Eat Me

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Eat Me

by Genly

Summary

Ravus turns out to have a biting kink. Ignis sinks his teeth into the subject. Perhaps he should have bitten his tongue...

Puns, puns, fluff, more puns, sex, revenge, dad jokes, and extra puns just for good measure. Oh, and there's some biting too.

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Chapter 1

"Sometimes I wish vampires were real." Ravus is staring into the bathroom mirror, an unreadable expression on his face.

Ignis carefully spits out his toothpaste and rinses his mouth before replying.

"I am probably going to regret asking this, but what made you think of vampires?"

Ravus blushes slightly, a look that is in Ignis' top five favourite Ravus expressions, and averts his gaze.

"Nothing. Would you like eggs for breakfast?"

Ignis follows him out of the bathroom towards the kitchen, curiosity now truly piqued. He wraps his arms around Ravus' waist from behind and pulls him close, placing a soft kiss against his neck.

"You know I was teasing you, right? I always love hearing what goes on in that slightly complicated but magnificent mind of yours. Please, tell me why you're thinking of vampires. Is this a kink of yours I *haven't* discovered yet?"

Ravus tenses up. "I shouldn't have mentioned it. You don't ever let anything slide, do you?"

His curiosity and playfulness evaporating, Ignis moves to the side, allowing him to see Ravus' face while giving Ravus an option to get away from him if he needs to. Restraints may work wonders for both of them in the bedroom, but outside of it, not as much.

"I will let it go if it truly makes you uncomfortable to talk about it. But... I'm also slightly worried about the fact that it *is* making you uncomfortable. Is this..."

Ignis pauses, searching for the right words. "Does it have anything to do with vampires being immortal... or with the fact that they're predators and killers?"

He hesitates, but the concern in his heart is becoming too intense to not ask the question that burns on his tongue.

"Do you... do you want to get killed by a vampire? Are your intrusive thoughts getting stronger again?"

Ravus slams his hands down on the counter.

"No! It's not that at all! You just don't bite me hard enough, alright!"

Taken completely by surprise, Ignis just stares at Ravus.

Granted, at first he'd assumed something kinky, but with the way Ravus reacted, his mind had jumped to more dire conclusions, apparently too quickly. He needs a few seconds to

recalibrate, but then he starts laughing softly.

"Oh, Ravus. You never cease to amaze me, Kitten."

Ravus casts a baleful glare at the kitchen cabinets. "You don't need to make fun of me."

Ignis pulls him close once again, and runs his fingers through Ravus' hair soothingly.

"Trust me, I'm not. If anything, I'm laughing at myself for assuming the worst. Why does it embarrass you so much?"

Ravus relaxes in his arms, although he's still frowning. "I just... I don't want you to feel like you're not doing enough. You've already given me so much, and here I am, demanding even more. It makes me sound like a spoilt child."

Ignis looks into his eyes and smiles. "You seem to have forgotten that *my* most prominent kink is giving you anything you ask. Spoiling you, if I may. So, last night, when I did *this*..."

He leans closer and pulls Ravus' collar aside, revealing the faint bruise at the junction of his neck and shoulder, Ravus' pale skin the only reason why it's visible at all. He brushes his lips over it, then bares his teeth and gently scrapes them over the same spot, just to hear the soft noise Ravus makes.

He looks up again.

"...I should have done it *harder*?"

Ravus is gripping the counter with both hands, gazing down at him with his lips slightly parted and a blush highlighting his cheekbones.

"Damn it, Ignis, why are you doing this now? I'm supposed to make breakfast!"

It wouldn't be difficult to overcome Ravus' objections, he's done so plenty of times in the past, but it's also quite entertaining to leave him hanging. So, Ignis nods and turns towards the silverware drawer.

"You're absolutely right, Ravus. Are you thinking of scrambled eggs? I'll set the table and leave everything else to you."

