

~~Damien~~

Beatrice's visit had been strange. Random. And late. It'd been months since that incident, and now she came, alone, to apologize for affecting him so? Peculiar. Perhaps she was feeling more bold, becoming an integral witch in the Circle of the Crone. Damien couldn't begin to understand what that sort of world was like, but it seemed to agree with the Nosferatu quite a bit. She'd smiled for most of her visit to the Cathedral.

Sighing, Damien leaned back, and looked up. The dark alley between some of the more unkempt bars was a disgusting sight. Sinners on every corner, and not the sinners he would have scared or harassed in the past. These were sinners he would have killed in the past, people not only throwing their lives away to whatever vice they chose, but also dragging other people into their inescapable pits of doom. Thieves. Rapists. Murderers.

This was a weird date.

"That one," Fiona said, pointing at the woman sitting on a food crate, across the street, and in her own alley. She was average height, Asian, tattoos and piercings, a half buzzed head not dissimilar to Damien's hair, and black jeans torn at the knee. A tight white t-shirt showed she had an impressively tough physique, too.

Nodding, Damien pat his chest to make sure he had his knife. He did. "I've seen her around Devil's Corner before. She leads a gang, sort of. More like a group of friends who are willing to get a fist or two bloody, if she wants them to." He wasn't sure if that really qualified as a gang, since she didn't bother with some delusional claim to territory.

"I've seen her too. She's been quite mean to some folk, some store owners, taking things from folk on the street." Fiona rubbed her hands together, and licked her lips. "I saw her and her friends beat up a man and steal his motor."

"And you want to punish her."

"Aye. Punish her, make her afraid. I have to make her afraid. Fear." Again the beautiful creature licked her lips. She was wearing blue jeans and her brown leather jacket. Very much not the sort of clothes you found in Devil's Corner, where tank tops and dangling chains reigned supreme, but it looked cute on her. "Let's go eat her."

"Hey, you're not allowed to kill anyone."

“I ken! I... know, I know.” With a frown and grump, she bounced in spot a few times, and folded her arms. “And, she doesnae deserve to die, I dinnae think.”

“Have... any of your meals been of people who didn’t deserve death?”

“I think they aw deserved it. A lot of them were men wha’ beat their wives.” She shrugged and set her back against the alley wall. “My favorite dinner.”

“I thought you were from a small place in Scotland?”

“I am.”

“Were the people nice?”

“Aye, very. Everyone thinks Scots are cursing and swearing and drinking all the time. Nae there,” she said. “Didn’t sound like her. Rebellious teenager much?”

“Why the particular favorite meal, then?”

“I dinnae ken. It must be from Vrall’s old lang syne. She’s so old, and I think she’s been inside many folk. Maybe something in the past happened?”

He nodded as he slid his hands into his pockets. “I... still have no idea how that works.”

She laughed, and reached out to touch his chest for a moment. Unlike her, he was wearing a trench coat, and a suit underneath. Typical Mekhet fashion; and he had to admit, he liked the look of it on Daniel, so why not himself, too.

“I dinnae ken, either. But Vrall came to me, devoured me, consumed and became me. The others, they’re blank slates. With me, Vrall came with her own memories. I dinnae ken if she was a Begotten back then, or maybe something else, or a special nightmare. Aw I ken is, I’m Vrall, and Fiona. We’re nae separate.”

Not separate made it a little easier to understand, he supposed. The transformation from human into something else hit them all differently. For a vampire, it was awakening to a dark, beastly thing inside the chest, inside the heart, inside the soul. It wanted blood, as a managed resource. It wanted territory it could defend. It wanted a safe place to sleep, away from sunlight, safe from anyone finding them while they were a corpse.

“Consumed you.” Yeah, that was more terrifying than the embrace. At least, more terrifying than Damien’s. He’d accepted Lucas’s deal, and dying during the embrace was a blur. Jack, he supposed, must have been terrified during his ordeal, though.

“The nightmares hit everybody differently, but one thing’s always the same. Something comes for ye, hunts ye in whatever way is theirs, and they murder ye.” She shivered too, but all her shivers earned from her was a bigger smile. “I’ve never met any other Begotten, except for ‘ere in Dolareido. Azamel told me once about a Begotten she knew a long time ago, whose horror was a giant squid monster!”

“... was he a fisherman?”

“Aye, that he was! And he had this recurring dream where, when fishing, a monster came up from underneath, and dragged him down into the depths. Long, inhuman tentacle arms, a dozen of them, giant enough to break his wee ship apart. And then they came for him, and pulled him down, and down, and down, into the drink. Down to ole Davey Jones.” Giggling, she bounced around a couple more times, shivering still. “Eeeeeeh the darkness of the ocean depths are terrifying.”

“I thought you were a monster of darkness? Eshamki, you said?”

“I am, but that’s not the same as a Makara. Monsters... of the depths.” She rubbed her arms, as if fighting off the chills of fear. Maybe she was. It was hard to tell excitement from fear with her.

“Do you enjoy roller coasters?”

“I love roller coasters!” She stared at him with jaw dropped. “How did ye ken?”

“Lucky guess.” A young girl who seemed to enjoy thrills, enjoyed getting scared, and responded to it with giggles and bouncing. Amusement park rides of the scary sort were probably a favorite thing for her.

He couldn’t imagine himself dealing with the crowd, or the lines.

“So, we should go break her nose! Pow pow. And, then ye can drink from her, and we can really scare her!”

“Do we need to beat her up?” He raised a brow, and gestured to the woman. “You said you feed on her fear.”

“Aye, but it has to be a sort of fear. I have to make her be afraid cause of the bad things she did. I have to punish her. She has to ken. Know.” She emphasized ‘know’, as if it were decadent chocolate. “She has to ken she did wrong, and she’s being punished for it.”

“I see.”

“Come on, let’s go have a blether with her.”

“... what do I say?”

“Hmm. Actually, I’ll do the talking. I dinnae think ye like talking much.” She grinned at him, like a squirrel, a mischievous squirrel drunk on a fermented pumpkin.

“I’ll have you know I served as bishop and consultant for many Kindred of the faith.” Most of which were dead. The few that had not joined Lucas on his kamikaze attack, the few not dominated by the strange power of Tony’s old underground headquarters, had rejoined the Invictus.

“True! And—hey, let’s have a go at something different. Use yer cloak of night to hide yerself, and we’ll get behind her. Grab her, really scare her.”

Hide just himself? “How will you hide yourself?”

Laughing, she took his hand, and started to walk him out onto the sidewalk. Devil’s Corner, this time of night, was a dangerous place, and a young woman and the man she was pulling along looked like prime targets. If some kine tried to mug them, it’d be a way to get in a meal for him. But Fiona’s hunger was specific, and needed to be satisfied in a specific way.

It added a unique element to the hunt. Better to let her lead.

A moment later, they were standing in the darkness of the next alley, the two of them behind their prey. The woman no doubt considered herself dangerous and deadly, a woman to be feared, carving a slice of life for herself out of the shit of Devil’s Corner. But, she was only human.

