

## **vampires will never hurt you**

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# **vampires will never hurt you**

by [berrycluv](#)

## Summary

Ilya knew Shane would taste good.

He just hadn't known it would feel like this.

## Notes

this is an additional piece to [my social media au](#), but it works as a stand-alone, too, i think.

shane and ilya are roommates and in a established relationship. ilya is a vampire, shane is a human. this is not their first time getting freaky, but it is the first time they include ilya's #vampirism into it.

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

Shane's fidgeting is subtle, but it's there.

He doesn't bounce his leg up and down the way Ilya does when his mind is busy overthinking about the past. He doesn't dig his nail on the pad on his thumb the way Svetlana does when she's upset but trying to swallow the words she might regret. He doesn't twist his hair around his fingers the way Rose does when she's so nervous she has to focus on not throwing up.

Shane's fidgeting is nothing like that, Ilya knows, because he knows Shane.

He knows the way Shane's jaw tightens, the soft hollow of his cheeks as he bites the inside of them. He knows the fragile sheen of tears Shane tries to blink away. He knows the way Shane avoids eye contact when he has something to say but doesn't know how to begin.

Ilya knows all of this, because he knows Shane.

And because he knows Shane will drive himself mad before he speaks, Ilya decides to ask.

"What's on your mind, lyubimiy?"

Shane, who has been staring at the same grain of rice on his plate for the last fifteen minutes, straightens in his seat, but eyes remain on his plate.

"I just... Remembered something."

Ilya doesn't interrupt. Another thing he knows about Shane is that he needs a nudge, but also space. If Ilya presses too hard, Shane will retreat entirely.

"It's, uh..." Shane continues, forcing himself onward. "It's been a month. Since you last fed."

Ah.

So that's what this is about.

Ilya nods slowly. It has been a month since he last saw the pretty blonde woman he used to feed from. Once every four weeks, like clockwork, he would see her, share her bed, sink his fangs into her neck as part of their contract—a mutual agreement common between the most civilized vampires and the freakiest humans.

It's been a month since Ilya last fed from her...

Which means it has been a month since he and Shane started dating.

Shane has been counting. Of course he has.

Thirty-one days since the kitchen accident, since blood spilled from his hand and dizziness sent him crumpling to the floor. Thirty-one days since he woke to the cool press of Ilya's hands steadying him. Since he slid his injured thumb into Ilya's mouth, feeling the faint scrape of fangs against his skin and the world going syrup-slow and golden at the edges.

And the last time Ilya tasted blood, fresh from a source.

“You think I am going to meet Natasha again.”

The name makes something inside Shane drop.

He shrugs, but his jaw tightens all over again. He hates how small jealousy makes him feel, but he can't help it. Not with Ilya. Not when he's been introduced to a place inside Ilya's still heart where he fits right into, where he belongs. Somewhere he gets to be unapologetically himself, werewolf preferences and all.

Shane hears Ilya's chair scrap against the hardwood floor as he stands. A moment later, he kneels in front of him.

Ilya reaches out for Shane's hand, and he feels cold, he always does— a comforting feeling against Shane's usually sweaty palms.

“Moy volchonok.”

The endearment spreads warmth through Shane's chest.

Ilya cups his cheek gently, guiding his face downward until their eyes meet. Shane doesn't look away this time.

“Yeah?”

“The same night I tasted your blood for the first time...” Ilya's thumb brushes softly along Shane's jaw. “I texted Natasha to end our agreement.”

Shane blinks, his chest suddenly weightless.

“Oh,” he barely breathes.

Ilya's brows draw together. “You think I would keep her?”

Hearing it aloud makes it sound ridiculous. Still, Shane nods.

“I don't know, I thought...” he gestures vaguely. “Vampire agreements were serious shit. Like... Blood and contracts and eternal ties.”

The idea pulls a soft laugh from Ilya, and Shane laughs too.

Because suddenly, everything that had been pressing against his ribs—the knowledge of *the other woman*, someone else in Ilya's arms, the bitter acceptance of it as a necessary evil collapses inward, leaving only one dizzying thought behind.

