

~~Beatrice~~

The night went so much fucking better than she thought it would have. After her heavy conversation with Jacob, she thought maybe things would get intense, in a bad way. Nope. Dude hung out, chatted with Aaron a bit, and Jack, and now Samantha. More surprising, was how the dragons let him.

Peace was the name of the game tonight. Carthians and Invictus were getting along, at least for now, and everyone else was more than getting along. They were getting fucked, in the good way. Othello was sharing his beautiful ghoul with a Carthian. The hunters were getting gang-Kissed by Isabella and her troupe. The werewolves were getting involved with plenty of people, Carthians and Invictus, and were literally fucking where people could see them. Damn, werewolves were all jacked and ripped.

Some people found it a little too uncomfortable. Avery, Clara, Aaron, Maria, Michael, they all left eventually. Jacob was outside with Samantha. Fiona and Damien were—well, they were probably having sex, on the roof. A few others had left too, but for the most part, the ball still had plenty of people. Over a hundred Kindred, a bunch of werewolves, a bunch of thralls and ghouls, and two Begotten, all remained within.

Sándor, she could understand sticking around, since Jen still held his arm, and the man seemed reluctant to forcibly remove her. He kinda looked like he wanted to, but unless he manually got rid of her, Jennifer just took his defiance as a challenge. It was cute.

Athalia, on the other hand, remained, and Beatrice did not understand why. Jack, Big Tits and Bigger Tits, along with two ballerina ghouls, walked past her, and after a few seconds talk with Jack, Athalia looked better. Legitimately better, like, maybe she didn't want to kill everyone and everything in the universe anymore. It was clear that she didn't want to talk to Jack, and the conversation had been very short, but she looked better for it.

But Jack hadn't been the one to kill Angela, Beatrice had. Sure, Jack did everything to get her there, including drag her broken ass, but he didn't pull the trigger, she did. No way in hell was Triss going to push, and try and talk to the dead woman's mother.

Daniel, on the other hand, chatted with her, and she listened. Hell, she even chatted back, and unless Triss was seeing things, she smiled a few times too. Daniel ignored all the sex around him like he was used to it, and he probably was, considering his closest friend thought sex was a literal art form,

and had likely indulged in it like a kid in a candy store, for hundreds of years. The sheriff barely acknowledged it. Instead, his focus remained on Athalia, and a sliver of a smile sneaked onto his lips.

The sheriff. Smiling? Triss knew Daniel was one of the first people Athalia had met in Dolareido, when she'd first become a monster. And judging from the looks the two of them shared, she liked him. She might not have liked that she liked him, but she did like him. And Daniel, so closed off he made Sándor look chatty, apparently liked her, too.

Everyone was getting along, every single person. It felt way too weird, and too good to be true. Probably was. In a week or two or ten, something would happen, and shit would get problematic again. The Carthians and Invictus would step on each other's toes, or maybe the werewolves would pick a fight with someone they thought was fucking with the 'balance' or whatever. But for now, it was nice, how everyone was enjoying the peace, peace she'd helped bring.

She looked down, and let a memory up from the grave for a bit. Julias, hugging her, holding her, stroking her hair, kissing her. Just a little, just for a moment, just to remind her why she did what she did.

Except, the memory didn't go away. She'd gotten good at suppressing them, but after what Jacob said, she couldn't, not right now. Could he revive Julias? Could she use Crúac, and that bitch Elen, to somehow revive him? God, she shouldn't, she really shouldn't. Even Jacob thought it wouldn't work.

But, god, to hear his voice again, and... to hold him again, and—

“Triss, you alright?” Jen said.

“I... I think I want to go now.”

Jennifer let go of Sándor, and set her hands on Triss's arm. “You—” Her mouth shut when they made eye contact. “Right, right. Let's go.”

God damn it, it was great having a friend. Didn't have to explain herself, didn't need to justify anything, didn't even need to say a damn thing. Jen recognized the look on her face, knew she was suffering with memories of Julias, and knew she had to get her out of the party asap.

“Sándor,” Triss said, “you could stay or—”

“I'll leave too.” And without a further word, the man started for the door.

Jen managed some small chuckles, and followed after him. Triss tried to chuckle too, cause Sándor was funny, a perfect straight man. But, she couldn't chuckle. It choked in her throat, and turned into a quiet sob that forced her to look down and hide her face in the frame of her hair.

On the way out, she spotted Garry. He was chatting with someone, someone Triss didn't recognize. A vampire, and probably a Gangrel by the way he carried himself. Jeremy Long, Garry's new childe? Had to be. The Asian-looking fellow had dangerous written right on his forehead, but he managed to stay out of the limelight like an expert Mekhet might. Well, whatever, he was the Invictus's problem, not hers.

Once Triss, Jen, and Sándor were outside, a quick glance showed Samantha chatting with Jacob on a nearby bench, surrounded by grass and bushes. The Nos looked Triss's way, offered her a small, knowing nod, and returned to his conversation. She knew Jacob could flirt. Hell, Jacob was a smoother fucker when he wanted to be. But, the look she saw on his face was a little different, a little softer, a little kinder, almost like he was just having a genuinely pleasant conversation. Crazy, to think of Jacob doing something normal, like talking to someone, for the sake of talking to someone. No way he was just talking to her for fun. Jacob, like every elder, always had a bunch of things lined up, so every action benefited him in multiple ways. But, he did really look like he was enjoying himself.

Before she could stop herself, she pictured herself where Samantha was, and Julias where Jacob was. She never did the girly-girly flirts with Julias, and Julias didn't try and spin fairytale adventures for her. But, that didn't change that seeing them together reminded her of times with Julias, and—

Jennifer touched her arm. "Don't do that."

"I... I'm not trying to." Sighing, she shuddered, crossed her arms and rubbed her biceps. "Can we just go?"

"Back to the catacombs?"

Right, the catacombs. If she went back to the cave with the other witches, they'd hear her crying.

"Anywhere private, I suppose. I—"

Sándor looked at her, and she met his eyes for a second. He knew. He knew exactly what she was feeling. And after a quiet moment, the man let out a short sigh, and nodded toward the shadows around the building.

"You want privacy, quickly? Come with me."

Jen and Triss looked at each other, brows quirked, but after they realized what Sándor was doing, Jen smiled. She took Triss's hand, and pulled her after the Begotten, as he disappeared into the shadows that sat behind the Black Hall.

It wasn't the first time Triss had gone through one of the strange holes Begotten dug through reality, or the second. It came with a strange feeling, like walking at night when a thunderstorm was brewing. Electricity in the air. But with Begotten, and the strange ways they opened doors to their nightmare realms, the tingle in the air was less electric, and more like goosebumps. It was a nightmare realm, nightmare, with every intent to be scary, so goosebumps made sense. She wouldn't get goosebumps without Blushing Life, but that didn't stop a chill of fear from sneaking up her spine.

She stepped out of the shadows, onto a solid, dark platform. Concrete? Stone? With a few moments to think, she managed to piece together what she was looking at, and she sucked in a quick, useless breath.

There was a stone throne, enormous, and imposing. Around her were titanic pillars, dozens, maybe even hundreds in the gigantic room. Braziers lit the walls, gargoyle-shaped braziers, and they lit the pillars as well, showing frozen statues at the top of each. Gargoyles, each the same size and shape as Sándor's Horror, giant beasts that could have squashed her like a grape.

Movement in the shadows drew her eyes, and she froze as one of those titanic gargoyles crept around one of the pillars, and onto the huge throne of stone at the end of the room. Sándor didn't sit in the throne; he couldn't have, with four wings and a tail. Instead, the monster perched on it, squatting and holding onto the edge of its back with two of his hands, while his two others held his knees.

Triss looked behind her, at a large wooden door, opened, and it led into a hallway she recognized. This wasn't the place that opened up into the haunted village on the cliff edge. This was the place where Jack and his crew had rescued Eric, Jessy, and Clara. A nightmare chamber, linked to the other one, but not exactly the same place.

Triss and Jen both stared on as the giant got comfortable on his perch, his wings stretching out wide enough to hide a bus. Christ, he was huge, so god damn mother fucking huge.

"Take that door," the beast rumbled, and he pointed to one of the massive wooden doors that lined the walls of the colossal room, identical to the she'd stepped out of, "to emerge near the South Hill Cemetery." Right, right, Jen had told him that Triss and she often hung out in the catacombs in the South Hill Cemetery. Nice of him, and impressive, to open a portal straight there. Fiona, er, Vrall, had said his ability to control his lair was crazy strong.

