Bloodlust

by starlightened

Summary

Your eyes go wide as he smirks down at you. You barely manage to whisper, “What are you?”

“Oh, sweet thing, isn’t it obvious?” Ignis grins, and you catch a glimpse of his sharp canines, glinting in dim light. “I’m—”

You feel a cold chill run down your spine. "A vampire."

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Based on a conversation about Vampire!Ignis on Discord.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Chapter 1

Your wrists are straining against the bonds as your vision slowly starts to clear. The room is dark, a lone candle on the nightstand next to the bed drips wax off the edge and along the side of the wood. You tug on the ropes, trying helplessly to remember how it was that you got there in the first place. Your legs are bound as well, ropes twining around your ankles, locking you in place to each corner of the bed.

Suddenly, the room shifts and a chill sets in the air. You twist your neck over to the doorway and see a lithe silhouette leaning against the frame in the dark. The memory suddenly rushes back to you—your solitary walk home from work, the strange man that approached you, being dragged into an alley—

Then, the figure speaks, his voice rich and smooth. It’s music to your ears, and you’re hypnotized by the sound.

"Hello, darling," he purrs. "How kind of you to finally join me."

Your first instinct is to struggle. But as he approaches, stepping into the dim candlelight, you finally see his face. He's handsome, you realize, his angular jawline tilting back as he looks you over with a hint of amusement. You try to curl inward against your bonds as he gazes upon you as if you were a feast, and you gulp audibly as he sits down on the edge of the bed.

He reaches over and grazes his fingertips along your cheek. You gasp--his touch is absolutely freezing. But the way he's looking at you, the way the sea foam green of his eyes sparkle as his pupils start to dilate wide, shoots head down to the junction of your thighs. His touch moves lower, to your neck, and you shiver at the unexpected soreness.

"My apologies," he says, and it sounds sincere. You realize then that there are two puncture marks on your neck, fresh wounds that have just barely been sealed. "Perhaps I fed too much from you earlier this evening. I did not mean to cause you such harm. You'll have to allow me to make it up to you..." His other hand comes to slide up your side, just under your shirt by your hip, "...somehow."

"Please," you beg, your voice weak and faint. It doesn’t even sound like it’s coming from your own throat. “Let me go.”

The man tuts, planting his hand on the bed by your face, leaning over you. “But darling,” he states, looking all too much like a cat eyeing a helpless mouse. “The fun hasn’t even started yet.”

You freeze beneath him as his body moves over yours, his lips ghosting over your skin. He’s nearly kissing you, his mouth grazing over yours, but he never follows through. He’s testing you, you realize, testing your resolve, your fear, your desire.

His breath spills over you as he asks, “What’s your name, sweet thing?”

You try your hardest not to scoff. “I’m not telling you.”

You feel him smirk. “By the end of this night, you will,” he says, and it feels more like a command. “My name is Ignis. You’ll want to learn it now, for you will be screaming it by the time I’ve finished with you.”

He finally kisses you, and you can’t quite help the moan that squeaks out at his touch. His lips are cold, just like the rest of him, but he feels divine as he coaxes your tongue out of your mouth to
dance with his.

It’s when he starts to grind his hips against yours that you snap out of your lust-driven haze. You pull away with a gasp and turn your head in shame, your breathing ragged and uneven.

Ignis makes a disapproving sound and tilts your face back to him. He slides his glasses off his nose and places them on the nightstand, and you gasp as his eyes start to shift. The clear sea foam green starts to glow and slowly transitions into a fiery magenta, bright enough to illuminate his face in the darkness of the barely candlelit room.

Your eyes go wide as he smirks down at you. You barely manage to whisper, “What are you?”

“Oh, sweet thing, isn’t it obvious?” He grins, and you catch a glimpse of his sharp canines, glinting in dim light. “I’m—”

“A vampire,” you finish, and feel a cold chill run down your spine. This can’t be. This can’t be real, this man is a maniac, this is impossible—

“You do realize that I know what you’re thinking,” Ignis chuckles, deep and velvety. “One of my gifts, you see. You pick up a trick or two, having lived for over three hundred years. And I don’t quite appreciate you thinking of me as a maniac, darling. I’ll have you know I’m quite the gentleman.”

You scoff this time, unable to stop your eyes from rolling. “Which is why you have me tied to the bed.”

He shrugs, smoothing the hair along your forehead in a gesture of affection. “I have bigger plans for you, my dear.”

You’re almost afraid to ask. Almost.

“And what are those?”

Ignis trails his nose along your cheekbone, and then down towards your neck where the bite mark rests on your skin. He kisses it tenderly, his tongue flicking against it. You moan, the area still sensitive from when he fed on you earlier.

“It’s been a lonely existence,” he murmurs, his mouth trailing up to the shell of your ear. “I do believe it’s time for me to take a bride.”

You start to thrash, tears pricking the corners of your eyes. “No!” you plead, trying to get away from him. “I can’t! I have a life, a family, a home—!”

