

~~Jack~~

Everyone was happy. Too happy. Alarm bells kept going off in his head, like the scene in a movie that sets up how happy everyone is, before shit goes down.

But nothing bad happened. He thought maybe Clara and Harcourt showing up would be the trigger of something bad. But nope, they were drunk, and happy, and it only took a few minutes before Clara had her tits out, and was working on getting blackout drunk. He doubted she could get that drunk, being Uratha and all, but either way, she laughed — hell, giggled — and even bounced around a little, showing off how hot she was as she got drunker by the second.

Jack didn't know shit about alcohol, but every time someone shot the scotch, Eric frowned.

Clara wasn't a sad drunk, evidently. Happy drunk. Genuinely happy. There were a lot of smiles going around. Well, the war was over, and as much as it sucked that Azamel was dead, she left the city in a pretty good place, all things considered. The monsters had Sándor to protect them, and that dude was ridiculously strong. And now, everyone was cooperating on the weird tears problem. Was it so wrong to just enjoy the night?

He really should have been, but he was struggling for some reason. He shouldn't have been, with two enormous sets of breasts around him from Antoinette and Elaine. Fiona and Natasha were both getting fondled, and loving it, and they were damn attractive, too. The room smelled of life, of desire, and his Kindred nose eventually blocked out the smell of the club to focus on everything around him with a pulse. The drunker and happier they were, the more his Beast told him to indulge in their pleasure, and feast on them.

It wasn't just him. All the vampires in the room were getting drunk on hunger. Damien was two seconds away from drinking Fiona. Natasha was two seconds away from turning around and drinking Arturo and Matthew. Jessy was going to jump Eric any moment. Even the stone cold sheriff made a few glances Athalia's way every so often, sometimes at her breasts, sometimes at her neck.

But, like walking with a grain of sand in the shoe, Jack couldn't forget the old woman. He tried to not think about Azamel, he really did. But every so often, as he chuckled and laughed with the group of dumbasses, his mind went back there. No matter how much the seven topless women distracted him with their gorgeous bodies, and they were fucking gorgeous, Azamel's final words crept up into his mind.

No wonder depressed people started drinking. There was one thing alcohol was really good at, and that was turning you into a moron where your brain jumped on impulse thoughts, instead of spiraling down neurotic thoughts; usually. And considering where Jack's neurotic thoughts were taking him, he wanted to get drunk and leave them behind. He wanted to get fucking shit-faced, and forget all the crap his own damn brain refused to drop.

All those times he thought people were being stupid because they refused to face their problems, and drank themselves into a hole instead. Now all he wanted to do was stop tearing himself up inside for five fucking minutes. Alcohol would be perfect. Christ, that was painfully humbling.

It hurt for a few minutes, seeing Clara so happy with another man. A small part of him still wanted to have her to himself, a slave to his blood, someone to drink and fuck whenever he wanted. Someone for Antoinette to fuck whenever she wanted. The Ventrue in him, wanting to legit build a harem.

They traded glances a couple times, and each time she offered him an olive branch smile. She really was happy. Maybe Harcourt had listened to Jack. Plus there was the fact she had her beautiful breasts out, and was apparently the sort of girl to get horny, and giggly, when drunk. Harcourt eventually put his hands over her breasts, covering them, but after a few seconds of the two of them chuckling, he lowered them again, and continued to hug her from behind as the two of them stepped close enough to touch the table with their thighs.

"I gotta admit," Harcourt said as he leaned forward, and set his chin on Clara's shoulder, arms wrapping her stomach, her breasts sitting on his forearms, "I'm really liking Dolareido."

"Wonderful," Antoinette said. "If I can convince hunters that I have worked hard to keep my city a safe place for humans, then other hunters will know to leave us be."

"I mean, I can tell them, but a lot of us don't exactly talk to each other. The shit Jeremiah set up was pretty unique. I know there are some organizations and shit, but getting into them is more a 'who you know' sorta situation."

"Regardless, it is a step in the correct direction."

Clara nodded, and took another sip. "Everyone getting drunk — vampires excluded — in Bloodlust and showing off their tits is kinda weird. At least I kinda thought, right? But Brianna is right over there, getting Kissed and fucked by Derick and Santos, at the same time." With a giggling sigh, she shrugged and took another sip as she waved a shaky hand toward another booth. "I bet that's fun."

"What's fun?" Fiona asked.

“Getting drunk by a vamp.”

“Aye, it is! Very!” Fiona raised her hands, leaving her drink behind as she leaned back and rubbed her back against Damien. “Show them!”

“Uh, maybe we should—”

“Aw come on!”

“Fiona my dear,” Antoinette said. “I am all for sharing our delights publicly, but not all at once. Tease out the pleasure over time.”

Fiona stared at Antoinette like she just said something prophetic and profound.

“Aye, I get ye.”

With a playful smile, Antoinette looked down at Jack, and he tried to perk up in time, but she caught his sad expression. Damn.

“Clara my dear,” Antoinette said, showing Jack one of her patented evil smiles before she flipped it innocent, and looked to the werewolf. “You want to experience the Kiss?”

“What? I was joking. And uh, aren’t you a Daeva? Don’t you stick to drinking your ghouls?”

“Daeva do indeed. But Elaine here, she has been dying for a taste of a werewolf.”

“Oh yes indeed.” Elaine leaned forward, and she made damn sure to show off her breasts as she did. “Jessy here refuses. Natasha refuses. But you.” The elder grinned at Clara and Harcourt. “You are quite drunk.”

“I am drunk,” Clara said, eyeing Elaine like it was some sort of poker game that she really sucked at. “But, that doesn’t mean I’m going to let some random vampire drink me.”

“I will make it worth your while.” With a chuckle, Elaine slid over Jack’s lap, and then Antoinette’s; large booths, built specifically for romantic activities. Out of the booth, she made no effort to cover her huge breasts, letting them hang and jiggle as she slid off Antoinette’s lap before standing up. She came right up to Clara too, until only a foot was between them.

Elaine was tall for a woman. Clara was average height, and she had to look up at the buxom blonde who radiated enough confidence to drown everyone in her ego. It was kinda sexy, honestly.

“Worth my while? I—”

Elaine came in closer. Clara almost took a step back. Harcourt did. He was in the presence of a super ancient deadly vampire, so yeah, it kinda made sense for the hunter to do that. But Clara stood her

ground, wobbly ground, but ground nonetheless, and managed a half frown as Elaine came in closer and closer. So close she leaned in, and put her lips to Clara's ear.

She whispered something. No one heard, not with the music pulsing.

Clara blushed, hard. The werewolf looked utterly fucking shocked by whatever Elaine told her, to the point she took a few peeks at the group, before eventually hiding her face as she turned around, and whispered something to Harcourt. And whatever she said to him had him gulping and nodding like a puppy.

Chuckling, Elaine came up behind Clara, pressed her huge, pale breasts against the woman's tan back, and slowly turned her to face the group.

Jack thought the night had already been pretty erotic. Ridiculously erotic, considering Fiona was still being fondled, and was probably soaking wet. Matt, Arturo, and Eric were all struggling to not let their erections get problematic. Natasha was struggling to not just turn around and pounce her boys. Jessy was one second away from pouncing Eric. Hell, even Athalia, cold and mean Athalia, watched Clara and Elaine with wide, surprised eyes, as Elaine turned Clara to face the group while slowly sliding her hands up the werewolf's body.

Yeah, Clara and alcohol were an erotic mix. For someone like her, to actually agree to a fivesome with four dudes she didn't know, just because Jessy sent them? Yeah, she'd been drunk that night. And the next time. And the time after that, according to Jessy. And unfortunately for Clara, Harcourt was, evidently, easily seduced when drunk. Sure, Jack would bet his life that Harcourt wouldn't ever cheat on Clara, but Harcourt was also pretty easily dumbstruck by the sight of a confident, busty, tall woman with a fashion model body getting her hands all over his girlfriend.

But considering everyone froze solid and stared, Jack couldn't hold it against Harcourt. No one said or did a thing, as Elaine slowly set her lips to Clara's neck, while everyone watched. Her hands slipped up Clara's bare stomach, found her breasts, and cupped both of them in her hands, as she sank her fangs into her neck.