Shane's pulse pounds in his throat. “So what are you going to do now?”

“I can go to blood bank. Drink animal blood,” Ilya shrugs, like it's nothing. “There are options.”

Shane's nose wrinkles immediately. "Animal blood?"

"Yes."

"That's... sad."

"It is better than biting random people, yes?"

"You'd go stand in line at a blood bank?" Shane frowns, not exactly sure how that works.

"I have done it before."

An image flashes in Shane's mind, absurd and unsettling all at once, of Ilya hunched over cattle in some dark field, like a savage. Or charming his way into a blood bank, pretending plastic bags of something cold and clinical could ever be enough. Shane hates the thought.

He looks away again.

Then, carefully, he mumbles. "Why not me?"

Ilya blinks. "Sorry?"

Shane swallows. He still doesn't look up. "Why not me?" he repeats, stronger this time. "You haven't bitten me since that day in the kitchen."

"That was, how do you say...? Alone event? One-time only."

"An isolated event."

"Yes."

"Why?" Shane asks, and it sounds like a demand. He clears his throat and attempts to soften his voice, but he's growing upset again. "Why won't you feed from me again? Was my blood that gross?"

Ilya's frown deepens so fiercely Shane almost recoils.

"Milyy, no. No, no, no, how can you say that? Your blood..." Ilya's voice softens as he curses. "*Blyat*. Is the sweetest thing I've ever had. I could never be satisfied."

The overhead light catches in Ilya's hair, turning it almost silver at the edges, shadows pooling along his cheekbones. Shane thinks, absurdly, that if Ilya were not a vampire, he could easily be an angel. Something just as beautiful. Just as dangerous.

Before he can think better of it, Shane's hands rise to cup Ilya's face. His thumbs trace slowly along Ilya's bottom lip, gently tugging it downward, and his breath stutters at the sight of his teeth.

His fangs are concealed, just the faintest suggestion of them beneath the curve of his lips. The sight of Ilya looking up at him like this, so lovingly, so *devoted*...

Shane leans down.

The kiss starts gentle, barely a brush of their lips, but Shane deepens it almost instantly, tilting his head, pressing closer. It turns hungry, urgent, in a matter of seconds. And when his tongue manages to slip into Ilya's mouth, he drags it slowly along the edge of Ilya's teeth.

A silent invitation. A wordless *please*.

Heat coils low in Ilya's stomach as he clutches at Shane's waist, chasing him when Shane has to break apart for air.

"You want to...?" Shane breathes, the rest of the sentence dissolving between them.

He doesn't need to finish it, because Ilya immediately nods.

He rises in one fluid motion, taking Shane's hand and guiding him toward the couch. He sits, pulling Shane down into his lap, their mouths finding each other again, deeper this time.

Licking into Shane's mouth slowly, Ilya's hands find his waist, fingers slipping underneath the linen shirt and spreading against the warmth of Shane's stomach. His cold hands make Shane inhale sharply into the kiss, hips twitching forward before he can stop himself. Ilya feels it, of course he does, and answers by sliding his hands further down.

The kiss grows deeper, Shane's fingers tangling into Ilya's hair as though anchoring himself there. When Ilya's hands settle at his ass and pull him forward, their hips meet in a slow, deliberate roll that drags a broken sound from Shane's throat, the friction both grounding and dizzying at once.

Ilya breaks the kiss only to trace his mouth down the line of Shane's jaw, then lower, lips wet against his throat while his hands remain firm at his ass, squeezing it into handfuls that keep him in place.

Shane tips his head back instinctively, exposing more of himself, breath coming uneven as Ilya mouths at the delicate skin beneath his ear. The world seems to shrink around the sensation of it, the heat of Ilya's breath and the faint scrape of stubble against his neck, until the subtle graze of a fang at his pulse makes everything sharpen at once.