Damien extended his Cloak of Night, the invisible aura embracing all within range, and gave Fiona a nod. Again, grinning and smiling at him like she was, indeed, about to go on a delightful roller coaster ride, she hopped over to their meal.

But then she was gone. Blended into shadow, disappeared. Not like the Cloak of Night, which made the eyes slide off, but instead, she’d become darkness itself. Like trying to see a shadow in a shadow.

Damien half expected her to jump out of the darkness and yell ‘boo!’. But instead, she reformed near their prey, like droplets of black ink in water, stopped, and motioned for him to come close. Show off. Grinning all the more, she made some grabbing hands, and wrenching arms in the air, indicating he should grab the woman from behind.

Shrugging, he stepped up behind the woman, and grabbed her.

“What the fuck!”

This kine had good reflexes. She almost managed to pull away, but he got his arms underneath hers, and brought his hands up behind her neck. A full nelson; hilarious position, and difficult to end a

fight with. But it did render the other person incapable of using their arms. If done on the ground, she wouldn't be able to use her legs either, but they were standing, and she tried to kick back at him. All she got for her trouble was a hard jerk of her whole body, vampire strength used to whip her from side to side, and douse the flames of her struggles.

"Ye've been a bad lass," Fiona said, stepping around Damien and standing in front of their prey.

"What the fuck are you—" A punch to the gut, from the tiny redhead, shut up the meal hard.

"Ye've been bad. Ye've been hurting people."

"I... what... what're you..." Gasping and squirming, the woman tried to lift her head up to look back at Damien, but with both his hands pressing down on her neck, it was easy to keep her head under control. If he wanted to, it'd be easy to dislocate her shoulders, or break her neck. They weren't allowed to kill, though.

The twinkle in Fiona's eye told him she'd be able to, if she wanted to. Maybe not this prey, who hadn't done enough to deserve death, but it was plain to see the Scot didn't have any of the struggles with violence he expected of her. Judging from what she'd told him, her life in her old home had been boring, and contained none of the violence or salaciousness of Dolareido. How had she'd become so confident, and perhaps a little sadistic? It was at such odds with her bubbling joviality.

"Ye've been hurting folk. Ye've been stealing from folk. Ye've been bad."

"I—"

Fiona punched the girl in the face, hard enough to make her jerk a little. "Ye stole that lad's motor, and hurt him. He was taken away in an ambulance."

Perhaps Fiona was at peace with being a monster, as she seemed to be at peace with a lot of things. The secret to her happiness, or willful ignorance, he couldn't tell. Maybe both. He was excited to learn more about her though, what made her smile despite the insanity thrown her way. She'd only become Begotten a year ago, barely twenty years old, and yet looked comfortable with assaulting a thug.

"What's it to you?" the prey said. Wow, she was tough. Courage and stupid went hand in hand.

Fiona leaned in close to her, and pulled out a knife. It was enough to stir the prey, make her squirm, struggle, but when she tried to use her legs again, Damien was quick to give her a hard jerk once more. Hold still.

“Ye ken what I do to mean folk?” Fiona said. “Minging folk like ye?” She set the blade against the woman’s neck, under the jaw, and pressed up. With her head trapped between the knife and Damien’s hands, it was enough to get the woman trembling. He couldn’t see her eyes, but from how she was shaking in his arms, he knew the prey’s eyes would be wide.

“P... please don’t.” The threat of getting a knife up through the jaw and into the tongue would break anyone. No shame in that.

“Ye shouldnae hurt folk.” Fiona pressed a little higher, and Damien breathed in the smell of a drop of blood. Delicious, thick, warm life. The prey continued to struggle and squirm, doing her best to push her head up and away from the sharp thing pressing against the soft underside of her jaw. It smelled intoxicating, and he was growing hungrier by the second.

“I... I won’t... hurt anyone anymore.”

“Ye better nae. If ye do, I’ll be back with my friend, and I’ll jam this knife right into your head.”

“Please... d-don’t... do that.”

Smiling, as if someone had injected heroine straight into her veins, Fiona let out a long sigh of bliss, and nodded to Damien.

He adjusted his hands, one pulling the woman’s head to the side, the other holding her torso against his chest, and he sank his fangs into her neck.

“What!? What are you... do... ing.”

The Kiss, hard, fast, left prey little option but to become weak, paralyzed, and exhausted within seconds. And as her blood gushed into his mouth, he swallowed it down, and her exhaustion became unconsciousness. He let out a small growl into her neck as he drank, and looked to Fiona as she watched him.

She looked hypnotized.

He growled again. Something about being watched by a beautiful creature, someone else seeing the dark, almost dirty act of a Kindred feeding, sent a spark up his spine. The two of them had found this woman, this prey, cornered her, and fed on her, together, without having to split the resource. He got all the blood, while Fiona looked quite happy with the result. She fed on the fear. How, he couldn’t begin to understand. But it was obvious with how she smiled at him, that she was satisfied. More than satisfied. She looked like she was high, eyes almost rolling up, matching the intoxicating bliss of thick, warm blood coating his throat, filling his stomach, and sending pulsing life into his dry, withered veins.

He licked the bite mark until it was healed, let the prey go, and set her down against the wall, sitting. He'd drank her fast, and he quivered for a moment as he focused on the tingling bliss of the belly full of warm blood, spreading out. It shot life out into his extremities, forced him to Blush Life, and got his dead heart pumping. A shot of adrenaline, for a vampire.

"That was delicious," Fiona said, coming up to him as she put her knife away. "When ye bit her, she must have thought ye stabbed her, cause she was terrified. Absolutely terrified." She rubbed her arms, and came in closer. "Perfect."

He took a deep, useless breath, and managed a small smile for the little redhead. "I'm glad you enjoyed it."

There was silence for a moment. The two of them stood there, looking at their prey, and then each other. Of course he broke eye contact first. Eye contact was difficult. And with the meal's blood pumping through him, everything took on the edge of biological influence. A beautiful girl smiling at him filled him with... fuzzies, he supposed someone might call them, goosebumps too. He wasn't sure, it being the first time he'd ever felt them.

She stepped up to him, reached out for his arm, and put it over her shoulder. A snap of her fingers later, the two of them stepped out onto the street, and began walking the sidewalk again. With his arm on her shoulder, it must have looked like he was leading her, when she was very much the one leading him.

"Ye should tell me a wee bit about yerself!" she said.

"Me?"

"Aye. I dinnae ken much about ye."

"Um." Ok, talking about the self, his favorite topic. He could do that. Sure. "I don't remember much about my time as a human. It was long ago, and there wasn't much noteworthy. Except for meeting Lucas."

She nodded with the man's name. "I dinnae ken anything about yer sire."

