

Godbrand Deserved Better

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Godbrand Deserved Better

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Summary

A collection of Godbrand short fics and headcanons. Love this feral Viking vampire bastard.

Possessive/Yandere + Breeding Kink

Godbrand wasn't as good at stalking you as he thought. He was too loud with his breathing, his steps, and he was always spotted in his little spot by the entrance to your forge by everyone. Carmilla loved teasing about it, calling him soft for his adoration, and enjoyed playing with you. Of course, you could barely stand her and often had one of your night creatures chase her from the room, so Godbrand didn't have much to cry about.

One night, after a tense council meeting, you found Godbrand reclined on your anvil, making you sigh and run a hand through your hair. "I don't have time tonight, Godbrand. A new wave of injured night creatures were brought in, and I have to see to them," you huff, snapping your fingers. The viking gives you a blank stare, but groans when your hand strays to your whip, and stands.

"I just don't understand why you like these things more than me," he replies, arms crossed as he leans against a wall of stone. Your eyes roll upwards, hands guiding your helper night creatures to gather one of their brethren's pieces and place them on your anvil.

"They don't smell as much, for one. And they rarely talk back." You snap, and your creatures gather your bone needle and threads for you to begin the reassembly. Godbrand laughs at your quip, the hairs on your neck prickling as he comes up behind you, hands resting on your hips.

"Do you really like them more than me?" he asks, voice dangerously low in your ear, and your fingers still on the night creature's form. Your instincts scream for you to fight back, and your creatures are on edge, but you keep it cool. "Godbrand. Back away and I may give you an answer."

His hands squeeze tighter on your hips as a reply, one clawed hand running down the center of your trousers, pressing in just so to grind against your sex. Your breath hitches in a second and he smirks against your neck. "Give me your answer, forge healer," he growls, cheek pressed to the fragile skin of your throat. You shake just so, one hand moving up to lace in his hair while the other squeezes the cold stone of your anvil.

"I... I don't like them more than you," you breathe, and can hear Godbrand swallow thickly. "I like healing them, but... nothing can compare to you."

The groan that sounds reverberates through your body, and Godbrand buries his head in your hair. His claws rip into your trousers, splitting it from crotch to ass, then he shoves the creature off your anvil. "G-Godbrand!" you shout as he shoves you over the anvil, fabric rumpling as he strips himself and ruts against your ass.

"Gonna make you mine. Fill you up with my seed, make you have my babies. Keep you full all the time and milk your tits dry," he purrs, and you whine happily at the thought, a shiver running up your spine as he shoves his fingers in your mouth.

Nipple Piercing Headcanons

Chapter Summary

Just what the title says!

Oh fuck I completely think that he got them while he was drunk so even he has no idea how he got them lmao. He fell asleep one night in one place and woke up in another with golden bars through both nipples. I'm 100% sure it was a prank by his crew members bc they were done unevenly and very haphazard. When he got them fixed, they looked much better.

Imo Godbrand has very very sensitive nips and the piercings make them even more sensitive. Just changing the bars gets him half hard, and pulling on the rings that he sometimes puts in have his eyes crossing. If you're riding him and pull on those babies a bit, he's coming in an instant and howling like a fucking animal. They're the two things that can get him into any submissive mood at all.

Also, when his nipples are super inflamed and unhappy he likes to go into the very coldest room in the castle and just press his nipples against some sort of cold something. It gets him hard, though, so he often ends up jerking off and messing with his nipples and making them even worse than before. Poor thing can't win!

Godbrand the Pet

Chapter Summary

Male Reader makes his pet behave like a good little vampire.

You catch a foot before it strikes your belly, and growl as you shoves Godbrand's knee to the side, then yank at the leash you have attached to his collar. His eyes blow wide and the fight goes out of him, making you grin. "That's a good pet. Stop fighting me, naughty boy. You know you like having me dick you down," you purr, and he softens, mouth falling into a little o.

Your thumb slides over his lower lip and you card your fingers through his beard, then through his hair. Godbrand sighs as you press deep inside him, the head of your cock against his prostate. You wrap the leash around your wrist, tugging it to make Godbrand lift his head up for a kiss. "My pretty boy... So perfect around my cock," you purr happily, kissing his nose with a smile.

He mewls as you fuck him deep and slow, at a different pace than he's used to, and it makes him squirm. His fingers curl and pull at the furs on his bed, soft noises falling from his lips. Some of them sound like begging, prompting you to speed up with a wide smirk. "Speak up, pet. Use your words," you coo happily, and Godbrand's cheeks turn into a deep red, almost the same as his hair. He hated speaking when in these situations, and you wanted to push him to speak, a smile huge on your face.

"Pl-please... fuck me harder," he hissed through his teeth, his clawed hands clutching at your shoulders. Godbrand's eyes grew wide when he drew your blood, his breath coming in wheezes when you tightened the pull on his collar.

"Only good pets get to have treats," you growl out, each word paired with the thrust of your hips. Godbrand squeaked and whined, moaning when you stabbed at his prostate. You giggled at the sweet, blissed out look on his face, rubbing your thumb over the line where his collar dug into his pale neck. He was frenzied at the smell of your blood, and the pleasure coursing through his veins, and threw himself around on the bed with loud snarls.

