

If I Knew You

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If I Knew You

by [abbacchiosbelt](#)

Summary

A collection of fics focused on the twisted relationships & trials the MC faces with their boyfriend of choice.

(This series is on a permanent hiatus! Currently I have no further interest in writing for this fandom. I will always appreciate the creators, their great characters, and awesome people I met through it, but I no longer have interest in it.)

Notes

This story will feature explicit heavy themes like the game itself, though they will not be featured in every chapter. Please check the note at the beginning of every chapter for a content warning. As the creators have stated themselves, the games are meant to thrill, not to harm. Take caution if needed. Characters featured belong to Gato ([gurobob.tumblr.com](#)) & Electric Puke ([electricpuke.tumblr.com](#))!

my goal is to update once every two weeks or at least once a month, although i am a notorious project abandoner. i'm going to try my best with this series due to the shorter chapter length! (hopefully short because my ass tends to get wordy) also, additional characters may be added depending on how this goes! thanks for reading, and please enjoy.

Coalesce (Akira + Reader)

It wasn't often that Akira came home in a foul mood. Despite his line of work, he was one of the cheeriest people you'd ever met. You'd seen him walk in the door, clothes drenched in blood, with a smile on his face. Today, however, was different. You had been sitting on the living room couch when you heard a loud crash from outside, followed by a string of expletives. The blood drained from your face, a knot beginning to form in the pit of your stomach. Akira's infectious happiness was something you would never tire of, but his unbridled anger was a side you had hoped to never see again.

You got up from the couch, scrambling to get to the bedroom before he came inside. The thought that he might be angrier that you weren't waiting for him when he came inside crossed your mind, but the growing fear in your body made you stay put. Something had set him off – that much was obvious.

The sound of the door slamming open echoed throughout the whole house, Akira's loud footsteps quickly following. You heard another crash come from the living room, and the sound of the door slamming back shut. There was silence afterwards – a silence that lasted far too long for your liking.

"H-hello?" The words left your mouth quietly, but apparently loud enough for Akira to hear, as he entered your bedroom shortly after. His expression was blank, and there was a smattering of blood across his clothes. The blood wasn't anything out of the ordinary, but the lack of emotion was.

"Akira, are you okay?" You stood up from your spot and slowly took a step towards him, waiting to see his reaction before you continued. His hand shot out quickly and gripped your wrist tightly. You still couldn't read his expression.

"It's kind of funny..." He started, squeezing your wrist again and taking a step towards you. He towered over you, and being this close to him made your throat catch for a moment. "... when the people that are supposed to love you betray you."

He pushed you down onto the bed, a wild look coming over his eyes. You had no idea what he was talking about.

"Akira, what are you talking about?" Your voice was quiet still, and you didn't want to upset him further. He took a step back and ran his hands through his hair, chuckling.

"You know *exactly* what I'm talking about." He flung his shirt off, the bloodied part landing precariously near the carpet. Your mind was racing, trying to figure out anything to calm him down. When he got in a mood, it was hard to take him out. It wasn't often he was angry at you, in fact, he was a model partner most of the time. But he had more than a mean streak to him.

"I'll do anything you want! I love you... I just don't know what you mean." You blurted out,

unsure of what to say. He took a step back towards the bed, eyeing you up and down. He licked his lips.

“Strip.” He commanded. You gulped.

You moved to take your shirt off, your chest quickly exposed to the cold air of the house. You quickly took your pants off, hesitant to take your underwear off. You glanced at Akira, who nodded. You took off the rest of your clothing and wrapped your arms around yourself, anxiety getting the better of you.

Akira approached the bed again, and pushed you down. He climbed on top of you, straddling your hips. You felt that he was already hard, and a slight blush had spread across his face, the wild expression in his eyes still bright.

Akira’s hands brushed along your sides slowly, his hands stopping near the fresh bruises on your hips that he had left yesterday evening. Consensual roughness was the regular for you two. A small grunt of appreciation left his lips as he pressed down on them gently. A whine left your lips from the pain, and you watched a smirk form on Akira’s face.