Clara's eyes opened wide, and she managed a tiny whimper. No one could hear it over the music, but they could see the whimper, see her lips tremble, and her eyes struggle to stay open, as she melted back against Elaine's body. And considering how dramatically Elaine had Clara's body pressed to hers, everyone could see how Elaine's huge breasts molded against Clara's back. But more so, everyone stared at how Clara's breasts molded to Elaine's snug fingers, and her nipples swelled, visible between Elaine's knuckles, as the vampire pulled her deep into the pleasure of a Kiss.

Jack had seen Elaine and Antoinette do this dozens of times, fondle a woman like Antoinette's ghouls or Veronica, while drinking them. It was always intensely erotic. And holy fucking shit, seeing Clara melt like hot wax against Elaine as the older vampire drained her, slowly, was scalding hot. And as Elaine did, she traded a very specific gaze with Jack.

He knew that gaze. She wanted to finger Clara right there in front of them all. But that wasn't part of whatever deal she'd arranged. Massaging Clara's tits and hypnotizing everyone with how obviously Clara was borderline having an orgasm in front of them all from the Kiss, was. Clara moaned, loud enough they could hear it, and finally her eyes closed as her body started to go limp. Not so limp that she couldn't keep standing though, and Elaine took full advantage, continued to caress and massage the werewolf's breasts as she took more from her, and more, and more.

Clara managed a quick peek at Jack, saw his expression, grinned, and quivered in the vampire's arms.

"Elaine," Antoinette said, "if you do not stop, what will be left for Harcourt?"

Finally, Elaine lifted her lips. Blood coated their inner contours, and she licked it off, making an obvious show of it for everyone watching. Everyone in the booth either knew how awesome it was to Kiss, or be Kissed, and every one of them squirmed. Yeah, everyone was either getting or giving tonight, after seeing that. Was that what Elaine had whispered to her?

"My god," Elaine said. "Natasha, Jessy, you two have been indulging in this for many months, and did not share? Shame on you." Half groaning, half growling, Elaine slipped Clara's dress back onto her breasts, and gave her to Harcourt. Clara had enough power to keep standing, Uratha and all that, but it was a tough battle. Her legs wobbled a shit load more now, and Harcourt had to get under one of her arms and pull it around behind his neck.

Grinning, Elaine came up to Harcourt, leaned in, and whispered something in his ear. His eyes widened with the glee of a child in a toy store, told he could buy whatever he wanted. Nodding, and bouncing with new energy, Harcourt gave the group a goofy salute, a goofier bow to Antoinette that almost had Clara falling onto the floor, before he turned around and walked her out of Bloodlust.

He was going to take her back to his place, and fuck her silly. And considering what Elaine had just done to her, not only would Clara be helpless to stop Harcourt, the werewolf was going to cum her ever living brains out tonight. Which was pretty much exactly what Clara wanted from Harcourt, for him to set aside the nice guy shtick, and just fuck the shit out of her.

Elaine was a dangerous woman.

They all watched, smiles on their faces, cause they all knew what was going to happen. Of course, when Harcourt and Clara were gone, everyone looked back to Elaine. With her dress hanging around her hips, everyone could see how swollen her nipples were. The Kiss did that, got the vampire's body to Blush Life whether they wanted to or not, which meant Elaine's skin had color again, filled out again, and her pink areola were engorged. Having everyone look at her only made it worse, too. She was like Antoinette, and a lot of girls in Dolareido apparently. She liked being looked at.

Jessy stared at Elaine harder than the rest of them. She even nodded toward Elaine and nudged Eric when the man tried to look away.

"First time? Really?" Jessy asked the elder.

"That I can remember." Elaine stepped to the table, replacing where Clara and Harcourt had stood. "Perhaps long ago, I tasted an Uratha, but forgive an elder and their memories. To remember things that happened literal centuries ago is difficult." She ran a finger down her sternum, and down over one breast before reaching her stomach. "That was... energizing. Powerful. Beyond rich. God, what a feast."

Jack had indulged in Elaine's amazing body on dozens of occasions now. More. But despite everyone at the table having seen Elaine on video, enjoying sex with Jack and Antoinette and their thrall and ghouls, they weren't quite prepared for just how direct Elaine could be. She wasn't like Antoinette, who balanced her obvious confidence with subtlety and grace. Elaine was like a wrecking ball, happy to bowl everyone over with just how ridiculously hot she was.

And she was Jack's great grandsire. For the life of him, he couldn't help but kinda admire and even envy her confidence.

Antoinette chuckled, and motioned with a curling finger to Elaine. The other elder joined her, leaned in, and Antoinette whispered into her ear. A lot of whispering tonight.

Elaine grinned over Antoinette's shoulder at Jack, stood up, and nodded. "Very well, I think I will." She stepped back from the table a couple steps, and looked over to one of the booths. That was the booth Clara had mentioned, with Brianna and her two boyfriends. "I am already dying for another taste." Elaine turned, winked at Jack, and walked over there, dress still around her hips.

She disappeared into the booth out of sight, and Jack gulped as he waited for her to bring Brianna, Derick, and Santos back with her. She didn't. She stayed in the other booth, probably on a quest to seduce three people. And considering the belly full of werewolf blood, and that Brianna was probably drunk, Jack would bet good money she'd succeed.

Athalia laughed. “She’s really, uh, led by her loins, isn’t she?”

Antoinette shrugged. “She knows what she likes.” She leaned in and smiled at Athalia. “That includes you.”

“What? Me?”

“Elaine is quite attracted to you.”

“I think she’s attracted to anything on two legs.”

“Give Elaine a chance, and I think you will be pleasantly surprised.”

“I doubt that.”

“Oh? She delights in her own power and beauty, yes, but she also delights in the beauty of others. If you let my old friend in, for just a moment, I think you would find yourself treated to the powerful joy of someone who wants to delight in you, and have you delight in her.” Antoinette winked at Athalia, so damn subtle Jack bet only Athalia and him noticed.

“I guess that is a pretty nice thing,” Athalia said. “I mean, slut, sure, but still pretty nice.”

Holy shit. How did Antoinette do that? Get someone like Athalia to change her mind that fast? Probably a combination of her words, and alcohol.

“Now, if you will excuse us.” Antoinette slipped her dress strap back on over her head, took a few moments to reset her breasts in the chest straps, and made a show of doing it too, before she slipped out of the booth and stood up. “Jack, would you like to join me?”

“Yeap.” He hopped out of the booth, did a couple buttons on his shirt, and slipped his jacket back on. “What about you guys?”

He regretted asking. He knew exactly what everyone else at the table was going to do. Jessy and Eric were in a playful mood, which was kinda neat to see cause Eric didn’t usually do the playful thing. They were gonna fuck, and probably break a couch. Natasha and the boys were two steps from fucking already, and after seeing Elaine Kiss Clara, Natasha looked like she was going to burst with need to do the same. And the boys looked ready to throw her onto the table and spit-roast her. Fiona was getting closer to orgasm by the minute, with Damien teasing and fondling her for so long. Damien looked ready to Kiss her right there, no shits given to those watching. And Athalia had the look of a woman, an older woman finally coming to understand that she had a major sex drive, that she shouldn’t be ashamed of it, and was ready to go get her brains fucked right out of her by her tall, sexy vampire boyfriend.

And Daniel didn’t look like anything. Maybe Antoinette could read him, but Jack sure couldn’t.

“Alright then,” he said, not able to look at them too long. Yeap, kinda embarrassing, just a bit. But then again, they’d just spent a few hours talking, mostly about sex, a lot of that time spent topless. And as far as he could tell, literally everyone at the table had, at some point, seen Jack naked and having sex with Antoinette... and Elaine and Veronica and Ashley and Julee. Pretty stupid to get embarrassed at this point.

Jack and Antoinette left. Elaine stayed behind. A quick glance to her booth showed the woman had made some very quick progress. Brianna looked like she’d already been Kissed, and Elaine was already on her lap, touching her, kissing her neck, maybe getting ready to drink her, while the two men with Brianna watched, and touched the two ladies. Knowing Elaine, she’d treat them to a giant buffet of sex tonight.

The two of them took a limousine home, but not back to the Prince’s tower. They went back to his mansion. And on the drive, Antoinette reached over and pat his shoulder.

“I feel I did not succeed tonight, my love.”

“Succeed? With—oh, you were trying to distract me.”

“Cunning little Ventruue.”

“Heh. Well, yeah, you did succeed. Kinda hard to not get distracted in that environment.”

“And yet...”

