

Egg Bombs for Breakfast

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"Papi?" The word just barely made it through Trevor's conscience. "Papi?" Someone climbed onto the bed and judging by the weight it had to be Simon, who was growing up way too fast.

The blanket was drawn back and a pause followed. "Where is papi?"

"Out," Trevor grumbled before trying to get that darn blanket back.

He was out of luck, though, because someone else was climbing onto the bed, only to jump on it, miraculously not hitting any legs of the three adults inside.

"We are hungry!" that was undoubtedly Freng. "We are hungry! Hungry! Hungry! Hungry!"

Trevor groaned. The upside of being a vampire was, you would always know the time of day. And the time of day was "before fucking eight in the morning" right now, so, really, no time to get up. "Wait till the bastard comes back," he muttered.

Sypha was moving, too. Her eyes probably still closed, she hit him. "You go."

"No," he grumbled, trying to get that darn blanket back.

Another hand hit him. "Yeah, you should go," Greta muttered, making him groan.

"For fuck's sake! Can a vampire not once sleep in on the day."

"No," both women muttered, as Trevor opened his eyes and got up.

It was not really surprising, that all three boys were here. Simon, Freng and Ilias, the first of them looking almost the same age as the latter two, despite being almost three years younger. "Can't you wait for another hour?"

"No!" Simon and Freng protested, as Simon now jumped on Trevor lap. "Breakfast!"

"Ugh." Yet, he found himself outvoted, skuttling down to the end of the bed, given that he had been in between the two women – with Greta towards the end of her pregnancy right now. Which was, according to her, absolutely his responsibility.

"Papa!" Simon said, grabbing his hand, as Trevor was still trying to deal with the trauma of waking up. "Come on now."

"Give me a minute, at least."

"No!" Freng replied. "Hungry!"

Ilias was standing by the door, looking at Trevor expectantly, though not quite daring to be as forceful about it.

"What about you?" Trevor asked. "Are you hungry, too?"

Ilias just nodded.

"Oh, I fucking hate my life," Trevor groaned, before standing up from the bed, rubbing his eyes and looking for his trousers. He was not even certain, when Adrian had

slipped out of bed or where he had gone. Probably doing some work. Maybe baking bread or something? He was not entirely certain. But the only thing that really was important right now, was, that he was not there, leaving Trevor to take care of those hungry children.

He slipped out of his night gown and into his trousers and tunic, though the later really needed to be washed some time soon. Already Simon had taken his right hand again, with Freng holding the left one and both of them trying to drag him along.

"I am a fucking vampire," he grumbled. "Can I not sleep in one day?"

"No!" Both boys screamed and chuckled.

"Oh hell..." He yawned, still very much of the opinion that the entire idea of vampires not needing to sleep had to be a fucking myth. He did not care if the old geezer did not sleep, that was bloody Dracula and he was Trevor Belmont so they were clearly not the same and maybe, if the old man had slept a bit more, he would've felt less genocidal. "Let me at least go to the bath room first," he muttered.

"No!"

"Oh, for fuck's sake. I need cold water and I need to fucking pee, alright?"

Simon looked at him with a serious gaze. "But you can't take long! Because we are starving."

"Your father once went like half a bloody year without eating, you know that?"

Simon frowned. "Papi is weird."

"Oh, yeah, he fucking is." Yet, somehow Trevor managed to shuffle towards the bathroom, though even here he was not allowed any time off, as all three boys just followed along, brabbling as it was.

Trevor was just fucking thankful, that the bath room had tainted glass, making it easy to use them even in daylight. Because even though it was almost winter, the sun was already rising in the east.

Even washed up and everything, he did not feel very alive, though. And things did not get any better as he – followed by three ankle biters – left the bathroom, only to find his daughter outside.

"Are you making breakfast?" she asked. Like the boys, she was still in her night gown.

"Yeah, I guess I am," he groaned.

"Great," she replied. "I want Blinchiki."

"Of course you do."

"No!" Ilias protested. "I want bread."

"Well, I won't fucking make bread right now."

"I want cheese!" his brother threw in, while Trevor just shuffled along towards the kitchen.

"What do you need me for, then?" Trevor groaned. "You can just take some cheese, right?"

"I want melted cheese," Freng corrected himself.

"Oh my fucking God." He looked at his son. "What about you?"

