Repose, My Love, I've Sinned Enough for the Both of Us

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by lestrvnge

Summary

Ilya barely listened to a word coming out of his lips, more focused on what was nestled inside of them.

His incisors, which should be elongated into full fangs like Ilya’s, were only slightly pointed. None of the other teeth had sharpened either, something no vampire could avoid when hungry. Ilya had only seen such teeth on a certain type of vampire, ones that would never have been left alone to cry in an alley while a strange vampire fed.

This vampire, this Shane, was a fledgling.

Or

Ilya tries to get a quick meal in and ends up adopting a hurt vampire and defiling him in the same night

Notes

happy valentine's day!

truthfully only thing getting me through this day was thinking about coming home and posting this! so i hope you guys enjoy! shout out to my pals for listening to me ramble about this and this is dedicated to monochrome_king because vampires are more their wheelhouse but the braincell got stuck in my head this time!

title comes from the song eternally yours by motionless in white!

i also tried to get all the tags, so please let me know if there are any i missed!

so here it is! i really hope you guys enjoy this fic!

Please enjoy and please for the love of god don't put my stories into any ai generator!!

update: now with moodbaord! :D

See the end of the work for more notes

Despite the chill in the air, winter rapidly approaching the city, Boston's night life was in full swing. Clubs full of flashing lights, thumping music, and pliant bodies aplenty. A combination that created the perfect feeding ground for vampires.

And Ilya Rozanov, one of the vampires in question, was on the prowl for his next meal.

Although, hunting nowadays was not as difficult as his Sire had said. There would always be a pretty girl that was willing to sneak off with an attractive man for some making out. If they left said make out session a little dizzy and with a hickey mark on their neck? Well, Ilya had never heard any complaints.

Especially not from the pretty brunette who he had seduced away from her friends to slip out of the night club's side door. She had trembled from the cold when they first stepped out, her skimpy dress no match for Boston at night. But it had only taken a few deep kisses for her to forget the chill and focus back on him. He hoped that she thought the chill on his skin was from the weather as well.

"Please," the girl begged, her nails digging through his curls as she tossed her head back. It was almost too easy for Ilya.

“So needy,” he teased, his voice low and rough. Traces of an accent curled his consonants, causing the girl to moan louder. She had liked his accent when they spoke in the club, saying that she had always wanted to “fuck a guy from Bulgaria.” Ilya, if he was a little less hungry, might have curled his lips into a snarl, would insist that Bulgaria and Russia accents absolutely did not sound the same and it was offensive for her to say that. But it had been a few nights since his last meal and her blood was already echoing in his ears.

And if the accidental slight meant that he would be a little rougher than normal? Well, that was for only Ilya to know.

“I’m so wet, baby,” she moaned, grabbing his hand that had been on her waist and tugging it between her thighs. Ilya hummed at the warmth, rubbing two of his fingers against her clit without any preamble. She quaked against him, a high noise escaping her throat.

“Mmm, I see,” he acknowledged, slipping his fingers past the thin material of her panties and burying them within her. Her body tensed and her neck stretched further back, an offering Ilya could not resist. He used his thumb to brush against her clit, disguising the moment his teeth sank into her neck with the spark of pleasure. A moan of his own escaped him as her blood filled his mouth.

Feeding from humans was always easier like this, give them a little pleasure and they hardly noticed the sting of the bite or the rush of blood leaving them. They were too focused on chasing their orgasm than what Ilya was doing. Ilya did not mind the gender of his partners, just whoever’s blood smelled the best to him. He would finger any woman or jerk off any guy, so long as he could have their blood. Perhaps, if he was in a better mood, he may fuck them as well after. But he was usually satisfied with the feeding and wanted to get them away before they could realize what had happened.

Ilya kept a close ear on the woman’s heartbeat as he fed. His Sire had been very strict about the rules of feeding when he taught Ilya. You never wanted to drink everything from a human, for you would be drinking your own death. You also did not want to drink so much that they would be in the near-death haze. That was when humans could become vampires, should they drink from a vampire at that time. Or they would die, the blood loss too much for their bodies to overcome. His Sire was adamant about never killing humans and absolutely never changing them unless there was no other choice.

His Sire went by the name Cliff Marlow and he had been alive longer than Ilya could fathom. While Ilya had been a vampire for the last four decades, Cliff had been one since Canada was called the Province of Quebec, way back in the 1700s. He had migrated to the States near the end of the 1800s and had been there since. It had been on a trip abroad, back when Russia was still considered the Soviet Union, when his Sire had found Ilya. The young man had been on the brink of death and Cliff had saved him, given him a new life filled with a family that did not hate him and power that could not be taken away from him.

Sure, he had to live in the shadows and feed on blood, but it was a hell of a lot better than the vague memories he could recall from his human life. He was grateful to Cliff every day for saving him and had vowed to never break a single one of his lessons.

Meaning he had to retract his fangs from the woman's neck as soon as he heard her heart slow, sealing the puncture wounds with his saliva. The feed has taken a little bit of the edge off, but Ilya was still hungry. He might have to find another tonight before he headed home.

"I'm close, please, please!" She was practically sobbing now, words slurring from the blood loss, but still awake. That was all that mattered. Ilya's fingers moved faster, an inhuman speed that only vampires had. She was soaked now, her juices coating his hand and beginning to streak down her thighs. His clean hand pulled her dress up, hoping to save it from getting stained. He had hoped to not cause too much embarrassment for her, she would already need to stumble through half the club to a restroom. The least he could do was attempt to keep her dress from getting ruined.

"Da? You will come for me?" He grinned viciously, sure that if she was in her right mind she would have seen his fangs. After feeds, Ilya was always keyed up. Ready to cause mischief and pleasure. While these meetings were always a means to an end for Ilya, it did not mean that he did not enjoy them.

