

~~Eric~~

Ganders was more than understanding of Eric's circumstance. Hell, all Jessy had to do was give him a few words and the man accepted everything with a smile. It really was a different universe these vamps lived in. They didn't worry about money, they worried about where their next blood bag was, or when the sun rose. They didn't worry about making friends, they just turned humans into slaves, and indulged in what a brainwashed ghoul would do for you. They worried about other vamps, and getting into turf wars. It was so alien to him, a guy who'd spent years now worrying about his next paycheck, and whether he'd be able to pay rent, and his loans.

He wasn't sure it was better. Since his new life had hit him, he'd gone through hell, and nearly died when a fucker put a silver knife into his god damn chest. It was still tender, and Eric rubbed the wound as he and Jessy found a booth. He was technically working, and was dressed in his suit for it, while Jessy had dropped by her place to get something more fitting a club.

Except, it was more fitting a beach than a club. The top was a black bikini top with some silver jewelry worked into the straps around the neck. And the skirt was barely a skirt, more like a small black piece of fabric that hugged the front of her pelvis, and another for her ass, with each piece joined by some straps that crossed her outer thighs and hips. An extremely short, extremely revealing skirt, that also made it obvious she wasn't wearing anything underneath it since it left her hips and thighs exposed. She did put on some heels, and Eric found himself quirking a brow at the sight of her in those deathtraps; they looked great, but he expected a sporty woman like herself to stay away from such unhealthy footwear. Apparently, she enjoyed dressing up. And being the weak fool that he was, he enjoyed looking at her all the more when she did.

"Look over there." Jessy nodded across the way to another booth. The two of them were on the bottom floor, where it was noisier, with people dancing, the music louder, and more people in booths compared to the second floor.

Eric followed her eyes, and like a firecracker went off in his mind, he immediately snapped to attention. A vampire, and a werewolf. He'd seen them before, and now he could make out their scents in the chaos of the club. There was more to it, too. His eyes noticed the way they moved, the way they looked back at him, and looked at the others. Subtle signs about who they were, what they were, mixed into the scents, confirmed what he knew.

"That's Tilly and Mason," Jessy said. "Tilly's a Carthian."

“A Carthian, here?”

“Yeah, and she shouldn’t be.” Frowning, Jessy glared at the two, and tapped her fingers on the table in front of her. “This is Invictus territory. She’s not allowed to be feeding here.”

“Doesn’t look like she’s feeding.”

“Vamps come here to feed.”

Eric shrugged, and watched the two intruders for a while. Mason gave him a nod, but otherwise turned to resume talking to Tilly. Tilly, on the other hand, seemed to take delight in Jessy’s attention, and blew her a kiss. She had red hair cut to only a couple inches, and was a thin woman, average height with pale skin, and a few freckles. Mason was also average height, buzzed head with blonde hair, and like all the werewolves, a very athletic, muscular build. Eric took note, and memorized the faces for later.

“Is it breaking the rules if she’s feeding on Mason?”

“I... don’t know. I suppose not. We can’t feed in each other’s territory, but I guess the spirit of that rule has always been about not taking each other’s kine.” The reasoning didn’t seem to make Jessy any happier though, and she frowned all the more as she continued looking at them. “We’re not exactly on good terms with the Carthians lately. The Mirrden district takeover pissed them off, and then they did this shit with you and Terra Den, practically asking for escalation.” With a long sigh, she nuzzled up against his side, eyes still on the distant couple. “They’re damn hot, though.”

Eric laughed, and she raised a brow as she looked at him. “Sorry. Still not used to my girlfriend—”

“Ooh, girlfriend. Never had someone call me that before.”

“Never had a girlfriend so brazen about being attracted to other people, especially other women.”

She returned his laugh, and gave him a buddy-buddy punch in the shoulder. “Men are hot, but women? Women are fucking hot, you know?”

“Agreed.”

While the music continued, the hum of the crowd died down, and everyone looked toward the entrance of the club. Eric and Jessy both raised a brow at each other, before looking where everyone else was looking. Both of them dropped their jaws.

It was the Prince, Jack at her side, and two women the same size as the kid. Jack was wearing a nice suit, which Eric had come to expect from any dude in their Invictus covenant by this point. The

two girls, who looked like they could be gymnasts with how lean their strong little frames looked, were wearing pink and blue tube tops, the brunette in pink, the blonde in blue; looked like cotton candy, together. They both wore miniskirts of the same color as well, and each girl held one of Jack's hands. Eric thought he was escorting the two humans, but on second glance, it seemed Jack was being pulled by the two girls.

It was the Prince that everyone was staring at. How the fuck did she get into that dress? It looked like it was made of leather, black leather, and it was nothing but straps cutting across her in various patterns. The skirt was straps, exposing basically all of her ass and legs, with a single strap covering her sex with all the conservatism of a g-string. A black, tight corset circled her waist, underbust, and a couple straps cut upward across her breasts, barely managing to cover her nipples. She wore fingerless black gloves of leather that reached her elbows, and knee-high black boots, with shallow, thick heels, the sort made for stomping. The woman already was ridiculously tall, so high heels did seem a bit overkill.

The Prince and her entourage walked past the bar, and out to the cusp of where the club opened up. To the front of her, the open stage where some humans were dancing, grinding, kissing. To the sides, tables and booths that were pressed against the sides of the stairs, the stairs snug to the walls, leading up to the second floor that sat above the club entrance. She looked around for a moment, and smiled a demon's smile, as she noticed Mason and Tilly, but also Eric and Jessy.

If Jessy was right, the Prince might disapprove of Tilly's actions, and—nope, that didn't happen. The Prince offered them all a small nod, and guided her three little ones up the stairs, disappearing onto the second floor. With the second floor only using half of the room, the other half open above for the dancing area, the seating on the first floor was able to look up and see the railing of the second floor. There were always a few people standing around, talking, drinking, kissing and touching. But the Prince didn't come to the railing, likely taking one of the grandeur booths behind.

Eric breathed easy. She made him nervous. Very nervous.

"God damn, she has the most ridiculous tits," Jessy said.

"... yeah, I'm gonna have to agree with that."

"Something about her isn't natural. She's super tall, fine, that's rare but not freakazoid weird or anything. White hair though? What caused that. And the tits with that tiny waist? That isn't natural."

"I assumed she dyed her hair, when I met her."

“Nope.” Shrugging, Jessy pointed down at her breasts and the bikini top she was wearing. “I got big tits, despite being lean. I got lucky. When the first eight letters of the alphabet aren’t enough to cover your cup size, and you have a tiny waist like that? I’d vote fake, times a thousand.”

“I mean—”

“But the way they bounce and jiggle? That ain’t fake. And I’ve seen her wearing less, at some of the banquets. They jiggle for days.”

“Banquets?”

“Balls and parties and shit, that you haven’t seen yet. We gather up, get a bunch of kine in there, and go to town. Chow time.” Jessy grinned at him and gave him another buddy punch in the arm. “You should come. Vamps suck down a lot of blood, and we get the kine off too. Lots of blowjobs and clit sucking, fingering and shit. Some of the more adventurous vamps have given tit fucks, to some lucky fuckers lying on tables while other Kindred Kiss them through their orgasms.”

“Well... damn. This is a frequent thing?”

“Nah. During my time as Kindred, we were recovering from the purge, and by the time that settled down and people were getting back to normal, the Invictus and Carthians were at it, Viktor being a giant jackass, and then that Tony fucker started causing more trouble with his own group. So each covenant did their own thing in this time, but occasionally it got pretty sexual at the Invictus banquets, especially ones the Prince attended. Just a while ago, the Prince ran her own banquet, same night Jack got kidnapped. Saw a lot of kine tits and dicks, and more than a few Kindred tits, too.” She held out her hands in front of her, cupping imaginary breasts. “Prince was wearing something that exposed the inside of her cleavage, right? But, like, all of it, half of each nipple and everything, no bra. Bounce, bounce bounce, with every damn step. Was like watching jello.”

He choked on a laugh, trying to keep it from getting loud, but damn it, he laughed anyway; she did, too.

He didn’t know who Tony was, and only Viktor by occasional mention. It was hard to imagine that Dolareido had an entire nightlife, with giant figures of larger-than-life power, and he’d never known about it.

“Sounds like there’s a lot I still need to learn about this world.”

“Damn right.” She lifted his arm up over her shoulder, and snuggled into his side. She was a bit tall though, basically his height, and it was a little awkward getting his arm around behind her neck; she

didn't mind. Maybe she would have, if it was her arm being lifted up at an odd angle, but she'd have probably laughed and shoved him away.

So, he relaxed his arm over her shoulder, and gave her a half hug. She chuckled, kissed his jawline, and turned to watch the dance floor.

"Think you'd be comfortable coming to one?" she said.

"What, a blood banquet orgy?"

