

dead touch

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by [teeveeactress](#)

Summary

A strong arm caught him easily, guiding him back against the shelves. The force was inhuman but controlled and gentle. The vampire leaned in, close enough that Shane could feel the chill radiating from him.

“I did not come here to frighten you,” he said softly, forehead nearly brushing Shane’s. “I came to ask you on a date.”

The library had settled into its late-hour stillness.

Most of the overhead lights had been extinguished, leaving only a handful of brass-shaded lamps burning overhead, their yellow glow casting long shadows across the reading tables and towering shelves. Dust hung faintly in the air, visible when Shane shifted beneath the light. The place smelled of old paper, leather bindings, and furniture polish.

Shane sat alone at one of the long oak tables, collar loosened, sleeves rolled to his forearms. He scratched absently at the back of his neck as his eyes dragged over the same line of text for what felt like the hundredth time. The words refused to stick. His head throbbed faintly, and the wire frames of his spectacles pinched at his temples.

The clock mounted high on the wall ticked loudly in the quiet.

He let out a muted groan and dropped his forehead against the tabletop, careful not to knock his books over.

“Now then,” came a voice from the aisle, firm but not unkind. “You know better than that, young man. No sleeping in the reading room.”

Shane lifted his head and found the librarian approaching, a stern woman in sensible shoes pushing a cart stacked neatly with returned volumes. Her hair was pinned tight at the nape of her neck, her eyes sharp behind round lenses.

“Sorry, ma’am,” Shane murmured, rubbing his face with both hands.

There was no arguing it. He snapped his book shut, slid it into his satchel along with his notes, and cinched the strap tight. His studies could wait until morning. Tonight, his mind was finished.

He shrugged into his dusty brown leather jacket, smoothing it down out of habit, then slung the satchel over his shoulder and made his way toward the heavy front doors.

Outside, the cold greeted him sharply.

Winter had settled in earnest, the air biting and dry as it rushed over his face. His nose stung immediately, cheeks flushing red as he exhaled into his cupped hands. The street was quiet, save for the distant hum of an automobile somewhere far off.

He lingered beneath the stone archway, shifting on his feet to keep warm, before stepping out onto the path.

A cloud of smoke drifted across his vision.

He coughed softly and turned his head, squinting into the gloom. For a moment, he thought it was just shadow pooled against the building.

Then he saw the ember.

A bright orange glow flared briefly, illuminating a cigarette between pale fingers. Shane blinked and did a double take, turning fully now as the rest of the figure resolved itself under the lamplight.

The man stood half-hidden near the wall, tall and broad-shouldered, coat collar turned up against the cold. Curly, light-colored hair fell loosely across his forehead. Even in the dim light, his skin appeared unnaturally pale.

Shane felt suddenly aware of himself. Of the emptiness of the street. Of the late hour.

The man was...handsome.

A shiver ran down Shane's spine. He gestured awkwardly toward the cigarette. "I don't think you're meant to smoke here," he said, voice hesitant despite knowing full well he was right.

"Oh?" The reply was smooth, accented, foreign in a way that made Shane's shoulders tense.

"There's a notice," Shane added, pointing toward the sign affixed near the entrance. He nodded once, lips pressed thin, and quickly walked off without waiting for a response.

The following night arrived without ceremony.

Shane found himself once again leaving the library late, satchel heavier this time with completed work. The path ahead was lit by tall streetlamps, their bulbs flickering softly as he walked beneath them. The cold crept through his coat, sharp and persistent.

But it wasn't the cold that made him uneasy.

It was the feeling.

That unmistakable prickle along his spine, the sense of being watched. Of footsteps that weren't quite there. He told himself it was foolish, just nerves and imagination, but he didn't turn around.

Then a voice spoke from behind him.

"Are you going to ignore me forever?"

The words were smooth, carrying a thick Russian drawl that slid down his spine like ice. The sound of it echoed faintly in the open street.

Shane yelped, nearly jumping out of his skin as he spun around, bag slipping off his shoulder.

"What the fuck—?!" he shouted.

“Sorry– I didn’t mean to startle you,” the man said quickly, stepping closer.

“Have you been following me?” Shane demanded, pulse racing.

The man approached faster, lifting a finger to his lips. “Please,” he urged quietly. “Lower your voice.”

“Why should I?” Shane snapped. “Why should I be quiet when some creep is trailing me through the streets?”

He stooped to retrieve his satchel and turned away, quickening his pace. The man kept up easily.

“Wait. Please.”

“No,” Shane said flatly. “Leave me be.”

“I am not a creep,” the man insisted. “I just want to talk to you.”

He sounded sincere.

That didn’t make it better.

Shane wasn’t stupid. He was careful. He knew better than to trust strangers in the dark, no matter how charming or attractive they were. He wasn’t going to be lured, or cornered, or worse.

With a sharp exhale, he stopped and turned.

