

beyond redemption

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by [blankjournals](#)

Summary

“Don’t they still hurt, Ilya?”

“I should not. I can hurt—”

“What about here? You have fed from here before,” Shane asks, a mischievous look in his eyes, as he brings Ilya’s hand up to rest on the outer part of his shoulder.

Fed, God, it makes him feel like a child that needs to be taken care of. Lazy, cannot even catch his own food—

“Let me help,” Shane whispers, “Let me keep them warm as well.”

OR: the vampire Ilya smut no one asked for, ft human Shane inventing the concept of fang-warming.

Notes

based on this tweet [here](#). god bless.

inspiration from this poem [here](#).

beta read by 3 people, im sorry and I love you: [jukoist](#), [prettyshadow](#), [CharlieDC](#).

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

There were very few moments in Ilya Rozanov's life when he ever felt thankful for his Father. Thankful, not indebted, as he was so often made to feel, as if he'd begged to be brought into this world. Kicking and crying and shrieking, taking too much from his mother.

He doubts his mama would be happy to know what Ilya thinks of himself: a parasite who took too much from her, her body accommodating for him beyond her limits, depleting her of nutrition so he could grow. Stealing her sleepless nights, snatching her time and energy.

Maybe if she had been allowed to be a person, not just Grigori Rozanov's wife, not only the mother of Ilya and Andrei, but the gentle soul he remembers her as, who loved to skate and read historical novels, who believed in God. Maybe if she had been allowed to be *Irina*, here on this Earth, she would not have felt the need to seek herself somewhere else. To seek a God somewhere else, when the worst of His creations was living in her citadel, shackled in marriage with him.

"Too Human," his Father would say when recalling her, disdain curling in his mouth at the mention of the mother of his children. Anything to explain why she took her own life—to deflect the blame, to have it ricochet off his own chest and land back in his poor mama's grave. "Her humanity made her weak", his Father would teach him.

I believe her humanity made her a Goddess, Ilya thinks. Her kindness alone could have kept her youthful. Immortal, truly forever.

Immortality, a curse, on most days; a punishment to live in uncanny oblivion. A gift, on very rare days, when he found himself thankful, only slightly, for his Father, for passing it on to him. It lined up enough for him to still be "alive" and young when he met Shane, even if he was a monster.

Ah, maybe not a monster. Shane would not like to hear that.

His Vampire-half, for all intents and purposes.

Ilya did not age like most people. Nor did he age like most Vampires. Somewhere in the messy, fucked-up biology that resulted from a Vampire "mating" with a Human, Ilya became an aberration to the sequence of aging. He would live for a very long time, but even the most severe acts of violence and injury could not be mended by his peculiar gift.

This variant of immortality came with another cruel side effect: his inability to grow up. Quite literally. It made no sense. Andrei did not have this problem. Ilya had aged even more slowly than full Humans. For a very long time, he was twelve years old—the boy who found his mother dead, with an empty bottle of pills at her side.

Imprisoned in that child's mind for far too long, grieving, unable to comprehend the world with any more wisdom than a young teen could.

God, how he wanted to grow up. He longed to learn how to tune out his thoughts and feelings, to become selfish the way he'd seen other adults do.

But everything changed when he met Shane, right at the cusp of adulthood. His Fated Pair. His soulmate. His everything. My person родной мой.

Shane, his perfect Shane. His Human. His awareness, his saviour from a lifetime of perpetual twilight, neither alive nor dead.

Shane was a vow that time would not stretch on endlessly—at least, not always. With him, Ilya would have a lifetime of golden hours: ephemeral, precious memories engraved in the very folds of his being.

Shane was like a sunset, a promise that he could grow old alongside him; that when the day came, and Shane did not rise with him, Ilya would not face the Dawn alone for too long. He would not be damned for eternity, condemned to centuries of haunted longing. His immortality would yield—at last—to the solar love of their bond, his Fated Pair. Reunion was a sacred oath.

Ilya can't help it, thinking about all this, maybe a bit too introspective when his entire focus should be on Shane. But how can he not, when every time with Shane feels like the first, a revelation.

His husband is laid out before him, forehead pressed into the sheets between his elbows, knees parted, hips arched up in offering. Beautiful красивый. Just for him, no one else.

His cock, slick and heavy in his hand, lines up with Shane, the head catching at the rim as he teases him. He could probably come just like this, rutting against him. But Shane has been so good for him, and nothing brings Ilya more joy than rewarding him.