"It's not really an orgy, cause the vamps aren't getting off. We're drinking, and getting off our drinks." She gestured to the dance floor. "Like, anyone in there you'd like to see stripped naked, laid on a table, and have a couple vamps sucking dry while another eats out her pussy?"

"... I have to ask, what happened to this city?"

"Huh? Whatcha mean?"

He nodded the way she was looking, to the dance floor. One of the women was wearing a top that was, what would have been, the top half of a flowing gown, except the stomach was cut so high that it completely exposed the underside of her breasts; absurdly large breasts at that, fake and defying gravity. Every time she moved with the beat of the thumping music, the gown lifted enough to show her nipples. No one batted an eye. When a guy came up behind her, pressed his pelvis to her ass, and cupped her breasts from behind, she responded by pushing herself into him, and joining his rhythm with the beat.

"I mean, maybe I never really noticed," he said, "because this really wasn't my scene, when I had money to waste. But, I gotta ask, what happened to this city to get everyone in it so sexual?"

"You don't like?"

"That's not it. And don't get it wrong, I like that you're an insufferable horn dog."

She chuckled, but also punched him in the ribs. Ow. Regular buddy punches were going to be a thing in this relationship, evidently.

He nodded to one of the booths. A girl in what must have a thousand-dollar dress was sitting cozy, a smile on her face as she sipped on something. Underneath the table was a guy, head between her legs.

"Looks like a man doing his civil duty," she said.

Laughing again, he shrugged, and tapped on the table as he considered his words. "I've been to Las Vegas. I've seen how into the drugs and sex people can get. Dolareido's the same way, except even more so. And, I guess the cops don't stop it because—"

“Because we own the cops.” She nodded, and tapped a finger on the table as well, next to his. “Dolareido is Slut City mostly because of Antoinette, I guess. There are lots of cities with a dominant Kindred presence, big cities, and they all indulge in sex and drugs, and vamps take advantage. Dolareido’s a bit different, though, cause the Prince actually pushes for sexual... openness, you know? The Prince controls so much of the money in this city, and I know she quietly pushes for more sexual expression and acceptance in everything. I don’t think anyone’s been arrested for sex-related crime in this city in forever. Prostitution is practically legal, as long as it doesn’t get media attention. And you can fuck in public areas and shit, and no one cares, as long as it’s not in the middle of the street, in the middle of the day.”

Eric had seen some very beautiful prostitutes in his life; never fucked one, but parties were parties, and in Dolareido, that often meant the birthday boy got fucked by a professional. Sometimes, birthday girl.

“That’s a lot of sex.”

“Yeap. S’what happens when you get a succubus running the city.” Shrugging again, Jessy took his finger, and guided it to her mouth, where she chewed on it. Not kissed, or Kissed, but chewed, like a bored dog. It was terribly cute. “If the Prince had it her way, she’d legalize it all, unionize sex workers, and get them good benefits and shit.”

“That is strangely admirable.” He was all for live and let live. People wanted to get addicted to hard drugs and ruin their health and bank accounts? If they were old enough to make the choice, let them. People wanted to pay for sex, or make a living having sex? Let them. There were issues with those ideas, ramifications that weren’t obvious at first glance, but they were either solvable, or the lesser of two evils.

“Parker and Vicky do that kind of shit, particularly in Devil’s Corner. And I’m sure those two indulge in their work, too.” Laughing, she guided his arm off her shoulders, hand down to her leg, and set it on her thigh closer to him. Smooth, and hard. “I bet that Parker asshole has ten women, doing everything and anything to each other, while he sits on a throne, getting sucked off.”

“That does sound like a typical male fantasy.”

“Male? Ha. Women got that fantasy too, except, you know, I think I’d prefer half guys half girls, if I was going to have that many bodies trying to fuck me.” Laughing, she shook her head, and looked up, lost in a memory. “One time when I was younger, a Daeva I knew had seduced a whole fuckload of people with their Majesty discipline, and we legit just stripped down, and got into the fucking pile of kine. Must have been at least a dozen pairs of legs.”

“One time, I had sex when I knew company would be over at any moment. That... is basically the most harrowing of my sexual adventures.”

She stared at him, for a good long while, before she erupted into laughter. “Sweet merciful christ, I am going to have so much fun with you. I—” Something cut her off. She looked to the door, and raised a brow, as another woman walked in.

Clara.

The werewolf found them, and walked straight toward them. Eric froze. She didn't look happy, box braids bouncing with her steps. She wasn't dressed for a club either, jeans and a tight white t-shirt. A gorgeous woman, to be sure, but a deadly one, and she looked like she was ready to do some stomping.

She slid into the booth next to him. The other bouncers knew to let her and her pack in, despite the street clothes, and it looked like she was comfortable enough to use that fact. Or maybe anger was driving her to not give a shit.

“Clara, how you doing?” Jessy said, big jackass grin on her face.

Clara glared at her, glared at him, before glaring at her some more. “You sent them.”

“I did.”

“Again.”

“Well, I mean, I told them to come by every second night. Thought maybe you'd want a break between visits.” Without ever breaking her grin, Jessy leaned back, and hooked her elbows over the back of the seat. “If you want them over every night though, just tell them. They got the stamina, especially if I'm not Kissing them.”

Clara's eyes could cut steel with the way she was looking at her. “You... you can't... just...”

“What? Make life a little more enjoyable for you?” With her elbows on the back of the booth, her arm closer to Eric reached out and started playing with his ear. He didn't move a muscle; maybe if he didn't move, he wouldn't get caught in the crossfire. And her touch was kind of nice. “I know you had a good time that first night. They told me all about it.”

It took every ounce of self control Eric had, to not wince or grin or something at that. They'd done more than tell her, and the image of Clara struggling to handle three dicks at once was permanently burned into his mind. Hell, he was having a hard time not imagining the beautiful woman naked right

now. A glance at Jessy showed her looking Clara up and down a few times, too. She was imagining Clara naked, for sure.

“I—”

“Come on,” Jessy said, “be honest. Think I’m gonna slam you for admitting you indulged? Christ, the last thing a vamp is going to insult you for is enjoying sex.”

“I was drunk as fuck that first time! And alone... and I... I would have... agreed to anything, like that.” The vulnerability in the werewolf’s voice was blatant. He didn’t expect that from her.

“And the second time?”

“I...”

And like a dam had broken, Jessy sighed joy, smiled, and leaned in over the table, elbows on it and fingers netted together. Almost looked like she was making a business deal, and winning. “I know how to pick em, right? I trained them good, too.”

Clara blushed, and Eric couldn’t help but smile. Much as Jessy was being an asshole, it did seem like she was trying to help Clara, in her own perverted way.

“Yeah, they knew what they were doing.”

“Right? Isn’t it great, when you know the guy is going to actually get you off, multiple times, before he’s done. You can relax, get into it, not fucking worry about getting off like it’s a fucking race. Something so fucking awesome about knowing for sure you won’t be getting out of bed until your legs don’t work.”

“Fucking god, Jessy. I’ve met a few Daeva with the same obsession, but never a Gangrel,” Clara said.

Jessy half snorted, half laughed, and shrugged. “Slut City is run by the Queen of Sex, and she’s rubbed off on everyone. She’s upstairs right now, with Jack.”

Mention of the kid’s name earned a wince from Clara. “Thought I smelled her. I’ll go speak with Jack before I go.” Nodding, Clara leaned in, and managed something close to a sheepish grin. “So you didn’t... do that to try and get back at me?”

“What? Fuck no.” Rolling her eyes, Jessy slapped a hand on the table, as if lightning struck her brain. “And by all means, transform when you’re with the boys.”

“Excuse me?”



“Transform. Wolf out, full on werewolf form, you know?”

“That is dangerous! That is... that is asking for someone to get really fucking hurt.”

“Ghouls are tough, they can take it. And I’m sure they’d be down to try some new kink like fucking an eight-foot, lean and sexy furry thing.” Chuckling, Jessy looked up at nothing, undoubtedly imagining it.

“I uh... I don’t think I’ll do that, but thanks for the suggestions. You prob—you already did that with Eric, didn’t you?”

“Ha! Yeah. It was awesome.” Jessy slapped a hand on the table again, and snuggled into Eric’s side. “Felt like he was in my god damn womb.”

Clara facepalmed, shaking her head. “Please be careful, Eric. You’re still new to all this, and urges in that form are so fucking dangerous. Just being near another Uratha who transforms can lead to more transformations, and for some of us, there’s no getting out of that form until we’ve tasted violence.”

“Don’t worry, we got it under control,” Jessy said. Eric didn’t agree, but as long as they experimented in safety, he didn’t really agree with Clara’s concern either. Not that he had any idea what he was fucking doing. “Seriously though, I hope you have a good time with the boys. It must suck to have the punk you’re interested in, out of reach.”