Ravus makes an exasperated sound, but Ignis ignores him, setting out plates, cups and cutlery with his usual care and attention. He eyes the fruit bowl in the centre of the table for a second, before leaving it in place.

As they sit down to eat their eggs and toast, Ignis taps his teeth in thought.

"You know, I've always gravitated to more... clinical means of providing pain stimuli, such as clamps and rods. But I have to admit that there's a certain appeal in using nails and teeth, even if it is less precise. It feels wild, feral. Hinting at the possibility of losing control, perhaps."

He takes a bite of his toast as Ravus nearly chokes on his tea.

"Perfectly toasted bread, my love. Did you get this from the bakery on Church Street?" He smiles at Ravus' spluttering.

"Ignis, you... How can you talk about losing control, and then move onto toast in the next breath? Do you realise how inhuman you sound sometimes?"

Ignis blows him a kiss from across the rim of his coffee cup. "Judging from your vampire kink, I'd say you don't mind a bit of inhumanity."

"It's not a... Damn you! Never mind!"

Ravus attacks his eggs as if they have personally offended him.

Ignis carefully grinds some black pepper on top of his, before loading a bite onto his fork. They're fluffy and strike a perfect balance between soft and firm. He hums in appreciation.

"Excellent as always, Ravus. Now, when you say you want me to bite you harder than I did last night, what level are you thinking of? Significant bruising? Visible teeth marks? Piercing your skin and drawing blood won't really be an option, I'm afraid, since my incisors and canines are those of an omnivore, not a carnivore. Unless... No, that's not feasible. Having my teeth sharpened would be highly impractical. Can you pass me the butter?"

Ravus glares at him, but hands him the butter dish anyway. "Fine. Since you insist on doing this over breakfast, I want something that I can see and feel for a few days. Does that answer satisfy you?"

Ignis reaches out and wraps his fingers around Ravus' prosthetic hand, squeezing briefly. "I'll be satisfied when you are, Kitten."

Ravus' expression softens. "You know I can't feel that."

"But you can see it, which is apparently enough. That is, if your criteria for me biting you are anything to go by."

Ravus groans. "Why do I keep engaging in discussions with you? You're just as determined to win those as you are with any other battle. Sometimes, I truly don't know what I was thinking when I fell in love with you."

Ignis leans closer and gives him a warm and sincere smile. "I have no idea either, but I thank the gods every day that you did. I sincerely apologise for distracting you from breakfast. It really is a wonderful meal, and we ought to savour each... bite."

Ravus sends him a pained look, but goes back to eating.

Ignis tries to keep the conversation light during the remainder of breakfast. Still, the way Ravus has reacted to any and all mentions of biting proves too much of a temptation. When he finishes his last piece of toast, he reaches for the fruit bowl and takes one of the peaches he spotted earlier.

He knows he's on the right track when Ravus puts down his fork and stares at the way he cuts the peach and carefully twists the two halves apart with his fingers. Ravus most definitely has a thing for his hands, not that he'd ever say so out loud.

In fact, Ravus has a thing, and Ignis will charitably not call it obsession, for a lot of things he does, which makes it that much more entertaining to fluster him.

Putting one half down on his plate, he takes a slow, deliberate bite out of the other half, making eye contact with Ravus as he does so.

He lets a trickle of juice stain his lips before he swallows, delicately wiping his mouth with a finger and licking the juice off. Ravus' eyes perceptibly widen, and his nostrils flare.

Ignis allows a self-satisfied little smile to appear on his face. "So difficult to take a bite from a peach without making a sticky mess, don't you agree?"

Ravus abruptly pushes back his chair and stands up, piercing him with a look that anyone who doesn't know Ravus well enough would call a scowl.

"Enough!" he grits out, and closes the short distance between them. "You're doing this on purpose."

Ignis looks up at him. "And what if I am?"

Quick as lightning, he reaches out and grabs hold of Ravus' wrist, pulling him down until he falls right into his lap. As expected, Ravus doesn't try to resist him at all.

