

~~Eric~~

“Sanctuary!” Natasha ran at the angel, and hugged it. And Sanctuary hugged her back. It’d already come down to its feet and knees so the tiny vampire could hug the huge spirit, and its glowing white eyes and mouth smiled with almost cartoonish presence. The gold-ish body and white facial features weren’t actually there so much as they were just glowing lines, painted expressions on a gold face, with no nose either. Strangely beautiful, in that ‘oh god it’s an angel and it’s going to burn out my eyes’ sort of imposing way.

Eric, Tash, Jessy, Matthew and Arturo, Clara, Flowing Sanctuary, not-flowing Sanctuary, and for some reason, Brace Harcourt, stood in the street in one of the quiet neighborhoods of Dolareido, Grey Street. In the spirit world, the quiet parts of the city were even more quiet, and the group of them had the street to themselves. No car spirits. A few spirits of rest and respite watched on from the windows of the Hisil’s versions of houses, which looked mostly normal save for a few differences: an unusually long driveway here, a very large window there.

Of course the only human in the group was left staring at everything, overwhelmed, but the female-ish tall angel with the giant wings hugging the little vampire had most of his attention at the moment.

“How did you s-survive?”

Sanctuary pat Tash on the head, its smile unwavering. Almost a bit creepy with how consistent and painting-perfect it was.

“Red Tide was bound to its contract, to stop the Uratha and the Kindred. When you left, its contract no longer applied to me, as I could no longer help you. It left.”

“Gotta love spirits,” Clara said. “They respect their contracts, right down to the letter.”

“B-But, if Red Tide’s contract had been different, you coulda been killed!” Tash said.

“Perhaps. But I couldn’t let harm come to you, Natasha. I owe you much. And I owe Eric much.”

“Eric?” Tash looked back at him.

Damn, he couldn’t stay out of the light forever.

“Yeah, I guess. I—”

“My boyfriend,” Jessy said with a big smile, “is Batman!”

“I’m not Batman.”

“Spider-man.”

“Stop watching those shit movies.”

Her grin was unwavering. She would not be deterred.

“My boyfriend is a vigilante.”

He shook his head. “There’s no law force in the Hisil. Can’t really be a vigilante without—”

“My boyfriend has been going into the spirit world,” Jessy said, approaching Tash, “and trying to clean up the streets. He’s been making places like Grey Street safer.”

“Against Avery’s wishes, I might add,” Clara said.

Jessy shrugged. “Fuck Avery. If Eric wants to be a superhero and give back to the people, I say let him.”

Eric sighed, but Jessy beamed at him and kissed him. He kissed her back. Much as he’d prefer his girl didn’t advertise his activities like they were something to be proud of, he had to admit it did feel a little satisfying.

“Eric,” Flow said, flowing over to stand beside Sanctuary, “is free to do as he wishes, including getting himself killed angering the wrong spirit. I will not defend him in such circumstances.”

“You wouldn’t defend me in any circumstance. It’s not in Avery’s contract.”

“True,” the spirit said. “But I am not forbidden from helping you, either. Perhaps I would, if you would approach situations more wisely.”

“Avery,” Clara said, “is a little more concerned about the ecosystem, Eric. You don’t really appreciate the sort of knock-on effects your actions have. Never watch a nature documentary? You could destroy an entire ecosystem with a small change.”

“Cleaning up some hate or greed spirits isn’t going to bring everything crumbling down.”

With a snort, Clara walked up and gestured to the large glowing angel spirit.

“Sanctuary has grown into a powerful spirit in record time, Eric. This sorta shit normally takes decades, centuries, not a few years.”

Natasha frowned up at Clara. “That’s a p-problem?”

“It is, if it grows out of control. Dolareido is a strange city. The spirits here are very strong, and the whole city just... teems with extremes. We have to be careful.”

Sighing, Eric gave a slow nod, and started the walk back toward the main city. Everyone followed, Sanctuary included.

“Dolareido is a special city,” he said. “Luna said so, and after everything that happened with Black Blood... Yeah, I get it. I’ll be careful.”

Clara stepped up beside him. “Please do. Talk to Avery, and—”

“I’m not joining the pack.”

“Yeah yeah.” His fellow Cahalith rolled her eyes before giving him a gentle punch in the shoulder. “You did good, though. Sanctuary is good for the city.”

“I am,” the angel said. “Red Tide has no direct opponents, not anymore. I can oppose it.”

“Carefully,” Tash said, nodding.

“Carefully,” Matt and Art said together, mirroring the little vampire’s body language with familiar exactness.

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“The tear is gone,” Sanctuary said, and it gestured to where a tear used to be, on the outskirts of the city.

While the city behind them was a giant, towering behemoth of structures, literally warped and twisted with its reflection of the physical realm, Gurihal, outside the city it was just endless desert, with rocks and stone, and very little warping or twisting. No crazy windows with literal teeth, doors with literal eyes, or spirits of asphalt or cars or electricity zooming around. There might have been a few spirits of sand or maybe snakes out there, but not many. It was always where the humans grouped up where spirit activity grew its most intense.

“This tear,” Tash said, “w-was the one that showed the gold place, right? Sándor said it was higher than he could r-reach.”

Eric nodded as he waved a hand through where the tear had been. Just empty air, now. Whatever those guardian things were, they’d done good work.

“I’m guessing Black Blood was trying to cross the chasm — whatever that is — before he needed to. He said he managed a peek, right?” They all nodded. “Powerful.”

“The old spirit is gone,” Sanctuary said, “but that’s only made it more obvious how altered the ground we walk on is. Black Blood changed this land, both here and in the Gurihal.”

“Probably other places too,” Clara said. “Other realms that, uh, crossover in this place. If he could go between realms basically whenever he wanted, he was no normal spirit.”

“He wasn’t a regular spirit,” Eric said. “Same as Luna, I guess.”

His fellow werewolf grumbled slightly as she looked down.

“Only you would know.”

Sighing, he considered giving Clara a small pat on the shoulder. Someone in her pack would have, but for him, it’d just feel awkward.

Naturally, Matt and Art came over and pat Clara on her shoulders in a very buddy buddy, obviously teasing manner.

“Cheer up,” Matt said. “Luna’s never given me any powerful or interesting dreams.”

“Mostly sex dreams,” Art said, nodding sagely. Tash groaned.

“She didn’t talk to me because I was special, Clara. I’m not. She said so herself,” Eric said, shrugging. “Just... a city boy. And she wanted a city boy Uratha to stick around. You gonna tell me Avery is a city girl? Hell your entire pack could be living in luxury, taking baths in hot tubs, sleeping in giant beds, and indulging in all the vices the city has to offer. But nope, you stay with the Carthians in a shit apartment building, and sure Avery says it’s because she can’t trust the Invictus, but you damn well know it’s because she’d prefer to sleep under a tree.”

“Trees give shade,” Matthew said, mirroring Art and nodding sagely.

Shuffling his feet a bit and digging up some courage, Harcourt came up, shoed Matt and Art off Clara, and slipped an arm around her.

“I’m not much of a city slicker, but I for one am happy Clara doesn’t need a two-thousand-dollar purse to be happy. You know how much money being a hunter pays? I’ll give you a hint: none.”

Eric laughed. He knew what was coming. Without missing a beat, Jessy marched up to the man and jabbed him the chest with a finger.

“I earned that purse, you little redneck shit.”

Everyone, save those two, laughed. Lot of that going on lately. It was nice.

It was really nice.

“Tash,” Clara said. “Since you seem to be the only levelheaded person in the city, or at least the only one I can trust, I was wondering if you wanted to sign a contract with Sanctuary.”

“Contract?”

“Yeah. Avery has a contract with Flow. It’s our spirit. It works for us, and we work for it. It’s how we can store it in special objects easily.”

Tash’s eyes lit up. “I can—”

“I’m not saying you can put Sanctuary in your bracelet and summon it whenever you want, like Triss did with Mary’s ghost. But, Sanctuary can still help you, when in an object. And in the right circumstance, even manifest.”

The little vampire slowly looked up at the giant angel, who smiled down at her and nodded knowingly. Apparently it’d already had this conversation with Clara.

“That... w-would be wonderful.”

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~~Beatrice~~

It was the forest again, the one from her dream. The breeze was cool. The moon was visible between some big trees overhead. And a small fire surrounded by rocks burned in front of her.

An old woman wearing rags, standing up with the help of a walking stick big enough to be a staff, smiled at Triss as she nodded slowly.

“You stopped Mictlantecuhtli.”

Triss stood up; apparently the dream started her off sitting. The fire was between them, crackling quietly, so quiet the crickets were louder.