Ignis silences your babbling with a kiss, and damn it, he feels so fucking good that you lose yourself in him again.

“You don’t have to decide that now, darling,” he whispers, gently caressing your cheek with his palm. “Just submit to an evening of pleasure. Let me see if I’m able to change your mind.”

You gaze into his hypnotic eyes, biting your lip. You know that he isn’t going to let you go, regardless. You know it’s wrong, but you also feel your curiosity getting the best of you. If he wasn’t going to let you go anyway, and he’d already fed from your body, what would the harm be in submitting to this beautiful man?

Your mind swims as you weigh your options. But in the end, you finally say, “Okay.”
His lips quirk up into a smirk that you know means nothing but trouble and he practically purrs, “I knew you’d come around, kitten.”

Ignis moves so quickly that you barely register what’s happening. His fingernails grow and sharpen to a blade-like point, and you let out a frightened squeak as he rips your clothes to shreds.

Soon, you’re completely naked before him, bits of fabric strewn along the floor in haphazard piles. Ignis is breathing heavily now at the sight of your bare flesh, staring down at you as if your body is the widest expanse of the ocean and all he wants is to dive in.

He’s hungry, you can tell. Ignis runs his hands along your arms, massaging and relaxing you as he prepares you for what’s to come. He moves lower, taking your right breast in his hand, running his thumb along your sensitive areola. His eyes never leave yours as he dips down to its twin, running the tip of his tongue—and by gods, his tongue is long—around the rosy bud. He barely skims the surface of your skin, and your body automatically arches up, a silent plea for more contact.

Ignis obliges, still watching you, as his tongue laves at your nipple a moment longer before he closes his mouth around it and starts to suck. Your eyes start to flutter shut, but are rudely jolted awake as his teeth bite down hard enough to get you to yelp.

“Eyes on me, darling,” he teased, nipping at the curve of your breast before trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses towards your sternum.

You let out a huff, wrists straining against the bonds. “How come you’re not getting undressed?”

Ignis responds to your question by licking a trail from between your breasts and up your throat before claiming your mouth in a deep kiss. When he pulls away, you’re gasping for air, your lips swollen and cheeks flushed.

“Because,” he hums, and you feel the vibration in your core. “I’ve decided tonight shall just be a taste tester for you, my pet. Consider it an appetizer in the oeuvre of a gourmet meal. So that once I, and I alone decide to give you more, you will beg me for it.”

You open your mouth to respond, but it falls away in a moan as Ignis retracts his claws and runs the pads of his fingers along your slit, stopping just below your clit. It’s enough to gather your wetness along his digits, and he watches your face as he slips them into his mouth, making sure to spread his fingers with the wide base of his tongue. He wiggles the tip at you and exhales hard through his nostrils and you gulp.

“Divine,” he whispers, and you can’t help but bite your lip.

He moves down your body again, licking and kissing his way down your belly. It feels like an eternity later, but finally, he’s situated with his mouth hovering over your slit, his large hands spreading you wide. It’s vulgar and you’ve never felt so exposed, but a thrill shoots down your spine at the sight of him there, his fiery eyes flaring at the sight of you.

Ignis turns his head to kiss your inner thigh, taking the time to skim the tip of his nose along your flesh. His eyes slide shut for just a moment as he takes you in, savouring the moment like a sommelier sampling a fine wine. He treats your other thigh with the same ministrations, creating a path of kisses up to your hip bones.

When his tongue runs along your slit, barely parting your lips, you can’t help but buck at the contact. His grip keeps you from moving too much, and you can’t help but notice how strong he is. Your hands ball into fists as you helplessly watch him toy with you, fucking you with his tongue.
Ignis runs the tip along your folds until he gets to your clit, circling slowly as you shiver from his touch. He flattens out his tongue and wiggles his way past your folds, dipping in to taste you, obscene sucking noises coming from his mouth.

*He’s good at this,* you realize, as he closes his lips around your clit, applying suction and flicking the sensitive bud in turns with a rhythm that’s impossible to track. You let out a moan, his name falling from your lips before you can stop yourself. *He’s really good at this.*

Ignis raises his face, your slick all over his chin as he grins at you. “I liked the sound of that,” he purrs. “Let’s keep that going, shall we, darling?”

He returns his lips and mouth back to your dripping pussy and you can’t help but gasp and pant as his tongue dips in and out of you. It’s when he slides a finger inside of you that you start to keen, your walls starting to flutter.

Ignis crooks the finger inside of you and finds that rough patch of skin that you can barely ever reach, massaging it with ease. He adds a second finger, his mouth still hot on your clit, and your legs start to tremble. You try to curl in on yourself as the pleasure starts to mount, but Ignis uses his weight to hold you down.

Your chest starts to heave and you can feel your orgasm looming. Sweat dots your forehead and you can barely think. You’ve *never* had someone eat you like this before, as if you were an oasis and Ignis was a man starved. He read your body so easily, knowing exactly when to add more pressure and when to back off.

Ignis slips a third finger inside of you, and the stretch has you panting.

