

Though others might find the one before them ugly, especially with the smattered scars, Altair could not resist the temptation to squish the succubun's little cheeks.

As his senses slowly returned, Faust found himself coming to an unfamiliar environment. His eyes fluttered open, and for a moment, the Succubun was disoriented, vision blurry and senses hazy. The last thing he remembered was collapsing in that desolate alleyway, his body giving in to exhaustion and pain. He had expected to wake up in a hospital or perhaps not wake up at all. But instead, he found himself in a cozy, unfamiliar room.

“Hn..” The blue bun let out a small noise as it shifted slightly, wincing as he became aware of the situation he was in. There was something in front of him. A big shadow that seemed to reach out to him. But then slowly, that shadow took the form of a man. An unfamiliar face, a stranger—That was not good. Faust’s heart began to race as all of his danger senses fired up, panic flickering in his eyes. He instinctively tried to slash his claw at the unknown figure, but the pain in his body flared up in protest at the sudden movements, causing him to wince and groan, “Guh..!” His vision swam, and he could feel the room spinning as he gasped for breath.

Altair drew his hand back sharply to avoid getting slashed. He looked at the succubun before him, slightly affronted at the other’s behavior before abandoning that emotion altogether when he registered the grunt of pain.

“Careful now, you don’t want to undo all my stitches.” He chides, wagging a finger disapprovingly. “Now, I will go fetch you a glass of water, and after that, I will apply a salve to your wounds and bandage them. However, you need to stay still.” His glasses glinted ominously in the light as he pushed them up the bridge of his nose, expression grave. “If I see you have even moved a centimeter from your current position, there will be consequences.”

Having informed the succubun of his next course of action as well as his demands, Altair pushed himself off the chair and made his way to the kitchen. A glass of water in hand and a tin of salve in the other, Altair made his way back to the couch, a half-apology already on the tip of his tongue. He mulled over the wording a few times in his head, but ultimately everything sounded wrong and insincere. Sighing, he sat back down, offering the glass of water to the succubun in lieu of speech.

"....." Faust didn't say anything back. He simply stared at the other as his brain tried to register the man's words. They didn't sound hostile, and from what he could see, the room he was in was just a normal living room. This stranger had, for some reason, decided that it was a good idea to help him. How strange. Any normal person would have called the police or the emergency services if they saw someone bleeding out. But this man brought him to his house and even stitched him up. He was either a doctor, nurse or someone familiar with these types of situations. Like a member of the mafia, for example. One thing was for sure, Faust didn't trust him.

The stranger soon came back carrying some water and the salve. Faust swallowed a little at the sight of the liquid, his throat felt so dry. He could barely form any words in it. Once the glass was placed in front of him, Faust slightly picked up his head to scoop some up with his tongue. It was so refreshing, finally lubricating his dry throat. After a couple more tongue-fulls of water, he tilted his head up to see him, eyeing him a bit suspiciously "Who are you?"

“Ah, I suppose introductions are in order. I am Altair. I found you in an alleyway and decided to lend you a hand. I wasn’t sure who had roughed you up, and I thought, if you were an important target, they would be monitoring hospitals.” Altair sets the water aside and gestures around him. “We are currently at my residence, though I am sure you could have guessed.”

Explanation finished, he pops the lid off the salve, the pungent scent of it making him blink rapidly. Dipping his fingers in, he scoops out a decent amount before applying it to the succubun's wounds. Altair took care to press lightly, hoping to cause the least amount of pain. He telegraphs his movements as well, eager to avoid getting sliced by tiny claws.

"Well, now that I have told you who I am, it is only polite for you to do the same. I'll have you know that if you are a criminal, however, I will be escorting you to the nearest police station." Altair moves on to slowly wrapping bandages around the wounds, motions practiced and methodical. He glances up only once during the task in order to fix the succubun with a hard stare, lips pursed.

"Don't try to lie to me either – I'll know." There is something dark in his tone that has Altair sighing internally. So much for having a better bedside manner and being more friendly. Still, it was better to know who he was dealing with, after all, he had acted rather rashly. If his paranoia had not kicked in, he would have proceeded in a different way.

"I'm Faust...Hitman...Was hired to do a job....Unfortunately I got careless" Even speaking took a toll on him. So his words were slow, taking a few breaths in-between them, "But I'm no criminal..." Well, that was slightly debatable. But he really didn't want this man bringing him into the police.

A hitman? Altair's expression remains neutral as he snips off the excess bandage, though there is an uncomfortable feeling that tightens his chest and makes his stomach roll. He doesn't know how to feel about the one before him, Faust, anymore. He does, however, roll his eyes when Faust states that he isn't a criminal. Being a contracted killer was criminal behavior. He lets it slide for now – a job is a job, and he has certainly done worse.

