

Surrender, take my crucifix

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Surrender, take my crucifix

by [DaughterofLegends](#)

Summary

Prince Ilya of the Rozanov Empire and Shane Hollander, son of the First Minister of the Council of Vampire Hunters, have been playing a dangerous game ever since stumbling upon each other at an abandoned citadel bordering their lands several years ago.

And maybe while the first few attempts to kill each other, as expected by their respective nations, were real, now . . . it looks less like attempts on each other's lives and a lot more like foreplay to earn Shane's submission.

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Sacrilegious and Kinky Vampire/Vampire Hunter AU
(no spoilers)

Happy ending!

Notes

This oneshot has been expanded in the series I made for it! I've updated this oneshot to reflect the timing system I made for the longer fic (Exodus is when the their kingdoms split). Otherwise, this oneshot remains the same.

Loosely inspired by Zena, Horror Author @thecoffinarc's prompt on TikTok:

"A priest tries to slip his collar off before sleeping w a vampire man. The vampire makes him wear it while he rides, enjoying the shameful blush on his face."

Huge thanks to my beta @ticiakitty for giving up her morning to edit this 🍷

(idk what I was on when I wrote this, but I hope you enjoy the depravity)

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

September - 29 A.E. (After Exodus)

Cold air stung Shane's lungs as he sprinted through the darkening forest. He veered sharply toward the crack of a branch breaking that echoed through the forest from his left. His blood sang as the heady adrenaline from the chase pushed all thoughts but one from his mind: *Ilya*.

The stake was already out of his forearm holster and in his hand when warm breath brushed across the back of Shane's neck. He spun, arm poised to strike. His stake met air. Shane scanned the treeline, then the branches of the trees around him. There was no trace of the vampire hunting him.

Shane huffed out a laugh he knew Ilya would hear, and took off again. The thrill of hunter being the hunted thrummed through him again when a pale streak flashed through his peripheral vision. On instinct, he threw the stake in his hand. The pale streak came to a sudden and violent stop, elegant, pale fingers holding the stake inches from the intended fatal target.

"And what if I didn't catch, Hollander?" A dry, low voice called across the distance between them.

Shane grinned and shrugged, pulling another stake out of his ankle holster. He made a show of tossing it up with his left and catching with the right, before making a 'come at me' gesture with both hands. His body dropped into the stance that had been drilled into him since childhood.

Ilya's mouth twitched. The stake snapped like a twig in his hands, and with a sudden burst of movement, one hand was on Shane's neck and the other around the wrist of his right hand. Before Ilya's grip could close around his wrist, Shane dropped the stake into his waiting left hand and stabbed up into Ilya's unprotected right side.

Shane got the satisfaction of hearing a pained hiss before his world spun and he was splayed out flat on his back on the not-so-soft forest floor. The breath rushed out of him from the impact. He stilled at the sight of long, pointed canines being bared at him as the inhuman silver eyes, flashing in the last of the fading light, trapped his gaze.

Ilya sat on his hips, pinning Shane's wrists to the ground near Shane's head with his hands, and something flipped in the Hunter's stomach.

Those deadly canines lowered until they scraped against Shane's neck. A shudder went through him as familiar, warm breath blew across his neck. "Mmm, Hollander has teeth today."

Shane rarely drew blood these days, but it was fun when he did.

"What will my prize be?" Ilya whispered against his neck.

Shane opened his mouth to answer, but snapped it shut to hide his needy whimper when the teeth scraped across his carotid artery.

Ilya hummed in contemplation against Shane's neck, the vibration going straight to his groin.

"I think punishment."

"Take off your clothes," Ilya ordered in a silky voice, as soon as they were in the library of their haven. The citadel, a remote, abandoned outpost between their territories, had a few rooms they liked to play in. This was one of Shane's favorites (not including the bedchamber, of course).

The fire was already going, and Shane could tell Ilya had cleaned up a bit before meeting him in the woods. Something warmed in Shane's chest at the small, thoughtful gestures.

Shane pulled off his hardened leather cuirass and other pieces of armor strapped to his body. Sometimes Ilya liked to fuck him in just his armor. Today did not seem like one of those days, Shane mused as he slowly unbuttoned the black undershirt. Pants went next, then underwear, without comment from Ilya.

Shane took in the view of warm firelight dancing off of Ilya's features. He stood near the fireplace, barefoot and dressed in a loose, white linen shirt and black pants, eyes devouring every inch of Shane's skin. Ilya's eyes darkened as they scanned Shane's body, resting on his still-covered neck.

Shane brought both hands to the back of his neck, where his full circle clerical collar fastened.

"Leave it," Ilya commanded. A thrill shot through Shane at the same time a shameful blush heated his cheeks.