“What do you want?” he asked reluctantly.

And then, despite himself, he thought...

God, he’s really handsome.

Which, Shane knew, was exactly how people got themselves killed.

But once he got to see his face, and really see him, he allowed himself to take in the features displayed in front of him.

When he finally stepped fully into the light, Shane understood why his instincts had been screaming at him.

Pale skin stretched smooth over sharp cheekbones, faintly luminous beneath the lamplight, as though it reflected more than it absorbed. A scattering of freckles and small moles broke up the perfection just enough to make him unsettlingly real, human details on something that didn’t quite feel human at all.

His eyes were the most dangerous part.

Light-colored, glowing a yellow almost gold color if the light hit them in just the right way. Too steady and focused. When they locked onto Shane, it felt less like being looked at and more like being *studied*, weighed, catalogued.

Curly hair framed his face in soft disarray, a warm shade of dirty blond that contrasted sharply with the cold impression he gave off. The curls fell forward over his brow, shadowing his eyes and making his expression difficult to read, beautiful and unreadable in equal measure.

His mouth was set in a neutral line, lips full but restrained. There was nothing overtly threatening about him, no bared teeth, no obvious malice, but something ancient lingered in the angles of his face, in the patience of his gaze.

He looked young but also impossibly old.

Shane swallows, throat working as he looks at the man again.

“You... you see me, yes?” the man asks.

What.

“Uh—yeah?” Shane answers, instinctively glancing around as if checking whether he’s missed some obvious trick.

The man’s lips curve, subtle and pleased. “People do not see me. Not unless I want them to.” He tilts his head. “That does not happen often.”

Somehow, he’s closer now. Shane isn’t entirely sure when that happened.

Shane scoffs, the sound dry and a little forced. “Not supposed to see you? Most people don’t get to decide that.”

“I am not most people,” the man replies calmly.

There’s something about the way he says it.

Shane studies him, eyes flicking over pale skin that seems to catch the light wrong, gold irises too bright to be natural. Still, his mouth twitches upward. “Oh yeah? Then what are you supposed to be?”

For a moment, the man doesn’t answer. His gaze darts briefly to the side, assessing the space, then returns to Shane with a grin that is slow and unmistakably pleased.

His tongue slides over his teeth.

Over razor-sharp canines.

Shane’s breath catches.

His mouth goes dry in an instant. Pale skin. Gold eyes. *Those* teeth. Something in the back of his mind scrambles, trying to surface, half-remembered stories,

This was ridiculous. Monsters weren't real. Demons, fairies, whatever, fiction. Not fucking real.

"Sorry, can I just—" Shane blurts, stepping forward before common sense can intervene.

He reaches out and pokes a finger gently against one of the fangs.

Solid. Sharp. Very real.

No plastic. No gag teeth clattering onto the floor.

"Ah, ah," the man murmurs, amusement threading his voice as he catches Shane's wrist and guides his hand away with careful restraint. His grip is warm. Firm. "Convinced?"

Shane stares at his fingers like they've betrayed him.

"...Huh," he hums faintly.

Then, eloquently: "Fuck."

He lifts his gaze again, swallowing. "You're... you're a—uh—"

"A vampire," the man supplies quickly, waving a hand as if helping someone finish a sentence. "Yes. I'm a vampire. Sorry. You were taking a very long time."

A vampire.

Shane exhales a short laugh that sounds a little hysterical. "Right. Yeah. Sure. That tracks."

And yet, he doesn't move.

Doesn't run.

The vampire watches him with open fascination, head tilting slightly. "You aren't scared."

It's not phrased as a question. More like an observation.

Shane opens his mouth, then closes it again. His thoughts feel like they're wading through fog. Fear should be there. Logic demands it. Instead, there's only adrenaline and an unsettling pull, like gravity aimed directly at the man in front of him.

"I think," Shane says slowly, "my brain is still loading."

That earns him a quiet laugh, genuine, warm, surprisingly human.

"I like you," the vampire says, as if realizing it out loud. "You see me when you shouldn't. You touch my teeth without asking permission." His gaze dips, lingers. "And you don't scream."

“Give it a minute,” Shane mutters.

The vampire steps closer again, deliberately invading Shane’s space now. His voice drops, rich and smooth, curling around each word. “I won’t hurt you tonight.”

Shane’s pulse kicks hard at *tonight*.

The vampire's eyes fall to the name stitched onto his leather bag, “Your name... Hollander?”

“Oh, that’s just my last name. I’m Shane.”

“Shane” he ponders “*Shane* Hollander.” The words roll from him effortlessly, steeped in a Russian cadence.

Another beat of silence, the vampire calculating every feature on the human’s face before he reaches out his hand, “Nice to meet you, *Shane*,” the vampire continues gently, eyes locking onto Shane’s, “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

Shane should say no. Even though it didn’t feel like a question. He should say no.