"He vied for power. Fifty years ago, Antoinette killed all of his bishops and any of his followers that stood against her. She'd have killed me too, if the sheriff hadn't decided to spare me back then... and again, later. I helped Lucas go into hiding, in a hole deep underneath Devil's Corner. He went to sleep, into a deep torpor, so the sheriff would not be able to find him; as easily at least. It worked. I waited fifty years for the right time to revive him. Within weeks of his revival, he had recruited a group of young Invictus and Carthians, and had concocted a plan to kill the Prince. It almost worked, but... it

didn't. In the end, most of his followers had died, and him as well. I almost died, but Daniel and Natasha saw that I was... not happy, with the new Lucas. He'd been a zealot and dictator in his previous life, and when I revived him, I did not realize torpor would make the horribleness of him, things I'd been in denial of about my sire, even worse."

When he glanced down to the small thing under his arm, he blinked at her staring.

"Oh my god, Damien! When I said tell me about yerself, I meant, like, what do ye do with yer free time? What kind of hobbies do ye have?" Laughing, she pat his back, and nudged her head against his side. "Ye need to learn to relax, but I cannae blame ye for being stressed, with a history like that! Fifty years? What did ye do during that time?"

He raised a brow. Thinking about his past like that was normal for him. Maybe that was a problem.

"I hid. I rarely left Devil's Corner, but I quickly learned how to use the Cloak of Night to greater skill than most. I tried to enforce the Lancea et Sanctum's philosophies; punishing the wicked, scaring strays back into the arms of God, and the like. It... it was hard, staying in the shadows for that long."

"Awww! Poor lad." Without a hint of sarcasm in her tone, the monster clutched him with her one arm behind his back as they walked. "That does sound horrible."

"I try to—"

"No no, come on, it was horrible. Admit it."

"... it was horrible."

Nodding, she rubbed her cheek into his side and chest, and hugged him closer. "Ye were hiding in this sort of place for fifty years. I'm only twenty."

"It's not really the same. Kindred don't age, and our minds don't really... change much, as we get older." Outside of the horrible twisting torpor could cause, at least. "My personality will be the same for eternity, I guess." A gift or curse, depending on that personality. He wasn't sure, himself.

"Begotten age, but how we age is different per person. Azamel aged very slowly, and I wouldnae be surprised if I do, too." Nodding, she squeezed his side a little harder. "And even if I don't, I wouldnae let that worrying stop me from enjoying the now."

"Are you sure? Remember what happened in Highlander?" Even he had seen a movie every now and then. Swords interested him. So did the band Queen.

"Highlander? Never heard of it."

He laughed. “It contains a tragic tale of an immortal who finds love with a human, and stays with her until she dies of old age.”

“We could go watch it?”

“Um, sure. It has... Christopher Lambert, French American actor, playing a Scottish swordsman. And Sean Connery... playing an Egyptian... Spaniard...”

She raised both brows, and tilted her head from side to side, scanning him to see if he was lying about the strange casting. He was not.

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~~Natasha~~

She smiled up at Art, and melted against the man’s chest. He was underneath her, and sitting in the tub, while she was lying on him, her head on his chest, and her ass snug to his pelvis. They were in their normal human form, Hishu they called it, instead of Dalu form; it meant a noticeable drop in their aggression, and a small drop in size. Gentle sex was back on the menu.

Jessy having sex with one of them in Gauru form must have been absurd. Dangerous! So dangerous, and... strangely hot. But still, very dangerous. Their Dalu forms had been enough to give Natasha a fright, despite how awesome the sex had been. Awesome, and a bit painful, considering the size difference.

They were almost done now, she hoped. Much as she was loving gentle sex, she was exhausted. Matt had already cum inside her, twice, and Art was working up to a second orgasm too; and the man was in her butt, as he had a penchant for doing.

The water-resistant lube was working well, though, so that was a huge plus. And, much as she whined every time he penetrated her there, she’d couldn’t deny how good it felt, feeling the head of his length pressing up toward her belly, as she relaxed on his chest and abs. The heat of the water against her skin, and the pressure of his cock against her insides, was lulling her into post-sex bliss, while still having sex.

Matt chuckled down at her, and looked between her, and his phone. “Avery says the vamps are going to be putting together teams of three, to sweep the city. They want one of us to join each team.” Not in the tub anymore, the bigger man was doing... something. She had a hard time caring right now.

“Each?” Art said.

“It... it’s... a good idea.” With a quiet whimper, she hugged herself as Art continued to gently thrust up into her ass, causing some of his cum from earlier to leak and coat him. “I knew the Prince... w-wanted to... take advantage of... your abilities.” She reached down, spread her thighs, and slid a couple fingers into her trembling insides. The bliss of post-orgasm sensitivity. Just touching her clitoris was almost painful, but her insides were more accepting, and hungry, for stimulus. She curled her fingers up against her aching g-spot, and looked up to Art with a tiny smile.

The man grinned down at her, reached down, and pushed on her two fingers with two of his own. She mewled, and clenched on the man’s digits; it didn’t stop him. He pushed in his two fingers, and with his hand on top of hers, she couldn’t remove her own. And unlike her, he was a bit less gentle with fingering up against her g-spot. Waves of bliss began to pulse outward from her depths soon after.

The private bathroom the Prince was letting her use had many amenities; particularly, a door she closed before they’d begun bathing. It was far easier to feel less shame and guilt about enjoying something this lascivious, this carnal, with the door closed. No one would sneak a peek at her cumming on her boyfriend, his length in her ass balls deep, and her butt snug and molding to his steel body, as he fingered her. Matt watching her cum with his gentle eyes and warm smile was enough to melt her twice over. So carnal, being watched like this, so naughty.

Mixing business with pleasure wasn’t a very good idea, but inevitable, with how horny her two boyfriends always were. It was easier to give in and enjoy the ride, rather than try and pull their minds out of the gutter.

“D-Do... you... th-think you’ll... help?” she said as she shivered. Talking, mid orgasm! God, she was devolving into more of a ridiculous vampire cliché every night. The pleasure sparks erupted outward from her pussy, up into her chest and down into her thighs and legs. Trying to talk during that was difficult, but there was something empowering about it. Antoinette probably did it all the time. And it wasn’t like vampires needed to breathe; the endless panting was a reflex, not required.

Art eased up on his fingers, but continued to gently push up into her ass, earning more sighs and mewls from her. “Yeah I’m sure we will. It’s a good plan, as long as people know how to do recon.”

Right, Arturo was Irraka. Recon and stealth were in his blood, like a Mekhet's. He didn't behave like any Mekhet she'd ever met though, and she turned her head to nuzzle her cheek into his chest.

"As long as we can get along." Matt stood in front of the mirror, and looked around at all the black marble everywhere, shaking his head at the undoubtedly expensive extravagance that was the Prince's obsession with the building material. "And honestly, Avery will want your teams to answer to us, not the other way around. Vampires are good with managing groups of people, but hunting? Legit hunting something down? That's our world." He pulled out a beard trimmer, and started on his face, getting his facial hair down from too long, to nice and short. Gruff length.

Watching a naked man, a giant one of muscle at that, trim his beard, was delightful, and relaxing. The fact his friend was currently having sex with her butt, was a strange spice, that made her melt onto Art's chest again, and again, as she felt the rising heat of pleasure begin anew; and not from her fingers. She removed them, lifted them, and started to caress her hard nipples where the water gently rocked back and forth. She was going to cum, from anal sex. God, if Jessy knew, she'd tease her for eternity.