“You know what I’m capable of, hm?” His voiced was laced with venom, and the irony wasn’t lost on you. You weren’t sure what kind of answer he wanted. His hands pressed down harder, his nails digging into your skin this time. “I don’t think you’re going to like what’s going to happen if you don’t answer.”

You gulped, still unsure. “I do...” You glanced at his bloodied shirt on the floor again, aware that he could kill you right now if he wanted to.

He leaned down, pressing his lips gently to yours, the edge of one of his fangs just barely digging into your lips. “You do... that’s good.”

He suddenly pressed against your lips, kissing you roughly. You gasped as he bit into your lip, the familiar feeling of warm blood running down your mouth filling your senses. He pulled back, his hand snaking up to your neck. He pressed down gently, seeming to stop himself.

“I saw you with them, you know. How was I supposed to know what you were doing?” He pressed down harder, and you felt your airway constrict slightly. “It happens a lot. People in my life just leave. They betray me. Some way or another.”

Before you could respond, you heard Akira’s pants unzipping. He took his cock out with his free hand, giving it a few strokes before he moved up your body, positioning it at your mouth. The tip was glistening with pre-cum, and despite the situation, you felt a warm feeling in the pit of your stomach.

You opened your mouth obediently, knowing resistance wasn’t a choice at this point. He shoved his member in harshly, a strained groan leaving your mouth as you tried to adjust. He was large – very large, and even with how long you had been together, it always took a bit of time to adjust.

You looked up at Akira, who was staring at you intently while he pumped into your mouth. Saliva began to cover your face, his rough face fucking leaving you gasping for breath. You clawed at his back, searching for purchase as he pumped harder. Your nails dug in hard enough to draw blood as you dug your nails down his back. He let out a gasp and it was over quickly, his cum shooting down the back of your throat. He pulled out of your mouth, a trail of spit connecting your mouth to his cock still. He reached to grab your discarded shirt, and wiped himself off. He hesitated, and then leaned forward to wipe your face off as well.

With a chance to finally breathe, your mind started to search for who exactly he meant. The realization hit you that you had been out to lunch with someone Akira wasn't exactly fond of. The person in question was a mere friend, and one you barely spoke to at that. You glanced down at the bloodied shirt again. Akira noticed, and watched to see how you would react.

"Akira – god... who you saw me with. They're just a friend. Not even that, an acquaintance. I would never hurt you. I'm yours to keep." You glanced at him and noticed his expression soften almost immediately. Before you said anything else, your mind glanced to the bloodied shirt on the ground. You weren't even going to ask.

"I'm sorry, babe. I'm so sorry." He pulled you up into a tight hug, the smell of sweat and faint smell of some sort of earthy scent filling your nose. You wrapped your arms around him tightly. "I don't really know what came over me, I just can't stand the thought of you with someone else. I don't want to think about a life without you."

You lean back and touch your hand to his face, cupping it gently. "I'm not leaving any time soon."

Akira smiles, the first genuine smile you've seen today, and puts his hand on top of yours. It's not a normal relationship, you think. But it's yours.

Welcome, Death (Ren/Reader + Strade)

Chapter Summary

Strade miscalculates.

Chapter Notes

Specific warnings for this chapter: Character death, non-con (not shown but implied), abuse, & heavy violence.

heeeeyyy i finally updated several months later! so a little behind the scenes... this was actually supposed to be a reader/strade story but writing ren in made my first time writing for strade easier. once i'm comfortable, i will include a fic of just strade/reader (perhaps even based off of this chapter?), but i can't say it will be anything romantic.

ren & strade belong to gurobob@tumblr.com!

The pain seared through your body as Strade pushed his full weight against yours, blood running down your face and into your mouth. His boot found leverage in your skin, shredding it as he pushed it in harder, harder. His hand slammed your head into the basement floor again.

("Just like old times, buddy." He sneered, watching as you pulled against your restraints. He didn't tie you to the pole this time, but you still couldn't move.