Simon thought for a moment. "Omu!" Which was his way of saying omelet.

Trevor sighed. "Look, you all have to agree on what to eat. I am not making different things for everyone."

"Well, I asked for Blinchiki first!" Marie said.

"But we asked for breakfast before you did," Freng replied.

"Yeah, we asked first," Simon agreed.

"You can eat your cheese with Blinchiki."

"No way!" Freng replied. "That would be weird."

They continued to bicker like this, making Trevor once more question all his life's decision, that had led up to this point. It was to fucking early to deal with this. And where had Adrian gone? He would be the one to normally do breakfast. (Well, if Trevor managed to graciously evade the task, that was.) He was fairly certain Adrian had muttered some explanation, when he had gotten up, but what kind of explanation that had been? He was not certain.

Things got only more chaotic, though, as he arrived at the kitchen, only to find two kids, that were at least a bit older here. Murgu and Sântion. They were at least somewhat self-sufficient, being dressed for one thing, but also having just gotten some of the bread from the last day, while trying to cut pieces off from a large chunk of smoked bacon.

"Trevor!" Sântion's eyes lit up. "Are you making breakfast."

Trevor was only glad that at least the curtains in the kitchen were drawn. He yawned again. "It appears I am. If they are going to agree on what is for breakfast."

The argument so far had not been resolved.

"But I want Blinchiki!" Marie whined.

"That would be unhealthy," Ilias offered in a tone, that was just not befitting a fucking five-year-old.

"I don't fucking care," Marie protested.

"Adrian said, that there will be biscuits for breakfast," Murgu now said.

"Well, I won't be making fucking biscuits," Trevor groaned, as the dough was a fucking hassle.

"He actually had prepared some."

Trevor blinked slowly. "He had?"

Murgu just nodded, getting up from his chair and running over to the pantry room, getting a rather large bowl of somewhat chilled dough out of there.

"I want Blinchiki though!"

"And cheese!"

"And omu!"

Trevor groaned. He very much did not look forward to the time, when little Anna would be further grown and whatever kid or kids Greta was cooking would join in the fold. Because this was already stressful as fuck.

All he wanted, was to go back to sleep for at least four more hours. He had only been in bed around three in the morning and he just did not fucking care that the old geezer had said that vampires did not need to sleep. Trevor did need his bloody sleep. (The fact that Anna was crying every two hours or so, had not helped a lot.)

"Papa!" Marie whined.

"Papa!" Simon joined in.

"Uncle Trevor!" The twins agreed.

Just Murgu and Sântion did not complain. But even now, about four years – or was it five? – after getting them from the streets of Targoviste, they were rather frugal, when it came to food.

"You know what?" he finally decided, knowing that Adrian very much would not love the idea he was having right now.

"What?" Four kids asked.

"I am gonna make filled biscuits," he replied. "With omelet and cheese and bacon..." He looked at his daughter. "And some with fruits, so it is basically almost like blinchiki."

Marie was pouting, but that was to be expected. Really, right now he blamed Adrian

for this. They had just spoiled those kids with food. Clearly. Had been hard enough to keep Marie fed during that half year in England.

"Are we all good with that?" he looked at the three small boys, and while they were pouting as well, they nodded.

"Great." He went over to the kitchen drawer and got a spoon out of there, then got a bowl and a whisk and some eggs. After a moment he realized he had an opportunity, handing bowl and whisk to the two teenagers. "Murgu. You are gonna whisk some eggs. Sântion..." He looked at the rather unevenly cut bacon. Jesus, the two were like fourteen and fifteen years old. They should be able to do better. "You are gonna cut some pieces off the bacon and the cheese."

"We don't have any eggs," Sântion piped up, leading Trevor to groan as well.

"Fine. Then one of you goes to fetch eggs first," he said.

"I wanna go, too!" Marie announced.

"And take Marie along."

"I can go," Murgu offered, leading Trevor to nod. "You do that." He did not even consider that Marie was still in her night gown, until the two of them had long vanished out the kitchen door, allowing him to fall into a chair with a long groan.

He watched Sântion try and cut the bacon into even pieces, before sighing and getting up again. "You are holding the knife wrong," he said and showed him – not for the first time. "Here, try it like this." He took the knife with a slacker grip and showed the boy how to cut the bacon. He was half aware of Simon climbing onto one of the chairs.