It isn't enough to break skin, only a whisper of pressure, but Shane's body reacts as though struck by lightning. His fingers tighten in Ilya's hair, his chest rising in a shaky inhale that feels like it might tip into a moan.

"Ilya?" he murmurs, the name soft and uncertain, as though he is asking for something he already knows he wants.

Ilya hums against his throat, distracted, the sound vibrating through Shane's skin. "Yeah?"

"Bite me."

Almost instantly, Ilya pulls away.

His eyes lift to search Shane's face with an intensity that makes his stomach flip. There is hunger there, yes, but also caution, restraint, the kind that only exists when someone is afraid of wanting too much.

"Shane," he says quietly, as though testing the weight of the moment.

Shane draws in a breath and, before he can lose his nerve, reaches for the buttons of his shirt.

He undoes them with clumsy fingers and pushes the fabric down until it hangs loose from his shoulders, baring his throat and collarbones for Ilya. His skin looks hot to the touch and faintly flushed, freckles scattered across it like constellations, and the vulnerability of it makes Ilya's expression darken.

"Please," is all Shane says, breathlessly.

Ilya swallows, his gaze dropping to the steady flutter of Shane's pulse.

"Last time," he says carefully, "I bit your hand to stop the pain. If I bite your neck, it will feel different."

"I know."

"You may feel dizzy, warm... Drunk."

A faint smile tugs at Shane's mouth, the tips of his ears turning red. "I remember."

Ilya's thumb brushes lightly over the spot where his pulse beats strongest, and Shane shivers under the touch. "You may not want me to stop," he adds more quietly, as though confessing something.

Shane's breath catches, but he doesn't look away. "Then I won't ask you to."

The answer seems to undo something in Ilya. He exhales slowly, wrapping his hand fully to the side of Shane's neck. "You have to," he murmurs, voice low and steady. "If you want me to bite you, you have to tell me if it is too much. Immediately."

"I will."

"And I will stop."

"I trust you."

That, more than anything, is what makes Ilya's control slip.

He leans in and kisses him again, slow and lingering this time, as if sealing a promise. Shane melts into it instantly, hands sliding up to cradle Ilya's face, thumbs grazing along the line of his lower lip. When their mouths part, Shane tilts his head back in silent invitation, throat exposed and trembling.

"You are very brave, moy volchonok," Ilya murmurs against his skin.

Shane groans softly. “Don’t say it in that tone.”

“What tone?”

“Like you’re about to eat me.”

A quiet, breathy laugh leaves Ilya’s mouth, his lips hovering over Shane’s pulse as he completely rips the shirt off his shoulders.

“Only a little,” Ilya whispers.

He presses a kiss to Shane's lips. He doesn't move, simply rests his lips against Shane's, and pulls back after a few seconds before leaving another peck on his lips. Shane meets him halfway this time. They peck a few more times before Ilya starts to deepen the kiss, parting his lips to slide against his boyfriend's.

“Bite me, Ilya,” Shane pleads against his mouth, and it’s starting to become a little fuzzy to him whether he’s asking for this to please Ilya or himself. Hopefully, it’ll do the trick for both. “*Please.*”

“Fuck.”

Ilya would be a fucking idiot to say no to this.

If his heart could race with anticipation, it totally would right now, as he leans back down to kiss to Shane's throat, mapping the path he intends to take.

When his fangs descend, it happens gradually; Ilya is going gently so it doesn't hit Shane all at once—the numbing effect of being bitten— but at the moment skin breaks, it hurts unlike anything Shane has ever experienced before.

Shane chokes out a curse. It’s painful for the first 10 seconds. His vision clouds and his breath feels cut short and his limbs grow heavy...

But when Ilya’s tongue darts on the skin, pressing a little hard, wet and warm, a rough pang of bliss shoots through Shane’s body, and he feels his dick twitch in his pants. Thoughts dissolve at the edges, replaced by a soft, effervescent haze that makes everything feel distant and close all at once. Shane tilts his head back a little, hips thrusting almost involuntarily, eyes fluttering.