He pushes in, forcing himself to tear his gaze away from the sight of himself disappearing inside Shane, because he needs to watch his face, needs to be sure he is okay. But Shane is his husband, and they've been doing this for a long time; Ilya can tell, just from his sounds and the rhythm of his breathing, when it's *too* much and when it's *not* enough.

Shane's answering moan, the muffled *yes, yes, yes* into the sheets, is all the proof Ilya needs to keep moving, slowly and steadily, until he's fully sheathed and flush against Shane's body.

"Okay?" Ilya asks, voice rough with restraint, eyes squeezing shut as Shane's heat envelops him.

"Yes—*oh*—good, I'm good," Shane manages, turning his head just enough to look back at him through half-lidded eyes.

Ilya can't kiss him from this angle, but he still leans his entire body forward, his cross necklace dangling between them, pressing a chaste kiss to the nape of Shane's neck, right where his freckles are speckled. Then lower, between his shoulder blades. A small moment that says: *I have you. I am here.* Shane hums in contentment, melting even further into the sheets before pushing his hips back, urging Ilya to move.

Ilya almost rolls his eyes at his urgency. Shane is *dangerous* when he lets his desire show.

He squeezes Shane's hips in silent warning because he can. Because Shane has asked him to leave bruises in places Ilya hadn't realized could be a turn-on for either of them.

He pulls all the way out, till just the tip of his cock catches at the ring of muscles, enough for Ilya to properly look again and be mesmerized by how well Shane's body opens up for him. Making room for him, before he's thrusting back in one long, hard stroke.

Shane cries out beneath him, and Ilya makes it a game, wondering if Shane will manage to get back up on his hands, or if Ilya can fuck him so thoroughly he's left sprawled and pliant, hand scrambling for purchase. He presses a steadying hand between his shoulder blades, keeping him chest down and ass up.

"Ilya—*fuck*—feels so good," Shane gasps, his breath coming out ragged.

"You always take it so well, *Hollander*. Can't help it, can you? Being like this, so easy, just for me," Ilya teases from behind, his voice low and possessive.

Shane lets out an embarrassing mawl, burying his face deeper into the sheets. His entire body is flushed, suffused with raw need. Ilya can imagine the glare Shane would have tried to send him for calling him *easy* if they were face-to-face.

Oh, but he is—so easy for Ilya, in these moments. Devout, willing to listen, to do as Ilya asks. Eager to obey, especially when Ilya's voice takes on that commanding tone. Eager to please, to offer himself up as if in supplication. It makes Ilya feel powerful, like a God with his most precious disciple kneeling before him. But he wonders, too, if Shane feels equally exalted for possessing the kind of devotion any immortal would chase for centuries, just to be worthy of his surrender.

He doesn't hold back, snapping his hips forward in quick, forceful thrusts that make Shane jolt beneath him. The slap of skin against skin grows louder and obscene as Ilya pounds into him, fingers digging bruises into his hips.

Shane's fists twist uselessly in the sheets, his body shoving back to meet every thrust, the bed creaking beneath their movements. Each time Ilya drives in, Shane makes a broken sound, his body clamping down like he's desperate to keep Ilya inside him, every withdrawal leaving him empty and twitching for more. The slick pull of Shane around him is overwhelming; a heat Ilya never wants to escape, a warmth he has only ever found with Shane.

Ilya's body is a cold and desolate place. Somewhere between chthonic hunger and human longing. He forgets he has a heart that still works, slow, barely there, a pulse nonetheless. Sometimes he wonders if it frightens Shane when he's pressed up against Ilya's chest, ear flush to his skin, waiting and waiting to hear a heartbeat that takes its time, a muscle that only remembers to pump after long, silent pauses.

And even if Shane's heat wasn't gentle, even if it scorched and rotted his flesh, Ilya thinks he would still welcome it. It's a fire he's willing to let consume him, gladly, until nothing remains but ash and smoke.

“Close—I’m close—,” Shane slurs below him, thighs trembling, his whole body shuddering in anticipation.

Ilya skates his hand around to help, but Shane jerks his head in protest. “No—I can—I can come without.”

Ilya growls, the sound ripped from his chest, and has to count to five before he comes right then and there. Fuck. блять .

Impossible, his Shane is dangerous *and* impossible.

