

~~Damien~~

Damien looked over at Amanda, and she smiled at him before offering a small wave. She seemed like a kind little creature, dark skin and long black hair. Damien did not care for her sire, Gloria Jennings, who had a far larger mouth for gossip than any Mekhet should have, but Amanda seemed alright. Perhaps a little ditzy, but then, after being around Fiona, ditzy didn't seem to bother him so much anymore. Ditzy people had the amazing ability to be happy and enjoy themselves. For people like him, Jack, and others that fit into the stereotypical vampire definition, they did not.

Case in point, Jack was standing outside a forbidden window, the two Mekhet behind him keeping him and them hidden in their cloak of night. His hand was on the window ledge, and his eyes were locked onto the two women within. His mother, and his sister.

While Amanda stood back some ten feet, Damien eventually walked forward, and stood by Jack's side, maybe a single foot back to stay out of the boy's peripheral vision. It'd be disrespectful, to interrupt what was clearly an important moment to him, but at the same time, it was important to Damien to stop him from letting this blatant ghost of his past devour him.

"They look... content," Damien said.

"Time heals all wounds, right?"

The boy didn't believe that. It was obvious in the bitter growl in his voice. But even if Jack didn't believe it, it was plain to see the two women sitting on the couch together were—oh, maybe not. The two women were looking at a picture album, and their looks of contentment faded as they turned the page. Only now did Damien notice they had tears all along, and their previous looks of contentment were from the memories the boy's family was walking through.

"Why are you watching this, Jack?"

"Glutton for punishment." He nodded his head back toward Amanda, before returning to his self torture. "Amanda's helped me out a few times, spying on them."

It must have been frustrating, to have to rely on others in such a circumstance. All Kindred could learn the cloak of night, though the Mekhet and Nosferatu knew it naturally and instinctively. A young Ventrue had no chance of using it, not to the extent that would allow the boy to spy on his family through their living room window. In Jack's case, it was probably for the best, lest this masochism destroy him.

“But why—”

“Your family still alive, Damien?”

“I... don't know. Lucas and his church became my family, and I didn't look back, even after the purge.”

Jack nodded to his family, sitting on the couch in the living room. TV off, the two women had a blanket wrapped around the two of them, shoulder to shoulder.

“When Dad died, things were pretty rough for us. Mom never got over it. And Mary, she did all the things a more social person probably would. Drinking, sleeping around — way too young — and probably trying a lot of drugs. And I... became a cold, distant, critical asshole.”

This was unexpected. Damien didn't know what to say to people most of the time, let alone during an emotionally heavy conversation; unless it were matters of the Lord and the Lancea et Sanctum. But then, maybe the boy didn't want a conversation, he just wanted someone to listen to him. Antoinette could listen, but perhaps the nature of their relationship made such a conversation difficult, or impossible. Julias? Maybe, but while sire and childe shared a connection, it was also a barrier, not dissimilar to parent and child.

So he said nothing, and waited.

“I never emotionally connected with Mom or Mary, not really. I was comfortable with them, though, and I did miss them a little when I moved out. Now? It's been slowly dawning on me, how much I fucked up, and missed out on something so damn important.”

Damien raised a brow, and glanced Jack's way, before he focused his gaze on the two women. They wiped their tears, and flipped to another page in the album.

“I guess, with all the shit that's been coming my way lately, it's nice to remind myself I used to be a... a human being. A normal human being, who didn't spend his days figuring out how to kill people, and help monsters.” The boy set his forehead to the glass, and sighed. A Kindred wouldn't leave any marks behind, no skin oil or particles, and the boy took advantage, weight dragging his head down an inch along the glass. “And reminding myself of my past only makes me feel like shit, because I wasted it.”

It was clear there was more going on, and Jack was struggling to explain it. Something about Angela, and the rescue mission, had put the boy in a weird, analytical, depressed mood. Something was caught in his soul, and was struggling to make itself known. What that was, Damien couldn't guess.

Jack had asked him for information about Viktor not long ago, was worrying about becoming Viktor, and it struck Damien as likely that Viktor was emotionally distant from his own family, as well.

The boy was struggling to reconcile his past and present. It was a unique thing, and Damien couldn't begin to understand the nuances of it. But, there was something the boy could do.

"... you can change that."

"What?" Jack lifted his head, and blinked at him.

"You can turn both of them into ghouls, or embrace them. Either way gives them endless life. The Prince has opened siring, hasn't she? Get permission from her, and bring your family into your new life."

Glass shattered, plain on Jack's face, and the boy turned back to look at his family with new eyes, wide eyes. Had he never considered that before? Evidently not.

"You think... she'd give me permission?"

"You've done a lot of things for the city, and have earned respect, and gratitude." Damien looked down, and then at his hand. Touch the kid's shoulder? No, no, too far. Leave such emotional contact for Antoinette or Julias. "I'm sure she'd give it."

"I... I don't think... I could handle seeing them as ghouls. Ghouls are so infatuated with vitae, and brainwashed to love their owner."

"What about Antoinette's ghouls. Do you take issue with how they think of Antoinette?"

"That's different. They weren't family to her."

Nodding, Damien looked back over at Amanda. The Mekhet had already stepped out of listening range; must have picked up on the social queues.

"Then you could embrace them."

"And ruin their lives?"

"... has your life been ruined?"

"I... I... I don't fucking know. It's been such a roller coaster, Damien. One minute, I'm having the best time of my life, with the best woman, swimming in money. Next minute, I'm handcuffed to a chair, getting tortured, and then I'm killing people. Next, I'm promoted to one of the most powerful positions in the city, and have massive freedoms. Next, I'm in a firefight, and people are getting torn up around me, and dying, and... and... and I hate myself."

“Hate yourself? Why?” That was a powerful statement, and one he figured the boy would have dismissed in the past as cliché. Of course, nothing was a cliché when it was happening to you.

“Because I didn’t shoot that damn woman when I had the chance. Like a fucking idiot, I let Athalia make me hesitate. And... and the expression on Angela’s face, it was like... like... like I’d be doing her a favor, shooting her. Christ I want to kill her, I want revenge, I want to rip that bitch in half and make her watch her guts fall out. And I let it slip away.”

This was turning into a confession, and Damien had to wonder how a normal priest would handle this. The Lancea et Sanctum did not look for confessions from its Kindred. Kindred were to be God’s monsters, and were already damned. Sins against God were irrelevant and immaterial to Kindred. All that mattered was that they served their role. Damien had, on occasion, offered advice to the congregation, been a minister, but it was nothing like this, like listening to a man pour his heart out.

And as Jack looked at his family, the conflict between his sorrowful memory, and his present hatred for Angela, was cut into his face with a serrated knife.

“I’m a god damn trope. I let her live, and—”

“Jack, only a Kindred with decades of unlife and hundreds of kills to their name, would have taken that shot without at least a moment’s hesitation. Only a Kindred who no longer thinks about the family they once had.” After gesturing to the window and the painful past, he reached out, and touched the boy’s shoulder. He almost expected Jack to pull his shoulder away. He didn’t. Maybe a little contact wouldn’t be so bad, after all.

“If I was more of an asshole, she’d be dead, and we’d be better off.”

“Perhaps. Or, Jeremiah would have realized his partner was dead, and killed us all, instead of monologuing like a fool.” Nodding, Damien lowered his hand, and nodded back out toward the streets. “Come on, before this trip down memory lane ruins you.”

With a nod and sigh, Jack came with him, and Amanda fell in step beside him opposite of Damien, as they began the trek back to the richer side of South Side.

“Julias used to tell me I was handling my transformation well, too well, and for a lot of Kindred, staring at the past like this led to... suicide.”

Amanda reached out, and put a hand on Jack’s shoulder. Either she decided to mimic Damien, or the girl’s attitude leapt over that hurdle without any of Damien’s hesitation.

“I don’t see you doing that,” she said.

“... me neither.” Sighing, Jack slipped his hands into his pockets, and glanced over his shoulder, back at the family he left behind over a year ago. “But maybe I am playing with fire.”

“Maybe. But, every vampire has to go through this stage, Gloria says.” Shrugging like all the misery was nothing, she pat him on the shoulder again, before she nodded back to the house they left behind. “They look great, by the way.”

“They do?”

“Mhmm. Your mom’s looks like she’s been hitting the gym, and taking Mary with her, from last I saw them.”

Both boys raised an eyebrow at each other. It had never occurred to either of them to analyze the physical state of Jack’s family.

