love you to death

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love you to death

by coastalcowgirl82

Summary

> Shane's breath immediately picked up, a natural response to being held under a predator's gaze. It always seemed to happen—his body reminding him that this was wrong, that he should be afraid, that this creature wanted to consume him.
>
> But Shane's mind never bothered to listen.

In which Ilya is a vampire, and Shane is his beloved, blood-supplying pet.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Shane was upset: there hadn't been any raspberries at the market. Ilya was supposed to be back tomorrow morning, and all he'd asked Shane to do was ensure that a honey-raspberry cake was made on the day of his arrival. When the maid had come back that morning and informed Shane that no farmer sold them, he hadn't believed her.

After spending nearly a full day looking for them himself, all across town, he'd come to the conclusion that she was right.

Now the sun was nearly down. It was a good thing Ilya was away; he could get in such a fuss if Shane wasn't home before dark. He was convinced some other vampire might try to feed from him, or he would be mugged by some assholes from town who knew that his master had money.

Nevermind that every vampire in a fifty-mile radius knew *exactly* who they would have to answer to, should a foreign bite be found on Shane's body. Nevermind that Shane was perfectly capable of taking care of himself.

Once Shane arrived at home, he used his key to unlock the front door and slipped inside the house. It was large and charming and beautiful, of course, with everything Shane could've possibly wanted, but right then, it was lonely. Especially in the evening, since the staff were gone. Shane felt absolutely pathetic. Three days without his Ilya, and he was falling apart at the seams.

Ilya would be back soon, Shane reminded himself, as he took off his shoes and coat. Perhaps he'd read a book for a while tonight, or take a hot bath. Maybe both. He wanted to unwind and relax, so that he'd be ready for when Ilya got home.

"You've been on an adventure."

The house should've been empty. Shane jumped, the unexpected voice startling him, even though he recognized it immediately—how could he not? Every muscle in his body went stiff, cold dread flooding his veins. He didn't know if it was his body's instinctual reaction to being in the presence of something predacious, or if it was his mind panicking at the thought of having disobeyed.

"I was only in town," Shane explained. He wasn't sure where in the room Ilya was. "I was trying to find raspberries, since you asked. Nobody carries them."

Wherever Ilya had been, it didn't matter. He appeared, seemingly from thin air, mere inches behind Shane. It took everything Shane had not to gasp from the shock. "Still, you know I like you home before dark."

"I know, I'm sorry." Shane turned to face Ilya. "I underestimated the distance, I guess."

"Hmm." Ilya looked him up and down, from his muddy shoes to his messy hair. He'd been in a rush, and it showed.

"I'll let it go," Ilya said, finally. "But next time, do not cut it so close."

"I won't," Shane promised. "How are you here?"

Ilya leaned down for a brief, *sweetheart-I'm-back* kiss, which Shane enjoyed despite its brevity. "Negotiations wrapped up quickly, so I came home early."

"Oh." Shane wasn't too familiar with how these things worked. It was high-level vampire stuff, he knew, but Ilya didn't like to talk about it. "How was your trip?"

"Was fine. Same as always. Come here." He beckoned Shane closer. "Turn around."

Shane already knew what Ilya wanted: access to the lock at the back of his neck. He stood in front of Ilya and lifted up his hair so Ilya could see. "Three days. You worried me, when you said you didn't want me to come. I know you can go three days just fine, but if there had been a delay, or you had hit bad weather—"

"I will tell you when I need you."

The collar came off with a simple turn of a key. Ilya kept it on a chain around his neck, along with a crucifix that he claimed had belonged to his mother, once. Shane had no way to verify that, but it looked impossibly old, and he had no reason to think Ilya was lying.

As soon as the scrap of leather was gone, Shane felt some relief. The air was cool, and the slightly chafed bits of his skin appreciated the newfound freedom.

Ilya, however, looked displeased. He ran his thumb over Shane's reddened flesh.

"The collar was on too tight," he noted.

Shane nodded.

"You should have told me before I left. I would have adjusted it."

"It's not that bad," Shane said.

Ilya's eyes narrowed. "That's not for you to decide."