Clara winced, and leaned back, folding her arms across her chest. “You’ve never been in that situation?”

“Never really wanted something someone else had, that I couldn’t just take. But I highly suggest you don’t try taking Jack from the Prince, it won’t end well. If she were someone else, I’d wonder if you could get into their bed. But, the Prince and Jack are pretty much joined at the hip in love, and the only people getting into that bed are her pets. Pretty sure they’re there to be a source of blood and pussy, not a romantic rival.”

Eric pursed his lips for a moment, and waited. The woman never handled anything with grace or care, always bulldozing through anything without a second thought. There was value in telling someone the truth without sugarcoating it, but then there was taking it too far and running the person down. He enjoyed the brutal honesty, and it was a great change compared to Sheryl’s passive aggressiveness, but he wasn’t everyone.

Sighing, Clara nodded, and hugged herself, arms folded across her chest as she looked to the stairway. “Yeah. That’s... a part of the reason I agreed to your... sharing.”

Eric was a bystander in this conversation, and he was sure if he said something, he'd shatter the strange, fragile peace forming between the two women. Christ, they were being open about some pretty private shit, sexual and romantic. Did women always talk like this with each other?

"If you want, I can set you up with someone?" Jessy said.

"You... already got me stepping well outside my usual comfort zone, vampire."

"Heh, way the boys tell it, you agreed to a lot of stuff. Which is awesome, not trying to make a dig at you."

Clara lowered her head to the booth table, set her forehead against it with a thud, and left it there. Blushing. "You vamps are turning everyone in the pack into sluts and whores. Mason, Matt, Art. I figured it was just guys being guys, chasing anything with a hole. Ugh."

"Nah, with them it seems like romance." Jessy looked over her shoulder to Mason, and to the vampire nudging her cheek against the man's shoulder. "You though? You looked like you needed some stress relief. So, I vote you give up on the Jack crush before Antoinette hurts you, and instead, look for romance elsewhere. And while you look, enjoy my boys; the best form of stress relief." Chuckling, Jessy leaned in super close, and knocked on the booth Clara still had her head resting on. "Did Vincent do that thing with the fingers?"

From the look on Jessy's face, she was undoubtedly talking about something carnal. Anal fingering, Eric figured. The guilty look from Clara, head turned just enough so he could see her eyes over the booth table, sealed it.

"... yeah, he did."

"Awesome. Bet you came your brains out."

"... I did."

"Awesome."

"Ugh, no one's—"

"No one's going to care." Rolling her eyes again, Jessy grabbed her top, and pulled it up over her breasts. Clara raised her head, though still leaning low, and joined Eric in blinking at the blonde next to him as she shook her shoulders a bit, making her breasts jiggle. "See anyone even looking my way twice? Except, you know, a few 'I want to fuck that' glances."

Both Eric and Clara looked around, though Eric knew what he'd find: nothing. Everyone kept dancing, chatting, drinking, and only a few people bothered to look at Jessy for longer than a second.

“I—”

“You should stop worrying. What, is it because they’re ghouls? Those boys get to live for centuries now, s’long as I or any other Kindred keeps feeding them, and they’re glad to be living that long, getting to fuck and get Kissed whenever a need arises. Don’t worry about them, they’re happy to fuck a bombshell like you.”

“Bombshell? That is the cheesiest compliment I’ve ever heard. But... thank you.”

Nodding, Jessy put her elbows on the table; without pulling her top back down. Eric struggled to not stare, or let his memories of how her breasts moved during sex, covered in cum, give him an erection.

“Hell yeah. Come on, seriously, the boys’ told me you’re a fucking fox. And if you’re worried about looking like a slut, I can guarantee you no one will give a shit. Hell, Jack is fucking three pussies and a set of tits the size of mountains on a regular basis. He won’t care. The mighty Julias Mire is fucking Triss and her friend. You remember them from the banquet? Crocodile mouth, and Jen was the one with the tits hanging out.”

“I’m... aware. I’ve seen the largest, most developed sex and pleasure spirits in my life, ever, in this city.”

“Ha, figures. And I’m sure I’ll eventually find some pussy to join Eric and I. Can’t wait to—”

“Jessy,” a new voice called out, quiet and almost inaudible over the thudding music. Thank god, Eric could only take so much barrier smashing from Jessy in a ten-minute span. Clara either, from the looks on her face. “Oh, and Eric, and C-Clara. You—Jessy! P-Pull your top back down!”

“Hey Tash. Here to see your boss? She’s upstairs with Jack.” Jessy did as ordered, and gestured with a thumb to the petite vampire. “This one, ha. You know her deal.”

The little creature frowned at Jessy until she looked like a chipmunk. “Um... h-how are you feeling, Clara?” Tash came up to their booth slowly, though Eric doubted she realized she walked slow. Timid. The girl was the tiniest thing, well shorter than five feet, pale skin with long black hair. She looked delicate. But, she’d gone on the mission with the rest of the rescuers, and was probably not delicate at all. And unlike Clara, little Natasha was wearing a dark dress with a surprisingly revealing amount of cleavage. Still, she acted shy, and that little bit of timidness in her body language set off prey signals in his mind.

Clara picked up on it too, and Eric noticed a moment of... of... of what? Animal hunger? The hunt? Something in the girl's eyes tagged the little Mekhet as prey, and it was a body language Eric never really noticed before. Maybe it was unique to wolves?

"I'm fine," Clara said. "We heal fast."

"That's good-d." Nodding, the little vampire pulled out her phone, checked something, then nodded before she poked Jessy in the shoulder. "I'm g-going upstairs, to t-t-talk to the Prince. Cya."

The three of them made tiny waves, before Jessy leaned back in to Clara.

"She took years to break, but I turned her, with time. Got her ready for a two-boyfriend relationship, I guess."

Clara squinted at her. "You're a regular saint, Jessy."

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~Antoinette~

She adjusted one of her straps as she sat down, and motioned for Jack to sit beside her. To her ghouls, she motioned for them to stand behind the booth; similar to guards. She would be indulging them later, but for now, it was time to spend a moment with her love.

"When was the last you spoke with your sire?" she said.

"Couple days."

"I wish to know more about this favor he owes Jacob."

"Me too. I want to know what Jacob is up to, and Black Blood. And... anything else out there."

She looked at the boy, and he looked at her. Awareness. What did the boy know of the mysterious forces that plucked at the delicate weave of her city? Her love had a frustrating habit of getting involved in things that should have passed him by, things that went well beyond the purview of a neonate. She was partly to blame, she was sure, for the inevitable inclusion of the boy in events far above his ability. She was Prince, Voivode, and by virtue of that alone, a relationship with the boy meant he was in danger.

Except, that did not appear to be the primary driver of his involvement in many things. His own curiosity and tenacity had led to his participation in trials he should not have been involved in, especially where the werewolves and monsters were concerned. And it was they she had grown most concerned about, especially if the boy was involved in this hunt for the unknown presence. Were it so simple as to point the finger at the hunters, but she had a feeling it was something else.

Poor Daniel. How many nights now had he spent hunting things in realms beyond their imagining? How many nights had the man used his mastery of Auspex, and used his Twilight Projection to hunt for things hidden in the walls, hidden in the depths, hidden in the rock and shadow. There were other tools in his repertoire, and she was not happy he was forced to use them. There was something out there though, something that had to be found before it turned her city into chaos, or ashes.

And from the look Jack gave her with his words, it was evident the boy was aware. His green eyes met hers before falling away; he knew, and he knew she knew that he knew. Who had told him? Who had invited him on a quest to deal with such madness? Jacob? Black Blood? Azamel?

She set a hand on his shoulder, and smiled at him. “We will survive, my love, and I will win this game we play. Do not fret.”

No more words were needed. It would not surprise her if the boy felt guilty for not telling her that he knew more than he let on, but such was the way of the Dance Macabre. Politics, deception, and death. A sad tale when such a deadly game got between two lovers. It had the Daeva in her aching to write poetry.

She shook her head, and offered her love a kiss on the forehead. Clear as moonlight, to see the boy was thinking the same, grim thoughts, and she would not have that.

“I’m on vacation,” the boy said, and he slid in closer so his shoulder was against hers. Closer still, when she raised her arm onto his shoulders, so he could slip in further. “That means we stop thinking about all the negative shit for a while, right?”

“Oui. I believe many are feeling this way. There is a moment to rest, thanks to your efforts. But, it is normal for many to discuss city affairs, even when on vacation, if you feel the need. Though, personally, I would prefer to discuss the next opera we should watch together.”

Jack laughed, and smiled up at her, warm, and honest. “Any electric guitars?”

“I am afraid not.”

“Bah, you can’t have an opera without electric guitars.”

“I am also afraid the many decades that came before the invention of the electric guitar would disagree.”