"Ah, my sweet, obstinate Kitten. Why do I always have to force you into doing what you already want to do, deep down?"

Ignis places his hands on Ravus' face and pulls him in for a punishing kiss. The moment he feels Ravus melting into the kiss and opening up for him, he bites down on his bottom lip.

The resulting moan is even better than he'd hoped for.

The sound awakens the banked fires of his own passion, the way it always does when Ravus is vocal in his desire. Still, he's careful not to bite too hard, not right away. They can slowly work their way up to whatever level of pain Ravus is willing to take.

He releases Ravus' bottom lip but keeps his hands firmly on both sides of his face, preventing Ravus from chasing after the kiss. "Ah, ah, Ravus. Not until you tell me what you want."

Ravus opens his eyes and looks straight at him.

"You. Always you, my tormenter."

Ignis schools his face into his sternest expression, even though it's a challenge with how Ravus' words make him feel. "If you do not articulate your needs, I will make you choose between two options, and I promise you, neither of them will be exactly what you want."

Ravus leans their foreheads together, the only movement Ignis is allowing him to make, and smiles softly down at him.

"The demanding Dom persona would have been more effective if you hadn't been making terrible jokes all morning, Ignis. Calendula, if you don't mind. I'm not in the mood for power dynamics right now."

Ignis trails his fingers over his face, then pulls him in for a passionate kiss. "Never apologise for using your safeword, Ravus. I love you so much."

Ravus blushes, adorably. "I will never get tired of hearing you say that."

Ignis lets his hands drop down to the top button on Ravus' shirt. "If I remember correctly, you were saying something earlier about wanting me to bite you. Is that still on the menu?"

Ravus tries to groan, but it comes out as a whimper when Ignis leans closer and starts undoing his shirt, all while peppering kisses along his neckline. "Ignis, I swear, your jokes are... oh gods, please don't stop."

Pushing Ravus' shirt out of the way, Ignis continues his trail of kisses along his collarbones and shoulders. "As long as you enjoy what I'm doing, I have no intention of stopping. We may have had some teething problems discussing this kink of yours..."

"For the love of the gods, please stop talking."

Ignis looks up at him and grins. "Are you saying I need to put my money where my mouth is?"

Ravus nearly tumbles off his lap in his haste to get up, pulling him up behind him. "You are a horrible, horrible person. I'm *this* close to begging."

Ignis allows himself to be dragged towards the bedroom. "But you beg so sweetly, Ravus. All bark and no bite..."

The kiss Ravus uses to shut him up is practically perfect.

Flushed, rushed, they stumble into the bedroom, uncoordinated and unrestrained, shedding their clothes as they go. Ravus wastes no time pulling his trousers and underwear off, grinding his bare body against Ignis until he gets the hint and digs his fingers into Ravus' ass. Ravus breaks off the kiss to moan against his lips, then seals their mouths together again.

Ignis briefly debates the merits of continuing to fondle Ravus' ass versus getting undressed, but decides in favour of the latter. He quickly divests himself of his remaining clothing, kissing and touching Ravus at every opportunity.

The moment he feels Ravus' bare skin against his own, a thrill of excitement rushes through him. Usually he prefers to remain firmly in control during their lovemaking, but teasing and manipulating Ravus until he snaps does make things far more exhilarating.

Truth be told, Ravus' intensity is so often contagious.

He drops to his knees and looks up at Ravus, giving him the most devious smile he can summon. "I hope you'll forgive me for this... but I need to make certain that I haven't bitten off more than I can chew."

Then he sinks his teeth into Ravus' kneecap.

Ravus utters a cry of surprise and takes an involuntary step back. "What the *hell* are you doing?"

"You have awakened my appetite, Kitten," Ignis beams at him.

Ravus throws his head back and groans, in a decidedly less aroused tone than before, and tries to pull him back on his feet.

Resisting Ravus' attempts and staying on his knees, Ignis catches hold of his prosthetic hand and brings it to his lips. "Perhaps I chose the wrong body part for a taste test?"