“And yet, yeah, I am kinda stuck in a rut, I guess. You know me.”

“I do indeed.”

Jack glanced to the front window that blocked the back seats from the driver. Sound proof, far as Jack knew.

“I was pretty surprised Athalia got into it, so quickly. And she—”

“Is a terribly beautiful creature. Daniel is a lucky man.”

“Yeah. I’m happy she’s recovering. And Fiona.” He tried to hold the smile, but it broke, and he looked down as Azamel came into his mind again.

“They recover, and yet you do not?”

“That’s not it. I’m not still mourning her, not really, you know? Just, what she said. Still digs at me.”

Antoinette nodded, eyes ahead, thinking. Probably thinking up another way to try and distract him from himself.

He was cool with that. He could use the distraction.

“I did have fun tonight, Antoinette. And Clara—”

“I did not invite Clara.”

“You didn’t?”

“Non.”

“Angry she showed up?”

“Non. Surprised, and delighted, especially with how Elaine managed to open the woman’s eyes to a new experience.” Antoinette grinned at him, leaned in, and kissed him. “I am happy to see she is quite sexually compatible with Harcourt as well.”

“And, uh, Elaine evidently.”

“Ha, perhaps. Would it bother you, if Elaine slept with Brace and Clara?”

“Nah.”

“That is good, because Elaine will no doubt attempt it.”

“Cause she wants to tease me, sleeping with Clara when Clara used to be interested in me.”

Antoinette laughed and shook her head. “Not everything is about you, my love. Non, she will try to seduce her, because I saw the look in her eyes when she drank of her blood. Instant addiction.”

Jack laughed. Yeah, honestly, that was a lot better than the other reason.

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He tried to stay happy. He had every reason to be happy. But Azamel’s words pricked at him, like a sewing needle someone left in his clothes. People were dead. She was dead. And he was utterly convinced he could have prevented it all, even though he also knew that was a stupid, illogical thought. And the worst part about it wasn’t feeling bad; sure he felt bad but he wasn’t beside himself with agony or misery or anything. The worst part was he couldn’t quite shake it off, couldn’t quite get back to normal, couldn’t quite hold a smile.

Antoinette noticed. She noticed everything. She held his hand, and the two of them walked into his mansion, where Veronica quickly joined them. Thankfully she was wearing her modern maid's uniform, and not one of the sexy variants Antoinette and Elaine had given her, like the one she wore yesterday in front of his mom. Ho boy.

"Master. Prince." She bowed, but her smile faded as she looked at Jack. "Are you alright, master?"

"I'm fine." He knew she didn't believe him. He used the f word, after all. "How are Mulder and Scully?"

"They're enjoying their shower. As... as much as undead birds can, I suppose."

"They enjoy it, trust me. They might not show it, but they enjoy it."

"Yes, master. They... talk, sometimes. It's very weird to hear birds make sentences, and ask questions about things."

He smiled at her, and pat her on the shoulder as he started up the stairs with Antoinette.

"Trust me, Veronica, they like you, too." He smiled at her, earning a smile in return. It was nice, having her worry about him, even if it was half fake because of the Vinculum.

Antoinette took him up to one of his bigger rooms, leaving Veronica behind. The upstairs bedroom, with a giant four poster bed, red wood frame and headboard, and blood red blankets. Yeah, Viktor had been beyond cliché.

With a merry chuckle, Antoinette gently sat him down. Not on the bed like he expected, but in a chair in the corner of the room, another big thing with red wood legs and blood red cushions. Pretty damn comfy, and royal.

"Be a dear and sit still for me, would you? I would like to have some fun tonight, and I believe you will be happier for the experience."

He smiled up at her and nodded. "I mean, sure, but I'm not—"

She kissed his forehead, and walked out. He'd expected her to get onto the bed, or ring for Veronica, not straight up leave. What was she up to?

Yeah sure, he was feeling kinda down, but he wasn't depressed. At least he didn't think so. But then again, at this point he knew better than to question his lover. If she thought something, it was probably right.

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~~Antoinette~~

Down in the lobby, she rang a small bell that sat on a small table. A holdover from Viktor's love for the classics. Antoinette would have used a phone, and an app, but at the same time, the bell had a distinct enough sound, and loud enough, that Veronica would hear it. Jack likely used his phone, but sometimes indulging in the classics was enjoyable. Not even vampires were immune from reveling in nostalgia.

Veronica returned to the lobby, and her eyes widened as she realized Antoinette was alone, and had been the one to ring her. But she was an eager thrall, eager to please her master, and she knew that meant pleasing Antoinette. Slowly, she approached, eyes downcast, shivering slightly.

"Yes, my Prince?"

Antoinette grinned down at the trembling thrall. Usually, she felt she had long grown past the old her, the one that delighted in how others feared her might, and how they trembled in the wake of her power. But seeing Jack's pet shiver before her sent tingling joy through her, awakening old desires. The Beast in her enjoyed this.

"As you can see, Veronica, your master is quite stressed."

"Yes, my Prince."

"Speak freely."

"Um, he is pretty stressed out, isn't he? He's been like that for a couple weeks now. I thought he was getting better, but I guess not. He even said 'fine', like, as if that wasn't a huge red flag."

"He frequently finds himself carrying burdens he should not be forced to bear. And half the time, he carries them of his own accord. But he survives."

"Aw. He likes helping people."

"Oui, that he does." Nodding, Antoinette motioned for Veronica to follow, and she did, eyes looking up to take peeks at Antoinette and her dress.

"I like your dress."

Antoinette chuckled and looked over her shoulder, down at the small, blue-haired kine. “Why thank you. But I am sure you will love it more later, when it is on the floor.”

A hilariously silly line, but Veronica blushed brightly and squirmed all the more. Antoinette had just confirmed that the woman would be joining the two vampires tonight, in what would inevitably be an extremely sexually satisfying experience. It took little to get Veronica excited. That was part of the reason Antoinette chose her as a thrall option, after all.

Antoinette sighed as she sat down on a cushioned bench, and motioned to Veronica. “Far be it from me to encourage gender roles, but dare I say, women have a... knack, for soothing the wounds of others. Non?”

Veronica smiled and nodded. Still afraid, still in awe of the Prince’s power, but slowly growing more comfortable. This was the first time the two of them had ever spoken to each other directly and in private, but it was a good first step to acclimating the child to the world of darkness.

“Yes, Prince.”

“And as your master’s thrall, you will be tasked with soothing his wounds. I will not always be there to see when Jack Terry’s injuries to his mind and soul bleed. Indeed, sometimes it will be you he may speak to you, in the privacy of darkness and walls. He may speak to you of his troubles, his woes. He may speak to you of secrets he needs to share. He may speak to you of... many things.”

Veronica’s eyes opened wider and wider with each example. “But I’m just, uh, a kine. Not even a ghoul yet. I can’t—”

“You can do much.” Veronica was Jack’s pet, and just how human owners talked to their pets about personal things, Jack may very well do so with her. “So I will give you some advice: do not sit there, and simply smile and nod when Jack speaks to you. Your master is a logical man. He does not voice himself to others with the mere intent of being heard, or to be echoed.” Though Antoinette sometimes wished he did. “If he talks to you of his troubles, respond.”

“Respond with what? I don’t know anything.”

“Your thoughts, whatever they may be.”

“Um, I’ll try, Prince.”

“Good. Now, for tonight, we will not simply be enjoying sexual delights. We will be helping your master, soothing his wounds. He is troubled, troubles himself, and needs to be distracted from himself.”

Veronica smiled. “Sounds like he could use a drink.”

“Agreed. But alas, he is Kindred. What he could use, is a Kiss.” Antoinette grinned down at the little creature. “Now come. We will prepare you.”

“Prepare?”

“Indeed.”

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“Jack, my love.” Antoinette smiled at the man as she stepped into the room, her hands on the thrall’s shoulders in front of her. He yet sat within the large red chair in the corner of the room, a lamp on the nightstand beside him casting him in a powerful contrast. If he had been reading Edgar Allen Poe, it would have fit perfectly.

“Antoinette, you were gone for a while. I... what’re you doing?” His eyes looked to her, before lowering to his thrall, and how she wore a classic maid’s outfit, and not her usual modern version. But also, it was an erotic version of a simple maid’s uniform, with no skirt, exposed legs, and a large window for cleavage. White frills with black lines highlighted her limbs, long black sleeves that ended in white cuffs. She also wore a collar with a small black tie, and a headband of more white frills.