“Maybe she’s trying to move on?” Jack said.

Amanda nodded, and added a little bounce to her step. “You’ve been gone a long time. I bet she’s getting over it, and finally moving on. Or, you know, trying.”

To become nothing more than a cherished memory to your own family, while you are still alive. It was an alien concept to Damien, but Jack smiled, and nodded.

“I bet she is.”

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~~Antoinette~~

Her love looked beyond depressed.

With a sigh, she set her chin on the boy’s head, and hugged him from behind. The two of them were in her shower, the lavish one meant to emulate the feeling of showering in a waterfall. They had cleaned each other already, and she expected to find some sort of smile in the boy’s actions. But, no, her love was morose, and perhaps a little silence and physical contact was what he needed.

“I nearly got everyone killed,” he said at last.

“While they may have taken your words for guidance, everyone there was an acting individual; you were not the captain.”

“Yeah... I guess...” Sighing, his head dropped, and she looked down at the boy in her arms as the water fell over his buzzed head. “What was I doing, giving orders? I was the youngest one there.”

“You are talented, and a Ventrue. It is not unexpected.”

“And... and I let Angela live.”

“From what you tell me, you were going to shoot her, non?”

“Yeah, but I hesitated. Like a shitty movie, I hesitated and let the villain escape.”

“Her mother was only several feet away, little Ventrue, begging you to spare her life. And you are far too young to be killing anyone without hesitation.” Words that would fall flat, but they needed to be said, nonetheless. “You may be a Right Hand of the Invictus, and for good reason, but these are trials that anyone your age is expected to fail. And you did far better than others would, in your circumstance.”

“I guess. But... but if Julias hadn't gone to Jacob, and gotten that... that thing's help, there's a good chance we'd all be dead.”

How painful, for the boy to summarize her dilemma so succinctly. If she could not control this spirit entity, then if similar circumstances rose, what could she do?

She could tie the damn boy to her bed and keep him there for all eternity. That was always an option.

“And everyone will learn from that mistake. It was an error on the council's part, to send you and your crew. An error on everyone's part, to underestimate these hunters.”

“I know. I know.”

He knew, but he would not let the reality wipe away the emotions he was feeling. He was young, and such lack of control over his mind was an unfortunate circumstance of his age. It was also endearing, that the boy's soul still had such power over his mind, and she hugged the boy tighter to her as she kissed his head.

“Now that the hunters have proven far more prepared than we could have ever dreamed, I hope the Invictus, and others, will act with less haste, more discretion and prudence, from now on.”

“Yeah, no more crazy runs into nightmares without proper precautions,” he said.

“Mercy beaucoup.” Nodding, she turned the boy around, lifted his chin, and kissed him. It was enough to earn a small smile from him, one she could feel on her lips, and she returned it as she lowered

her hands down his back. The feel of his hard body against her breasts was delightful, and she closed her eyes as she hugged him a bit tighter.

Something was bothering the boy, more than his words suggested. Kindred his age often went through a phase of identify crisis, as their new life as a vampire took form, and started to break down the walls of old. She knew the boy had a habit of visiting his living family, and had done so recently; her network of thralls missed little. No doubt that was part of what bothered him, but she did not see the connection between the mission, and the boy's past.

But she would not pry. She was sure, with time, he would tell her more.

His own hands found her back, and her ass. With a little time, a longer kiss, the boy's hands started to caress her skin, massage the meat of her buttocks, and tickle up and down her spine. It earned another smile from her, and she lifted her head so she could show her joy to the small man in her arms. If he was able to feel aroused by her, then his misery was not permanent.

She nudged him into the wall of black marble, and got down on her knees. The sight of her beneath him, with her hands on his hips, was enough to break the boy's gloomy expression, and earn eyes of lust and desire.

"Blush for me," she said, as she blushed. Color came to her skin, and the joyful warmth of arousal tickled along her spine.

"I thought we were going to go hang with Tash and her two werewolves?" Despite his weak protest, the boy blushed, and his shaft lifted with life in front of her eyes. Delicious, how the hard thing stood out and up, his skin shaved smooth, and the muscle definition of his lower abdomen showed his inviting iliac furrow to great degree. Hopefully, Julias had instructed the boy, in how dangerous the Apollo's belt was; what woman could resist? She traced her fingers along its lines, from where it led from his hips, and down at a V ship toward his shaft and underneath it.

"We are. But, I will be wearing something quite... uncomfortable, and I fear it will lead to your wandering gaze." With a devil's smile, she gazed up at him with her red eyes, as she leaned in, and set her lips upon his cock. Immediate, quiet groans from the boy, enough to send her heart fluttering. The look of sheer, rapturous joy on the boy's face, as she slid his foreskin back, and gently encompassed his swollen glans with her lips, was euphoric.

"I doubt... you can... ever make that stop."

She smiled around his cock, and suckled upon the tip, as one of her hands took his testicles to massage, and the other took his shaft around the base to massage as well. The boy had mentioned in the

past he found wet hair attractive, and she knew her hair was quite wet, soaked in the falling water, and flat to her head, neck, and back. To show off for him, to let him drink her beauty, as she gently milked his length, was too delicious a moment for her to ever pass up.

Time was of the essence. The plan was for a shower, and then to relax at her pool, perhaps swim. Natasha and her boyfriends were coming as well, and she was curious to see how they would react to the sight of the Prince, and Natasha as well, in swim wear. If she guessed right, flaunting her body would lead to Natasha being ravaged by two aroused beasts, and Antoinette could not pass on the opportunity to give her Tash a delicious night, whether she wanted it or not. She had earned it.

Jack did not last long. Of course he did not, she did not wish for him to, as she set her goal to make him climax as quickly as possible. He reached down, and set his hands on her head, as she circled his swollen glans with her tongue. Her expert, tight, and consistent working hand on his length, would have any man cumming in minutes. But before he did, she pulled her head back, knelt higher, and guided his cock onto her breast. She lowered the hand around his testicles, and instead used it to cup her own left breast, so she could more easily press his swollen glans onto her nipple.

The poor boy set his hands on her shoulders, and shivered, struggling to stay standing, as she caressed her engorged areola with his hot glans around, and around, and around, until the first gush of his cum splashed over her breast. Jack's moans broke through his attempts to quiet them, and she smiled at him before looking back down at his shaft, as she guided it around her nipple. The hot cream flowed up and around her breast, coating it in his cum as another gush squirted up to meet it. She kept out of the falling water for now, purely to let the boy enjoy seeing the sight of her bust covered in his cum. And, with the large amount of ejaculate the boy's adapting Kindred body was happy to produce in so little time, it was quite easy to soak her breast in white, until heavy drops of the thick liquid trickled down the underside of her breast, and dripped onto the shower floor.

She leaned down to kiss his glans, licked away the final drop of his cum, and smiled up at him as she began to massage his cum into her breasts. It was hot, and thick, and felt delightful on the skin. But that was not the reason she put on such a display. It was to see the boy's entranced gaze, that she took the time to spread the thick fluid over her breasts, under them, between them, and massage the white into her skin. With both hands, she cupped the undersides of her heavy bosom, and worked her fingers around her nipples, earning little sparks of pleasure into her core, as she caressed the engorged nubs.

She continued her devilish smile, well practiced and mastered, and stood. Hot water washed away his seed, and once she had cleaned the white fluid from her fingers, she ran them back through her hair as she lifted her elbows. Raised elbows tugged at her breasts, and caused them to jiggle lightly as she



soaked them in the downpour of hot water. A dance she had perfected long ago, and she sighed bliss as she felt her insides warm with how her love gawked at her, paralyzed.

“If we had time,” she said, “I would take you to the bed, where you could return the favor. But, I look forward to time with Natasha. Come, let us be off.” She ended the blush of life, and walked back to the bedroom, her hand behind her, and Jack’s hand in hers.

Holding hands. How naughty.

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~~Natasha~~

The three of them each sat on a pool lounge chair, and sighed happy sighs, together. They were in the Prince’s tower, and had decided to take the night to do absolutely nothing but relax. Pools were relaxing, and Antoinette had a giant pool with a hot tub and everything. Perfect place to relax where it was safe. Tash and the boys didn’t bother with swimming though; instead, they were happy to just lounge around. Swimming took effort. Lying around took none.

“Never thought I’d be saved by Jacob,” Art said.

Matt nodded. “Me neither. Especially not with Black Blood.”