He was a scary strong creature, Sándor. And terrifying. The gargoyle body he morphed into wasn't gross or anything; hell, it was pretty hot. The issue was her Beast recognized a stronger predator in its blatant superiority. She was a mouse before a tiger.

“Thanks,” she said, and she took a step toward the door.

Before Jen could follow, she stopped.

“Triss?” Jen asked.

“I... I’m so sick of being sad, you know?” She reached out, set a hand against one of the nearby pillars, maybe thirty feet away from the huge throne. “Christ, it was going well! The party was going well. Everything’s better, right? And... and then it hits me, out of nowhere.” After a heavy sigh, she turned, pressed her back to the pillar, and slid down until she was on her ass. The dress did not like that, and she didn’t care.

Jen sat down beside her. She did a bit better with her dress, keeping it from getting too bundled up or torn, but the dress was not made for anything but standing or sexily sitting on expensive chairs. The two of them looked ridiculous.

“Come on, we can go to your favorite spot, and—”

“Oh I don’t fucking care if Sándor sees. Dude knows exactly what I’m going through.” She pulled her knees up to her chest, hugged them tight to her body, and let her forehead fall onto them. If she’d been Blushing Life, tears would have been streaming down her cheeks, and Jennifer knew it too. Her friend wrapped an arm over her shoulders, hugged her, and didn’t say a thing.

Triss really should have gotten up and left. It was pretty pathetic, hanging out in Sándor’s nightmare, struggling to not cry. Struggling, and failing. Sobs broke through, and she leaned into Jennifer as she felt the misery course through her. At this point, she recognized the pains, and could anticipate the phases she’d go through, the way the ache would change over the minutes, until it either exhausted her, or turned to rage. She did her best to stay quiet, to let the agony do its thing, torment her, rip her stomach open and her organs apart, and then be on its merry way. Sometimes it went quickly, sometimes, not so much.

“You might not care,” Jen said eventually, voice soft and delicate, “but... he might. He—”

“I don’t mind,” the enormous creature rumbled, his own voice quiet, despite the thick bass. “Take as long as you want.”

Triss lifted her head and looked to the creature on the throne. He didn’t move. No tail slithering, no wing shaking, no breathing, nothing. The only movement she’d noticed after he took his perch, was when he bothered to say something. Outside of his few words, nothing, a statue.

“You’re being awfully nice,” Triss said between quiet sobs. At least she wasn’t gushing tears everywhere. “I figured we were being a pain in your ass.” We, including Jen, for obvious reasons.

The gargoyle made a small grunt, and Jennifer chuckled softly in response.

“Two gorgeous women were on his arm all night,” Jen said, “at a luxurious ball. Hardly being a pain in the ass.”

Sándor scoffed, except, in his giant dragon gargoyle body, it sounded more like a heavy rush of air, mixed with a bassy rumble. “You weren’t.”

“Ha, see? It won’t be much longer before he’s asking for our numbers.”

Triss choked on a laugh that forced its way up through her sobs, and she leaned her head into Jen’s side as her friend hugged her.

“Sorry, about Jen. She’s... she’s...”

Jen sighed, a happy, heavy sound, and kissed her ear. Triss turned, and set a quick kiss on her lips. Not a deep kiss, but long enough to let Jen know she loved her stupid ass, in the strange ‘very close friends’ love they’d developed.

After a long, quiet rumble, the gargoyle spoke. “Not a day goes by... where I don’t wish I was stronger.”

Triss choked down another rising sob, and looked through the dark to the colossal creature on his giant perch. “Say what? You’re already ridiculously strong.”

“If I was stronger, faster, smarter, I could have saved my family.” His wings, limbs, and tail still didn’t move, even as his mouth did. Creepy. Maybe the little bit of wine he’d drunk was getting to him, to actually talk like that, to open up a little. “And Julias Mire would still be alive.”

Beatrice choked again, this time laughing, and she forced herself up to her feet. After stumbling, she growled down at her feet, kicked off her stupid heels, and walked over to the huge throne. Jen followed, though she kept her heels on, and scooped up Triss’s. Strange for a witch to love heels, or be so comfortable in them, but that was Jen.

“You were held in a fucking curse, Sándor. I can’t blame for you what happened to Julias.” She wanted to. Fuck, she wanted to blame him, blame Jack, blame everyone and everything. Blame the whole god damn fucking world. But, she didn’t, and she wouldn’t. She couldn’t let herself sink any deeper into that pit than she’d already had.

“I wasn’t held in the curse, when that monster first came for me.”

The monster, calling Jeremiah a monster. It was so poetic, she'd have vomited if she'd eaten at the ball feast. That'd be a sight, a vampire puking up blood like a fucking geyser.

"Did they just show up in your city or something?" She regretted saying it the moment the words came out of her mouth. "You don't have to answer that." God, how fucking nasty a memory was it for the huge fucker, to lose his wife and child to Jeremiah? She hadn't even seen Julias die, and the memory of learning about it from Jack ate at her every night.

The gargoyle shook his head, slow, lumbering motions, as if he was moving hundreds of pounds with the small movement. He probably was, considering those horns.

"When Begotten grow hungry, and we're in the physical world, our Horror can become... unruly. While I sleep, or when I am distracted, it may go out hunting dreams, spreading nightmares. Those nightmares can summon... people like Jeremiah. Hunters who specialize in hunting monsters."

"Summon?" Triss said. "How?"

The creature rustled his wings, and dragged his claws along the arm of the stone throne. "I don't know. But they followed the signs, like dogs on a blood trail."

"Scary," Jennifer said.

Triss nodded. "You're telling me. Christ, we're really spoiled in Dolareido." Sighing, she climbed up onto the huge throne, and sat in it. "We weren't prepared for anything like this." The colossal gargoyle above her looked down at her, confused, but she didn't care. Sándor was basically a stranger, and one of the few people who'd understand what she was going through. Maybe talking to him as an outlet was a good idea.

Damn Jennifer, she'd planned this from day one. She was too damn smart.

"Neither was I," the gargoyle said, his heavy, rumbling voice cold and sad.

Jennifer came over to the throne, stood by one of the huge arms, and looked up at the creature. "You said you weren't hunting? Why?"

"It... is difficult, for me to hunt."

"How so?"

Triss almost jumped in, to tell Jen to leave the guy alone. He'd lost his wife, his kid, and it was indirectly because he was a Begotten. Fucker probably spent every moment of every day racked with guilt, hating himself, wishing he could have protected them, wishing he wasn't a monster, so psychopath would-be 'heroes' would leave him the fuck alone. Poor bastard.

But, after a quiet rumble, Sándor continued.

“I hunger for the chase. I must hunt, and my prey must know it is being hunted. My Horror, it...” The gargoyle sighed, shook his head again, and let it droop. “It is difficult to satisfy. Sometimes, its hunger is too strong, and I devour my prey.”

“Sounds kinda like a vampire problem,” Triss said, “times a thousand.”

“Yes, I suppose it is. Satisfying my hunger is difficult, so I either suppress it, or find a target I do not mind dying, if I fail to control it.” He sighed, and shifted around on the throne for a moment, gargantuan size causing the stones to rub and creak, before he went completely still once again, except for his mouth.

Jennifer raised her hand slightly. “Is there no way to feed more safely?”

“The gargoyle,” Sándor said, voice rumbling with something that sounded almost like anger, deep, rumbling, and raspy, “and any Begotten with predatory hungers, must hunt. I feed on the fear of those that know they are being hunted. The fear can only be consumed, when I chase prey, and then catch them.”

“The fear, not the flesh?” Triss said. “That means, you could spare them?”

“Yes,” he said. “I used to be a detective. I’d hunt criminals. It satisfied the hunger, for a while. But the gargoyle, it... it is not easily satisfied. I grew hungrier, and killed my prey sometimes.”

A detective. She smiled as she looked down, imagining the man dressed as a detective in the fifties, complete with fedora and trench coat. The smile faded, as she imagined him running down a criminal, catching them, then struggling to keep from ripping the person into literal bits, failing, and eating them while still in his human form.