“You could have fucking told me—”

“No, I couldn’t have. The game had to be played. If I broke that rule, then Mictlantecuhtli would have had the power to break more rules without consequence.”

“A game.” She threw up her hands. “We almost died! Or, not die, but... you know what I mean.”

“Sorry, but not sorry. You are pawns in a great game. What religion, what culture, has not made that clear?”

Triss grumbled and ground her teeth as she paced. “Okay, so, Mictwhatever couldn’t break the rules?”

“Not without risking interference. Which you saw in action, when he touched Samantha.”

“Everything else was fine? Controlling the ghosts and making Mary attack the Prince? Ripping open the tears? Like, what the fuck? What are the rules?”

The Crone shook her head. “I can’t tell you. And you know I can’t tell you. Don’t ask stupid questions. Otherwise you waste my visit.”

Of course, because what fun would there be in knowing how to play the game.

“Then why are you visiting?”

“To congratulate you.”

“I didn’t do shit. That was all Elaine, Jack, and Sam.”

“I suppose. The Terrys are unusually willful, aren’t they? I can’t imagine what sort of resolve it took that woman to kill her lover.”

Weight pulled on Triss’s body, and she sat down as she groaned. It wasn’t real weight, just her instantly becoming depressed at the memory of Sam having to do something so horrible.

“I... do miss Jacob.” And that.

“Malachi was an interesting, wise man.”

Triss raised a brow. “Wise? You agree with what he planned to do?”

“I think this Fallen World has been broken for a long time, vampire. If you could see what I see, you might think twice before assuming Malachi and Mictlantecuhtli’s goals were misplaced. You saw a tiny, just the tiniest morsel of the gold river, touched the faintest trace of it. How did it feel?”

“It felt... wonderful. But I remember what it was like being human, and eating enough ice cream to puke. If I had to guess, it’d be like that? Eventually it’d be too much of a good thing, being in that kind of place forever?”

The Crone laughed. “Your mind is limited. Rest assured, you would not puke.”

“Uh huh.” It was hard to imagine being in that sort of place for too long a time. Wasn’t there a dude who said an eternity of Heaven would eventually be Hell?

“Regardless, Luna and the others are satisfied. The world continues as it did.”

“I still can’t believe you guys just sat back and watched that happen.”

“We interfered. We simply did it in different ways. Perhaps not as much as Mictlantecuhtli did, but you saw the results of him overstepping his bounds.”

“Me—”

“I have spoken to you, and Luna has spoken to another, but that was for different reasons. Indeed, be under no illusions. You are not some special snowflake I’ve come to, in hopes you’d save the world from your master’s ambitions. I came to this city because Dolareido is one of the tainted, blessed lands.”

Triss grumbled and folded her arms across her chest.

“You’re a real bitch, you know that?”

Again the Crone laughed. “Of course.”

“So you came to the city because it’s special, not me. Still not sure why you’re talking to me.”

“Because I have made similar mistakes to you, in my past. Because I see a bit of myself in you. And because I like you. ”

“That’s... scary.” Being similar to some sort of ancient god that embodied primal chaos and cruel, harsh nature, wasn’t exactly a compliment. Well, it was kinda. Jacob definitely would have considered it a compliment.

“You will go far, Beatrice. You have what it takes to follow in Malachi’s footsteps, and further.”

“Uh, I don’t really wanna end the world, though.”

“That will be up to you. But that isn’t what I meant. What I mean, idiot child, is that you have a mind capable of thinking in the ways of a witch.”

“Growing up on metal will do that.”

The Crone blinked at her, confused. Which was fucking hilarious, and Triss laughed, laughed until it hurt, and she fell on her side in the grass and dirt.

“And just like Malachi,” the Crone said, “you can make yourself laugh.”

“Ha, I guess, yeah.”

Nodding, the Crone waved her stick over the fire slowly. A pillow of smoke rose up, and blocked out the moon for a second before fading into the cool night air.

“I thought you should know,” the old crone said, “that the Prince is probably going to talk to you.”

“She has Elen, and she’ll want Elen’s knife and book back.”

“I suggest you give them to her. I also suggest you ask if you can have what material of Malachi’s she feels comfortable letting you have. And some she doesn’t.”

“Uh, I’m pretty sure the Prince isn’t going to just, give me that shit.”

“She will, because you attempted to stop your master. She trusts you, now, to a degree. And she will, because you’re going to make a rather harsh statement about the amount of kine she killed to have Elen perform that ritual.”

“Wait, what?”

The Crone smirked. “The dragon may dislike how visceral and brutal our ways may be, but when her back was against the wall, she had no choice but to use a witch. And she used the methods a witch requires: weight, and intent. She killed dozens of kine for Elen’s ritual. Her methods, a scientist’s methods, were inadequate to handle the situation, and she knows it. She needs a witch who is an ally in her city.”

“Jesus, you really are a manipulative schemer.”

“As was your master. As are the best witches, and vampires. It’s a skill you lack, but Jennifer will help.”

“Lucky me.”

“Indeed.” With another hearty, croaky chuckle, the Crone waved her stick over the fire again, and another pillow of smoke met the night sky. “I take my leave. We will not speak again.”

“Not gonna answer any of the questions you know I have?”

“Of course not. They are stupid questions.”

Which meant questions about the afterlife, about Jack’s curse and the Strix, Crúac rituals, the Beast, the different realms, all of the important questions were shit she wasn’t supposed to know. Or at least, not have the answers handed to her directly.

“Fucking asshole. I—wait, I got one. The fuck do we do about Elen? I mean, I’m guessing you won’t tell me about how she managed to make herself semi immortal.”

“I won’t.”

“But what do we do with her now?”

“She is not invincible. Burn her.”

“Burn her.” Triss gulped as she stared. “Burn... the witch?”

“Trust me, little vampire, that flesh witch has done more than enough to deserve a worse fate, as Sándor can attest. But if you’re feeling sympathetic — very un-witch like — then cut off her head, then burn her. Leave no trace. Only when every trace of her is ash and soot will she be truly dead.”

“Jesus. Okay, we’ll uh, do that. And, um... thanks, for, you know... at least talking to me, and helping me with the resurrection ritual. Kinda wished you’d told me from the get-go it was basically impossible, and spared me a bit of pain. But...”

“But pain is how a witch learns.”

“I must be a fucking genius by now.”

This time, it was the Crone’s turn to laugh hard. Not that an old woman could laugh all that hard, but she did anyway, and Triss smiled at her as she did.

After a minute, the old bitch winked at Triss, and without flair or anything, the Crone morphed into a crow. No, wait, too big. Raven. The big black bird circled the fire’s smoke a few times as it gained height, before it blinked out of existence.

Leaving Triss sitting there in her forest dream, gently flicking the crow skull necklace her dream body had for some reason. It was just a random necklace, one Jacob had given her when he’d started teaching her Crúac rituals, a lifetime ago. Or maybe not so random. Maybe Jacob had actually done some impressive work on it, given it witch powers or something. She didn’t know, but it wouldn’t have surprised her.

Jacob had liked her, and it would have been just like him to do something sneaky like give her a super powerful artifact and never tell her. Or maybe it wasn’t powerful at all, but something he’d crafted with care. Or maybe it was just... her, being sentimental, that her boss was dead.

She sighed, let her head droop, and for the first time, cried about Jacob’s death. Just a little, just a few tears; the dream seemed happy to let her have those. A bit more pain to learn from.

She got up, and kicked some dirt on the fire until it was out.

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Two weeks since the incident.

She hadn't expected the Prince to do everything the Crone said she would. But she did. Now, safely stored away in a hole in the ground, Triss had most of Jacob's shit, including the stuff he'd had with him in the Great Below. Not Elen's book or knife though, Triss had returned those. But the Prince did say she'd give them to Triss eventually. The Crone was right. She wanted a witch ally.

A partnership. The Prince would officially acknowledge Beatrice the primary member of the Circle of the Crone in the city. She wouldn't be going to any Primogen meetings yet, and probably not for decades, but still, it was a step toward some big responsibility, responsibility Othello didn't want. Lazy asshole.

More importantly, Beatrice wouldn't get flack from the sheriff when she did witchy things, as long as she maintained the Masquerade. And hell, maybe the Prince would even give Triss some tips on weird magical shit, if Triss returned the favor. Probably not. Freaky Frankenstein scientists, and witches with cauldrons, would never get along when it came to their pursuits.