You spat at him, and he stepped back, laughing.

"This'll be over soon.")

Strade had made a mistake this time, equipping you with a knife for his live show audience, giving into their demands to watch you struggle.

("All right, all right. They're gonna put on a show for us first!" Strade turned to face you, his eyes looking bright. He took a step towards you and you tried to sit up as straight as you could, trying to show you still had some fight left. You heard him chuckle under the mask and saw he was pulling himself out of his pants, already hard. He wasted no time slicing your clothes open and prying your legs apart, cutting you in the process.

You closed your eyes when you felt him press against you, like you had a hundred times

before. You wouldn't scream this time.)

Strade hadn't expected you to be able to fight after his assault, cutting your restraints and giving you the ability to move. He was right, in some ways. You could barely move. But when he handed you his knife (oh the joy you felt when you saw it was *that* knife), something stirred inside you.

("All outta jam, buddy? Come on, the people want a show!" He said, moving to stand next to his laptop, glancing away for a brief moment. You stood shakily before lunging at him, a movement he quickly dodged. You saw emojis pop up in the chat as Strade chuckled. You lunged for the laptop this time, pushing it off the table onto the hard floor of the basement. You heard a loud crack as it slammed into the floor.

"Shouldn't have done that." Strade said from behind you. You felt him slam into you, knocking you onto the dirty floor. The knife dropped from your hands, clattering to the floor. Shit. You felt his teeth rip into your shoulder and a scream ripped from your body. He had taken his mask off, you thought hazily.)

You tried to push yourself up, but he pressed himself against you harder, teeth sinking into the bite on your shoulder again. Pain was coursing through every nerve in your shoulder as you struggled underneath him. His boot was still digging into your leg, tearing the skin even deeper. You wanted to die, you were going to die, but not yet. Something he hadn't accounted for pushed you. **Ren.**

You used all the strength you had to flail under his weight, knocking him off-balance just enough to give you a second. You were dead - no doubt - but you needed to take him down with you. Out of the corner of your eye you saw the knife he had knocked out of your hand, close enough to grab if you moved quick enough.

You felt Strade climbing back on you and you lunged for whatever part of him you could grab with your mouth, sinking your teeth into his sweaty flesh. The taste of warm blood filled your mouth. He pulled back, grunting angrily, leaving you enough time to scramble for the knife and stand up. Your body pulsed with pain, limbs weak and shaky, hands gripped around the knife as tightly as possible. You didn't have to end up here. You could have been a good pet.

("I really wanted to keep you here," he said, tapping his fingers against his lip. "But you, well, you're not a very good pet anymore, are you?"

Blood was running down your mouth. Time's up, you thought. Ren was crying in the corner, wrapped into a tight ball. He couldn't look at you.

"Looks like you'll be the star tonight." Strade said, shoving you to the floor violently. You heard Ren's nails skitter across the floor, moving close to you. Strade growled and you heard Ren back away. You weren't mad.

Strade reached down and grabbed you by your hair, tugging you across the floor towards the stairs. You held in a scream as your scalp burned, but you had to be strong. For Ren. Always for Ren.

You felt the top step underneath your face before Strade pushed you down, body slamming into every corner as you tumbled down. Ren yelped, and his sobs grew louder. Strade was laughing above the steps, surveying the blood the now stained the wooden stairs. Everything hurt, and you were going to die. You knew it. You wanted to say good bye to Ren, but you couldn't risk his safety.)

His expression was dark. Blood was running down his arm from your bite. He didn't have a weapon, but he'd easily be able to overpower you. You only had one chance. Ren crossed your mind again. If not for him, you would have given up long ago.

(Ren was the first thing you saw when Strade let you exit the basement. He was standing by the couch, ears pinned down and tail curled nervously around his leg. He smiled at you shyly. Strade clapped you on the back so hard that you stumbled forward.

"Welcome home, buddy. Better get used to it." He stepped from behind you and moved to Ren. "This is Ren. He'll be your roommate of sorts. This is your only warning. Do not hurt him."