Part of her kinda wanted to ask about his wife and child. If Jennifer was willing to put so much effort into turning Sándor into an ally, and someone for Triss to talk to, or to fuck, then maybe she should ask about the wife and kid? Or, maybe, she should just shut the fuck up. She didn’t want to talk about Julias, and the man undoubtedly didn’t want to talk about his dead family.

Triss had no intentions of fucking the man, but she had to admit, it was kind of nice, being around someone who knew what she was going through. Hell, he had it worse.

“That’s tough,” she said. “I... don’t know how to deal with that sort of hunger. Maybe Azamel can help? She’s helped Fiona deal with her hunger.” Azamel was old, but so was Sándor. The two were very powerful, ancient creatures, and if Azamel knew something, Sándor probably would too. Or,



maybe not? Sándor didn't seem to like being a Begotten, while Azamel seemed quite happy being what she was.

The gargoyle sighed again, and nodded. "Perhaps I will." He was thinking the same thing, from the sound of his voice.

"We can help," Jennifer said, "with your hunger, I mean."

Sándor let out a heavy snort. Only heavy because the monster was so damn huge. "How?"

"Dolareido," Jennifer continued as she began to pace around in front of the throne, "is a huge city. Millions of people live here. There are thousands of criminals and assholes in Devil's Corner that you can hunt down and beat up. The city was built to be a utopia for vampires, and that includes some places where Kindred can feed... more violently, when needed."

Another heavy snort from the giant. "This city is cruel."

"Now now, it's not cruel. Dolareido is better off than most cities of this size. But yes, the Prince insured some typical economic and cultural distribution kine habits emerged. That led to poor people, to criminals, and sometimes, poor criminals." Jennifer shrugged, but her face was hard. "We don't kill if we can help it, but it is allowed, for a reason. We're not kine."

Triss raised a brow at Jennifer, then looked up at the giant gargoyle over her. Sándor did not look happy. Something about Jennifer's suggestion irritated him. He didn't like the idea of a city being built, specifically to treat kine like cows or fattened pigs.

Oh god, he was a nice guy. A fucking nice guy. She could understand not wanting to hurt humans; hell, they'd all been human once. But, a nice guy? Christ. He'd looked sad, after she came back from killing Angela. Not ecstatic for killing Jeremiah, like Triss figured he would have been. Nope, he'd been sad, very sad. He didn't want to hurt people, and it bothered him to hear about people being kept in situations where they could be hurt. He was a nice guy.

The last nice guy she knew was dead.

"I still don't understand why you're so intent on helping me," he said.

"She's trying to—"

"I," Jennifer interrupted, "am just doing what Kindred do. You're a powerful ally. Any self-respecting vampire has no choice but to buy you into service. Money, support, sex, whatever works."

The gargoyle grunted, and the deep sound vibrated the huge throne, straight into Triss's ass. "At least you're honest."

Triss laughed, and buried her face in a hand. That bitch interrupted her, to keep her real motivation a secret. Well, at least Triss wasn't on the verge of crying anymore. God, it felt nice to laugh.

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~~Jack~~

He had no idea what to think, no idea at all.

Trust her? Don't trust her? Antoinette trusted her, and that trust hadn't faltered for very long, despite the massive truth bomb. Well, they had known each other for literal centuries. Jack hadn't even been alive, including his first life years, for a quarter of a single century. The two of them probably had gaps between speaking, due to the nature of their careers in the Ordo, that were literally as long as Jack's entire lifespan. And then they'd probably picked up talking to each other again, chatting about the latest fashion trends that'd come and gone, as if they hadn't ever stopped talking.

He should trust the Prince. She was smart, really damn smart. If she trusted Elaine despite everything that happened, he probably should too, at least when it came to personal things. When it came to the curse, he'd have to make that decision on his own.

Another memory hit him, and he struggled to force it down. His mom, talking with Jacob. It bothered him so damn much! It couldn't have been, like, a misplaced issue over his mom finally moving onto another man. His dad died years ago. He'd have loved for his mom to find romance, just, not with Jacob. The man was too sneaky, too crafty, and too hard to predict. He was up to something, him and Black Blood.

Stop thinking about Jacob and your mom! Think about something else.

He looked down at the hot water coursing around him, and rubbed his head. Ok, reality check. He was in a jacuzzi, in his swimming trunks, because Antoinette told him to sit and wait for a surprise. Naturally, his penis assumed surprise meant lots of boobs wrapped in far-too-small swimsuits. But maybe that was just because he'd been surrounded by so much sex tonight. Sure, Antoinette had made it obvious that she was looking forward to bringing Elaine into their bed, but then she went to have a private chat with her old friend. For all he knew, that private chat might have gone badly.

Heavy, heavy topic, that Elaine had kept secrets. Heavier, that Elaine had once been infected with the curse. He wasn't sure—

The sound of feet drew his eyes, and his jaw dropped. Antoinette, and Elaine. The two women walked together side by side, and they made sure each step was a calculated, prowling motion, meant to draw his eyes and lock them onto the swaying S shapes of their bodies. They wore bikinis, tiny tiny, tiny, tiny black, string bikinis. Only tiny triangles covered their nipples and sex, and each step they made insured lots of jiggling.

His penis's assumption had been, evidently, correct.

"H... Hello," he said. He'd been thinking about something stressful seconds before, but he hadn't the slightest idea what it was anymore.

"Hello," Elaine said, smile only growing as she approached the tub. "I hope you do not mind me joining, Jack?"

"Joining? I... uh..."

The Prince chuckled softly as she stood beside her friend. "If that is alright? I understand a great many secrets were unveiled tonight, but my friendship with Elaine will hardly be broken by a few secrets. Her connection to you, on the other hand..."

"Um, no! No, I'm... fine... with whatever you want to do."

"Wonderful," they said together, in unison. They even had the same, evil smiles on.

He stared up at the two women at the edge of the jacuzzi, and offered his smile. It was weak, shaken, confidence destroyed by the sight of two utterly beautiful women. Didn't matter how strong he was, a confident, beautiful woman put strong Jack away, and brought shy, nervous Jack to the surface. Doubly so, when it was two women.

"W-Where are Julee and Ashley," he said to them.

Antoinette laughed. "Unconscious."

Elaine nodded, and ran a finger along the right corner of her mouth. "And delicious." More than just a taunting gesture, it was a statement. Jack could smell blood, and hints of the two ghouls on their bodies. Antoinette didn't sleep with her ghouls without Jack since they'd become lovers, but that didn't mean Elaine wouldn't get a little frisky when Kissing them.

Ok, so, both elders were coming into the pool with full bellies. He could see they were Blushing Life, because their skin had a touch more color than usual, and more importantly, their nipples were

pushing out against the tiny triangles of their string bikinis. He'd fed earlier tonight before the party, but he wasn't Blushing Life. They were Blushing Life with the natural reflex of a Kindred who'd just gorged themselves, an involuntary reflex, and erotic as all hell.

"Matching bikinis?" Jack said.

Elaine laughed and shrugged. "Your lover knows my measurements. She knew I was coming, and she knew you could not resist my charms." She stepped down into the hot water, sat across from Jack, crossed her legs, and smiled at him as she set her hands on her lap. Every motion she made was sensual, obviously made to flaunt her body for him, and it was working.

"I... could resist." He frowned at that, but he knew it was a damn weak protest.

It was Antoinette's turn to laugh, and she settled into the water next to Elaine. She hooked her left arm up onto the wall of the jacuzzi, and slid in close so Elaine was snug to her left side, the Prince's left arm now behind her. Jack gulped as he watched the side of her left breast press into Elaine's right. Skin-on-skin contact, boob to boob. Good god in heaven.

"Oh my," Elaine said, eyes locked onto him. "You are most definitely correct, Ann. His eyes are delicious when he squirms."

"Are they not?"

"I can see how one could become addicted to making them light up like that."

"Indeed. It sends a tingling buzz through my body every time." With a long, pleasant sigh, Antoinette also folded her legs, left arm still up so her body remained snug to Elaine's side, while her right arm rested on her lap. "Jack, Blush for me."

He Blushed, but kept his hands firmly locked onto the jacuzzi seat beneath him as he felt every drop of blood in his body rush into his dick. Damn painful, having a raging boner pressing against the inside of his swimming trunks, but he refused to give into wanton need. It was the game Antoinette wanted to play, to tease him until he was ready to explode. It was simultaneously fun, and torturous.

