

BLAKE PUDDING

CHAPTER 5

BLISSFUL AWAKENING

As I slowly blinked my eyes open, awakening gradually, I found myself pondering my surroundings for the briefest of moments. My gaze lifted to a chiseled, dark stone vaulted ceiling, reminiscent of what one might expect in a cathedral, not a bedroom. And the bed—oh, the bed—it was colossal! Envision three California king-sized beds merged widthwise, then extended with six more in length. This bed seemed extravagantly designed for orgies, accommodating an entire college cheerleading squad plus two sororities (regrettably, a fantasy never checked off on my bucket list). Yet, such grandeur faded into insignificance as I turned to see the figure clinging to my side.

Beside me, hidden beneath a thin bedsheet, lay contours of undeniable perfection. My gaze was drawn to two gleaming red irises that met mine, igniting a thrill within me as vivid memories of our escapades replayed in my mind—each penetrating detail relived with intense clarity.

“Night,” Aurelia whispered, her fangs briefly visible, sending a shiver of excitement through me.

“Night?” I echoed, my voice laced with confusion and fascination, still ensnared by her penetrating stare.

“Morning doesn’t quite fit, does it?” she mused with a sly grin, “considering our day’s escapades. Besides, I scarcely need sleep.” Her voice held a teasing lilt. “I’m a vampire, remember? For me, nights are my days,” she quipped, tenderly cradling my face, her breasts pressing intimately close. Suddenly, an odd movement shifted around our feet, catching her attention. Aurelia glanced down, her expression transforming with curiosity. Pulling back slightly, she looked at me, a hint of playfulness tinting her voice, “My love... what is that?” as she pointed.

Peering down, I observed a tiny black unicorn on the bed, her hips shaking frantically as she wagged her tail excitedly. “Oh, that’s Phantasia,” I exclaimed, smiling warmly, amusement sparkling in my eyes. “Isn’t she the bestest and mostest adorable little murderous horror?” With arms outstretched invitingly, I watched intently as the charming Black Pudding joyously bounded towards me, vaulting into my arms with infectious enthusiasm.

“I see,” Aurelia remarked, her voice taking on a calculating tone. “My love, where has your little murderous horror been all this time? I hadn’t noticed her in my chambers until now.”

“She usually hides within me,” I responded cheerfully.

Dream!

What?

“Inside you? How long has she been there?” she inquired.

“For quite some time,” I replied, stroking Phantasia’s head affectionately.

Dream!

What?!

“Was she inside you during... our intimate moments?”

“Yes, why?” I asked, puzzled.

Dream!

“And all those tentacles... were all of them yours?”

“Hmm... I think so?” I answered, somewhat uncertain.

Dream! What the fuck?!

Aurelia exhaled softly, her words a quiet murmur, “Even in this life, you haven’t changed.” She shifted slightly before reaching up to scratch Phantasia, who purred contentedly like a cat, nestling into the affectionate gesture. Witnessing this, a warm smile spread across Aurelia’s face. “Let’s establish a new rule,” she proposed, her gaze steady and meaningful, “let’s not keep Phantasia inside you while we’re in bed. I’ll find a special bed for her... She’s the only pet you have inside you, isn’t she?”

I happily nodded as Phantasia dissolved effortlessly back into my flesh. I was still surprised she could do that without me devouring her. I suppose it’s a racial trait, a means to prevent Black Puddings from eating one another. “So, what have we planned for the day—or should I say, night?”

Ugh, Nightmare. That day-night joke is getting old.

Fine.

We remained entwined in each other’s arms for hours, sharing light kisses and discussing everything. I recounted my previous life as Blake Lyanna Jefferson, a short goth girl covered in way too many piercings and tattoos—what am I saying? There’s no such thing as too many piercings or tattoos—and all my challenges in finding love and establishing close relationships. It turns out I had a missing soulmate, so naturally, I faced difficulties with relationships; none of them were her. Aurelia listened intently and asked questions, holding me all the while. It was everything I wanted. Well, maybe things might have been slightly

better if we had found someone for her to drink from, and I could turn into a sandwich, but that was just my hunger talking. However, like all good things, it came to a shuddering end with a hard knock on the door.

“Enter,” Aurelia’s voice rang clear, her hands deftly adjusting the sheets to modestly cover her impeccably perky breasts.

I adjusted myself upright, unabashedly exposed, yet skillfully altering my silky flesh to adopt a refined, nipple-less appearance, achieving an almost sculptural perfection. I had nothing to hide. These girls were undeniably magnificent, a luxury I hadn’t enjoyed in my past life—I had considered getting breast implants but couldn’t afford them. Now, I indulged in nothing but the finest, especially in Aurelia’s company. Yet, even with my shapeshifting enhancements, her allure still surpassed mine, shining with an effortless, dark radiance.

“My lady,” a vampire offered with a deferential bow, his eyes cautiously avoiding both me and Aurelia. “The Crone’s Champion has located the Priestess’s last known whereabouts—”

“Where?” Aurelia interjected swiftly, propping herself up while modestly shielding her chest with the bedsheet held in one arm.

The vampire, momentarily collecting himself, continued, “My lady, the champion discovered a labyrinth of hidden corridors beneath the castle, which lead to a portal gate. Unfortunately, we’re currently unable to activate it to trace the exact route taken from there.”