"Matt's right. Avery's going to make sure the teams know it, which means your boss and the Invictus bosses, and probably the Carthian boss, are going to get a dose of something they won't want to hear." Art set his hands on her hips, and started rocking her back and forth in time with his thrusts.

She whimpered, and kept her cheek against his chest, getting comfy along his body of steel, as she started to cum. The head of his cock kept pressing up toward her belly, hitting her deepspot again, and again, as the thickness of him pushed up toward her pussy. Every gentle thrust was euphoric, and sent pleasure waves through her body in time with the waves gently splashing against her breasts. A tiny squirt of her juices escaped her, just a little thing, immediately lost to the water of the tub. And another, and another. Something about that deep penetration got her so hot and shaking, each tender thrust rocking the pleasure waves working down into her toes as much as it rocked the water. Slow, gentle, and so very deep inside her.

A few harder thrusts earned a loud squeak, before Art stopped, and had his turn cumming inside her. For the second time that night.

She reached out, took his wrist, and guided it to her mouth. Just a taste! Just a small taste. To have a Kiss while riding orgasm aftershocks, and give the pleasure of it to her man, as he filled her insides? Only a vampire could do that. And she moaned onto his wrist as she bit into him. He returned the moan, and she smiled around his wrist as she felt the man's cock flex with almost desperate, small thrusts, coating her insides with his cum.

Matt smiled at her, and watched her in the mirror. "Think you'll be put on a team?"

“I... I um... m-maybe?” She was one of the few ancilla in the city, and very good at the Cloak of Night, or any aspect of Obfuscate. As much as Julias and Jessy used to be her partners, the three of them often worked alone, because they were strong enough to do so. “And if... I d-do, you know they w-won’t let us go on the same t... t-team.” She was getting better at it, talking, as the tingly waves danced up and down her limbs, along her swollen nipples, and down her legs.

Art let go of her hips, and hugged her. She looked up to him, beamed some joy his way, and relaxed as she felt his member start to soften. Finally.

The bathroom was a large, fancy thing, and it had a drain on the floor to handle both splashes from the hot tub, and the shower above. Matt took full advantage, turning on the shower — utterly enormous shower — and reached into the tub. She was far too relaxed to stop him, and she squeaked as he took her hands into his, and lifted her up. Smiling at her, he held her up and up, her arms over her head, and her feet dangling, as he held her under the shower head with him. He leaned in, held her at eye level with him, and kissed her.

She wriggled and squirmed, and did her best to ignore the feeling of cum leaking down her thighs before being washed away in the warm water. Grinning at her, Matt set her down, and she struggled to stay standing; legs muscles were still tingling, and did not want to work.

“You’re right,” he said. “I guess Jack will be involved, and try and find a way for all of us to get along.” Grin unending, the big guy got a loofa, soaped it up, and gave it to her.

Right, right, they were supposed to be washing. She returned his grin best as she could, and set the loofa on his body. With Art’s blood in her belly, she shivered as the warmth of it mixed with her fading tingles, and she let out a long, happy sigh, as she set the loofa onto Matt’s pelvis. One hand for the loofa, her other took his cock, and she shivered again as she admired the weight of it in her hand. It was such a Jessy trait, to lust after a big, strong man, who was well endowed; or as Jessy would say, big man with big dick.

She smiled as she pictured her friend with Eric. Eric was lean and strong, but he wasn’t a big guy, and lacked the dumbness Jessy was normally drawn to. Hopefully he’d be good for her, before she inevitably corrupted him.

“You t-two... b-be on your best behavior! Be nice, with whoever y-you get paired with.”

“We’ll try,” Art said, sinking into the hot tub some more. The water got filtered, to clean itself of the mess they kept making in it, thankfully. “How are things going with you? With the Prince and the sheriff.”

“I uh... n-not sure what you mean.” Professional question, or was he prying for secrets?

“Just wondering what it’s like to have a sire who’s so old, and a boss who’s so old, and have both of them be the only other people in your covenant.” Shrugging, Art rolled in the water, turned to face her, and set his elbows on the tub edge so he could put his chin on his forearms.

Oh. That was an easier question to answer. Kind of a ‘how was your day’ sort of question. It was nice to hear that from her boyfriend.

“Daniel is... quiet. He d-doesn’t talk much. We try and talk sometimes, b-but it’s... it’s always difficult.” And she doubted she was much better. Two stones trying to talk to each other. Sighing, she moved the loofa around Matt’s body, mind drifting as she soaped up his legs. “Antoinette is... a dragon, and a succubus. It’s w-weird. One minute she’s... d-doing Ordo Dracul things, that I can’t t-tell you about, but they’re very scary. The next minute, she’s being so... sexual, about everything.”

“Is she?” Matt said, eyebrow raising. “Example?”

“I’ve... s-seen her... having sex with J-J-Jack... in the open.”

“Must have been a sight,” Art said.

“She is... s-so beautiful. And...” She held out her hands in front of her small breasts, far away enough to suggest Antoinette’s size. “And they just... jiggle everywhere.”

“Jealous?” the bastard in the tub said, evil grin on his face.

“... a b-bit.”

Matt shook his head, and got down on his knees. “Don’t be. You have the most amazing body. So petite, and your breasts are amazing. And good god, this,” he set his hands on her hips, and turned her around, before he pressed his thumbs into her butt cheeks, “is the most beautiful, tight little ass to ever walk this city.”

She rolled her eyes, and turned around. It didn’t stop him from continuing to play with her body though, and he pulled her close into a half hug as he massaged her butt. She was still standing, so him on his knees was good for her to wash more of him, though it was hard to do, with how much he was sinking her fingers into her ass.

“You b-both are just like her. Always thinking about sex.”

“Something tells me she thinks about other things too,” Art said.

“True.” Tash got the shampoo, and got to washing Matt’s hair. Shoulder length hair was fun, and she enjoyed running her hands through it. “She... she controls the city, and tries t-to... to consider the future in all things. I’ve n-never known a boss to think so far ahead.” The man probably had no idea how to properly take care of hair; not that she could judge much, since her hair was eternal. But his wasn’t, and could do with some shampooing and conditioning.

“How far ahead?” Matt said, staying on his knees for her. No way she could wash his hair unless he stayed down.

“She’s t-talked to me about... about space travel, before. What will it be like f-for Kindred, when we start colonizing space? Who knows? Will... w-will we be able to survive off the planet? We fight each other all the t-time, get in each other’s way. B-But... that’s not even the biggest concern. What will happen to us, if we go into space, and... and night and day are no longer things?” Nodding, she got a good lather going in Matt’s hair, before she guided it back under the falling water. “She thinks about... about a lot of things, that other Kindred d-don’t, b-b-but should.”