"Get up. *Please* get up," Ravus growls, as Ignis bites the pads of his fingers, careful not to get his teeth too close to the metallic joints. "If you're going to bite me, at least do it where I can *feel* it, damn it!"

Having Ravus exactly where he wants him, Ignis relents. He leans in, brushes his lips against Ravus' inner thigh, and bites down. Gently at first, only making Ravus feel the pressure of his teeth. Then, slightly rougher, the soft layers of skin rucking up in his mouth until he knows he's going to leave a mark.

The sounds of Ravus' breathing speeding up, his fingers combing through and then tightening in his hair, are all signs telling Ignis he's on the right track.

He lets go and immediately latches on to Ravus' other thigh, repeating the process. This time Ravus moans when he sinks his teeth in, clamps down hard on the skin, and sucks.

When he finally leans back, the shapes of his incisors and canines are clearly etched into the surface of Ravus' thigh. Satisfied that the marks are not disappearing straight away, he runs his hands over Ravus' skin.

Above him, Ravus is panting, his eyes closed and his mouth lax.

So, Ignis bites him again, and again, until Ravus' upper thighs are littered with bite marks, some still showing the white outlines of his teeth, others reddening nicely, and Ravus is sobbing his name on every exhale.

Recognising Ravus has reached his limit, Ignis gets up from the floor and gently coaxes him towards the bed, pressing soft kisses to every inch of skin he is able to reach. Ravus lets himself be led, still slightly out of it, but regaining some awareness once he's lying down.

"Ignis... prep me, please? I don't think I have the strength to do it myself. That was..."

Ignis kisses him. "We don't have to have sex, especially not with your legs looking like this. I can get some ointment to soothe the marks."

Ravus nearly shouts, although his voice sounds slightly hoarse. "No!"

"No," he repeats, quieter. "I want to feel them while we're having sex. I want to feel *everything*."

Ignis kisses him again, longer and more passionately this time, before reaching for the lube. Most of the time, he's not as set on having penetrative sex as Ravus is, but he loves how much Ravus enjoys it, begs him for it. Having that kind of effect on his lover is intoxicating.

Ravus may be the submissive partner in their relationship, but Ignis finds it very difficult to deny him or tell him no. If that makes him too soft to be a proper Dom, so be it.

Mindful of how much teasing he's already done, he preps Ravus quickly and efficiently, hitting all the spots that make him squirm and gasp. For good measure, he leaves a few more superficial bite marks on Ravus' thighs, relishing the noises Ravus makes each time he does so.

Unsurprisingly, Ravus decides that he's ready, long before Ignis has had his fill of bringing him to even higher levels of arousal. In a renewed bout of energy he flips Ignis onto his back, straddling his hips and gesturing imperiously for the lube.

Ignis smiles. "Topping from the bottom today, are we, Kitten?"

He barely manages to suppress a gasp as Ravus' fingers curl confidently around his cock, stroking him to full hardness. "I deserve it, after all your horrible jokes this morning. You love tormenting me far too much. Now it's my turn."

He positions Ignis' cock against his entrance and lowers himself on top. Ignis places his hands on Ravus' waist to steady him and guide him down, earning a soft moan in response.

Ignis lets his hands roam further, over his hips, ass and thighs, encouraging Ravus to set his own pace.

Ravus bears down on Ignis' cock in a practised motion, his eyes closed and his chest heaving.

The sight of his cock disappearing into Ravus' enticing, tight heat, coupled with Ravus looking so completely lost in the sensation of Ignis entering him, sends a sudden wave of arousal through Ignis' body.

"Ravus... no need to rush. Go slow," he gasps out.

Ravus opens his eyes and captures his gaze with a piercing stare. With a quick shake of his head, he replies, "No. *My* turn."

He draws himself up to his full height, until just the tip of Ignis' cock remains inside, then slams back down with all his power and weight behind it, sheathing Ignis completely inside himself. Taken by surprise, Ignis almost arches off the bed, rapturous bliss coursing along his nerves as Ravus starts riding him in a relentless tempo.