With how large Veronica’s bust was, the silly dress struggled to contain her heavy breasts, with nipples barely covered by the white frills of the dress’s plunging front.

“You, my dear love, need to relax. And perhaps indulge in your role as ruler of this house, and master of its denizens. Veronica, your thrall, your slave, will happily serve your every need.”

“I know that. I—”

“Your every need, my love. You need not focus on her pleasure every time you touch her. By all means, you are Kindred and she is your servant. Order her to satisfy you. And when she has, satisfy yourself with her.” With a playful, knowing smile, Antoinette walked the thrall over to Jack, and after a gentle tap on her shoulders, the thrall got onto her knees in front of him. “Now, give your delightful thrall an order.”

“Antoinette, come on. You know I—”

“My love, your servant would very much like to serve your needs. Is that not so, Veronica?”

The blue-haired little creature nodded, blushing and smiling. “Yes master. I want to help you, however you want. Your love says you... you could use some stress relief. I’ll happily do whatever you want.”

Jack blinked down at the woman nearly touching his knees, and then up at Antoinette. Of course Antoinette returned his stunned gaze with a devil smile, and gestured toward him. Yes, listen, indulge in your dominant desires. As much as Antoinette and Jack usually enjoyed sex where Antoinette controlled the pace, and Jack enjoyed following her whim, sometimes the man enjoyed taking control. And she knew the man wanted to indulge that hungry, masculine side of him more, especially when Veronica was involved. Each time, Antoinette had to be the one to push him.

Let him chase his own desires, this night.

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Jack sighed, but Antoinette recognized the hunger and wonder in his eyes. There were things he wished to do, urges he wished to express that he could not with a woman as powerful as Antoinette. But a thrall, his own thrall, a servant who desperately wanted to be used, and perhaps a little abused, was an entirely different sexual delight.

The man’s smile slowly grew, and he looked back down at the blue-haired pale creature at his knees. “Alright. I want a blowjob.” Evidently, Antoinette’s idea had struck a chord, because her love spread his knees, and Blushed Life. Antoinette did as well.

To Antoinette’s utter delight, Jack relaxed back in the chair, slid his pelvis forward, set his elbows upon the arms of his chair, and set his chin upon his right hand’s knuckles. He looked like a king. Perhaps weary, perhaps drained, but a king, comfortable in his power, and comfortable with the sexual delights about to befall him.

Smiling at her lover, Antoinette stepped around his pet, and stood beside the chair as she smiled down at Veronica. Veronica returned it, before she reached up, undid the fly of Jack’s pants, and slipped his hardening length out through the flap of his boxers.

While Veronica had touched Jack’s length on many occasions, this was the first time she had been given clearance to indulge herself like this, to be the center of attention before sex had even begun. She was nervous, to know her master’s attention was fully on her, but also because so was Antoinette’s. The poor creature. She gulped as she shivered, but the signs of arousal were blatant, skin flushed and breath quickening as she leaned in until her shoulders hooked over Jack’s legs, and her elbows pressed outside

his thighs while her breasts pressed between them. And with excited eyes, she leaned in, and kissed the underside of Jack's glans.

Jack quietly sighed his pleasure, and smiled down at his pet, but he said nothing. He wanted to. Antoinette could see the subtle twitch of his face muscles as he often did when Jack suppressed a thought.

"My love," Antoinette whispered, and she turned to face him more directly as she leaned down over him. "Be specific with your pet. What exactly must she do? How best can she pleasure you?" Grinning at her love, she undid the buttons of his shirt, exposing his chest of muscle and defined abs, both for Veronica's eyes, and for the gloriously erotic, artistic image of a seated, dominant man with his suit jacket and shirt opened while his pet pleased him.

Antoinette was throwing enormous logs into the boy's furnace, heat for his ego. He was a Ventrue after all. A simple breeze upon the embers of his ego would have stoked it into a fire, but she wanted the boy to indulge an inferno of desire tonight.

Slowly, Jack nodded. Yes, now Antoinette could see the heat boil in more than his loins. It burned in his eyes.

Chin still resting upon his knuckles, he reached out with his free hand, and touched the glans of his penis. Slowly, he traced the base edge of the exposed, swollen, reddened flesh, drawing Veronica's eyes as he did.

"The edge here, is very sensitive. I like it when lips slide back and forth on it, when I'm in your mouth. Up and down."

"Yes master." Happy to get any information about her master, Veronica leaned forward a little more, squashing her heavy breasts against the insides of Jack's thighs and the chair, her arms still hooked over his legs. With head forward, she slowly slipped her lips over the skin of Jack's glans. Once within her mouth, she slowly eased her lips up and down along the base edge of the bulbous tip, and she beamed with pride as Jack groaned softly.

"Veronica," Antoinette said, "I am sure you are aware by now, that vampires are blessed, sexually speaking. I—do not stop." Veronica, who had lifted her head at Antoinette's mention of her name, quickly put her lips around Jack's girth once more. "Vampires can indulge sexual desires all night, if they wish. There is no need to worry about an early climax. Do not hesitate to milk my lover of every orgasm you can."

She nodded, Jack's length still within her kiss, and she grinned up at her master as she resumed her gentle suckling of the head of his cock.

She outright melted and nearly stopped again, when Jack set his hand on her head, and rested it there, entwining it into her hair.

Antoinette chuckled as she watched the pretty creature, and how her eyes lit up with joy. Ashley and Julee behaved with similar, devoted adoration. Would they continue to, once they were sired? A painful question for another time.

The Prince stepped around Veronica and behind her. And as Jack looked up from his pet to her, Antoinette slipped out of her dress, slowly, teasingly. Now Jack was left with a dilemma. Continue to watch his pet bathe his cock in absolute adoration, or watch her, as she exposed her naked body to him. As expected, he struggled, and his eyes flicked between them, earning another chuckle from Antoinette as she eventually stripped down to nothing.

Without looking from her lover's eyes, Antoinette knelt down behind Veronica, and spread her legs as she moved forward. Soon her stomach was pressed to Veronica's back, and the thrall could not help but lift her head up in surprise.

"Come now Veronica, do not stop. Obey your master." Antoinette grinned from over Veronica's head toward her love, who quickly grasped the message, and helped guide Veronica's head back onto his girth.

And only once the tiny, busty, shivering little thrall was again suckling on her master's cock, did Antoinette press her bare breasts against the woman's back and shoulders, and slip her fingers under the crotch of the half maid's uniform, half swimsuit. Drenched. Antoinette growled down at the helpless kine as she used her left hand to pull aside the crotch of the uniform, while her right hand — middle and ring fingernails clipped — caressed Veronica's swollen, and nearly dripping clitoris.

Antoinette could not see Veronica's eyes from the angle, but the look of awe and hunger in Jack's eyes told her all she needed. Veronica was not only enjoying Antoinette's touch, she was delirious with need for it, and Jack could see it in his pet's eyes. Combined with how Veronica relished being treated as a sex slave, being told to fellatio her master as her master's lover touched her, was tickling the girl's inner desires in way she had likely not expected.

How utterly perfect.

Antoinette chuckled as she caressed the woman's clitoris, and teased over the small chain dangling from its hood. Her other hand reached around Veronica's hip, slipped between her thighs, and

sank two probing fingers up into the girl's slit, earning some squirming groans from her. Oh yes, absolutely drenched, and Veronica could not help but clench on Antoinette's fingers as the Prince curled them toward her g-spot.

Poor girl. Antoinette had spent over five hundred years not only with her only body, but the bodies of many women. With a single thought, she could have had Veronica lost to orgasm. But tonight was about Jack, and Antoinette slowed her pace to match Veronica's.

Jack melted back in his chair, and held his pet's head tenderly as the blue-haired creature kissed and suckled on his cock. Veronica's body language was clear. To hold her head and pet her drove her mad with heat, and her insides clamped down on Antoinette's fingers all the tighter as Jack looked down to her with the adoring eyes of a master.

Whether Jack wanted to admit it or not, there was Ventrue inside him, someone that delighted in being in charge, someone that wanted to take prey smaller and weaker, and ravage them. And while Antoinette could not satisfy that craving, his pet — soon to be many pets — could.