Art whistled. “That is thinking ahead. I wonder if Kindred go into space, you’ll just go to sleep? Or maybe, the lack of day or night will cause you to devolve into monsters, mindless, bloodthirsty, and any spaceship or station unlucky enough to have a Kindred or two in their midst will find they’re now in a scifi horror story.”

Both Tash and Matt looked at the evil bastard in the tub, Tash’s jaw dropping.

“Th-That... I... that’s horrible!” Lovely. Now her dreams of the future were nightmares.

Matt threw the loofa at him. “Asshole.”

Laughing, Art ducked, before peeking his eyes up over the tub edge. “Hey, I don’t know what’ll happen. It’s impressive she’s thinking that far ahead, though. I suppose issues like these hunters are just a bump in the road for someone as old as she.”

“She really five-hundred years old?” Matt said, looking up at her, eyes wide with intrigue.

Shrugging, she leaned in, and put a kiss on his nose. “It’s d-d-difficult f-for elders to know. Memories can blur and fade, and... and it’s hard to trust their old journals and t-tomes. But the Ordo Dracul handle the long t-torpor better than other covenants. Somehow, they... they know... ways to m-make it not so hard on the mind.” While the Prince’s works in Dolareido were primarily in pursuit of arcane secrets or whatnot, generally about spirits and other ephemera beings, she knew the Prince had delved into more vampire-rooted experiments in the past. And others in their order, that the Prince only

rarely contacted, were far more devoted to experiments seeking to understand the strange life cycle of the vampire, she said.

“Jacob must be. Fucker kicked our asses like it was nothing.” Sighing, Art slid onto his back in the tub again, and stared up at the ceiling as he hooked his hands behind his head. “Then he saved our lives, with a fucking Incarnae,”

“W-What’s Incarnae mean?” she said.

“Spirits come in tiers,” Matt said. “Sort of. When they get powerful enough to be... gods, basically, we call them Incarnae.”

“Gods?”

“Mhmm, in the classic sense. If you went into the Hisil in certain places, you’d find grand beings so powerful and defined, you might think of them as... say, a bear god who resides in a mountain. Or maybe a god of change and destruction, who rests inside a volcano. There are larger things than Incarnae, but we’ve never had to deal with them, thankfully.”

“And... and B-Black Blood? What is... it?”

“Something old,” Art said. “Far as we can tell, it’s been around for ages, centuries, longer than Jacob’s been in Dolareido. It’s good at hiding its nature. Doesn’t let us know exactly what it’s about, which makes finding its bans or banes such a pain.”

Oh, oh, information! “Bans? Banes?”

“Bans are what rules a spirit has to abide,” Matt said. “They’re not people, they don’t have souls, they’re direct manifestations of things and ideas, and have to play by whatever rules their manifestation represents. A fire spirit, maybe one that’s been born in a city from buildings burning down, might be unable to cross a firefighter’s water hose.” Shrugging, Matt held out his hand, and Art tossed him back the loofa. “And banes are the things that hurt us.”

“Silver for us, and fire and sun, for you,” Art said, pointing at him and then her.

“Am I a sp-spirit?” she said, tapping a soapy finger to her chin, before washing it under the falling water, and reaching for some conditioner.

“Werewolves are, partly,” Matt said.

Werewolves were part spirit? That was worth noting. Nodding, she started working the conditioner into the ends of his hair.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if the Begotten had banes as well,” Art said.

Banes she had been looking for, though not under that word. It was difficult to learn anything about the monsters because of how unique each one was, but if the werewolves did that on a regular basis for the spirits they hunted, maybe they’d know what to do?

Her priority was dealing with the hunters. Secondary was trying to find a way to deal with Azamel and the other Begotten, if it came to that. Investigations into spirits and the other side of Dolareido weren’t on her to-do list anymore; which was a little frustrating, because with Matt and Art right here, it was one of the easier things for her to learn about.

“Slut City is rubbing off on everyone,” Matt said. That was random, and she raised a brow as she looked at him. “Carter says Clara’s been getting visits from four rather horny ghouls.”

Ah yes, Jessy had texted her about that, in good faith; but if her boyfriends knew about it already, she could talk about it. It was nice Clara was getting to have a bit of fun, with Jack being out of her reach.

“I’m... h-happy for her. It m-must suck, if she w-wants someone, but can’t have them. If Jessy’s ghouls can... you know, make her a little happy f-for a while, that’s good,” she said. The two boys looked at each other, and smirked. “W-What?”

The man in the tub laughed, and climbed out to sit on its edge, facing her. “We know Clara. Once she sinks her teeth into something, it always comes back to haunt her.”

“W-What do you mean?”

Matt shrugged, and stood up again. “She seems to like Jack. It’s kinda been a thing in the past, that when something interests her, she sorta keeps going after it, even much later. Even when she knows she probably shouldn’t.” Smiling down at her from his tower on high, the gentle giant took his heavy cock into his hand, and began to stroke it. Slow, deep strokes. Uh oh.

“Props to Jessy for trying to make Clara a full-fledged member of Slut City, but she’ll swing back around to what caught her attention first. She always does.” Art, watching, started to masturbate as well, full, leisurely strokes that had his girth swollen with need in moments.

They were aroused, again. She tried her pouting face, as if that might stop them; it never did. Art got up, walked over to her, and as he continued stroking his cock with one hand, he set his other on her head, and gently pushed down.

She managed a weak whimper, and complied, getting down onto her knees. Both boys started to masturbate faster, growing to full hardness, as they each pressed their exposed, swollen glans against her cheeks.

With another little whimper, she put her lips onto Matt's cock, and offered the engorged head a long kiss, engulfing the whole of its pink flesh in her lips, before pulling back, and doing the same to Art. Long, slow kisses, lips wrapping tight around the edge of the glans, before drawing back with suckling pressure to the tip. While she kept her hands on their thighs, the two boys took turns, guiding their cocks into her mouth, and her doing her best to satisfy them both, one boy rubbing his glans into her cheek while she suckled on the other.

She should have known they wouldn't be satisfied yet. And from the heat growing in her body, she wasn't either.

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Ok, enough sex for now. Not that getting on her knees and giving both of her boyfriends blowjobs hadn't been terribly arousing, and the fingering and licking they'd given her after terribly satisfying, but sex all night every night since the Prince had given her a vacation was warping her mind. Time to get back to work.

Antoinette frowned, and typed a few things on her laptop, before looking back to the strange necklace. The tiny loops of string, each holding a small, smooth rock, yanked her attention like a pile of bills due might; the necklace that had summoned the spirit of secrets. Angry Prince was not a Prince Tash wanted to interrupt, so she let the Prince sit there and write whatever it was she was writing, while Tash took a moment to update her own reports on the shared networked.

They'd been on vacation all this time, so, there wasn't much to update. Still, any information was useful, and the Prince's network was secure times a thousand.

== Possible weakness for Begotten: banes. Banes appear to be something everything has. Spirits, werewolves, vampires. If ghosts are real, it's likely they also have banes; silver or iron or salt, or something related to their previous life. There may be a way to gleam a bane from this recurring thread.  
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It was a sad little entry, almost not worth writing.