The look on Ilya's face turned wicked. "You are missing something," he mused. Ilya fished something long and metal out of his pocket, and Shane frowned as he watched Ilya's skin start to pink where the silver touched his skin.

The silver flashed in the firelight as Ilya let it dangle, and Shane realized it was an oddly long silver cross on a delicate chain. Ilya gently draped it over Shane's head, and Shane looked down to examine it.

The top was shaped like the gold crucifix that mesmerized Shane when it swung from Ilya's neck as he fucked him. The more orthodox hunters wore the design from the old religion of their united kingdoms, but not many on the Council dared to do so these days. The stipes was what held his attention, though. It was disproportionately long—more than a few inches—and thin, with an elegant spiral.

When Shane looked back up, the silver in Ilya's eyes was almost completely blotted out by his pupils as he gazed at the collar and cross on Shane's neck.

Ilya hooked one finger underneath Shane's collar and pulled him into a scorching kiss. Shane's head was spinning by the time Ilya let go and whispered against Shane's lips, "Kneel by chair."

He didn't need to be told which chair. There was a grand armchair settled directly in front of the fireplace that Shane jokingly called a throne the first time he saw it.

(Very sturdy.)

Shane, already sinking into the heady feeling he got when Ilya took control of their trysts, knelt on the plush rug near the chair and set his hands on his knees. He listened to the sound of rustling coming from the closest bookshelf as Ilya did . . . something. It wasn't where they kept the toys, so Shane's heart sped up with apprehension and anticipation.

He heard the thud of something being set down on the table near the chair and felt himself being picked up and draped over the arm of the chair. Fingers slicked with warmed oil gently traced the edges of Shane's opening. Another hand settled heavily on the back of his neck and squeezed gently.

"What is your word to make this stop?" Ilya asked in a soft, but firm voice as he slid a finger in.

"Mercy," Shane croaked. This was his favorite part of their ritual. The anticipation burned in him.

Ilya hummed an appreciative sound. "And to slow down?" He added a second finger, twisting and spreading them.

"Grace," Shane breathed out, stomach fluttering with excitement.

"Grace, what, my little prize?"

The fingers curled and brushed his prostate. "Grace, My Lord," Shane stuttered out.

"Such a good boy," Ilya crooned. He kept moving his fingers in and out while twisting them. Shane felt a pleasant burn from the stretch of Ilya adding a third finger, and released a breathy whimper. His hips jerked from the sharp sting when Ilya pinched his ass.

"Here is game for tonight," Ilya said, still maddeningly stroking his fingers in and out. "You will sit on my cock, and for every sound and move you make, I will spank you."

Shane shivered as the words registered.

In the next second, Shane found himself held up by Ilya's inhumanly strong arms, over his lap in the armchair. Shane moaned as he felt Ilya's cock begin to push past the first ring of his muscle. There was a dark chuckle in his ear, "Is one."

Shane stopped himself before he did something embarrassing—like whine that he wasn't even sitting on Ilya's cock yet. He still barely held in his yelp when Ilya thrust up in one smooth motion. Shane reveled in the pleasant burn as his body adjusted to Ilya's.

He didn't, however, keep his hips from thrusting up as Ilya filled him, and a delighted, "Two," ghosted across the back of his neck.

Shane sat, perched as carefully as he could on Ilya's lap without moving, hands placed on the armrests. He finally learned what Ilya got from the bookshelf when Ilya began reading out loud in his native tongue.

Fuuuuuck. Ilya knew exactly what he was doing.

Shane barely kept himself from jolting when Ilya's hand began stroking his inner thigh, and slowly made its way toward his cock. Shane's breathing picked up, and he heard the smile in Ilya's voice as he kept reading—unbothered.

A featherlight brush of the pad of Ilya's thumb over the head of his cock pulled a choked gasp out of Shane. He heard a smug, "Tri," in Ilya's language.

Ilya began lightly stroking Shane's cock, and it took everything Shane had in him not to move. When Ilya didn't get another reaction out of Shane, he ran the hand not holding the book from Shane's cock up his chest. A sharp pinch and twist of his nipple made Shane jerk his hips and let out a choked moan. Ilya paused his reading to delightedly tease, "I think this is two more."

Ilya's hand traveled to his neck as the reading was abandoned in favor of tormenting Shane with his words. He felt the gentle press of Ilya's thumb and forefinger against the sides of his throat, and his other hand went back to Shane's cock.

"Poor Shane, so hard, so needy." Ilya drawled. The pressure on the sides of Shane's throat increased as Ilya tightened his grip around Shane's cock.

Shane failed to hold in his breathy whine.

"Six. Look what a mess you already are for your Lord." Ilya taunted. "I have not even fucked you yet."

Ilya loosened his grip on Shane's throat and began stroking Shane's cock with just the right amount of pressure. He was so close. Fuck.