Antoinette released a perfect, husky sigh of pleasure, as she watched her lover's eyes half close with bliss. He shivered for a moment, abs flexing with a jolt of pleasure, and he melted back once more as Veronica slowed her lips, and milked him during his first orgasm of the night.

And as she did, Antoinette fingered her harder, and trapped her engorged clitoris between massaging fingers. Veronica trembled and squirmed against Antoinette's chest and breasts, but Antoinette did not let her go. As the thrall descended into blissful rapture, Antoinette eased her stroking of the girl's clitoris, but only increased how hard she curled her other fingers against her depths. Just as Veronica milked Jack, lips still locked around his cock, Antoinette milked Veronica, easily driving the girl to more trembling squirms until drops of her juices fell from Antoinette's fingers.

The pet's fellatio technique likely suffered, trapped in bliss as she was, but Jack did not mind, eyes drifting between both women with obvious joy.

Eventually Jack lifted Veronica's head, and she let it collapse onto his pelvis and hip. Moaning and mewling, she squirmed and wriggled in Antoinette's grip, more juices trickling down onto the Prince's fingers.

“Master... help...”

Jack chuckled, a playful, dominant sound, before looking to Antoinette. “I think she's done.”

Nodding, Antoinette stopped. The girl was no Kindred, or even a ghoul. A thrall had no more sexual stamina than any normal human, after all, and Antoinette would have to temper her expectations.

As Veronica recovered, Antoinette gently pulled her back against Antoinette's chest. Veronica, still trembling, gasped as she looked up at Antoinette, only to freeze as Antoinette slowly slid a hand up the half swimsuit, half maid dress, until her hand found the cleavage. Both ladies looked to Jack, excited to see his reaction, as Antoinette pulled the dress's frilly white front down, exposing Veronica's large breasts and pierced nipples.

They were engorged, with small chains dangling from each.

"Beautiful," Jack said, eyes meeting Veronica's with pure, wholesome, dominant energy. Which Veronica absorbed, and she quivered with delight.

"To the bed, my love?"

"God yes." He stood up, length still wet with Veronica's saliva, and motioned for his pet to sit on the bed. She did, but before Jack joined her, he motioned to Antoinette. "Antoinette, if you would be so kind as to sit back on the bed, and spread your legs?"

A direct request from her lover? He caught on quickly.

"Oh my. Am I to be the target of your pet's affections?"

Jack laughed, his bright smile warming the room. "Yes."

"Wonderful." She climbed onto the large bed of red silk, piled up the many pillows behind her to create a leaning wall for her to sit back against, and she spread her legs.

Veronica knew what was about to happen. She was about to be asked to do something she had never done before: pleasure her master's lover on her own, without the aid of Jack, or Elaine, or Ashley or Julee.

Julee and Ashley would be terribly jealous, but Antoinette would make it up to them. An orgy perhaps, with them at the center. And a decadent ice cream to follow.

"Veronica, get on your elbows and knees, and eat out my lover."

The little blue-haired creature gulped, nodded, and crawled onto her knees between Antoinette's thighs. She quivered with every inch, undoubtedly from a mix of post orgasm bliss dripping down her thighs, but also fear. She was quite terrified of Antoinette, but Antoinette could see that only added to the silly little creature's arousal. And as Veronica got comfortable on her elbows, lips a single inch from Antoinette's swollen, wet flesh, the adrenaline pumping through her was obvious.

“Envelop me in your mouth completely, little thrall. And use slow, heavy strokes. I will tell you when it is time to grow faster.” Unlike Jack, Antoinette had no trouble describing specifically what she found pleasurable.

“Yes, my Prince.” The little thrall gulped again, obviously scared she would do something incorrectly, but considering how many times she had had her lips on Elaine, and Ashley and Julee at that, Antoinette trusted her to do well.

And besides, watching Jack embrace his more aggressive desires, and unleash them upon his pet, was terribly arousing. Antoinette would need little, to find climax.

Veronica wrapped her mouth around Antoinette’s smooth, swollen slit, and did as ordered. With slow, heavy strokes of her tongue, she bathed Antoinette’s lips and clitoris in wet warmth, and Antoinette sighed as immediate, powerful sparks of pleasure shot outward from where Jack’s pet kissed her. Sharp, the tingling shocks spread out through her legs and down to her toes, announcing that she was indeed, quite aroused, but Veronica’s pace would not be enough to send her over the edge. For now, Antoinette could relax, and enjoy the build, while watching her lover indulge himself.

She sighed blissed as she hugged her breasts together up onto her chest, crossed her wrists, caressed her aching nipples, and smiled up at Jack as he got onto his knees behind Veronica, and pulled aside the crotch of her uniform. The smile on his face was positively joyful.

“Really?” he asked. The boy was, of course, referring to the strange blue gem sticking out of his thrall’s derriere.

“Of course. She will be quite tight, I do believe.” She had chosen a rather large anal plug for Veronica, after all.

Veronica smiled around Antoinette’s sex, but did not stop. She was learning quickly.

Chuckling, Jack hooked the bottom of the uniform around one of Veronica’s butt cheeks, exposing her for him, and he lined up his cock with her sex. Antoinette could not see the point of intimacy, with Veronica’s ass raised and blocking her view, but the changes in expression in the thrall’s eyes were clear as night. Jack was caressing her entrance, her folds, her clitoris, the piercing dangling from her clitoris hood, with his glans.

And then the boy grabbed her hips, and slammed himself into her hard enough her delightful rump jiggled with the impact.

Veronica almost collapsed. But as a heavy moan escaped her, and her eyes rolled up with bliss, she managed to keep her mouth around Antoinette’s sex. A moment later, she resumed licking, and

Antoinette smiled rewardingly as she teased circles around her large, swollen, pink nipples that jutted out from milky skin.

“Damn, that is... very, very tight,” he said.

Antoinette blew her lover a kiss. “I can imagine.”

Jack looked down, and the hunger in his eyes doubled, as his gaze slid down Veronica’s butt, down her back and maid uniform, to her head where she was firmly set against Antoinette’s slit, and then to Antoinette herself. Naturally Antoinette had to create a display for him, to tease him with her wondrous body, and she did so, plucking playfully at her nipples with one hand while the other gently pressed up against the other breast in waves, causing it to ripple. And in his attempt to also create a delicious scene for her, he slowly eased his length out of Veronica, and delightfully flexed his core, as he thrust into his trapped thrall.

Veronica again groaned, but with her elbows spread underneath Antoinette’s thighs, and head practically resting against her sex, she would not fall over easily. And once she recovered, she resumed licking.

“Faster,” Antoinette whispered, flicking her eyes down to Veronica. Jack’s pet nodded, and did as told, burying Antoinette’s clitoris in almost desperate licks that doubled the jolts of bliss coursing down through the Prince’s legs.

Jack also grew faster, but with far more haste than Veronica. He tightened his grip on his poor pet’s hips, and slammed into her in rapid speed. The tiny creature resisted her master as best she could, and moaned around Antoinette’s slit as she struggled to withstand the sudden assault.

Antoinette could pay little heed to the small blue-haired girl between her legs. Her eyes were locked onto her lover as he pounded his pet with need, with power, with hunger. And while both their eyes lingered to watch the thrall’s lovely ass jiggle, rippling against his pelvis and abdomen before pushing forward toward the small of her back and then toward his own body again, they eventually looked to each other.

Antoinette watched her lover, and drank in the sight of his hungry eyes, his flexing abs, and his tightening arms as they squeezed and yanked on Veronica’s hips. Jack watched her, and drank in her body, the way her breasts flowed with inertia against her chest and arms, and the delighted, lustful expression Antoinette offered him.

Antoinette came first. A touch embarrassing, but she had been quite ready for some time, after seeing her lover cum, and then fingering his pet to orgasm soon after. She shivered as the sharp pleasure

sparks shot outward from her clitoris, and spread out through her pelvis, some reaching down through her thighs and toes. She set a hand on Veronica's head, and the pet knew to cease her licking, but Antoinette also did not let her raise her head. It felt delightful to keep Veronica's warmth upon her slit, as the pleasure shocks continued to pulse.

The moment Antoinette came down from her pleasure high, Jack thrust harder, and faster. Veronica raised her head as she gasped, and her eyes rolled up as her jaw dangled. For a single moment, she tried to look at Antoinette again, but it was for not. She collapsed, cheek pressing to Antoinette's inner thigh, and she came yet again as Jack fucked her.