Yeah, none of them expected Jacob to rescue them. None of them expected him to use a crazy spirit entity to do so, either.

There was no point in lamenting how rushed their plan was, how ridiculous, how arrogant they’d been, and how they’d have to do better next time. And because of their stupidity, they all owed Jacob, the crazy old Nosferatu. Or at least, Julias owed him. Whether that was better or worse than dying to hunters remained to be seen; probably better, but it was hard to tell with him. For all Tash knew, Julias would have to participate in some crazy ritual with the man, and help him summon ghosts or demons.

That didn’t sound too bad, actually. She’d summoned things with Antoinette already.

Tash looked over at Art and Matt, each lying on their lounge chairs, heads leaning back and eyes closed. Both were in swimming trunks, black for Art and blue for Matt. Both were, of course, very fit, and their muscles were highlighted with definition, even when simply lying and relaxing. Art was lean

and mean like a fighter, while Matt was a wall of muscle. And, despite herself, she both smiled and frowned at the sight of their new welts, bruises, and scars. Silver hurt them in ways even their special bodies couldn't fully regenerate from without days, which made her frown, but some scars on their bodies looked pretty sexy.

Ugh, she was turning into Jessy. Every day, her friend's infectious hedonism and sexual obsessions corrupted her mind!

"I do hope," Antoinette said, "that in the future, you will understand that to act with all speed is not always the smartest choice. Oui?"

Tash turned her head and lifted it enough to look at the pool. Antoinette was drifting around in the pool, her long white hair slicked back over her head, wet. Tash and her boyfriends had come in while Jack and the Prince were swimming, so they hadn't seen either of them out of the pool yet. But Tash had seen straps over Antoinette's shoulders, so, she wasn't naked. Good. That'd be awkward, and she didn't need her boss tempting her boyfriends.

"I th-think we do... understand that n-now," Tash said.

"Bien. These are dangerous times, and I fear, due to the chaos and uncertainty these new elements have brought to my city, that it will be impossible to full prepare for them. Be careful." The Prince swam over to Jack, and swam around him. Jack returned the favor, nodding with the Prince's advice, and swimming around her as well. Two koi in a pond.

"I'm surprised you guys can relax, honestly," Art said. "Not worried about that Begotten working for Jeremiah showing up randomly?"

Jack poked his head up over the pool edge. "Fiona says Begotten can't just burrow to wherever they want. There's criteria. They have to have seen the place once, at least. And there's other stuff, about it resonating with their nightmare in some way?"

"So Eric's place isn't safe?"

"Normally no, but she says that Elen royally fucked the area, and no Begotten is burrowing through it anytime soon."

Art nodded, satisfied, and hooked his hands behind his head as he looked up. "... this indoor pool could use a skylight." Every Kindred in the room stopped, and raised a brow at the man, before he put his hands up in surrender. "Kidding."

“It’s a lovely... fortress,” Matt said. “Really, it’s beautiful. Just a little intimidating how it’s all underground, and massive. How long did this place take to make?”

“Many decades.” Antoinette came up behind Jack, and hugged him, her shoulders against his as she leaned her chin around his neck. Tash couldn’t see over the edge of the pool very much, but it was obvious to see she was squishing her breasts to Jack’s back. The woman was ridiculously confident, but unlike Jessy, it didn’t seem crass at all. Her friend’s sexual attitude was like a wrecking ball through a wall, while the Prince’s was like seductive music; you’d get pulled into its enchanting lullaby if not careful.

But, seeing her squish herself against Jack’s back, reminded her of that time she’d found the two of them making love. It’d been so sweet, and so erotic. Jack was built! He was a small guy, but Julias had definitely taken the time to groom him, putting some muscle on his shorter, thin frame. And seeing the curvy, busty goddess riding him while he suckled on her breasts, had been too lascivious.

She wouldn’t mind seeing it again. The lullaby already had her.

“Decades?” Matt whistled, and copied Art, hooking his hands behind his head and looking at the marble ceiling. “You vamps like to think long term.”

Tash looked at her boyfriends, and smiled. Much as Antoinette and Jack were both gorgeous creatures, her two boyfriends looked so handsome in their swimming trunks. And they were so huge! Even Art, who was by all accounts a fair bit thinner than Matt’s huge, muscular body, was still a big, tall guy, with a broad back that he showed off with his hands behind his head.

She smiled to herself, and licked a fang. Vampires really did get spoiled—except for the Nosferatu. But other than the cursed Kindred, the other blood clans took the time to not only groom their chosen childe before siring, they picked them in the prime of their life, generally between ages twenty and thirty. Vampires were, overwhelmingly, handsome, beautiful, and fit. And Uratha seemed to be in a similar boat, as their lifestyles and inhuman element turned them into paragons of health, fitness, and strength.

How had she not indulged in this world of sex and lust before, she didn’t know. But things were different now.

“Long term. That is an accurate way of describing it, oui.” The Prince swam up to the edge of the pool, set her hands against it, and pushed up, to lift herself above the water, wet hair flattening over her back and down to her butt. Tash, Art, and Matt, all lifted their heads, and watched. Because how could they not.

Tash froze as she realized the Prince was not wearing a normal swimsuit, but a bikini. And not normal bikini, or even a small bikini, but a micro bikini. The thing around her hips was nothing more than string, disappearing between her curvy butt, and providing only enough covering of her front to hide her sex. Everyone got to see that was she shaved smooth. And of course, the black straps of her bikini top were just as small and pointless, with only small triangles to cover her nipples. Except, they didn't completely cover them, and some of the pink of her areola was visible outside its edge. The weight of her breasts was enough to stretch the bikini, and the tiny string struggled to keep them contained. They were jiggling, blatantly jiggling, with her swaying walk, as if some invisible person was walking with her and poking her giant breasts with each step.

It wasn't the first time Tash had seen her boss naked; or in this case, basically naked. But it was a first for Art and Matt. As much as the Prince's dress at the ball had been revealing, and the one at Bloodlust too, it was nothing like this, and both boys' jaw dropped as the woman walked by.

"I will be in my chambers, draining my love. Boys, feel free to use the facilities here; all rooms where you are not permitted are already locked. Enjoy yourselves." Antoinette smiled at them, and continued along, Jack's hand in hers as he followed behind her.

Jack offered them a small finger wave as he vanished around the exit, big grin on his face.

"That kid is dating a succubus," Art said.

"She... sh-she is... I guess, yeah." Nodding, Natasha sat up, and looked down at herself. She was wearing a one-piece purple swimsuit, but it had an open back, and a sliver of an open stomach leading up to her sternum. It was racy! Maybe not as racy as wearing literal string, but still. "She is v-very... very beautiful."

Grinning at her, Art nodded his head toward the door Antoinette and Jack had disappeared through. "Want to go spy on them?"

"W-What!? No! N-No..." She got up off her lounge chair, and gave Art a good punch in the shoulder. "Pervert." Of course, she'd already done that, but she wasn't about to tell them that.

"Hey, I'm in a Daeva's basement. I'm hopelessly caught in her web. Seduced." The man got up, raised his arms as if now a zombie, and started walking toward the door.

She caught him by his swimming trunks, and pulled him back, until he had to fall back into his lounge chair. "Not tr-true!"

Matt did the same thing! He got up, started moaning and groaning, and began walking toward the door, arms out in front of him. She dashed around in front of him, and pushed against his stomach and

chest, frowning up at him. Both boys started laughing, and Matt gave in, until she managed to put him back on a lounge chair, beside Art.

“You like... b-big boobs?” she said.

“Of course,” they said together.

She folded her arms across her chest, and glared.

They both started laughing, and Matt reached out. Once he had one of her hands in his, she was helpless to escape, no matter how hard she squirmed; might as well have been trying to move a mountain. He pulled her up onto his lounge chair, and up onto his waist. This close, he had no trouble picking her up, and setting her on his waist, straddling him and facing him, where he could hold her hips. She tried to get away, but it was pointless, as the titan held her there, and smiled at her as he pulled her in close for a kiss.

She frowned at him, but kissed him anyway. His hands roamed over her body, enormous hands, and despite herself, she melted onto his hard, wide chest, as the man tugged on her to bring her closer. Higher up on his abs, she was at a better angle to keep kissing him, as he set his head back against the lounge chair.

“I’m... hungry,” she said.

“How about a little of each of us?” Matt said. “You’ve never done that.”