The blond dropped to one knee in front of her, ignoring her gasp of surprise as he went. Without him holding her, she wobbled in her heels. Ilya was quick to pin her to the wall, one hand pressing her knee back with strength that no human man had. His other hand pulled her panties to the side, wasting no time diving between her folds. A wider grin split his lips as she practically howled, her body thrashing beneath his hold. He did not let her get far, only giving her enough space to rock her hips into his mouth. Her eagerness made his cock throb, the new flow of blood in his own system feeling like a drug. He forced his fangs back, not wanting to accidentally cut her in her enthusiasm.

"Fuck!" She wailed, using her grip on his hair to shove him deeper into her pussy as she came. The sound was deafening, especially for vampires, but it did not mask all of Ilya's hearing. It was not enough to cover the sound of shifting from the other end of the alley. His shoulders tensed, bracing for a fight. Humans were curious beings, it was normal for them to want to see a girl being pleasured, even if it was creepy and perverted. But this was no human.

Ilya would have smelled them if they were, and would have been able to hear the rapid thumps of their heart. Instead, when he focused all of his attention towards the end of the alley, he could hear the slow rhythm that his own heart followed. A vampire's heartbeat.

If a vampire had been watching Ilya for who knows how long, it could only be that they had wanted this woman for their prey and Ilya stole her from them. Such situations tended to end up in a fight, one that would cost the girl her life if she stayed.

He quickly got to his feet, moving way faster than a human should, but not exactly caring as he wiped any lingering release from his lips. The woman could deal with a little more unexplained things if it meant she would live to see the sunrise. Her thighs were shaking, but she was smiling up at him lazily. Good, she had her pleasure and she would not think twice about the wound on her neck. He quickly intercepted her hands before they could reach for his pants, putting them back to his side.

“You don’t want me to?” Her voice sounded confused, a sad lilt to it. In any other circumstance, Ilya would reassure her. Sure, none of these people meant anything to him, but he hated letting them leave in poor moods.

“No, I am fine. Go back in,” he said, his voice short and to the point. Let her think he is an asshole, as long as she lived. The vampire at the end of the alley had not shown themselves yet, but Ilya could feel their presence like a hand on the back of his neck. He needed her gone now.

“C’mon baby, I’ll make it worth it,” she purred, trying to get his attention back to her. Ilya wanted to snap, wanted to yell that he was trying to save her, but that would give away his species and Cliff would kill him.

So, he did the next best thing.

Tugging her dress back into place, Ilya pulled her off the wall and gave her a weak push towards the door. An annoyed “Hey!” left her as she was pushed, but Ilya did not stop there. “Go,” he told her, a quick smack to her ass like he had seen asshole men do.

“Fucking jerk!” She shouted, crossing her arms over her chest and storming back into the side door. Any other circumstance, Ilya might have pointed out that fucking jerks don’t eat you out until you come within an inch of your life, but he had other things to worry about. He slowly twisted on his heel to face the direction of the noise, fangs slipping out at the unknown threat. Cliff had taught him how to fight, but it had rarely been an issue. They had not run into many other vampires outside of their coven and those they did were friendly with Cliff. There had never been a reason to fight until now.

“Come out,” he snarled, his own slow pulse jumping as another sound came from the end of the alley. So he had not imagined it. “She found me first!” He continued, hands squeezing into fists before stretching out and repeating the motion. Fuck it. If they would not come to him, Ilya would go to them.

The blond took careful steps down the length of the alley, his eyes tracking every shadow and cranny for the other vampire. Many were known for being able to blend into the shadows. It was the best way to stalk prey and grab them when they were least expecting it. Ilya preferred to have his food walk right into his arms, but he knew some liked the thrill of the hunt.

There was nothing thrilling about a vampire stalking *him* however. He cursed the other in Russian under his breath, his body coiled tight as he reached a dumpster at the other end of the alley. There was no other place the vampire could be. Bracing himself for an attack, Ilya whipped around the other side of the dumper, fangs out and a hiss on his lips.

Instead of being met with another set of fangs, Ilya was met with the brick wall. His face contorted in confusion before a pathetic sob at his feet drew his attention. Head snapping down with enough force to break a human’s neck, Ilya took in the sight before him.

The first thing he took in with the dusting of dots covering the other beings cheeks, spreading over the bridge of a sharp nose. Ilya did not know the word in English, but they made something warm grow in his chest. The next detail was the doe-like brown eyes that stared up

at Ilya in fear, blood red tears trailing from the creases at an alarming rate. The final thing he took in was the stench of fear and misery coming from the being in front of him.

Not being, it was a man.

“Who are you?” Ilya demanded, voice harsh as he glared at the vampire at his feet. He had heard of this tactic before, they would pretend to be vulnerable and strike when the time was right. It was a nomadic tactic, for vampires that had never had to be around civilization and knew no better than to manipulate those to get their wishes. Ilya was not stupid however, he would not fall for it. “Speak!” He demanded, knowing he should not provoke an unknown vampire. But feeding was personal, you never let another vampire close, not even those in a coven. It was saved only for special bonds.

“Sh-Shane!” The vampire, Shane it would seem, trembled, more blood pooling in his eyes as he sobbed out his name. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean, I was- And she smelled good and I,” Shane continued to ramble, voice warbling from his tears and his emotion. Ilya barely listened to a word coming out of his lips, more focused on what was nestled inside of them.

His incisors, which should be elongated into full fangs like Ilya’s, were only slightly pointed. None of the other teeth had sharpened either, something no vampire could avoid when hungry. Ilya had only seen such teeth on a certain type of vampire, ones that would never have been left alone to cry in an alley while a strange vampire fed.

This vampire, this Shane, was a fledgling.

“Fuck.” Ilya breathed, eyes going wide as his own teeth shrank back to normal. Or as normal as they could get with his own hunger barely sated. His own incisors were more pronounced than human teeth, but all of his others remained flat. Humans typically could handle the sight of longer incisors and Ilya hoped the same would be said for the fledgling in front of him. Fuck, Ilya had scared an already terrified fledgling! Cliff was going to murder him.