Shane squeezed his eyes shut as fangs scraped the crook of his neck. *Please, please, please.*

There was a pinch, and then ecstasy flooded his body as Ilya bit down. It ripped his orgasm from his body, and it took Shane a moment, after his ears stopped ringing, to realize he'd shouted when he came.

He was too dazed to care that he'd spectacularly lost the game again, and instead got lost in the gentle pulling sensation coming from his neck. He slumped back into Ilya's secure arms, banded tight around his chest.

Gentle lapping at his neck, as Ilya's saliva worked to heal the punctures, brought Shane out of his daze. A satisfied, "Seven," ghosted across the fading marks when Ilya was done.

Ilya gently pulled his satisfied zolotse off of his cock and set him down on the chair in Ilya's place. Shane sank back with a long, low moan, and Ilya grinned at the sight. The white, stiff collar and silver crucifix lay in stark contrast against the deep red of Shane's flushed neck and heaving chest.

There was just something about debauching Yuna Hollander's heir that made Ilya's blood sing.

He made a show of rolling up his sleeves because he knew Shane liked that. Shane's gaze sharpened as he tracked Ilya's movements, and some of the haze cleared from his vision.

Ilya walked behind the chair to retrieve the intricately carved box he'd hidden behind it and set it down where Shane could see. He pulled the coils of soft, deep red rope and a dildo out.

The dildo, he should say. Slightly tapered with semi-realistic balls and made out of the same, sacred wood the Hunters used on them, it never failed to make Shane turn the perfect shade of red as Ilya got to *stake* him with it.

Ilya held the rope up in front of Shane and watched his face. Shane's pupils widened, and Ilya nodded in silent answer. Without needing to be told what to do, Shane stood up. Ilya tugged on his collar again (he could never get enough of it, or the way Shane's freckles stood out from the resulting blush), to pull him into another kiss.

This one was less frantic, and Shane opened for him sweetly when Ilya slid his tongue along the seam of his lips. Ilya pulled back and enjoyed the way Shane swayed into him, chasing the kiss. The cute little pout on Shane's lips when he met air was too adorable not to kiss again.

Ilya pulled back and folded the rope in half. Shane tracked each movement of his hands with eager eyes as Ilya looped the rope several times around his ribs, between his shoulders, and over his pecs, forming the start of one of Shane's favorite harnesses.

Ilya walked behind Shane and folded his arms behind his back so that Shane's forearms lay against each other. After Ilya circled them with rope, he pulled up and looped the rope around the overlapping ropes at Shane's upper back so the harness pulled Shane's chest up and shoulders back—perfect for what Ilya had in mind later.

Ilya finished off the harness with several loops around Shane's upper arms to pull them tight against his sides. His hands tenderly moved over the ropes, knots, and places where the rope

overlapped, smoothing the ropes and sliding fingers under and tugging to ensure they weren't too tight.

They had done this many times before, but it always weighed on the back of his mind that while Shane was stronger than normal humans, Ilya's strength was almost immeasurable compared to his. When he walked back around to face Shane, his eyes were shut, and a small, content smile played on his lips, soothing the last of Ilya's worries.

The white of the collar and silver of the cross contrasted beautifully with the wine-red shade of the rope and Shane's tan, reddened skin.

"Is anything cold, losing feeling, or hurting?" Ilya asked gently.

Shane shook his head no, and Ilya hooked a finger under Shane's chin and pulled it up until Shane's eyes fluttered open to stare into Ilya's. Shane leaned into the touch even as he seemed to melt into the harness's binding embrace.

"Try again," Ilya chastised, amusement coloring his voice.

"Everything feels good, My Lord," Shane murmured. Ilya enjoyed his title and the benefits that came with it (not so much the family), but never as much as when Shane used it, or even used the rare "My Prince."

Ilya sat on the edge of the chair and tugged on Shane's ropes until Shane was bent over his knee. Ilya used one hand to firmly hold onto the overlapping bundle of ropes at the back of Shane's harness, and the other caressed his ass.

He kneaded at the taught, muscled flesh, and asked just to hear Shane say it again, "How many did you earn?"

"S-seven, My Lord," Shane stuttered.

Ilya hummed in approval, and without warning, slapped Shane's ass, hard. A delightful red imprint of his hand appeared on Shane's skin, and he sucked in a sharp breath. Ilya soothed the flushed skin with his hand before delivering the next three in sharp succession.

By the second, Shane was squirming, and by the third, his breath was coming in sharp, short gasps. Ilya liked his game where Shane had to keep quiet, but he liked pulling sounds out of Shane even more.

His ass glowed a beautiful, bright red, and Ilya couldn't resist running his hand under Shane to stroke his cock. "Already hard for me again?" He teased, "Of course you are. Such a good little slut for me."