Watching Ravus take his pleasure from him in this manner is incredible. All he can do is hold on for the ride, and do his best to keep down the noises that threaten to leave his lips. Ravus doesn't often take the initiative, but he reminds Ignis with every movement of his hips that he knows exactly what to do to make him delirious with desire.

The fast pace, the droplets of sweat shimmering on Ravus' gorgeous pecs while he thrusts down on Ignis' cock, the moans and soft grunts he makes whenever Ignis hits his prostate, it all combines into a fiery swirl of lust and arousal in Ignis' gut, bringing him to the brink much quicker than he cares to admit.

He grips the sheets and clenches the muscles in his abdomen, hoping to stave off his orgasm long enough for Ravus to reach his climax first.

Ravus slows down and fixes him with a knowing half-smile.

"Ignis... Will you do something for me?"

"Anything, Ravus. *Anything*."

Ravus grinds down on his cock, and Ignis' restraint shatters. He grabs hold of Ravus' ass and digs his fingers in, pulling him down further until his cock is as deep inside Ravus as it can go.

They both gasp when his cock throbs hard inside Ravus' ass, causing Ravus to grind down on him with even more force.

"Ah, Ignis... it feels... so good. So good."

Suddenly, Ravus grabs him by the shoulders and pulls him up for a fierce kiss.

"When I'm close to coming, you need to bite me again. As hard as you can. Promise me, Ignis."

Dazed and desperately turned on, Ignis nods. "Yes, yes, of course. Gods, don't stop."

Ravus leans back and starts riding him again, in a slightly less frantic tempo than before, but just as effective. Ignis raises himself up on his elbows, hypnotised by the sight of Ravus sinking down on his cock, each time taking him in as deep as possible.

Ravus' hands glide down over his pecs and abdomen, his own neglected cock bobbing up and down with each move of his hips, and settle on his thighs where the bite marks Ignis left earlier are still visible.

"I can feel your marks," Ravus pants. "Gods, your cock... I want to feel your cock inside every minute of the day, but I can't... but I can feel those bites, and oh... Ignis, Ignis, right there, I'm going to come on your cock, can you feel it?"

The dirty talk is the last straw.

Ignis surges up and sinks his teeth into the crook of Ravus' neck, obliterating the faint bruise from yesterday with a fresh mark. At the same time, he wraps his arms around him and pulls him down hard on his cock.

Ravus arches back into his grasp and lets out an earth shattering moan, his passage tightening almost painfully around his cock, and Ignis reaches his peak, his orgasm cresting over him like an unstoppable wave.

Gasping, he buries his face against Ravus' chest, surges of pleasure coursing through his body as his cock pulses with spurt after spurt of come.

He regains awareness enough to notice Ravus' rapid heartbeat and his laboured breaths, and true to his promise, he bites down on Ravus' pectoral while giving a few more thrusts inside him, earning another loud moan as Ravus too reaches his climax. Only a fraction of a second after, he feels Ravus' come spilling against his abdomen.

They stay like that for a few moments, leaning into each other, chests heaving and trying to get their breaths back. His cock gives a few more valiant twitches inside Ravus' ass, and Ravus moans softly at each one.

Finally, Ignis looks up at Ravus and smiles.

"You know I have to ask, Kitten. Did you enjoy it?"

Ravus doesn't answer. He looks back at Ignis with a dazed expression on his face.

Ignis lifts a hand to Ravus' face and brushes a lock of slightly sweaty hair away from his forehead. "Kitten? Are you alright?"

Ravus visibly gathers himself, taking a deep, shuddering breath.

"Fuck. Ignis, that was..."

His hand drifts towards his chest, then his neck, and finally back to his thighs.

"Can you... can you help me get up? I'm not sure if I... but I need to get to the bathroom, Ignis. I need to *see*."