“B-Both?” She tilted her head, considering. They didn’t usually do that. But, both boys shared her all the time, so her double dipping on their blood at the same time hardly seemed unreasonable.

Matt tilted his head to the side, and waited, smiling at her. Her big, gentle giant. Art was watching, half smiling, half waiting for his turn. They were looking at her with hungry eyes, too. In fact, Art was looking her up and down, licking his lips every so often.

Well, he could wait his turn! She stuck her tongue out at him, turned to Matt, and snuggled her face into his neck. A few kisses against the hard steel of his muscle, the bulging thing sticking out from his shoulder and neck, a massive trapezius muscle, before she moved her lips to his neck. The dirty blonde gruff on his neck was scruffy, and she used a hand to push on his chin and keep the sandpaper away from her lips. She was a soft, delicate creature, and men’s facial hair was most definitely not kind to such things; the gruff was very sexy, though.

She sank her fangs into his neck, and melted into him, as the warmth of his blood flooded her mouth. Those silver bullets and knives had done him damage, Art too, and she could tell the two of

them were still hurting. But if they were willing to share blood with her, she was willing to take it; it was too delectable to not. It was richer than kine blood, almost thicker, and almost sweet. Decadent. The energy in it was immense, and each mouthful she gulped down sent a buzz into her head, into her body, into her fingers and toes.

A few gulps was enough. She licked the wound closed, sat up, wiped away her lips with a finger, and smiled at the gentle giant between her legs. He returned it, and his hands ran up and down her hips, her sides, her back, earning a quiet mewl from her.

“It’s neat how you blush life, when you get a meal,” he said, a dopey, relaxed smile on him.

“It... it’s... it can b-be problematic.”

“Oh?” Matt winked at her, his energy returning quickly; damn werewolves recovered so fast. His roaming hands slipped under her arms, cradled her ribs, and his thumbs pressed to her nipples. Oh! Little sparks announced that the small buttons had become swollen, and she swatted his hands away.

“Hey! Come on, b-be... be romantic... for a while, ok?” She nuzzled onto the man’s chest, and gave him a kiss on his chin. “You t-two... you almost... d-d-d... died.”

“Yeah, it was a brutal night,” Art said.

Matt, on the other hand, shrugged. “I feel fine.”

He did not! Tash gave his chest a good punch, where she knew the man had been shot. Predictably, the gentle giant winced, sitting up and holding his chest.

“Ow!”

“See? You’re n-not fine.”

“Well not anymore!”

She frowned at him, but instead of punching him again, she leaned up, kissed him — dreamy, green eyes — before she slid off of him, and crawled onto Art’s lap. He was right next to Matt, only a couple feet away, so she only had to take a single step to start climbing up onto him as well.

Whereas Matt was giant, and all muscle, with shoulder-length dirty blonde hair and gruff, Art was a bit shorter, though still huge and fit, and she smiled into his brown eyes as she reached out, and touched his shaved face and tan skin. His dark hair was jaw length, a bit messy, a bit wavy, and terribly delicious. He was from Tijuana but didn’t have much of an accent. She should ask about that some day.

The man smiled up at her, and looked down to her breasts; and kept looking. Men! She punched him too, gently, on the sternum, and earned an ‘oof’ from the man. Good. She climbed up his chest, and kissed him, eyes half closing as she melted onto him. So much melting. The man hugged her, hands drifting up and down her back and shoulders, same as Matt did, as she slid her kisses down his jaw, and onto his neck.

She’d have to teach the boys to be serious about things, and romantic about things, later. For now, the Kiss dominated her thoughts, and despite herself, she pressed her hardening nipples into his chest as she hunted for blood.

As she sank her fangs into his neck, the man purred, a rumbling, deep purr in his chest that vibrated through her. It was such a lovely sound, and she pressed her body down on him as she made her own sounds: moans. Quiet, little things, but it was too good, how amazing he tasted, how utterly delicious and overwhelmingly pleasurable the buzz the Kiss sent through her body, into her core, and out into her extremities was. The fact the werewolf’s blood was ambrosia, so delicious it defied words, only made everything so much better.

She pulled away, and sat up. The feel of his life, thick and warm, coating her throat as it dripped into her stomach, made her tremble. She smiled at him, and made a couple more small moans, as she felt the energy pulse through body. Her fake heart was beating, fast, and her skin was flush with color; as much as a pale girl like her could ever get color.

“D-Don’t... go dying on me,” she said. While Art held onto her waist, she ran one of her fingers down his chest, and traced the lines of his pectorals, his abs, and the iliac furrow that disappeared underneath his trunks. “I’d... be v-very sad, if either of you died.”

Matt turned on his side to watch her, though it was clear the man’s eyes were half looking at her, half looking at her swimsuit, and how the tight fabric exposed her back, some of her side, and was showing how hard her nipples had grown. She covered them up with her arms again, and when she noticed Art was looking at them too, she frowned her best frown.

“It’s th-th-the Kiss!”

“Oh, we know.” Chuckling, Art sat up, took her shoulders into his hands, hooking his arms underneath hers, and pulled her into another kiss. “And we’re not dying anytime soon, don’t worry.”

“I... I w-worry, because you wolves are so... gung-ho when you... when you fight.”

“Jack made the right call. We needed to be aggressive,” Matt said.

Art shrugged, and nudged his nose against hers. “Besides, you were there. We trusted you to back us up.”

The giant agreed, turning on his chair so his feet were down between his and Art’s. “You did good in there. One of the few that kept their head. Noah will vouch for you, I’m sure, if we ask Avery to take you into the Hisil.”

“Into... the Hisil.” Scary. Very scary. But exciting, and thrilling, and their compliments had her smiling. Confidence was always a struggle, and—“Hey!”

Art’s hands sneaked around her swimsuit’s open back, and caressed her skin, her spine, before sneaking under it, and down onto her butt. Both hands stretched the fabric out a bit, so he could knead her ass, while he kissed her neck.

“You smell amazing,” he said.

“It’s... it’s just... fake life. B-Because I... ate.” She pushed against his chest, but Art insisted, keeping his hands on her ass, caressing and massaging the skin, and keeping her pressed to him. He was getting hard. “H-Hey, you... you just... lost some blood, you... shouldn’t be...” One of his hands raised higher, and pressed against her shoulder blades, pinning her to his chest, while the other reached down, still sneaking underneath her swimsuit. Fingers drifted down her butt, between, and underneath her, to start caressing her folds.

“I have to have you,” he growled into her ear.

Too cheesy! So very, very cheesy. But the heat of his body, the growing erection pressing against her swimsuit, and the man’s hands, strong and hungry, refusing to let her escape his embrace, weren’t so cheesy.

“Art, come on, s-someone could... could find us.”

“Something tells me the Prince won’t care.”

“B... But, Art, you—mm!” Couldn’t talk, not when he put his lips to hers, and continued to hug her so tight against him, her back was arching, and her breasts were flattened to his chest as he leaned his head down over her. His member was only growing harder, and pressing up against her slit through his trunks, while his fingers were still scooping underneath her from behind to nudge and caress her sex.

A glance in the corner of her eye made her gasp, or try to, but Art’s lips didn’t let her. Matt was masturbating! Casually, slowly, eyes on her, drinking her in, his hand worked his length underneath his trunks, until he was hard, too.



“Let’s take her back to her room,” he said. “Can’t really do much to her out here.”

“Good point. No bed out here.” Nodding, Art scooped her up, and threw her over his shoulder, her top half hanging behind him, her legs dangling in front of him. She frowned at Matt, big nasty grrr frown, since she couldn’t see Art’s face when hanging over him.

“Hey! W-Wait! I never—eep!” She squeaked, as Art gave her butt a spank! Oh the nerve. She was going to punish them, punish them so hard. It wasn’t a hard spank, but her bottom was mostly bare, since the swim suit pulled up into her butt, almost like a thong.

The two evil, horrible men took her to her bedroom, through the halls of black marble. She was horrified she might run into the Prince; though, if she did, she might ask for her help, to rescue her from these two bad bad men.

Her bedroom was a simple thing, large, with old fashioned wardrobes and a large closet to hold her clothes. Mostly empty, since she still had her own place to store that stuff, but she had to admit, the giant bed was comfortable. The boys knew it too, and Art walked her toward it.

“You... you... b-big... meanies!”