Instead, he nods.

The vampire’s smile sharpens, satisfied. He steps back, the space between them suddenly yawning wide and cold.

“Good,” he says.

“Yeah,” Shane breathes.

The vampire laughs again, and then, without warning, he’s gone. Not walking away. Not slipping into the crowd.

Just absent.

Shane stands there, heart hammering. Maybe he should’ve asked for his name.

Shane felt watched from the moment he woke up. Not in the obvious way, not like someone was openly staring, but in the quiet, insidious sense that followed him everywhere. Lecture halls felt too open. Sidewalks too narrow. He moved through crowds feeling strangely isolated, convinced that everyone could *see* it on him, that he knew something he wasn’t supposed to know.

It was ridiculous.

And yet, after his study session, he found himself lingering.

The library doors swung open beneath his hands, and he stepped outside slower than necessary, heart thudding as he scanned the dimming campus. A giddy, embarrassing hope bubbled up in his chest before he could shove it back down.

He took a glance around, walked slowly. Almost waiting for him to appear like he promised he would.

There were no gold-flecked eyes watching from the shadows. No cold presence slipping into step beside him. The night remained stubbornly normal.

Disappointment settled in his stomach.

Which was... wrong. It should have been relief.

The next day, he didn't even need to study. His exams were finished; the information was packed neatly away in his brain, no more revision to be done. And yet he found himself in the same chair, at the same table, watching the light outside the tall windows fade as the sun slid beneath the horizon.

Would he be there this time?

Shane scowled at himself.

The thing wasn't real. It *couldn't* be. He was exhausted, underfed, dehydrated, his mind scrambling for something dramatic to latch onto. That had to be it.

Except.

Except the memory of that gaze made his chest tighten. The cold that had lingered long after the man stepped away. He had touched him. He was sure of it. You couldn't touch something that wasn't real.

Shane let out a breath that almost turned into a laugh. Vampires? Seriously? Where had that even come from? It wasn't like he'd grown up obsessed with them. He'd barely thought about them at all.

Still.

He stood abruptly and wandered toward the back of the library.

MYTHOLOGY & FOLKLORE

He hesitated, then moved along the shelves until he found an old divider marked *European Folklore*. He pulled a book free and flipped through it, brows knitting as black-and-white illustrations stared back at him, gaunt figures, clawed hands, hollow eyes.

He snorted softly.

He didn't look anything like this. Maybe he would've had the sense to run if he had.

The man he'd met didn't look like Dracula or anything. Looked like a person for the most part, he just didn't feel like a person. That was all. Apart from maybe the teeth.

Unless he wasn't real at all.

Shane sighed, closing the book. Dehydration. That was his final answer. Still, curiosity itched at him, a need to understand where his mind had pulled the image from. Hallucinating being stalked by a slightly more attractive Nosferatu.

Still, he reached for another book, just to see the photos inside more than anything else.

"Doing some reading?"

The voice was low. Close.

Shane yelped, slamming the book shut as he jolted backward, shoulder colliding with the shelves. Books rattled dangerously as he grabbed for balance, heart hammering painfully against his ribs.

It was him.

Again.

"Sorry," the man said lightly, head tilting as he studied Shane's face. "Did I scare you?"

Not real, Shane told himself desperately.

He reached out.

His fingers brushed cold skin, *icy*, shockingly so, smooth and unmarked beneath his touch. Real. Unmistakably real. He swallowed hard and dragged his hand lower, curling his fingers around the man's bicep, testing muscle and warmth...or lack thereof.

The vampire watched him with open amusement.

Shane's hand slid to his chest, pressing lightly.

"Having fun?" the man asked.

Shane snapped his gaze up, colliding with gold eyes alight with laughter. The vampire threw his head back, cackling softly, sharp canines flashing once more.

"Fuck," Shane whispered.

He shoved himself away, cheeks burning, ducking his head. "Excuse me," he muttered, attempting to slide past him and flee with what dignity he had left.

A strong arm caught him easily, guiding him back against the shelves. The force was inhuman but controlled and gentle. The vampire leaned in, close enough that Shane could feel the chill radiating from him.

“I did not come here to frighten you,” he said softly, forehead nearly brushing Shane’s. “I came to ask you on a date.”

“A—what?” Shane sputtered.

“A date,” the vampire repeated.

“We’re—” Shane gestured vaguely between them, flustered. “We’re both men.”

The vampire laughed again, loud enough that Shane nearly shushed him.

“That is your concern?” he teased. “Interesting.”

“How does that even—” Shane flushed darker, waving his hands. “Actually, no. Don’t answer that.”

“No, no,” the vampire murmured, hands settling at Shane’s waist, pressing him gently back against the wood. “I can explain it to you... very well.”

His voice dipped, smooth and coaxing.

Shane swallowed.

“Would you like that?”