Elaine's right hand slid down her bare, smooth leg, walked on fingertips to Antoinette's leg, and started to stroke the inside of the Prince's thigh. Antoinette unfolded her legs, giving Elaine more access, and Elaine didn't hesitate to slide her roaming hand higher up Antoinette's leg, all while never looking away from Jack. Antoinette didn't either, eyes locked onto him, occasionally glancing down at his erection trapped in his swimsuit, and licked her lips.

Good god it was happening. What was that thing Damien said? Lord, or Longinus, give him strength? He'd need it, with the way these two evil women were looking at him.

"He has patience," Elaine said.

"He does, oui. I have enjoyed many nights with my lover, where I have spent an hour or more, teasing him to his first orgasm of many."

"Poor man. You are a wicked thing, Ann."

"So you say, Elaine, but, I will show you why I cannot resist." Antoinette pointed her right hand at him. "Jack, undress, and come stand before us."

Jack took a useless breath, glanced down at his trunks, back at the two women, sighed, and did as commanded, sliding the trunks off. Who the fuck was he kidding, he loved this game. It always ended in some ridiculously powerful orgasms, almost painfully powerful. And Antoinette loved the game. He loved doing anything she loved doing, and as the years had proven, vice versa.

He stood two feet in front of them, water cutting halfway across his pelvis and raised penis. There was always a moment of embarrassment and worry, showing his dick to a new face. Big enough? Not gross? But the worry passed quickly as he saw Elaine's smile grow as her eyes slid down his chest, his abs, and down onto his shaved smooth pelvis and penis.

"You are surprisingly muscular for such a small creature," his great grandsire said.

Antoinette nodded, and licked her lips again as she looked him up and down. Apparently, Elaine's admiration of him was doing something for Antoinette, sexually speaking. He could see fire light up in her eyes.

"Is he not? He is so utterly... delectable." She sighed with a growing hunger, and looked up to him. "Closer, Jack." He took a step forward. "Closer." He blinked, and came closer again, until Elaine had to unfold her legs like Antoinette had, and he was literally standing up against the edge of their seat, his left knee between Antoinette's knees, his right between Elaine's.

Since they were both sitting, their breasts were at the same height as his dick, and now that he was so close, a single foot of water was all that was between his length, and the front triangles of their tiny bikinis. The bikinis really were doing a horrible job containing their breasts, and considering breasts floated in water, he could not be more thankful.

"I suppose he spends every night with his shaft between your bosoms," Elaine said with a playful eye roll.

“Perhaps half. The other half, he spends inside me, with his lips upon my body.”

“I admit, that is a heavenly way to spend an evening.”

He almost said something, but no, that wasn't the game. Shut up, and let the two gorgeous devils torture him, that was the game. It was the greatest test of self control he could possibly imagine.

“Jack, my love, come, lean closer. Masturbate onto my breasts, and let my old friend indulge her eyes.”

He blinked at the white-haired goddess, then his great grandsire, before he slowly wrapped his right hand around his cock. Immediate shifts of anticipation from Elaine, and she set her eyes his shaft as he leaned in closer to Antoinette. He set his left hand to the jacuzzi edge just outside Antoinette's right shoulder, and guided his swollen, aching glans toward her breasts.

“Come now, this is no good.” With a teasing chuckle, Elaine reached behind Antoinette's back, and pulled on something. The bikini loosened. She did it again behind Antoinette's neck as the Daeva leaned forward to let her, and the bikini top fell away entirely. Antoinette was now topless, and her pink, swollen areola demanded to be touched.

And then, Elaine did the most erotic, absurd, ridiculous, amazing thing he could have possibly imagined. She half twisted to face Antoinette, and with her closer hand, she reached underneath Antoinette's left breast, and cupped it. Jack stared down at his great grandsire, and how the blonde Ventrue grinned first at Antoinette, and then at him, as she gently bounced the enormous breast in her palm.

“Cum, on this breast,” she said.

“By all means,” Antoinette said, and she relaxed back against the jacuzzi wall, eyes half closing, as if preparing for a massage.

After a few seconds to make sure he wasn't hallucinating, Jack leaned in again, set his cock's engorged head against her swollen nipple, and began to nudge the sensitive, pink skin of his glans against it, as he slowly masturbated. Antoinette moaned, a quiet and controlled noise, one of those calculated sounds she loved to make to purposefully send him into a frenzy of erotic hunger. Of course, she loved doing that when the rules of the game were about him trying to control his arousal. And now, watching Elaine gently bounce the huge tit in her hand, making it softly stir the flowing, hot water of the jacuzzi, and causing the hard nipple to rub against his cock's head, his arousal was already maxed.

Elaine was a lot, lot lot lot more comfortable with the situation than Julee and Ashley ever were. Even Ashley, a ball of joy and energy, was always hesitant to do anything off the cuff. She was

Antoinette's pet, through and through. Elaine, on the other hand, was Antoinette's equal. That, sent a surge of hunger and need through Jack he hadn't expected. That someone else, not someone influenced by the Vinculum or Antoinette's presence in any way, someone as old and experienced as Antoinette, would happily join her in a threesome with him, was a huge stroke to his sexual ego. It was also kind of frightening, because she wouldn't just take Antoinette's cues for what to enjoy, and what to do. She had her own tastes, her own desires, and who the fuck knew what would happen.

He already felt a drop of precum tingle down through his length, and leak out onto Antoinette's areola, before disappearing into the hot water. Damn. He slowed his hand down until it was almost still, and Elaine chuckled as she smiled up at him.

"Ann's nipples have always been terribly sensitive. I hope you have been using that to your advantage."

"I... I have," he managed to say, voice wavering and quiet as he struggled to keep his orgasm from arriving. Three minutes in, and ready to cum already, Jesus Christ. He knew he'd be able to go again, being Kindred and all, but still, embarrassing.

Antoinette's right hand found her right breast, and teased it, fingers running along and around its edges before tracing circles into her areola, while Jack teased her left breast. Several times, she lifted the enormous pillow to her mouth, and gave her own nipple a tender kiss, all while grinning at Jack with her eyes. But she said nothing, happy to watch and smile, and see where things went.

"That is good," Elaine said, "I would hate to know my friend has not been enjoying her sexual endeavors."

"I—"

"Ha. Do not worry, Jack Terry. Your lover speaks highly of your attentiveness." While her right hand continued to cup Antoinette's closer breast, her left hand slid her blonde hair past her ear before she leaned in toward the breast, and set a kiss on Antoinette's bosom. The kiss started high, closer to her friend's shoulder, before inching down closer and closer toward the areola.

Jack pulled back, but Elaine reached out with her left hand, and pulled him back in.

"But I—"

"Do not stop," the Ventrue said. The Ventrue ordered. It would have been audacious of her, if Antoinette hadn't looked like she'd been ready to say the same thing.

He gulped, and resumed, very, very slowly stroking his length as he rubbed his aching glans along Antoinette's nipple. Elaine's kisses get kept getting closer, and closer, and he continued to masturbate, eyes locked onto the gorgeous woman's lips planting kisses on his lover's breast. Finally, her lips found Antoinette's nipple, and set a heavy kiss against it, and the head of his cock.

Antoinette groaned, another masterful sound Jack recognized, one of her 'I am most pleased, continue' sounds. He did, staring, eyes locked on the sight of Elaine kissing and suckling on the head of his cock, just above the surface of the water. Christ, it felt good. It felt really, really good. Elaine wasn't afraid to be forceful with her lips, to put pressure into her kisses, and bathe his cock's tip while also making sure to draw Antoinette's nipple in with her kisses.

Jack gulped as he looked down through the water, and saw Elaine slide her left hand down from his leg, across Antoinette's, and up her thigh to find her bikini bottom. Her fingers slid along his lover's smooth mons, disappeared under the fabric, and started moving. Another quiet moan from Antoinette announced her pleasure, and her left arm lowered to settle along Elaine's back and shoulders. She smiled down at the woman kissing her breast, before looking up at Jack with a much more mischievous grin.

"I hope you do not mind, if Elaine helps in pleasuring me, my love. To make it up to you, I am sure Elaine will not mind if we bathe her in your seed, later." She licked a fang as she continued masturbating with her other breast, massaging her nipple more forcefully, matching the increasing desperation of Elaine's kisses.