Strade gave you that nasty smile you saw so many times in the basement before flipping back to his usual cheerful expression. You saw Ren wrap his tail around himself even tighter.

"You two introduce yourselves. I'll be out until late." Strade said, walking towards the front door as he spoke. Ren looked relieved. He waited until Strade was out the door before he approached you, ears and tail relaxing.

"W-wow, I never thought..." Ren trailed off. "I never thought I'd be living with someone other than Strade."

You felt a pang of sadness in your heart, seeing his scars in the light for the first time. How long had he been here? Something about him... It made you want to take care of him.

"Don't worry. I'm a neat freak and I love to cook. By all means, I'm a great roommate." You winked at him and he blushed. "But uh... What should I expect?"

Ren ushered you to the couch, sitting close, but not close enough to touch you. Ren spent a long time discussing life at Strade's house (with a tone of adoration at times, you noted) and what to do in order to survive. He would frequently tense up and look at the door, as if he was afraid he was doing something wrong. The longer he spoke, the closer he got, his tail eventually curling around you. He finally noticed and blushed, withdrawing his tail.

"A-ah, I'm really sorry," He looked genuinely upset. "I don't really get to..."

"It's okay, Ren. It felt nice." You said. His ears perked up as he listened. "You can be close to me if you want."

Ren took no time in wrapping his tail back around you, cautiously angling his body against yours. He was smaller than you, but his whole body radiated warmth. His soft ears tickled your chin, and you sighed. You this peace was temporary, but it was nice.)

Strade lunged at you suddenly, closing the distance faster than you had to react. He knocked you to the ground again, hard enough that the wind left your body. You flexed your hands, realizing you had managed to hold on to the knife. It was now or never. You swung wildly at Strade and felt contact as the knife sunk into his skin, a low growl bubbling from his throat. You could feel that the knife had sunk deep wherever it hit.

"Fuck you!" Strade screamed. Shit, you really set him off. The pain was too much to reply, you couldn't speak anymore, but your mind burned with victory. A moment later you saw his hand reach above your eye and - *oh god anything but that OHGOD*

A blood-curdling scream ripped from your mouth as Strade dug his fingers into your right eye, digging and pulling until you heard a disgusting squelch and realized you couldn't see out of your right eye anymore. He held your eye above you like a prize, bloody tendrils drifting across your face.

You were going to die soon, you could feel it. It was getting harder to cling onto consciousness. You felt Strade's warm blood hit your face and you opened your eye, finally seeing where you had cut him – his neck. The wound was large, and while it wasn't gushing blood, he was losing it at a quick pace. You thought of Ren again.

("Don't touch him!" You screamed, standing between Strade and Ren's cowering form. Strade laughed and laughed, and you heard a sob behind you.

"That's rich, buddy. I don't recall you being in charge." Strade took a step forward and slammed you into the ground next to Ren. He dug his boot into your back until you screamed, your thin shirt offering no protection. "Last chance. You already used up one when I decided to keep you."

He took his boot off your back and kicked you, pain blossoming in your stomach as bile worked its way up your throat. He laughed again, not sparing you or Ren another glance as he walked away.

Neither of you moved until you heard his boots trail down the stairs, front door slamming as he left the house. Ren scooted over and placed your head into his lap, fingers running gently through your hair.

"He's going to kill you." Ren said so quietly that you could barely hear him.

"I know." You replied, closing your eyes. Your stomach and back felt like they were on fire and you let a sob escape you, body too sore to move. "I don't like when he hurts you."

"I'm not worth dying for." Ren said, louder this time. "He... he cares about us. That's just how he shows it."

You didn't have a reply for that. The day Strade took you captive, you planned to kill him. Ren could never - would never - know. You loved Ren, but there was only one way to take care of him. You'd just have to die to do it.)

The wound from Strade's neck was losing blood faster now, your clothes both soaked in each other's blood. You felt Strade trembling above you, his hand starting to reach for your other eye. He was going to die, you thought. You did it. You started to scream again when his fingers touched your left eye, but you were both stopped by the familiar clicking sound coming from the staircase.