And now, Elen was dead. Triss suggested burning to Antoinette, and she'd taken to the idea, especially after Triss had mentioned the mysterious disappearance of a lot of Dolareido kine. Antoinette really hated how she'd had to use Elen, and how she'd had to commit murder on such a scale. It made her a little more malleable to deal with. Sure enough, they chopped off her head; Elen barely noticed, but at least her head went still and didn't start talking. After that, they burned her. More than burned her, they fucking cremated her. Nothing of Elen existed anymore, save for the book and knife.

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Triss and Jen walked the street of Dolareido, on the way to The Quiet Note, the most up-its-own-ass hippie joint for poetic artist types who thought they were going to change the world. Sándor would be playing again, and they wanted to see. More shockingly, he'd invited them. Triss had been pretty

surprised to learn the man knew how to text at all, and hadn't just given up and sent them a literal letter in an envelope, with a wax seal.

Jen wore something dark and sexy, but safe for a joint full of hippies. Triss wore her usual black jeans and black tank top, because she'd wrapped herself in Face in the Crowd so no one was going to notice her anyway.

They hadn't arrived yet, though, and stayed close as they ducked around the sidewalk traffic.

"It's been two weeks," Jen said. "Think he'll be happy to see us?" Two weeks save for a few very short visits, just to make sure the dude was okay.

"I hope so. Considering what his wife told me, and what I'm guessing Julias told him, I'm guessing he will..."

Jen leaned in as they walked. "You're nervous he secretly doesn't like us, doesn't like you, but because he's so against voicing any of his thoughts, he just hasn't told you."

Groaning, Triss stepped away and dodged around an oncoming kine, before coming back in with a sideways lean of her own.

"Yes, okay? Yes. This isn't how I do... this sort of shit. I can't fucking stand this build up. Does he like me? Not like me? Christ it makes me want to puke. When I decided to go on a date with Julias, I just fucking told him we would, that first night. When I wanted to fuck Julias, I just told him we would."

"On the first date, I might add."

"Yeah yeah fuck you. This 'does he doesn't he' shit is torture, and I'd have loved to skip over it. But there's always been something in the way." Mostly her own damn fault.

"Now there isn't. And he's ready to talk. I'm sure we'll find out tonight if he likes you. And us."

Triss groaned again as she let her head hang, earning some chuckles from Jen. The two vampires walked into The Quiet Note, wrapped in Triss's increasingly awesome Obfuscate abilities, and found one of the small benches alongside the wall and its god awful gray flowery wallpaper. The small circle tables in the large room were full, and people sipped their drinks quietly, waiting for the various musicians who'd come up on stage. The place was dark, with only a bit of dim light near the stage so the audience could see.

The place smelled of lots of different drug flavors, but the crowd didn't make a noise. People came to a place like this to hear the artist, not use it as an excuse to socialize. It made more sense to

Triss to just stay home and use some good headphones, but at the same time, there was a special magic to seeing someone live. And that time she'd seen Sándor live, it'd been strangely magical.

Sure enough, Sándor came out on stage, wearing some blue jeans and a loose white shirt. With the somber stoic look, his European face, and super short dark hair, the simple look really fit him. He was, as far as anyone could tell looking at him, a super simple guy from Romania. Until he had an instrument in hand.

He sat down on a small stool, spent a few seconds tuning his guitar, and pulled the mic nice and close.

“Sorry I haven’t been around. Had things to do.” He nodded to himself as he looked down at his guitar, plucked a string, and tuned that one, too. “Feeling a lot better though. Lot of things happened. Good things.” Holy shit, the man gave the crowd a tiny smile, the wickedly handsome ones that were subtle and confident. Everyone stared, hypnotized. “It’s amazing what a few words from an old friend or lover can do. Amazing, how much your perspective can change.”

He tuned the final string, and slowly ran the pick along the strings, striking out a clean chord. Then he strummed it, teasing out the beginning of the song to see if people could figure it out before he played it at proper tempo.

Triss knew it instantly, and just like someone putting in the final piece of a puzzle, she felt complete when Sándor finally started strumming right.

“I was a little too tall, could’ve used a few pounds. Tight pants, points, hardly renown.”

A shiver shot up through her, and she melted into Jen’s side as they both listened. The crowd knew the song, or at least most of them did. A few, like Jen, were utterly oblivious. Fucking kids. They didn’t know what it’d been like to bring out a jukebox, and listen to a song like this, out in the fields or on the side of a dirt road when the moon was high. You closed your eyes and let the music take you on a journey.

She’d thought Sándor’s singing voice was similar to Bob Seger’s. Apparently he thought so, too.

It only got better. He was up on the stage alone, so there wasn’t any drummer or piano to join in, but that didn’t stop Sándor. If the dude could play Symphony X, this song was a cakewalk, and he proved it as he started tapping his foot to the beat. The hook that pulled everyone in, and had them all humming the melody as they lightly swayed with the beat. No one said a word. Everyone listened.

His eyes. Dreamy blue eyes, normally so hard and stern, melted in the song, and he stared off over the crowd, like he was looking to the horizon, as he played.

“I woke last night to the sound of thunder. ‘How far off?’ I sat and wondered. Started humming a song from 1962. Ain’t it funny how the night moves? When you just don’t seem to... have as much to lose. Strange how the night moves. With autumn closing in.”

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“I’m sorry,” Jennifer said, “I don’t listen to my grandparent’s music.”

Triss groaned and shoved Jen hard enough she fell on Sándor’s couch with a bounce. They’d gone to his apartment after his time at the club, when another artist came up to play after Sándor played a half dozen songs. Surprisingly, the sleek, modern, stereotypically expensive Dolareido apartment wasn’t entirely empty anymore. The gray couches remained, so did the piano and guitars, but now there was also a couple pictures on the walls, big paintings of landscapes, and an old cathedral.

It was the new picture on the countertop that really struck Triss, though. It was a picture of Margaret and Theo.

Sándor followed Triss in, noticed what she was looking at, and touched the framed picture slightly before he moved over to sit on the piano bench.

“I listened to them,” Triss said, picking the conversation with Jen back up. “I mostly listen to metal, but sometimes it’s nice to listen to the bands that my metal bands owe their existence to, you know? Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band. The Eagles.”

“Agreed.” And like he was taking a breath, Sándor played a tune on the keys.

“Roll Me Away!” Laughing, Triss plopped down on the bench with him, and watched his fingers work. Just like ringing a bell. “You really do like music. Like, really like music, in the way most people just don’t get.” Sounded dumb to say, considering he was a musician, but some people didn’t really get or ‘feel’ music. It was worth saying.

“I do. So do you.” He gave her a tiny grin, and played another song. It took her a second to pick it up. But once it picked up speed, she caught it, like chasing a butterfly with a net.

“Don’t Stop Me Now!” Christ, now she couldn’t stop laughing. “Jen doesn’t listen to Queen. It physically hurts being her girlfriend.”

“Hey!” Jen said from the couch. “I like music.”

“You like to listen to pop and EDM while you do other shit. I said music, not flavor of the month noise to fill up the background.”

Jen scrunched up her nose, and with a bit of bounce in her step, plopped down on the bench on Sándor’s other side.

“Play something romantic,” she said, and she grinned brazenly up at Sándor as she ran a finger down the keys.

Sándor nodded. Didn’t grump or grunt or anything, just nodded, hell he even smiled a little, leaving both women speechless. Jen had definitely been trying to get a reaction out of him, but instead, Sándor rolled with it and got to work.

Three notes in, and both girls sighed dreamily. Even Jen knew this song.

“Faithfully,” Triss whispered, and she swayed to Journey’s tune. “Do you just know every song?”

“When I came to America, long ago, music was evolving in ways no one could have imagined. From Robert Johnson, John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters and many others, blues evolved and changed the world, and rock and roll evolved from it. Elvis changed the world. Johnny Cash changed the world. Then Queen and Journey, two of my favorite bands, changed the world, too. I have to admit, the rock bands from the seventies and eighties, and sometimes nineties, dominate most of my listening.”

It was a wonder he didn’t start playing Don’t Stop Believin’, but he stayed on Faithfully, and Triss and Jen continued to sway with it.

“Another,” Jen whispered.

Sándor paused only long enough to let them know he was switching songs, before his fingers found the high notes and danced on a tune.

Triss frowned as she watched his fingers. “I know this... I know this... Styx!”

The man smiled, his eyes on the keys, as he played Lady.

“I can’t sing like DeYoung.”

“Trust me,” Triss said. “You can sing. Maybe not that high pitch, but still.”

“Thanks.” And again, he smiled. What the fuck was with all the smiles? Yeah, sure, they were small smiles, as if his face wasn’t capable of big expression, but tiny smiles and plenty of them was still a big jump from the usual Mister Stoic she was familiar with.