The two boys laughed, and Matt closed the door behind them. The black marble was everywhere, but Antoinette had holes in the ceiling where LEDs were, shining white light upon everything. The bed had white sheets, and a few large pillows. It wasn’t meant to be anything more than where Tash put her head during daytime, not for entertaining guests! But Matt and Art didn’t seem to mind. With a chuckle, Art tossed her on the bed, and she squeaked again as she bounced.

“Big b-brutes!”

Her words didn’t stop them. Both of them grinned down at her, Matt coming to join them at the edge of the bed, and they both slid out of their trunks. They’d shaved; well, trimmed, which was perfect, their pubic hair reduced to a shallow gruff instead of big bushes.

No, wait, don’t admire their naked bodies, and hard shafts. Be angry! They’d taken you to your room for inevitable sex, without your permission! Be super angry! Grr.

Art climbed onto the bed with her, and she struggled to not stare at how his lithe, lean, muscular body moved as he prowled across the sheets over to her, hard cock swaying underneath him. Big hands reached out for her, and she backed away from the wolf. He crawled faster, took her feet, and pulled her across the sheets toward him, like she weighed nothing. She squeaked and squealed, and pulled the blankets, but it did nothing, and soon Art had her in front of him. He turned her onto her back, so her

legs were away from him, her head toward him. She squealed again as Arturo pinned her wrists to the bed, too.

“W-Wait!” They didn’t wait. They never waited. They just picked her up and threw her down onto things when the mood struck them. She just ate, and couldn’t turn off the blush of life for a little while yet; they were going to take advantage of it.

She wriggled and squirmed, and tried to get away, but Art didn’t let her. He grinned down at her, and got down on his elbows so his head was right over hers. He was upside down to her, since her legs were away from him, head underneath him.

“You know I can’t resist you,” he said.

“B-B-B—hey!” She forced her head up and looked down her body, to find Matt tearing off her swimsuit. Tearing! Her poor swimsuit. But, as she looked down at the giant between her legs, she froze as she recognized the animal hunger in his eyes. More hunger than usual, even. Scary hunger. Like, for a moment, she thought maybe the man was going to become a werewolf, and—

Oh my god he was changing. Changing! His body grew in size, adding maybe another six inches to his height, and his muscles grew larger, and larger. It stopped there, and she sighed relief as she stared at the colossal man between her legs, but he wasn’t the same Matt anymore. He was bigger, bulkier, with fangs and more mass and more hair and... and... and like he was halfway between a werewolf and a man. Dalu form, they called it?

Art began to change too, and she stared up at the man as his body grew as well. Taller, bigger, thicker, and with a lot of the gruff she’d expect of a beastly man. She could smell it too, testosterone and blood, need and hunger, instinct and desire. They wanted her.

“W... W-Why—nng!” She gasped, and struggled all the more, as Matt set his lips onto her sex. A belly full of werewolf blood had her body pulsing with satisfaction and human, living desires. It wanted to be touched, it wanted stimulation. It wanted a set of warm, wet lips on the set between her thighs, and burying it all in gentle heat.

She whimpered and squirmed, struggled to escape, but Art kept his hands on her wrists, and with his head over hers, he leaned down to set his lips onto hers as well. Upside down kiss. She frowned at him as best she could, and offered him her best angry glare, but it all melted, unable to sustain her frustration, as the man’s kiss continued; not like his chin could appreciate the frustration in her eyes anyway. While Art kissed, Matt gently ran his tongue up and down her labia, until he settled on her clitoris, and began to massage the swelling nub. They always started gentle before they got rough, and

no matter what she said or did, they had more than ample proof that she liked what they did. She was already wet.

Art lifted his head, let go of her hands, reached down, and tore the other half of her swimsuit apart.

“H-Hey! You... you’re gonna... have t-to... buy...” Trying to argue about money was pointless. They knew she had plenty of money, and Kindred could steal things they couldn’t afford anyway; especially a Mekhet. And, worst of all, they knew she wore a sexy swimsuit, because she liked the looks it got from her boyfriends.

Art let go of her hands, and shifted along the bed a bit, so his right knee was beside her head, left knee beside her shoulder, his body facing her. With much of her torso between his knees, Art took his cock in his hand, and began to masturbate, a low growl escaping him as he looked her naked body up and down, the tatters of her swimsuit underneath her. His huge grip wrapped his veined shaft, and worked its length, sliding the skin up and down, and she stared at the swollen glans of his cock as he slowly exposed it. Just like the two beasts, it’d gotten a bit bigger too. Oh no.

As the huge man looking down at her masturbated, he leaned forward, and set his hot, swollen cock’s head against her lips. With his knees spread wide and her between them, he didn’t have to lean forward far, and he grinned down at her as she watched his body of muscle and heat pulse with need. She could feel his heartbeat on his cock as it pumped with blood, growing a little harder still. She could feel the gentle movement of his hand slowly working his length, each stroke pressing his glans against her lips.

His other hand reached down, and slipped around her throat. She gasped, and stared up at him as he offered her neck a gentle squeeze, just enough to let her feel him, let her feel the strength in his grip, feel the desire in the man’s body. It added to the heat, set her body boiling, and had both her nipples standing hard. But instead of raising her hands to grab onto his wrist, or maybe push him away, she reached down between her legs, and slid her fingers into Matt’s hair, as the man began to suckle on her clitoris, before burying it again in long, heavy licks of his tongue.

She opened her mouth with a moan, and Art slid his cock between her lips. The angle prevented any sort of depth, but it was enough for her to encompass the bottom half of his glans with her kiss, and begin licking the hot flesh. The rumbling purrs he made were intoxicating, and she quivered as she watched his eyes half close in pleasure, pleasure she was giving him. As she stared up at the massive beast, he kept his grip on her neck, and smiled down at her, the hunger in his eyes only growing as his hand grew faster. She could taste the precum as a couple drops of it leaked down onto her tongue. His

grip on her neck made her helpless to move, to escape, and Matt had his grip wrapped around each of her thighs, pressing her legs down against his shoulders, so she couldn't move those either.

She was hopelessly trapped. Nothing she could do. Nope, nothing. Even if she begged them to stop, they'd probably keep going, and ravage her. Yep, that's what they'd do, pin her down and force it on her. Nothing she could do.

Might as well give in.

She tightened her grip on Matt's head, and stroked the waves of his dirty blonde hair in her fingers, as the man bathed her cunt with his lips and tongue. Sizzling heat radiated outward from her thighs, and sparks of pleasure traveled up and down her back and legs, reaching her chest, reaching her toes, and forcing them to curl. She moaned onto Art's cock, and the man responded by masturbating faster, grip on his shaft tightening, until she was staring at how his veined muscles shifted under his skin as his forearm worked back and forth.

Matt slid two fingers into her clenching pussy, and pressed up against her g-spot. His other arm reached around her leg from the outside to press down on her pelvis, and squashed her g-spot down against the assaulting fingers. Through it all, he kept his mouth pressed to her clitoris, bathing it with his tongue. Her moans turned into squeaks, and she stopped trying to lick Art, unable to do anything but gasp, as the tremors of climax hit her. Her legs straightened out, and her toes curled all the more, as her thighs squeezed on Matt's head, and quivered.

She knew she was making a mess on his face. Ever since that night with Jessy and her ghouls, her sex drive had awakened, as if someone had found an ember and threw on logs. And then Matt and Art came along, and threw on more logs. And some paper. And gasoline. Now, she could feel herself cream the man's lips and tongue, coating them in her juices, as she shook like a leaf in the wind.

As her orgasm started to calm down, and the tingling aftershocks danced up and down her legs, Art's hand grew faster, working his length until she could see the pleasure rising in his face. He half closed his eyes, and only tightened his grip on her neck as he masturbated onto her lips. The first wave of cum was enough to overwhelm her lips, and flowed down over her cheek, her chin, and down over her neck as Art aimed his cock down toward her body. He kept the underside along her lips, and she did her best to kiss and lick it, but she was still shaky, and Art was still masturbating, causing his glans to gently bounce against her kisses. Another stream of his cum gushed out over her lips, onto her chin, and landed on her neck; Art moved his hand out of the way, and she felt the warmth trickle down over her chin, and onto her neck and collar. And again, and again. What did Jessy call it? Pearl necklace. Except

this one coated her lips and chin, too. Anymore and she was going to drown. She couldn't drown, though, and the werewolves knew it.