Ilya thrusts into Shane in earnest now, hips snapping forward with purpose, angling each movement until he finds that perfect spot deep inside. Shane’s answering whimper, high and utterly undone, tells Ilya he’s found it, and he doesn’t let up, driving into him again and again. Shane’s voice goes ragged, pitching high with exertion, fingers clawing at the sheets as pleasure overtakes him. And Ilya rewards him for his patience, offers his assent: "Come for me, Shane."

Ilya holds on, barely restraining himself, watching as Shane comes apart beneath him, soiling the sheets and his own chest with his release. It’s only then, with Shane trembling and spent, clenching impossibly tight around him, that Ilya finally lets go.

“Oh God, Shane, *Shane*,” Ilya moans out loudly, before he follows him over the edge, his own release seeking claim right inside him, filling him to the brim. *Mine*.

He hunches over the length of Shane's back, fingers clawing into his skin, bullying the blood vessels to rupture, as he tries to catch his breath, tries to blink back the spots from behind his eyes and get his limbs to start feeling solid again.

He lowers them gently to their side so Shane doesn't collapse into his own body fluids and make a mess of himself further. Ilya settles himself behind him, still pressed deep into him, hands making their rhythmic journey down the length of his frame to contain his shaking. As if he's trying to smooth out the sharp tremors of his body, willing it to relax.

He's mesmerized by the vision of his own hand, his wedding band glinting even in the dreamy low-light of their room, resting over Shane's skin possessively.

He presses a kiss to any piece of skin he can see and feel, his shoulder blades, the nape of his neck, the side of his neck, right where his vein is located and—

Ilya jerks his head back a little when he feels that familiar ache around the papilla of his canines.

Fuck—Shane’s jugular vein is always so pronounced after sex, and it’s never been a problem. Not really. Even when the sight of it gets Ilya’s cold heart jumping in a way nothing else can. He doesn’t even need to look; it’s like he can hear the rush of blood through his husband’s skin. His senses are always more acute in these moments—or maybe Shane’s blood, like the rest of him, likes to tease him.

He can smell the metallic tang, knows it would be a deep crimson maroon, and, lacking oxygen, that if it ever spilled, it would stain their sheets and never quite wash out. A crime scene in the making. Knows it would cling to his mouth, coat the back of his throat—

He pulls back quickly, trying to blink away the haze from his eyes, grits his teeth and wills his fangs to stay in place. He can already feel himself getting hard again, because, no surprise, the scent of his husband's blood gets him going. So he makes a move to pull out, hiking Shane's legs up slowly to free himself.

But he pauses when Shane whines from in front of him. "No—please, a little while longer."

Shane, I do not think I can. Anymore, and you will consume me. Or I will consume you.

But Ilya doesn't say any of that, clamps his mouth shut and presses his face against Shane's hair and nuzzles the area there. Tries to distract himself with the scent of his citrus shampoo, still coming through with the smell of sweat and musk from his damp strands.

I can do this, I can do this, Ilya tells himself stubbornly.

"Can we switch positions? I want to get on top," Shane asks, his hand reaching out behind him to squeeze Ilya's thighs.

I cannot do this. I am going to die—

"Okay, my love моя любовь," Ilya manages to say, his voice somehow sounding steady.

Ilya pulls out of Shane slowly, the combined visual of his hole opening and closing around nothing, his release spilling out of him, does not help in the slightest to settle his own erection. His husband is a true vision as he shifts and turns around, and it knocks the breath out of Ilya. To see him like this, dark hair mussed, lips bitten red and raw, and cheeks damp with tear stains over sun-kissed spots. Body and muscles glistening in sweat, his chest streaked lightly with his come. His eyes catch on the sprawling of hairs trailing down from Shane's navel. And somehow, he still manages to throw Ilya a soft little smile as he straddles his thighs.

Would it be weird to say Shane has never looked more handsome?

He loses his breath again as Shane lines Ilya's cock with his puffy rim, hissing in return as he sinks, and Ilya steadies his hips as he watches him go down, pubic bone to pubic bone.

Shane lets out a satisfied little sigh before he leans forward and rests his head on Ilya's shoulder, chest-to-chest, till Ilya can feel the thumping of his beating heart, his entire neck bared without even meaning to.

I am going to die, Ilya thinks weakly, as he shuts his eyes quickly, throwing his head back and trying to convince himself he doesn't know how to smell or see or feel.