For now, he picks up the glass of water and offers it to Faust again, this time tipping it slightly forward so that the other can have an easier time drinking. "Well, Mr. Faust, you have my condolences. I'm sure your employers would not be happy to hear that you have failed." Altair runs his free hand through his rain-slicked hair, finally taking inventory of the state he himself is in.

"You are welcome to stay within my home for the time being. I am confining you to the area of the couch and bathroom, of which is down the hall, first door to the left. I am going to shower and clean up the mess I have created. I suggest you get some rest."

Altair sets the glass of water onto his seat, making sure that it is within easy reach of Faust. Then, feeling as if he should be rewarded for his patience and good deeds, he reaches out to stroke a finger down Faust's head, in a similar motion he would do with his impups.

Faust was about to express his thanks once again when Altair's finger caressed him. It had taken him off guard, making the bun flinch and stare at the other in confusion, "What are you

doing?" Faust asked in a deadpan, tail flicking in warning. He didn't understand this man at all. His touch was gentle, precise and careful so as to not hurt him. Yet the glint in his eyes was oh too familiar. A look he had seen many times before in the eyes of the men he hunted. And his first aid knowledge, as well as his decision to not take him to a hospital, was calculated. "...Why did you... rescue me?" Suddenly that question popped in his head, expressing it out loud. It still hurt to speak but he found it hard to believe that a stranger would go to such lengths, "What do you want?... You aren't working for someone I should...be concerned about, right?"

Altair draws his finger back slowly reluctantly, mourning the loss of soft fur. It was different from the velvety texture of his impups, and all he really wanted to do was cuddle Faust for a few hours. "What do I want? Well, I want a lot of things. What do I want from you, specifically? I want you to recover enough so that you can get out of my house." Altair reaches a hand into the inner pockets of his trench coat and pulls out a stack of wet and crumbling business cards. He carefully peels one off and hands it to Faust. "I am currently working at XXX modeling agency and am a senior modeling manager. There is nothing for you to be concerned about in relation to my job." Letting out a cough, Altair adjusts his glasses and regards Faust, choosing his next words carefully. He doesn't think the other would take kindly to being compared to a sad little imp. "I acted mostly on instinct. There isn't really any particular reason I chose to help you."

Faust looked down at the card as his nose wiggled a little, thinking "....." It was a slight relief to know that he wasn't in the hands of the enemy. Faust supposed he just got very lucky. It wasn't his turn to die. Yet. "I see" The bun gave a slight nod, "Then thank you again. For your...act of pity" The words of gratitude felt a little alien coming from his mouth, maybe Altair could tell the hesitation every time he said them. He usually didn't thank people, in fact, he didn't remember the last time he had something to be thankful for.

"I'll be out of your house...by the morning" That should give him enough time to recover his energies and magic. Now that his wound was patched up, all he needed was some sleep. It's not like Faust was a stranger to injuries, though not a fan, they happened often and his stitched and scarred body were a sign of that. With a sigh, Faust let himself relax a little, head lowering to rest it on the soft cushion, "Well, sleep with no worries...I won't rob you or try to...stab you in your sleep"

"I don't think you could stab me even if you tried," Altair says, amused by the idea enough that he lets out a small chuckle. "In any case, no need to thank me – you should see if my treatment holds up first. I cleaned the wounds as best I could, but there is still a chance of infection. Have a good night."

He offers Faust a nod before he spins on his heels, toeing off his shoes and tossing them hazardously in the general direction of his front door. His socks are wet, and he leaves a trail of watery footprints behind him as he climbs the stairs. Altair sighs as he realizes he will have to clean that up later too.

But a shower first. The hot spray is welcome on his chilled skin, and he stays underneath the water for longer than necessary, happy to indulge. By the time he is dry and clean and pads back downstairs, Faust is asleep. Altair regards the other's still form, suppressing another chuckle at how grumpy he looks even in unconsciousness. Faust's nose wiggles occasionally and Altair thinks it's the cutest thing he has seen in a while.

Not wanting to wake up his resident sleeping beauty, or rather beast, he cleans quietly. When everything is cleaned to his expectations, he calls it a night and tucks himself under the covers.

Faust's presence spelled trouble, and Altair wanted nothing to do with him. His occupation was tied too closely to his past and it sent off more than a few alarm bells. For as calmly as he had acted, Altair couldn't discount that perhaps Faust had been sent to finish him off by his enemies. After all, he still had many who would love to mount his horns upon their wall.

It is with this thought that he drifts off to sleep.