“It’s such a shame. I love the music, but all I can think while listening to it is how much better it’d sound with a metal treatment. Thundering drums, heavy bass, galloping guitars?”

Rolling her eyes, she gestured out to where the dangling strobe lights, hanging from the ceiling over the dance floor, bathed Bloodlust in red light, while some other lights pulsed white with the beat. “And this music?”

“Ugh, fuck no. Literally the same tempo from beginning to end, except maybe a half time. No key changes, no time sig changes, and the best it has for movements is your typical bridge. God forbid they try a triplet beat. Play this if you want me to fall asleep or zone out.”

Laughing, she nodded and ran her hand along the boy’s head. He melted back into her palm, and she licked a fang in delight. So easy to make the boy become jelly in her grip; sexuality was not needed. Running her fingers around and around his buzzed hair, along his scalp with just enough pressure to scratch, nearly had the boy purring.

“Read any books as of late?” she said.

“Something came my way, from Triss actually, Journey Through The Rain. She said Aaron had read it. So far it’s a story about how a man in a coma is confronting a lot of the shit in his mind. Lot of hatred, lot of revelations.” The boy nudged his cheek into her side, and looked out to the lights dangling above the dance floor. They could not see the dancers or anyone on the bottom floor, as was the desired privacy of the top floor, but the red and white lights were strangely enchanting, nonetheless. “That reminds me, I wanted to ask about the Circle of the Crone.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah, like... what do they do? No one at the Invictus seems to know much, or care.”

“A deep and interesting question, my love. I do know more than your sire, though the details of their nigh religious views are generally of little interest to those outside their circle.”

“It’s interesting now, especially with Jacob getting his fingers in so many things, and Julias owing them a favor now, and... yeah.”

She nodded, and tapped on her chin a couple times. “If I had my laptop, or we were in my library, I would show you. There are many depictions in both fiction and exaggerated history, of the sort of acts the Circle engage in. Naked, covered in bloody symbols from their recent sacrifices, they would dance

naked around bones, or grand, sexual gatherings, and call upon their forsaken and outcast goddess, the Crone, for blessings; early forms of Crúac.”

“That sounds very metal.”

Metal, to describe something grim and macabre, yet awe inspiring, was an interesting evolution of the past few decades. It made her chuckle.

“They operate as a family, more so than a covenant. They have roles, titles to describe positions, though Jacob seems to have abandoned these, due to how small his group has become since his golden years. Father, Mother, but also oddities such as Maiden, and Fool, Whore, and Hermit. Others as well. The function of each, I am afraid is difficult to know in detail. They are loose in nature, these roles, but some have a duty to lead, others to teach, others to be rebellious, others to wage war. None of that is written in stone, and the Circle are... tumultuous, with enforcing their roles. Of all the covenants, I would trust them the least, with managing a city.”

Explaining her old friend’s way of life was difficult. She did not appreciate the chaos he sowed, or the chaos innate to his covenant, and explaining it without letting her disdain color her words was problematic.

“And you? What sort of things about your Ordo Dracul can you share with me?”

Ah, this conversation again. It was terribly cute how thirsty the boy was for knowledge, but he poked and prodded at walls that were liable to crush him.

“Little. The Circle of the Crone are secretive, but the Ordo Dracul is a secret society, my love. Anything I tell you may affect all my fellow dragons.”

Nodding, he nudged his cheek into her side some more, as she played with his hair. “Part of me thinks Jacob will tie Julias to a pole, and force him to get involved in their rituals.”

“He may at that. But I trust Jacob to not overstep himself, and—oh, Natasha. Please, come sit.” Beautiful little Natasha, dressed in a long black dress — with an impressive amount of cleavage for the shy Mekhet — came up the stairs, and offered a small wave when she spotted them.

“Th-thanks.” With a nod, the petite creature came and sat beside her, and offered the dress Antoinette wore a few glances. The Prince’s dress was rather revealing, with only a single strap for each breast, three inches wide, rising up from the underbust corset to loop around her neck. A guilty pleasure, such clothes, and she was delighted to see her student was realizing the succulent beauty of her own petite body, accenting its delicious features with intriguing clothes as well.

“I noticed your night after swimming went well,” Antoinette said.

“W-What? You... you um... w-what?” Natasha looked down, and drew some lines on the table with her fingers.

“Do not worry, I saw nothing.” But your boyfriends are men, after all, and they leave behind traces of everything they do. The smell of sex was not difficult to notice, and the smell of what must have been a gallon semen. She did not say it, but a grin said it all.

Vola squirmed a little more, but managed a tiny smile up at her boss. “They’re a couple of... they’re... s-silly.”

From the expression on her face, she did not mean silly. She meant bold, shameless, adventurous, and hungry for her. Did they pin the small girl down, despite her pleas, and do things to her? Antoinette set a finger to her lip, and returned the smile. Such a delicious thought; a shame Natasha would likely say no to letting her witness the event.

Or would she? If the Mekhet continued to rest within her Elysium Tower, then—no, no it was unlikely. Daniel never shared any detail of, what she could only assume were very rare, sexual encounters, let alone perform them in clear view of her. And Vola was not the only creature that would need to consent; her boyfriends would, as well. But, as Natasha said, they were silly. Adventurous men with large appetites for their lady? She could convince them to put on a spectacle for her, no doubt. She was a very convincing woman.

“I hope... m-my presence, isn’t intruding,” the little Mekhet said. “I mean, at the t-t-tower.”

“You have been with us for weeks now, my student.” Shrugging, Antoinette hugged Jack closer, and set her hand along the side of his head, so she could pull him into the side of her breast. The strip of fabric holding each breast left the sides of her breasts bare, making such skin contact possible; part of the purpose, and the fun, of course. “You are of no intrusion. While you continue your efforts in aiding me, my faculties are yours to use.” And then, a stern look, to seal her point. “I have explained this before.”

“S-Sorry! Sorry, um... thanks,” Vola said. Antoinette’s frown hardened. “Um, I mean, n-not sorry! I... will use them.”

“And, of course, as long you keep an eye on them, your delicious pair of wolves are welcome as well. You need not indulge them in only your room, either.” Another offer, to see if the little creature would bite.

“I... I um... m-maybe.”



Oh, a step toward confidence. Perhaps having Jessy for a friend was rubbing off on the little vampire more than she realized. Antoinette rewarded her with a smile and nod, before she released Jack's head, and set her hands on the table.

"I assume you will be visiting Azamel and Avery soon, my love?"

"Yeah, definitely. Need to see how they're handling all this. I imagine Avery will be pissed, nearly losing three of her pack. And Azamel, I... have no idea." Tapping a finger against his chin, Jack looked up to her, to Tash, then out ahead of him, mind wandering, plotting. The boy was cursed with wearing his emotions and thoughts on his sleeve. "But, it's the covenants I'm worried about most. Jacob is doing God knows what, and Garry's stirring up shit with Terra Den, and... and I feel like..."

"Mister Tones understands that now is not the time to stir chaos." She nodded as she mimicked the boy, tapping a finger on her chin. As predicated, the boy's eyes widened a moment as he realized how obvious a gesture it was, and that he was doing it. "But I would be a fool to ignore the possibility. As much as the Carthians hate the Invictus, I am the barrier in that war. I do not let Garry, or your council, run amok." His move to use Terra Den and Jeremy Long against against the Invictus was well planned, and she let Garry play his game, just as she let council play theirs, taking the Mirrden district. A balance. If she controlled each group with an iron fist, it would lead to rebellion. As strong as she was, if both the Invictus and Carthians threw themselves at her walls, she doubted she and Daniel would be able to regain control.

It was no wonder, that in most cities with a strong Kindred presence, it was either the Invictus or the Lancea et Sanctum that ruled, with their obsession with rules and structure, and their many followers. The First Estate, and the Second Estate. Wherever the ancient groups had acquired those secondary names, she did not know, but they were infuriating to her. As if such archaic forms of governance could withstand the future. Idiot children.

"Clara's downstairs," Tash said. "She is... I think J-Jessy is... befriending her. M-Maybe trying to convert her to... D-D-Dolareido's ways."

Antoinette nodded, and considered. It was good if Clara found someone else to set her eyes on, though she imagined Jessy could teach Clara much about pleasure, and little about romance. Then again, if this budding relationship between her and the werewolf proved fruitful, perhaps Antoinette was wrong.

Sure enough, the werewolf came up the stairs to join them. Clara was a beautiful creature, but was not dressed to exploit such. Kine on the second floor raised their brows as they watched the woman in jeans and a t-shirt step up and walk toward her booth, undoubtedly thinking the same thing Antoinette

was. How beautiful Clara would be in something more fitting. And it was not as if Clara was unfamiliar with the topic; Antoinette had seen her wear more feminine clothes before.