Ren stood at the top, a horrified expression on his face. He looked back and forth between you and Strade, hands nervously ripping at his tail.

("Are you... are you sure you want to do this?" Ren said, playing with the end of his tail. You looked at all the scars freckled onto his skin, seeing the ones his shirt covered for the first time. They were deep. Ren tentatively put his hand on your thigh, rubbing it softly. You weren't wearing anything.

"He won't be back until tomorrow." You replied. Your collar was heavy on your neck. Neither of you could leave, the threat of being shocked to death looming over your heads. Strade never left the house for long – two days at the most – but he knew neither of you could escape. He'd hunt you down.

Ren motioned for you to lay down, and he climbed on top of you, face turning pink as he surveyed your body. He was gentle as he explored, hands and mouth cautiously touching, kissing, licking. Soft moans left your mouth as you sat under him, your hands playing with his ears.

"I-I... I love you." Ren said. He leaned down and knocked his shock collar into yours. He stopped for a moment, looking nervous. When nothing happened, he tried again, reaching your lips and pulling you into a kiss.

This is how things should be, you thought. You love Ren. You hate Strade. But there wasn't one without the other. You had to set him free.)

You were struggling to stay awake now, body beginning to give out. Whatever fight you had left was gone. But you did it, you thought. Strade rolled off you, but even he didn't have enough strength to get up.

"HELP ME, REN!" He screamed, sounding desperate. You had never heard desperation sound so sweet. You could barely keep your eye open, but you tried to look at Ren, still standing on the stairs. Unmoving. You wanted to smile, but you couldn't. You were too weak.

He wasn't going to help him. You couldn't see anything now, Strade's pleading voice beginning to sound far away.

("If we get out of here..." You began. Ren gave you a look. "Humor me here, Ren. If we get out of here, let's go... let's go somewhere fun. Just us."

"Any specifics?" He replied, smiling at you.

"Hmm. No. As long as I'm with you, I'll be happy." You placed hand on his face, rubbing your thumb across his cheek. He smiled, but it quickly faded when you heard keys jingling in

the front door and the sound of Strade whistling outside.

“Let’s just make it through today.” He replied, pressing a quick kiss to your hand before scrambling to the other side of the couch. Strade knew something was going on between you and Ren – a threat to both of you (mostly you) assured that – but he didn’t truly care as long as you obeyed him and behaved.

“I love you,” you said, voice low. “You know that, right?”

“I love you too.” Ren replied, voice barely a whisper. He looked in your eyes with a fierce expression. “Please start listening to Strade. It’s the only way—“

He was cut off by Strade loudly announcing his presence as he stomped inside.

You grimaced. One day, you would save him.)

Thoughts became hard to hold onto to, Ren’s face a struggle to focus on in your mind. Your breathing was shallow now, and you could no longer hear Strade. You couldn’t hear or see anything. The day you had waited so long for was slipping away.

Ren... he’ll have a chance now. To live like he deserves. You took one last deep breath, everything fading away now. You couldn’t hold on anymore. One last thought – of freedom, of death – passed before you let go.

It was over.

Afflicted (Vincent/Gender Neutral!MC)

Chapter Summary

An experience only shared by two people can be messy.

Chapter Notes

oooh my first vincent fic! i love this fluffy and angry boy. in this collection, i wanted to explore all kinds of things, and this is one mainly focusing on the anger of the MC.

specific warnings for this chapter include mentions of death and mentions of injuries.

lyrics from 'flesh without blood' by grimes!

*'You destroy everything that you know
(Uncontrollable)
If you don't need me
Just let me go'*

Your head was pounding. It took a moment before you realized you were back in Vincent's room, though you didn't remember coming here. You looked down at your left hand, fresh wound staring back at you. Last night was still hazy. You were drawn out of your thoughts by Vincent's voice next to you, surprisingly quiet.