Yes, his mind screamed. It had to be some kind of trick, some vampiric glamour, surely, but the thought of those hands leaving him felt unbearable.

“How about,” Shane said hoarsely, lifting his chin just enough, “we start with the date first?”

The vampire’s nod was slow, smiling, perfectly satisfied.

“Perfect.” he goes before stepping away. Before he could leave again, Shane went to grab his wrist before he could think.

“Wait.” the vampire pauses, turning his head to look over at him again, “Your name?”

“What about it?”

“I don’t know your name.”

The vampire laughs softly once more, “Ilya.”

Ilya, Shane ponders the name in his head a few times.

He lingered at the top of the library steps, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, checking his surroundings for the fourth time in two minutes even though he knew there wouldn’t be anyone around. He’d arrived early on purpose because waiting alone felt safer than walking up and finding *nothing*.

Or worse. Finding *him* already there.

“You’re early,” a familiar voice said beside him.

Shane nearly jumped out of his skin.

“I—” He turned sharply, heart hammering. “Jesus. Do you ever, like, announce yourself? I’m going to get you a bell.”

Ilya stood there as if he’d always been, hands tucked casually into the pockets of a dark coat, expression amused and entirely unrepentant. Tonight he looked almost painfully normal, well-dressed, clean-cut, handsome.

“I do not think vampires are associated with bells,” Ilya said thoughtfully.

Shane snorted despite himself. “Add it to the mythology.”

“Should just get me a collar.” he raises his eyebrows with a smirk, Shane looks at him with a face of disgust but his amusement was still obvious on his face as he walks off in front of them.

They fell into step together, moving down the path that wound through campus. Shane’s mind immediately kicked into overdrive.

Can he hear my heart racing? Can he read my thoughts? I think I read that somewhere.

He stole a sideways glance. Ilya’s gaze was forward, posture relaxed. No indication that he was currently cataloguing Shane’s mental spiral.

“You’re very loud tonight,” Ilya said mildly.

Shane froze mid-step. “I—what?”

Ilya glanced at him, eyes glinting. “Your thoughts,” he added, then paused just long enough to let panic bloom before smirking. “I’m joking.”

Shane exhaled sharply. “That’s not funny.”

“It is a little funny,” Ilya countered.

They walked in silence for a moment before Shane cleared his throat. “So,” he said, gesturing vaguely around them, “this is the date? Walking around campus? Riveting stuff.”

Ilya considered this. “This is what I like to do. What are dates usually?”

“Most people,” Shane said, “don’t consider walking past dorms and trash cans a romantic experience.”

“I have never been on a date,” Ilya replied simply.

Shane scoffed. “Okay, sure.”

Ilya stopped walking. Shane took two more steps before realizing and turning back.

“You don’t believe me,” Ilya said.

“No,” Shane said easily. “I don’t.”

Ilya’s mouth twitched. “Why?”

“Because you’re... ya’know...old, right?” Shane gestured at him again, helpless. “All your years roaming around and not one date?”

Ilya watched him for a long moment, expression unreadable. “How old do you think I am?”

Shane hesitated. “I don’t know. A thousand? Early thirties if you moisturize?”

“*A thousand?*”

“Well? How old then?”

Ilya laughed, low and genuine. “You would not want to know.”

“Try me.”

“I won’t,” Ilya said, starting to walk again. “It tends to end conversations.”

Shane hurried to catch up. “That’s ominous.”

“It’s honest.”

The night deepened around them as they wandered, conversation drifting from light to strange to unexpectedly easy. Shane found himself laughing more than he meant to, forgetting, briefly, what Ilya was. The vampire listened intently, asked questions that made Shane feel seen, remembered small things he mentioned in passing.

That was the part that unsettled him most.

“Your accent...” Shane perks up.

“Russian.”

“Russian? How did you end up here?”

“Long story. Killed my family.” Ilya picks up on Shane’s discomfort, “It’s okay. They deserved it.” he clarifies.

Shane thinks that should’ve bothered him more.

By the time they circled back toward the library, the campus had thinned, lamplight casting long shadows across the paths. Shane was startled by the warmth in his chest, by the realization that he’d genuinely enjoyed himself.

“That,” Shane said quietly, “was... actually nice.”

Ilya’s smile softened. “I am glad.”

There was a pause. Then—

“Come home with me.”

Shane’s heart lurched violently. “What?”

“I am not familiar with dates,” Ilya added calmly, though his eyes darkened. “But I am familiar with how they end.”

Panic surged, sharp and immediate.

“I—I can’t,” Shane said quickly. “I’ve got—early morning. Thing. Commitment. Very important.”

Ilya tilted his head. “You are afraid.”

“Of *you*?” Shane forced a laugh. “No. Just—this. All of this.”

Ilya studied him for a moment longer, then nodded once. “Another time.”

Shane swallowed, already backing away. “Yeah. Another time.”