Dropping down onto his knees so he could be on the other’s level, Ilya ignored the flinch from the fledgling, eyes tracking him carefully. How long had Shane been hiding in this alley? Surely, his Sire would not have left him longer than a few minutes, right? He did not remember his early years too much, but Cliff had been a constant. His Sire practically attached them at the hip and had done the same for any fledglings after Ilya. They were not meant to be alone, at least how Cliff treated them. Ilya always thought that was how it was meant to be.

But Shane’s body was showing signs of starving. The shadows under his eyes spoke of at least two days of no sleep and his face was sunken and pale. When had he last eaten? Without full fangs, fledglings could not feed without the help of their Sire. Ilya had only seen one other vampire in his life that looked similar to Shane. It was an older vampire of their coven who refused to eat after the loss of his mate, allowing his body to wither away with his reason to live gone. It had taken three weeks for his body to look close to Shane’s, another two before it gave up on him and he passed on.

Ilya would hazard a guess that Shane had been on his own for at least two weeks, a sick feeling twisting his stomach.

“Where is your Sire?” He tried to soften his voice, soften his… well everything. He rounded his shoulders, hoping that the other would stop trembling. Or at least stop crying. Many did not know that vampires could cry, but instead of water tears it was blood. For a fledgling vampire that was hungry and already on the verge of starving, losing any amount of blood was a death sentence.

Shane let out distressed noise at the question, tears falling faster down his face. Even sunken and pale, Shane was a beautiful man. Almost especially because he was crying, those doe eyes sparkling.

“Hey, shh, I am sorry.” Ilya placated, holding his hands up like one would a spooked animal. “When did you last eat?” Ilya tried, hoping that it would be an easier answer. An embarrassed look overcame the fledgling’s face, pitiful sniffling filling the air.

“Dunno… Few hours ago?” His voice was small, eyes focused on the ground to the right of him. Not believing the answer, Ilya followed his gaze, his chest tightening at the sight of throw up there. Puke in alleys was not uncommon, but this was fresh, like it had just happened. Seeing as it appeared Shane had been huddled here for a while, Ilya was willing to guess it was his own.

Again, a bad sign.

Vampires could also throw up, only if they attempted to eat human food. Why would Shane try to eat human food? Had Shane’s Sire not even explained that simple fact to him?

“What did you eat, malysh?” *Baby.* The term of endearment slipped out of him without notice. Something about Shane made Ilya want to be soft with him. This poor man had already suffered so much in his second life and Ilya did not want to be another thing that harmed him.

Shane’s face scrunched as he tried to figure out the question or maybe the unfamiliar word. It took a minute before he answered Ilya.

“Pretzel… I stole it off a cart,” he looked like he would be scolded for the petty theft. As if Ilya was not a stranger, but an authority figure that would be upset with him.

“You must have been very hungry then? I’m sure the owner will forgive you,” he tried to reassure the fledgling, breathing in relief when Shane nodded along with his words. He hoped his next question would not send him spiraling.

“You, you do know that you are not human anymore?” He received a pout at the question, his baby incisors barely poking over the top of his bottom lip. The other man nodded slowly, sniffling. Ilya gave him a nod of his own, thinking of how to proceed.

“Then, you know you cannot eat human food? You have to drink blood,” he vaguely gestured back down the alley where he had been feeding himself. He received another sad nod.

“I know, but it’s too hard and I can’t do it,” the fledgling whined, desperation seeping into his voice. Ilya was not proud of how his cock twitched in his pants at the noise. He had always

liked his partners a little whiny. Now was certainly not the time for this though.

“Yes, I know,” Ilya confirmed, hoping his tone was soothing enough. “Is why I asked about Sire. They are meant to help you feed,” He explained, his dead heart clenching at the heartbroken look on Shane’s face. “When is the last time you had blood, malysh?” He spoke softly now, knowing he would hate whatever answer he got. Shane’s face contorted again as he thought. Thankfully, the tears had slowed on his face.

“Before Halloween?”

Ilya felt like he would throw up. He knew he would not like the answer, but six weeks? It had been six fucking weeks since Shane had been given blood? The older vampire in their coven had withered away after five weeks… How close to death was this fledgling?

“Malysh…” he whispered in disbelief, hand reaching out to grab the edge of the dumpster next to them to brace himself. Shane’s flinch made anger burn in his veins. Had his Sire *hit* him on top of all of the other transgressions? Ilya kept his anger off his face, but was not able to get control of his strength before his fingers bent the metal of the dumpster. “Was that the last time you saw your Sire, the one who turned you?” Ilya did not even want to call the vampire a Sire. What fucking Sire left their fledgling for six **fucking** weeks with no way to feed themselves?

Shane nodded reluctantly, eyes focused where Ilya’s hand was bending the metal. The fear was back on his face and Ilya would not have that. No, he decided then and there that Shane would not be afraid of Ilya if he could help it. He closed his eyes, reigning in his anger at this unknown vampire. The asshole was not here, but the scared fledgling was. Ilya would need to freak out later.

“Okay,” he breathed out, emptying his lungs on the exhale. “I will help okay? I’ll take you to my Sire and he’ll know what to do,” he was unsure if he was trying to reassure Shane or himself, but it had its intended effect. The fledgling nodded his acceptance, but still looked unsure. Ilya hated the apprehension on his face, hated seeing how sickly he looked in the street light. Maybe getting him fed would be the first step? Maybe with some food, he would be a little less emotional and listen to Cliff more.

“Can you stand?”

A head shake this time accompanied with a weak sniffle.

“Too heavy,” was all he received in explanation, Ilya letting out a string of Russian curses. His body was probably shutting down on him, all his energy spent on stealing food he could not even eat. This poor man. Ilya wanted to find the vampire that changed him and burn him in the street.