"You up, darlin'?" He was standing close to the bed, arms crossed. He must have noticed you rustling around. You nodded, avoiding his eyes. The bed shook as Vincent flopped down next to you.

"You passed out. Again." Vincent said, wrapping a heavy arm around you. "I'm not sure if that's normal."

Normal – you certainly didn't fit that criteria anymore. You remembered Vincent had said something about you being his packmate. So that meant you were a werewolf too? You felt dizzy again.

"How long before..." You said, unable to finish the sentence.

"I'd guess the next full moon?" His arm squeezed your shoulder. "I have someone you could talk to..."

“NO!” You shouted, suddenly standing up. You heard the bed squeak as he got up. “I don’t want anyone to see me like this right now.”

He sighed from behind you and you turned to look at him. He looked like shit, and you were sure that you didn’t look so hot either. He pulled a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket and put one to his mouth.

“That’s a nasty habit.” You scoffed as he lit it up.

“I’m a nasty person.” Vincent replied, blowing a puff of smoke in your face and making you cough. “... Sorry. Rough night for both of us.”

You suddenly felt bad. He was trying. “I’m sorry. I’ll stop acting like a brat.”

He chuckled at your response but didn’t say anything else. You couldn’t quite understand Vincent yet. Despite what he had done to you, he seemed to care deeply about you. You felt the same, in some regard. Either way, you were stuck with each other now. Vincent left you to yourself for a moment as he left the room.

It was a small room, and sparsely decorated. You figured he must have spent most of his time elsewhere. One thing caught your eye – a picture frame on the edge of his otherwise empty desk. You felt your heart drop as you got closer. It was Farz. He was angry in the picture, with Vincent’s cheerful face next to him. You reached out to touch the picture, jumping at the sound of Vincent’s voice.

“I’ll take care of that.” He said, no emotion in his voice. He stepped behind you, grabbing the frame off the desk. You turned to look at him, his body so close to yours that you were pressed into the desk. Vincent was staring at you, his dark eyes still betraying no emotion.

“I should have died instead.” You said quietly. You were still haunted by the sight of Farz’s lifeless body, blood splattered over his small form... You didn’t want to kill him.

“Shit, kid. You don’t have to say it like that.” Vincent said, his face suddenly looking shocked. “I’ve got you. That’s all I need.”

“But—” You started to reply, before Vincent cut you off.

“I said what I said. Drop it.” Vincent’s eyes narrowed as he spoke, giving you a weird feeling in your stomach. It was like you couldn’t speak at all for a brief second. You nodded at him. His body was still pressed to yours, as warm as ever. The atmosphere in the room was no longer tense. Still, anxiety fluttered around in the pit of your stomach.

“Can I ask you something personal?” You blurted out. Vincent finally stepped away from you, though you longed for his presence again.

“Shoot.” Vincent replied.

“How many people have you killed?” You asked, voice shaky.

Vincent paused for a moment before responding. It was a bold question, you knew.

“A lot.” He finally responded. He paused for another moment. “Not all of them were strangers.”

You wrapped your arms around yourself, unable to meet his eyes. Your life – (*was it yours now?*) – was effectively over. You had already killed one person. You couldn’t risk going near your family like this, or your friends. And yet, you felt an undeniable pull to Vincent. Burning hatred bubbled under the surface, unable to emerge over the experience you two were now sharing, which he was unequivocally controlling. You loved him, for some reason. But you hated him a little, too. You felt your face grow hot. Your emotions were out of control.

“Why didn’t you just kill me when you had the chance?” You said, stepping towards him. He cocked his head. “This is fucked.”

“You think I don’t know that?” He said, sneering. “I’m trying my best to be calm. But you’re testin’ me, brat.”

“Then maybe you should just kill me now!” You shouted, taking another step towards him. His face contorted angrily at your words. “I DIDN’T WANT THIS!”

“YOU STUCK YOUR HAND OUT!” He shouted, louder than you had heard him do before. He smashed the frame in his hand into the wall, shattering it. “I DIDN’T WANT TO DO THIS TO YOU!”