Art sat back enough for her to lift her head. She set her hands on the blankets beside her, and put her weight onto her elbows, so she could better look at what Matt was doing. He was staring at her, the hunger in his gaze only growing as his eyes looked at her cum-covered lips and neck.

He stood up, took her thighs, and spread them as he stepped in closer. Too tall! Way, way too tall, and she stared up at the giant beast as he pressed his shins against the bed, standing between her knees. He reached out across the bed, grabbed a pillow, and slid it under her butt, pointing her wet snatch up at him. Licking his lips, he took his cock into his hand, squatted down a bit so he could adjust for the height difference, and laid his cock along her lower abdomen, his testicles against her pussy. The brute of a man, in his Dalu form, was gargantuan. Over seven feet tall! And everything about him was bigger, and... and longer.

She trembled, and stared, as the giant guided his cock onto her dripping pussy, and pressed his fat glans against the tiny opening. For a moment, she thought he might want anal; they had it often enough, and she'd grown to enjoy it, despite her words to the contrary. Tonight, the giant seemed intent on penetrating the hole he'd prepared, and she whimpered up at him as she felt her shivering muscles stretch open around his cock. His girth was only a little bigger, but a little bigger was plenty when the two men had already been massive compared to her tiny slit.

"W... W-Wait... it's... nng..." She reached down between her legs with one hand, and wrapped her fingers around the giant thing opening her, as if that might stop him. Her other hand reached out to try and push against his stomach, but she might as well have been trying to push a house.

She tried to keep her eyes open, but Matt was doing that thing he did, where he went really slow and teased her. He sank in a couple inches before he pulled out one, then did it again, slowly getting deeper, slowly stretching her more and more, until she felt herself grow taut around his hard girth, and her insides were clenching in rhythm with him. And the angle, with her butt on the pillow, made sure each inch forced his glans to press toward her belly. Her grip on his cock continued as he slid more of the length past it, into her squeezing slit, and she squeezed the hard thing skewering her with her fingers as it grew wet with her juices.

Five inches into her, reaching her depths, and with a lot more to go; her hand holding his cock still had room for all her fingers. Her other hand found his abs, and pushed against him, silently begging for him to stop, despite her little mewls and whimpers. She knew what she looked like, with her mouth open, quiet gasps on her lips, and cum dripping down her chin and neck. She knew what she felt like,

with her insides clenching sporadically, and her juices dripping down onto her butt and thighs. Pressing against his abs — hard, massive abs — to try and stop him? Utterly pointless. Except struggling meekly like a helpless lamb earned growls of desire from her wolves; it always did. And despite herself, she kinda liked those hungry growls.

Matt continued to push into her, stretching her deepest place deeper into her body, and she gasped louder. Very sensitive spot! She squeaked, and pushed against Matt's stomach with both her hands, but he kept going, slowly easing his cock into her body another inch, and another.

Art took her hands again, and with one of his, pinned both of them over her head. Oh no, helpless again. Grinning down at her like a devil, he began masturbating again, and pushed down on his cock to guide his glans against her lips.

“Turn your head,” he said, voice a low growl.

Between her shivers, she turned her head to face toward the beast kneeling beside her, and opened her mouth, to let him guide his cock against her tongue. He growled again, and rumbled, that deep purring sound, filled with bass and weight, vibrating into her, as she felt his shaft between her lips; she had to open her mouth wide to fit him. And as Art eased his cock into her mouth, Matt sank every last inch of his length into her small body, until her depths felt stretched to the limit.

If he started ramming her now, she wouldn't be able to handle it. It'd be too painful. But, rumbling, and growling down at her as pulled up on her thighs, Matt took her legs into his hands, set her feet to his chest, and gently began to grind his cock against her. Balls deep inside her, she whimpered around Art's cock as the wolf against her thighs shifted his hips back and forth a single inch. It was a gentle rhythm, and her insides sent more pleasure sparks into her toes each time the man slid every inch he had into her soaked slit.

Her insides were so hot, and something about being skewered that deeply, when every nerve inside her felt swollen with arousal, made the deep penetration feel good. As long as it was gentle! And Matt kept it gentle, easing his massive shaft in and out a gentle inch, so her depths were stretched inward again, and again, and again, all while her taut pussy clenched on him, earning delicious friction.

She came again. With a few squeaks, she managed to look up at Art as her muscles trembled, and she felt her juices trickle down her butt. It was embarrassing coming so quickly, and her blushing only grew worse, turning her into a beet as she tried to keep pleasuring Art, mid orgasm. It didn't work, and Art pulled out of her mouth to let her mewl a few times. When her sounds started to quieten, Art slid his cock back into her mouth. His right hand held both her hands down over her head, and his left worked his length, masturbating, as he nudged several inches of his girth around inside her mouth.

“You... are way too tight,” Matt said, voice gruffer than it normally was.

“Ah... uh... oh!” Talking with Art’s girth in her mouth wasn’t working, but he didn’t remove himself, content to smile at her as she tried. She knew Matt was going to do something, teasing her after saying something. Right on queue, he eased out more of his length, and started to fuck her faster. A lot faster. He kept the penetration to a reasonable length, only lightly grazing her deepest places, while the shallower penetration let the beast pump his cock far faster. That fast, hitting her g-spot over and over, was reducing her into a mess of quivers. She tried to lift her head and look, but again, Art forced her to keep her head where it was, as he masturbated with his thick glans and a couple inches beyond past that deep in her mouth.

She really was helpless, at this point. And, god, that set her body on fire.

She squeaked around Art’s cock again, as Matt pulled out, no longer rapid thrusting into her. He let her legs fall to the bed, spreading around him, and he leaned forward over her as he took his cock into his hand, and began masturbating. As he did, he rubbed the head of his length against her drenched folds, soaking his glans in her cum, as he worked up to his orgasm.

She melted into the bed, as the man lifted his cock enough to rest it against her clitoris, and squirted his cum onto her belly. Masturbating all the while, gentle friction against her clit, another wave of cum splashed up onto her stomach. And another, and another. Soon it was dripping down over her waist and onto the blankets, as yet more squirts of his cum flowed down onto her, soaking her. Several gushes reached her chest, coating her breasts in the white liquid, and she quivered as the warm seed covered her.

And then he was back inside her. They were never satisfied, and they wouldn’t let her up until they were.

Five minutes later, Art finally pulled his cock out of her mouth. He didn’t let go of her hands, but he did aim his cock over her body as he masturbated faster. She lifted her head, and stared at it, as the first drop of his white cum leaked out of it onto her neck. Then next drop came as a wave, squirting onto her breasts, along with another, and another. And when it finally slowed, Art continued to masturbate, earning heavy drops to fall slowly as thick strands onto her neck, collar, and shoulders.

Through it all, Matt fucked her, burying himself balls deep and gently grinding his cock’s head into her depths, pressing against things and filling her up until she thought she’d burst. She came again, legs spread and dangling off the bed shaking as she squirmed. To have Art covering her in cum as Matt made her cum, was too much, and she moaned, loudly, at the sensation. Her insides squeezed on Matt as hard as possible, clenching, wringing, but the enormous beast continued to fuck her, pushing a little

harder and a little faster, despite sinking himself to the hilt each time. Her tender insides quivered, soaking the wolf, as his thrusting forced her climax to continue. He kept hitting that spot inside her, filling her, and it refused to let the sparks stop pulsing outward, hot waves coursing up and down her core and into her limbs.

A gush of warm flowed out of her, far more than her own juices could account for. Matt was cumming inside her, already! She squirmed and wriggled, still unable to escape Art's pinning grip, and let out a loud whimper as Matt pulled himself out of her. He set his cock against her pelvis, and masturbated, same as Art. He rubbed his dripping wet, hot glans against her sensitive clit, earning almost painful sparks of pleasure through the engorged button, before sliding his length up onto her mons, and squirting more cum down onto her stomach. And more. And more.

She lifted her head up, and stared at the sight of the giant, his muscles lightly trembling with his masturbating, his eyes fixed on her, and his cock aimed over her mons. The thick head of his shaft, leaking heavy drops of white, squirted again, and she stared at the stream of hot semen flowing over her stomach, and up her sternum with its impact, before trickling down her sides, down her ribs, down her waist and hips, and down between her legs. And through it all, orgasm aftershocks continued to work up and down her legs and into her chest, making her pant, mewl, and making her toes curl.