He mercilessly delivered the next two blows, harder than the ones before. Shane's hips jerked, and he cried out. Ilya delighted in his soft whine when Ilya taunted, "Who knew perfect, Shane Hollander liked being so naughty?"

As Ilya massaged the sting away from the marks he already knew were going to bruise, he continued in a low voice, "Such a mess for my fangs. Sitting on my cock and taking my bite

like you were made for it."

Shane's entire body shuddered, and Ilya pushed Shane's farther leg away from their bodies so that his rosebud was on full display. "So loud when you came from my bite." Ilya brought his hand down one last time, hard, directly on Shane's puckered opening.

Shane let out a hoarse yell and went completely limp over Ilya's lap. Ilya bent and laved at the delicate reddening skin. It wasn't long before Shane began squirming and panting again as Ilya thrust his tongue past the muscle and continued to lick and plunge his tongue in and out of the tight ring.

Ilya pulled back and peppered the skin he could reach with kisses as he murmured soft praises. When Shane seemed to have recovered, Ilya gently pulled him back up to standing and checked over the bindings again.

He delighted in the little yelp and small glower he got out of Shane when he pinched his ass after Shane was too dazed to answer his question about how the ropes felt again.

His smirk turned wicked when he picked up the polished, wooden dildo and held it before Shane. Without fail, his face turned bright red, highlighting the lovely freckles Ilya wanted to make star maps with.

Ilya made a show of oiling the wood and enjoyed the sound of Shane's heartbeat quickening. Ilya, still facing Shane, reached around him and pushed the head of the wooden cock against Shane's opening. "Would you like to know what it feels like to be *staked*, Shane Hollander?" Ilya asked with a salacious lilt to his voice.

Shane's irises were almost completely blotted out by his pupils when he whimpered out a soft, desperate, "Yes."

Ilya slowly, taking his time, pushed and twisted the dildo in, watching all of the small, unguarded expressions Shane made just for him, with ravenous eyes. He wanted to keep Shane and his beautiful submission from the prying, cruel eyes of the rest of the world.

He wanted to live in a world where he could be with his lover, without the unbearable weight of their countries' expectations and the constant fear of discovery and death.

Shane's quiet, unbidden moan as the last of the toy's shaft slid in pulled Ilya from his dark musings.

Ilya stepped back and made a show of pulling his shirt off, then his pants and underwear. Shane's eyes went straight to his hard, aching cock. "Kneel," Ilya commanded.

Shane's pretty, blissful expression immediately twisted into a glare, and Ilya grinned back. It was not a small toy, and it rivaled him in length, so kneeling with it inside Shane was a bit of a chore—especially with his arms bound and ass sore.

Too bad Ilya enjoyed bestowing delightful torment, though, not nearly as much as Shane enjoyed receiving it. He clucked his tongue in disapproval when Shane didn't move fast

enough.

His eyes danced with amusement, and a smile played on his lips as he watched Shane slowly maneuver his way to the floor, ready to catch him if needed. It was never needed. Shane took being a Hunter and Yuna Hollander's son, incredibly seriously. Ilya was sure his flexibility and strength training would put all other Hunters to shame.

Ilya watched a small grimace cross Shane's face as he settled his backside on his heels. He looked beautiful, kneeling there and glaring up at Ilya through thick, dark eyelashes.

"You are already little sore?" Ilya couldn't help but ask innocently.

"No, My Lord," Shane immediately countered. Ah, he loved Shane's competitive streak. It would help with what he had planned next.

Ilya walked to where the box sat and pulled out several objects. He settled his crown on his head and walked back. Shane's hungry eyes devoured the intricate gold circlet nestled in Ilya's light brown curls. He knew he looked good in it, but unfortunately for Shane, this view would be short-lived.

Ilya pulled the crown off his head and crouched down to place it in one of Shane's hands. Shane stared at him with a curious, hungry gleam in his eyes.

"You can't tap my leg like this," Ilya said, tugging on Shane's harness. He watched as realization entered Shane's eyes, "Instead of saying 'mercy' or 'grace' you will drop this on floor, and I will stop. Okay?"

"Yes, My Lord," Shane murmured.

"Repeat to me what you will do," Ilya ordered.

"I'll drop your crown if I want you to stop," Shane parroted back.

Ilya smiled. "Good boy." He then pulled out the familiar leather and metal gag, shaped like a large O.

"Open," he ordered softly. Shane's mouth fell open without hesitation, and Ilya listened to the familiar sound of his heart rate picking up with anticipation.

When Ilya stood back up, he took a moment to admire the picture in front of him. Perfect Hunter Shane Hollander kneeling, holding Ilya's crown, wearing Ilya's ropes, Ilya's ring gag, Ilya's cross, and finally, his own clerical collar.