You gasped as you heard the glass shatter, the noise snapping you out of your rage. You look at Vincent’s bloody hand and felt regretful. What were you doing? You collapsed to the floor, holding your head in your hands. You heard Vincent walk towards you and braced yourself for a blow, but instead felt him flop to the floor, head falling into your lap. You looked at him through your hands.

“What are you doin’, darlin’?” Vincent said, reaching his uninjured hand up to push your hands away from your face.

“I don’t... know.” You replied. You were surprised at how calm he was being. “What are *you* doing?”

“Ah, there’s my smartass.” He said, laughing at you. “Trying to help you.”

“Aren’t you mad?” You said, feeling embarrassed. Your outburst had been unlike you.

“Hell yeah, I am. But it ain’t worth it right now.” Vincent pinched your cheek. “I know what you’re going through. I’m the only one. And not to throw my own damn pity party, but I think I got it worse than you.” Vincent said.

“You’re right. I’m sorry.” You said, moving your hands to stroke his hair. It was still soft, despite it’s messy appearance.

“No more apologizin’.” Vincent sat up as he spoke, taller than you despite the fact that you were kneeling. You felt intimidated, but not scared.

“How can I make it up to you?” You said, noticing Vincent smirking before you even finished speaking.

“Darlin’, I think you know exactly how...” Vincent licked his lips and pushed you to the ground, holding your hands together with one hand. Your heart pounded in your chest.

Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad being part of his pack.

Sanguine (Cain/Neutral!MC)

Chapter Summary

A gift from Cain is a rare occurrence.

Chapter Notes

♥ valentine's day special ♥

i love cain but i've never written anything for him... so here's a little v-day fic.

warnings include: emotional abuse + implied (not graphic) noncon + blood + injury

Cain's study wasn't off-limits, but it certainly wasn't somewhere you could be if he wasn't home. Today, however, he had requested you join him, if only to sit there silently as he worked. You glanced around the study, its ornate decorations providing a beautiful atmosphere. One thing stuck out, though – a stark white piece of parchment on his bookshelf. You stood up, noticing that Cain was watching you.

“Can I ask what this is?” You said, pulling it from the shelf. “It seems plain for your tastes.”

Cain looked at you curiously before replying. “Open it.”

You opened it and found something simple... a calendar. You were a bit surprised, and maybe a little disappointed. Days didn't mean much to you anymore.

“Seems trivial for someone like you.” You flipped through the calendar as you spoke, noticing nothing was marked in it.

“It *is*. It's for your sake. I just haven't moved it to foyer.” Cain replied. You felt his intense gaze on your back. “Today is special, though.”

“O-oh?” You replied. Special wasn't a word you liked to hear from Cain. Despite his claiming that the calendar was for you, you didn't know what day it was. It had been a long time with Cain... Which he reminded you of frequently. *(A hurried apology for a mistake, Cain punishing you, reminding you that you have overstayed your welcome. Good thing he likes you, he'd say. It'd be a waste to rid of you now.)* Cain looked at you like he was waiting for an answer before shaking his head.

“It’s February 14th. Valentine’s Day.” He looked to you for a reaction but continued before you could reply. “Holidays are cumbersome, useless days. But I thought this might be... fun.” He said, last word hanging heavy in the air.

“But... I don’t have anything for you!” You said, hoping it would stall him. “That’s not fair.”

“Your presence is more than enough, dear.” Cain replied. He could tell you were nervous. He always could. (*“Are you enjoying this?” – Cain’s favorite phrase when it came to you.*)

Cain took a step towards you and you stepped back, only to find the wall of the study was closer than you thought. A familiar pit in your stomach formed as Cain smirked.

“A dozen roses,” Cain began, taking a step towards you. “Just for you.”

Cain was directly in front of you now, black wings spread behind him. (*You had touched them once. They were surprisingly soft – maybe the only soft thing about Cain.*) His hand darted out to grab your wrist and he squeezed it, sadistic grin plastered on his face. The pain was subdued at first, nothing you weren’t used to. You squirmed beneath his touch, and he squeezed harder.