“That’s okay, malysh. Thank you for telling me,” Ilya thought of what he could do in this scenario, brain wracking through what he had seen Cliff do. His Sire usually would get blood bags or bring the humans to the fledglings, but Ilya did not even know where to get blood bags or to convince someone out into the alley without the promise of sex. Shane looked barely able to hold his head up, let alone distract a human.

Ilya reached for the cross at his throat, twisting it as he thought. There had to be *something* he could do for the fledgling? He could just carry him home, but would the stress of moving and new people be too much? Would it be too late to bring him back? Would Cliff not want a fledgling that he had not turned? Ilya did not think his Sire would be like that, but then again he had never seen a fledgling turned by another. Cliff adopted others into his coven, but never fledglings. All of his fledglings had been turned using his own blood.

Wait. If Cliff could feed the fledglings, then Ilya could as well couldn't he?

"I got it," Ilya snapped his fingers, eyes lighting up at the plan. *He* would be the one to feed the baby vampire! He could go and feed in the club and come back and feed Shane! It was a simple solution! Then he would have the strength to get home and Cliff would know how to handle him from there. Ilya almost patted himself on the back at his good idea.

"I will be right back, okay? You stay put," he assured the fledgling, standing back up to his full height and turning towards the side door.

"No!" A ferocious noise echoed through the alley. Ilya turned to Shane in time for the fledgling to shoot forward, with energy he did not have, and lock his hands on Ilya's wrist, pulling with not even half of his strength. Or perhaps, by the strained look on his face, all of the strength he currently had. "No, no, no!" Shane begged, those horrible sobs and tears returning.

Ilya ducked back down, completely forgoing his early caution to wrap the other into his arms. By the end of the night, hopefully, Shane would be a part of his coven and Ilya never shied from affection with the others. Shane seemed like he needed all of the cuddling he could get. The feel of baby fangs scraping against his neck had Ilya's heart clenching. The fledgling was so overwhelmed and needed all the comfort he could get, even if it was mouthing at Ilya's throat.

"What is the matter, huh? It's okay," Ilya whispered to him, thankful that he was wearing a dark shirt so Shane's tears would not stain it. Seducing people in the club would be a lot more challenging if he was covered in blood.

"That's what he said! And never came back!" Shane wailed into his neck, clinging to Ilya like it could keep him there forever. "No go, stay, please!" Ilya shushed him, rubbing the back of his head gently as he rocked him. It worried him that Shane had lost some of his speech patterns, but it also endeared him to the vampire. The longer he spent in Shane's presence, the more adorable he became. When Shane joined their coven, Ilya would not be able to deny him anything. Not with those doe eyes.

"Hey, look at me, okay?" Ilya pulled Shane back carefully, wincing at the scrape of fangs. They may not be able to puncture skin but they could still sting. "I will not abandon you. I know better than stupid man who turned you," Ilya could not help the disgust in his voice, although it looked like Shane was comforted with it. "But I need to feed so I can feed you, yes? I need only a few minutes and then I will come right back to you, and we'll go home. Okay, malysh?" The fledgling did not look convinced but he managed a sad nod at Ilya's words.

“Okay,” he whispered, though he did not let go of Ilya yet. “Name?” He asked, hopefulness filling his voice. Ilya felt bile in the back of his throat. Had the prick not even given Shane his name? Just fucking changed him and left him for dead? Ilya would kill the man if he ever crossed him. He also felt disappointed in himself for not giving Shane his name while promising to help him. Had he sounded exactly like the asshole that turned him?

“Ilya,” he whispered, smiling fondly when Shane mouthed the name a few times to himself. “My Sire’s name is Cliff.” He would give Shane every name he could possibly desire. Shane did not deserve to be cut off from others in this life. Being a vampire meant second chances, not being left to die alone.

“Ilya,” Shane whispered, carefully releasing the other’s jacket from his grip. Ilya smiled tenderly, pressing a careful kiss to the greasy hair. When was the last time Shane had been clean? He would rectify that later as well.

“Yes, and you can use it whenever and however you want.” Shane looked up at him with wide eyes, Ilya pushing his seething down. How could a name be so dear to someone like this? Ilya carefully released Shane, settling him back into his spot. He then shucked off his jacket and set it in the fledglings lap. Vampires were not like werewolves where scent meant a lot to them, but a comforting smell may help settle any nerves that Shane felt when Ilya was gone.

“And now you have my favorite jacket, so it must mean I will return to you, yes?”

“Mhm,” Shane hummed, now looking at the jacket with wide eyes. Ilya brushed his hand over the other’s head, smiling fondly. The fledgling was precious.

“I will be back,” he repeated once more before he rushed away, using his vampire speed to reach the door and slip back into the club. Where the club had been his favorite place a few hours ago, the thumping music was setting him on edge and he wanted to get back to the fledgling as soon as possible. His creator may not come for him, but in such a weakened state anything could happen to him.

Ilya easily found prey, not even using sex as a distraction for the bite. He could only manage a brief make out before he was sinking his fangs into their necks, pulling as much as he could and sending them on their way. It was sloppy and irresponsible, Cliff would scold him for being ‘careless’ with his feeding. But he needed to get back, the anticipation of returning to the fledgling burning through him. Every kiss turned his stomach, every hand on his body provoked anger. Could these stupid humans not see that there was something more important than their pleasure at stake?

He felt untethered without Shane in his sight.

By the fourth feeding, Ilya’s stomach was aching from the amount of blood he had ingested and his fangs were sore from repeated use. But he was sure that he had enough blood for himself and for Shane now. A grin slipped on his face as he quickly made his way out of the club and back into the frigid air. The later in the night it got, the more the chill set in. Ilya turned his head towards the east, gauging how much time they had.

Sunrise would not be for a few hours, that should be plenty of time to get Shane fed and get home. They may not be able to see Cliff until tomorrow night, but at least Shane would be fed and at home. Ilya would share his room with him until they found a place for him.