“Fuck,” you whisper, your head leaning back against the pillows.

“Does it hurt?” He asks, rising from your sex with a look of genuine concern marring his features. It’s almost…affectionate.

You immediately shake your head. “N-no,” you dispel the thought. “It’s just…a lot.”

His telltale smirk is back. “I hope you’ll learn to adjust, kitten,” he says, deep and smooth. “Because you’ll find that three fingers is nothing compared to me.”

You nearly choke on air, but have little time to recover as Ignis starts pumping his fingers in and out of you, the slick sound of him moving in and out of your wet heat filling the air. You moan is name freely, crying out as you feel the heat in your stomach starting to coil.

“Ignis, I’m… I’m…”

“I know, darling,” he pants, and you realize he’s rocking his hips against the foot of the bed in tandem with the rhythm of his fingers. His grip on your thigh is so tight it almost hurts, and it feels almost like circulation is being cut off in your leg.

You barely have time to register it though as your orgasm suddenly hits you, and you scream. Your cunt cranks down on his fingers and he holds you there, pressing against your g-spot as you keen and thrash. In that instant, Ignis bares his fangs and bites into your thigh, *hard.* His mouth latches onto where your femoral artery is hidden and sucks, lapping up the blood as you come on his hand.

The combination of your intense pleasure and the loss of blood have you totally drained, his hand never ceasing its movements as the pleasure stars to ebb slightly more towards pain.
“Stop,” you plead, trying to move your leg away from his mouth. At the sound of your helplessness, Ignis immediately ceases his feeding and slips his fingers out of you.

He moves to hover over you again, and you pant as he licks your blood from his lips. You desperately want to kiss him, your eyes focused on his mouth. He obliges, leaning down to slip his tongue past the seam of your lips and swirling it around yours.

When he pulls away, you feel as if you’re in a daze. His eyes have returned back to their original green, and he runs the backs of his knuckles along your cheek.

“Close your eyes and sleep, darling,” he says quietly, the affection back in his voice. “Rest.”

You immediately feel your eyelids getting heavy, and then everything gets dark.

When you wake up again, you’re back in your own bedroom, dressed in your pyjamas, sunlight pouring in from the window. You let out a heavy sigh. It was just a dream.

You wipe the sweat from your forehead to rid yourself of the chill that was starting to set in from your intense reverie, and get up to go to the bathroom.

But then, as you pass your reflection in the mirror, you notice it.

Two puncture marks on your throat, red and swollen.

You immediately undo the tie on your pyjama pants and slide them down to your ankles, and you let out a shaky breath upon seeing the exact same bite mark on your inner thigh, along with a bruise that looked an awful lot like the pressure points of a vice-like grip.

Okay, you think to yourself, suddenly feeling as if you’re being watched. Maybe it wasn’t a dream.
You were trying not to think of Ignis.

You really, truly were. But it was as if the man consumed your every thought, stoked your every desire. When you were awake, your thoughts always ended up floating to him. How his tongue felt as it pressed into you, how his mouth felt on your skin, the deep purr of his voice.

Sleep was worse.

In your dreams, you saw him. Every single night.

The circumstances of your encounters would differ, but the end result was always the same. You’d be underneath him, his body curling into yours, skin on skin. He’d stretch you open and fuck you raw. You’d beg him for more, and he’d always give it to you, always giving you what you needed without hesitation.

You’d always wake in a cold sweat, moisture between your legs.

Three weeks had passed, and you hadn’t seen a trace of him. You’d staved off doing anything, refusing to touch yourself because you felt as if it meant you were giving in. But one night, after a particularly heated dream, one where you could have sworn you felt the push of his hips against yours, you couldn’t take it any longer.

You lie awake in bed, peering blearily at the digital clock, the emitting glow being your only source of light in the room. It reads 3:00am on the dot, and you groan, rolling over in a failed attempt to go back to sleep. You toss and turn for a few more minutes before you huff out a groan, your back flat against the mattress, staring at the ceiling.

You close your eyes and breathe out heavily through your nose, picturing Ignis’ face. You let your hand trail down your stomach, past the waistband of your pyjama pants, and underneath your panties. You sigh at the contact of your fingertips against your slit, almost embarrassed by how wet your dream had made you.

Alone in the dark, you let yourself find your own pleasure. You slip your fingers past your folds, your own heat spurring you on. Your free hand comes to your breast underneath your shirt, toying and pinching at your nipple for added stimulation.

You pump your fingers in and out of your sex, using the heel of your palm to grind against your clit. You buck against your own hand as your orgasm approaches quickly, your body so high strung and desperate for release. Your fingers aren’t as long as Ignis’, and your own touch feels almost amateur by comparison, but it’s still enough to get you off.

When you come, it’s his name that falls from your lips like a prayer.

You barely have time to enjoy the afterglow of your orgasm when—

“You summoned me, my sweet?”