He settled after a few minutes, enough that you could run your fingers over your bleeding shoulder. Godbrand moaned happily when you shoved two bloody fingers into his mouth, sliding them over his tongue with a command of "Lick it clean, pet." He came then, with the taste of blood on his tongue and his breath cut off by your grip on his leash.

Godbrand the Needy

Chapter Summary

I love this bastard but gods above is he an annoying boy. He needs to be put in his PLACE

Godbrand was the definition of annoyance. His voice rang through the castle like nothing else, and it grated your nerves endlessly. Sure, the vampire had a pleasant enough voice when you listened but the yelling was almost as bad as those of humans. He was raving about something, probably just upset he hadn't fed off of something or built a boat yet.

"Do you know what I'm saying?" he questions, and you look up from the night creature corpse you're sewing. He's staring at you, arms outstretched, and you sigh.

"No, Godbrand, I do not. Frankly, I was ignoring you," you reply with a huff, and he bares his teeth like a petulant child. "Fuckin' forgers and crafters. Always ignoring, always working," he growls under his breath.

The comment earns a swift kick to his shin and you bare your teeth at him. Even at a simple fraction of vampire in your body, you still had some of their qualities, mainly the speed and smaller fangs. Godbrand huffs again, then growls as he shoves the corpse out of your hands and brackets you on the steps you sit on.

"Try to ignore me now," he chortles, and you roll your eyes. He was a sucker for any type of attention, and you were damned if you weren't going to indulge a bit. Corpses were only so much fun. Your fingers run up his neck and Godbrand's eyes go wide for a second before a smirk comes onto his face. You were always playing hard to get, and now was an opening for him.

You felt him shiver just so when one of your hands traveled into his hair, and then you had a tight grip and were surging forward. Godbrand snarled when you shoved him onto his front on the ground, but a harsh pull to his hair had him mewling. "You're not the one in charge here, Godbrand," you murmur in his ear.

He grunts when you flip his fur up and yank his pants down to his knees, hobbling him until you were done. "Little Godbrand," you tease, calling upon the argument you had heard in Dracula's study, and he flinches. Godbrand's shoulders draw up to his ears both from the name and from your fingers running down to the clench of his hole, tapping there lightly.

"No noises now? Once you know you're beat then you quiet up rather quickly," you breathe in his ear, tracing one fang lightly over the shell to make him shudder. Your fingers curl around his sack and he whines high in his throat when you grip hard enough to have your dull

nails press into the sensitive skin. You move on to his cock after that, laughing softly when you find it's hard and weeping already.

“Not so little, are you? Perhaps you're a proper Viking after all, with a toy this size,” you muse as you jerk him with a dry hand, slow and cruel. Godbrand pants against the floor and shakes under your hands as you play with him, making sweet noises.

You grin and pull away suddenly, standing and watching him. The vampire takes a moment to gather himself before he's crawling on his knees to you, eyes wide and almost crazed. He's almost about to beg when you wrench his head back with a fist in his hair, your smirk growing when he whines.

“Let me work for an hour more and perhaps I'll reward you, Godbrand. Don't distract me or you won't get anything good, only what humans call blue balls.”

Godbrand Be A Switch

Chapter Summary

My headcanons for Godbrand as a bottom, and him as a top as well! Plus breeding kink headcanons ;3

Godbrand is the most bratty bottom ever!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Vehemently denies that he likes when you finger him but when he's stretched just nice, his eyes roll back and his cock jumps madly

Put a hand on the back of his neck or yank his hair and he's instantly in bottom mood

Will fight you the whole time until he's pinned and he has a cock pressing against his ass

He loves when you bite his neck while you fuck him. Definitely prefers more animalistic fucking

Will mouth off and curse at you while he gets fucked, so you have to smack him around and just make him cum a few times for him to settle down and enjoy his dicking

Godbrand is SO hot for predator/prey stuff honestly, esp with a human s/o. If you make him hunt you down and fight before he fucks you, he's so excited and happy

Will fuck you in the middle of the council room, on Hector's anvil, on Dracula's desk, anywhere where people can see you getting rawed

He's a big slut for having your mouth around his dick tbh, loves making you gag on it

Angry sex? Hell yeah. He gets his hand round your neck and squeezes a bit to make your eyes roll back before letting go and making you scream his name

He's so nasty he even likes noncon play tbh. Pretending to capture you on one of his raids, rip your clothes off, everything. Gets him so hot.

Okay but Godbrand has the biggest fucking breeding kink!!!!!! He's a nasty nasty bastard and loves seeing you fucked open and dripping his cum. Anywhere he can fuck you, he will, and will do so with a fucking passion.

If you ever come up behind him and murmur in his ear that you want him to fuck you full of mini Godbrands, he's scooping you up and dragging you to a corner so he can fuck you silly.

If someone walks in, he makes you tell them that he's fucking a brood into your guts, and marking you as his forever

If he could plug you up, he would do it in an instant, and always gets you into a mating press so his cum sinks in deep and will take properly.

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