“Now, now. I’m trying to give you your gift.” Cain said, reaching to tilt your chin up with his opposite hand. “Behave.”

Before you could react, he started again. “First, a rose for how much you mean to *me*.”

The last word was pierced by malice. A moment later one of Cain’s roses wrapped around your right arm, thorns tearing your skin open. Blood began to trickle down your arm and a scream left your mouth. Cain smiled.

“Second, a rose for how absolutely exquisite those screams are.” Cain smirked at you as another rose worked its way up your right arm, tearing your skin with no real direction. Blood was flowing freely down your arms now, both roses intertwined, thorns embedded deeply. You tried to pull away from Cain, but he pulled you closer, his lips inches from yours now.

“Third, a rose for nicely you bleed for me.” Cain’s lips pressed against yours for a brief moment, pain blossoming as he pulled away. (*He was always taking, never giving.*) A rose made its way across your lips, thorns easily tearing through the tender flesh. The rose coiled itself around your neck as if it were a necklace, thorns embedding themselves into the skin. Tears were running down your face now, mixing with the blood as it ran onto your shirt. Cain pressed his lips against yours again, slamming your head back into the wall.

“Fourth, now, what should fourth be...” Cain kept you pinned against the wall, feigning thought. The roses were pulling tighter and tighter against your skin and you screamed again, shuddering underneath him. He pulled your chin towards him again, his gaze dark. “Fourth, for what a good pet you always are.”

Another rose snaked its way across your body, this time across your torso. It ripped through your shirt, exposing the skin underneath and made quick work of your skin. You suppressed a

sob as Cain wiped across thumb to your face, smearing blood and tears together. He stepped back, and you collapsed against the wall, chest heaving as you tried to catch your breath. Cain looked at you with contempt.

“Don’t you want the rest of your roses?” He said, stepping towards you and driving a foot into your stomach. A scream curled out of you and Cain’s look of disgust turned back into a smile. “Or maybe you’re so touched, you can’t even speak.”

His roses were still wrapped around you, squeezing and squirming. You wanted to scream again, but the only thing you could choke out were sobs. Cain watched for a moment, seeming to enjoy his work. He started to speak again, and your heart dropped.

“Fifth, for absolutely *entertaining* you are...” His voice dropped to a whisper as he watched you, a rose suddenly wrapping around your wrist and tugging you up. A blood-curdling scream left your throat this time, thorns digging in deeply as they ripped into your wrist. The thorns were pulling even tighter now as you struggled to stand.

“Sixth, for how easily breakable you are.” Cain said, louder this time. Another rose wrapped around your opposite wrist, pain so great that you heaved from nausea. Thorns dug into your wrists, tugging, pulling, until you were suspended, feet barely touching the ground. The roses continually twisted around your wrists, thorns digging into whatever they could find to keep you upright. Cain was laughing again, and you felt the roses constrict even tighter. Another sob ripped from your throat, tears running into your mouth tasting of blood now.

“I never was much of a gardener,” Cain said, circling you. “Flowers bore me. But this... This is divine.”

Cain approached you now, caressing the cuts on your body, digging his fingers in to make you scream. He plucked a rose from its stem, examining it.

“These blooms have never looked so perfect.” His eyes caught yours staring at him, and he smirked. “I don’t think we should waste the rest, hm?”

He stepped back, looking at you one more time. A second later you fell to the floor as he released the roses, unable to move any longer. You felt light-headed. Cain moved to kneel over your body, inspecting his work without the roses. He groped you harshly through your tattered clothes, his weight heavy on your body. Your vision was still hazy as you tried to look at him, black wings still splayed behind him. You couldn’t even speak.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, dear.” Cain’s voice was harsh, barely audible. He leaned closer, his lips brushing your torn skin. You could feel him tearing away at your remaining clothes, his body pressing even closer to yours now. “Next year will be even better.”

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