A moment to rest, finally! Art let go of her hands, and she pressed them onto the sheets around her to try and sit up. No good, body still quivering, not wanting to do anything coordinated like sit up. So she lay there, and looked between the two brutes gazing down at her cum-soaked body. She was drenched, and she could feel the heat of their cum soaking into her skin. Everything smelled of sex and testosterone, and she made a few, weak sighs, as she looked between the two slabs of muscle looking down at her.

They were still hard. How could they still be aroused!? She'd had a Kiss of both of them, and they'd both cum twice, and—

Matt took her legs in his hands, and moved her, turned her, as he climbed onto the bed. He got on his knees, like Art, and turned her so she was between the two wolves. And then flipped her over.

“W-Wait! Wait, please, I... need a b-b-b-break, and—”

Matt took her hips, lifted, and pulled her up onto her knees. She put her weight onto her palms, and looked over her shoulder at the man. Matt was normally so gentle, but she knew what he was like when he was transformed: aggressive, and hard to control. Maybe he was like that in this in-between form too? He looked like he was ready to jump on a gazelle and eat it, with the way he was staring at her back, and ass.



He used one hand to guide his dripping cock to her pussy's clips, and with his other hand, pulled her down onto his length. All of it.

“Nn! Please... w-wait... I...” Oh god. The beast had to spread his legs to get his body aligned with hers, her knees between his, but there was no denying the wolf was getting deeper than before. He set both hands on her hips, and pulled on her harder, forcing his glans to stretch her deeper and deeper, until Tash found herself falling forward, unable to keep her weight on her hands. It felt like he was in her stomach.

Her blatant inability to stay up didn't seem to bother Matt. He kept it slow enough to not hurt her, but he was still being a little rougher than before, and she squeaked with each thrust, as the giant sank every ridiculous inch of his shaft into her. With both hands tight to her hips, she could feel her ass lightly bounce against his abdomen, and she managed to peek over her shoulder to see her small butt jiggle with the impacts against his steel pelvis.

Fucked, doggy style, by a beast behind her, trying to penetrate her up to her tonsils. She whimpered up at him, eyes begging him for a moment to recover; he didn't give it. If anything, her tiny mewls and squeaks earned nothing but more hunger from the giant, and he squeezed his fingers into her body as he pulled her balls deep onto him, and kept her there. The fat head of his cock filled her depths, stretching her inward, and he stayed there, grinding his hips into her as he buried her butt into the grooves of his pelvis, hard enough her ass molded to the steel of his body.

With her chest on the blankets, she turned her head enough to look up at Art over her. “Art... please... I need... a b-break...”

Art smiled down at her, and put his weight on his butt, his legs spread around her. He lifted her by the shoulders with one hand, and with the other, guided her mouth to his cock. They both wanted more.

She looked up at Art with her best ‘please don't, I'm meek and helpless’ look. It only earned a hungry, rumbling growl from the beast, as he slid his glans into her mouth. She struggled to keep her weight on her elbows, but Art set his hand on her head, and continued to push down, causing her to slip further down, and down, until his cock was sliding into her throat, thickness filling it. Deep, deeper, and all the way. When her lips circled the base of his cock, again the werewolf growled at her, this time in satisfaction as he gazed at her.

Her boyfriends were such brutes! Both of them were staring at her, growling, rumbling, purring, and both seemed almost desperate to get more of her, like they couldn't have enough of her. As she looked up Art's body, up his abs and chest, up to the massive man's eyes rolling upward in bliss, she squirmed and wriggled, managing only to bathe the cock filling her mouth and throat with rubbing

muscle and wet friction. Weight on her elbows, she placed her hands against his thighs near his testicles, and pushed against him, but he didn't let her up, trapping her between him and the giant behind her.

Matt continued to fuck her, frequently taking the time to bury his huge phallus balls deep into her leaking slit. And with her lips around the base of Art's cock, she couldn't move in any direction, backward or forward. Completely, utterly, hopelessly trapped, with one beast holding her down, cock filling her throat, and the other grinding the head of his cock into her depths.

She came. Quivering and squirming, she started to shake, hands squeezing on Art's thighs as the pleasure waves renewed. She looked up, eyes drifting up over Art's body before they closed when the sparks hit her. They pulsed outward, reaching down into her toes, her thighs, and up through her core and into her chest. Everything was tingling, everything, and despite the overwhelming tremors, neither Matt or Art let her fall. Art kept her pinned on his length, lips snug against the base of him, while Matt took her orgasm as queue to start fucking her with a beat again, keeping his cock all the way inside her and only withdrawing an inch or two with each thrust. It felt like the beast was hitting her belly, and she felt her insides spasm as the man's girth rubbed against every inch of her taut pussy with each motion. And her insides, the deepest part of her, filled her whole body with waves, Matt's glans pressing against it persistently and forcing another wave to course through her, and another, and another.

Finally, Art let her head go. She didn't lift it. She was exhausted, and didn't need to breathe; far too much trouble to lift her head. And as long as the man didn't cum inside her — couldn't digest his fluids — she was safe to simply stay there, and look up at the man with tired eyes. Tired, and pleasure laden, she imagined. She didn't know what her O-face looked like, but she was sure Art was getting an eyeful of it, with her lips around the base of his cock, and his length filling her mouth and throat, as she came. It was almost painful, how the coursing waves of pleasure didn't let up, each driven on by Matt's refusal to stop stretching her depths further inward, until she could feel juices leaking out of her.

She was squirting, just a little, but enough for her juices to coat man's testicles, the soaked flesh gently slapping her clit with each thrust.

Art reached for her, and helped lift her, pulling up on her shoulders until his shaft fell free of her mouth. The moment she could make noise again, the squeaks started, quiet, high pitched mewls, barely more than panting, as Matt fucked her. She tried to make words, wanted to beg for a moment to rest, but all she managed was a few whimpers, each timed with Matt's thrusts.

But soon those came to a stop as well, as the man slid his cock out of her, and pushed her on her side so she could lie there, shivering as the sparks continued to pulse up and down her body. She

managed to open her eyes, and found the two beasts masturbating again, each of them letting out rumbles as they leaned over her.

Art set his cock onto her cheek, and squirted cum over it, soaking the softness, before the next gush ran over her jaw and onto her neck. The next poured over her neck completely, drowning it in cum, before it washed over her collar and breasts, dripping down onto the sheets. At last, he set his glans against her lips, and rubbed it against her; she tried to kiss it, but she was too busy enjoying orgasm aftershocks, as his cum washed over her lips, and trickled down her other cheek, before falling onto the sheets.

While he soaked her top half in cum, Matt did the same for her bottom, rubbing his cock's head against her butt and hip, and causing waves of the hot fluid to pour over her waist, and down over her back and stomach. She managed a few murmurs, some quiet moans, as she felt the gentle giant rub the massive phallus along her ass, his cock's head almost boiling with heat as he pressed it along her butt, and soaked it in waves of white. Another gushed over her thighs. And another, he rubbed into her pussy, one of his hands pushing her legs up toward her chest so he could rub his cock against her dripping folds, and soak them in his cum. Even as his orgasm finished, he continued to masturbate, and milked the last few drops of his cum as he pressed his soaked glans against her sex, nudging her clitoris and earning some sparks as he coated it with his cum again.

Everyone was done. Finally. She took the time to lay there, quivering, a smile on her lips no matter how hard she tried to make it go away. The tremors continued to work through her for a while, making her toes curl a bit, and her fingers squeeze on the bed sheets. But with time, she managed to sit up.

Art and Matt were both back to their normal form, no more ridiculous giant beast man form. Their erections were gone, and both were breathing a little heavier than normal. She had drained both of them of a decent amount of blood, so, they should have been too exhausted for sex anyway, let alone go three times each!

She looked down at herself, and gasped. Soaked. Completely soaked, from lips down, every inch of her down to her thighs. So much cum, trickling down her breasts and stomach in thick strands, hitting her thighs and spreading before dripping on the sheets. Her lips, chin, cheeks, neck, her breasts and stomach, all of it was coated white. Matt had coated her whole butt in white! Oh gods, it was everywhere.

She ran a finger down her chest, and cut a line through the heavy layers of cum, before taking a moment to stare at the thick strand that now connected her finger to her chest.

“You ok?” Art said. “Got a little rough with you.”

She tried to frown at him, but her whole body was tingling, and making her smile, lips possessed and refusing to listen. Shivering, she stared down at the sight of her breasts, and hard nipples poking through the mess. Both men stared at her too, and rumbled their satisfaction as she set her hands on her breasts. They rumbled louder, when she took a moment to massage it into her skin, underneath each breast, and around, into the soft skin, and into her hard nipples. Wow.