Triss put her fingers on the keys. Sándor stopped, and Triss showed off her insane piano skills she'd honed over the past couple weeks. She played Mary Had a Little Lamb, on rhythm and everything. Volume all over the place, since Sándor insisted he used a realistic keys setting for his electric piano, but still.

"Impressive," he said, in the steady tone a teacher would use when happy with a student.

"Thanks, but I'm still shaky. If I push a little too hard, I know I'm gonna push the key straight through the piano into the floor."

"Even human students suffer that problem. Maybe not to that degree." Nodding, he reached out, and put his hand on hers. "But you're getting past the issues with your Kindred body. That's good." He gently pushed down on her finger, with just the right pressure to get the key volume perfect.

He paused, and looked at her hand. She looked at his hand, so warm compared to hers. Electric jolts shot up her arm, making every nerve ending tingle, before she slowly looked from their fingers, to him. And he looked at her.

Was he nervous? Was he even capable of being nervous, considering how old he was? Dude was ancient. He looked at her with a calm expression, just a touch sad, but also a touch... hopeful? He was so hard to read, she couldn't tell. But he was looking at her, straight at her, deep blue eyes hiding a billion thoughts the fucker refused to share. If she wanted to know what he was thinking, she'd have to beat it out of him, like Margaret had.

Fuck it. Time to ignore the butterflies in her stomach. She wasn't some high school virgin, even if he made her feel like one. She was a woman, damn it, and this man's dead wife told her how to break the ice. Just, be bold.

She leaned in, and kissed him.

Sándor blinked, a little surprised. And Triss stopped kissing, but kept her face an inch from his. No words. After everything that'd happened, the fuck needed to be said? Someone needed to actually hit the 'go' button. Might as well be her.

The world melted away, and so did her muscles and tension, as Sándor half closed his eyes, and leaned in to return the kiss.

God. Yes.

She smiled into the kiss as her eyes closed, and she set her piano hand on his chest as she half turned to face him. He didn't move at all, and she had to fight to keep herself from chuckling. Yeah,

Margaret was right, this man needed a tour guide if he wasn't merged with his Horror. That was fine. Jen and her—

Jen took the man's head, turned him mid-kiss to face her, and kissed him.

"Jen!" Triss leaned around Sándor enough to see one of Jen's eyes, the other blocked by Sándor's head, and her girlfriend grinned at her mid kiss as she waved Triss off with her hand.

So Triss did the only reasonable thing to do. She pushed her off the bench.

Jen landed on the hard floor with a squeak, and glared at Triss.

"Hey!"

"Bitch, don't make me come down there and kick your ass." Triss flipped her off. "Ruining our first kiss, what the fuck?"

Sándor tried to help Jen back up, but Triss grabbed his head, twisted it around to face her instead, and got back to kissing. Dude was completely confused, frozen, which meant Triss got to kiss him as much as she wanted.

At least until Jen made some whining puppy sounds. Literally. Groaning, Triss let Sándor go and motioned to Jen. Sándor reached out to help her up, confusion doubling, which had both girls laughing.

"I've been waiting to do that," Jen said. "So's Triss. The kissing, I mean."

"So Julias told me." Sándor scratched his hair a bit, so short it almost looked buzzed. "I... I wasn't..." Oh shit, he was doing the awkward backpedaling thing. Because he mentioned Julias? Fuck that. She wasn't going to let anything ruin this, not now.

"Nope," Triss said. "Nope nope, we're not doing awkward. I am too told for awkward. And you are way too old for awkward. So we're just gonna go past it." She took Sándor's hand, and guided the man to the couch.

"Agreed!" Jennifer followed after them, and together the two ladies pushed Sándor down until he sat in the center of his couch. "We're not going to think about the stuff from before. I like you. Triss likes you. You like her. I hope you like me."

"I do, but—"

"Then the hard part is over. Now we move onto the good stuff." Nodding matter-of-factly, Jen reached behind her, undid the zipper of her dark dress, and slid it off until it fell on the floor. The busty brunette wore nothing more than a tiny lingerie thong, the sort you wore when you were expecting sex.

It made Triss roll her eyes. It made Sándor gulp and stare. But, that was a look of intrigue in his eyes, if startled. Intrigue was good.

Triss slipped behind Jen, and hugged her from behind, with Jen pointed at Sándor. And, because actually breaking Sándor's stoic face and getting a surprised look out of him was proving to be fucking awesome and fun to do, Triss cupped her girlfriend's huge breasts. She squeezed them, molded them against her fingers and palms, and Jen Blushed Life as she did, earning another gulp from the man as Jen's skin filled out, darkened with blood flow, and her nipples hardened.

"I'm... not sure how—"

"Two women?" Jennifer asked. "Two women in a relationship at that?"

"Yes..."

Jennifer nodded, and set a hand on her hip. "It's simple. Beatrice and I are best friends, and very close, sexually and emotionally. But the romance parking space isn't reserved. I'm more comfortable sharing it with someone, than I am holding it on my own. So, you"—she gestured to Sándor—"get to have that spot with me. Dare I say, you even get priority parking over me."

"The fuck kind of analogy is that?" Triss asked. "I'm a fucking parking spot?"

"It's good enough."

"Uh huh. Look at him. The dude is confused as all fuck."

Sándor did manage a small nod, eyes drifting from Triss's eyes to Jen's, and occasionally at her huge tits, too. His stone face couldn't hide that the man definitely had a sexual appetite.

"It is a... unique situation."

"Okay, I'll explain it better," Jen said. "When I was young, I read a book, about a king and a queen, and a small slave woman they'd saved. Over the course of the story, the woman gets closer to the king and queen, until they invite her into their bed. And it's this super hot scene where the king and queen, obviously deeply in love with each other, share that intimacy with the young woman. They fuck her silly and cuddle and... and all the good stuff." With a quiet moan, Jen slid her hands down her naked stomach, and between her thighs, where one of her hands lightly caressed her clit through her thong. "I've always wanted to be the young woman in that story, not the queen. I want a happy lovey dovey couple to pamper me and fuck me."

Sándor raised a brow slightly, looking between the two ladies again.

"That is... a lovely way of describing it. I think I understand you better."

Jen beamed. “I know, right!? People just don’t get it!”

“I get it.” He nodded, and his eyes drifted down her body to her masturbating hand, before shooting back up. “Though, isn’t it the king and queen doing the seducing, in the story?”

“Yeah well, I can’t just sit around waiting for my fantasy to come true. Gotta work for it.” Nodding, Jen slipped out of Triss’s grip and walked off for the bathroom. “I’m getting a towel. You two, get naked.”

“Towel?” Sándor asked.

Triss grinned at him, and slipped off her tank top. Dude had no idea what he was in for.

The way his eyes looked her tattooed body up and down had her quivering like a schoolgirl, and it only got worse when she Blushed Life.

“Like tattoos?” she asked, and she traced a claw along the snake biting her nipple before it ran down her abs.

“I do.”

“Piercings?” She shifted onto her toes and back to her heels a few times, making her small breasts jiggle lightly. Maybe next time, she’d wear something fancier than plain old nipple studs.

“Very much.” Dude wasn’t lying, from the way his eyes locked onto her hardening nipples.

Nodding and grinning, she slipped off her jeans and kicked them aside, leaving her in just her socks and a black thong. Unlike Jen, she just wore simple thongs, and she wore them because they made her righteous, large, firm ass look amazing, not because she just went around expecting someone else to see her in nothing but the thong. But the way Sándor’s eyes opened wide when she turned around slowly for him, was enough to have her body lit up like a Christmas tree.

He was hard. She could see the bulge pressing up against his jeans.

“We just kissed. First time. Are you sure—”

“We’re vampires, Sándor. Dolareido vampires.”

“I know, but—”

She reached down, and pulled on his shirt. After a few seconds of hesitation, he helped, and she groaned bliss as the man finally was finally topless. He was slightly above average height, with a lean, muscular build, not super thick but definitely super defined, with fucking chiseled abs. It matched his short facial gruff and dreamy, stern, stoic eyes perfectly.

She'd seen him topless before, when she and Tash and them had sneaked into the flesh chamber, a lifetime ago. Some of Elen's knife work had even left scars on his back, though not the whole ritual symbol the flesh witch had used to control him, thank god.

Jen returned, towel in hand. "Ok Sándor. Up please."