“Shane,” he called, letting the fledgling know that he was coming without startling him. As he turned the corner, his heart broke at the sight. The other man had slipped Ilya’s jacket on his front and had his face buried at the collar, face peaceful. The blood tracks had dried on his face, making him look like those weeping angel statues. He did not get any response other than his eyes opening slowly to look up at him. “Malysh,” his voice turned urgent, dropping to the ground and tugging the other man into his lap. “Come now, it’s feeding time,” he prodded, getting a whine for his trouble, but those eyes finally opened all the way.

“C’mere,” he guided, bringing his own arm up to his mouth and sinking his fangs into the skin of his forearm. The pain was sharp, but it was worth it when Shane’s head tilted towards it. “Yes, there you go. Take it, take all you need,” he cooed, using his free hand to cup Shane’s jaw and guide him down to the wound. If the heat of Shane’s mouth on his skin was electrifying, then the feeling of him latching on with his baby incisors was ecstasy.

“Fuck,” he groaned, having to squeeze his eyes shut as the fledgling fed from him, Shane’s entire body pliant in his lap. With his eyes shut, he missed the other man glancing towards him, irises solid silver before bleeding back to his pretty brown. Ilya may not have even noticed with his eyes open, his forgotten pleasure from before returning with a vengeance. The weight of Shane in his lap and his fangs trying their best to dig into his skin was intoxicating. He wondered if this was what it felt like for humans to be drunk.

Ilya pried his eyes open, needing to take in the sight of the other man drinking his blood, even if it made his cock harder. Shane looked peaceful, the only indication of what he was doing being the hollow of his cheeks as he greedily drank. Such a greedy baby he was. Although, Ilya may be the same if he had been starved for six weeks.

He brought his free hand up to his own mouth, wetting his thumb and moving it to Shane’s face, wiping some of the blood from his cheek.

“Is okay now, you’re safe.” He whispered, hand moving down Shane’s face to trail down his back, rubbing comfortingly. On the slim chance that Cliff would not take in Shane, Ilya would keep him safe. He knew it like it was a fact of the universe. From this moment until his last, he would keep this man safe and with him. He would declare it for the world to hear.

Although, thankfully no one else was witness to their private moment for they would have seen the silver irises that Ilya currently sported.

Despite how good it felt to have Shane feed, Ilya still had to keep him from pulling too much from him. Cliff had not told him the rules for drinking from other vampires, but he imagined that they were the same as humans.

“Unlatch now,” his voice was soft, hand coming up his back to tug on his hair. Shane attempted to latch harder, hands holding Ilya’s arm like he would be ripped from it. “I know, I know sweet boy, but you will hurt me if you do not.” Ilya had not meant it as a dirty trick, but it had the desired impact. The fledgling pulled back from Ilya, eyes wide in fear at the

thought of hurting him. Ilya quickly shushed him, smiling endearingly at the blood lining his mouth. Such a messy eater.

“You have to seal the mark,” he instructed, petting the back of Shane’s head as he held his arm back up. The other man looked uncertain, shifting nervously in Ilya’s lap. Ilya just shook his arm in his face. “Come now, rather rude to not heal mark,” he teased, guiding him closer to the mark. Shane curled his lips, the scent of blood making him want to latch again, but Ilya’s hand had tightened on the back of his neck, controlling.

“Flick tongue out. You want drool to coat wound, it heals,” he took him, trying to remember the exact words Cliff had told him. It had been so long since his Sire had taught him and never had he had to teach another how to feed properly. It felt empowering to have someone look to him for guidance. It also turned him on to see such a trusting look on Shane’s face.

He watched enraptured as Shane flicked his tongue out of his mouth, cleaning away the blood that had been sluggishly escaping Ilya since he was pulled off. “The drool,” Ilya reminded, watching as Shane closed his mouth and seemingly worked some spit to the front of his mouth. When he opened his mouth next, it was wetter than before. Shane’s tongue traced the wound, action almost tender in the careful way he did it. Ilya watched as the saliva slowly sealed the wound, leaving behind a faint mark of Ilya’s own teeth on his arm.

“Such good job!” Ilya cooed, pulling Shane up fully and wrapping his arms around his waist. The fledgling already looked a little better, some of the color coming back to his face and some alertness to his eyes. “But so messy,” he teased, reaching forward to gather the blood slowly dripping down his chin with his thumb. Without thinking, Ilya popped the finger into his own mouth, sucking his own blood off. Blood was blood, although it may be frowned upon to drink one's own blood.

Shane watched the movement with laser focus, mouth hanging open as he panted softly. His lips and teeth were stained red, baby incisors still out. The sight alone was pornographic. Shane looked like he was blood drunk.

“Ilya, want,” was whispered, slightly slurred with the incisors out. Ilya hummed in commiseration, rubbing Shane’s back with his clean hand.

“I know you’re still hungry, sweet boy. But I can’t give anymore right now,” Ilya tried to explain, getting a frustrated whine in response. “I know, very hard being hungry baby and mean Ilya won’t give more,” he tried to tease, all laughter dying from his voice when Shane rolled his hips down on his cock. A choked off moan escaped Ilya, his hands clamping down on Shane’s hips to keep him from moving like that again.

“Want,” Shane repeated, a disappointment noise escaping when he could not move his hips. Shane may have had some blood, but Ilya was still stronger than him. Ilya tipped his head down, taking note that Shane was hard, his pants tented. The blond’s own mouth opened in an ‘o’ shape, heat coursing through his spine at the sight of Shane’s desire.

It made sense now.

“Oh, sweet baby,” he purred, rubbing Shane’s back and humming to try and soothe him. If Shane had not fed often, he would not realize that it could cause one to get horny. The poor baby was already overwhelmed and now he was hard as well? The fledgling was probably being pulled in many different directions. “I know it’s overwhelming.” He tried to explain, holding Shane’s hips firmly. He did not want the other to be embarrassed, but he also did not want him to do something that he would regret. This was the first blood he had in weeks and Ilya should not expect for Shane to have full control over his body. It would be better if they got home as soon as possible, where Shane could attempt to level out his emotions.