It wasn't like he hadn't seen someone else make Antoinette cum before. Ashley and Julee often made her cum while Jack enjoyed playing with her breasts or something. And, he'd made Ashley and Julee cum, while Antoinette masturbated or some such. Seeing an equal, a fellow Kindred with all the implied privileges and earned power of Antoinette, start fingering the Prince without so much as asking, let alone be guided to do so, was a completely different experience.

It was fucking arousing as all god damn hell.

"I... I don't mind," he said, even as his eyes locked onto the sight of Elaine's lips suckling the side of his glans. She hadn't asked if she could pleasure him, either. It just happened, because the woman was riding the exact same sexual wavelength and rhythm as Antoinette. Well, Antoinette had said they were old friends, and they had not only fucked hundreds of kine together, and probably some other vampires too, but also fucked each other occasionally purely for the erotic joy of it. They had a much larger sexual history together, than he and Antoinette did.



He thought maybe he should have been kind of jealous about that, considering the situation. But, as Elaine continued to kiss his cock, until he felt the rising heat flow up his length, and powerful sparks of pleasure down from his glans, he couldn't find any jealousy for the life of him. Just a white blanket snuffing out his thoughts, as he started to cum onto his lover's breast, and Elaine's lips.

She eased the power of her kisses, adopting a far gentler suckling pressure. Her left arm pumped up and down in the water, earning some quiet moans from Antoinette, all while she continued kiss and lick his glans and her friend's nipple. Multitasking expert. Antoinette looked down at her breasts, and let out a long, happy sigh, as she started to cum, the intimately familiar, if subtle expression on her face announcing her pleasure. She didn't stop them, content to watch Jack cum onto her body and onto Elaine's lips, as Elaine fingered her.

Jack squeezed on the base of his length, and pushed out the final drops of his cum, milking the last sparks of bliss. Elaine didn't miss a beat. She pulled her head back a bit, and Jack pressed his glans against Antoinette's breast, sinking it into the mountain of softness as he forced out the final drops of his white fluid. When he pulled back, Elaine wrapped her lips around his glans completely, and smiled up at him as she did. He almost gasped as she suckled on him, ran her tongue around his cock's tip in circles, sent electric pleasure down his length, and milked him until there wasn't a drop left. And then, she turned back to Antoinette, and began to devour his lover's breast all the more.

Jack stared, eyes wide, as he watched this gorgeous woman, hair wet with water now, arm trembling as she continued to finger Antoinette's insides, suckle, kiss, lick, and utterly spoil his lover's breast. His cum slid down the heavy teardrop shape of Antoinette's breast, but Elaine lowered her lips, caught the descending trails, and licked them clean before setting her mouth back to the Prince's areola.

Antoinette looked up to him again, and for a moment, he could see a hint of worry there. Would he be jealous that he was watching another vampire bring her to orgasm like this, was probably going through her mind. Well, judging from how she relaxed a second later, the expression on his face must have eased her worries. He probably looked like a starstruck child, utterly hypnotized by the sight of the elder vampire licking cum, his cum, off his lover's tit, while fingering her to a second orgasm. Yeap, that was hot. That was very, very hot.

"Jack," Antoinette said, mid orgasm, eyes still half closed, "I assume you would like to do the same to Elaine now, oui?" Even as she talked, looking up at him, the blonde woman continued to kiss and lick her breast, and fingered her underneath her bikini bottom hard enough to churn flowing water. Antoinette's left hand slid up Elaine's back, into her hair, and cradled her head, massaging her scalp

and pushing her toward Antoinette's breast until the woman's face half disappeared into the mountain of softness.

It didn't stop Elaine. The blonde woman grinned into Antoinette's breast, and kept going, left hand pumping up and down inside Antoinette's, while her right settle on Antoinette's hip for balance. The Prince's breasts jiggled hypnotically in the water, enormous pale pillows that floated in the hot waves, though her left one remained firmly pinned to her chest where Elaine smothered it in kisses. Antoinette's smile never broke or faltered, but her lips did part slightly as her orgasm continued, or was renewed by a third. Good god, Elaine knew what she was doing.

"Yes, yes I would," he managed to get out, eyes still locked onto Antoinette, and Elaine.

Elaine finally stopped. She sat up, leaned back into her seat, and grinned up at Jack as she licked her lips. "I suppose it is only fair. Though, why you would prefer to fuck my breasts, when your lover and I could bathe your cock in kisses, is beyond me."

"Jack loves breasts," Antoinette said with a shrug, "and I am glad that he does. But, perhaps the next time you join us, we could test our lips and tongues against his length, together." And, because she knew he was picturing it now, she grinned up at him, and licked her lips.

Her left arm, behind Elaine and hooked on the edge of the jacuzzi again, reached out and grabbed a bottle of lubricant, one they kept nearby pretty much all the time after a few incidents in the past. If you were aiming for some serious, sexual friction in a tub, you needed lubricant. Water washed away the natural stuff, but a really, really thick silicone lubricant mitigated that. So, as he'd seen Ashley and Julee do to Antoinette's breasts many times, Antoinette reached over Elaine's breasts with her right hand, squeezed, and buried the woman's breasts in the gel.

Elaine's long, pleased sigh, was intoxicating. She half closed her eyes, but kept them open as she reached up, undid the knot of her bikini top, peeled it down, and did the same for the bottom knot. After setting the cloth on the jacuzzi wall, she cupped her huge breasts in her hands, caught the waves of lubricant trickling down them, and began to massage it into her skin. Jack was hypnotized, instantly. Elaine may not have had the utterly absurd bosom of Antoinette, but she still had enormous breasts that filled her hands and overflowed her fingers with their softness and size. Her large nipples were a shade darker than his lover's, a little smaller, and sat a little higher, so that the undersides of each breast were huge. She saw that he was staring at the underside contours of her bosom, and she used it, chuckling as she ran her fingers through the water to spread the lubricant along and beneath each breast.

"I think," Elaine said, voice huskier than before, "that I would like to relax for a bit. Be a dear Ann, and pleasure me, while your lover fucks my breasts? I want to watch."

“Forever lazy and spoiled,” Antoinette said as she rolled her eyes. Left arm still hooked behind Elaine, she reached out with her right, and temporarily hugged her as she used the leverage to coat her right hand in lubricant. “I suppose you still do this regularly, sit there and do nothing while your thralls and ghouls do all the work.”

“And why would I not? They are my servants, after all.” Her grin turned toward mischievous, a grin Jack recognized from Antoinette, and she spread her legs. Antoinette, now pressed to her side, reached down her right hand, slid it underneath the black, tiny bikini bottom, and began to fondle and caress what she found underneath.

Elaine moaned, and Jack melted. Antoinette was snug to her side with how her left arm was behind Elaine, so her left breast was squashed to Elaine’s right. Her right hand was between Elaine’s thighs, obviously working an already very horny Elaine toward what would be a quick orgasm. Judging from the fire in Elaine’s eyes as she grinned up at him, he knew he was right. They’d both just fed, and Jack was fairly certain Elaine had probably fingered, or licked the two ghouls into submission when she did. Both elders had been super aroused when they’d joined him in the pool, before he’d even touched them.

“Come, Jack. Use your hands, take my breasts, and enjoy yourself.”

He gulped, stepped around their legs a bit so both of his were between Elaine’s knees, and reached down to scoop up both of Elaine’s breasts into his hands. They spilled over his palms, fingers, and wrists.

Antoinette looked up to him just long enough for a wink, before she leaned in, and started to kiss Elaine’s neck. So close, Antoinette’s left breast squashed Jack’s hand where it held Elaine’s right breast, and he stared down at the valley of softness before him. Elaine’s mouth parted in another moan, and she relaxed her back against the jacuzzi. Neck was her sweet spot, then. It wasn’t like Antoinette’s kiss had shattered Elaine’s control; Antoinette didn’t lose control, even mid orgasm, and he doubted Elaine would either. But seeing the Ventrue melt, and hearing a genuine moan of bliss come from her devious smile, a moan earned by his lover’s kiss and fingers, was too damn much.

He leaned in, set his cock between her breasts, and pressed them together around his girth.

Elaine’s eyes slid down his body to his chest, to his abs, to his length now surrounded by her breasts so only his glans poked out from between them, and then back to his stomach. He gently thrust forward, and shuddered as he felt the friction of breasts along his shaft and on his aching glans. Elaine sighed happily, reached up, and ran both her hands along his abs, until she was tracing the lines of them with her fingertips.