“Vola,” the Prince said. “How was your time away from your assignment?”

“It was n-nice! Spent a lot of time with the boys, and I l-learned a thing or t-t-two about the wolves. I m-mentioned the sweeps idea to them. They agreed with it, b-but they’re worried it’ll... um...”

“Cause tension.” Sighing, Antoinette leaned back in her chair, picked up a tablet, and pulled her hair over her shoulder with her other hand to begin combing it. “It seems so absurd, when looked at from a distance, does it not? Why would there be tension between us and them. But, such things are difficult to understand or predict, with nuance and details hidden until such situations are created. And the devil is, unfortunately, in the details.”

“I d-don’t understand.”

With a nod and smile, she set the tablet down. There was a picture of Dolareido on it, a blueprint. She’d been analyzing the city. “It is easy to describe how people act and react, behave and respond, and easy for someone such as I to attempt to manipulate the output of their interactions. But any entity with a soul will render such predictions inaccurate at the best of times, opposite at the worst. Sentience defies prediction in the strangest ways. For all my expectations that people will behave reasonably, mixing people with people, is mixing oil and fire.”

“I... I still d-don’t understand.”

Laughing, the Prince smiled at her. She could be patient, when she wanted to be. It was good for Tash then, that teaching her philosophies about life, was something she enjoyed taking her time with.

“Even two logical people can be driven to anger, and blows, when situations filled with nuance and uncertainty arise. It is forever a goal of mine to lead and control, and I am forever usurped by this unpredictability. I fear that, if Avery agrees to sending one of her pack with each of our teams, that there will be tension, as said. The absurdity is that I cannot prevent it, no matter what I do, because people are... people. I cannot predict them perfectly, only mitigate their random impulses.”

It sounded like she had a desire to control the human condition. Understandable. She probably wanted to control everything, and knowing that having Uratha with the Kindred would lead to arguments, arguments she undoubtedly considered stupid, grated on her.

“W-What do we d-d-do about it?”

“I am afraid there is little to be done beyond what I already do, except manage the fallout. Or rather, Jack will attempt to manage the fallout.”

“Is Jack d-doing better? He... he must feel horrible, about letting Angela live.”

Nodding, she got up, and started to pace around the experiments room. “He does. I wonder if his rise in ability is due to a natural skill, skill of his bloodline, or because he is forever thrust into such extreme circumstances.”

“P-Probably both. Julias was always better than other Ventrue. But, horrible things didn’t... d-didn’t fall on his lap every month or so.” Comparatively speaking, Julias and Tash had had quiet second lives. Or at least, that was true of her. Julias did have fifty years of his second life before Tash had been embraced, fifty years she wasn’t too familiar with. “Was... was Julias involved much... during the Purge? Or b-before?”

“The Purge was my doing, along with some help from the Carthians. Avery’s last visit, I do not believe Julias was involved much, except perhaps to observe Viktor’s aggression with them. With Azamel though, I believe he had multiple dealings with the old monster. But, her violence erupted on her environment rather than others, and Viktor was the primary wall between her and the Invictus, regardless.”

Right, Viktor. Always Viktor.

“I wonder... s-sometimes. About J-Jack, I mean.”

“Oh?”

“He’s b-been through so much, and now this hatred toward Angela... it’s scary.”

“Hatred?”

“I—” Oh! Oh shit! Oh no no no, Jack had said to not mention it to the Prince. Recover! “He... he’s mentioned that the whole t-torture... thing... and that it’s bothering him, and—”

Wham! Antoinette slammed her hand down on the table, hard enough to make their laptops, and the various priceless artifacts on the table, jump. If Tash was still alive, it’d have stopped her heart dead. The glare alone from the Prince was enough to borderline disintegrate her.

“I warn you, Vola, that while in matters of the city, of the Ordo Dracul, and anything you could consider official, I am a consummate professional. In matters of my love, I am a violent aggressor who will do anything to defend him.” She leaned in, set her elbows on the table, and glared at her. “You do not hide your feelings well. Something is amiss, something to do with my little Ventrue, and seeing that you are not Invictus, you have no reason to not tell me. Speak. Now.”

Oh god. Oh god oh god oh god. This is what happens when you spend days doing nothing but fucking, fucking, fucking, and more fucking! Completely lost of her sense of professional control.

“He... he t-told me not to... to tell you. That... that he... w-w-w-would eventually...”

“How long ago was this?”

“Um, uh... when w-we found the first ritual.”

“Almost four weeks ago, and he has not mentioned this thing to me.” Frowning at her like she was going to tear her in half, Antoinette leaned in closer still. “The look in your eyes says this is important, Miss Vola, and after what Angela did to my love, I will have you tell me.” Tash wanted to back up, but she was paralyzed. Antoinette looked angry, really angry, like, ready to hurt her angry. Daeva obsession screamed in her eyes. “The boy is too young to know what is best for him. I know better. Tell me.”

Did she really, though? It was hard to tell if Antoinette was being hyper possessive like Daeva often were, or simply being wise and efficient, at that moment.

But, Antoinette deserved to know, if only because of how much she'd done for Natasha already.

“... J-Jack's... angry, with Angela.”

“Are not we all?”

“Y-Yeah, b-b-b-but... he's... he's uh... really angry. Like... like... not natural anger. He's... it's... b-bad, he says. Like, b-b-b-blinding... murderous... rage... B-But, I think he's exaggerating... a little.”

The fury in the woman's face broke, and her eyes softened. She leaned back, let out a long, slow sigh, and began using both hands to comb her hair down her chest.

“Jack is like you in a way, Natasha. Despite his best efforts, he wears his emotions and thoughts in his eyes. He does it differently than you; for him, it is a display of his soul, breaking through in his gaze, genuine honesty tearing its way to the surface. It is one of the reasons I love him.” A snarl cut across her lips, and she glared down at the table. “Something has been bothering him, and I was waiting for him to tell me. I... am frustrated with myself, for being unable to wait and let him come to me on his own, and for being so direct with you, demanding you answer me. I apologize, Vola.”

“It's... it's ok. You w-were just concerned.”

“I did not respect his privacy.”

“Um, it’s not like y-you’re... digging through his phone, looking for conversations with women you s-s-suspect him to be... cheating with.”

Nodding, she sighed, and looked up at the ceiling. “I suspect, if this anger issue is as he believes, then I would not be surprised if he turned his eyes toward a potential cause. Introspective to a fault, that boy. Ventrue are prone to arrogance and pride, but anger? Jack has never struck me as the angry sort; a bit cynical and bitter, but only enough to add flavor, like dark chocolate, supposedly.” She made a tiny shrug. No doubt the Prince had no idea what dark chocolate tasted like. “Julias has an edge to him, a quality, where I could see him unleashing his anger if circumstance demanded it. But... Viktor had a dark side. That monster used his fury as a weapon, like how Gangrel use the rush of the beast, or how Nosferatu use fear.”

“Yeah, Mister Hon—Viktor, w-was... a monster.” She shivered at the man’s memory. Having him for a boss had been horrible. One wrong word and he was liable to stare you down, or cut you down.