~~♥♥♥~~

The man blinked, but did as requested. Jen threw the huge towel down where he'd been sitting, before she reached out and undid the button on his jeans. Just like Margaret said, Sándor didn't resist. He was more or less stuck in a state of 'what do I do?', and the girls — especially Jen — were happy to guide him. Triss had been hesitant to the idea of bullying Sándor into sex, but with his wife's advice in hand, it suddenly got fun. Super fucking fun.

Triss joined in, and the two vampires worked together to get the man's jeans and boxers off, revealing a firm, hard ass, and a nice big cock, standing and waiting. Much as Sándor was clearly unsure of how to handle himself with two women tugging on him, he wasn't embarrassed. He didn't blush or cover himself, and considering how ripped the dude was, it was no wonder. Or maybe it was the gargoyle in him, or the hundreds of years of experience.

He had an Apollo's belt that made her fucking melt, and a big cock that was only getting bigger the more he looked at them. She could see, and almost hear, his pulse fill it more and more. Hell, he'd even trimmed his pubes down short. Dude was fitting into Dolareido more and more.

Jen pushed him down onto the towel. He sat, back against the couch, eyes looking between the two ladies.

"What do I—"

"You," Jen said, "can sit there, and simply enjoy yourself. We've been wanting to do things to you for a while now. We'll tell you what we want." Purring, she straddled his lap, knees pressing against the couch. She came in closer, close enough to press her big breasts against his chest, while she put a couple kisses on his neck.

Triss made sure to sit on the side where Jen was kissing, Sándor's left, and she gave her girlfriend a harsh slap on the ass. A loud squeak, and Jen sat up straight before glaring down at Triss. Her sitting

up also meant Triss got to see Sándor's big dick pinned against his abs by Jen's pussy, still wearing panties. Wet panties. This woman, good god.

"I kissed him first, so you fuck him first? Is that how this is gonna go?" Triss asked.

"Naturally."

Well, if Jen was gonna be a bitch, so was Triss. She slid a claw under the side of Jen's thong, and snip snip, cut the thing. And before Jen could squeak again, Triss reached around and did the same to the other side, and pulled the remains of her girl's underwear off.

"Those were expensive!"

Smirking, Triss tossed the ruined underwear away, and snuggled into Sándor's side. The man was a deer in headlights, which teased something in Triss so bad. Every part of her suddenly wanted to pull a reaction out of this man, like a cat playing with a toy. A dangerous toy. She lifted his arm and got under it so it draped her shoulders, and she leaned in and kissed his jaw. He turned, and she took the opportunity to kiss him proper.

"Sorry," she said. "About us, I mean, and uh... being romantic. We really suck at this."

"Says you," Jen said, and she set one hand on Sándor's outside shoulder, her other on Triss's outside shoulder. With a deep, playful groan, she eased her hips back and forth slightly, and her pussy lips dragged along every inch of Sándor's long cock. Up to the fat tip, and down and down until his length pointed up slightly from how Jen's weight pushed on the bottom. Coated in juices.

He gulped. "You're both..."

"Beautiful?" Jen asked.

"Yes..."

Jen grinned. "And gorgeous? Amazing? Absolutely breathtaking?"

"I think," Triss said, "he was going to find a polite way to say sluts. You're already dripping." And, god damn it, seeing her naked girlfriend rubbing her bare slit back and forth on her—their boyfriend's cock? Yeah, Triss could feel her body warming up, too, little waves of heat that flowed down between her thighs and told her things were getting swollen.

Shrugging, Jen nuzzled her nose against Sándor's, gave him a kiss, and then did the same for Triss, leaning in before giving her a kiss, too.

“Sándor,” Jen whispered, “you’ll have to forgive me, but I cannot stand silly little girlish games of flirting for ages on end. I know what I like.” She leaned in close enough to squash her breasts against his chest again, slipping her head around his neck opposite of Triss, but still speaking loud enough she could hear her. “I hope you don’t mind.”

Sándor’s eyes half closed as he relaxed back against the couch, before turning to look at Triss. Even his hard, stoic face couldn’t hide that super hot look of guilt as Jen continued to rub her clit along the underside of his cock while kissing his neck.

“Dude, she’s my girlfriend,” Triss said. “Stop worrying. You like her, right?”

He scrunched up his nose for a fraction of a second.

“Her taste in music is horrible.”

Triss laughed. Hell, Jen laughed, and drew her head back so she could scrunch up her nose at him, too, for longer and far more obviously.

“That aside?” Triss asked.

“I... don’t know what I’m getting myself into. But, I always found the two of you very intriguing. And intriguing grew into more. But, I’m still not... sure how to...”

“Deal with two women.” Nodding, Jen knelt up higher, reached down, and guided the man’s large cock up toward her wet slit. Everyone went silent as they watched the big cock’s fat tip spread her open, and a bead of juices dripped down his cock’s front until it reached his pelvis. Once his glans had slipped into her, earning a small quiver from the man, Jen set both her hands on his shoulders, and licked her lips as she slowly worked her way down, swaying her hips left and right as she did. Triss couldn’t help but stare at how her perfectly smooth pussy spread around his cock as she made sure to take him balls deep. Lock and key.

“Don’t worry about it,” Triss said. “Like in Jen’s ridiculous story, I’m the queen, you’re the king, and she’s some silly little girl with a ridiculous sex drive who’s living rent free in our bed and eating our food.”

“Perfect,” Jen said, after a playful, satisfied moan.

Triss slipped a hand under her own thong, and rubbed her clit as she watched. She’d get her turn, but for now, this was a good way to help a super vanilla dude like Sándor get used to what was probably going to be a very unusual sex life for him. She cuddled into his side, and kissed the side of

his chest a couple times, before she snuggled back into the groove of his shoulder, and masturbated as her girlfriend slowly swayed her hips while keeping him buried to the hilt.

“My queen, you say?” Sándor asked, looking down at Triss. Once he realized Triss had started masturbating, his breathing picked up, and his eyes locked onto how Triss’s hand worked underneath her thong. She could feel his heartbeat speed up, too.

“Mhmm.” With her left hand massaging her swollen clit, her right hand, the one closer to Sándor, was free to slide up onto his abs, and walk down the hard muscles. “Which also means we get to do whatever we want to our little sex slave.”

“Sex slave? I thought in the story—”

Jen put a finger on his lips, shushing him. “You can think of me sex slave, too.” Her other hand found his, the one not currently around Triss’s shoulders, and pulled it toward her. With a purr, she put it underneath one of her breasts, and squeezed her hand around his, making it squeeze her tit. “I would make a good sex slave, wouldn’t I?”

The man nodded slowly, eyes locked onto her huge breast as he gently squeezed it on his own several times, making its softness spill over his palm and between his fingers.

Words weren’t going to be enough to help Sándor get more comfortable with the situation. He needed encouragement. So, Triss stopped masturbating, got up, and got behind Jen. She leaned in, hugged the girl from behind, and slipped her arms under Jen’s, so she could cup her breasts. After having fucked her dozens and dozens of times, Triss knew exactly how Jen liked to have her tits played with: full cupping, with some gentle nipple pinching.

Jen mewled, turning her head enough to almost reach Triss. Triss leaned around enough to meet her, and they kissed, long and deep, while Triss continued to massage and caress her girlfriend’s tits and swollen nipples. All the while, Jen worked her hips back and forth, grinding her body against Sándor’s.

“Sándor,” Triss said. “Take her hips.” Sándor did as ordered, eyes locked onto Jen’s breasts filling and overflowing Triss’s hands. “Work her.” No need to explain what she meant, Sándor pushed Jen back and forth on his lap in a way every man understood. Stay deep inside the girl, and enjoy her pussy clenching on your cock while she grinds.

With Sándor holding the Ventrue’s hips, Jen’s hands were free to do whatever they wanted, and naturally one of them tightened on his shoulder while the other found her clitoris. She masturbated, and Triss smiled as Sándor’s eyes almost completely closed. No doubt Jen was clenching on the guy like a vise, and considering the familiar, quiet groans Jen was making into Triss’s kiss, the girl was in one of

her hyper horny moods. She'd been wanting this for months, finally got it, and now she was soaking the man between her legs.

Much as Jen was a certifiable sexpert, she didn't have much patience. She masturbated faster, fingers abusing her clit and making her tremble. The only thing that kept her moving back and forth now was Sándor's grip on her, and Triss broke the kiss so she could watch his fine arms flex with the motion. God damn the man was beautiful.

Jen came. She grabbed both of Sandor's wrists and held on as her body quivered. Triss let her go, and her girlfriend leaned forward enough to plant her body against Sándor; from behind, Triss could see the backs of her huge tits, spread out from how they squashed against Sándor's chest. She hugged him as she hid her face in his neck, probably kissing him some more as she slowly ground into him, milking her orgasm aftershocks.