“You must do this often,” Elaine said, head tilted slightly toward the woman currently giving her a hickey, “let this gorgeous little man fuck your breasts like this, while your two precious pets pleasure you?”

“Of course,” Antoinette said into her neck. “Can you blame me? Look at that boy’s body, how his stomach flexes with each thrust, how his cock boils against the skin, how his eyes beg for more.” Her right arm shook slightly, her hand doing something inside Elaine that looked a lot closer to an up-and-down pumping motion, rather than a clitoris massage.

The Ventrue nodded, eyes half closing again as she looked back up to his face. “I admit, the way he shows his hunger so clearly in his eyes and his body language... is... captivating.” Her voice wavered, only slightly, and her body quivered in the water as Antoinette pumped her insides faster. Orgasm danced in the woman’s eyes, and she made sure he saw it, eye contact making it clear how much she was enjoying this. She wanted him to see that she was in bliss, or, she wanted to see his eyes when he did see.

Her hands slipped around, grabbed his ass, and gently sank her fingers into the muscle of his buttocks. He gulped as he thrust, and she laughed as she eased her grip, but kept her hands where they were. It made it so he was thrusting between her arms, and into the valley his hands created with her breasts. He couldn’t see what Antoinette’s hand was doing to her, but he could see Antoinette’s arm slowing down at the shoulder, only to pick up pace again, and slow down again. Elaine’s expressions matched the speed, eyes settling and calming when the Prince slowed, and half closing with lust when she sped up. When she did, Elaine’s breasts jiggled within Jack’s grip, and he shuddered as he felt the vibration flow into his cock.

Elaine’s following sigh was higher pitched than he anticipated, and he stared down at her as her eyes finally closed completely. She leaned her head back onto Antoinette’s arm, and came again. Her hands lowered, let go of Jack, and fell aimlessly beneath her in the water.

“As you can see, my love,” Antoinette said, “a belly full of blood, and Elaine here takes but only moments to climax. Quite the hungry vixen, is she not?”

The Ventrue giggled, a tiny, pleasing sound mixed into her soft groans. She lifted her head again, and leaned in toward Antoinette to rest her cheek against the woman’s head. “I admit, it is true. And your two pets were so wholly delicious. But...” Her wandering eyes found Jack’s again, and she licked her lips as she slowly lowered her gaze to his body, down and down, until she was looking at how his hands squashed her breasts together around his cock. “Your lover here, is... strangely... arousing, how he stares at me as if I were one of Michaelangelo’s statues. And yet, he does not leer.”

Chuckling, Antoinette nudged her head into Elaine's cheek, and resumed kissing her neck and shoulder. "Wait until he coats you with his cum," she said between kisses. "The sheer pleasure in his face, is addictive. You will crave it."

He knew his expressions were always blatant and obvious, at least more than other Kindred. He'd been learning to hide his emotions, but something about erotic scenarios destroyed any possibility of that. Worse, or better as far as Antoinette was concerned, he regressed to a shy and nervous young man whenever she buried him in some new sexual scenario. This was very much like that, and he knew the look on his face must have made him look like a hypnotized, paralyzed, drunk fool, with jaw hanging open and cheeks blushing. Apparently, that seemed to turn the two women on quite a bit.

Elaine closed her eyes for a moment, a long, quiet groan escaping her as Antoinette fingered her faster. The vibration of her body filled Jack's palms where he held her breasts, and he thrust up into the valley between them faster as he watched her tremble. His pelvis hit her breasts hard enough to make them ripple with the impact, and deep enough he could see his engorged glans poke out from between them, beneath her collar. Each thrust buried his cock, every inch, in the glorious friction of her lubricated, huge breasts snug and tight around his length. And, staring down at the beautiful woman as she came for what must have been the fourth time, it was too much.

He slowed his thrusts down, and came. A small groan announced his pleasure, and Antoinette stopped fingering her friend long enough for Elaine to open her eyes. She looked down, and watched with a hungry gaze, as the first gush of his cum splashed up onto her chest. But, before she could say anything, Antoinette started to finger her again, and leaned in close to set her perfect kisses deep along her neck. The elder Ventrue quickly fell back into waves of pleasure, but she forced herself to keep her eyes open, and watch Jack cum on her body.

Seeing the ancient woman, gorgeous and moaning in bliss, was icing on each and every gush of pleasure that ran through him. Antoinette was good, really really, really good. She wasn't just a master of eroticism, she knew Elaine's body better than she knew even his. She knew where to kiss, where to finger, and how hard to finger, to have Elaine shivering in obvious orgasm in mere moments, so that the Ventrue had to work to keep her eyes open. But she did, and she stared down at the mess he was making over her body as he came. Another gush, and another, each sending sparks of pleasure down from his engorged cock into his pelvis and underneath his testicles. More, until the heavy strands of white leaked down, over, and around each of her breasts, to fall into the splashing water.

When he was done, Antoinette stopped. The two Ventrue looked at each other for a few seconds, taking in the sight of each other recovering from orgasmic pleasure, before they looked down at her

breasts. Coated in white, and still snug to his pelvis. His hands stayed on them, and he gently eased his cock back and forth an inch while staying balls deep in the valley of her bust, as he milked out the final drops of his climax. Even when he was done, he stayed there, between Elaine's legs, her enormous breasts still in his hands so he could enjoy the intoxicating sensation of their softness squashed around his girth.

"Oh my," Elaine said at last, her eyes sliding up from his cock, to his pelvis, abs, chest, then to his face. "So much." She reached out, ran a finger down his abs, tracing the lines between them down onto his pelvis, before she continued down his arm, onto her breast, up to her collar, and then up to her lips where she kissed her finger free of his cum. "Perhaps you would... like to go again? I must admit, that was... terribly appealing to watch."

Antoinette chuckled into her friend's ear, gave it a small kiss, and sat up straight. "I thought perhaps, we could both pleasure my love, at the same time?"

"Oh?" Elaine said, raising a brow and looking to her friend. She was still trembling, and Jack found himself gently fucking her breasts again, just to enjoy the feel of her shivers.

With a pleased, husky chuckle, Antoinette reached out, and pushed Jack away from Elaine until he stood a foot back. Damn.

"Oui. I thought... perhaps..." She leaned into Elaine's ear, whispered a few words, and set a taunting kiss on her earlobe.

Elaine giggled, nodded, and stood up. Antoinette did as well, and the two tall women smiled down at Jack. Uh oh? They turned to face each other, and while still looking at Jack, they stepped into each other, and pressed their breasts together. Uh oh.

He gulped as he watched the wet pillows mold to each other and fight for space, as the two women made an obvious show for him. Elaine still trembled a little, but she didn't let that stop her as she nudged her body into her friend's. She leaned in closer, set a kiss on Antoinette's neck, and grinned at him as she did. Then Antoinette did the same, leaning down to kiss her slightly shorter friend's neck, while pulling her in close at the hip. They didn't just hug, they moved their torsos up and down a few inches opposite of each other, so their huge breasts slid against the other's, conforming to each other in round shapes as they fought for space. His cum, and the lubricant, spread readily, and he stared all the while as it did.

"Are you two trying to kill me?" he said.

Antoinette chuckled, and Elaine outright laughed.

“He is a treasure,” his great grandsire said.

“That he is.” Antoinette reached over to the jacuzzi edge, grabbed the lube, and poured a generous amount onto their breasts. And then, they resumed, rubbing their bodies against each other, spreading the lube and his cum around, and around, until he could see the mixed liquids trickle down their stomachs.

They got on their knees, pressed their breasts together again, and motioned for him to come closer.

Ok, this was happening. This was actually happening. Antoinette knew he was basically obsessed with her breasts, and while she indulged that kink to his heart’s content, what she was offering now was completely outside the realm of anything he’d ever expected. Hell, he would have been surprised if Antoinette had found a female kine with a huge rack, to let him try this with. But, a fellow vampire, one as old as her? Two deadly creatures, that were looking at him like he was a snack, and happily inviting him to slide his cock between their breasts, was taking the fantasy to a whole new level.