His mouth aches again, and he pushes his tongue against his very back molar, an old habit meant to soothe himself.

He keeps his hands busy, trying to will away the restlessness in them as he strokes Shane up and down, his back, the little dimples right at the base of his spine. He dips his thumbs into them, wildly wondering if he can indent them even further. Traces the familiar marbling of his stretch marks on his ass and thighs. Marks that have found a permanent home on his skin, proof of the hard work that Shane has embarked on to make his body perfect, perfect for his career, perfect for hockey. Stretched and developed beyond its capacity.

He thinks he's doing a good job at being nonchalant, of keeping himself in the moment. But he forgets, sometimes, that Shane doesn't need to understand the complexities and the concept of Fated Pairs within Vampires and what it means to be one. He is not perceptive of Ilya because he is his soulmate; he is his soulmate because he is the only one who truly understands him, or who makes the earnest effort to try.

And try he does to learn everything about Ilya, his history, his family, his biology. The anatomy of his monster and the temptation of his primal heart. He once said the word upyr (Vampire or ghoul in Slavic mythology) упырь to Ilya, when he revealed all this to him, and Shane had gone on an internet deep-dive into Vampires and Russian folklore. Ilya was so ridiculously endeared after the initial system-shock he received from hearing that word come out of Shane Hollander's mouth. Could not help but answer all of his questions, and there were many.

"Ilya," Shane's gentle voice calls from somewhere around him.

"Hm?" Ilya replies, keeping his eyes closed.

"You're shaking, is it too much? Need to go again?" Shane asks, his hand coming up to cradle Ilya's face.

"Totally fine," Ilya finally says, cracking his eyes open, and trying to send Shane a reassuring smile.

Shane studies him for a bit, eyebrows scrunching, and Ilya resists the urge to break eye contact. *Unfair*, Shane should be the one who is bad at keeping their gaze locked.

"Your eyes... they keep switching back and forth between hazel and red. Why are you doing that? Why are you trying to stop it?" Shane asks slowly, frowning at him.

Oh fuck, Ilya thinks, eyes going a little wide.

He lets out a rough laugh before he replies, "Ah, you know, how my Vampire side can be after sex," he tells him, sending him a grin that doesn't fully meet his eyes.

Which big mistake, because Shane's eyes zero in on his fangs that are starting to come out, pushing past bone and gums till they overlap with his teeth in the opposite arch.

Ilya instantly closes his mouth and tries to force his teeth to behave again. Gives up entirely on his eyes now that the jig is up, so he eases the pressure and lets them swirl and darken into the very colour of what he likes to drink the most.

“Oh,” Shane says, eyebrows going up, a look of realization settling on his face. “Are you hungry?” he asks.

Ilya swallows, even as his throat feels dry. “Yes—can eat after this, do not worry,”

Shane presses closer, an unreadable look in his eyes, “Like, human food?”

Ilya opens and closes his mouth before he says, “Yes. Do not need—I had animal blood one month ago, do not need it again so soon.”

Even though it tasted like, for lack of a better word, *shit*. Dull and bland. Doesn't matter what poor animal it's from. It's just a means to an end, to satiate his Vampire half. Nutrition. Energy. He wonders if his husband's whey protein smoothie tastes the same way.

Shane's hand creep up to his mouth, his fingers curving firmly around his chin, and his thumb resting against his lips, and Ilya immediately stills his hands.

“Shane,” he warns, a little breathless.

But Shane doesn't stop. The matching ring on Shane's finger digs into his chin, and he presses the pads of his thumbs harder against his lips. Ilya's mouth surrenders under the pressure. His thumb traces the gum surrounding his sharp canine, and Ilya almost whimpers, his breath catching in his throat. It's the same delicious mix of pain and pleasure he gets when he presses into day-old bruises, especially the ones Shane manages to leave on him, from his own fingernails, his mouth, his teeth.

It hurts, keeping them subdued *hurts*, like he's forcing his mouth to make room for something that shouldn't be there. A reverse extraction, an intrusion, creating a socket between tissue and bone and hoping it keeps its shape.

“Baby,” Shane says reverently, and *oh god*, his husband is not a dangerous man; he is a *cruel* man, Ilya thinks deliriously, calling him baby in this moment, as if he doesn't know how easily Ilya will fold for him. “Does it hurt?”