A scream rips from your throat at the sound of Ignis’ voice next to your ear. You scramble back, readjusting your clothes as you go, until your back is pressed against the headboard on the far side of your bed. Ignis flicks on your bedside lamp and you see his face for the first time in three weeks.
He’s just as handsome as you remember, and just as smug. Your heart is thudding against your chest, and you aren’t sure if you want to slap that look off his face, or if you want to throw yourself at him and kiss him till you’re breathless.


Ignis merely shrugs, the smirk never leaving his face. “Vampire and all that, darling.”

You crossed your arms over your chest, pouting. “That doesn’t explain anything.”

“Ah, and yet, it does,” he corrects you, rounding the bed to wind up at your side. “For there are such things that mere mortals cannot comprehend. But it’s alright, my pet. You’ve summoned me, and now I am here.”

You stared at him, his green eyes glinting in the dark. “Are you a genie?”

Ignis chuckled with a playful roll of his eyes. “Come now, darling. I’m not something from a silly tale.”

“You’re a vampire,” you deadpan. “Nothing about any of this makes any sense. Vampires are supposed to be imaginary.”

Ignis takes a seat on the edge of the bed, his hand coming to tuck a strand of hair behind your ear. He then slides it along the back of your neck, pulling you forward, towards him. He leans in, his lips barely grazing yours.

“Do I feel imaginary to you?”

You let out the breath you hadn’t realized you’d been holding, and you feel him smiling against your mouth. “I don’t know.”

Then he kisses you, slowly, gently, backing away as you try to deepen it. He teases you with light ones that leave you hungry, that have you practically crawling into his lap for more. It isn’t until you feel the bulge of his erection against your sex that you realize you’re straddling him, his palms pressing against your lower back to keep you flush against him.

“Tell me you want me,” Ignis breathes, bucking his hips up, earning a gasp from your lips.

“I’ve been dreaming of you,” you confess, one hand on his shoulder and the other in his hair. He hikes you up in his lap so that you have to lean down to kiss him, your throat at the perfect level for his mouth.

He presses a kiss to the now faded bite mark. “I know.”

Ignis’ lips on your neck bring you back to reality, and you push at his shoulders, distancing yourself. “Why did you do it?”

He quirks an eyebrow. “Why did I do what?”

You move yourself from his lap, hugging your knees to your chest. “Kidnap me. Tie me up. Why did you do it?”

“Ah, that,” Ignis sounds almost sheepish, scratching at the back of his head. “You see…each human gives off pheromones that vampires can detect from a great distance. And there are those in this world whose scent is so intoxicating, it sends us vampires into a sort of feeding frenzy. We become
animalistic, almost unforgivably so. Blood like yours is something that one only comes across once in a millennia. I knew I had to make you mine.”

“I’m not yours,” you said defiantly, glaring at him. “I’ll never be yours.”

Ignis slid his hand along the bed so that he cornered you with his arm. He leaned in, nuzzling your neck. “Is there nothing I can do that would change your mind?” He asks, and it comes out like a purr. “Or to beg for your forgiveness?”

You gulp as his lips press hot kisses against your throat, his other hand coming to slide up your thigh. Your mind wanders to your dreams, of him over top of you, holding you down, pounding into you until your bed frame gives way—

“Darling?” Ignis chirps, and you feel him smiling against your skin. “No need to daydream. I’m right here.”

You let out a huff, but expose more of your neck to him—a dangerous thing to do in front of a vampire, you realize—as you feel yourself starting to relax.

“Allow me the chance to win you over,” he says quietly, as you feel him leaning you back against the sheets. “To prove to you that I’m not the monster you think I am.”

He moves back so that you can look into his eyes. You bite your lip, allowing yourself to get lost in thought for just a moment. You want this. You want him.

You cup his face in your hands and pull him into a kiss. You lift your hips at the same time to press against his, and he groans against you. Ignis’ hands are suddenly everywhere, sliding up your torso underneath your shirt to ease it over your head. You shiver slightly as the cool air causes your nipples to pebble, and you get to work on finally undressing him as well.

You easily undo the buttons of his deep purple dress shirt, tossing it aside to reveal his sculpted torso. He appears tall and lithe, but there’s a bulk to him that’s pure muscle, a body made for grace and agility. He slides your pyjama pants off your legs, along with your panties, and you help with his belt buckle and fly. After what feels like an eternity, you’re both finally bare.

You slide his glasses off his nose and place them aside by your lamp, the incandescent bulb washing you both in a soft, warm glow. You push on his shoulders until he’s sitting up, and you rise with him, maintaining eye contact all the way. His lips part slightly as your eyes trail over his body, finally seeing him for the first time. His smooth expanse of skin isn’t without its scars, marks from centuries of survival. You shift forward, situating yourself back in his lap, before pressing a kiss to a faded looking one on the curve of his shoulder.

It’s a tender gesture that surprises even you, and you can see it in the heat of his gaze as he watches you move along his collarbone, and then to his jaw. When you finally meet his lips, he slides a hand in your hair to hold you in place, his erection stiffening against the base of your stomach. You roll your hips against his core, already slick between your legs, and reach down to line yourself up.