Ilya carefully slipped from under Shane and got to his feet. “Feeding hormones are natural, it happens, no need to be embarrassed, okay? Let us get you ho-” Ilya’s words were cut off as he was slammed back into the brick wall, body tensing to protect him and Shane from the threat. But when he took in their surroundings the only threat was Shane to Ilya’s belt buckle.

The fledgling ripped at his jeans with single-minded determination, soft pants and whines leaving him when he could not get the buckle undone.

“Shane,” he warned, trying to scold, but the other vampire was not listening. He seemed to realize that he had some of his strength back because he reached up to *break* Ilya’s belt until it hung on either side of the Russian’s hips. A delighted noise left the fledgling, who pressed his face into Ilya’s cock like it was all he had ever wanted. “Shane,” he tried again, panting himself now. He had been hard since earlier and now he had a very hot man practically sucking his cock through his jeans. He had good self control, but he was just a man after all.

“Want!” Shane’s voice was sharp now, glaring up at Ilya like a little brat. Ilya stared back at him, breathless at the fact Shane’s mouth was still covered in his blood. What must he have done in a past life to have something so precious fall into his lap? Shane was clearly willing and so was Ilya so what would the harm be?

“Okay,” he conceded, breath punched out of his lungs as Shane moaned and ripped at his zipper now. “Tuck your fangs under your lips,” he instructed, hoping Shane was not so far gone to do that.

The fledgling was not listening to him at all at this point, having successfully gotten Ilya’s pants open and was tugging his cock out. Ilya hissed at the cold touch to his cock, pushing his jeans and boxers down so Shane had more room. He wondered if the other man had experience sucking cock before or if his biology was spurring him on.

“Oh *fuck,*” Ilya groaned as Shane’s mouth enveloped his cock, pressing down until his nose was buried in the blond curls at the base. Tossing his head back, Ilya clung to Shane’s hair, not guiding but just holding on. If this was Shane’s first time, he was a natural. A curl of possessiveness settled in his chest. He wanted to be the only one who had Shane like this, who knew what the inside of his mouth felt like. “Da, like that,” he praised, gently tugging on his hair to pull him off his cock and back down.

Shane moaned around him, sending shock waves through Ilya’s body. He had thousands of different people suck his cock in his lifetime, but none had ever felt like this man. It was almost instinctual how Shane knew how to work Ilya’s cock exactly like he liked. Almost

like he was made to suck his cock. Tongue curling around the head on each bob and tracing the vein on the underside as he moved down. He was perfection.

“Shit!” Ilya hissed in pain, tightening his hand in Shane’s hair and yanking him off. Almost perfect.

“Fangs back,” the blond snarled in warning, not able to keep himself from getting upset. Shane was still learning how to deal with his teeth, but fangs hurt like a bitch on sensitive skin. Especially on a cock.

“Mine!” Shane snarled right back, twisting against the hold Ilya had on him, eyes flashing in his desperation. Something proud filled Ilya. Shane was a fighter, the fledgling he found was tough and would not cower in the face of Ilya’s anger.

“Yes, I know.” Ilya taunted, releasing his hair just to catch him by his jaw before he could move any closer. Shane growled at the hold, trying to snap his teeth but Ilya’s fingers dug into the hinge of his jaw before he could. “But you will listen to me and control your fangs, or you will get nothing. Understand?” Now that he knew Shane would not back down, he let his voice turn as vicious as his grip.

The fledgling hummed in agreement, eyes moving from Ilya to his cock, want clear in those dark eyes. He was practically begging for it, like Ilya’s cock was the very air he breathed. Not that either needed to breathe, but human expressions were easy to remember.

Ilya released Shane, allowing the other vampire to dive back for his cock. He moaned as he was nestled back into that tight throat, letting his eyes close as he lost himself in the feeling. Shane seemed to take his words to heart, tipping his head up to his fangs would not accidentally catch. “Such a good boy,” he cooed, grinning broadly as Shane’s hips bucked into the air at the praise. Ah, a man with a praise kink? It was like Shane was made in a factory just for Ilya.

It was easy to lose himself in the feel of Shane’s throat, his own orgasm slowly burning in the pit of his stomach. He was hurtling towards the edge when one of the baby incisors accidentally scraped the head of his cock. Ilya hissed in pain, pulling his hips back from Shane as the sensation shot through him. The other man attempted to follow, being stopped with Ilya’s knee on his shoulder.

“Mine,” it was not snarled this time, the word wobbly like Shane would cry if Ilya did not let him suck him off anymore.

“What did I say about fangs?” Ilya dropped his voice dangerously, his own eyes flashing. Shane’s eyes were watering again, looking rather contrite.

“Sorry,” he replied half-heartedly, looking heartbroken that his mouth was not wrapped around Ilya anymore.

“Bad boys don’t get what they want,” Ilya scolded, going out on a limb. He was curious to see how Shane would react to that.

The other vampire stiffened immediately, twin tears trailing down the cheeks as he stared at Ilya, hurt on his face. He reacted just as Ilya thought. Beautifully.

“Not bad,” he insisted, voice soft. Ilya held back the praise he wanted to give. If they were going to do this, Shane had to learn to control his fangs. Ilya’s cock would not survive otherwise.

“Hmm,” Ilya hummed noncommittally, glancing at his cock that had a little scratch on the head from Shane’s fang. There was also blood on his pelvis from Shane’s lips, but he was not as concerned with that. Shane drawing blood or blowing him with blood on his mouth was not his concern, the other could do whatever he wanted in that aspect. He would not hurt Ilya though, that was a hard limit.

“I don’t remember being scratched before,” he tsked, snorting when Shane’s eyes focused on the cut, eyes widening in horror.