"I want to hold the knife, too!"

"Yeah, that's not gonna happen anytime soon." He turned back to Sântion. "Try it again?"

Sântion always had a very tense grip, when he was holding a knife, keeping it in his hand in a way, that made Trevor wonder, if the boy was going to cut bacon or stab someone to death. He tried, now, though, to hold it the way Trevor had shown him, managing to cut the bacon still unevenly, but into better chunks.

"How long until we can eat?" Freng now asked.

"Till Murgu and Marie are back with the eggs," he replied. "You have to wait for so long."

"But I am *starving*!"

This got Trevor to groan. "Kid. You do not even know what that means."

"It means, I am really hungry!"

"You don't know what 'really hungry' means either," Trevor scoffed, leading to the boy to cross his arms.

"I do though."

Sântion looked at him. "You don't."

"You are stupid," the five-year-old announced.

"And you are annoying," Sântion replied.

"Kids. Please stop arguing." Trevor sighed, rubbing his temples. "Just... Please stop." He got up to get the cheese from the pantry, cutting this one himself into dices, before waiting for his daughter and Murgu to return as well. It took quite a while, though, until both marched back into the kitchen, hay somehow hanging in their hair but with a basket filled with eight eggs.

"You had a fight with the chicken or something?" Trevor asked, leading his daughter to pull herself onto one of the chairs.

"You have no fucking idea!" she muttered.

He grinned, before taking the basket. "I guess I will beat them." Because otherwise it would take even longer.

So he cracked those eggs on the side of the bowl, easily mixing them with the cut bacon and cheese and some salt and pepper.

"Can I help you somehow?" Murgu asked, making Trevor think.

"Actually... You can take some of the dough..." He stopped what he was doing to get that dough. "Like this," he said, showing the other boy his plan. He took a spoon full of the dough, pressing it into his hand, making a hole in it, before spooning some of the preserved berries from last summer into that hole. "Can you do that?"

Murgu nodded.

"And you," he addressed Sântion. "Can you get a fire going in the stove?"

The other boy nodded as well, getting up from his chair and walking over to the stove. Because at least he had learned those basic fire spells that Sypha had insisted to teaching each and every kid, saying it would help them survive.

Sure enough, there was a fire going in no time, as Trevor did go over to the stove and got a pan and put it over the heat. He did exactly the same he had showed Murgu with the preserved fruits with the dough and the egg mixture, while waiting for the pan to come up to heat.

"When is this gonna be ready?" Simon asked.

"Just another few minutes," Trevor muttered, already knowing that a fight would break out about who was going to get to eat first.

He put some butter into the pan, letting it melt and bubble, before putting in some of the fruit filled biscuits and some of the egg filled ones. He still very much did not feel awake, but, well, at least the kids would soon hopefully stop squabbling, when their mouth would be filled with food. Given how at least Marie and Ilias were rather slow eaters, while Simon and Freng tended to agree on most things, it would hopefully calm things down considerably.

He turned the biscuits in the pan, rather proud of himself that the contents were not exploding out from the dough, before turning around. "I have four for the first round. Two filled with berries, two with eggs, cheese and bacon."

"I am taking a berry one!" Marie yelled.

"Yeah, I thought that much."

"I don't want berries," Freng pouted.

"That I thought as well."

"I will take another berry one," Sântion said.

"Great." Trevor looked at the three young boys. "You three can argue who is gonna get the two egg ones. The other will have to wait till the next round."

And argue they did.

But in the end, all kids had something in front of them by the time that Adrian came into the kitchen, his hair bound back into a queue. Some more kids had joined the fray as well, as Coman, Temul and the latter's younger sister had joined in as well.

"What is happening here?"

"Breakfast," Simon announced, some cheesy omelet dripping over his chin.

"I just wanted to make biscuits." Adrian went over to the stove, where Trevor was still baking those filled thingies. "What did you do?"

"Trying to make everyone happy," Trevor muttered, before turning to kiss his husband onto the cheek. "Basically just that." He grumbled, not having gotten around to eat something himself. "Where were you?"

"Stitching someone up," Adrian replied.

"Well, I was left alone with an army of ankle biters."

Adrian grinned. "My poor man."

"You can say that loud."

"Well, do I get one of those things as well?"

"Sure," Trevor said. "Next round is ours."

Adrian smiled. "Sounds perfect."