You can’t help the quiet moan that escapes your lips as the head of his cock presses past your folds into your tight, wet heat. Ignis, as composed as he tries to seem, allows his eyes to flutter shut as he takes in a sharp inhale through his teeth. He stretches you wide and fills you completely, and your fingers dig into his shoulders as you slide all the way down.

You sit like that for a moment, straddling his lap, adjusting to his size. Ignis slides a hand along your back, kissing you gently as you will your body to relax.
“Are you alright?” He asks, moving to stroking your hair. “I should have taken the time to prepare you, I should have—”

“Ignis,” you cut him off, your voice low and breathy. “Shut up and fuck me.”

A laugh rumbles in his chest and he kisses you again. “As you wish, my lady.”

His hands return to your waist and he guides your movements, rocking you in his lap as he slowly thrusts upward to meet your down strokes. He pace he sets is excruciatingly slow, but deeply intense. He keeps his eyes on yours, watching as your lips part with soft gasps and sighs every time he presses into you.

Ignis starts lifting you up a little higher, relinquishing some control to you so that you can ride him as you wish. You start to take him harder, rolling your hips so that his cock takes you with longer, deeper strokes.

He latches his mouth to your breast as he hikes you up further in his lap, and you moan as you feel his tongue circling your nipple. He sucks on your areola as he starts to bring more strength into his thrusts from below, and you drag long red marks across his back and shoulders.

The two of you work in perfect harmony as your orgasm starts to crescendo. You feel yourself getting close, and the glint in Ignis’ eyes says he can sense it too. That’s why suddenly, he detaches his mouth from your breast and lifts you off his hardened length.

“Why?” You can’t help but whine as he moves to sit at the end of the bed.

“Hush, my pet,” he says with a teasing smile. “Come here.”

You raise an eyebrow, but crawl over to him. He’s swung his legs over the edge of the mattress, and beckons you to stand before him in the gap of his legs. Ignis presses a kiss to your stomach before turning you to face the full length mirror that you keep leaned against the wall, facing your bed.

You gasp at the reflection.

He isn’t there.

“Ignis…” you turn to face him, and he’s grinning. “What…”

“Come,” he tugs you down by the waist. He sits you on his lap with your back to his chest, and spreads your thighs apart on either side of his knees. You watch in fascination at your reflection, seeing the indents of his fingers on your supple flesh, looking as if you’re floating in midair.

Ignis’ lips find your neck and press a kiss to the fading bite mark. “I want you to watch yourself in the mirror,” he commands. “I want you to watch yourself fall apart as I fuck you, as I ruin you for any other man. I want you to look yourself in the eye as you call my name when you come.”

You sink your teeth into your lower lip and tear your gaze away from yourself for just a second as Ignis’ hand snakes around to your front. He grasps his cock and presses the head against your folds, teasing your clit with the engorged tip.

“Watch,” he purrs, nudging your jaw with his nose to get you to look at the mirror again.

You gulp and turn back, and watch as your folds part and he pushes inside. You see your cunt being stretched open as your reflection floats above the bed, and you keen when he starts to move. It’s one of the most erotic things you’ve ever seen. Ignis allows his composure to slip as he grunts into your
ear, his thrusts getting harder and faster.

The wet slap of skin on skin as he moves his hands from your thighs to your waist to lift you up and slam you back down fills your ears, and you watch as redness stars to bloom on your cheeks and across your chest. He’s filling every inch of you, hitting spots you never knew existed before this day.

“How do I feel, darling?” he asks, more of a growl than a question. “Tell me. Tell me how I feel inside of you.”

You moan as he snaps his hips up and fucks you harder. You feel the press of his teeth against the base of your neck, not with the intent to feed, just to tease, and try to focus on answering his question.

“B-big,” you say truthfully, watching your body getting split in two in the mirror, noticing the wetness between your thighs that has spread and has started dripping onto the sheets. “Thick.”

Ignis runs his tongue along your neck. “What else?”

“You feel fucking amazing,” you gasp. “I need you, Ignis. Please keep fucking me, please, please —”

Ignis’ hands move to your breasts, and you can see in your reflection the flex of his hands against your skin.

“You were made for me, darling,” he punctuates each word with a thrust. “You were made to take my cock, look at how I’m filling you up, how your cunt pulls me in for more…”

You lean your head back and turn to kiss him, his tongue sliding past your lips to caress yours. You plant one hand on the bed and the other goes to cover his on your breast, wanting to feel every part of him as he strokes into you.

Ignis is still kissing you as he snakes his hand down your stomach and zeroes in on your clit. He pulls away from the kiss and you know it’s because he wants you to watch yourself coming undone. You redirect your gaze back to the mirror, and watch as your toes start to curl.

“I-Ignis,” you pant, starting to squirm in his grasp. His other hand holds one of your thighs down, keeping you spread open. Your chest starts to heave and you watch as a bead of sweat rolls down your forehead.