“Oh,” he breathes, head falling back. “That’s...”

Yeah. He’s definitely into this.

He laughs breathlessly, unable to stop himself, one hand sliding weakly down Ilya’s back as though he might float away without the anchor.

The word slips away, replaced by a low, helpless whimper as the warmth intensifies. Every place Ilya touches feels amplified, electric beneath the drugged sweetness spreading through

him. He feels adored, desired, claimed in a way that is dizzying and overwhelming and entirely welcome.

Blood and heat rush to his dick, the rough fabric of his shorts suddenly too restrictive, too aware of the way he's hardening fast. Shane's fingers curl over Ilya's shoulders, not in resistance but in invitation, hips rolling faintly as though urging him closer, deeper, as though the bite were something he could chase.

And to Ilya—to Ilya this is dangerously close to heaven.

He could stay here for hours, could trace the same place over and over with his mouth just to feel the subtle tremor it pulls from Shane's body. The way Shane's skin yields so easily beneath him, warm and flushed and alive, every pulse beneath his lips a reminder that this is not merely feeding but trust. The way his neck tastes faintly of salt and heat, and the sweetness beneath it. All that is intoxicating and hot and heavy, but the taste of his blood?

*Fuck*, this blood.

The blood washes over his tongue, spreading warmth down his throat in a slow, almost vulgar glide. It doesn't burn so much as it ignites, a current that sets Ilya's body on fire, making him feel almost feverish. By the third time he swallows a mouthful, his own dick is hard and painful inside his pants.

Ilya knew Shane would taste good.

He just hadn't known it would feel like this.

He has to stop before the pleasure of it turns feral, before instinct overrides intention.

Reluctantly, Ilya pulls back, his mouth lingering just long enough to soothe the wound with the flat of his tongue, unwilling to waste even the smallest trace. Shane whimpers at the loss, the air suddenly too cold on his burning skin, the place where he's just been bitten throbbing with pain and pleasure.

Ilya attacks his mouth immediately, hunger threading through the kiss in a way that wasn't there before. Shane can taste himself faintly on Ilya's mouth, metallic and sweet, and instead of recoiling from it he presses closer, hands sliding into Ilya's hair as their bodies align.

Their hips roll, the steady press of one against the other drawing a shared, low sound between them.

Ilya's hand drifts up Shane's thigh with deliberate patience, fingers spreading against the inside where the fabric is warmer. He doesn't rush it; he traces the shape of him through the cloth of his shorts, mapping the outline of Shane's cock with a curiosity that feels almost reverent.

Shane's hips twitch.

"Mm," he breathes, trying and failing to stay still.

Ilya says nothing at first. He simply continues, fingertips gliding in slow passes that make Shane's muscles tense and release in uneven rhythm. His other hand moves over the curve of Shane's waist, sliding along the line of his side as if reacquainting himself with every inch.

When he finally speaks, his voice has shifted into something teasing, velvet-soft and knowingly cruel.

"Did it feel good?" Ilya asks, thumb pressing slightly firmer at the head of Shane's cock.  
"When I bit you?"

Shane nods immediately, hair clinging to his damp forehead, eyes glassy but intent. "Y-yeah."

Ilya tilts his head, studying him. "How good?"

There is a faint flicker of red in his gaze, brief but unmistakable, and Shane feels it like a second pulse in his own body. He brings one hand to Ilya's wrist and urges him to grind the heel of his palm down harder on his bulge.

"Just—" His voice falters. "Please."

Pressing his palm flat against Shane's cock, Ilya rubs him through his pants, making him groan and squeeze his eyes shut. It's not enough, and Ilya knows that, smiling softly as he watches Shane squirm, rocking his hips upward for more.

"Anything," Ilya murmurs, leaning close enough that their foreheads nearly touch. "Ask me for anything, my love. A touch, a bite, the world. Anything is yours."

Shane's chest rises sharply. His entire body feels overheated, oversensitized, every nerve tuned to the man in front of him.