Sándor looked at Triss from over the woman's shoulder, a tiny smile on his otherwise calm, if slightly surprised face.

"I've never done anything like this," he said.

"Gonna be a lot of that," Triss said. "Now, gimme a hand here." Nodding, she put her hands on Jen's hips, and lifted the girl up a few inches, before slamming her down.

Instant groans from Jen. She hadn't seen that coming. Triss bounced her a few more times, until Jen sat up straight, hands on Sándor's shoulders, and she looked back at Triss.

"You want to make him cum? Sándor isn't Kindred. He might not be able to... you know..."

Sándor managed a tiny smirk. It was a super weird expression on his face, and it vanished a second later.

"I am Begotten, and the gargoyle's appetite is... large. I'll be fine."

And from the momentary smirk, Triss bet he was being modest. The gargoyle Horror probably influenced him in a lot of ways, and sure, Sándor did everything he could to keep it suppressed, but vampires and werewolves certainly used their inner monster to fuel their sex drives. Good chance Sándor did the same. Hell, reading between the lines from what Margaret said, there was a chance the woman literally couldn't keep up with him.

The idea of learning about the man's limits got Triss quivering, and she bounced Jen on the man harder.

Sándor took her hips, and picked up the job, bouncing Jen on his cock. He wasn't gentle. Awesome. Triss had half expected the man to be too gentle, but he was getting in the mood now, and a quiet growl rumbled in his throat as his eyes drank in Jen's giant breasts bouncing against her chest.

Triss had to see this. She sat back down beside the man on the towel, and immediately slipped her hand back under her thong as she watched her girlfriend's smooth slit work up and down his long length. Jen's hands found Sándor's wrists so she could lean back, probably trying to drive the angle of his cock to hit against her g-spot more. Whether that was her goal or not, it made her look fucking amazing, her chest jutting out so her breasts rippled against her with each bounce.

Jen came again. Her head fell back, and her moans came out as short pants, barely a noise, as Sándor continued to bounce her hard enough the couch was doing a little more than squeaking. How the fuck had Sándor not cum yet? Some weird zen mode? The woman was squeezing on the man hard enough slivers of her insides came out with her each time he lifted her up, only to slam her back down through her orgasm, until trickles of her juices flowed out of her onto his pelvis.

Triss managed a quick peek up at his face, and another tiny quiver shot through her. He didn't look like Sándor anymore. He looked like the gargoyle, stern face mixed with animal hunger, eyes set on his meal. Hard bounces had the couch shaking, and Jen almost fell back as her body trembled. The only reason she didn't fall was the dude's grip, as Jen's hands eventually went limp as the poor girl came again. Sándor didn't stop.

Sure, Jen was the sort of girl who got off easy; pretty common trait for the lady paranormals, at least the ones in Dolareido. But Sándor bounced her in just the right way to have her melting. Much as the man was the quiet, stoic type, he was old as dirt and knew his shit.

Finally, it was his turn to cum, and he slowed his pace, instead using just a few harsh, heavy bounces, with a lot of downtime between them, earning some girly squeaks from Jen. Finally he relaxed, and Triss snuggled into his arm as she watched where his thick cock had her girlfriend spread apart. Heavy white cum leaked out of her drenched slit, and Sándor groaned softly as he relaxed back into the couch as he filled Jen up.

Filled, and filled. Triss hadn't really known what to expect. She knew the werewolves were bundles of life and shit, and came their brains out; Jessy loved to talk. Sándor was part giant gargoyle monster. Uncharted territory. But sure enough, as he relaxed back on the couch, using his grip only to gently move the limp and leaning back Jen back and forth on his cock to milk him, he pumped her full of cum until more heavy drops of the white fluid leaked out of her. And more. Holy shit.

Triss leaned up, and kissed the man's jaw. It was enough to get him to look at her, and she grinned as she kissed his lips, instead. He let go of Jen with his closer arm, and slipped it around Triss, half hugging her as they kissed. Considering the man was in the middle of filling up their girlfriend, little shivers worked through him, and a couple of groans, too. Something about kissing the man as he filled Jen up with enough cum she was literally overflowing, had Triss boiling.

But finally he was done. Triss got up off the couch, doing her best to ignore how soaked her thong was, and set her hands on Jen's shoulders. She gently pushed her friend forward, and the girl collapsed against Sándor's chest. Apparently the man was getting on the threesome wavelength, because he stroked the girl's back a few times, kissed the side of her head, lifted her up off his cock, and set her down on the couch on his right, on the towel. Big towel.

Jen nuzzled into his arm, eyes half closed, legs half spread, cum oozing out of her onto the towel. Which left the man's big cock, dripping with both their cum, pointing up toward him, waiting.

Triss licked her lips, and her extra teeth, as she watched his thick, soaked cock flex toward his abs a couple times, and another drop of white rose to the tip. Christ, she was going to cum the moment he was in her.

"Wait," Jen said, voice wavering a bit. Somehow, the girl managed to sit up enough to reach over to the table, and into her purse. And of course, sat back with a small tube of lube in hand.

"Seriously just walking around with that, Jen?" Triss asked.

"Of course." Nodding as if it was perfectly reasonable, she popped it open, and poured it onto Sándor's cock. The man raised an eyebrow, not sure what was going on, but considering he'd just had a huge orgasm, he seemed happy to wait and see.

Rolling her eyes, Triss slid out of her thong, making sure to stick her ass out a bit as she did. A quick glance down showed a line of juices connecting it to her swollen slit, and she groaned, annoyed, as she kicked it aside. She turned, and aimed her ass toward Jen, but kept her eyes on Sándor. His eyes were locked on her large, firm ass, and his breathing quickened.

It quickened again, once Jen soaked her fingers in lube, and set them on Triss's ass. Jen spent a little time working the liquid on the outside, before gently easing two fingers into her ass, and spreading the lube around a little more. And god damn it, Triss's slit was already dripping. She moan. She didn't cum, thank god, but she squeezed on Jen's fingers as she tried, and failed, to not make more noise.

Sándor's eyes were wide.

"Never had anal?" Triss asked. "You look surprised."

“Never.”

“Wait, really? Dude, you’re ancient.”

“It’s... never come up.”

Triss licked her lips again as she watched his eyes stare at her ass while Jen worked lube into her, longer than needed. The damn Ventrue saw an opportunity to have some fun with her, and the hypnotized Sándor, so she spent a minute longer gently working her fingers around and around in Triss’s ass. Plain as day in the man’s eyes, he liked what he saw. He liked what he heard, when Triss failed to stop another tiny groan from slipping out of her.

Jen stopped, thank god, and Triss straddled the man, her man, putting her weight on her knees around his legs. Big couch meant his ass was forward enough she had the room to straddle him properly, and she smiled down at him as she held his shoulder with one hand, and took his wet cock in the other.

“Beatrice,” Jen said, “is an anal addict.”

“I’m not... addicted...” Another small moan snuck its way out of her as she lowered herself down on the man’s thick cock, and set the warm, drenched glans against her ass’s entrance.

Jen laughed as she turned in toward Sándor, and slipped under his arm so she could press her body into him, half sitting, half rubbing herself into him and Triss’s leg.

Triss didn’t really want to prove Jen right, but her body didn’t give a fuck. The sensation of her ass’s sensitive skin spreading open, and the sensitive nerves getting caressed by a hot, hard, drenched cock, had her sighing happily. But it was the sensation of being full she ached for, and she forced her muscles to relax so she could take the man deep and deeper. It didn’t take long. She’d done this a hundred times, and she was out of her fucking mind horny.

She got the man balls deep in her ass, and groaned as she leaned back and put her hands on his knees. Fucking finally. The feeling of being full. The feeling of a hard cock pulling toward her pussy from inside her ass, the way the pressure inside felt so similar and different, it had her quivering. You had to get the right angle, and she made sure she found it, sliding her hips forward a bit while leaning back, making sure the dude’s hard cock pushed straight toward her belly.

Plus, leaning back like this really showed off her abs and tight little waist. She loved them, and Sándor did too, from the way he was looking.

“It’s pierced,” Sándor said.

“What?” Triss followed his hypnotized eyes, and managed a tiny laugh. A little bolt piercing sat above her clit, through her clit hood. “Next time I’ll wear something fancier.”

“Lots of chains,” Jen said, nodding. And as she grinned up at Triss from within the nook of Sándor’s arm, she reached down over his abs and cum-soaked pelvis, and with palm up, she slipped two fingers down along Triss’s pierced clit hood, over her clit, along her swollen lips, and then directly into her. Fuuuuuck.