“I can imagine those thoughts weigh heavily on my love’s mind.”

“About Viktor? You... think he’s... afraid of... d-d-doing the things... Viktor did?”

“Do you not see traits in your sire and in yourself, you do not agree with? That, perhaps, you wish to break free of?”

“... yes.” Definitely. She definitely wanted to break free of some the sheriff’s mold she was growing into. She didn’t want to die alone, lonely. She didn’t want to be a stone that no one could talk to. She enjoyed privacy, solitude, and quiet, but Daniel took it too far.

“There are traits I witnessed within Tony, that I... confess, haunt me. It is easy to become obsessive, as I just demonstrated to you, about Jack.”

“It’s... ok.”

Shaking her head, she leaned in toward her, and offered what Tash could only assume was an apologetic smile. “Thank you for telling me. I will... see what I can do, about Jack. To imagine the boy with anger, to the degree you describe. That is worth considering.”

“It w-was... eating him up inside.”

Oh no, the smile was destroyed again. Antoinette lowered her gaze, reached out to pick up the necklace again, the necklace that had summoned the secrets spirit, and sighed.

“It seems many Kindred have something eating them up inside, in these dark days.”

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~~Beatrice~~

They went back to Julias's place, washed off the blood, and put their proper clothes back on. But, that was stupid. All of them had a buzz going, something tingling up and down their skin, something that made them feel special and powerful and fucking badass.

They grabbed the first servant Julias had, and drained him dry. Triss and Jen smooshed their bodies against him, buried him in boobs, and Kissed him. Before he passed out, Julias got a quick taste too. The joys of owning a mansion, lots of money, thralls for servants, and being able to do whatever the fuck they wanted.

Now, they had two buzzes going. Some blood in the belly, and the knowledge they'd fucking sacrificed a chicken in their depraved, witchy witch ritual. That went double for her. The others, they didn't know what it felt like to have Crúac flowing through the veins, filling the mind. It was scary, strange, overwhelming, to have the beast so close to the surface, to have its roar and purr in the ears, as something inhuman reached across from where-the-fuck-ever to work its magic. Her magic? The Crone? Something was out there, something that existed, something that spoke to the beast in Beatrice's gut, communicated, worked with, and used, to create the insanity of Crúac.

Christ that was so fucking awesome.

The three of them started the walk down into the bunker where they'd been sleeping most nights.

"Think Jacob minds us sleeping in the enemy's basement every night?" Triss said.

Jen shrugged. "Maybe a little? Fuck him."

"Hey now, the Invictus aren't your enemy." Superman rolled his eyes as he walked behind them, until they got to the next gate, which he opened for them, before they passed through first.

"Don't ruin my 'sleeping with the enemy' fantasy." With a big grin, she looked over her shoulder at her lover, before coming up behind Jen, and hugging her. Of course, she made sure her hands landed on the girl's breasts, and she squeezed them through Jen's shirt, massaging and kneading; no way she could judge Jack anymore, cause big tits were addicting to play with.

“Instead, you could think of it as, girl seduces billionaire?” He opened the final gate, and motioned toward the bed.

Jen chuckled and shook her head as she moved forward with Triss. “Bah, you’re a millionaire, not a billionaire. It’s just not the same if there isn’t a few more zeroes on the number.”

Laughing, Triss pushed Jen onto the bed, and crawled onto her. Straddling her helpless victim, Triss reached down, and started undoing the buttons of Jen’s shirt. Julias whistled at the sight, and she laughed at him, winked at him, and returned to her work. Tonight was a good night, and she was going to have some fun. Fun at Jen’s expense, of course.

“Superman, get the lube!”

“Yes ma’am.” Chuckling, the big Ventrue stepped around the grand bed, and fetched her box of toys. Read her mind, knowing she’d want more than just lube. He set it on the bed, started to undress, and sat on the edge of the mattress, watching. His patience and desire to see Triss do her thing was such a fucking turn on.

“I—”

Shaking her head, Triss put a finger and claw on Jen’s lips. “You’ve been taking charge a lot in the bed these days. Tonight, I’m in charge. I’m the queen, and you’ll do what the queen says.”

Jen blinked up at her, before laughing and nodding. “Yes ma’am.”

Julias laughed at the mirrored affirmation, and tossed aside his clothes. Well damn, he sure got naked quick. Lying on his back, the man turned on his side, elbow to the bed so he could prop his head up on a fist, and casually began to stroke his cock.

Damn, her man, masturbating, watching her. The fire lit up inside her in seconds, and she shivered as she started working faster. It was hard to look at Jen though, when Julias was right there, big, broad, strong Julias, hand around his dick, his confident smile on display, and his eyes looking right at her. She had to look at him, and Jen, and her mind struggled to focus; if she didn’t, she might stab her friend with her claws by accident, trying to unbutton her shirt.

Buttons undone, Jen helped her toss the shirt, and Triss sighed with joy at the sight of her naked torso. No bra despite the large breasts, because the damn woman was a slut. A very, very attractive slut, that had Triss staring at how her large breasts flattened and pulled to the sides of her chest with their natural weight.

Groaning as she felt heat build up between her thighs, she put her weight onto her knees on the bed, and pulled up on Jen's arms, to slide her along the sheets. The woman chuckled, but otherwise did not move, as Triss edged her up further on the bed until her head found a pillow, and Jen was lying next to Julias on her back.

Triss threw off her tank top with no fan fair, and sighed bliss as Jen's hands reached up, and caressed her torso. From neck, to shoulder, down across her breasts and hard, pierced nipples, down her abs, and down her waist. Jeans blocked Jen's fingers from finding more, and Triss kept it that way, inching down along the bed, and kneeling between Jen's knees.

"You know," Triss said, as she started undoing the button and fly of Jen's suit skirt, "maybe we should find Jacob a girl?"

Julias raised a brow. "He's not over Minerva."

"That was a long time ago. Besides, there ain't nothing good pussy can't fix." Nodding like she had found the secret to infinite wisdom, she yanked off Jen's skirt, and licked her crocodile teeth with her long tongue at the sight of Jen's lingerie. But, off with that too, no time to dawdle. Well, there was time, Triss just didn't want to wait any longer.

"You're sounding more and more like Jessy," Julias said.

"Am I? Think I've said three words to do her my whole second life." Shrugging, Triss tossed Jen's panties away onto the floor, and got onto her knees between Jen's, before scooting down the bed, so she could get onto her elbows and stomach. Jen's delicious thighs, toned, but not as hard as Triss's, smooth skin and lightly tanned. So delicious. Triss offered the soft skin some kisses, as she slowly eased her head down closer toward Jen's equally smooth pussy.

"I think," Jen said, "that Triss is right, and the man could use a woman in his life. Some—" The Ventrue gasped, and let out a long, sultry moan, as Triss set her lips onto her slit. Triss may not have had cheeks, with crocodile teeth there instead, but she still had a normal mouth with normal lips in the front. And, she had a really, really long tongue. "Someone to soothe his aches, and—fuuuuuck..." Jen lifted her head, and stared at her, as Triss forced her tongue a couple inches into the woman's clenching cunt. "Someone to... do shit like this for him. A blowjob could do the man some good."