Shane pressed his lips into a line and didn't argue again.

"Oh, don't be upset." Ilya took a firm grip of Shane's hair, tugging his head back slightly so they were eye-to-eye. "I am still going to treat you how you want."

Shane's breath immediately picked up, a natural response to being held under a predator's gaze. It always seemed to happen—his body reminding him that this was wrong, that he should be afraid, that this creature wanted to consume him.

But Shane's mind never bothered to listen.

Ilya let him go and crossed into the main portion of the house, as though nothing had happened. It took Shane a moment just for the shock to wear off, and then he followed

behind. He watched Ilya spread himself on a red velvet couch in one of the sitting rooms, elbow resting on the dark wood armrest.

Shane stood still, unsure of what Ilya's command would be.

"Come." Ilya patted his own thighs, and Shane knew what that meant—he wanted Shane to sit with him, and he wanted to talk, to catch up about their time apart. It was very sweet, honestly, except Shane would much rather be bent over right then.

It wasn't up to him. Shane crossed the room and curled himself onto the couch, halfway in Ilya's lap. He hugged his arm and took a few deep breaths. Ilya always smelled incredible, sandalwood and smoke and something Shane couldn't place. The scent was addicting.

"Did anything fun happen while I was away?"

"Not much. One of the stable cats had kittens."

Ilya's eyes widened with genuine excitement. "Which one?"

"The calico."

"And how many?"

"Six. Four girls, two boys. One of the boys is the runt."

"We can name him Shane."

"Oh, you're so funny."

Ilya laughed, and Shane had to put real effort into suppressing his own amusement.

"Anything else?"

"Yes, actually. I need a haircut." Ilya was very particular about his hair, especially its length, but Shane had split ends that needed to meet their demise.

Ilya reached out and picked up a small portion of Shane's thick, dark hair. He took a moment to inspect the strands, holding the ends up between his fingers before rendering judgement. Satisfied that yes, okay, it was probably about time for a trim, he nodded. "We're going to a party together next weekend. I'll arrange for an appointment before then."

Before he thought to stop himself, Shane made an obviously disappointed noise.

"What?" Ilya asked.

Fuck. "It's nothing, really."

"Tell me. Now."

Shane sighed. "Is it going to be one of those big dinners?" He loosely wrapped his fingers around Ilya's bicep. "With the whole coven?"

"Yes." Brusque.

Shane hated the dinners. He hated the feeling of Ilya feeding from him with others around. It was too personal, too intimate, too vulnerable. Ilya promised him it was normal, and Shane believed him—the humans were the main course at these things, after all—but he still despised it.

"You know how I feel about those."

Ilya sighed lightly. "I know." He ran his thumb over Shane's lower lip, tracing the edges of his mouth. "Perhaps I could get a second," he ruminated. "Bring them when etiquette demands. You could still come, of course, but I wouldn't bite you."

The images ran through Shane's mind quickly—Ilya tilting someone else's head back, Ilya's mouth red with someone else's blood, Ilya *collaring* someone else. It made Shane sick, and his grip instinctively tightened on Ilya's arm.

"I can go. It's fine."

Ilya's small smile turned into a full-on grin. "Oh, okay. That is what I thought."

Of course. Ilya had stoked Shane's jealousy on purpose. "Fuck you."

"Mind yourself," Ilya said, a warning in his tone. Shane ignored it.

"You *meant* to upset me with that."

Ilya hummed thoughtfully, not denying the accusation, then switched his attention from Shane's mouth to his hair. He reached around the back of Shane's head and slowly combed his fingers through the long, glossy strands.

"It's not just the feeding," Shane added abruptly. "You always leave me with the pets."

"You are a pet."

"Yes, but that doesn't mean I want to spend the whole night with them."

Ilya's eyes narrowed. "Do you think that you're better?"

"No, I just—"

"You are just as fragile as any other human. I can remind you, if you've forgotten."

Shane squeezed Ilya's arm. "That's not what I meant. I only meant that I would rather spend my limited time with you than them."

Thankfully, the irritation in Ilya's demeanor faded at the explanation. He gently gathered Shane's hair over one shoulder, revealing the expanse of clean, pale neck underneath.