He turned and walked off before he could overthink it further.

He didn’t go back to the library for a long time after that.

At first, he told himself it was practical, he could study anywhere, after all, but the truth sat heavier than that. He was afraid he’d see him again.

It felt ridiculous when he thought about it too long. He wasn’t a prude. It wasn’t even really about sex, at least, not entirely. It was the *vampire* part. The impossible, unnatural weight of it. How was that even supposed to work? He didn’t want to know. Didn’t want to look it up. Didn’t want to ask.

And yet, the thought of him lingered.

He caught himself thinking about it, about *him*, far too often. About the way Ilya’s gaze seemed to pin him in place. The feel of his hands, brief as it had been, cool and steady. The guilt flared occasionally, sharp and sudden, but he pushed it down just as quickly.

He wasn’t gay. He’d had girlfriends. They were nice. That counted for something didn’t it?

Still, something inside him had ignited in Ilya’s presence, something fuzzy and hot and reckless, something that didn’t care about logic. It hadn’t faded. If anything, it burned brighter the longer he tried to ignore it.

Less than a month had passed since they met, but it felt like years. Like Ilya had carved himself into Shane's life with frightening ease.

Ilya.

He doubted he'd ever meet anyone else with that name. Doubtful he'd ever meet anyone like him at all.

Sitting with his friends, listening to them complain fondly about girlfriends and dates and anniversaries only made it worse. He nodded along, added the occasional comment, reminded himself, again, that he'd been there too. A few girlfriends. Nothing long-term, but enough to prove something to himself.

So why did the idea of being with a man keep creeping back in?

Curiosity, he told himself. That had to be it.

The thought of a vampire slipped quietly to the back of his mind, and the thought of a man came to the forefront.

In the end, it wasn't about whether he *could* or *should*.

It was that he wanted to.

Badly.

His nails bit into his palm as he walked home, glancing over his shoulder more than once, half-expecting a familiar presence to emerge from the shadows. But after days of rushing home before sunset, after nights passed without incident, his nerves eased.

Two more days went by without anything strange.

Maybe it really had been a dream.

Shane sighed as he unlocked the door to his shared apartment, slipping inside and heading straight for his bedroom. He locked the door behind him out of habit, leaning his forehead against it for a moment before turning away.

That was when a large hand slid up the back of his neck.

Cold.

Electric.

Shane sucked in a sharp breath, shoulders flying up as the grip tightened, firm and unyielding. He was hauled backward and spun, his back slamming against the door with a muted thud.

He didn't need to look.

But he did.

Ilya stood impossibly close, eyes bright and intent, features exactly as Shane remembered them. Shane's gaze flicked past him to the window, curtains drawn tight, fluttering faintly in the breeze from where it had been left open.

"How did you get—"

Ilya stepped closer, his large frame invading Shane's space without touching, the chill of his presence raising goosebumps on Shane's skin.

"You have been avoiding me," Ilya murmured, voice a silken thread laced with menace, his cool fingers ghosting along Shane's jawline, tilting his head back to expose the vulnerable column of his throat. Shane's pulse jumped visibly, a frantic drumbeat that Ilya could sense thrumming through veins and arteries, warm and alive.

Shane swallowed hard, eyes darting to meet Ilya's gaze. "I... I wasn't. Just busy." His words came out breathy, already betraying the heat building low in his belly as Ilya's thumb brushed over his lower lip, parting it slightly.

A low chuckle escaped Ilya, fangs glinting in the dim light. He leaned in, lips hovering over Shane's ear, breathing a cold whisper against heated skin.

"Liar."

His hand trailed down, palm flattening over Shane's chest, right where his heart hammered. Ilya closed his eyes briefly, savoring the rush, the steady thump echoing into his palm, blood surging through Shane's body like a river calling to him. He could feel it all: the way it quickened, diverted, pooling hotter and heavier.

"Why?"

Shane's breath catches, "Why...?"

Ilya repeats more softly, his tone no longer teasing. "Why have you been running from me?"

Shane swallows hard, his gaze slipping away, down to the hand still resting at his throat, thumb warm against his pulse. The simple contact makes it difficult to think. His mind feels stripped bare.

"I'm scared," he blurts.

The words hang there between them.

Ilya's lips curve into something gentler than a smirk, though his eyes remain sharp. "Scared?" he murmurs. "You know I don't bite."

To punctuate the joke, he snaps his teeth together lightly, a quiet click, before he leaned in closer, his cool breath ghosting over Shane's neck, where the pulse thrummed wildly beneath the skin.

Shane shivers.

“I just...” His voice comes out rough. “I don’t know how any of this works.”

Something in Ilya’s expression softens. He laughs quietly, fond rather than mocking.

“Don’t worry,” he says, voice low. His tongue traces a slow, deliberate line along Shane’s neck, not a bite, just enough to make Shane’s knees threaten to buckle. “I can show you.”