Jack came as well. Antoinette lifted her eyes from the exhausted, mewling girl to watch her lover as his eyes focused on his pet. With his grip solid, he did not fuck her gently. He thrust hard and fast, driving into her with enough speed and force to have the bed creaking and shifting. But he slowed as he filled his pet with his cum, and he loosened his grip.

Of course, as Antoinette had taught him, Jack gave his thrall a rather harsh slap on the ass, earning another weak mewl from her that undoubtedly had her drenched insides milking every drop of his seed out of him. Again, and again, each earning more noises from his pet, carnal and salacious. But all good things come to an end eventually, and Jack stepped back from his thrall, exposing his soaked length.

He chuckled down at Veronica, and lightly pushed her ass to the side, pushing her over. She landed outside and beside Antoinette's legs, quivering, and smiling in obvious post-orgasm bliss.

"I believe I am feeling envious." Nodding, and donning her playful smile, Antoinette slid down the bed closer to her lover, and rolled over onto her knees, beside Veronica. And then onto Veronica.

"M-Master?" the thrall asked, trying to peek past Antoinette to Jack. But Antoinette covered the woman in her shadow as she knelt around her while also pushing Veronica onto her back. This left Veronica's face directly under Antoinette's breasts.

"Your master," Antoinette whispered, "is a generous lover, is he not?"

She blushed all the harder. "He is."

Antoinette nodded, and looked back to the young man. "My love, if you do not mind?"

Jack groaned as he stepped up to her. But her love knew better than to jump directly to sex with her. He slid between Veronica's legs on his knees, took Antoinette's hip into his left hand, and eased two of his right hand's fingers into her insides.

Antoinette smiled down at Veronica as she lowered herself down a touch. Still on her hands and knees so she did not crush the tiny, busty creature, it did not take much to lower herself until her heavy breasts rested against Veronica's neck and chin. Of course the terrified thrall dared not move, gazing up at Antoinette, unsure of what to do or say, as Antoinette let out a sultry, perfect moan.

"Veronica dear, treat your master's love to your delightful touch."

"I... don't know—"

"What the Prince means, my pet," Jack said, "is she wants you to play with her breasts, the way you've seen me play with them. Do it."

Veronica froze.

Antoinette smiled yet again down at the scared pet, and as Jack's fingering grew harder and deeper, she arched her back and slid her breasts onto the thrall's face. "Come now, do as your master ordered."

Veronica's eyes lit up with a new form of arousal. She had not considered that Antoinette would want her to pleasure her, while her lover also pleased her, as if Antoinette would not want to feel pleasure from her with her master already doing so. How silly.

The thrall tilted her head back, opened her mouth, and Antoinette's swollen nipple slipped between her lips.

Instant sparks of pleasure flowed upward from Antoinette's breast into her chest, and she groaned down at Veronica as she smiled at her. An encouraging groan, the sort she had used for Ashley and Julee many times. It worked wonders, Veronica's eyes lighting up with new confidence, and she made her own happy mewl as she suckled and licked.

And of course, Jack's two fingers were pressing down against her g-spot again and again, a delicious rhythm that sent deep waves of bliss up through Antoinette's body and down her legs once more. Her insides boiled, and pleasure tremors worked through her as the two bathed her body in delight.

"Your pet," Antoinette said as she looked over her shoulder, "is quite beautiful, and talented."

Jack smiled at her. "I think so too."

Another peek down at the thrall, and Antoinette caught her prideful expression before she half closed her eyes as she again bathed Antoinette's swollen areola in happy kisses and suckles. Growing bolder, she brought up both her hands, and squeezed them down along the outsides of Antoinette's

breasts. Her hands were far too small to encompass much of Antoinette's bust, but she still managed to cup and caress the skin, until one hand found the untouched nipple, and softly massaged it as well.

As much as Antoinette adored the sensation of lips on her nipples, and had indeed climaxed dozens of times from it and it alone, her lover was currently gripping her ass with one hand, and slowly increasing the pressure and speed of his probing fingers with the other. The pleasure his fingers sent through her as they pressed down hard against her aching g-spot grew explosive, and Antoinette released a practiced, but quite real moan as the tremors built, and built, and built.

The orgasm flowed out, and Antoinette's moan elevated to masterful groan. She peeked over her shoulder at her lover, but he was busy staring at her drenched slit and lips, and the juices she leaked onto his hand as he fingered her. And he did not slow down. Antoinette's groans grew weaker as the pleasure tremors pulsed through her, until her thighs shook and her toes curled. Three years of frequent sex together meant her lover knew how fast and how hard to push her, and soon Antoinette found herself struggling to manage the pleasure as the boy fingered her through the orgasm, drawing it out until the waves of bliss working up and down her body grew almost painful. He fingered her harder, harder than he normally did, and Antoinette quivered as a hard clench of her insides soaked the boy's hand. The noises were utterly lascivious, soon turning into a wet splashing sound as her lover's fingering grew rough enough to have her flowing juices splashing her ass and thighs.

A glance down at Veronica showed the thrall staring up at her in awe, slowing her suckling, but still offering gentle kisses. And as Jack finally let Antoinette come down from her orgasm, she slipped back further toward her lover, and then down onto the thrall, to bury Veronica's breasts with her own. Soft skin upon skin, Veronica gulped as she looked down at how her large breasts disappeared beneath the Prince's.

"Make my lover happy, little thrall, and I will reward you in ways you cannot imagine. And my lover craves one thing at this moment, little thrall: my pleasure." Smiling down at the shocked thrall, Antoinette knelt higher once more, until her enormous breasts were again resting against the beautiful blue-haired woman's neck and chin. "The other, s'il vous plaît. And gently, little thrall. I grow sensitive."

Veronica gulped, nodded, and resumed her work, now with the other breast.

Antoinette released one of her darker, hungrier groans, as Jack lined his length up with her slit, and slammed his cock into her. Orgasm aftershocks still tingled and shivered their way through Antoinette's body, and she clenched her depths in response to the sudden penetration. She was

drenched. Jack's cock was already covered in juices, his and his pet's, and Antoinette's dripping entrance provided no resistance despite her squeezing muscles.

Jack took her hips, and fucked her. No one had touched him since his orgasm within Veronica, meaning it would take him several minutes at least to build up to another orgasm. And he seemed determined to do it while pounding Antoinette hard enough she could see her breasts jiggle against Veronica's face, and her ass shook hard with each impact. A peek again proved it, her plentiful derriere rippling as her deliciously lean, muscular lover fucked her with almost desperate speed.

Antoinette succumbed. She had planned to spend the night being rather dominant with Jack's thrall, but now Jack was fucking her as hard as he had Veronica moments before. Harder. It was terribly difficult to appear regal and powerful, when the body decided to rebel, and explode with pleasure. Antoinette sighed bliss as she lowered herself down to her elbows, squashing her breast over Veronica's face as her lover thrust into her hard enough she felt his testicles slap her tingling clitoris. Juices splashed, and Antoinette let her eyes drift nearly closed as he built her up to climax far faster than she had expected.

She clenched on his length hard, earning a hungry, animal groan from her lover, but he did not slow down. And as Veronica suckled and kissed and massaged Antoinette's breasts, the Prince quivered in the rising bliss. The heat boiled over, and her depths erupted in spasms as Jack fucked her from behind, each stroke driving his cock down against her g-spot before reaching deeper.

It was not long before each slap of his testicles against her swollen nub became a wet slap of soaked flesh. She drenched him yet again, and more besides, and she let out another perfect moan as Jack refused to stop. Pressure, delicious pressure, hitting down against her g-spot again and again, even as her clenching muscles tried to stop him. The pleasure slowed for only a moment before it boiled over yet again, and she trembled as her squeezing depths leaked more fluid onto her lover. It trickled down her thighs, down her stomach, and onto her breasts, no doubt reaching the suckling thrall.

She had not soaked her lover this terribly in some time. Perhaps the prospect of teaching his thrall how to properly tend to her lover's needs appealed to her in ways she had not expected?

Jack finally slowed, and Antoinette sighed with satisfaction as she pushed herself back up onto her hands. She backed up again, and again lowered herself down onto Veronica until their breasts molded together. She knew what it meant when Jack slowed in such a manner.

"Your master cums inside me as we speak, little thrall." Antoinette grinned down at the deliriously aroused tiny creature, and titled her torso from side to side slightly, pressing their breasts together all the more. "He is a surprisingly talented lover, is he not?"