Was Ilya going to feed *now*?

"What would you have me do?" Ilya asked. "I cannot keep you on my arm the whole night."

There was nothing to be done, and Shane knew it. Appearances had to be maintained. And a vampire was not meant to be overly affectionate toward their possessions. It was… taboo.

"I don't know. I know it's not really up to you."

Ilya caught his gaze, then, hazel eyes surprisingly sincere. "I am sorry, sunshine. I wish it was different."

Sunshine. Of the many terms of endearment Ilya used for him, that was Shane's favorite. Ilya couldn't step in the sun, anymore, but always claimed that Shane's presence was just as lovely.

"It's okay." As long as they still had their time alone together, and moments like this, Shane could put up with the stipulations of their public relationship. He could put up with almost anything, if it meant he got to belong to Ilya. *His* Ilya.

His Ilya, who hadn't eaten in three days. Pleasantries had been fun, but it was time for them to end. They could talk all night once the edge had been taken off.

With a goal in mind, Shane got on top of Ilya, straddling his thighs. His hair hung in a dark curtain that enveloped them both. "You're hungry, aren't you? You must be."

"Of course." Ilya reached up and cradled Shane's face in one hand.

Shane waited for Ilya to tell him to lay back, or sit up and latch his mouth to Shane's neck. One moment passed, then two, and Ilya didn't do anything. He simply grinned.

"Ask for it," Ilya said, finally.

Shane swallowed. "What?"

"I do not know what you want. You have to ask."

This game was one that Shane particularly despised. It was like Ilya got amusement out of bringing a flush to Shane's cheeks.

"I want you to take me upstairs," Shane said.

"And?"

It had been a long shot that Ilya would've accepted his first answer, but Shane had to try. Reluctantly, he said the quiet part out loud: "And I want you to fuck me."

"That is not all."

"And I want you to bite," Shane added, quickly.

"There." Ilya sat up halfway, then Shane stood so Ilya could get off the couch. "Was that so hard?"

Shane rolled his eyes. "You're so *annoying*," he spat, with no venom behind the words.

"Not annoying. I just value good communication."

Once Ilya was standing, Shane tried to walk away, but Ilya grabbed his forearm and pulled him back. He slid one hand over Shane's waist, then back. The other took a firm grip of Shane's lower jaw, holding his head firmly in place so that they couldn't turn away from one another.

They were so close, Shane was certain Ilya could feel his breath.

"Leech," Shane said. A low blow, but he was in a mood.

"Juice box."

"Pulse chaser."

"Fang banger."

Shane had the perfect retort lined up, *cattle fucker*, but Ilya spoiled his plan by kissing him the moment he'd opened his mouth to speak.

It was a medical mystery, truly—how a being with no blood, no pulse, and no warmth could make Shane feel so *hot* at even the lightest touch. Shane thought himself a reasonably intelligent person, but when Ilya had his tongue in Shane's mouth, it was as though his mind melted through his ears.

Three days. Three days, and Shane had somehow managed to not kiss Ilya the second he walked through the door. He managed to hold a whole conversation without begging for Ilya's cock. How had Shane managed that? He deserved a trophy.

The moment they separated, Shane already wanted more.

"Can we go upstairs?" Shane asked, with a distinct air of pleading.

"*Fuck* yes."

They nearly raced up to the master bedroom, where Shane had slept alone for three nights. Unsuprisingly, Ilya got there first. Once Shane came in after him, he grabbed the hem of Shane's white shirt and pulled it off. Then he pinned Shane, still half-dressed, to the nearest wall, his wrists above his head.

Shane didn't know what Ilya was doing until he felt Ilya's lips sucking against his neck.

Fuck, Shane loved being prepped. He loved the way Ilya held him down or pinned him place, like he truly believed his prey might try to get away. Ilya scraped his fang along the vein in

Shane's neck. Shane tilted his head back, already flushed and whimpering from the attention. How did Ilya get him like this, every time?

Shane noticed that Ilya was standing differently—he'd graciously slipped his thigh between Shane's legs. He made immediate use of it, even if it made him feel like an animal in heat. The mindless grinding felt good, but knowing it was *Ilya* he was grinding against made it that much better.