A whine leaves your lips as his hand moves faster in tandem with his hips, the orgasm that he’d denied you earlier rearing its head again. Your breathing speeds up and your fingers curl into the sheets. Ignis presses kisses against your neck as he moves, relentlessly fucking you until finally, you feel your walls clamping down on his cock. You can see your walls fluttering down on him in your reflection and suddenly, it hits you like a freight train.

“Ignis!”

You scream out his name as you ride out your orgasm, and he presses his full length into you, the pleasure edging on pain. His ministrations on your clit never cease, and you try to clamp your legs together out of instinct. He fucks you through your tightness until he finds his release, slipping out of you and coming in spurts onto your stomach. Your hair is plastered to the sweat on your forehead, and you grasp his cock in your grip and stroke him with a closed fist, milking him until he’s dry.

Ignis lifts you off his lap and lays you down onto your bed, disappearing into the ensuite bathroom
for just a moment. He returns with a warm, damp cloth and cleans his seed off of your skin and the wetness between your legs before pressing a kiss to your hip and tossing the towel into your laundry hamper.

You reach out to grab his hand and tug him down, curling into him when he situates himself comfortably onto the bed.

You whisper out a word, and he raises an eyebrow at you.

“What was that, darling?”

“My name,” you say. “That was my name;”

He repeats it, and it sounds so beautiful with the lilt of his voice. You lean up and kiss him, allowing yourself a moment to get lost in the feeling of his lips moving against yours, in the hands that were once cold as they warm themselves against your skin. He slides his thigh between yours and presses you fully against him, his thumb coming to glide against your cheek in a tender gesture that has your heart fluttering.

After a beat, he asks quietly, “Have you thought about my offer?”

You bet your lip, fingertips tracing his jawline. “I’m still not sure.”

He tries not to look too disappointed, but kisses you briefly anyway before settling back in. “I’ve waited an eternity already, my sweet. I can wait a little longer.”

You smile gratefully and nuzzle into his chest. “I don’t know if I can promise you forever,” you say, sighing against him. “But I can promise you right now.”

Ignis’ arms tighten around you, holding you close as your eyes start to drift to the steady sound of his breathing.

“Right now would be enough.”
Ignis’ visits become a regular occurrence. He comes to you as often as his schedule allows. He mentions something about an ongoing war with an enemy group of vampires, but doesn’t divulge any further details, citing that it’s for your own safety that you be kept in the dark.

This courtship goes on for about six months. The seasons change from the heat of summer to the brisk chill of winter, and the more you see Ignis, the more you slowly but steadily realize you’re falling for him.

Sometimes he brings you ancient texts and translates the long dead language in order to teach you about the history of his race. He tells you about the many wars he’s fought in with his comrades, the rise of his King, the one that he swore an oath to protect at all costs.

Sometimes he shows you little magic tricks that he’s learned over the centuries, usually just elemental summons and optical tricks that leave a smile on your face. He once made a rose out of ice, and you kept it tucked in your freezer so it wouldn’t melt.

Usually though, the two of you spend the most time tangled together under your sheets, skin pressed against skin, breathy moans and high pitched keens filling the room. Ignis, you learn, is insatiable. He’s stopped feeding from you, not because you asked, but because he figured in his mind that it was somehow impolite. He’s changed so much since you’d first met—it’s like he’s a totally different person.

“Love is a funny thing,” Ignis had said once, with your head on his chest and his arm around your shoulders. “I’ve never had anything like this before.”

Neither have you. But you can’t bring yourself to say the words back to him. Not yet.

Your favourite nights are the ones where Ignis just holds you, and you’re able to talk for hours. His voice is so soothing, and you always fall asleep to the gentle lilt of his tone. And you always, always wake up wishing he was by your side. But as sunlight streams through your window, you’re reminded that the two of you are from completely different worlds.

One night, you’re sitting by your bedroom window, staring out into the darkened streets. It’s particularly quiet, eerily so, and you check your phone for the time. It’s midnight, and Ignis still hasn’t arrived. You exhale, the warmth of your breath causing the glass to fog. You hug your sweater closer to your body and move to sit on your bed.

Suddenly a deep purple mist seeps into your bedroom, and you back up against the headboard in fear as it starts to take shape. The mist splits in two and your eyes widen as a pair of men appear at the foot of your bed—one is a giant, tall and muscular with dark brown hair to his shoulders and eyes like molten amber. The other is shorter by nearly a foot, with a shock of blond hair and freckles dusting across his cheeks and nose.

You have nothing that can be used as a weapon, so in a moment of panic, you grab your bedside lamp and hold it out in front of you like a club.

“Who the fuck are you and what the fuck are you doing in my room?!!”

The blond holds his hands up, gulping visibly. “Uh, big guy, I think we spooked her. I’m pretty sure we were given direct orders not to spook her.”
The giant grosses his tattooed arms over his chest, raising an eyebrow. “She has a lamp. That’s barely a weapon.”

You huff indignantly. “Stop talking about me like I’m not even here!”