He gulped as he stepped closer, and stared down at the two women. He could see how his cum coated all four breasts, spread thin and mixed with the lubricant. And when he got a little closer, the two women reached out with their closer arms, Antoinette her right, Elaine her left, and they guided him toward them. He took a slow, deep breath, eyes locked onto the hypnotic sight of four breasts squashed together, and he slowly, determined to enjoy every single inch, very slowly sank his cock between them.

He put his left hand on Antoinette’s further shoulder, right hand on Elaine’s, and shivered as he watched his cock disappear into the supple mounds of their bosoms. They turned to face him just slightly, enough to that their breasts squished into his pelvis, while also staying together. And as they snuggled in toward his hips, he shivered as the head of his glans poked up from between four breasts.

Yeap, it was happening. He was fucking two enormous sets of tits at the same time. One belonged to his lover, the other to her friend.

If there was one way he was going to die, it’d be from sex fantasy overload.

Antoinette grinned her devil grin at him, and looked to Elaine. “I assume we will continue this the next night we are all free, oui?”

“Of course. I look forward to reliving some of our best nights.”

Were they... ignoring him? Ignore wasn’t the right word, but they weren’t looking at him anymore. They were having a chat, while simultaneously squashing their breasts together, and into him.

Their torsos were still partly turned to face him at a mild angle, but their faces were looking to each other, each with devious smiles on.

“Oh? What nights did you wish to relive?”

Elaine looked up at Jack, licked her lips, and then looked back to Antoinette, all the while ignoring that Jack was gently thrusting his cock back and forth against the tight bed of wet softness they'd created for him.

“He is Kindred. He can last much longer than the kine we have taken.”

“Oui. Perhaps we should not have rendered my pets unconscious? The four of us could have taken turns with him.”

Oh good god, they really were going to kill him.

“True. Or perhaps, you could sit on your lover's length, and let me enjoy you while he holds on as long as possible.”

“That is a fun game, one we have played many times with my pets, Jack and I.”

Elaine grinned. “But I am not some small ghoul, Ann.” She leaned in, and set a kiss on the left side of Antoinette's neck, opposite of Jack. It let Jack see how her body arched to reach her, how her breasts squashed harder against him and Antoinette's breasts, and how Antoinette's eyes fluttered for just a moment before looking up to Jack again. Elaine's threat was very clear. She could make Antoinette cum and cum hard, while riding Jack.

He struggled to keep his thrusts slow, but the images they were painting were driving him insane.

“Or,” Antoinette added, “I have many toys, some that would allow us to join and fuck each other, legs entwined.”

Scissoring? Gulp.

“But then what will your precious boy toy here be left with?”

Antoinette leaned in this time, and mirrored what Elaine did moments before, kissing the side of her neck opposite of Jack, so he could see how their breasts squashed all the harder around his cock when she did. And of course, see the pleasure in Elaine's eyes as the Prince set a hungry kiss on her skin.

“He will be forced to content himself with our breasts, and our mouths.”



The conversation, obviously meant to tease him into a frenzy, would have sounded utterly silly and dumb, if it wasn't for the situation. Not only were they perfectly willing to do the things they were saying, they said them while he was fucking their breasts. It turned the cheesy dialogue into a very real stimulus, mixed with enough heat and hormones — fake, but still effective — running through his body to make anything resembling a flirt sound intoxicatingly erotic. The fluttering of their eyelashes, the subtle up-and-down shifting of their chests, the husky, quiet moans, it was all a perfectly choreographed dance the two women had mastered centuries ago, to make people like him completely lose their minds.

It was working.

“Perhaps tomorrow night,” Elaine said, “instead of you, you will let me wrap my legs around him?”

Antoinette's chuckle was gentle, husky, and obviously meant to sound sexy. God damn it, she was too good. “I have struggled to not let sexual addiction run our second lives, Elaine. I fear you will be my undoing.”

Chuckling in the same way Antoinette did, husky, with pleasant moans thrown in, Elaine leaned backed in, and started to kiss along the Prince's neck. The kisses went higher, and higher, teasing along her neck and under her jawline.

“We have both known Kindred who literally had ghouls eating their cunts and devouring their cocks during Primogen meetings, Ann.”

“Even we do not do that in Dolareido.”

Jack suppressed his smile. Yeah, they didn't do that, but if the covenants got along better, they probably would.

“Then why the concern?” Elaine said between her kisses, each placed with delicate precision leading back down onto Antoinette's shoulder further from Jack.

“Because my poor little Ventrue here is soon to have his third orgasm, and knowing you, you will push it to six, or seven... or twenty.” Antoinette nudged her cheek down against Elaine's, encouraging her friend to continue kissing. “You may damage his sanity, or turn him into a mindless addict.”

“I can assure you, Delavon enjoyed his stay with us.”

“I am sure he did, what he can remember of it.”

“Twenty times?” Jack said, eyes shifting between where his glans poked up between the four breasts at the apex of each thrust, and Antoinette’s teasing gaze.

“Oui, vingt. Elaine tied the poor man up, and being a young Mekhet, he could not escape.” She laughed again, and pushed herself harder against her friend’s breasts, trapping his cock in more slippery heaven. “Naturally, my cruel friend tortured every climax from him. It took the entire night.”

“You enjoyed it,” Elaine said. She matched Antoinette’s pressure, and Jack did his best to keep up his rhythmic thrusting, as the two women squashed their bodies against each other, with him between them. “I expect to be in the city for some time. We elders do not travel often, Jack, as you can imagine.” She grinned up at him, licking her lips. “I do hope we can do this regularly? These old stories stir such wonderful memories, and awaken urges I have not indulged in decades.” Her eyes told a thousand stories with just a glance. They weren’t eyes like Ashley and Julee, where each night was an explosive experience full of delightful flavors that threatened to overwhelm them. They were experienced eyes like Antoinette’s, eyes that had seen tens of thousands of sexual scenarios, and had refined her taste over the centuries like an immortal wine connoisseur.

Two women, who’d had sex with each other hundreds of times, and sex with probably tens of thousands of other people, and now complete and total experts in the art, were bathing his cock in their breasts. It was enough to make his eyes roll up as the pleasure waves started down his swollen glans, into his pelvis and underneath, until he shuddered. He forced his eyes open and down, refusing to miss this, as he started to cum.

“I do believe,” Antoinette said, grinning up at him for a moment before looking down at where his hard, desperate thrusts caused his cock’s head to poke up between their jiggling breasts, “that my love and I would enjoy that.”

A gush of cum rose over the splashing water, the heavy strand coating one of Antoinette’s breasts, until Elaine raised her torso a few inches, causing her bosom to slide up along Antoinette’s until the next gush of fluid landed on her breasts instead. Their up-and-down rhythm was subtle, just enough to occasionally alter whose breasts was coated in cum in between Jack’s thrusts. Each thrust was hard enough to make the whole bed of supple skin ripple in the hot water, and bathe his length in the massaging pressure of their tits.

“I would indeed,” Elaine said, also looking down, and smiling at the sight of his cum squirting up from the bed of cleavage. “Would you, Jack?” She pressed her body in as snug as she could, making sure each thrust was so, damn, fucking, good. Just the sight of their breasts, struggling to fit into the tight space they were making, was enough to have him melting. But the heavenly friction of their lubed,

cum-soaked pillows surrounding his cock as he fucked the bed of cleavage, was almost painfully blissful.

Much as a Kindred's Blush of Life allowed vampires to manipulate their bodies, and push them to some pretty absurd extremes, sexually speaking, he couldn't cum forever. But he did his best, and focused on keeping the part of the Blush that allowed, and triggered sexual desire, to keep going. When his orgasm finally started to fade, he gulped down at the sight of both women's breasts coated in cum, and finally stopped thrusting. Four breasts, each with several heavy strands of white cum, eased their pressure, and started to float in the hot water. But they didn't back away completely, content to keep his cock half buried inside the hot, heavy heaven.

"I... I think I would," he managed to say between pants.

"Wonderful," his lover said, and she stood up. Elaine did as well. The two of them looked at him over their shoulder, and without saying a word, or even looking at each other to confirm what they were about to do, they both raised their hands, and started to slowly massage his cum into their skin. Close enough so their breasts touched, they rubbed, caressed, and teased each other, their fingers overflowing with his cum, and soon his white fluid trickled down their stomachs, and along the undersides of their heavy breasts.

These two women really were going to kill him with sex. Ah well, it was a good way to die.