Ilya's eyes zeroed in on the perfect white band circling Shane's throat.

Fuck.

Shane's beautiful brown eyes stared up at Ilya hungrily as Ilya lined his cock up with Shane's mouth. It was like the sweetest agony when he pushed into his soft, inviting mouth. Ilya let

out a sharp gasp and stopped right at Shane's usual limit. He threaded both hands into Shane's hair, fisting them and enjoying the vibration of Shane's moan traveling through his cock.

He wanted to be in Shane's throat.

Ilya slowly pushed his cock in and out, not pushing Shane's limits just yet, and enjoyed the feeling of Shane's tongue running along the underside of his member.

"Fuck, is like you were made for this," Ilya grunted as Shane swirled his tongue over Ilya's head.

Ilya continued, slowly pushing in and out. "Perfect, Shane Hollander, sucking my cock."

He tightened his grip on Shane's hair again and pushed until he was touching the back of Shane's throat. Shane's body jerked as he gagged.

Ilya pushed again, gently, and held himself there. Shane gagged again, and Ilya watched as tears welled in his eyes.

Ilya's eyes darted toward the crown.

Still in Shane's hand.

"You like choking on my cock?" He growled.

An answering hum vibrated through Ilya, and he moaned. Ilya pushed a little further, watching as Shane choked and stilled again. He pulled out to give Shane room to breathe and removed a hand from Shane's hair to brush away the tears and run his fingers across Shane's freckles.

There would be many more if Ilya had his way. "You cry so pretty for me," he murmured. Shane shivered and pushed his head forward.

"Greedy," Ilya laughed softly, and obliged, returning both hands to Shane's hair and pushing his cock slowly back to where it just had been.

They continued this dance, with Ilya gently pushing farther and farther, and Shane choking but overcoming his gag reflex each time. Ilya moaned each time he felt Shane's throat tighten around his cock.

Eventually, Ilya was fully seated in Shane's throat. He pulled a hand out of Shane's hair to touch the bulge in his throat, and tightened the grip of his other hand in Shane's hair to feel the vibration of the resulting moan on his hand and cock.

It was fucking exquisite.

Shane was still holding the crown.

Tears streamed down Shane's face as Ilya began slowly fucking in and out of his mouth. Ilya tugged on Shane's hair in time with his thrusts and gave him room to breathe every couple of

strokes.

When Ilya finally came, he pulled out and decorated Shane's face with ropes of his cum.

Ears ringing from the force of his orgasm, Ilya watched as Shane licked the semen he could reach past the gag on his lips. The First Minister's son was thoroughly debauched.

Ilya wanted to ravage that mouth. But first—

He crouched down. Gently, and methodically, he massaged blood back into Shane's legs. As soon as he could stand steadily, Ilya unbuckled the gag and pulled it off, kissing the light pink lines it left on Shane's cheeks. Ilya continued, peppering Shane's face with kisses until he licked up all the tears, not caring that it mixed with some of his own cum.

Finally, Ilya pressed a hard, possessive kiss to Shane's mouth. The salt of Shane's tears and Ilya's spend mixed with the taste Ilya knew to be Shane. Shane melted into him, and Ilya wrapped his arms around the Hunter, opening his mouth to deepen the kiss.

Fuck, he loved him. Without breaking the kiss, Ilya gently pulled the crown out of Shane's hand and reverently placed it on Shane's head. He pulled back to see Shane's wide, startled eyes. Ilya wore his late mother's crown much to his father's consternation. He let himself imagine for a moment what life would be like with Shane as his consort, wearing the crown . . .

Ilya was gentle as he took the rope off and massaged Shane's muscles, rubbing at the places the ropes had lain against his skin. He peppered kisses along Shane's shoulders, chest, and wrists, tantalizingly scraping his teeth along all of the places he'd bitten Shane before.

Shane shivered and let out soft, needy whimpers as Ilya continued kissing along his body until he reached Shane's mouth again. Ilya brought a hand down to Shane's cock and began giving slow, firm strokes. His surprise for Shane would be easier if he were soft, but Shane had been as hard as a fucking rock since the spanking.

Shane moaned into Ilya's mouth as Ilya's hand drifted down to fondle his balls and gently tug on them. Dropping to his knees, Ilya swallowed Shane's cock. Shane buried his hands in Ilya's curls and ran his hands through Ilya's hair, the way Ilya liked it.

Ilya ran a hand around back to pull and twist the wooden cock still buried in him.

Shane came with a hoarse shout, and Ilya lapped up every last bit of his cum. Blood wasn't the only thing he loved drinking from Shane.

Shane let out another choked moan as Ilya pulled the dildo the rest of the way out. Ilya pushed three fingers in, enjoying how easily they slid in, and Shane swayed.