"I want you," he manages at last, the words coming out raw and unguarded. "You. I want you. Your fangs, your dick. Inside me. Please."

The growl that leaves Ilya is low and involuntary, a sound that vibrates straight through Shane's chest before he has time to process it. The next second the ground shifts beneath him—except it isn't the ground, it's Ilya's hands, firm at his ass, lifting him as though he weighs nothing at all.

Shane lets out a startled gasp, fingers clutching at Ilya's shoulders as the room tilts and blurs. He barely registers the short walk down the hall; all he knows is the steady strength holding him, the cool skin against his overheated body, the way Ilya looks at him like he's something precious and dangerous at the same time.

Then the mattress dips beneath him.

He's lowered carefully, almost reverently, onto the bed, and Ilya guides him with a touch at his knee and a quiet look that makes his breath hitch. It takes a moment for the dizziness to settle, for the lingering warmth of the bite to stop spinning the edges of the room. Shane props himself up on his elbows, chest rising unevenly, watching as Ilya begins to undress.

There's no hesitation in his movements. His shirt is gone first, peeled away and discarded somewhere behind him, revealing the strength of his chest, the subtle tension in his shoulders. Then his pants follow, the long outline of his cock more visible when he's left in only his briefs.

Shane's heart stutters.

Ilya is devastating like this—unhurried and certain, beautiful in a way that feels almost unfair. As he leans in to unzip Shane's jeans and pull them off his legs, Shane can't stop staring, can't stop thinking that if his chest were to crack open under the pressure of it all, he wouldn't be surprised.

When Ilya climbs over him again and seals their mouths together, Shane's elbows finally give out and he sinks fully into the mattress, the weight of Ilya pressing down over him, heavy and delicious.

"You're so beautiful, Shane," Ilya murmurs against his lips, voice thick, chest rising though he doesn't need the air. "So beautiful."

The words land harder than they should. Shane feels them settle somewhere vulnerable inside him, somewhere that has never quite believed he could be wanted like this. Ilya kisses him as if he's been restraining himself for weeks, as if the act of holding back has only sharpened the need. It's overwhelming, the intensity of it, the knowledge that this ancient, impossibly composed vampire looks at him and sees something worth devouring.

Shane had imagined being desired before. He had never imagined being desired like this.

A nervous, breathless energy bubbles up in him at the thought, and he swallows it down just as Ilya's mouth begins to wander, tracing along his jaw and down the slope of his throat. Each kiss lingers, lips cool against flushed skin, the contrast making him shiver.

He lets out a startled sound when Ilya's tongue flicks across one of his nipples, cool and deliberate, followed by the faint graze of a fang that sends a sharp ripple through him. It isn't painful—just enough pressure to remind him of what Ilya is, and what he's capable of.

"I... Ilya..." The words tangle uselessly in Shane's throat.

His hips rock upward without permission, seeking friction, seeking more. He tangles his fingers into Ilya's hair and tugs, begging through breathless curses and half-formed pleas for something he can't quite name.

He feels the faint curve of a smile against his stomach as Ilya continues downward, kissing a slow path from his navel to his groin.

Shane watches with parted lips as Ilya positions himself. What a fucking sight, having Ilya between his legs like this, tracing a palm up his thigh almost reverently.

"Spread more," Ilya says quietly.

Shane parts his legs without argument, without even thinking, and a fleeting, hazy thought crosses his mind; whether Ilya's using some kind of vampire mind control power to make him obey, or whether Shane's just a whore.

Either way, the result is the same.

Ilya leans forward, pressing slow, open-mouthed kisses to the inside of his thigh that make Shane's fingers curl into the sheets. He traces upward gradually, occasionally grazing teeth over the most sensitive places as if he could sense the spots that will make Shane shiver, humming appreciatively when he gasps, thighs tensing and shuddering.

Shane's boxers remain in place, but beneath them his body betrays him completely, warmth pooling and throbbing, fabric clinging to the head of his cock, leaking with precum. His thighs tense around Ilya's shoulders before he can stop them, a helpless attempt to pull him closer.