If Jessy was befriending her, then it would not surprise Antoinette if she was burying Clara in her typical interest: orgies. That could awaken a woman's sexual awareness quite a bit, as it had done with Natasha. But then, why the simple clothes? Guilt, perhaps? Of course, this was all conjecture, and not exactly worthy of Antoinette's spying efforts. Still, half a millennium of observation had taught the Prince many observation skills, and as the once confident woman squirmed in front of her, it was clear the werewolf felt self-conscious about something.

"Clara," she said.

"Prince," she said, eyes lingering on her dress for probably a second longer than the werewolf meant to. "Uh, just wanted to tell Jack and Tash that I really appreciate what they did."

"Y-You're welcome," Natasha said, voice raising in pitch and volume. The girl did love praise for a job well done. Adorable.

"I'm glad you survived," Jack said. "You looked beat to hell."

"We all did by the end of it." Nodding, Clara watched Antoinette for a moment, and met her eyes. The werewolf was looking for something.

The Prince suppressed the urge to clutch her lover closer.

"I hope Avery recognizes the threat the hunters pose now," Antoinette said.

"Yeah, getting a monster on their side has definitely got her attention." Clara's eyes lingered for a little while longer, before she shrugged, and offered a small wave. "I'll see you at your next meeting, Jack."

And then she was gone, leaving a wake of awkwardness behind her. The kine didn't notice, the shadowed faces in their booths returning to their drinking and kissing, some fingering and fucking.

She looked down at Jack. He looked a touch mournful. From what she gathered of his past, from the things he told her, as well as Julias's insights, the boy had never been on this side of a crush. It was painful to lust for someone, to crave them, and be denied. It could be a strangely sobering and guilty experience, to be on the other end.

But she would not let such thoughts dwell in his mind for long. "My little Ventrue, I do believe I wish to make love tonight."

The boy shivered lightly, before smiling up at her, and leaning in to kiss her collar above her breast. “Oh?”

“Yes. I believe... another session in my display room. Farner Temperman’s art is still set up, and I admit, such fantastical clothing and decor is fun to indulge.” She kissed the boy’s head, and leaned down further, so she could set a kiss upon his lips. “To dress as an evil queen, and force pleasure upon my slaves? Terribly amusing and enthralling.”

“U... um...”

Ah, poor Tash, forced to hear. Antoinette looked over her shoulder, winked at her child, before resuming her kiss with her love.

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~Jack~~

Back in Antoinette’s deep labyrinth, and back in the art room, where she had said she liked to set up varying aesthetics for art... displays? Display wasn’t the right word for what she’d created, a dungeon of black skulls and blue fire. The black skeletons, the dangling chains, the skull braziers of blue flame, the reaper statue, the throne, all of it reeked of macabre art, and Jack found himself staring at it all as he walked among the room. It was so damn beautiful.

He walked around the empty room, naked. The Prince had left him instructions to strip before entering, and at this point, he was under the impression she was going to make that request every time. Would she tie him up? Push on the leash? Something about being her sex slave, and utterly helpless to her whims, was a huge turn on, and he smiled to himself as he stood before the throne. She wasn’t here yet.

He was in a better mood, definitely. The whole rescue mission had been a painful failure, and yet a resounding success. The duality of it was strange, and he was struggling to let it go. Angela’s face, the strange way she’d almost looked happy when he was about to shoot her, was scarred into his mind and wouldn’t go the fuck away. If he’d still been human, still had a heartbeat, he’d take up drinking in exactly one of those heartbeats, anything to suppress the memories, drown them, blur them.

But, Damien, Antoinette, Julias, even Jessy and Tash and the others, supported him. A recent meeting with the council showed Maria and Michael were, while unhappy with the situation, ultimately satisfied with his performance given the circumstance. No one was too happy about having to rely on Jacob and his outside aid, but the only person who'd have to pay that piper was Julias. Poor guy.

And Clara. He'd been devastated when he thought she might have been dead, but the moment he realized she would be fine, he shut right up and played it cool. Platonic. If Jessy was helping her find happiness elsewhere, than—

No, no no, no contemplating the shitty situations befalling him and everyone else. Vacation time. Don't think about any of that crap, about the Begotten or Uratha, about the hunters or Angela. Don't think about your family, Mom and your sister. Don't think about the Invictus and your position as Right Hand. For a few more days at least, don't think about it, and focus on the good things.

Jack turned around and looked at the strange pile of blankets and pillows, the ones surrounded by the black skeleton hands that jutted from the floor. The altar where Antoinette had fucked him last time was gone, and instead, the pile of blankets and pillows took their place. It was basically a giant, circular bed.

Some giggles caused him to raise his head, and look to the giant reaper statue. Two delicious-looking ballerinas stepped around it, and Jack smiled at the sight of Ashley and Julee, each girl beaming joy. They must have been fed by Antoinette recently, with how they were glowing and grinning.

While their skin glowed blue in the one-color light, each girl was wearing what looked like some very tight thigh-high socks, tight enough to lightly pinch their toned-but-thin thighs. Damn. They were striped, too, little white stripes circling them several times above the knee. No shoes, and Jack smirked at the sight of their feet in the socks on the floor. But his eyes raised, and stared, at the sight of their flexible, lithe little bodies, and the black thongs they were wearing, hugging their thin legs and pert butts tight enough to barely be visible.

They wore nothing else, and Jack licked his lips as he looked them from the feet, up their gymnasts legs, tiny waists, perky breasts, and to the collars on their necks. The same collars they had on last time, with tiny skulls of black, and a few blue jewels. From behind the collars, chains dangled, and Jack looked between them, to see the woman behind them.

Tall as ever, Antoinette stood more than a whole head above her two ghouls, both long chains in her hand. In her other hand, another chain, looped and dangling from her fingers, along with a collar. Jack's collar. She herself wore only two things: a see-through silk robe, colored black in the blue light, and the skull crown she wore the last time she was in here with him. The robe, combined with the skull

crown, made it look like she was a necromancer on her day off, enjoying her kinks. Totally fine by him, he always had a thing for necromancers and vacation days. Corsets on work days, silk robes when relaxing.

The fact that the already see-through robe had no belt, and was open so it left the front of the woman's body exposed, robe spread by her breasts, sealed the image.

The three women stepped over the black skeleton hands that circled the enormous pile of blankets, and the two ghouls giggled as they threw themselves onto the softness. Plenty of slack in the chain, and the chain itself was thin and light. His though, was bigger, thicker, heavier, and Antoinette smiled a devil's smile as she curled a finger at him.

He gulped, stepped onto the pile of blankets, and joined his lover. No words needed, Antoinette gave him the large collar, and he put it on, the heavy chain now dangling off of it in front of him. The collar wasn't uncomfortable, built for comfort and control, not pain, and the heaviness of the chain was meaningless to a vampire. It dangled over his chest, and Antoinette gave it a tug, pulling him to her so she could lean down, and give him a soft kiss.

God damn she was so fucking beautiful, it was painful.

"Ashley and Julee have been neglected, I feel," she said. "And they are, perhaps, a bit jealous."

The two girls looked up from the pillows, and smiled, before Ashley began to crawl across the floor toward him. She made sure to sway her tight butt behind her as she prowled, arching her spine downward to emphasize every exaggerated motion.

"Mistress says her love could use a relaxing night," she said as she got onto her knees in front of him. "She says, we should be gentle tonight, and help you relax." Beautiful, lean creature, wearing nothing but thigh high socks and a thong, beaming up at him from her knees. God damn. Relaxing would be tough.

"I, um..." His dick sprung up, hard, pulsing with fake life, but very real arousal, and both the ghouls giggled, evidently quite happy at the reaction their bodies elicited.

Antoinette set her hands onto his shoulders, and pushed down on him, gently. The nudge guided him down onto the blankets next to Ashley, and the creature giggled joyously as she reached out to help him down onto his back. Julee came over as well, knelt beside Ashley, closer to his legs, and blushed as she nuzzled into Ashley's side.

The two girls looked up, and watched with hungry eyes as Antoinette eased her tall body down. The Daeva sat on her knees with both legs out to the same side, creating a slanted slope lap. It wasn't

the first time she'd sat in such a position, and same as last time, she reached out for him, picked him up like he weighed nothing, and set his back against the slope of her thighs, so his head rested against the higher leg.

Her heavy breasts were big enough that the one his head was closer to pressed against the side of his face, despite how high the tall woman sat above him. The open robe meant there was nothing between his skin and hers, and he nudged his nose and lips into the soft weight squishing against his cheek. With a long sigh, he relaxed against her body as she began to stroke his buzzed hair with one hand, and her other hand set upon his abs to tease and caress his muscles.

Him, lying down, head on her lap, while she massaged him. They did this many times, and every time, he felt the stress in his body melt away, as her fingers did magic on his skin.