Ignis gently disentangles them both and gives Ravus a hand in getting off the bed, watching fondly as Ravus shakily finds his balance and stumbles towards the bathroom as if he can't quite remember how to use those gorgeous long legs of his, like a newborn foal.

Quickly, Ignis wipes himself down and shrugs on his underwear and trousers, not having quite the same confidence as Ravus in wandering through the apartment fully naked, and follows him to the bathroom to make sure he's alright.

The sight that greets him there fills his heart with love.

Ravus is looking at himself in the mirror, tracing the mark on his neck with a single finger and smiling broadly. Ravus smiles so rarely that Ignis is always taken aback at how it lights

up his entire face, giving him a much softer and more youthful look.

He moves closer and wraps his arms around Ravus' waist, giving him a tender kiss on his shoulder. "How are you feeling?"

Ravus makes eye contact with him in the mirror, still smiling. "It's beautiful. You make *me* feel beautiful. Thank you so much, Ignis."

Ignis snorts softly in amusement. "You don't need me, you look stunning no matter what. But I'm glad I was able to give you what you wanted."

Ravus presses his hand against the bite mark on his chest, sighing deeply. "I'm sure I will feel this one for days. Reminding me that I belong to you, that you *desire* me, flawed as I am."

His smile disappears. "I'm sorry that I was so demanding earlier, Ignis. I have nothing to complain about, you make me happier than I've ever been."

"Mmm, this is what you get when you skip aftercare, Kitten," Ignis hums into Ravus' shoulder, running his hands soothingly over his back. "Time to get you cleaned up and get some ointment for those bites, alright? Let me take care of you."

He takes his time, lavishing attention on every part of Ravus' bare body, caressing and kissing as he wipes Ravus' thighs clean with a soft cloth and applies cream to the most fierce-looking bites. Ravus relaxes visibly, and when Ignis exerts a bit too much pressure on one of the marks, lets out a quiet moan of enjoyment, his cock slowly rising to attention again.

Ignis chuckles at that. "I won't be able to do another round so soon, Ravus. Would you like me to use my mouth?"

Ravus blushes slightly and looks away. "I'm sorry. It's just... with you... gods, you turn me on so easily and I..."

Then he visibly collects himself and shakes his head. "No. Ever since we became involved, I'm always aroused around you. I like the feeling. It gives me something to look forward to."

Ignis raises himself up and places both of his hands on Ravus' face, pulling him in for a long, loving kiss. "You're incredible. Knowing that you're effectively edging yourself all day... well, let's just say that you might have something to look forward to much sooner than you think."

He follows up his words with a quick wink, his mind already coming up with dozens of possible scenarios in which he might be able to use this information.

Then he suddenly remembers something he thought of during breakfast. If there's anything he learned during his training as a strategist, it's to always think ten steps ahead, to take all possible outcomes into account, and to make use of opportunities whenever they present themselves.

He reaches into his trouser pocket and quickly slaps his hand against Ravus' ass.

Ignoring Ravus' yelp of surprise, he kisses him again.

"You might want to forego wearing trousers, Kitten. That is, if you truly want to tempt me into taking another bite out of you."

"What..."

The confusion on Ravus' face is adorable, but Ignis is too pleased with his own ingenuity to keep Ravus in the dark for long.

He takes him by the shoulders and turns his back towards the mirror.

"Look."

Ravus' look of bewilderment is replaced by one of exasperation the moment he spots the sticker on his ass. The white background and black lettering contrast nicely with his slightly rosy skin.

"You have to admit, Ravus, the similarities between the peach that carried that sticker and your lovely behind are definitely striking. Sweet, juicy, plump..."

Ravus emits a growl and tries to grab hold of Ignis, but he dances out of the way, snickering as he flees the bathroom and closes the door behind him.

Through the door, he can still hear Ravus' infuriated shout.

"I am *not* certified fresh and organic!"

It's going to be a wonderful day.

Chapter 2

Artwork by Seraphet



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