“Feel that?” the Ventrue asked Sandor, and she moved her fingers toward Triss’s ass, pushing the backs of her finger knuckles against the back of Triss’s pussy, before pulling her fingers forward, and pressing them against Triss’s g-spot.

Instant pleasure, a deep tingling wave that pulsed out from her insides and down into her toes. Triss sucked in a quick, useless breath, and tightened her grip on Sandor’s knees as she teetered on the edge of orgasm. But she kept the position. Sandor was staring at her, at her tattoos, her small breasts and pierced nipples, at her smooth pussy and tiny piercing, and her abs as they stretched. It wouldn’t be long before he grabbed her and fucked her hard, same as Jen. The anticipation was killing her.

“I can,” the man said after a heavy, deep groan. Unusually deep. Gargoyle deep.

Jen chuckled, and without warning, finger fucked Triss, hard. She worked her hand back and forth, the back of her fingers hitting the back wall of her pussy, and pushing against the man’s cock through the wall of flesh. But it was the strength of her fingers hitting Triss’s g-spot with almost slapping speed that broke Triss. She leaned forward and grabbed Sandor’s shoulders for dear life as Jen fingered her, her ass and pussy clenching down hard, and instant pulses of tingling bliss shot out through her whole body.

A gush of her fluids splashed over Jen’s hand and over Sándor’s abs. Jen didn’t stop. The damn Ventrue grinned up at Triss, and continued to pump her hand, fighting against Triss’s clenching insides and driving her fingers against Triss’s g-spot again, and again, and again. It was too damn good. The way Sándor stared down at Jen’s hand, and then up Triss’s abs, to her jiggling breasts, and up to her face as her mouth fell open, his own eyes wide with surprise, was too good. He was hypnotized, and she couldn’t help but cum until her toes curled while Jen pounded away. She squirted again, harder, drenching Jen’s hand, Sándor’s stomach, and even a bit of his chest.

Eventually the damn slut stopped, eased her fingers out of Triss, and teased them up Sándor’s now very soaked abs, and up to his chest. Now that she had some time to recover, Triss sat up straight again, and looked down at Sándor’s breathing, sweating body, and how his abs flexed in slow crunches as

Triss quivered on him. The orgasm aftershocks worked through her, up and down, waves that had her nipples so hard the metal studs hurt.

“You call me a slut,” Jen said, giggling as she lifted her hand, and let a drop of Triss’s clear juices drip from her fingers down onto Sándor’s abs.

“Oh fuck you.” Triss stuck out her tongue before leaning in again, and snuggled in close to Sándor. “Sorry, I soaked you.” She shifted up and down along his body, rubbing her small breasts and diamond nipples into his chest. Her whole damn body was tingling and shivering and refused to stop.

“I can see that,” he said, gulping, before looking over her shoulder and down her back. Noticing, she made sure to arch her back, and squash her stomach into his so her ass stuck out in a way she knew looked damn good. With her face buried in his neck, she couldn’t see what he was looking at anymore, but his hands found her ass, and squeezed. Which got her all sorts of tingly again, and she sighed happily into his neck.

Her noise apparently encouraged him, because he squeezed her ass harder, massaged it, and dug his fingers into the meat of it. Triss hated the idea of comparing her body to his dead wife’s, so no fucking way she’d actually say it out loud, but Margaret had been a tall, thin woman. Not much meat on the bones. Triss had a small waist with abs, and an ass for days; lot of time spent at the gym, lifting heavy shit, when she was alive. And feeling Sándor squeeze and knead it had her grinning into his neck as she kissed him. He liked her body.

Well, Margaret had said to be aggressive with him, and even bully him a little. So Triss sat back up, licked a couple of her extra, large teeth, and turned around. No need to get off, half the fun was showing off how comfortable she was doing this, and Sándor groaned as she twisted on his cock. Once she was facing away from him, she put her feet between his on the floor, put her hands on his knees again, and slowly worked her ass left and right as she made sure to keep the man balls deep.

Poor guy. Dude had been alive for centuries, but it was obvious he’d never gone through a sexual indulgence phase. Every paranormal in Dolareido, except for maybe the more fucked up Nosferatu, went through at least one horny phase in their long lives, where they fucked and fucked and fucked, and tried everything under the sun or moon. And now he had two girlfriends, Jen and Triss. Sándor was in for the time of his life.

Triss ground her ass around and around, going in circles, and occasionally give the man a hard squeeze. Sure enough, his hands found her ass again, and she looked over her shoulder to drink in his hypnotized, hard blue eyes.

Jen, looking a bit jealous, leaned in and kissed Sándor, making sure to squash her big tits against the man. Triss laughed and nodded to him, giving him permission to kiss her back. He did, eyes mostly closing as Jen made sure the kiss lasted, taking extra time to tease his wet abs with her hand, and rub her breasts into his side and chest a few times. Satisfied, she sat back down, snuggled under his right arm, and put a hand on Triss's ass.

And gave it a good slap.

Instant groan from Triss. It wasn't so much that Triss liked having her ass slapped; she did, but definitely not as much as someone like Samantha. But the way Sándor's eyes widened as he watched her butt ripple, was fucking perfect, not to mention how Triss's spontaneous clench pulled a quiver out of him. From the way Jen grinned, she was trying to draw out the animal that'd power fucked her fifteen minutes ago.

"Don't worry," Jen said, and she gave Triss's ass another slap. "We're not only here for sex. You and Beatrice can indulge in some cuddling and other romantic, far less sexual stuff, when we're done."

"I do like cuddling," Triss said.

Jen nodded, and traced her finger up and down Sándor's body some more.

"Cuddling is very personal. Very intimate," she said.

Sándor raised a brow as he looked between the two of them.

"Cuddling. Not sex?"

Triss laughed. This guy was so old fashioned, it was hilarious. And fun. Would he change after a year or two of nonstop crazy sex? Considering how old he was and still a stoic quiet stern vanilla dude, probably not. Which was going to be strangely fun, too.

"Like holding hands," Jen said. "Extremely intimate."

"Naughty," Triss said, grinning back at her girlfriend.

Enough foreplay. She lifted her ass up a few inches, and worked it back down. She had to shift herself forward a bit to get the angle right, but once she had his cock hitting the right places, she bounced a little harder, and mewled. The feeling of being full, of pressure against those places, sent more tingling waves up into her chest and rippling down into her legs.

Jen leaned up and whispered something into Sándor's ear.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

The Ventrue nodded, and shifted back on the couch a bit away from him before lying on her back, head against the couch arm. Oh, she wanted to do that position. Triss was down, and from the way Sándor looked to Jen and then back to Triss, he was too. Dude just needed permission to indulge in a fantasy.

Triss rolled her way toward Jen, off the man's cock, and Sándor got up off the couch. A second later, Triss lay on Jen's body, grinning down at her, head over Jen's breasts and her knees between Jen's legs. Sándor got behind her again on his knees, and stared down at Triss's ass as she arched her back for him. His eyes grew wider when Jen pulled Triss's ass cheeks apart for him.

He slipped the head of his cock back into her, set his hands on her hips, and very slowly sank himself balls deep into her ass. When his heavy testicles rested against her lips, she shivered.

"Dude, I am fucking dying here. Just fuck me already."

With his eyes still locked on her ass, Sándor pulled his pelvis back a bit, and experimentally thrust forward. Fucking finally. A long, hard cock, hitting those deep places. She moaned, and didn't try to suppress it at all.

"She's well lubed," Jen said. "Fuck her hard."

Sándor managed to lift his eyes from her ass long enough to check in with Triss, and she grinned at the man as she nodded, before resting her head between Jen's breasts. With her head on her girlfriend's sternum, and her chest pushing into Jen's stomach, her ass was high up in the air, creating pretty much the most perfect looking display possible. Sándor had no chance.

He thrust into harder, a lot harder, hard enough his testicles slapped against her pussy, and Triss's whole body shifted slightly on Jen's. Jen reached down along Triss's back, and gave her ass another hard slap, both hands, earning a deep growl from Sándor, and another hard thrust. And another, and another.

A proper fucking rhythm. Triss groaned into Jen's body as she melted, body going a bit limp so she rested on the girl's torso. Jen took advantage, and teased fingers down her back before again reaching down low and playing with Triss's ass, digging fingers into its curves. The occasional slap, too. Triss's eyes rolled up as she hugged Jen with weak arms, as Sándor fucked her faster.