The room feels smaller now, tighter, every sensation magnified by the lingering haze of venom still drifting through his bloodstream. The bite at his neck pulses faintly in time with his heartbeat, a reminder of how this began.

And of how much further it's about to go.

Finally pulling at his waistband, Ilya peels Shane out of his boxers, and wraps his fingers around his cock. Shane's hips thrust up automatically from the bed on first contact. Ilya pumps him slowly as he continues to lazily kiss around his thighs. A needy moan spills from Shane's lips, jaw going slack, body jolting as he tries to keep himself from fucking into Ilya's hand.

"Ilya?" Shane mumbles, too aroused to even stop himself.

"Hm?"

"Bite me again," Shane pleads, words quiet as if that somehow makes them less embarrassing.

"Where?"

"Everywhere. Anywhere. Help yourself."

Quicker than earlier, Ilya complies.

Ilya's mouth finds the inside of his thigh with frightening certainty, and the pain—it's excruciating, a white-hot line that makes him cry out, fingers clawing into the sheets. His hips try to jerk away on instinct, but Ilya's grip is firm, anchoring him open, holding him steady as those fangs press deeper

Shane sobs as fangs sink through his flesh, having to slice deep to get to the vein, but when it hits the pleasure is instant.

It's twisted, it's embarrassing, and it shouldn't be as hot as it is, but Shane is getting his cock played with and his thigh bitten, so he allows himself to whine out loud.

“Oh, *fuck*, yes—”

His body buckles as Ilya's teeth push further into the skin, mouth pressed hard against his thigh. Shane feels a trickle of blood crawl down his thigh, probably leaving a dark red stain on his clean sheets, but that's the least of his worries right now. The drip is hot and ticklish.

Shane squirms, but wraps his fingers in between Ilya's curls again and encourages him to keep going even though he knows how dangerous this is. The heat is insane, this fire in his blood, scorching his body.

“So good,” Ilya murmurs against his thigh deliriously, tugging at Shane's dick in a constant rhythm.

Shane's chest is heaving, his teeth are clenched. The hand gripping at Ilya's locks tightens and pulls, and Shane can feel the vibrations as Ilya makes a rough sound in the back of his throat, sucking a bit harder, the sounds sloppy and wet and really freaking hot.

Shane's trembling now. Every nerve lit.

And then, just as the edge becomes almost too much, Ilya pulls away.

The absence is dizzying, but not for long.

Ilya's tongue smooths over the punctures slowly, carefully, coaxing the bleeding to stop. The gesture is oddly tender, kisses pressed around the marks like apologies he doesn't quite say aloud. He cleans every trace of it with methodical devotion, as if Shane's body is something sacred, then trails his tongue up until he reaches Shane's leaking cock. He sucks on the tip, too, a soft and careful move that makes Shane wail and shiver.

When Ilya's mouth travels upward again, Shane is barely coherent. His body feels loose, boneless, still buzzing.

And then Ilya's lips are on his and that's all Shane can focus on. Just kissing and fangs and the taste of blood with a bit of precum. His entire body feels like jelly, still reeling.

Their lips never leave one another as Shane fumbles with the waistband of Ilya's boxers. His underwear get pushed down blindly as they kiss needily, and in a few seconds there's nothing between them but their dicks pinned between their bellies, rubbing together just right.

Ilya lowers his mouth to Shane's neck again, suckling at the fresh marks he left there earlier, as if drawn back by instinct. His teeth graze upward slowly until they tug lightly at Shane's earlobe.

The sensation shoots straight down his spine.

“Fuck,” Shane pants, voice wrecked, fingers digging into Ilya's back. “Just fuck me already. Please.”

He gestures toward the small bedside table, like he wants Ilya to roam inside its contents, and it takes all of Ilya's willpower to pull his lips away from Shane's to get up from the bed and do as he's told.

