

Weekly Affair

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Weekly Affair

by [kishdrabbles](#)

Summary

Ever since the death of the Angel, Sausage offers himself to his vampire at his front door at dawn every week. One day, he never came, and Scott starts getting hungry.

Notes

Hi!! This is my first fic ever, actually, let alone Ao3. Scosage got to me, what can I say.

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

It's a weekly affair. Ever since the death of the Angel, Sausage offers himself to his vampire at his front door at dawn with almost clockwork precision. Who would turn down a free meal? Scott gladly accepts every time. Sausage blood is, after all, delectable. But as much as Sausage is so loyal and devoted, Scott can't bring himself to see him more than a friend (that happens to be his weekly snack). Sausage knows there's nothing more to this than surface pleasure and satiation, he's just happy to help. They fall into a rhythm, and the couch in Scott's bedroom gets increasingly stained week by week.

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Sausage hasn't shown up in a few days. Scott initially brushed it off, *he's probably busy*, he reasoned. He knows just as much as anyone how time consuming planning, material gathering, and building is. A few times, he catches himself thinking about him, *missing* him. Is he hungry? The

sheep he's been eating have been filling him fine enough. Truth be told he never needed Sausage to fill his blood meter. Is it his blood? Sheep's blood definitely isn't the highest quality a vampire could afford. The taste in comparison to people - to Sausage, is dull. His stomach growls at the thought. Even when he's full, he can't kid himself any longer. He's *starving*. After much deliberation, he concedes, and takes a trip to Wither's Grasp in the dead of night.

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It was a long night of searching. For all that a vampire could leap around, Sausage's builds were so vast and filled with so many nooks and crannies that Scott's forced to take it slow and admire the scenery.

Nothing. Sausage isn't home. *Why did he just spend all that time searching for him?* He starts heading back home. *He's half wither, he's going to be fiine.*

Dawn breaks as he steps back into his manor.

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Scott sits upon his couch. There's no scent, only blood that has long since dried. He ponders. *Does he miss Sausage, or his blood?* His hunger never ceased. It only grew in intensity. *This is stupid.*

"Scott?" He looks up. Lo and behold Sausage is standing by his coffin.

"Oh- OH!!! Right!! I set my spawn here, I completely forgot!!! Didn't put no beds down at Bleak-Brick Manor, we're bonafide creatures of the night after all! Well, maybe I should change that. Can't have me showin' up at your place uninvited like this all the time! That'll just be rude!!! Scott? Scott?"

All Scott showed Sausage was a blank stare. "Wh- why are you- huh?" "Oh!! Just a little endbusting, not to worry! Kinda lost track of time back there, there's no sun after all!" Sausage's words are slowly falling on deaf ears. "I almost died a couplea times y'know!! The End's DANGEROUS!! But nothing good ol' Wither Sausage can't handle!!"

Sausage is normally so much, so loud, but Scott can't seem to concentrate on his words right now. *His food is right in front of him, and he's oh-so hungry.*

Sausage isn't an idiot. He knows the look that Scott's giving him. He's being polite, and he's holding back. His eyes are like a predator ready to pounce on their prey. He of all people knows that well enough. For once, he can have a little bit of fun.

"Well! I'll be heading off now!! Gotta drop off all my stuff at home, you know how it is!!! Mhm!"

As he turns to leave, he feels a grip on his arm. Claws that threaten to tear his robe apart.

"No." Scott flatly states. "You're in *my* house right now, I'll tell you when to leave."

"Ohhh you're a hungry boy huh? Been a while~" he teased. "If you want me so badly, why don't you just ask for it? Hmmm?"

The next thing Sausage knew was that he's on Scott's bed, and Scott was on top of him. Scott's expression was starting to show cracks. He could barely hold himself back. Sausage gets the hint, and starts by exposing his neck.

Scott immediately goes for it. *Finally, Finally.* He has never tasted blood as delicious as this.

Neither of them speak for a bit. Sausage continues to (attempt to) undress while Scott's drinking almost desperately. The most that was exchanged was Sausage's whimpering and moaning. It's messy, a far cry from their usual.

Partway through, Sausage speaks. "You're quite feisty today eh? Must've missed me a lot!! Y'know if you were this desperate you could've just said so in chat-"

Scott pauses for the first time. He releases from where he was drinking, mouth coated with Sausage's blood. "Quiet Sausage. I'd like to enjoy my meal in peace."

Sausage nods as he gazes into Scott's piercing eyes. For all the times he visited, Scott never looked this... enthusiastic? Hungry? ... Needy? Scott dove back in as soon as he realized he got his point across. A different location this time. The other side of Sausage's neck. *This isn't like him.* He never cared for what scars or marks he'll leave on Sausage when they're done. It would all get covered up by his robes. But today Scott couldn't shake the feeling. *Everyone needs to know that he's mine. My wither. My Sausage.* His claws cling onto his back, and digs into his flesh. He never wanted someone only to himself more. Is he developing feelings for his ... friend? His food? *Nonsense.* He must've just been particularly hungry. All his thoughts beyond that are drowned out by the man melting under him. Today, his bed is drenched red. Today, he *feasts.*

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Night falls upon the estate. As Sausage prepares to take his leave, Scott laments how normal he looks. Just as expected, any marks he left behind were covered up by his elaborate clothes. At a glance, no one would know that he was wrecked and ruined just a bit before. To the contrary in fact, Sausage is at the door, leaving with the biggest grin on his face he's ever seen (which Scott didn't think could get bigger than before).

"That was sooo good!!!! We should do that again sometimes!!!"

"Hm?" A bit thrown off by his comment, Scott inquires. "Aren't you gonna visit again next week? Was that not happening anymore?"

"Oh, *no*, nonono. It's just... you were so *spirited* today!!! So *excited!!!!* I've never seen you like that before! It was AMAZING!!! I wanna see *that* vampire again!!!"

"Please, then you'd have to keep me waiting again."

"If that's all it takes, then wait you shall!!! You'd just have to resist coming to me then~ hmhm!!!" Sausage couldn't resist chuckling as Scott's expression became one of amused defeat. "I'm kidding, I'm kidding!! Wouldn't want to miss out on our precious time together!!!"

"Good." Scott leans in close, whispering right beside his ear. "*Don't worry Sausage. If I really wanted you, I'd gladly help myself, wherever you are.*"

It was quiet for a brief moment as Scott pulled back. Sausage's expressions were definitely one of the best parts of the experience. "Ohohoho! *THAT'S* what I like to hear!!!" Sausage chirped. "Oh and one more thing!!!"

A kiss. One smooch and the half-wither is once again running off into the distance. "See you next weeeeek..!!!"

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Scott has a lot to think about 'til then.

End Notes

Thanks to @CrimsonMoonn for beta-ing and helping me with tags and such!! ao3 is legit intimidating to navigate when you're me (barely read anything)

Thanks to everyone else who also just kinda read it before I posted! I was initially very hesitant to even write it, but I figured assassin husbands fans need the food. I'm glad to provide!

I'm @fishnoodles (aka kishdoodles) on tumblr if you needed a line of communication to me for whatever reason :O

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!