I glanced back and forth between the random vampire and my sexy vampire, my interest barely piqued. To be honest, all this ruling and authority bullshit wasn’t my sort of thing. As long as I can feast on whomever I please, I’ll remain a content, happy-go-lucky monster girl. A yawn escaped me as he droned on with his report, the words blending into a monotonous “blah blah blah” in my ears.

Seriously, for the first time since I’d been reborn in this realm as a horrifying creature of darkness, I’ve been moving from one battle to another for apparently two years, much of it within the Realm of Dreams, but that still counts. So, here I was, in a luxurious bed with the gorgeous, naked woman of my dreams beside me, and all I wanted to do was either engage in passionate fucking or indulge in my darker murderous urges. The problem was, if I wasn’t doing either of those things, I found myself overwhelmed by boredom, uncertain of what to do with myself.

Umm, Nightmare? Perhaps it’s time we sit back and practice our magic rather than figure it out in the middle of a battle. Just a thought.

Huh... You might actually be onto something this time. I suppose you aren’t just some clueless bitch.

Hey!

“As you command,” the vampire stated, jolting me out of the internal dialogue I was having with... well, myself. I was unsure of what had just been commanded, observing him as he turned to leave.

After he had departed, Aurelia leaned in to give me a long, lingering kiss before pulling away, a sly smile playing on her lips. “Come, my love, we have court to attend.”

I nodded, still dazed from the kiss and barely attentive, my gaze lingering on her perfect ass as she crawled away, gracefully making her way out of the massive bed. “That would be nice—wait, what?” I suddenly realized I might have missed something important.

“Court,” she reiterated, the sly grin still playing on her face.

“I don’t know if I have the patience for something like that,” I exclaimed. “What if someone runs their mouth, and I decide to ram a tentacle down their throat?”

“Like you did to me last night?” she cooed, teasingly.

“What? No, not like that,” I responded, waving my hands frantically.

Aurelia laughed, her voice light yet confident. “Relax, everything will be fine. Worst-case scenario, someone runs their mouth, and I’ll tear out their heart and drain it of blood right in front of everyone.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t mind seeing that, even if they don’t,” I responded, a spark of intrigued excitement in my voice as a new fetish took root in my imagination.

I observed intently as Aurelia approached a corner of the room, an area oddly coated in dry blood. The corner’s peculiar nature was evident, though its specifics eluded me. She pressed a stone marked with an unusual engraving, and suddenly, the floor beneath her began to descend, forming a large, bowl-like shape. Simultaneously, a large rectangular stone extended overhead, adorned with various stones and crystals. With another gentle tap, water began to cascade over her as the blood-stained area washed away.

“It’s a shower,” I muttered, realization dawning on me.

Mesmerized by her allure under the cascading water, I couldn’t help but watch, entranced. The thought of joining her crossed my mind, tempting me with the promise of more delightful escapades. Yet, I understood the importance of the duties awaiting her, which justified my contentment in merely admiring her form from afar.

As she concluded her shower, she turned towards me, a hint of confusion in her gaze. “Are you not going to take a shower as well?”

“Hmm? Oh, no,” I responded nonchalantly, getting up from the bed. With precise and forceful movements, I gruesomely tore at my own flesh, the sound of rending skin filling the room, each strip pulled away, revealing my ominous Black Pudding form beneath. My

pudding flesh, exceedingly corrosive, meant I didn't require a shower, especially with my Disintegration passive, deactivated. Thankfully, I had kept that ability off during our more intimate tentacle moments.

Aurelia gave me a knowing smirk, clearly amused by my antics. Returning her expression with a grin, I skillfully wove a fresh layer of pristine, white silk webbing across my face, crafting a mask of flawless elegance. Meanwhile, I sculpted the rest of my dark, malleable flesh into a form-fitting, elegant dress right before Aurelia's watchful eyes, transforming my appearance with a blend of grace and macabre art. I even embellished my ensemble with my slow-writhing tendrils, incorporating them into the dress as living, moving embroidery, adding a uniquely personal touch to my horrifyingly cruel attire.

"I'm ready," I declared, a giggle escaping me unexpectedly.

Seriously, Dream, giggling?

Wow! Wow! That wasn't me this time.

...

A few moments later, Aurelia had adorned herself in a stunning dress that seemed designed for a vampiric ball, a mesmerizing blend of black and red that took my breath away. She moved in gracefully, took my hand, and approached the door together. Just as my hand was about to grasp the handle, Aurelia's voice halted me, her tone unexpectedly timid, a stark contrast to her usual bloodthirsty demeanor.

"Just be yourself in court," she exhaled softly, her words hanging in the air.

I arched an eyebrow, puzzled by her advice. Which version of myself was she referring to? The sarcastic, smart-ass one ready to use someone's intestines as a jump rope, or the ruthless version inclined to wear those intestines as a necklace? The distinction was crucial, yet her serene expression offered no further clues. I simply shrugged it off. After all, I was both.

We navigated the corridors, our entwined hands drawing the attention of various vampires we passed. Their eyes followed us intently, their voices reducing to hushed whispers once we were beyond earshot. Some even directed open glares at me, which I found amusing and somewhat gratifying. Why wouldn't I revel in their disdain? Hunger was gnawing at me, after all. I mentally noted to maintain my civility, promising myself to offer them a swift end before indulging in my feast, provided they kept their scorn directed at me and not at my Aurelia.

Given the advice Aurelia had recently imparted, it seemed she was encouraging me to instill a sense of dread among these bastards—a task I was more than equipped to handle. Oh, I was going to eat well tonight.