When he comes back, he squeezes the lube on his fingers, rubbing them together to make it nice and warm. Ilya presses a finger to Shane's entrance, and Shane holds his breath until he feels Ilya's finger slowly breaching inside. He grips his thighs close to his chest.

"Relax, I got you," Ilya whispers, his voice suddenly sweet, and he moves his finger carefully.

Shane closes his eyes and tries to breathe more regularly through his nose. He feels himself relaxing, and Ilya starts moving his finger a bit faster, a bit deeper.

"M-More," Shane manages.

Ilya quick to comply, adds another finger.

He slowly fucks him open, stretching him and rubbing against his walls. Ilya glances at Shane, lips parted and gaze heavy.

"So fucking pretty," he presses his lips to Shane's chest, pampers him with soothing kisses. "... Can I bite you again?"

Like he has to ask.

Shane nods, a moan slipping past his gritted teeth. Then Ilya moves onto the side of his chest and licks at one of his nipples before sinking his fangs in the soft flesh. He's not actually biting the nipple but the strong pec around it, his tongue every so often flickering against the hard nub again, even as he drinks Shane's blood.

Shane arches, heat surging through his body and going straight to his cock. It's throbbing and untouched, with Ilya too busy sucking his blood and still fingering him open.

Shane gasps, grasping at the sheets as Ilya adds a third finger.

"You're doing good, baby," Ilya says, licking off drops of blood on Shane's chest. "You're clenching around my fingers, started doing that the moment I bit you."

Shane just closes his eyes, drowns in the waves of heat and pleasure that hit him, Ilya's tongue darting on the small wounds he then sucks on.

"You," Shane swallows. "I want *you* inside me. Please."

Ilya seems happy to obey.

He pulls his fingers out immediately, making Shane whimper at the loss. He gives one last lick at Shane's nipple before he plants a small kiss on it and adjust himself to slip inside.

Shane feels himself stretching around the head of Ilya's cock, so impossibly full it takes him a second to remember he has to breathe. Ilya groans as he sinks deeper inside, slowly pulling back just to pull back in, and Shane shudders and wraps his legs around his waist, pulling him closer.

Ilya leans down, nosing at Shane's neck, kissing the skin softly to help him relaxed before biting down on the spot from before, fangs sinking in his flesh easily. Shane's addictive— his blood is sweet and his body is firm, and being inside him feels tight and just right. Shane's eyes roll back and he moans loud, his skin so hot he feels like burning. Ilya pulls out and keeps still, drinking from his neck, his fangs still deep inside.

"I... Ilya..." Shane wraps his arms around Ilya's neck, his fingers combing through fair hair. "Move."

Shane bites at his bottom lip as Ilya's gives the first of shallow thrusts, slow and deep. Ilya digs his fangs deeper in Shane's neck and Shane moans, jerking his hips back against Ilya's, urging him deeper and harder.

"Oh, oh. Y-yes," Shane breathes out. "Like that, fuck me like that."

"Fuck," Ilya starts finding a rhythm, hips slapping against Shane's ass, the sound filling the air.

When he slams hard and fast Shane cries out, fingers digging in Ilya's back so hard he's pretty sure he's using his nails at this point, but he can't focus on anything but the feeling of being filled up. Heat still buzzes under his skin as Ilya keeps lapping his blood away.

Then he kisses him, and it's a bloody mess— quite literally.

They smear blood and saliva on one another, Shane's dick throbbing and leaking precum over his stomach. Ilya shifts his hips a little, and at the next thrust he hits the bundle of nerves inside Shane so good and hard that he cries out way too loud.

Ilya pulls back and sits back on his talons, grabbing onto Shane's thighs and fucking into him harder, fingers digging in flesh.

"You should see yourself, dorogoy," Ilya grunts in between thrusts. "You look so good."

Oh, Shane has an idea of how he looks. Of how fucking wrecked he must be, a quivering mess, whimpering and moaning Ilya's name, begging for more.

"Ilya."

"Say it again, say my name."

Shane whimpers. "Ilya. Ilya. Ilya."