Ilya can't move; he watches Shane back, red irises glowing and locked in a permanent state of pleading and caution. He manages to move his head in a shaky nod.

Shane coos at him, and presses his fingers harder on the cusp of his teeth, and Ilya feels the last of his restraint fizz out of him, lets his fangs fully come out, lets it knick right into the meaty pad of Shane's thumb.

His husband lets out only a soft *oh* as his skin gives way to the sharp cut. Ilya grabs his hands before he does something stupid like pierce his entire finger on his teeth. But he keeps it in place, wraps his lips around it and takes a tentative lick and can't help the humiliating moan he lets out.

It's not his first time tasting Shane's blood. Ilya has, very enthusiastically in the past, licked away any and all bruises and cuts Shane has ever sustained.

But just like with everything else with Shane, every moment feels like it's happening for the first time.

The iron is always what he registers first, quenching him like a cold drink on a hot summer day, bringing his nerves to life. It's thinner than water, but stickier, embedding itself in the ridges of his tongue, becoming a part of him. He knows, even weeks later, when he's eating, he will still be able to taste the lingering ghost of Shane's plasma in his mouth.

He can already feel himself getting hard again, if he wasn't already, cock still perfectly nestled inside of Shane.

It starts like this, getting a bit of the taste, the heady bliss edging at the corners of his mind. And then, the persistent craving for *more more more*. Loss of control to his own obsession that fills him with shame and greed, because how can he have someone like Shane and not have every last morsel of him?

Shane takes his thumb out with a wet pop, the skin wrinkled and shiny with spit. It's rubbed raw and pink, but no longer bleeding, thanks to the healing properties of Ilya's saliva.

His fangs still ache, and Ilya is helpless to the images that form in his head, of sinking his teeth into the side of Shane's neck, where one of his jugular veins is, or the front, right where his carotid arteries run in parallel, to get a taste of the bright red blood there. Or maybe, his upper thigh, the triangle region right next to his groin, where the femoral artery starts and runs down to his knee.

He will not. He will never. Even if he thinks he can somehow safely do it, even if his saliva would help anesthetize the pain and stitch up the wound. He will not. And he would rather die in the compulsion of his addiction than risk losing his husband, no less by his own hands.

"Do you need more?" Shane asks in a hushed voice, and he looks like he is as undone as Ilya. His pupil blown wide and endless, freckles stark against rosy cheeks. Ilya can feel Shane's cock twitching to attention between them and tries not to incinerate right then and there.

He instead makes a strangled noise and goes to shake his head, but Shane presses forward, his breath ghosting over Ilya's mouth.

"Don't they still hurt, Ilya?"

"I should not. I can hurt—"

"What about here? You have fed from here before," Shane asks, a mischievous look in his eyes, as he brings Ilya's hand up to rest on the outer part of his shoulder.

Fed, God, it makes him feel like a child that needs to be taken care of. *Lazy*, cannot even catch his own food—

"Let me help," Shane whispers, "Let me keep them warm as well."

Ilya lets out a wounded noise before he surges forward, capturing Shane's lips in a bruising kiss. Shane groans against him, parting his lips to let Ilya press in deeper. Their tongues slide

together, slick with the copper tang of his blood, and Shane shudders, clutching at Ilya's shoulders as if he can't get close enough. Ilya feels a rush of satisfaction at how eagerly Shane takes from him, how much he seems to crave the blood as fiercely as Ilya does.

Then Shane's tongue retreats, just a little, like it's trying to outrun Ilya, and then he does something even more devastating with it.

He lets the tip of it trace the gingival margins of his left fang, slow kitten licks, and Ilya makes a choking sound at the back of his throat, his fingers tightening their hold on Shane's hip, not knowing whether he wants to push him away or pull him closer.

The tip of his tongue moves lower, tracing the length of the crown, a slow and teasing journey. Ilya twitches at the feeling, his enamel sensitive to the simplest touch. Then Shane moves closer, using both hands to keep his jaw in place as he twists his tongue on the underside, grazing the point where it is the sharpest. His tongue moves against the concave shape of it, against the dip, and he presses his tongue flat against it and pushes hard.

It sends lightning down Ilya's jaw and neck, all the way down to his toes, and the throbbing in his teeth intensifies tenfold. He can feel the pressure in his sinuses.