“He is! He is.”

“Indeed. I taught him well.” Antoinette grinned over her shoulder at her little Ventrué, and found her tingling body singing as she recognized the look of rapture in his eyes. A hard clench of her depths pulled a groan from him, and Jack offered her a slow, deep thrust in return, as he poured his cum into her depths.

Antoinette pressed her body down against Veronica, and gently rubbed their breasts together. They were both well endowed, Antoinette absurdly so, thus she knew Jack could see both their breasts pushing out to the sides of their chests. Sure enough, Jack moaned, the sound he used when something both erotic and awe-filling caught his eye. He no doubt stared at how Veronica and Antoinette’s breasts squashed against each other, molding to each other’s shapes as they pressed outward from their chests. And she made sure to grin down at the scared, yet enthralled kine as she did.

Eventually Jack removed himself, and Antoinette rolled off his pet. The two women lay beside each other, Veronica panting with exhaustion and desire, and Antoinette still quivering with orgasm aftershocks.

Antoinette sat up onto her elbows, and licked her lips as she looked to her lover, who knelt between her legs, cock hard and dripping.

“All that, and he has yet to feed.” Laughing, Antoinette gestured to her love. “How would you like to finish this, Jack?”

It took him a moment to realize he was still in charge of this night, and he grinned like a serpent as he realized what Antoinette was willing to do for him.

“Sit back please, and let Veronica lie on you. I want to fuck her from the front when I drink her.”

Oh my, so direct. With a husky purr, Antoinette did as requested, sliding back up onto the mound of pillows until she was half lying, half sitting. And as if Veronica weighed nothing at all, she sat the girl down on her ass between Antoinette’s thighs.

“Master? I—” She went silent as Antoinette softly wrapped a hand about her throat, and gently eased her back, until Veronica lay upon Antoinette’s stomach. With her other hand, Antoinette lifted each of her own breasts, so Veronica had the room to rest her head against the Prince’s sternum, while Antoinette rested her breasts upon the girl’s shoulders.

“Spread your legs,” Jack ordered.

Veronica gulped, and did so.

Jack, with an almost sinister grin, settled over top Veronica, and lowered himself down onto her. The most basic of missionary positions, but such a position was more than enough to bring a girl to orgasm when the Kiss was soon to be involved. Especially when said girl's ass was filled with a terribly large plug.

Jack slid his knees under hers, and eased his soaked cock into her dripping slit, the small chain dangling from her clitoris sliding along his length and its veins. Immediately Veronica gasped, and she pressed her hands against Jack's chest in loving adoration as she panted. Well, the thrall had cum many times, and was both exhausted, and still quite sensitive.

Chuckling, Antoinette slid her hands up to the frilly cleavage of the dress and where it sat under Veronica's breasts, before she cupped both of the large mounds. Veronica looked up and back to catch Antoinette's gaze, and she shivered as she looked back to her master, while Antoinette began to softly massage the woman's breasts. The tiny chains that dangled from her nipples were alluring, and Antoinette grinned at Jack as she gently bounced the pet's breasts until the chains bounced as well.

Veronica was still not used to the change in pace vampires often made during sex. To go from rough 'doggy' to gentle missionary was not something she was used to yet. The girlish squeal she made when Jack leaned forward, and with Antoinette's help, wrapped his lips around Veronica's left nipple, was utterly delightful.

They spent some time like this, Antoinette massaging both of the pet's breasts, enjoying the feel of their softness and heavy weight spilling over her palms, and how her swollen nipples jutted out with her piercings. They were beautiful, and Jack hungered for them. And Antoinette relished the look of delight in his eyes as he suckled upon his pet's nipple, pulling more whimpers from her, while Antoinette massaged the breast into his kiss.

"Veronica, Ashley and Julee will be terribly jealous when they hear of tonight. The next time you join my ghouls and I in bed, do try and make it up to them, would you?"

"Y-Yes Prince, I—nnng!" Her voice died away into a helpless mewl, as Jack lay upon her, buried his chest against her breasts, and sank his fangs into her neck. "Master!"

Jack growled into his pet's neck, and Veronica squeaked. He devoured his pet, face half buried into Antoinette's right breast as he drank from the right side of Veronica's neck. And as he did, he thrust into her again, and relied on the Kiss to let such a poor position easily push the thrall into rapture. Like an animal, his thrusts grew more and more impactful, and Antoinette's hands slid down to find his firm ass to squeeze, as her lover grew rougher with his pet. He continued to drink her and drink her, until Veronica looked up, met Antoinette's eyes, and drifted away into bliss.

Jack did not drain her until she slipped into unconscious. Rather, he drained her until she nearly had, as Antoinette had taught him; prey were far more fun to play with if they were still awake. He grinned at Antoinette, and slid his cock out from Veronica's insides. He had not orgasmed. He spread his legs, put Veronica's between his, and inched forward over her, until Antoinette was forced to spread her legs to make room for his knees, as he got comfortable on Veronica's stomach.

Ah, she knew what he wanted. Chuckling, Antoinette once again set her hands upon the pet's breasts, the outer contours, and pushed them together on Veronica's chest rather than let them pull aside to her ribs with gravity.

Jack leaned forward, set his hands on Veronica's shoulders, his knuckles snug under Antoinette's breasts, and set his cock in his pet's bosom. Of course, with a stomach now full of blood, the boy would need to be treated to orgasm again. And again.

Veronica, panting and shivering as she struggled to stay awake, managed to peek up at her master every now and then, as he fucked her breasts. But her arms dangled limp outside of Antoinette's legs, and her head rested snug between Antoinette's breasts, gently lulled to one side, with a drop of drool on her lip. But she was smiling.

Jack came. White seed spilled up through the valley of Veronica's breasts before rolling back down, with the girl half sitting up as she leaned back against Antoinette's stomach. Antoinette squeezed Veronica's breasts around his girth, and massaged them bottom to top in a milking motion, earning another gush from Jack, this one splashing against Veronica's neck. And another gush, and another, that soon collected along Antoinette's wrists and hands, only to be massaged into the woman's skin.

But he was not done. He reset his length between his pet's breasts, and they resumed, now using Veronica's cum-soaked flesh to satisfy him. Antoinette could not fault the boy for indulging his Blush, now that his stomach was full, driving his desires, his arousal. And most importantly, for truly indulging the more masculine side of his lust. So she grinned at her lover over Veronica's head, and continued to milk his length with his pet's body, until the boy came yet again. It did not take long. Antoinette was an expert, after all.

His fifth orgasm soon ended, though he new better than to simply walk away. He stayed snug to Veronica's body, cock still buried between her breasts, and let the Prince milk him of every last drop. And when thick gushes of white ceased to flow onto his pet's sternum, she continued anyway, knowing full well each time she squished his pet's breasts against his length until it mostly disappeared between them, the boy loved it. They had done this with her own breasts, and Elaine's breasts, hundreds of times, and doing it with his pet's breasts was a joy. The way Jack shivered as his sensitive length

basked in the warm, wet bed of Veronica's bust, all at Antoinette's whim, was glorious. His eyes half closed as he stared down at the bed of soft flesh, and how Antoinette's massaging fingers spread his cum over and around, until it spilled over her knuckles.

Antoinette was herself partly to blame for a night of such reckless indulgence. She could not help but drink in the sight as well, gazing down at her love's cock and how it shifted back and forth as Antoinette bathed it in his pet's bust. And, to her utter delight, Jack came yet again. A dangerous game, allowing the Blush to let him ride the edge of sensitivity so he could cum once more, and so quickly, but after the troubles that had befallen her lover, he deserved it. She squeezed Veronica's breasts snug around his cock, until his sixth orgasm of the night buried her in such waves that it overflowed completely, and soon Antoinette found her own breasts soaked in cum as it flowed up, over, and around Veronica's neck, and onto where Antoinette's breasts rested on the thrall's shoulders.

Antoinette let go of Veronica, and the spell was broken. Jack sat up straighter, and slid back a foot as he stared down at his panting, whimpering, cum-soaked prize.

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"Holy shit. I... kinda really gave into it there, didn't I?"

"I remember when you found three orgasms to be an absurd idea, and it took forty minutes of sex to bring you to that limit." She gestured down at his pet, and how her bust, and neck, and shoulders, and stomach, were entirely coated in white. "You have cum six times tonight, and three of them in ten minutes. I have seen Jackson Pollocks with less mess."