The big guy still looks unimpressed, and the blond seems jittery, as if he can’t stand still.

“This is the right house, yeah, Gladio?”

“She matches his description, and this is the address, so yeah.”

Gladio…the name sounds so familiar. Where have you heard it before?

Frustrated, you growl, “Okay hold on, can someone tell me what the fuck is going on?”

“I’m Prompto!” the blond says cheerfully, almost as if he hadn’t just broken into your house and materialized in your bedroom. He added a small wave to his greeting, and you lowered the lamp in your grasp with a raised eyebrow. “The big guy is Gladio. We’re friends of Ignis.”

That’s where you’d heard those names before. Ignis had often told you about the adventures he and his comrades had been on long ago, but you’d always had trouble remembering their names since they were so unusual. It still didn’t explain what they were doing in your room.

“Why are you here?” you ask cautiously. “Where’s Ignis?”

Gladio sighs, his face hardening as his fiery eyes bare into yours. “He’s hurt.”

—

Gladio and Prompto bring you to a house in the outskirts of the city, a sprawling mansion that you had thought was abandoned long ago. The windows are boarded up, and a large gate at the front has a heavy chain and padlock keeping the doors firmly closed. The mansion looks like something you’d seen once in a dream, or in a storybook from your childhood.

You know that this is where Ignis had brought you that first night. You can still feel the ropes around your wrists and ankles, and you shudder involuntarily at the thought.

“Come on,” Prompto urges as Gladio unlatches the lock and pushes the gate open. “He’s inside.”

The two men lead you through the winding estate as you try not to gape. The exterior is nothing compared to what is beyond the front doors. You cross the living room that holds lavish Victorian furniture and a roaring fireplace. Oil paintings framed in gold filigree line the walls, depicting who you assume to be notable vampires and members of their families. The staircase is made of a heavy oak, and each banister holds hand-carved designs.

Gladio’s grunt takes you out of your reverie as you get to the top of the stairs. “This way.”

He opens a door near the end of the hall, and you gasp. Ignis is lying in the four-poster bed, his skin nearly blue, his veins visible in spidery intersections across the exposed skin of his face, neck, and hands.

You rush to his side, unsure if you can touch him or not. “What happened?”

“He was protecting me.”

You turn at the sound of a new voice. You hadn’t even noticed the figure slumped in the armchair on
the other side of the room in the shadows. He rises, walking over to you in confident strides. He peers at you with the bluest eyes you’ve ever seen. He looks young, probably similar age to Prompto, but you know that he’s lived through many centuries, seen many wars, lived many lives.

“You’re…King Noctis, aren’t you?” you can’t help but ask, stunned.

He smiles at you, soft and genuine. “Just Noctis is fine. But yes, that would be me. Ignis and I were out on a hunt, and there was an assassination attempt from another group of vampires. We fought them off, but Ignis was badly hurt.”

You focus back on Ignis, on his shallow breathing. You feel your heart clench. “What can we do to help him?”

“It’s a question of what can you do,” Noctis corrects, and your gaze falls on him once again. “You’re his mate, no? The one he’s been spending so much time with?”

You feel your cheeks heat up as a teasing grin spreads across Noctis’ face.

“He’s told me all about you. I’ll be frank though, he’s lost a lot of blood, and he might not make it through the night. I know it’s unfair to ask this of a mortal, but—”

“He needs my blood,” you finish for him. “That’s fine. He can take it. As long as he survives, I don’t care.”

Noctis bows his head graciously before turning to Gladio and Prompto. “We need to prepare for a transfusion. Can you guys bring the equipment?” They both nod and scurry off somewhere. While Noctis has you alone, he places a hand on your shoulder. “Ignis is my oldest, dearest friend. Thank you for doing this for him.”

You nod meekly, and he pulls up a chair so that you can sit at his side. You grasp his hand, cold as ice, and run your thumb along the cool skin.

After a moment’s pause, Noctis says quietly, “You must really love him.”

Your head snaps over in his direction, your mouth slightly agape. You’re about to respond when Prompto and Gladio rush back in with medical equipment that looks like it was stolen from the hospital.

“Oh, Prompto snaps on a pair of latex gloves. “Let’s get this over with.”

You’re exhausted by the end of the transfusion, but the colour is starting to come back to Ignis’ cheeks and his veins are no longer visible through translucent skin. Noctis, Gladio and Prompto leave you with him, and you sit at his bedside, your elbow ditch wrapped in gauze.

Your eyes threaten to close when you hear a light groan and see Ignis’ hand start to twitch. You immediately sit up and take his hand in one of yours, the other moving to push his bangs out of his eyes.

He whispers your name, his voice hoarse from lack of use, and you can’t help but smile.

“Hi.”

“Am I dead?”
You shake your head, giving his hand a reassuring squeeze. “No. You’re still here.”

Ignis’ eyes scan the room, and he notices the medical equipment and empty blood bag by his bedside. His gaze then lands on your arm, and then back to your face. “You saved me?”

You can’t help but look away, almost embarrassed. “Of course I did.”