Her empty cunt clenched down hard, and a shot of her juices splashed down against the towel. He thrust again, another quiet, dark growl rumbling in his throat as he forced his cock into her ass despite her clenching muscles. Lube putting in overtime. She managed a quick peek back up at Sándor, and the look of sheer hunger in his eyes as he pounded her ass was perfect. The pleasure wave came back,

rolling up and down through her, and again her empty pussy clenched so hard she heard the gush of fluid hit the towel. And then, hit Sándor's testicles, as again the man thrust into her hard. Her cum splashed, soaking her thighs, only getting worse as the man didn't stop.

He only slowed down when it was his turn. He gave her a few more hard thrusts before sinking balls deep into her and staying there, as he flooded her insides. Warm, so warm, cum poured into her, and she gasped as she managed to push her quivering body up onto her elbows. She inched forward a little, just enough to collapse on Jen again, this time burying her face in her girlfriend's neck. More tremors worked through her, making her toes curl and her pussy squeeze, earning another gush of fluids, some hitting the large testicles resting against her lips, and soaking her thighs. The dude just kept going. He stayed deep, grinding her ass against him with his grip, and her muscle spasms pulled more quiet, dark growls from him, and more cum.

Jen chuckled up at the man, and held her hands out to him.

Sándor relaxed his grip on Triss's hips, and lay forward. Triss managed another quick peek of his eyes — relaxed and blissful — before his chest met her back, and gently pinned her against Jen's body. A Beatrice sandwich. Jen wasted no time, and pulled the man's head down to hers. Triss could feel them kissing, her own head in the nook of Jen's neck and shoulder.

Jen broke the kiss, and when Triss managed to turn her head enough to look at her, she kissed her instead. Fuck it, Triss kissed her back as she melted against her. She doubly melted when Sándor kissed the back of her head.

And then she groaned, as Sándor lifted his hips up, and thrust into her. Lying on top of her, his cock pointed straight down, and drove straight toward her belly. Triss mewled into Jen's kiss, and her girlfriend laughed.

"Fuck her until you're done, Sándor," Jen said. "As long as it takes." The sneaky Ventrue hid an odd inflection in there. She was implying that Sándor's previous lovers had been human, and not able to fuck as long as him. Unlike vampires.

Apparently, gargoyles could fuck for a long time. Triss lay where she was, trapped between girlfriend and boyfriend, as Sándor fucked her ass again. Softly at first, until her sensitive insides had her moaning, inviting Sándor to fuck her hard. He did, still lying on top of her and keeping her pinned. She drenched her thighs, Jen's, and the man's testicles, as he got faster, and faster. And when it was his turn to cum again, he slowed down to a crawl, stayed balls deep inside her, and ground into her like he was trying to break her apart in a mortar with a pestle, forcing his long, hard cock toward her belly and keeping it there as he poured more cum into her.

Sometimes, she hated the fact she was a vampire. Sometimes, she loved it. Paranormals had the best sex.

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“I’m still not... sure,” Sándor said.

Triss and Jen blinked at each other before looking at him. They were all in his shower, and thankfully since he had one of the modern, stupidly expensive apartments, it was a big shower. Lots of sleek, metal-colored tiles and whatnot.

“About what?” Triss asked. She stood in front of Jen, and was running soapy hands up and down the girl’s chest. Not like the girl had anything to wash off her chest, but she wasn’t going to pass up the opportunity to tease Sándor some more.

Sándor stood literally one foot away, and was having a difficult time not staring at what Triss was doing.

“About the nature of the relationship.”

Triss gulped. “You mean—”

“About there being two women.”

Oh thank god. For a second there she thought she might have fucked the man to the point of post-nut clarity, and now he was thinking he wasn’t into her. Guys with heartbeats did have a habit of thinking with their dick until a good orgasm got their brain working again.

Triss let go of Jen, and walked into Sándor. His back was already against the shower wall, so it was easy to lightly pin him, and press her pierced nipples straight into his stomach; he was a good six inches taller than her.

“You and I are dating. I like you. You like me. Right?”

He smiled, and set his hands on her hips. “I do.”

A shiver worked through her spine, the good kind, and she leaned into him a little harder.

“We’re boyfriend and girlfriend. We don’t fuck anyone else. Jen is our sex slave.”

He raised a brow and looked to Jen. “She—”

“I already told you,” Jen said, and she came in beside Triss, and did the same thing, pushing her huge breasts into the man’s side and chest as she fought for room beside Triss. “I know what I like. I like this.”

“But—”

“She’s free to fuck other people,” Triss said. “But she won’t.”

“It’s not interesting anymore,” Jen said. Yeah, she said it ‘wasn’t interesting’ but Triss was pretty sure the girl was just romantically invested, whether she wanted to admit it or not. It’d been the same with Julias.

“And she won’t fuck me or you without the other present,” Triss said. This was annoying, but necessary. It was a weird relationship, and Sándor was a defining example of ‘too old to change’. They had to talk about it and set up rules. Communication was important, and she wasn’t going to let something as stupid as not talking about shit end the relationship.

Look at her, growing up and getting wiser about the more normal shit, too.

“I... see.”

Triss and Jen both laughed. The man was so different to Julias. Every night, the two of them were going to have to work past the man’s conservative nature. But that also meant they’d get to enjoy teasing him out of his shell every time, to pull out the hungry man hidden inside. Like opening up a not-illegal Kinder Surprise egg.

She nodded as she pushed up onto her tippy toes, and kissed his chin. When he looked down to her, she turned it into a proper kiss, and the man eventually closed his eyes. And slowly, as if he might shatter the illusion if he went too fast, he ran his fingers up her back. God yes. She melted into him, and hugged him into her.

A tiny part of her wanted to ask if he stroked her spine like that because Julias told him to. Nah, too weird. Better to leave the mystery.

Jen whined like a puppy until Triss broke the kiss and gave her girlfriend a kiss, too. And both girls peeked Sándor’s way to make sure the man was hypnotized by the sight of their bodies pressed together. He was, and gulped as his eyes looked them up and down, head to toe.

No wonder Antoinette enjoyed fucking Jack so much. Sure, there was something to be said for a more even sexual dynamic, but seeing Sándor’s surprise and almost guilty delight that he was getting

something as extreme — not even close by Dolareido standards — as two women at once? It had her feeling all tingly with excitement. Probably how Antoinette felt with Jack.

And, unlike Jack, Sándor had another half.

“Sándor,” she said, and she slipped behind Jen. Wet, naked bodies pressed together, both girls pushed their asses out, creating a big S shape that had Sándor’s eyes running a race track. “We... were wondering...”

“How... comfortable you were,” Jen said, reading her mind and jumping in, “with... your Horror, and... sex. Because, we were—”

“Pretty damn interested,” Triss said.

Sándor raised one eyebrow very high.

“But, after what happened—”

Triss gave the man a slap on his naked, wet chest, hard enough to make the water ka-splat.

“Yeah, that sucked, but that was then. You regret what happened, and we regret what happened. We didn’t respect the fact your Horror is fucking terrifying, and powerful as all fuck.”

The man looked down. And unless she was seeing things, a tiny smile appeared on his lips before he wiped it away. Happy? No. Proud? No. Satisfied? Well, he was a half monster of nightmares. It probably did appeal to some existential part of him that his Horror was so horrifying.

“But you still want to... have sex with it?”

“Not it,” Triss said. “You, as it, with all those... big arms and stuff.” Very, very big arms. And legs.

Jen nodded as she came in again, right up to Sándor’s chest, and pressed her huge breasts into his upper stomach. When in doubt, use the boobs. No man could resist the feeling of giant boobs squashing against the body.

“I was angry for what it tried to do. But this is different. I want to be a tiny little woman in your giant monster gargoye hands, and disappear in your shadow as you bury a giant cock inside me. I want to groan and feel like I’m about to burst, as you treat me like a plaything.”

Jesus christ. Triss agreed with everything Jen said, but her saying it like that was so damn direct, Sándor was floored. Hell, it was surprising Jen didn’t ask him to rearrange her guts.

“Now?”

Triss laughed, and shook her head. “No, not now. When you’re comfortable with the idea. When you’ve fed. For now, you know what I want to do? I want to go cuddle and watch a fucking movie. I got nowhere to be tomorrow, and that’s a great fucking feeling I want to savor.”

Lie down on his bed or couch, cuddle up, and watch a movie. The most god damn romantic thing in the world.

Jen stepped back as she laughed, but nodded.

Sándor paused, eyeing Triss. Maybe he didn’t believe her. Maybe he thought she was being sarcastic. So she kept her expression serious as she waited for him to realize she was being completely legit.

He relaxed, and smiled. “That sounds heavenly.”