Ilya leans down to kiss him again, licks against the roof of his mouth, tugs at his lip and sucks on his tongue. Shane feels something coiling in the pit of his stomach, heat still spreading from all of the places Ilya has been biting him tonight.

“G-Gonna come,” Shane’s breath itches in his throat. “Fuck, Ilya, go faster.”

Ilya does, slamming inside deep and hard, fast enough for it to be too much too quickly. Shane cums hard over his stomach, whole body shuddering and shaking as Ilya keeps fucking him hard, chasing his own release. His lips are back on Shane’s neck before he cums as well, spilling inside Shane with a deep moan.

Shane licks the blood around his lips, and finally lets his legs fall down on the mattress, muscles aching. Ilya takes a deep breath before he pulls himself up on his elbows and slowly slips out of him, apologizing quietly as Shane winces.

Ilya settles beside him, his hand finding Shane’s hair on instinct, fingers slipping into it with a gentleness that feels worlds away from the hunger of minutes before.

“... You okay?”

Shane’s chest is still rising too fast, his body humming with the aftershock of everything—his orgasm, the bites, the heat, the way his blood had seemed to catch fire beneath his skin. He swallows, tries to gather himself, and ends up letting out a breathless little laugh instead.

“I...” Shane’s voice sounds faraway even to him. “I’m great.”

A shy sound escapes Ilya. “Sorry.”

Shane forces one eye open, squinting at him. “For what?”

“I think I overdid it,” Ilya admits quietly. There’s something fragile in his tone now, a thread of worry beneath it. “Drank too much. Also made a mess.”

Shane’s lips twitch. His eyes slip closed fully this time. “We both made a mess.”

“I’ll help you clean off,” Ilya says quickly, as if that will fix it, as if he needs to fix it.

“Yeah...” Shane hums, already halfway gone.

He knows, distantly, that they should probably move. Shane can feel cum drying on his stomach, and leaking out of his ass, and he knows he needs to clean up, check the sheets, check on Ilya.

But the mattress is warm, and Ilya’s fingers are carding through his hair in slow, rhythmic strokes that make his eyelids heavier with every pass. The world has narrowed to that touch.

“I’ll help with the sheets, too.”

“Yeah...”

A pause. The gentle drag of fingers through his hair never stops.

“Shane?”

His body feels heavy in the best way, limbs loose and useless, the earlier fire now melted into something warm and syrupy in his veins. He tries to answer, but the words tangle together.

“It’s okay, I’m okay,” he murmurs, barely audible. “But I’m sorta... I need...”

Sleep takes him before he can decide.

“... Shenya,” is the last thing he hears, somewhere light years away.

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Morning comes in soft and hazy.

Shane wakes up slowly, sunlight washing dangerously close to his eyes. His head feels stuffed with cotton, thoughts moving sluggishly behind his eyes. His throat is dry (painfully, desperately dry) and he smacks his lips with a faint grimace.

God, he needs water immediately.

But otherwise... he’s fine.

More than fine.

There’s weight draped over him. Something heavy and solid, warm in a way that’s different from human. Ilya is practically sprawled on top of him, one leg thrown over Shane’s thighs, an arm locked around his waist, face tucked into the crook of his neck like he’d fallen asleep mid-guard duty and never recovered.

Shane can barely move, but it's okay.

He doesn’t want to.

The pressure is nice. Grounding. It pins him to the mattress in a way that feels safe instead of suffocating. His body is pleasantly sore in places he absolutely remembers earning, and as flashes of last night drift through his mind—teeth, hands, whispered praise, the heat of it—his lips curve slowly.

He tilts his head slightly, brushing his nose into Ilya’s messy hair.

“Ilya,” he whispers.

A sleepy, muffled sound vibrates against his collarbone. “Huh?” Ilya doesn’t open his eyes. If anything, he clings tighter, fingers flexing possessively at Shane’s hip.

Shane huffs a quiet laugh, voice still raspy. “I take back everything bad I said about vampires.”

## End Notes

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