Ilya pulls away, panting heavily between them, hands coming up to firmly hold Shane's face even when his entire being feels like it's on the brink of ruin. "Tell me, sweetheart милый," Ilya says, his voice coming out as a plea, "tell me no. Tell me you do not want me to do this. Push me away, deny me permission."

Shane shakes his head, his own hands coming up to wipe at the corners of Ilya's eyes where tears have gathered, "I want you to, Ilya, please let me do this for you. It's been so long I—I like it too," he confesses. "Bite me, do it, I give you permission."

Ilya almost sobs at the relief of hearing those words, and he moves forward, pressing kisses over and over around Shane's neck, travelling down the slope of his shoulder till he reaches the outer part. Every patch of skin is praised with affection; my sunshine, my goodboy, my soul моё солнышко, мой хороший, душа моя.

"Just a little," Ilya whispers against Shane's skin, breath trembling in anticipation. "Will not hurt you," he murmurs, a promise. Shane only smiles, carding his fingers through Ilya's curls and drawing him closer, like he could soothe away every shadow of anxiety with a single touch.

Ilya's lips find the spot on Shane's shoulder, pressing kisses over the curve of muscle, the taste of salty skin, soft at first, then harder, like he's trying to prepare the area for what's to come. He knows this place, knows the exact angle, how to sink his canines into the muscle, pierce just beneath the surface, drawing blood from capillaries without ever touching an artery or vein. His fangs ache, burning with the need to taste, to take. It's with a sharp and hungry tear that he finally breaks skin and plunges into the familiar give of flesh.

His mouth fills again with the familiar metallic liquid, enough in volume for him to taste the sweetness of it. He knows it's there, even though Shane will never believe that a bunch of cells and platelets could taste like that. Ilya groans around the bite, senses narrowing to the

taste, the rush, the pure euphoria that drowns out every other thought. The world goes quiet, no hunger, no ache, no restless longing, just the molten warmth of Shane's blood, the addiction soothed, at least for now.

The world goes quiet, but he still listens for Shane, hears his sharp inhale, when he finally broke skin, the pained hiss when Ilya sucked harder and then, the guttural moan when the anesthetic kicked in, and all Shane could feel were the sparks at the base of his spine. It was like someone had found the source of all his liquid pleasure and was hell-bent on depriving him of every last drop of it.

Ilya wants to laugh because only Shane could offer him something like this. Offer his body up to placate his fangs, to soothe the throbbing, because that's apparently a very normal, everyday sort of thing to do.

Oh, the things his husband's mind comes up with. It would be almost exasperating, the way Shane makes it all seem so casual, if Ilya didn't know better. Shane isn't feigning innocence. He's more like an incubus, the world's first sex demon who's just discovered lust, laser-focused on inventing every kind of kink until they can all be traced back to him.

He feels Shane tense and then writhe around him, his own teeth clamping down above Ilya's clavicle. *Cute* is the only word Ilya can think of, because Humans do not have the strength to tear open someone's skin with just their teeth alone, that takes a whole other type of willpower. But it's cute watching Shane try to replicate his actions, not afraid to leave his imprints all over him.

And then Ilya feels the splash of warmth between them, and he realizes that Shane must have come, *again*, without any help. Just from Ilya biting him.

Ilya is pretty sure he had died at any point before this. Because nothing else could describe how he had gotten into this position, with his husband in his arms, still impaled on his cock, milking him for all he is worth, and his fangs sunk as equally comfortably inside Shane, his mouth dancing with the rawest form of his taste.

God, he wants Shane's blood to become a part of his; he wants it to run through his veins, wants his DNA to merge with his so it replicates over and over till he's nothing but Shane's, every part of his in his name. They can do an autopsy on his body and never find a trace of Grigori Rozanov again. Cut him up and make him bleed as they please, but it will not change who he belongs to. Bury their bodies together, and even the soil will taste nothing but his love for Shane in his decaying bones.

"Ilya," he hears Shane say above him, a small chuckle escaping his lips, and Ilya wonders how Shane can laugh at this moment when Ilya's entire world feels like it's going to implode.

"You're making such a mess, Rozanov," he says softly, kissing the top of his head, his hands mindlessly tracing the moles along his back.

Embarrassment floods through him, and Ilya tries to sweep his eyes down, at the trickle of blood escaping from around his fangs, the bit of it he is not able to keep in his mouth, not able to lick clean enough in time, running down his mouth and chin. Ilya whines against him,

part sorry, part shame. But none of it fills him with dread, none of it curdles in his stomach, hot and acidic. The way he was so used to feeling, whenever he was scolded, admonished, snapped at, growing up.