Their eyes meet again, level now. Ilya waits, patient, watching as Shane’s shoulders slowly relax, as his back settles fully against the door on its own. Shane drops his head, breath uneven, but Ilya’s gaze never leaves him.

“...Okay,” Shane manages.

Ilya hums thoughtfully. “Okay what?”

Shane licks his lips, mouth suddenly dry. “I want you to—”

“To what?” Ilya prompts gently, clearly enjoying this far too much.

Another long beat passes and then Shane exhales, “I want you to show me.”

The teasing smile returns, slow and unmistakably pleased. “Happily,” Ilya replies, punctuating the word with a wink.

His hands slide back up Shane’s neck, fingers threading into his hair as he pulls him forward. Their mouths meet, not rushed, not gentle, but deliberate. Ilya guides the kiss, tilting Shane’s head just so, deepening it gradually.

Shane gasps into him, instinctively clutching at his shirt.

Ilya’s fangs catch briefly on Shane’s bottom lip, painful enough to remind him what Ilya is. There’s a sharp sting, fleeting, followed by the unmistakable taste of iron as Ilya pulls back just a fraction.

Shane doesn’t recoil.

He presses closer.

Ilya makes a low sound in his throat, approval and restraint tangled together, and kisses him again. Whatever trace of blood lingers doesn’t seem to matter.

When they finally part, Shane is breathless, dazed, eyes dark and unfocused.

Ilya glances down with a smile as he catches the way Shane’s groin had filled out.

“See?” he murmurs. “Not so frightening.”

Shane shifted, hips twitching forward instinctively, his cock stirring against the confines of his pants. Ilya's free hand joined the first, one splaying over Shane's abdomen while the other

dipped lower, fingers tracing the seam of Shane's jeans.

Shane swallows deeply as Ilya's fingers deftly unbuckled his belt, sliding the zipper down with agonizing slowness. The vampire palmed Shane's cock through the thin fabric of his underwear, squeezing just enough to draw a gasp, thumb circling the damp spot forming at the tip. Shane's hips bucked, seeking more friction, but Ilya pulled back slightly, denying the pressure.

"Please," Shane breathed, head falling back against the door, cords creaking as he strained.

Ilya smirked playfully, his mouth descending to latch onto Shane's collarbone. He sucked hard, teeth grazing without piercing, marking the skin with a blooming red bruise.

He wanted to know how far his teeth would sink into that olive skin. How it would feel to mark him, to taste him, to leave something unmistakably *his*. The thought followed him relentlessly, threading through every quiet moment.

The few days without him were agonizing.

Not because of hunger alone, he had endured centuries of that, but because the absence gnawed at him. He found himself replaying their brief encounters in obsessive detail: the way Shane's pulse jumped beneath his fingers, the warmth that radiated from him in defiance of Ilya's own cold, the way he unraveled so beautifully when touched.

He wanted to know everything about the human falling apart in front of him.

Somewhere along the way, Ilya had stopped cataloguing what made Shane human and how he saw him and the distinction blurred until it hardly mattered. He forgot to be careful and keep a distance

All he could see were dark eyes that met his without nearly enough fear. Freckles scattered across his cheeks and his devastating smile.

His hand worked Shane's shaft in lazy strokes, peeling back the underwear to expose the flushed length to the cool air. Precum beaded at the slit, and Ilya swiped it with his thumb, spreading it down the vein, making Shane's knees buckle.

Free hand pushing up his shirt.

"That's it," Ilya encouraged, voice vibrating against Shane's skin as he nipped lower, tongue flicking over a nipple before capturing it between his teeth. He tugged sharply, eliciting a sharp cry, while his hand pumped faster, twisting at the head.

Shane's cock throbbed in his grip, hips thrusting erratically, chasing the building coil of pleasure. Ilya's other hand roamed to Shane's ass, kneading the firm muscle, fingers dipping between to tease the cleft.

Shane's breaths came in ragged pants, body arching into every touch, the teasing friction driving him mad. "Fuck. Let me—" His words cut off in a moan as Ilya sank to his knees,

breath ghosting over Shane's exposed cock, lips brushing the sensitive underside without taking it in.

But just as Shane teetered on the edge, muscles tensing for release, Ilya stopped. He withdrew his hand, standing fluidly, his now crimson eyes gleaming with wicked satisfaction. Shane's cock bobbed untouched, slick and aching, denied.

“Not yet,” Ilya said softly, wiping his fingers on Shane's thigh, leaving a sticky trail. He stepped back, adjusting his own evident arousal with casual indifference, leaving Shane bound and trembling, frustration etching lines on his face.

'I... you asshole,' Shane gasped, his body a live wire of unspent need.

Ilya laughed, low and dark. “Patience...” hands creeping up to cage Shane's own hands above his head.

Shane stood wobbly, his chest heaving, wrists bound loosely in Ilya's unyielding grip.