“’m sorry! Didn’t mean it, ‘lya!” The blond man shushed him, petting his cheek to soothe him. He had just wanted to tease a little bit, not upset him fully.

“I know, sweet boy. But I can’t let you continue if you can’t control your fangs,” Shane whined sadly, leaning into Ilya’s touch like it was the only thing grounding him. Which maybe it was, with how dazed Shane looked. “You wanna be good for me?” He asked, smirking at how fast the other perked up and nodded. Ilya hummed at the answer, tapping his cheek. “Open.”

It was beautiful how Shane obeyed him instantly, swollen lips parting without thought. As if he had known Ilya for years and not just a few hours. Ilya slipped his three of his fingers into the fledgling’s mouth, groaning as Shane tried to suck them for a few seconds before remembering what Ilya had told him. He twisted his hand around until his fingers were cupped over the baby incisors, the bottom of his palm resting against Shane’s nose. Thankfully, the other did not need to breathe, a position like this one would definitely lean into breath play if Shane was human.

Using his grip on Shane’s teeth, he manhandled the other man lower so he guided his cock into his mouth.

“Keep open,” he ordered, shallowly fucking his cock into the other’s mouth. He could only imagine how it warred on Shane to be used like this but not be able to suck Ilya off like he wanted. Although, being used must have won out since the fledgling was moaning wantonly, going loose in Ilya’s hold so he could be used as much as Ilya needed.

“Good boy,” he praised, hips picking up their speed as he chased that heat from before. Now, without the threat of fangs and with a warm mouth at his disposal, Ilya did not hold back. It was freeing to be with a vampire when Ilya had previously only been with humans. His human partners were fragile and could not handle all of his strength and speed. Shane was different. Even half starved, Shane could meet Ilya where he was and even give back as much as he was able.

“Fuck, malysh,” he lost some of his rhythm as pleasure filled him, losing himself in the warm throat. “Where should I cum, sweet baby?” He grunted, taking a few seconds to fuck Shane’s throat before he continued on. “Down your greedy throat? Or, fuck so good, paint your pretty face?” Shane keened around his cock, the sound broke by multiple gagging noises as Ilya tilted his head to get deeper. Shane’s hands clung to Ilya’s pants, hanging on for the ride. The other did not seem like he would want to pull off to answer Ilya’s question so he made the choice for him.

Pulling his cock from the other’s mouth, Ilya’s hand fell to his cock. The movement could only be described as brutal, his hand striping over his cock at a speed that was inhuman, with only Shane’s spit to slick the way.

“Please!” Shane begged, his voice destroyed from such a rough treatment. Pride bloomed in Ilya’s chest to have been the one to debauch such an adorable man. The possessive monster in him wanted to ruin Shane for anyone else.

“Fuck *Shane,*” Ilya groaned as he came, waiting as spurts of cum decorated Shane’s face. He made sure to aim for the dots on his cheekbones and the baby fangs in his mouth. Shane moaned at the feel of Ilya cumming on him, tongue flicking up to lick some of it from his teeth. “Such a good boy,” his own voice was rough, still heavy with desire. Especially with those pretty doe eyes looking up at him, used mouth hanging open to display the cum that landed there. If Ilya was not already dead, his heart would have exploded.

“You made a mess, you should clean it up,” Ilya panted, glancing down at his cock. It was beginning to soften, but it was covered in blood from Shane’s messy eating and some cum. “Is only polite, to clean mess you made.” He shrugged at him, eyes rolling back into his head as Shane leaned forward to lap up the mess on his cock. Ilya’s cock gave a valiant attempt to get hard again, but his body was tired. With sunrise nearing, he could feel the lethargy settling over him. He could only imagine how heavy Shane must feel, his body still recovering from being unfed.

Affection went through Ilya as he watched Shane not only clean him off but tuck him back into his boxers and pants. His fingers trembled a little too much to do up the button, but it was good enough. Ilya pulled the fledgling up to his feet, wrapping a tight arm around his waist to keep him front buckling. He made a show of inspecting Shane’s face.

“Is messy,” he commented, reaching up to pinch Shane’s chin between two fingers.

“You should clean it then,” Shane seemed to find his words again, grinning up at Ilya. “Is only polite,” the fledgling adopted Ilya’s accent, causing the Russian to grin wide back at him.

“Little brat, yes?” Shane just huffed a small laugh, tipping his face for Ilya to clean. The blond chuckled, guiding him closer and not feeling an ounce of shame as he used his tongue to clean off Shane’s face. Blood tears, Ilya’s blood, and cum. All of it. Pleasure sat heavy in his stomach at the taste of Shane’s blood, vaguely wondering what it would feel like to feed from him. It would be months before Shane was back to where he should be and maybe even longer to teach him how to feed properly when his fangs popped. But Ilya really wanted to sink his own fangs into Shane and taste his blood.

“All clean,” he whispered, staring into Shane’s eyes, losing himself for a second. Shane’s eyes flicked down to Ilya’s lips unconsciously. It felt like he was being pulled by a magnet, an invisible force pulling them together until their lips met. Twin moans escaped them, Ilya wasting no time slipping his tongue into the other’s mouth. Shane wrapped his arms around Ilya’s neck, clutching onto him. He traced over the baby incisors, coaxing Shane’s tongue into his own mouth so he could trace Ilya’s teeth. A needy noise left him as the tip of his tongue traced Ilya’s incisors and canines.

Ilya let his fangs elongate, humming as Shane mapped them. Neither of them seemed in much of a rush to get back home, despite how close they were to sunrise. Shane pulled back, looking at Ilya’s mouth curiously. Ilya did not flinch as curious fingers reached for his mouth, allowing the fledgling to prod his fangs and move his lips so see better.

“Yours will come through soon, it usually takes about four months,” Ilya murmured, hands rubbing Shane’s waist absentmindedly. The other was at least nearing two months into his vampire life, it would only hypothetically be another two.