Both ghouls aww'd, and Jack glanced their way through the corner of his one uncovered eye. They were blushing and smiling, but with eyebrows raised, like they were watching the climax of a romance.

"Ashley and Julee, as I said, have been feeling neglected." The busty demoness smiled at her two pets, before she returned her gaze to him, licking a fang before she resumed stroking his head. Buzzed hair, fingers, melting. "They should be witness to our love, not just our lovemaking, perhaps a little more often than we have let them."

"I... didn't realize." Craving the sex, he could understand; the living had a habit of cumming their brains out, when Kissed during sex. But the romance? It wasn't exactly a typical romance, with a manly man sweeping a lovely woman off her feet. Not like you found many romance novels written about this sort of stuff.

But both Ashley and Julee scooted in a little closer, and smiled so bright, it was almost painful, like staring into the sun.

"Mistress doesn't tell us much," Ashley said, "because it'd be dangerous. But she tells us some, and... and that it's been hard for you." The topless ballerina slid in closer, her knees touching Antoinette's underneath his back and shoulders. Her hands reached out for him, grabbed his closer hand, and brought it onto her lap, palm up. "But you're only our age! Even younger, really."

Julee managed a small nod, and after Antoinette made a subtle gesture to her with her hand, the other ballerina crawled in between his legs. She got in close, very close, and sat on her knees as she leaned over his cock. His shaft was pointing up at forty-five degrees toward him, but once Julee slipped

her hands around it, she pointed it straight up. She didn't stroke him, didn't work its length or massage it, but held it still, encompassing it in all her fingers with a gentle grip.

It was enough to earn a quiet moan from him. He was surrounded by beautiful women, and being buried in their heat and touch.

“It's—”

“It's bad!” Nodding and glaring, as if declaring her anger to the gods above, Ashley pat him on his chest, his other hand still in hers on her lap. “You know what Julee and I do all day? Whatever we want. We spend Mistress's money on fancy clothes, fancy meals, and fancy lessons for fancy hobbies from fancy trainers. Though, lately, Julee and I have been forced to rely on each other for sex, because—”

“Hey!” Julee frowned at Ashley, and Jack winced as the angry woman squeezed his dick, unaware.

Ashley stuck her tongue out Julee, before leaning in over Jack, and smiling down at him from above. “Because Mistress and her love have been getting on without us, or Kissing us before we can have some fun, too. And, I think I can be... you know, womanly, and soft and all that, and be... soothing.” She giggled again, and moved her head over his chest, where she leaned in closer to Antoinette, until the ghoul's chin was touching his sternum, and her lips and nose were nudging into the Prince's other breast, where it hung like a giant teardrop over Jack's chest.

Antoinette said nothing. She continued to smile down at him, and her ghoul, and stroked his head while caressing his stomach. Jack could feel the nipple, half buried against the top half of his cheek, start to swell, though. The Prince was growing excited. That got him excited, and he flexed his cock with need, earning a squeak from the ballerina still holding it.

“But,” Ashley said, “Mistress is the best at it, being soothing. Cause, I mean, these are so... soft and...” Closing her eyes, Ashley pushed her face against Antoinette's other breast, and began to kiss her nipple, capturing it in her lips.

Only inches away, a beautiful girl, was sucking on his lover's breasts. Kissing, licking, suckling, all the things he loved to do to her. The reaction from the Prince was immediate, and her eyes drifted half closed, as her nipples swelled. Her lips softened in a gentle smile, and she let out a long sigh as she leaned forward a little, and pressed her breast into Ashley's lips.

Jack groaned at how much more of the Daeva's massive breast covered his face. A slight turn of his head toward her was all it took, to guide her swollen, puffy, pink nipple into his mouth. Her

alabaster skin overwhelmed his face completely, and he closed his eyes as he quietly moaned into the heavy softness.

And everything went silent, except for the sound of two mouths softly suckling and kissing Antoinette's breasts, the Prince's subtle moans, and the quiet jingle of metal chains.

Jack couldn't see anything anymore, but when Julee removed her hand, and another took its place, he recognized the longer fingers and more confident grip, Antoinette's grip. And most of all, he recognized the feel of lips kissing, then slowly enveloping his swollen glans. Not Antoinette's lips though, Julee's lips.

"Slowly," Antoinette said, "I do not wish for my love to cum yet." Her voice was smooth, husky, confident, but there was a hint, a telltale tone change, that announced her arousal. Having both of her nipples sucked was making her rock her chest back and forth slightly, nudging against Jack's side, and pushing the softness of her breast into his face.

Julee nodded — he could feel it around his cock's swollen head — and began to caress his glans with her kisses, keeping it in her mouth and easing her lips up and down the base edge of the bulbous tip. Sensitive, ripe flesh, sent a wave of pleasure sparks down his length, each and every time her hot, wet lips worked up and down the edge of his cock's head. Her tongue pressed against its underside, and licked him, in much the same way he was licking Antoinette's hard, engorged nipple. The center at first, before he swirled his tongue slowly around her the puffy flesh, and Julee did the same to him, swirling her tongue around his cock's tip, before returning to gentle strokes along its tip and underside.

Through it all, Antoinette's hand around his cock squeezed with perfect pressure, though she didn't stroke him. She wanted it to last, and as he felt his precum drip onto Julee's tongue, he knew he would, if only because Julee kept the stimulus at that perfect level of frustratingly pleasurable but not enough to push him to the edge.

"I hope I do soothe my love's soul," the Prince said. "Do I, little Ventrue?"

He nodded, smiling into the softness hiding his face.

"Bien. I may be Prince, and though people think me too far above them to notice, I have heard whispers of what some people have described me as." Her hand around his cock left him, and took the chain dangling along his chest and stomach. With a small tug, she pulled him out from under her breast, and Ashley backed away to let her pull on the leash. Jack blinked up at the Prince, and pulled his head back a bit as the Daeva leaned in. "I once heard whisper, that someone referred to me as a... cold-hearted bitch, I believe was the term."



Everyone gasped, but Jack had to do his best to hide his grin. Antoinette seemed like she was made of ice, on the surface, depending on the situation. In political matters, she was definitely cold and ruthless, and had to make equally cold and ruthless decisions from a distance when governing the city. In person, though? Especially during things like banquets? She was a teasing succubus who enjoyed drowning the city in sex. Cold-hearted bitch seemed very short sighted. But then, he was pretty biased, at this point.

And she was wearing a crown and hair ornament thing that was a giant, black, metal skull. There was that, too. Her extreme fashion, combined with her confidence, white hair, red eyes, and alabaster skin, probably painted her as some sort of ice queen to those who didn't know her.

The Prince kissed his forehead, and let the chain slack, until his weight was back on her lap, shoulders and head resting on her bare, lovely thighs. The chain hand let go, and took his cock back into her grip, to offer it slow, gentle squeezes, while her other hand, reached under her breast over his head, and guided it, the heavy mass spilling over all her fingers as she set her wet, puffy nipple against his lips. Ashley wasted no time getting back to the other breast as well, and Antoinette released a very controlled, very purposeful, and very intoxicating moan, as both Jack and Ashley started sucking on her again.

He could smell his lover's arousal, vampire nose picking up on the scent of her juices underneath him. The fact she loved having her enormous breasts played with, touched, massaged, and most importantly, suckled on, was quickly becoming his biggest turn on, and he groaned into the heavy softness covering his face. It was the perfect way to indulge, to simply lay there on her lap, her huge breast covering his face, while he suckled, and suckled, and suckled.

She started to orgasm. Both Jack and Ashley slowed their suckling, and kept the stimulus to nothing more than the softest kisses, as the buxom goddess came. Antoinette kept her voice quiet, only the tiniest moan escaping her, as she pushed her breasts into him and the ghoul beside him. Her hand on his head, no longer stroking his hair, pressed his head toward her, cradling him and smooching his face into her breast. He kept his mouth wide open, so her large, engorged areola filled it, and he placed a couple of soft licks as she came, earning some gentle tremors from her. Eventually, she leaned back, and let his head fall back onto her thigh, half his face no longer covered so he could see Ashley had backed off as well.

Antoinette smiled down at him. Both her nipples were as swollen as they could get, each glistening in the blue light with wetness. He gawked, blatantly, and did his best to not cum into the set of lips still holding his glans in a gentle, enveloping kiss. He managed to look down at Julee, and he

could see the ballerina looked delirious with need; he was too. The whole room was soaking in sexuality, in hard contrast to all the black skulls and skeletons everywhere. There was nothing quite as hot as watching the busty woman cum from nothing but having her nipples sucked on, and the ghouls felt the same way.