Chuckling, the Prince ran her fingers through the water to wash them, took his hand, and pulled him toward her as she stepped out of the tub. Elaine walked beside her, and the two of them laughed between themselves as Jack followed along, staring at the two women's asses, and the back contours of their jiggling, swaying breasts. They knew he was, and when they glanced back, they laughed again.

Antoinette was enjoying this, and that surprised him a bit. He knew she'd enjoy spoiling the ever loving shit out of him, because she really got off on watching him struggle to manage new, or massive amounts pleasure. But, she was really, really enjoying this. There was a bounce in her step, and he smiled as he noticed her glances occasionally jump to Elaine. Much as Antoinette was attracted to Elaine, those weren't the sort of glances she made when she was thinking sexual thoughts. Her glances to her friend were the sort of glances Jack and Damien made when they were having fun, or sharing a hidden joke.

The two elders were having fun. And, well, that was such a nice change over the past few months, he smiled. Yeah, the whole night had been a ridiculous indulgence of every fantasy a guy like him could have, and he knew Antoinette was doing it half just to treat him because of how rough his life had been lately. But, she was also half doing it because she found it fun.

Fun was good.

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He gawked as he watched Antoinette and Elaine. Either the two women were psychic, or they just understood each other on a strange, succubus wavelength that allowed them remain in sync, without saying a word. Antoinette took Elaine to her favorite shower, the large one of black marble — always with the fancy black marble with the white veins — and with a huge slanted split overhead that poured hot water like a waterfall. They slipped out of their thongs, exposing their smooth slits, and as Antoinette turned on the water, Elaine reached for the soap.

Jack stood outside the shower, naked, and watched the two women begin to lather each other. Not themselves, each other. Vampires didn't need to bathe unless they got something on them; in this case, very thick silicone-based lube. Jack, paralyzed, stood there and watched the two women soap up their bodies, specifically their coated breasts. Chuckling, they half looked at him, half looked at what their hands were doing, and began to wash away the soap under the falling water.

Part of Jack could tell he was standing there, five feet away, frozen and hard again. A much larger part was hypnotized, turning off all thought, and bound by the spell of the two women washing each other.

“I trust my quarters are prepared?” Elaine said. “As are the accommodations for my servants?”

“Of course.” Nodding, Antoinette stopped washing Elaine's now clean breasts, and took Jack by the shoulder. Soon, he was standing with his back against Antoinette's stomach, and she, looking down over him from behind him, reached down, and covered his hard length in soap. “How long did you imagine you would be staying, dear friend?”

“Six months at minimum, but I am not sure. I would love to see your latest research.” Without hesitation, Elaine stepped forward, her breasts nudging against Jack's chin and neck, as she reached down, and netted her fingers with Antoinette's. “Perhaps a year or two. Perhaps more.”

“Year?” Jack said, gulping, and looking up. With a giant set of tits pressed against the back of his shoulders, and another nudging against the front of them, and the top of his chest, chin, and neck, it was very hard to think straight. He was literally being squashed between boobs. On top of that, both women were using both their hands to lather his cock, and he couldn't help but groan quietly as he felt expert hands massage and caress him.

“Elders rarely travel,” Antoinette said. “It is dangerous. Elaine will not leave until she has made the trip worth it.”

“Oh, right. That—” He sucked in a breath as the two women turned slightly, aligned the falling water, and washed his length free of lubricant and soap. The tingle of hot water on his swollen glans, along with four hands squeezing along and around his girth, was fucking heaven.

“And, as you have no doubt surmised, my great grandchilde, I wish to learn more of you and this curse. I am an Architect of Terror, a leading name in researching all that pertains to the Beast.” Elaine stepped in a little closer again, until her breasts squished against his chin, neck, and shoulders. Her grip on his cock tightened. “I am not above trading pleasure, for information.”

Before Jack could say anything, Antoinette laughed and shook her head, her long, wet, white hair nudging against his back. “Above? You enjoy it.”

“That I do. And I openly admit that you were correct, Ann. Your love’s eyes are... utterly... entrancing.” Slowly, Elaine lowered herself down, and down, dragging her breasts against his chest, his stomach, his hips, down his pelvis and cock, and down until she knelt in front of him.

“You’re, um, being awfully honest about your intentions,” Jack said. He squirmed a little, but froze again as his great grandsire set a succulent kiss on his cock’s tip. She looked up at him as she did, her blonde hair flattened to her head like a swimsuit commercial.

“Yes, well, I had planned to tell Ann about our lineage someday, and after learning about you and how you awakened the curse, I knew now was the time. Better late than never, I can only hope.” She set another kiss on his glans, and another, before she leaned forward, and set the whole of his cock’s engorged head in her mouth. She smiled up at him, watching his gaze as she slowly ran her tongue around and around, while her lips inched back and forth along the base edge of his glans.

She was too damn good. Just like with Antoinette, he really had no chance of lasting any longer than two minutes, if she wanted to make him cum quickly. Apparently, she did. Worse, was that while Elaine set her hands on his legs for balance, Antoinette continued to squeeze and gently stroke his cock at the base, while Elaine gave him a blowjob.

He was so spoiled, it was painful.

“I would not let her do this if I thought her intentions ill, my love,” the Prince said. “I trust her, and I trust she will aid you in removing your curse.”

“She—” He sucked in another breath as he felt the pleasure waves start to build underneath his testicles, and his glans grow sensitive with the sparks of pleasure her lips and tongue milked from him. “She, uh, says she doesn’t remember what she did to get rid of it.”

“Elaine is a dragon, like myself. I am sure she has records she can search through. Do you not, my friend?”

Elaine nodded, and lifted her head from his cock, just before the pleasure jolts would have tipped him over the edge. God damn it, she’d never even seen him before tonight, and she could already read him well enough to know when he was about to cum.

“Poor records, but I did record a few things, and I have retained a few, hazy memories that may be of use. I wish to learn about the curse, now that it is unleashed, and I am sure that there will be hints within my records that could be useful to you.”

Again, before he could say anything, Elaine put her lips back onto his shaft, and bathed the aching head of his cock in slow, sensuous licks of her tongue, while her lips slid back and forth in a tight suckle along the base of his glans. As much as he was utterly obsessed with breasts, breasts couldn’t provide the delicious, wet, tight friction of lips and tongue. Combined with Antoinette gripping the base of his length, and jerking him off into her friend’s mouth, he couldn’t hold it any longer.

His lover’s grip slowed, but remained firm as she started to milk him. Elaine’s mouth did the same, and her eyes gazed up at him with delight as he filled her mouth with cum. Each gush was a hard jolt of pleasure from his engorged cock’s head, down through his length, and into his pelvis and thighs. He did his best to hold still, hands at his side, but holy fuck, with one woman stroking and squeezing, and the other licking and sucking, he couldn’t help but gently ease his hips forward toward Elaine, and sink another inch of his cock into her as he came. A subtle rhythm allowed him to softly fuck her mouth, as the two women drained him.

“Now,” Antoinette continued, “do not tell Elaine everything. Dolareido secrets should remain with Kindred of Dolareido.” Before Elaine could pull back and say something, Antoinette reached out with both her hands, cupped the back of her friend’s head, and at the same time, pushed her own hips forward. Elaine arched her spine backward, leaned her head forward, and created a straight line of her neck, as she was forced to depththroat Jack.

He stared down at Elaine, who didn’t break her smiling gaze, as he squirted the final drops of his cum straight down her throat.

“But,” Antoinette said, hands still on Elaine’s head, and keeping her buried balls deep on his cock, “the mystery of your curse is one I want solved. It is dangerous. As Prince of Dolareido, consider it an order, my love, that you and Elaine should work together to be rid of it. In return for her aid, answer whatever questions Elaine may have for you, regarding the curse.”

Jack gulped, nodded, and stared down at his great grandsire as she gently nudged her head around, while her tongue bathed the underside of his cock. The two women had no issues discussing business, and making business decisions, while having sex. Antoinette had told him in the past that she tried to avoid letting sex dominate her life to the point it seeped into her work, but Elaine seemed to bring out some naughtiness in her. And the idea that someone else could make Antoinette even more naughty, was scary.

Finally done, Elaine stood up, and smiled down at him. The way she looked at him now was not the same as when she’d look at him on the roof of the Black Hall. Whether she’d been faking it or not, he couldn’t really tell, but now, there was something else in her eyes, something he’d only seen hints of before.

She was plotting something.