Shane's body betrayed him, arousal coiling tight in his gut as Ilya's presence overwhelmed his senses. The vampire's fangs grazed lightly, not breaking skin yet, but promising the sharp ecstasy that always followed. “Stop,” Shane whispered, voice hoarse, torn between fear and desperate need.

Ilya's lips curled into a smile, fingers splaying over the rapid beat beneath his ribs. He could feel Shane's beating heart and blood thumping lower and lower, the rush surging toward his groin, engorging his cock with heated urgency. “You forget, your body keeps no secrets from me.”

With a low growl, Ilya released Shane's wrists only to shove him backward onto the bed, the fabric whispering against his skin as he landed. Shane's shirt tore easily under Ilya's sharp nails.

The vampire loomed over him, shedding his own dark coat, revealing a muscular, sculpted torso that belied centuries of predatory grace.

Ilya descended, capturing Shane's mouth in a bruising kiss, tongue thrusting deep, claiming every gasp. Shane arched up, hands fisting in Ilya's hair, pulling him closer even as his mind screamed caution. The vampire's hand dipped lower, palming Shane's painfully hard cock, squeezing with just enough force to elicit a muffled moan.

“So eager,” Ilya murmured against his lips.

Ilya's fingers wrapped around it, stroking firmly from base to tip again. Shane bucked into the touch, hips jerking, but Ilya pinned him down with a knee between his thighs, spreading him wide.

Reaching his hands up to slip two fingers past Shane's lips, letting out a low groan as he watches the way his lips wrap around them easily. Taking them in his mouth without complaint.

The vampire's mouth trailed fire down Shane's throat, nipping at the collarbone. Teeth scraped, not piercing, but the threat hung heavy, darkening the air with anticipation. Ilya's free hand explored further, fingers probing Shane's entrance, teasing the tight ring of muscle.

No warning, just the cool slide of a digit pushing in, curling to hit that spot that made Shane's vision blur.

“Fuck,” Shane gasped, body clenching around the intrusion, pain mingling with pleasure in a heady rush. Ilya added a second finger, scissoring roughly, stretching him open while his strokes on Shane's cock never faltered, building the pressure until Shane teetered on the edge.

But Ilya pulled back, denying release once again, his eyes gleaming with dark amusement. He shed the rest of his clothes, revealing his own rigid cock, veined and thick, tip glistening.

Positioning himself, Ilya gripped Shane's hips, nails digging in to bruise.

“Beg for it.” he commanded, voice laced with hunger.

Shane's pride shattered under the weight of desire. “Please—fuck me. I need it.”

“I don't believe you.”

Shane's head lulls back, tired of the teasing, “Please, please...fuck me.”

With a savage thrust, Ilya buried himself deep, the burn of entry ripping a moan from Shane's throat. The vampire didn't pause, pounding in with relentless force, each snap of hips driving deeper, claiming every inch. Shane's legs wrapped around Ilya's waist, heels digging into his back, urging more despite the ache.

”Ah—“ he chokes out a moan.

Ilya's fangs finally sank into Shane's shoulder, piercing flesh just enough to draw blood, the metallic tang flooding his mouth as he drank shallowly.

The pull sent shockwaves through Shane, his cock trapped between their bodies, sliding against sweat-slick skin with every brutal drive. Pain twisted into bliss, the venom in Ilya's bite numbing edges while amplifying sensation, making Shane's nerves ignite.

He fucked harder, angling to grind against that inner spot, forcing Shane to clench and writhe. Blood trickled warm down Shane's chest, mixing with sweat, and Ilya lapped at it, smearing red across his lips before kissing Shane again, sharing the coppery taste. Shane's hand clawed at Ilya's back, drawing thin lines of blood there too; a human's feeble mark on the immortal.

The rhythm built to a frenzy, Ilya's growls vibrating against Shane's skin as he chased his own peak. “Come for me,” he snarled, hand fisting Shane's cock once more, pumping in time with his thrusts. Shane shattered, cum spilling hot between them, body convulsing as waves crashed over him.

Ilya followed seconds later, spilling deep inside with a guttural roar, hips stuttering as he filled Shane to overflowing. He collapsed forward, licking the wound closed with languid

swipes of his tongue. They lay tangled, breaths ragged, the air thick with the scent of sex and blood.

In the afterglow, Ilya's fingers traced lazy patterns over Shane's fading bruises, a possessive glint in his eyes. Shane, spent and sated, could only nod, knowing the darkness that bound them would pull them under again soon enough.

Shane seemingly forgot he shared the apartment with two other people.

Hours blurred into a haze of relentless passion, the bedroom echoing with gasps and cries that faded into exhausted silence.

Shane lay sprawled amid the rumpled dirtied sheets and scattered pillows, his body a map of aches and fading marks, bruises blooming on his hips, bite wounds sealed but throbbing on his neck and shoulder.