“To let Jack rest his head upon my lap,” Antoinette said, “to invite him to let me soothe his wounds, has become part of our romance, my pets. Each man is different, and where others may show their vulnerability differently, each man is vulnerable.” She nodded to Julee, so the ghoul raised her head, and crawled over his leg to come sit beside Ashley, by his legs. “Many men, if not most, have been conditioned by society to be emotionally reserved; women, far less so. And I am terribly lucky to have found a man who will open himself to me so, expose himself so, and,” she jingled on the metal chain attached to the collar, “be willing submit to me.”

Submit. Such a strong, naughty word, and he shivered as he met her red gaze. In the blue light, they weren't red, they were black, and he gulped as he stared up at her.

He gulped again, louder, as the Daeva slipped her legs out from underneath him, and crawled over him, massive breasts swaying underneath her. She straddled his legs, his knees underneath her butt, and took his cock into her hands, both of them. She leaned forward, far forward, until her teardrop breasts pressed to his pelvis, burying his hips and waist in their softness as the two pillows swallowed his cock between them, hiding Antoinette's hands as well.

“Julee, come, finish.” The Prince blew Jack a kiss, and nodded toward Julee, as the Daeva guided his cock out from underneath her breasts enough so his length was pressing up against her right breast, near Julee.

The blushing ghoul let out a tiny squeak, leaned in, slid underneath the black robe that dangled in the way from the Prince's side, and began to kiss his glans. Immediate pleasure shocks ran down the length, and Jack shivered as he felt the tingling warmth of cum begin to build up between his legs. Antoinette rubbed his glans against her nipple, gently easing it back forth just enough to earn friction, while allowing Julee to continue kissing the swollen head of his cock. Each kiss was joined by tongue, and the ghoul spared no expense in trying to stimulate him this time. She buried half the engorged flesh with each kiss, and pressed her tongue and lips against it hard enough to push it into Antoinette's puffy areola.

He didn't move his hips, no matter how much he wanted to. Hold still, and let the pleasure waves build, until his inner muscles flexed, and forced out the first gush of cum. A hard squirt, heat filling his cock and making him lift his head, demanding he watch as it hit both Julee's lips, and Antoinette's

breast. It was a hard enough gush to overwhelm them both, and Julee squeaked as she pulled back, a thick strand of cum running down from her forehead, over her cheek, and onto her lips. She leaned back in at Antoinette's behest, and resumed suckling on the side of his glans, though not covering the very tip, so each squirt of his thick fluid gushed up over Antoinette's breast, and Julee's face. The stimulation was almost painful, but Julee knew to ease up, be gentler with her kisses, as the orgasm had Jack struggling with all his might to hold still. Antoinette's right hand continued to gently stroke his length, but her other, now soaked in his cum, reached down to begin caressing his testicles, making each fresh gush of his fluid fill him with more powerful pleasure waves.

Finally done, Julee pulled away, and looked at him. Several strands of his cum coated her face, dripping down from her forehead and cheeks, down over her lips and chin, and dripping onto his abs.

"S-Sorry," he said.

"Don't be!" Ashley, groaning openly at the sight, climbed around Jack to sit across from Julee, Jack between them, both girls sitting around his hips. With a giggle, the blonde leaned in, gave her friend a kiss on the cheek, licking up a large glob of his cum, and winked at him as she pulled it into her mouth. She was delighting in playing to a typical fantasy for him, probably at Antoinette's request; it was working.

With Julee's head out of the way, Jack also groaned, a similar sound to Ashley's, at the sight at Antoinette's right breast coated in his cum.

"Ashley," Antoinette said, smiling at her ghoul, and guiding his cock underneath the other breast.

"Oh, yes please." Ashley pulled aside the other half of Antoinette's dangling, open robe, and wasted no time, leaning down over Jack's side and immediately setting her lips to his glans. His shaft was coated in his cum now, and Antoinette let out her own sigh of bliss, as she began to rub his hot skin against her other swollen nipple. And Ashley, mischievous imp that she was, made sure to both suckle and kiss his cock, but also her mistress's areola.

Just as the queen intended, no doubt. She sighed bliss again, and nodded her head toward Julee. With a little shiver of her own, Julee reached out with both her hands, and began to massage Jack's cum into the breast he'd already soaked. Waves of the white now coated the softness, leaving lines in the patterns Julee's fingers drew, before some of it fell onto Jack's waist and pelvis. While massaging, Julee leaned in, and set her cum-soaked lips to Antoinette's wet nipple, pulling all of it into her mouth, and burying it in suckling kisses.

Ashley reached back and behind the Prince with one of her hands. Jack couldn't see what she was doing, but judging from the tiny shudder the Prince made, and the smile she gave her pet, he had to assume the ghoul was massaging Antoinette's clit.

There was a lot going on, and all Jack could do was watch. He did manage to grab a pillow, and slip it under his head so he could do that easier, but he knew the Prince would not want him to interfere; holding still was paramount. It was torture, every reflex telling him to get in there, do something, penetrate something, push himself to another quick orgasm. But Antoinette liked to make him cum using nothing but the sensitive skin of his cock's head, and he had to admit, if he could endure it, the pleasure of the orgasm and quantity of fluids, were far greater.

A part of him knew it was his Kindred body, adapting to the unusual stimulus, too. It wasn't exactly normal for a guy to go three times in a session, or for him to cum so much, but having sex almost every day with the insatiable succubus was demanding his new body accommodate. It was.

Antoinette came again. With both girls sucking on her nipples, one with his cock pressed against it, and Ashley pleasuring the woman where he couldn't see, the beautiful woman half closed her eyes, and moaned. She didn't make noise during climax unless she was doing it on purpose, making noise for the sake of sounding sexy; it worked. Her moans were husky, with the right depth to send a thrill up his spine. As she made the sound, she started to jerk him off again, hand around his girth and hand around his balls each massaging wet warmth into him, as she kept his glans against her nipple where Ashley kissed and licked.

His turn to cum again. Warmth flooded his cock, and he squeezed his fingers against the sheets around him as he watched the white fluid gush up onto his lover's breast. Ashley stayed in there, unrelenting, and buried his cock in enough kisses that he groaned at the almost painful amount of stimulus; Ashley just being Ashley, liking it rough and giving it rough. The ghoul moaned onto his cock, burying it into Antoinette's nipple, and suckling on it as his thick cum splashed up over her face, and onto the mountain of softness of his lover's breast.

When she stopped and pulled away, she had the same mess on her face that Julee did, and she giggled as she reached up to wipe a strand off of her brow, so it could run down her cheek, jaw, and down her neck. Unlike Julee though, she didn't wait to be guided, and immediately set her lips back onto Antoinette's nipple, as she used a hand to cup, lift, and massage the newly cum-soaked breast. The other hand was still out of sight, still behind Antoinette, but Jack could hear the sounds of wet fingering now. Julee's further hand reached back as well, and Antoinette smiled with a long sigh as she let go of

his cock, and set both of her hands against his thighs, elbows tucked in beside her inside her spread robe.

Still leaning forward as she was, his cock pointed up toward him, but upright enough that it was between Antoinette's white-covered breasts where they sat on his pelvis and hips. Ashley and Julee were devouring them, each using a hand to continue caressing them, massaging them. And with both girls pressing on her breasts, Jack's could feel the pressure and movement along his cock and his glans, earning some hard flexes of his inner muscles as the pleasure sparks tickled along the sensitive skin.

"Girls, use my breasts, and make my love cum again."

The two girls stopped their suckling, and turned their heads to look at him, Julee biting her bottom lip, still somehow shy, while Ashley grinned like a madwoman. Both ghouls cupped the underside of each breast, and pressed in, forcing Antoinette's nipples to press against the bottom of his abs. Squishing her breasts together caused his cock to completely disappear, and Jack's eyes rolled upward as he basked in the wet, hot, soft skin of both tits now rubbing along his length.

Antoinette wasn't holding still. She rocked back and forth, maybe half a foot, causing her breasts to run back and forth around his cock. For a moment he thought maybe she was tit fucking him, but with how her eyes were half closed, and her smile was that scary-but-hot queenly smile, he could see she was actually fucking the fingers penetrating her.

"Deeper, my pets."

The ghouls nodded, and Antoinette closed her eyes for a moment as she quivered, a single moment of weakness, before she regained her composure, and continued to rock her body. They were fingering her, two hands, at once. Not slow anymore, she moved back and forth in a proper fucking rhythm, and Jack stared at the subtle hints of pleasure on her face. She was cumming again, and it didn't stop her. Through her subtle expression of pleasure, she leaned into him while her two pets continued to squash her breasts together around his cock, each shift of her weight causing the wet, heavenly skin of her tits to bury his cock in blissful friction. A heavy drop of his earlier cum formed where her breasts were pushed together, before leaking down the crease between them, onto his body.