You feel Ignis tug on your hand, and he scoots over under the sheets, a clear invitation. You kick off your shoes and slide under the covers with him, resting your head against his chest as his arms encircle you.

It’s quiet for a moment when suddenly Ignis hears you sniffle. He peers down at you, and confusion flashes across his face when he sees the tears falling from your eyes.

“Darling, what’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry,” you hiccup, burying your face in his neck so he won’t see you cry. “I was just so scared, you were so hurt, I thought I was going to lose you, and—”

Ignis shushes you, running his nimble fingers through your hair. “Don’t cry, my love. I’m alright. I’m here with you now.”

You move away just enough that you can look into his eyes. They’re warm and welcoming, and the realization strikes you like a ton of bricks.

“Ignis,” you say quietly. “I want you to turn me.”

Ignis can’t help his look of surprise. “You don’t have to do this just because of my brush with death.”

“I want to,” you tell him, and his eyes search yours for any hint of doubt. He doesn’t find any. You cup his jaw with your hand and pull him in for a kiss.

Ignis had explained to you before what would need to happen in order for you to turn. He would need to drain you almost completely, so that you were mere inches from death. Then you would have to feed from him, sealing your bond and granting you everlasting life. The thought scared you then, but it doesn’t scare you now.

You move over Ignis, his hands sliding up your sides underneath your shirt. It doesn’t take long until you’re both naked, clothes abandoned in piles on the floor. You straddle his hips and take his hardened cock in your hand, guiding it to your entrance. You’re not quite ready, but unwilling to wait, so there’s a slight burn as he fills you and stretches you to your limit.

You lean forward and kiss him, rolling your hips as he moves with you in perfect harmony. You let out a breathy sigh as you set a slow pace, savouring the feeling of him inside you, knowing that you’d been so close to losing him. You never wanted to let him go.

Sitting upright, Ignis runs his hands all over your body as the angle of his cock inside of you adjusts. His thumbs graze your nipples as you fuck yourself on him, his hips thrusting upwards to meet you for every stroke. A light sheen of sweat coats both of your bodies, and you grasp at the back of his thighs in an attempt to take him deeper.

His eyes are half-lidded as he gazes up at you, and he tugs you down for a kiss. His mouth trails along your jawline down to your neck, and moves until he’s lavishing your nipples with the attention of his tongue. You moan out his name and he presses into you deeper, that slight edge of pain
grounding you in the moment.

Ignis sits up and takes you with him, pressing a kiss between your breasts before rolling the two of you over so that you’re on your back.

Your legs fall open and he situates himself between them, sliding the underside of his cock against your clit a few times before sliding back in. Ignis’ hands grasp either side of your waist and pull you against him, dragging you onto his cock over and over. Your hands fly up to the headboard for leverage so that you can push yourself down harder, and the sound of skin slapping against skin and breathy moans of pleasure fills the room.

Your hips almost completely lift off the bed as Ignis puts more power behind his thrusts, and your back arches in his grasp.

“Ignis,” you pant, grasping at his forearm. You look into his eyes, that familiar sea foam green that you haven’t been able to get out of your head since the first time you saw them. You smile up at him, your heart ready to burst. “I love you.”

He’s momentarily stunned, but the smile on his face after his moment of pause is enough to light up all of Eos. He leans down and kisses you, his hand coming to the backs of your knees to spread you further open for him.

You moan against his lips as his tongue slides against yours. Ignis plants his knees at your sides, boxing you in, his hips smacking frantically against yours, the bed frame groaning from the strength of his thrusts. You keen as you grasp at his ass, pulling him deeper, deeper, deeper.

You feel the familiar heat coiling in the base of your stomach, the sparks that ignite every vein in your body. It begins to consume you, spreading like a wildfire and taking you over until your heart beats only to the rhythm of his own.

You feel yourself tipping over the edge, and you come, crying out his name. And just as the pleasure hits its peak, Ignis sinks his fangs into your neck, and you feel him draining the life from your body.

The room starts to spin, and you have a harder and harder time filling your lungs with oxygen. Your eyes start to droop, threatening to shut altogether. Your vision blurs as sleep starts to overwhelm you, but before it does, you see Ignis bite down on his own wrist.

Wetness coats your lips, and a metallic tang hits your tongue. It tastes almost sweet, like nectar from a rare fruit. You drink it greedily until its source disappears, and you feel a renewed strength start to course through you.

You open your eyes, and see Ignis hovering over you, looking both nervous and concerned.

“How do you feel?”

A smile spreads across your face and you tug him down for a kiss, nipping his lower lip with your newly sharpened fangs. You feel his cock getting hard again against the base of your stomach, and you raise your hips to grind against him.

You pull away, looping your arms around his neck. “I feel alive,” you say, hooking your leg over his hip. “Make love to me, Ignis. I want to feel you until the sun comes up.”

Ignis chuckles, intertwining your fingers and pushing into you once more. “That is an offer I cannot refuse.”
End Notes

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