Sweat cooled on his skin, muscles quivering from the multiple rounds taken from him, each one draining him deeper into submission. His chest rose and fell in shallow pants, eyes half-lidded, limbs heavy as lead.

Ilya reclined beside him, propped on one elbow, his immortal form untouched by fatigue. The vampire's pale skin gleamed in the low light, a faint sheen of their shared exertion the only sign of exertion.

He reached for the silver case on the bedside table, extracting a cigarette with deliberate slowness. The flame of his lighter cast a brief orange glow as he ignited it, inhaling deeply. Smoke curled from his lips in lazy spirals.

Shane stirred faintly as Ilya exhaled, the sound pulling him from his stupor. He turned his head, wincing at the pull in his neck. "Ilya... no more," he murmured, voice raw and cracked, barely above a whisper. His hand twitched toward the vampire, not pushing away but too weak to do much else.

Ilya's eyes, still holding that predatory glint, fixed on Shane with unyielding hunger. He took another drag, savoring the burn in his throat. Smoke trailed from his nostrils as he set the cigarette on the candle tray, his free hand already reaching out, fingers tracing the curve of Shane's thigh where fresh fingerprints marred the skin.

"I know... I know." Ilya hummed, his voice a low rumble, laced with dark amusement. He shifted closer, the mattress dipping under his weight, his cool body pressing against Shane's feverish heat. His hand slid higher, cupping the curve of Shane's ass, kneading the sore flesh gently at first, then firmer, testing the give.

Shane whimpered, a soft whine escaping as he tried to curl away, burying his face deeper into the pillows. "I'm sore... I can't." His words slurred with exhaustion, body instinctively tensing under the touch, but the fight was gone, replaced by weary resignation.

Ilya chuckled, a sound like velvet over gravel, leaning in to nuzzle Shane's ear, fangs grazing the lobe.

“You said that before. But your body tells me otherwise.” His fingers dipped between Shane's cheeks, probing the abused entrance, slick with remnants of their earlier releases.

It clenched reflexively, tender and swollen, but Ilya pressed on, circling the rim with insistent pressure. “Still greedy for me. You can take it.”

Shane's breath hitched, a mix of protest and involuntary spark of arousal flickering through him. He shook his head weakly, gripping the pillow beneath his cheek. “Ilya... fuck... Just let me rest.” But even as he whined, his hips shifted slightly, not quite pulling away, the traitorous response that Ilya was learning to exploit.

The vampire ignored the plea, rolling Shane onto his side with effortless strength, positioning himself behind. One arm banded around Shane's waist, pulling him flush against his chest, while the other guided his hardening cock, already rigid again, to nudge at the stretched hole.

“Shh,” Ilya murmured, lips brushing Shane's nape. “I'll go slow this time, I promise.” He pushed forward, the blunt head breaching the resistance, inching in with controlled thrusts that stretched the sore muscles anew.

A sharp cry tore from Shane's throat, Ilya's hand snaked around to wrap around his softening cock, stroking lazily to coax it back to life.

“Mm, good boy,” Ilya encouraged, voice husky as he sank deeper, bottoming out with a groan. The heat of Shane's body enveloped him, tight and warm, drawing a hiss from the vampire's lips. He held still for a moment, letting Shane adjust, his thumb rubbing soothing circles over Shane's hip.

Tears pricked at Shane's eyes, but the dual sensations blurred the edges, pain melting into a deep, aching fullness as Ilya began to move, shallow rocks of his hips that built friction without overwhelming.

“So good,” Ilya praised, nipping at his shoulder. “Feel how you take me? Perfect.” His pace quickened gradually, hand pumping in rhythm, forcing Shane's body to respond despite the exhaustion, cock twitching and filling in his grip.

Shane's whines turned to moans, muffled into the pillows, his resistance crumbling under the relentless pleasure. Ilya thrust harder, angling to drag over that sensitive spot inside, making stars burst behind Shane's eyelids. The vampire's free hand roamed, pinching a nipple, then sliding up to tilt Shane's chin back for a messy kiss, tongues tangling as smoke-tinged breath filled his lungs.

They moved together in the dim glow, Ilya's control fraying as Shane's walls clenched around him, pulling him toward release.

“Come again for me,” Ilya demanded, teeth sinking into the curve of Shane's neck, not deep, just enough to draw a bead of blood that he lapped away. Shane shattered with a sob, cum spilling weakly over Ilya's fingers, body spasming.

Ilya followed with a final, deep plunge, flooding him once more, a satisfied growl rumbling in his chest. He stayed buried inside as they stilled, holding Shane close, the cigarette forgotten and smoldering in the ashtray. "See?" he whispered, licking the fresh mark. "You can."

Shane, utterly drained, could only slump back into the pillows, the darkness of sleep claiming him at last, bound even in rest to the vampire who now owned him completely.

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