"Such a good boy," Ilya praised, and picked up and carried his practically boneless prize to the bedroom. Shane flopped onto the bed when Ilya deposited him there. He picked up the goblet of water he'd prepared for this from the nightstand and pulled Shane into a sitting position.

"Open up," he demanded softly. Shane, ever-obedient, immediately opened his mouth, but kept his eyes closed. Something in Ilya's chest tightened at the display of complete trust. He pressed the rim of the goblet against Shane's lips for him to drink.

Shane, once he realized what Ilya was holding, brought his hands up to hold the goblet and drank every last drop.

"More?" Ilya asked. Shane opened his eyes and shook his head no, but immediately corrected to a hasty, "No, My Lord," at Ilya's raised eyebrow.

He wasn't quite done yet.

Shane turned his face up as Ilya gently wiped the remainder of their activities in the library from his face with a damp washcloth. The cool cloth felt heavenly, and Shane leaned into it. Ilya left the cloth on his face with a soft laugh as he walked over to the end of the bed.

Shane lay back on the bed. He didn't know what Ilya had in mind, but he hoped it involved Ilya fucking him. Quiet clinking finally got Shane to pull the washcloth off his face. Ilya was standing at the end of the bed, holding familiar leather cuffs in his hands.

Shane eagerly crawled to the end of the bed and thrust his wrists out for Ilya. A sudden burst of emotion closed his throat as he watched Ilya kiss each inner wrist before buckling the leather on them.

Fuck, he loved this stupidly sweet vampire.

He was so fucked.

There was no way he'd ever be able to kill him.

Ilya tugged sharply on Shane's wrists and spun him so that he was standing, facing the bed. Shane felt a frisson of anticipation dance down his spine as Ilya attached his wrists to the chains dangling from the two posts at the end of the bed. He was standing, just barely able to keep his feet flat on the floor with his arms spread out and up.

Ilya tugged on the clerical collar again before lifting the cross from Shane's neck. Shane allowed his mind to wander as he slumped into the restraints.

Much to Shane's surprise, Ilya sat on the bed so that he bracketed Shane's legs with his own. There was a tray on the bed beside him containing a bowl of the oil they used and the cross, stipes now gleaming with oil.

Oh. *Oh*. They'd only ever talked about this. Shane felt stupid for not recognizing the cross for what it was earlier.

What did it say about him that anticipation overcame the shame he felt from seeing a religious symbol being used for *that*? What would his people—no, his mother say?

Ilya's eyes danced with that eerie, animalistic glint, reminding Shane that he was in the presence of a predator.

Ilya must have picked up on the quickened breathing and accelerating heart rate because he looked up at Shane and asked, "You remember your words?"

Shane let out a quick, airy, "Yes, My Lord."

A sharp, quick slap on his inner thigh and an amused, "relax," made Shane realize he'd locked up the muscles in his body. Shane took a deep breath and consciously relaxed his muscles.

"My perfect little zolotse, you listen so well," Ilya murmured as he cupped Shane's cock. Shane burned with the praise, shame, and something else as he watched Ilya bring the end of the crucifix to the slit at the head of Shane's cock.

He gasped as it went in. The feeling was like nothing he'd ever experienced before. Ilya had a wicked smirk on his face as he pushed the shaft of the cross in a little further and twirled it.

Shane's hips jerked, driving the crucifix in a little deeper, and he let out a whimper; the swirling pattern of the shaft making it easier for it to slip and putting the nerves at the head of his cock into overdrive.

"Fuck, Hollander," Ilya groaned, twirling the crucifix and pushing it deeper. Shane was only capable of letting out more whimpers and soft gasps as his cock felt impossibly full. "You take cross so well, like serving it is your purpose."

Another moan escaped Shane's lips that sounded more like a sob. The clerical collar felt almost too tight against his throat as he swallowed his next cry. He distantly thought about what the holy silver must be doing to Ilya's hands, but the thought fled.

"Poor Hollander," Ilya continued with a dark, amused lilt to his voice. He buried the shaft all the way in and began twirling it as Shane uttered another cry. "Look at what mess you are, serving your Lord so faithfully."

Shane's mind blanked with exquisite agony as he came with the crucifix still buried in him. His spine and feet tingled, and the ragged feeling in his throat let him know that he'd screamed himself hoarse.

Through bleary eyes, he could see Ilya's immensely satisfied smile. The next time he blinked, Ilya no longer sat in front of him, and instead, his blunt head was pushing at Shane's entrance.

The crucifix was still buried in Shane, and his body felt like a live wire. He didn't know if he could take being fucked like this. Ilya, ever the mind-reader, nibbled on his earlobe before asking, "Does my little dove need some grace?"