"Such a slut for me," Ilya crooned. "I could make you cry for it, I bet."

Shane simply nodded, because he wasn't going to argue with his master, and besides: Ilya was right.

When the touching and making out against the wall got frustrating for them both, Ilya finished undressing Shane, then unceremoniously tossed him onto the bed. Shane's cock was already hard and heavy between his thighs, every inch of his skin flushed and begging for a bite.

But he had to wait. So he watched Ilya get undressed, watched as every bit of gorgeous Russian was revealed to him: the trim waist, the thick thighs, the muscled back. Shane hadn't asked, but he didn't think Ilya could've been much older than twenty-five when he was turned. What a gift, Shane thought, to live your whole life like that. A young god.

Philosophical musings weren't welcome in the bedroom. Shane was reminded of that fact when Ilya joined him in bed, and every intelligent thought Shane had ever had left his mind. He nearly threw the oil vial at Ilya in his haste to get *something* of Ilya's inside him.

Ilya caught it. "Patience."

"I know. I'm just excited."

"You will get what you want, in due time. Calm."

Shane took a deep breath and did what he could to calm down, even as every nerve in his body popped. He spread his legs in anticipation, watching Ilya oil up his fingers. Finally, Ilya reached for him, and—

Circled Shane's hole with his index finger. Bastard.

Still, Shane made his best effort to be patient. He stayed quiet, and he stayed still, and he let Ilya tease him. Eventually, though, he couldn't take it anymore. "Ilya, please, it's been days, I —"

In the middle of Shane's sentence, Ilya pushed inside. Shane cut himself off with a gasp, looking up to meet Ilya's gaze.

"What was that?"

Ilya curled his finger inside Shane, earning a desperate whimper. He grinned, slow and lazy and crooked.

"Was just waiting for you to ask."

"I hate you."

"Funny way of showing it."

Shane wanted to kick Ilya, but decided it wasn't worth risking the railing he was about to receive. He tipped his head back into the pillows and enjoyed the sensations, instead. Opening up for Ilya was never difficult, never a chore. Ilya knew exactly how to treat his body, and he knew exactly what Shane liked. Sometimes, they could spend more than an hour at this stage. More than once, Shane had orgasmed on nothing but Ilya's fingers.

Ilya added another and carefully stroked them along Shane's prostate. It felt good, *very* good, but it wasn't enough.

Today, Shane wanted to move along.

"I'm ready," he said. "How would you have me?"

"I want you on your stomach." Usually, Ilya would chide him for rushing, but Shane supposed that today they were equally desperate.

Shane got on his hands and knees. It was one of their favorite positions, because Ilya could get so incredibly deep inside him, and Shane loved the way the angle. Feeding was sort of a pain like this, but Shane trusted that Ilya knew what he was doing.

"No," Ilya said.

Rather than explaining what was wrong, Ilya simply pushed him down so he was lying flat on the bed, everything from his knees to his chest in contact with the mattress.

Oh. This would be different. Shane bent one leg slightly to the side to grant Ilya easier access. Seconds later, Ilya settled his weight on top of Shane's body, and Shane felt absolutely *surrounded*: every bit of him, wrapped up in Ilya's embrace. In Ilya's touch, in Ilya's smell. His cock, thick against Shane's backside, was already slick. Ilya must have lubricated it while Shane was getting into position.

Ilya didn't say a word as he lined up and pressed in. The slide was slow and delicious, homecoming, and they both groaned in a mix of pleasure and relief. For a moment, they weren't vampire and human, or master and pet. They were simply two men who loved each other, who had missed each other, who wanted to be close to one another.

But Ilya was hungry. Shane could tell Ilya was hungry—it changed the manner of his touch, made it rushed and proprietary. That could be enjoyable at times, true, but Shane enjoyed Ilya's gentle side as well, which was all but absent when he was starving.

Besides. A feeding was a chance to earn praise.

"*Fuck*!" Shane yelped. Ilya had sunk in his teeth.