“You’ll help me?” Shane asked, his voice taking on a shy note that contrasted his previous bratty nature. It should cause whiplash, but Ilya found that it fit the man perfectly. Nice with some bite to him. Ilya was already fond of him.

“I will. My Sire has taught all of our fledglings, he might be better teacher,” Shane was already shaking his head before Ilya was done. “What?”

“Just want you,” he pouted, warming Ilya once again. He did not know that last time someone had chosen him. Many preferred Cliff or another coven mate to guide them. None had ever chosen Ilya.

“*My* sweet baby, yes?” He whispered, caressing Shane’s body.

“Da,” Shane replied cheekily, chuckling at Ilya mock-surprised look.

“Ah, you speak Russian now?” Ilya teased, leaning down to press another kiss into Shane’s lips. He slipped his hand into the front of the other’s sweatpants, grasping his cock firmly. Shane arched beautifully into him, mouth opening to pant heavily. Ilya took the opportunity to slip his tongue fully into Shane’s mouth. The other man was already shaking after a few pumps, the rush of the day probably getting to him. Ilya could not wait to get him home to fully rest. Pleasure curled in him at the thought of Shane in his room, in his private nest.

“Fuck, mm,” the dark haired man trembled, clutching onto Ilya, his fingers digging into his hair. Much like the woman from earlier had done. He could not help comparing the two and how Shane’s grip was harder. Like he could replace her touch.

It dawned on Ilya a second too late.

Shane *had* been watching them earlier. He had seen how the woman clung to Ilya and was doing it himself now. He grinned into Shane’s mouth, wondering if the fledgling was aware of the possessive gesture.

“You going to come for me?”

“Fuckin’ make me,” Shane gritted against his mouth, Ilya smirking at the challenge.

He pulled his hand back long enough to spit into his palm, the other man letting out an aborted wail at the lost touch that was quickly replaced. Shane was closer than he thought, the other cumming within three tugs. His face buried in Ilya’s neck, baby fangs mouthing at his neck desperately as his body shook. Ilya worked him through the after shocks, not removing his hand until Shane whimpered in overstimulation. He pulled his hand out of the other’s pants, reaching up to cradle his neck.

“Such a good boy,” he whispered to Shane, pressing a soft kiss to his cheek. “You ready to go home?” Shane nodded tiredly, still worrying Ilya’s neck with his teeth. Maybe a little feeding when they got home, just to settle him? Ilya made a small plan in his head, carefully stooping to gather Shane into his arms. The fledgling locked his legs around his waist, humming happily at being so close to Ilya. The blond ensured that the other was secure in his arms before he took off.

It took them a little while to get home, the sun already showing a little over the horizon. Ilya tucked Shane’s face into his neck further, protecting him from the little bit of sun. While all vampires would get harmed and maybe even die after long exposure to sunshine, but the younger a vampire the more harm it did. Ilya held the other close as he unlocked the door to the coven home, rushing in and closing the door behind him.

The house was silent, most of the coven probably already resting for the day. They would have to check in with Cliff in the morning.

“Let’s go sweet boy,” he said unnecessarily. He was carrying Shane and the other did not really have much choice of where he was going. Especially since he seemed to already be half asleep in Ilya’s neck. The blond made his way upstairs, making his way to his bedroom. He was glad that he had not run into any of his other coven mates, not really wanting to explain Shane’s presence to anyone but Cliff first. They would see Cliff first thing when they woke up, that’s if the other did not sense the strange vampire and seek them out first.

Ilya slipped into his bedroom and locked the door behind him. Contrary to what people believed, vampires did not sleep in coffins. At least not those in his coven. They all had their own bedrooms that were equipped with black out curtains that had them pitch black. Ilya was glad that Cliff had offered bedrooms instead of coffins, he did not think he could deal with the enclosed space. And Shane definitely would not fit in it.

He placed the fledgling on the edge of his bed and undressed him, hands moving deftly to strip him. All of Shane’s clothes went into a pile to be disposed of later, replaced with a pair of Ilya’s boxers and soft hoodie. They would worry about fully cleaning him tomorrow when they were not rushing against the sun. Once Shane was changed, he manhandled the younger vampire under the sheets and pulled back to change himself.

A strong hand caught his. Ilya was quick to reassure him this time.

“I’m just changing, sweet baby. I’ll be in your eye sight the whole time,” Ilya promised, pressing a kiss to Shane’s knuckles until he released him. The blond changed into a pair of boxers before climbing into the bed. Shane pressed to his side, mouth finding the flesh of Ilya’s pec. He smiled indulgently down at the younger vampire, tangling his fingers into his hair to hold him in place. It found it adorable that Shane seemed to only settle with his teeth on Ilya’s skin. He could not help but think about Shane’s grown fangs and how they would feel in his skin. It was a nice thought.

Ilya was pulled into sleep, soothed by the warm weight on his side and the promise of a future ahead of them.

End Notes

yes hello hello! i really hope you enjoyed this! this part just like FLOWED out of me and i am pretty sure the majority of it was written in one go <3

i have plans for a little series with this - maybe like 5 parts or so (or 10 if you ask my pal sarah who calls me on my bullshit)! but i do have thoughts and i hope that i can actually bring them to fruition bc there is like an actual plot to this one, i just don't want to have to tell a whole bunch of filler, just the parts that matter! for right now, this is a stand alone and i will update it whenever i get to the next parts and make sure its in a series collection!

so stay tuned! you can always follow me on my socials below - i tend to yap and post snippets from time to time!

thank you so much for reading and i would love to hear your thoughts if you would like to share them! kudos mean just as much to me as comments so whatever works for you! <3

please come be my friend on twitter (lestrvnge) or tumblr (sitkowskiryan) ! we can talk about hollanov together! i have been trying to use tumblr as more of sneak peek into what i am writing or thoughts for stories, so if you are interested in seeing what i am working on or just hearing my rambling, please look over there!

please stay safe and remember to be kind!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!