Shane took several more deep breaths. The electric feeling subsided until just his cock felt like a gentle breeze would tip him over the edge again. He took another deep breath, letting

his mind relax into the sweet agony. "No, My Lord," Shane responded, pushing his hips back on Ilya's cock where it was teasing his opening.

Ilya tutted and pulled his hips away. Shane let out a needy whine, and Ilya nipped at Shane's neck just under his collar.

Ilya tugged on his collar from behind until it just barely cut into his skin. Shane's breathing picked up as Ilya's other hand slid up Shane's chest until he was cupping Shane's throat, fingers just under his jaw. Ilya pressed on the sides of Shane's throat as he tipped it back until Shane was baring it in its entirety.

"Beg," Ilya breathed into Shane's ear. Shane's mind was a swirl of his overstimulated nerves, burning need, and the heady feeling he got when completely at Ilya's mercy.

The words formed on Shane's tongue without thinking. "Please, My Lord," Shane begged, "Fuck me. Give me your cock."

When Ilya didn't move his hands, Shane gasped out, "I live to serve you. I need you, I need your cock in me. Please, My Pr—"

Shane's begging was cut off by Ilya grabbing his hips and thrusting hard into Shane with one smooth motion. He cried out as the crucifix slid out a little, and Ilya groaned a long, low, "Fuuuuck."

Ilya brought a hand to the crucifix and twirled it as he gently pushed his cock in and out in time with the crucifix, brushing against Shane's prostate with every stroke.

Shane's world was a blur of colors, sounds, and sensations. Sharp pleasure lit Shane's body from his spine down to the soles of his feet, and Shane whimpered as he swayed.

He didn't know how long he could take this. The next several minutes were a medley of Shane's choked moans and needy whimpers, and Ilya's low groans as Shane's muscles involuntarily tightened with each thrust.

"Oh, God," Shane gasped desperately.

"Who is your God?" Ilya demanded in a low, dark voice.

"You, My Lord," Shane nearly sobbed.

Ilya picked up speed, holding the crucifix out just far enough that with each thrust, Shane fucked himself on it.

Shane was just barely present to hear Ilya growl, "What would the Hunters say if they could see their chosen one now?"

Shane's core tightened to the point of pain.

"Such a greedy, little slut. Being fucked by my cock and my cross." Ilya groaned loudly as Shane's muscles clamped down hard with his words. "Will you take my teeth too?"

Shane saw white as his orgasm slammed into him. His mouth was open in a scream, but he wasn't sure any sound was coming out. All he could hear was Ilya's moan as he sucked on Shane's neck.

There was no more agony, pleasurable or otherwise. Just bliss.

He barely felt Ilya pull his teeth or cock out. Shane's hips gave one last involuntary jerk when Ilya finally removed the crucifix. There were soft, soothing, shushing sounds as Ilya tenderly wiped Shane's tears. He hadn't even realized he was crying again. Ilya kissed all over his nose, eyelids, and cheeks, before softly murmuring something that was lost to Shane.

Gentle hands wiped him clean and then unhooked him from the bed frame. Shane melted into Ilya as his talented hands massaged the last of any soreness from his shoulders, arms, and wrists.

Shane came to some time later, wrapped in a blanket and lying on Ilya's chest as Ilya's hand stroked Shane's hair. He wished he could stay here, in this moment, forever.

Of course, the vampire with the stupid vampire hearing immediately picked up on the change in his pulse. "Back with me?" Ilya asked gently.

Shane groaned unintelligibly and felt Ilya shake with quiet laughter under him.

"Come on, zolotse, we must get food and water in you."

"Noooooooo," Shane moaned, turning his face into Ilya's shoulder. But it was too late, Shane was already being carried to the plush chair in front of the fire, where a table laden with Ilya's favorite things to feed Shane was.

Shane drank the broth greedily as soon as he smelled it. He just barely caught Ilya's eyeroll before he perched on the arm of the chair. Ilya was unfortunately wearing pants again, so there wasn't much to look at as he ate.

He went for the bowl with leafy greens next. Ilya swore it helped his blood supply, and Shane wasn't going to question that. Ilya ran his hand through Shane's hair and along his shoulders as Shane ate, lingering where the faint puncture marks, visible to only Ilya's eyes now, decorated Shane's skin.

After Shane finished the strips of dried, seasoned red meat—also something Ilya swore helped his blood, which made a little more sense—Ilya asked, "So where does the great Yuna Hollander think her son is this time?"

Shane felt the tips of his ears heat and his face flush. Ilya leaned down, and Shane tilted his face up so that Ilya could brush a soft kiss across his lips. Ilya stroked a reverent thumb across Shane's freckles when he pulled back.

"On a short sabbatical to get closer to God," Shane muttered, embarrassed.