Ilya never warned him beforehand, at Shane's request. If Shane knew when it was coming, his anxiety for the few seconds between Ilya's warning and his bite were unbearable. He'd rather it be a surprise.

The feeling of being bitten was almost like a visit from a familiar friend. Sensations came in stages. There was the momentary shock of the pain, the burning in his muscles where they'd been stabbed, and then there was the pleasure that came with the feeling of Ilya's tongue on his skin. The knowledge that Ilya's body was sustained purely by Shane. No animal blood, no other pets, no hunting.

Technically, Ilya fed more from him than was strictly safe. But Shane felt fine, and he wasn't exactly enthusiastic to share his vampire.

There was also a certain base-level terror that always came at the feeling of his blood being extracted from his body, a certain clenching in his chest, but Shane found he could ignore it if he focused on the feeling of Ilya's hands on his skin and Ilya inside his body.

"Incredible," Ilya purred after taking his first long drag, breaking the seal of his lips on Shane. "Ambrosia. Perfection."

Shane had been planning on having a rare steak for breakfast the next day to make it even better, but he didn't bring that up right then. Instead he whimpered, then reached back with one hand, tangling his fingers in Ilya's wild curls.

Sex changed the further into a feeding they got. It always felt a bit like what Shane imagined a high to be like: lightheaded, floaty, spacey. Maybe that was why Ilya liked to drink from him mostly while they fucked—it heightened the experience. Frankly, Shane had no idea how he could possibly go back to humans.

Well, not that he'd ever been fucked by anyone but Ilya. Still, he could hardly imagine it compared.

Shane's perception of time got hazy, and he got lost in the heat of it all, the sensation, the feeling. The way Ilya's teeth hurt as they scraped against his skin, his warm tongue, the way his cock stretched Shane open. Shane didn't *have* to think. That was the best part. In moments like these, Shane could simply let go and enjoy the sensations.

In fact, Shane didn't come back to himself until he felt Ilya pulling out.

That didn't make sense. Neither of them had finished. Shane had never felt so disappointed, so desperate, in his entire life. "Wait, wait, what are you doing?"

"Want to see you when you come," Ilya said. He reached down and flipped Shane onto his back as though he were a paper doll, then quickly pushed himself back into Shane's body. There was an immediate difference from moments prior. The food must have given him some energy, and the pace he set was unforgiving. It was too much: the throbbing in his shoulder, in his cock, the pressure inside of him that came with each of Ilya's thrusts. He felt as though his entire being were being stretched or wound; every muscle was tense, every nerve on fire.

"Oh, fuck-! Ilya, Ilya, *Ilya*—"

"I've got you," Ilya growled into his ear. He'd leaned down to do so, changing the angle and trapping Shane's ruddy cock between them. Every movement provided delicious, agonizing friction, precome trailing along both their bellies. Shane arched his back off the bed and hissed, which only increased the effect. It was too much, it was *so* much. He was going to cry if it went on a second longer, he was sure of it.

"Go ahead," Ilya murmured, his lips dragging along Shane's jaw. He was still lapping up the last few dribbles of blood.

It took exactly two more strokes for Shane to come. The orgasm ripped through him like a bullet, his release coating his hips, his stomach, his thighs. Shane's entire perception of the surrounding room faded; every sense focused in on Ilya instead, or the pleasure in his body. The warmth of Ilya's hands on his hips, a byproduct of his own vitality. His spread thighs, weak and trembling as aftershocks wracked their way through him. The sound of his own heart, beating stubbornly in his chest. Ilya's curls, sweaty and clinging to Shane's skin, clinging to the blood residue on his shoulder.

Shane noticed, belatedly, that Ilya's rhythm had changed. He was chasing his own release, and by Shane's estimation, he wasn't far.

"Fuck, Ilya," he drawled. "Come in me, *please*, I want it."

Ilya's eyes widened, and he sped up. As if it was any surprise that Shane loved him, that Shane wanted him in every possible way. A few seconds later, Ilya's hips stilled as he buried himself inside, then came with Shane's name on his lips. His cock twitched and spurted inside of Shane, a feeling that Shane was hopelessly addicted to. It made him feel claimed. Moreso than the collar, moreso than letting Ilya feed from him. *This* was how he knew who he belonged to.