“I... I uh... need a shower. And, um... change the sheets.” Oh god, it was all over her. All over everything. So unbelievably... naughty.

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~~Eric~~

A couple days later, and he and Jessy were already sleeping over at each other’s place. Today, it was his place. She slept under the bed, quite literally, after she was satisfied with some security upgrades for his door, and that his curtains would keep all the sunlight out. If even a crack of sunlight had gotten through, the bed would be the only thing keeping her from getting turned into cinders, and she couldn’t sleep unless she had at least two barriers between her and the sun at all times. Understandable. Hell, he wasn’t comfortable sleeping here at all, but she insisted it was safe.

He wasn’t so sure. The Begotten working for Jeremiah knew where he lived, and had been in his place. He had ‘burrowed’ from his place into his lair, whatever that meant, though a text from Fiona said that this Elen person had destroyed the burrow, scarring the area and making it impossible to burrow through for some time. It was all mumbo jumbo to him, and he wouldn’t feel comfortable until he talked to Azamel.

He slipped off the bed, and checked underneath it. The sun was setting, and he figured Jessy would be up any moment. Kat, on the other hand, hadn’t bothered to wait, and was sleeping, nestled on the girl’s stomach. The vampire was sleeping on her back, hands at her side, like a corpse. She was a corpse. She smelled faintly of ash, but otherwise, was pale and lifeless.

He was having sex with a corpse. Was he a necrophiliac now? Strange thought.

Damn beautiful corpse though. She was wearing jeans and a white t-shirt, nothing fancy; she was on vacation, apparently. And damn she had a body, large breasts pulling to the sides of her chest with their weight, struggling against the tight t-shirt. No bra. Her impressive physique and short blonde hair completed the image of the ‘sporty’ woman, and god damn, it was arousing.

He rolled his eyes, put on some pants, and walked into the kitchen of his absurdly fancy apartment. Not a child anymore, he could control his sex drive enough to think about other things for five minutes. Stretching his shoulders out, he opened the cupboards, and looked for something to eat. Except he didn’t want to snack anymore. He wanted to eat a big slab of raw meat, something fatty, something with bones to gnaw on, with organs to tear open. One meal a day, a giant meal of everything you’d find in a kill.

He popped open his fridge, and pulled out a slab of meat, with the bone, and skin. And a side of liver, heart, and brains and eyes. The local butchers were going to know him by name, going like this. How did Avery and her pack do it? Or did they eat like this at all?

He may have been half wolf, but he was still half man; that meant utensils and plates. Smiling and shaking his head, he put the strange array of raw meat on a couple plates, sat at the table, and used a fork and knife. But, he couldn’t deny a part of him wanted to grab it with his fingers, and tear it apart with his teeth. There was a limit to how much he was going to let this new, beastly side of him take over his life, though.

Kat, summoned by the smell of meat, came to join him. And he gave her a bit, too.

“You know girl, I did a lot of research to see what the best kind of food to give a cat was, when I started buying this new diet.” He smiled at the stupid feline, and pet her head and behind the ears, as she chewed on some raw meat he put on a small plate for her. It was quite the rabbit hole of info, learning what you could or couldn’t feed a cat. Lot of controversy around feeding raw food to a cat, too, which—

“What the fuck.”

Eric lifted his head, and smiled at the vampire as she came out of his room. Completely awake already, not groggy or anything. Must have been a trait of being undead.

“Good evening,” he said.

“Dude, this is gross.” She came up to the table, and gestured to the meal. “It’s not even cooked. And... are those eyeballs or testicles?”

“Eyeballs.”

“And that looks like a chunk of brain. What the fuck?”

“I... don't know, honestly. I just listened to my gut.

“Your gut told you to eat brains? ... like a zombie?”

His turn to roll his eyes. “Only dead person walking around here is you.”

“Good point.” She laughed, sat down, and continued to pet his cat after he stopped so he could eat. Damn creature was getting spoiled to hell. “I was happy to see I woke up this evening. It's not exactly easy to sleep over at someone else's place, when sunlight turns you into kindling.”

“Been a while since I've had a girl over.”

“Wife really fucked up your life, eh?”

“I'd like to think it was mutual.” It wasn't. As much as the hatred had been mutual, she was the one to walk out the door, took a bunch of his money, and left him with a debt to pay. Sour grapes. “Thanks for being gentle about it.”

“You want me to be gentle?” Shrugging at him, she drew shapes into Kat's fur, while the cat was too absorbed in chewing. “Maybe when in bed.”

“I didn't think you'd want gentle in bed.”

“We're dating now, right? Figure I should try gentle sex at least once.”

“Once?”

“I'm sure I did it once or twice, decades ago.” Shrugging, she smiled at him, and licked a fang. “Besides, I was pretty gentle when I fucked you those times at the club.”

“True.”

“But you know what really turns me? What idea really gets me flowing?”

Good god this woman. “What?”

“First, we start off gentle. Maybe spooning, right? You're holding me, hugging me, maybe choking me a little... or a lot, and you're balls deep in my ass. I'm masturbating slowly, and you're taking your sweet time fucking my sweet ass, and I have a nice, gentle orgasm.”

Wow, that was pretty tame, and very vanilla, anal aside. “That does sound amaz—”

“And then you push me over, lie on top of me, put a pillow under my hips, and you transform. Get right into that big beast mode, full on werewolf, without ever leaving my ass. You're inside me while

you transform, and I can feel your weight grow, and grow, as you squash me into the bed. I can feel you get bigger, and bigger, until I can almost feel you in my stomach, and there's a bulge on my abs from your giant, hard dick pressing into me." Despite her continuing petting of Kat, it was clear the woman's eyes were elsewhere, living in a fantasy and staring off into space.

"Would... that even be enjoyable? I—"

"Oh god, I'd cum my brains out. Christ, if I was blushing right now, I'd be soaking the chair. Oh! Then, you'd snuggle onto me, bury me in your shadow, completely cover me in your weight, and grind into me until I could feel your huge werewolf balls on my cunt. I'd be dripping all over them. And, and, then you could start fucking me proper, staying nice and deep but working in and out a couple inches hard enough to bounce me a bit, you know? And I'd look up, and there'd be your huge teeth and beastly eye, looking down over me, head tilted, chops drooling cause you're a big, hungry animal. You'd start fucking me harder, as your huge claws pin my arms and chest and head to the bed. And I'd cum again, soaking your balls as your dick squashes all my bits into the bed. And you start painting my insides white, filling me up with gallons of cum, and—"

"Whoa, whoa."

"What?"

"I'm... kind of surprised. Not exactly... what I expected from a girl who's been the dominant party in orgies for decades."

"Is... that a problem?"

He blinked, and looked at her. She lowered her gaze, and a small frown was there as her eyes stayed on Kat, as if she was afraid to look at him. Maybe she was. Maybe Clara's insult really had hit closer to home than he thought, and all of Jessie's aggressive attitude about sex was how she coped with being ashamed of what was proving to be an utterly massive sex drive.

Or she was just sad she might have shied him away from continuing what was, apparently, her first attempt at a monogamous relationship.

"Not at all," he said. "Hell, you're turning me on just talking about this. Though, I am worried."

Her smile bounced back, and she scooped up Kat before putting her on her shoulder, embracing her for proper petting. "Whatcha worried about?"

"That this kink you have for werewolves is dangerous. I'm not... not really the same me when I'm in that form. I'm new to all this, don't really know what I'm doing, and I could really hurt you."

“You saw what I did to that gargoyle fucker. I can take care of myself. I might not be able to take you in a straight fight, but I’m sure I could throw sand in your eyes and run away if it came to that.” She shivered, and smiled at him all the more. “Arg, talking about it like my life really is in danger? That the giant, dangerous beast fucking my ass could eat me when he’s done fucking me? Such a turn on.” Apparently, life threatening situations were also a turn on for her. With a wink for him, she set Kat down on the couch behind her, got up from the kitchen table, and paced around the apartment. “You’re working tonight, right?”

“Yeap.”

“K, let’s have a quickie before you go. Actually, on second thought, I’m gonna go with you. I’ll fuck you there, and then drop Tash and the others a message, see if they’ll visit.”

Damn. He wasn’t regretting his choice to date Jessy, but he was concerned she was going to drain him dry, or break his hips.