Ilya snorted. "And did you get closer?" Shane whacked Ilya's arm, shame and desire turning his face red again as he vaguely remembered calling Ilya his god and the crucifix.

Oh my God, the crucifix.

Shane snatched up Ilya's hands to inspect them for burns from the silver. Whatever the crucifix did to Ilya's hands, the marks were already fading. Shane ran gentle fingers over the marks and looked up at Ilya with worry and exasperation. "Silver, really, Ilya?"

Ilya shrugged carelessly. "Your crosses are all silver."

"This didn't have to be a real cross," Shane said flatly.

Ilya leaned down, pulling his hands out of Shane's and cradling his face, "But you would not have enjoyed as much if it was not real. And this way pious Shane Hollander can wear it for me," he dropped his voice, "*every day*."

A satisfied smile stretched across Ilya's face as he watched Shane's, at this point ever-present, blush deepen.

Ilya pulled the cross out of his pocket and draped it over Shane again. He hooked a finger under the not-so-perfectly starched and white collar and tugged.

Ilya's breath brushed over Shane's lips when he leaned down. "We should do this again. I like fucking you like this."

Shane closed the distance and pressed his lips to Ilya's.

Ilya was his altar, and he'd be worshiping at it as long as he could.

Maius - 33 A.E.

Ilya stood alone, hands behind his back, in the great hall of the citadel as he waited for the Hunters to approach. No longer Prince Ilya, he wore his father's crown, having disposed of his father and brother long ago.

His fists clenched and unclenched as the time dragged. He and his council of advisors (after he'd gotten rid of his father's sympathizers) had worked tirelessly over the last two years to create a lasting peace treaty between the vampires and Hunters.

Peace was so close he could almost taste it.

(It tasted a bit like Shane's mouth)

The doors finally creaked open and sunlight spilled into the room. Three figures stood silhouetted by the light—as if reinforcing that they were their god's chosen. He had to give points for drama.

Ilya hungrily traced the figures with his eyes until he found Shane. He looked much the same. Healthy, dressed in just clerical robes, with his beautiful freckles adorning his face. As agreed, only Yuna, her husband (David?), and Shane were here.

Yuna was the first to say something after sizing him up. Her gaze hardened when it met his eyes. He knew what they looked like—like two polished coins reflecting the sunlight—the tell Hunters looked for when killing his people. "King Ilya," she paused, a tinge of disbelief coloring her voice, "you really want peace?"

He almost snorted. As if he hadn't spent every waking moment since ending his father's cruel reign working toward this. "Yes, First Minister. I am not my father. This war is pointless and a waste of our countries' people and resources."

Maybe that was a little blunt, but Yuna seemed like the type of woman to respect directness.

"And you believe marriage will convince your people to accept peace, when you and your country have never met my son outside of battle?" She asked a bit skeptically.

They'd discussed this ad nauseam in countless letters, and Ilya held himself back from saying that. Instead, settling for a simple, "Yes."

"Shane?" She asked, turning to her son. The simple word loaded with so much meaning. Shane smiled his pretty, reassuring smile, "I promise I'm oka—that I want to do this."

She nodded, turning back to face Ilya. "You will not hurt my son." Yuna somehow made the simple statement sound like a warning, demand, and question all at once. Formidable woman. He could see why she led the Hunters.

Ilya slid his eyes to Shane, who had pulled a *very* familiar crucifix out from under his robes and was nervously rubbing it between his fingers. "Yes, he will come to no *true* harm by my hand," Ilya vowed.

Shane blushed at the insinuation, and Ilya watched as Yuna's eyes narrowed on them. He had no idea how Shane hid his trysts with Ilya from his mother for this long. Less than ten minutes with her, and she was on the verge of discovering their most closely held secret.

Oops.

He couldn't really bring himself to regret that.

Ilya finally pulled his hands out from behind his back, holding out his mother's circlet. He approached Shane, but stopped just far enough away to keep himself from doing something stupid, like kissing him in front of his terrifying mother.

"May I?" Ilya asked, almost reverently.

Shane nodded, and Ilya quirked an eyebrow. His hasty, "Yes, My Lord," made Ilya's lips twitch a little.

Yuna's muttered, "It's Your Majesty now, Shane," was lost on both of them. Ilya's hands trembled as he lowered the circlet onto Shane's head.

The sunshine from the open doors glinted off the crown and formed a halo around Shane's head.

"Fuck it," he muttered and pulled Shane into his arms before kissing him hard. He swallowed Shane's surprised moan.

The last thing Ilya saw before getting lost in Shane's mouth was David's knowing smirk.

End Notes

Two weeks with my parents and I'm apparently clawing at the bars of my childhood's strict, religious enclosure. Starting the new year strong with this one guys.

Comments welcome!

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