Once his orgasm was over, Ilya collapsed on top of him. Shane welcomed the weight, warm and grounding. Ilya didn't feel dead, right then. He felt alive. Alive, and vital, and masculine, and *Shane's*.

It took a long moment for the feeling to return to Shane's extremities, and Ilya didn't seem to be in any rush to get up, either. For a while, they simply shuddered and held each other: Ilya still inside him, Shane's fingers tangled in Ilya's hair, his breath coming in pants against Ilya's skin.

I love that you still have to catch your breath after, Ilya had told him once. Shane had had no idea how to respond to that.

Eventually, once he was mostly recovered, Ilya pulled out. Shane nearly had to suppress a whine—he always felt so empty afterward.

"I will be right back," Ilya assured him.

Shane watched Ilya's body shift as he stood up, slowly, stretching his arms and rolling his neck. Did undead beings get muscle stiffness, or was it pure habit? Shane might ask later, if he remembered the question. At the moment, he was too focused on the feel of Ilya's eyes on him, taking in the mess on his body, first, then the slackness of his muscles and the hazy look on his face.

"Tired?"

Shane nodded slowly. Ilya's bed always felt so big and warm after a feeding. He allowed his heavy, useless limbs to spread out and his eyes to fall shut.

A few seconds later, Ilya was sitting on the bed next to him with two wet rags. He hadn't even noticed Ilya leaving the room. What was to blame: Ilya's superhuman speed, or Shane's orgasm-induced drowsiness?

Shane mentally dismissed the question. It was far less important than reveling in the feeling of being doted on by his vampire. Ilya leaned over him, surpisingly focused, and used the first rag to wipe the sweat off Shane's face. Once he was satisfied, he moved on to the blood on Shane's shoulder. The puncture was already scabbed over—vampire spit helped human wounds heal.

"There you are," Ilya whispered. "Better?"

Shane nodded.

Ilya tossed the used rag aside and moved on to the second. He quickly wiped the cum off Shane's stomach, hips, and thighs.

"Roll over."

It didn't take a second for Shane to comply. It seemed automatic, sometimes: Ilya gave an order, Shane's muscles obeyed. His mind wasn't involved at all.

The wet rag against Shane's hole wasn't a surprise, but he gasped anyway. He wasn't sure when he started letting Ilya do this for him—it must've been months ago, now—but it felt a little new every time. This was far more intimate in Shane's mind than allowing Ilya inside his body.

Ilya went slow. He knew Shane liked the feeling, found the attention soothing. After a moment to allow the shock to dissipate, Shane crossed his arms in front of him and rested his head on top, eyes shut. By the time Ilya was finished, his entire body felt free of tension, from the top of his head to the tips of his toes.

"Good?" Ilya asked. Shane, having been robbed of his capacity to speak, simply nodded.

The bed dipped as Ilya laid beside him. It wasn't technically a physical necessity for Ilya to sleep, but he claimed to enjoy the chance to rest. Although Shane had never asked, he also suspected that Ilya didn't like the thought of Shane being unconscious and alone. He could be too protective, at times.

Neither man bothered to dress. They both preferred to sleep naked, especially in the middle of summer, as it were. The collar would be put back on in the morning. Shane didn't have to wear it at night; simply being in Ilya's arms was assurance enough that no one would hurt him.

Once they were both in bed, Shane immediately snuggled up to his vampire. He laid mostly on his stomach, his head on Ilya's chest, arm thrown over him. Ilya began to pet his hair, which only served to make Shane drift off even faster.

"You are so beautiful," Ilya murmured, after a few silent moments. "I am very lucky to have you."

Shane nuzzled his chest, delirious and bleary. "M'lucky to be yours."

The room had gone dreamlike, the way it always did when Shane was nearly asleep. Shane didn't notice much of anything other than his own body, the blanket, and Ilya next to him. He could feel Ilya's chest moving against him and hear his quiet laughter, followed by his grip tightening around Shane's waist. Then Shane was finally at rest, peaceful and hazy in the bed of the monster he loved.

End Notes

comments and kudos make my praise kink go brrr.

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