Shane's teasing never feels like that; his correction never does. Embarrassment, yes, the shy kind, the type that has butterflies dancing in his stomach instead of insects with razor-sharp teeth. The need to do better doesn't leave him feeling crippled with exhaustion and preemptive fear.

"It's okay, you'll clean me up, right, Ilya?"

Ilya makes a sound he hopes Shane understands as: *yes, yes, I promise I will. I will kiss the wounds over and over; trace them with my lips and caress them with my fingers, stare at them endlessly for being allowed to mark you like this.*

His eyes fight to stay open. His body is no longer its own; he feels none of it, as if gravity had stopped trying to hold him back and he's been allowed to freefloat in another realm. No other vices could ever replicate this: not the gentle buzz of alcohol, the satisfying rush of smoking, or the way any other drug used to dull away his pain.

This was something else, not just the taste of blood, but the taste of Shane, his Shane, everything and anything all at once. A solace that actually meant something, was not a lie, not a facade.

Ilya feels Shane push at him, but not to pull away, to lean further back on the bed, till Ilya's head is resting back on the pillow. His one hand stays curled around the back of Shane's neck, the other arm wrapped around his waist, making sure his cock stays inside him, still half-hard, but Ilya is in no rush to do anything about it right now.

Shane's blood is no longer spilling; Ilya's fangs keep most of it at bay, saliva doing the rest of the work. But being pressed chest to chest means some of the earlier blood slipping down his husband's arm and chest is now smeared across Ilya's own body, dark-red and brown, drying in tacky streaks. Not that he minds, he hopes his skin finds a way to absorb it instead.

The gold crucifix resting against his sternum is too stained crimson. Ilya wonders whether it's perhaps Shane's blood that will cleanse him from all sin.

"You can sleep," Shane says softly, his head pillowed next to him, hands still playing with his curls. "I'll wake you up if it gets too much."

His husband must really love him, Ilya thinks hazily. He has made such a mess of them, and he is still not rushing to clean them up.

Ilya traces little heart patterns on his back because his mouth is otherwise occupied, and even if it wasn't, he doesn't know if he would have been lucid enough to say anything. He thinks he hears himself purr, *purr*, like he's some dog. One monster was enough; now he is a beast, too?

And all it takes is relentless nudging, or that fond, vexing look Shane gives him, or hands gliding through his hair and scratching at his scalp.

He is not usually this compliant, he is a monster, he is vicious and menacing, and to be feared on the rink and off—

“Love you too,” Shane mumbles happily, his own eyes shutting.

His treacherous body surrenders, forced to accept this peace. He feels himself *preen* at hearing his husband tell him he loves him, like he hasn't heard the words a million times before. As greetings when they wake up, when the bed is warm from their body heat, and the morning light has barely begun to filter through the windows. Said through wide grins and teasing smirks when they're trying to make the other person laugh. Said loud from the players' bench, shouted over the roar of fans and teammates when Ilya sees Shane pull off another impossible breakaway. Said through hushed voices and breathy groans when they're bringing each other to completion. Said through shaky exhales and mournful eyes when they've gotten into arguments that don't get resolved right away.

Boring, that is what his Human is, and *safe* is what he makes Ilya feel.

He is not going to blame his Human side for giving in so easily, though, for being so soft and spellbound. Nothing from his Human side, the half gifted by his mama, can be considered a weakness.

Sometimes, Ilya can't tell if it's his Human side that loves Shane so vast and boundless it would die for him, or the monster in him that would kill for Shane and calls that feeling love. Maybe, for once, it doesn't matter. As ineffable as it is to explain. All he knows is every part of him—Human and Vampire, soul and sinner—agrees on this one thing: he loves Shane, wholly and ravenously.

Beyond redemption.

End Notes

if you have made it thus far, thank you, if you see spelling mistakes, i will get to it (eventually).

great way to put my human anatomy knowledge to use. my parents would be so proud.

also if it wasnt super clear, ilya is a half vampire, so even tho he does have immortality to a degree, because he met his fated pair, he will live longer then shane but, he will eventually die, and reunite with him (thanks to his human side and fated pair soulbound rules i made up).

thats all folks.

twt: @boywithhollanov

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