"Fuck. I should probably tone it down a bit."

"Perhaps. Again, as long as you do not find yourself enjoying fellatio while simultaneously discussing important business matters with Kindred underlings, I do not think you have crossed a line."

"Business before pleasure?"

"Or vice versa, but never together."

He grinned, nodded, and leaned in again. Not to fuck Veronica anymore, but to kiss Antoinette.

"Thanks. I needed this."

"You are most welcome, my love."

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~~Natasha~~

They all left after the Prince and Jack did. Everyone getting half naked, and five of them getting quite drunk, was always going to be a concoction that led to sex.

Daniel and Athalia left first, though they didn't go down the stairs. Athalia took Daniel's hand, and took him further back, into one of the back corners of Bloodlust's second floor, where it was darker, with a more isolated booth.

Jessy and Eric left a moment later. Knowing the look in Jessy's eye, she wanted to get back to her place, or Eric's, and spend the rest of the night with a fully transformed werewolf inside her. Would a drunk Uratha still be drunk when transformed? Probably not, considering how quickly they recovered in that form.

Damien and Fiona left. Damien had to carry her out, and she giggled the whole time. Giggled, and tried to fondle and kiss Damien as he helped her. It was comical. Fiona was such a happy person, even when mourning.

And that left Natasha alone with Arturo and Matthew. To her surprise, Arturo stopped fondling her, and set his hands on her bare stomach instead, hugging her.

"N-Not gonna try and convince me to have sex here?" she asked, looking up over her shoulder at the man.

"Nah. I can hear Athalia and Daniel starting to, though. Figured you wouldn't want to do that with your sire nearby."

"And," Matt said, "we know you're more comfortable with walls, and a camera with good lighting."

She frowned — playfully — at Matt before looking back to Art. "They are? Y-You can hear them?"

"Barely. Music is pretty damn loud, but yeap, I can hear her moaning."

Daniel, and Athalia, having sex, in a public place. Natasha blinked at Art and Matt a few more times, before she picked back up the other half of her dress, and slipped it back on. It really was nothing more than a necklace with a dangling bit of loose fabric in the front that barely managed to cover her breasts. She really liked it.

She grinned at her boyfriends, held a finger up to her lips, and pointed down at the seat. Stay, while she did a little investigating. They both blinked at her and each other, before they smiled and nodded.

She slipped out of the booth, and poured vitae into her Cloak. A lot of it. She'd have to drain both her boys tonight, cause doing this was going to leave her ravenous, but she wanted a peek, and to Cloak herself from her sire was going to be difficult. Maybe impossible. But what was the worst that could happen? Her sire learned she was a pervert? She made porn! For fun! Good porn, but still porn. That ship had sailed.

Her sire was distracted though, supposedly, and with the darkness and the pulsing music covering everything, it was perfect for sneaking.

She didn't have to go far. One booth over, and she found a place to peek around the empty booth's corner, and into one of the further back booths.

There they were. Tash's sire really was a handsome man, short-ish brown hair and beige skin, a bit tall and lanky, but with half his clothes off, all his muscle definition was blatant. In a different world, maybe Natasha and Daniel could have been an item. They had similarities. And horny as she was right now, it was easier to imagine her in his arms.

But Athalia fit so much better than Tash did. The woman sat on his lap, facing the table, Daniel behind her, and she ground her hips around and around at an almost desperate pace. Her dark breasts jiggled against her, bouncing along with the chest chain that circled them.

The hottest part, was how Daniel had one hand around her throat, squeezing, while the other disappeared under the table. Tash lowered her head to peek underneath, and shivered as she saw her sire's hand on Athalia's sex. Hard to see anything from where she was, but it was obvious the man was stroking her clitoris while Athalia bounced on him.

And it was nice. Super hot and sexy, yes, to see Athalia already close to orgasm; the whole night must have been turning her on more than she wanted them to realize. But it was also nice to see Athalia happy.

It got a thousand times hotter when Daniel sank his fangs into her neck.

Natasha knew, intimately, the feeling of Uratha blood rushing through the body. Thick, warm, delicious, and unbelieving energizing. Like cocaine mixed with an orgasm, maybe. But from what she knew about Begotten blood, it was different. It was like getting the aggression meter dialed up to eleven, and drunk, while also being outrageously horny.

For the first time, Tash got to see what Daniel looked when some genuine, real emotion was on his face. Maybe her sire could do what Tash could, and see better than most vampires in the dark. Hopefully he couldn't see Tash, still Cloaked, jaw dropped, staring, as her sire's eyes lit up with hunger, and desire.

Athalia's eyes half closed, lost to the Kiss, and orgasm. But Daniel was now riding on a wave of energy, and apparently whatever sort of dark, aggressive urges Begotten blood gave. He turned Athalia around, ensuring the now limp and exhausted woman rested her chest against his, and her head slipped into the nook of his neck and shoulder. He took her hands, both of them, and held them behind her against the small of her back. And with both his hands behind her, he pressed her toward him.

It was a strange mix of gentle, and dominant. Athalia was trapped in post-Kiss bliss, and she squirmed on Daniel, almost like she was trying to get away. She couldn't, not exhausted like she was, and not with Daniel keeping her pinned against him. And Daniel was more than strong enough to keep her hands pinned against the small of her back, while also pushing against it to keep grinding her pelvis into him. She wasn't trying to get away of course, but she made those movements anyway, as if she liked how it felt when Daniel stopped her. She probably did.

Considering Daniel just fed on her, Athalia was going to spend at least the next thirty minutes, if not longer, riding the sheriff.

Tash almost sighed happily as Athalia nuzzled into Daniel's chest, and hid her face in his neck. Too cute.

Curiosity satisfied, Tash left. From what she saw, she had enough information to fill in some blanks about what kind of person Athalia was. Cuddling up into her man, melting against him, hiding her face cause she was probably super embarrassed, and loving it, it was all so beautiful. And sexy.

If Azamel hadn't just died, the sex probably would have been a fair bit rougher, too. But, crazed as Daniel probably was, with a belly full of Begotten blood pulsing into his body, he seemed to have the presence of mind to fuck her in a way a little more reserved. Plus, it was probably Athalia's first time having sex in public.

She was definitely enjoying it, though.

Tash smiled, and sneaked away. It was so romantic! Or at least, romantic in a Dolareido way. Some nice, gentle but dominant sex in the booth of a night club? All cuddled up and hugging and holding each other? That was pretty romantic for Slut City.

Tash came back to her booth, but found the boys both peeking out into a nearby booth. Not Daniel's, they couldn't see it from here. They were peeking over into the booth Elaine had disappeared into.

Tash grinned at the boys, and sneaked closer to the other booth. Sure enough, there was Elaine, one of the most promiscuous — and powerful — vampires Tash knew of. The blonde elder sat on Derick's lap, while Brianna the werewolf sat on Santos's lap. Brianna looked absolutely exhausted, and was struggling to keep from falling over. Elaine was stopping her. She was leaning over onto Brianna, squashing her breasts against the slightly shorter, dark skinned werewolf, and kissing her neck and hugging her. Not a Daniel and Athalia hug. An orgy hug, meant to maximize skin-on-skin rubbing.

Santos and Derick were obviously high on werewolf blood, and probably a little scared about the fact a five-hundred-year-old vampire had just come to turn to their threesome into a foursome. Elaine probably bullied her way into their group, at least a little, but considering the look on their faces, and Brianna's, they were happy to give in.

Elaine, that woman, marching around and doing whatever she wanted. That confidence was enviable, but Natasha didn't trust her. Not because she was the biggest slut Tash had ever seen; no vampire cared about promiscuity, especially in Dolareido. She didn't trust her, because she was sure Elaine was up to something. Jack knew it, and Antoinette knew it, but neither of them seemed to want to do anything about it.

It was hard to ask them about it, especially Antoinette. Elaine was a dragon, in a way Tash might never be, deep into the biggest secrets the order had, just like Antoinette. And they'd been friends for centuries. How could Tash tell her boss that she wasn't being suspicious enough of Elaine? It wasn't like Elaine didn't ever deceive her, considering Antoinette didn't know Elaine was Viktor's sire, and those vampires had all known each other before coming to the USA.

Either Antoinette knew something Tash didn't, or Elaine was tricking her again.