Good fucking god. He didn't last long, and moaned softly as he felt his warm, thick cum start to flow up his length again. Three times and it was still coming out thick, heavy, white fluid that immediately began to coat the inner valley of the Prince's already soaked breasts. With the two girls keeping Antoinette's bosom tight around his girth, burying it in her soft skin, each squirt of his cum was trapped, and flowed up, over, and around the crease where her breasts met each other. Eventually, it

was too much, and it started to run down, trickling over the mounds and the ghoul's hands, before reaching his abdomen.

Finally, Antoinette stopped rocking, and sat up straighter. Both ghouls let go of her breasts, and stared at the mess of white that coated them, again, soaking them in multiple layers of cum.

“So much,” Ashley said, some of his cum still on her face. “And...” The ghoul gulped, and stared at his cum lathered cock, and how it was still hard. “How?”

It took a little mental effort to tell his Kindred body to keep the arousal spark alive, but after so many nights with his lover, it was getting a lot easier to control the subtle, undead muscle. He could tell his vitae to focus on healing, could tell it to strengthen his body, protect him from harm, and the more nights he spent in the Prince's bed, the more he found he could tell it to rekindle his sexual desire. It was amazing, how much his new undead body had control of its fake biology, like a puppet on strings.

“Jack is quick to learn subtle skills.” Grinning down at him, Antoinette climbed over him, grabbed his cock, pointed it up to her slit, and sat down on him.

Fucking god. He stared up at the Prince as she adjusted herself, knees by his ribs, her pussy spread open on his shaft, and her juices dripped down to join the mess of his own cum already soaking him, his pelvis and waist. She sat up straight, so her heavy breasts flattened to her ribs, and he stared all the more at how his copious amount of cum dripped down her huge tits. He groaned, when both ghouls set a hand to her breasts, and again, began to massage them, his cum overflowing their fingers. The boiling, soaked, tight insides of the Prince squeezed on his cock, earning sparks along the sensitive skin, as she began to ease herself back and forth in time with their hands.

“Clean me,” she said to her ghouls. “Gently. My breasts have grown terribly sensitive.”

And thus began to most arousing, salacious, lewd act he could imagine. The Prince continued to shift her hips back and forth, squeezing and clenching on his cock, as she lifted her elbows up, and set her hands behind her skull crown to begin combing her hair. Showing off. Elbows up tugged up on her breasts slightly, and the ghouls were quick to take advantage, each setting a hand on Antoinette's hips while their others cupped the underside of each breast. They massaged, caressed, and indulged, doing everything they could to put on a carnal display of sexuality, each girl leaning in to kiss, lick, and suckle on their master's bosom. While some heavy drops of white fell from her breasts' undersides, and others rolled down her stomach, and down around her smooth mons to land on his pelvis, others the ghouls were quick to catch, and rub around, and around their mistress's jiggling bust.

Eventually, her breasts were completely clean, his cum either fading into trace amounts of ash, so small they were basically non-existent, or swallowed down by the two ghouls. Their faces also cleaned with time, his fluids turning to ash there as well, falling away like the faintest amount of dust. That did not dissuade the two ghouls, and they continued to massage and pamper Antoinette's breasts with delicate hands, as the Prince kept her elbows up while combing her hair back. As much as she was showing off for him, she came first, and he stared down her smooth slit, as her insides clenched on him like a vise. He could see her juices, tiny trickling drops, leak down from her lips and onto his pelvis, catching the blue, flickering fire light.

He came not long after, eyes closing for a second as he let the tingling waves fill him. The way his cum filled her and coated his cock, increasing the pleasure sparks as she clenched on him, rendered him speechless. He managed only a couple groans as he watched the goddess continue her display, her smile pointed at him as she watched him cum inside her.

"Four times, my love. Using your Kindred body to its potential, I see." She lowered her hands, let her breasts fall into teardrops against her chest, and gently pushed away her ghouls as she set her fingers on his abs. Still milking him, still clenching, she squeezed on his cock almost to hurting, and forced another couple drops into her depths.

At last, satisfied. He was panting, fake life demanding he breathe, despite the lack of need. Beads of sweat glistened on him in the blue light, and on Antoinette as well.

The Prince crawled off of him, his softening cock slipping out of her and dripping more of his cum across his body. "Jack, my love, my precious, take Ashley, and drain her." The Prince reached for Ashley beside her, picked her up, and set the ballerina on her back between the two of them. And then she did it again with Julee, laying the girl on her back beside Ashley, before she climbed onto the brunette. With a devil's smile, Antoinette lowered herself down onto the blushing, squirming little creature, pressed her breasts into her pet's, and set her lips onto the girl's neck.

Watching the Prince kiss, and Kiss, another girl, was so beautiful, and arousing. No, no no, no more getting aroused. Four times crossed some sort of barrier into absurdity. But he knew, if he really concentrated, he could tell his body to get ready again, especially if he had a fresh meal; like the one he was about to.

Ashley reached up for him, beaming and giggling, and pulled on his neck and shoulders. "Kiss me! And... and... use fingers too?"

He made a tiny groan as he lowered himself down onto her, and acquiesced, once he saw a nod from Antoinette. The two vampires sank their fangs into the topless ballerinas, and began to suck the

blood out of them. Both creatures fell into a mess of squirming moans, and Jack couldn't help but groan again, as the hot, thick fluid of her life flowed into his mouth. Her nipples pressed against his chest, her pert breasts squashed under his weight, as he pinned her to the blankets, and slid a hand down her body. The tiny bit of fabric covering her smooth slit was easy to slip his hand underneath, and he eased his fingers into her clenching, dripping insides, to push them up toward her belly from within.

Ashley came in seconds. She'd probably been on the edge the entire time, and not allowed to touch herself until Antoinette said she could. Building up to this must have been one of the Prince's goals tonight, because, damn, Ashley's moans turned into loud squeals, and she wrapped her arms around him as she pushed her hips toward his hand. He kept his fangs deep in her neck, and gulped down each wave, as he started to finger her insides harder, hard enough he could feel her ass ripple, and hear her insides splash with her cum. He couldn't see Julee, but he could hear her, going through the same process, getting fingered into oblivion by the busty goddess pinning her to the blankets.

It lasted a while. Antoinette taught him well, taught him to Kiss slowly, to savor it, and when with her ghouls, to savor it twice over. Slow, very slow, drain the girls of all they could give before they passed out, while making sure to finger fuck them hard enough to make them cum, multiple times. He did just that, suckling as he Kissed the fit little woman's neck, making sure he drained the waves slowly. The buzz it sent through him was intoxicating, and to feel Ashley tremble as her tiny slit soaked his fingers, made him want to finger her more. It was only fair, after all she had done, and all she was still giving.

It wasn't until Ashley's loud moans died away, turning into desperate pants, and her ass fell back down to the blankets, unable to push toward his hand anymore, did he stop. For a second. He pushed back into her, and pulled a few more drops of blood from her quivering body, as he started finger her again. No moaning, only tiny whimpers, barely audible; she was going to pass out. But her petite pussy was still clenching in spasms, and coating his fingers in her cum, so he continued, forcing her to cum again, and again, until she made no more noise at all.

He licked the wound, healing it, and sat up. Ashley had passed out.

"Uh, shit. Too far." He looked down at her body, lean, lithe, and he looked at her juices literally dripping off of his fingers, glistening in the blue light.

Antoinette was still going. Julee's head was turned so she could look at him, and she tried to lift her hand out to him, eyes begging, as if looking for help, before her hand collapsed. She was getting fingered in the same way, maybe even harder, Antoinette working her hand up and down enough Jack



could see the ballerina's ass and thighs lightly jiggling with the harsh, wet slapping sounds. And then she went limp, eyes closing.

The Prince sat up, wiped her lips with a single finger, and smiled at Jack. She tugged on his leash, and pulled him toward her, until he was on his knees in front of her.

She took his shoulders, and pushed him down onto his back again. With a long sigh, she cuddled up against his side, pressing her breasts into his chest and side as she set her cheek on his shoulder, his leash in her hand on his waist.

"Be careful, my love," she said. "It is impressive for one as young as yourself to learn to control their vitae so masterfully. It is normally a decade into their second lives, before Kindred learn to enhance the more subtle aspects of the Blush of Life, such as sex drive."

"I guess I'm a quick study."

"Indeed. But, again, be wary. Sexuality, and many other pleasures, are pleasurable due to their frequent absence. Take care to not become as some Daeva do, and spend every night amidst the legs of others." She slid her body further up, heavy breasts sliding along his chest up to his collar, as she leaned in to plant a kiss on his lips, then his nose, then his forehead.

"Sorry, I was just trying to... you know..."

"I am partly to blame, of course. And I was one such Daeva, who spent so many nights lost, addicted, to sex. I have learned control since then, since the tale I told you of my ghoul. I will keep you in check. If you go too far, I will tie you to the bed, and tease you with my body for weeks, before letting you finally cum. That should re-sensitize you to the simple pleasure of a single orgasm."

Oh shit.