Triss nodded, lips still on Jen's slit, and as her long tongue fought against her friend's squeezing insides, she made sure to bury and suckle on the girl's clit. Jen may not have been the absolute horndog Triss was, but she was still a sensitive creature who aroused easily. A few licks, and the woman's insides began to grow wet, juices joining Triss's lips and tongue.



“I admit, blowjobs can do wonders for a man’s disposition.” Julias scooted in closer, pressed his body to Jen’s, leaned over her, and began to caress her breasts. Head still propped up by his other hand, the man was clear to watch and admire how the woman’s huge tits molded to both his hand, but her chest as well, the weight and natural softness of them causing them to flatten slightly.

“I seem to be the center of attention,” Jen said.

The bigger Ventrue nodded, and winked at Triss, before he leaned in, and kissed Jen’s neck. Oh, those were good kisses, he was good at those. Jen, predictably, melted in moments, and craned her head to the side, exposing more of her neck, as the man placed gentle little kisses up and down its length, from jaw to shoulder. Triss smiled around Jen’s slit, watching her man at work, and continued to force her tongue into the woman’s pussy. They’d only just started, so it wasn’t like Triss was going to push for an orgasm yet; she kept the depth shallow, a couple inches, enough to press up against the woman’s g-spot, while her top lip buried and massaged her clit. The tongue was long enough that it came up in waves, and some of it reached high enough to rub against the woman’s swollen clit, while penetrating her at the same time.

Once Jen was panting and squirming, getting more into it, warmed and ready, Triss sat up, and smiled down at the sight of Julias working his magic. He knew how to place every kiss with purpose, and his hand caressing Jen’s tits knew to explore, to roam, to run along their undersides, before teasing around her areola, until her nipples were swollen as fuck. Only when the nipples were puffed up and begging to be touched, did Superman begin to caress those as well, fingers offering gentle pinches between deep massages.

Triss grinned at the sight of Jen’s cunt clenching, leaking, begging, as Julias’s expert touch got her boiling. The bastard did love to do that, get a girl’s body just screaming for it, before he got to fucking. And Triss had just done that too, so, poor Jen was boiling twice over. Good.

Triss reached for the box, opened it up, and got digging. “Talk to Aaron or Othello lately, Jen?”

“No, other than them telling me they won’t be coming to tonight’s ritual.” Jen tried to sit up, but Julias didn’t let her. The man rode Triss’s wavelength without her having to explain a thing, so awesome.

“I wonder if they’ll notice how much you two have changed,” Julias said.

Triss raised a brow. “Oh?” Aha, lube. She set the bottle by Jen’s legs, and went back to digging. Different kinds of lube, different kinds of jewelry, different kinds of toys. She had some giant dildos,

the big ones, a bit rough to fit but fun. Not what she was looking for right now though. Right now she wanted something more practical for the position she had in mind.

Voila. She pulled out a purple vibrator, with a sort of loose V shape. One half of the V was the handle, and the other was meant to go inside unsuspecting pussies not aware of how much pressure such a tool could put on a g-spot. The part meant to hit the g-spot was very fat and thick, and the handle had a switch for some vibration power. Muaha.

“Yeah. You’re both... witchy.”

Jen laughed, and turned onto her side to face Julias. She nuzzled into his big chest, and kissed it a couple times. “Witchy?”

“Yeah, witchy. Like, witches. Like, scary, dangerous, empowered witches.”

Triss nodded, and tapped on Julias’s leg as she showed him the lube. He rolled onto his back, arm by Jen out so the girl could snuggle into his chest, and snuggle she did, into the nook under his shoulder, squishing her breasts to his side. Of course she did, she was proud of those things, and loved to rub them all over Julias, and Triss.

“It’s true,” Triss said, crawling up to sit between Julias’s legs. Lube in hand, she trickled the liquid over the man’s cock, and smiled at him as she gripped it in her other hand. He shivered, and she licked her extra teeth at the sight of her big guy, and the look of bliss on his face, as she massaged the lube up and down his girth. “We’re the Sisters of the Night, or something. We’re dangerous.” They were getting more in touch with their beasts every night, and would probably be dancing naked in moonlight around their kills, soon. Every night, that fantasy sounded more fun and appealing.

Triss reached over, and picked up Jen. The Ventrue squeaked, and Triss grinned. So much stronger than her, physically, and that was fun to exploit and abuse. She set Jen on Julias’s waist, straddling him, facing him too, so Triss had full access to the slut’s perfect, smooth butt. She gave it a small slap too, earning a tiny gasp from her friend, before Triss grabbed the lube again, and started trickling it down Jen’s ass.

“Sisters of the Night.” Jen looked over her shoulder at her and nodded, as if Triss had found the perfect title for them. It did sound pretty fucking awesome, so she returned the nod, before taking Jen’s lube-soaked butt, and began guiding it down onto Julias’s cock.

Guiding her fellow Sister of the Night’s ass onto her lover’s shaft? Yeap, that was the sort of stuff she hoped to be doing if she was in a witch’s coven. And damn, it really was a nice ass, smooth and firm, not as hard as Triss’s but still shapely. Big enough to jiggle when Triss slapped it, too. With a

hand on Jen's hip to guide her, and a hand on Julias's cock to guide him, she stared at the beautiful sight of Superman's glans pressing against the soaked hole of Jen's butt. God. Fucking. Damn. The way Jen's ass spread, and resisted his cock, until the flesh enveloped his shaft's head, and swallowed it in, had Triss groaning.

Jen may not have had a bit of an anal addiction like Triss, but she knew Jen still enjoyed it; the sounds she made, and the way she gently ground her ass left and right, as she sank her butt onto Julias's cock, proved it. Once she got her butt all the way down, cheeks pressing against Julias's pelvis, her knees out beside his waist, Triss got up on her knees, and pulled in Julias's legs together. She lifted her knees so she could straddle his legs, Julias's thighs together underneath her, her weight on her knees outside them.

She scooted forward, and pressed her breasts to Jen's back, kneeling slightly higher so she could see over Jen's shoulder. Such a fucking amazing sight, Julias lying there, his hands holding onto Jen's thighs, his muscles looking so god damn delicious. With Jen sitting on him cowgirl, Triss was free to snuggle up against her back, and after she wiped her hands clean of lube, she set her claws onto Jen's breasts, and began to massage them. Damn heavy things, and so fucking soft, they filled her palms, overflowed her fingers, and molded around her fingertips and claws. Triss had to be careful, such softness liable to get hurt from the small-but-sharp claws she had.

"Dark witches," Triss said, "enacting our secret desires." She kissed Jen's neck, earning some more moans from her. She pushed her pelvis forward against Jen's butt, joining the girl in a slow, deep, back and forth rhythm, fucking Julias together. Triss's jeans were getting soaked in her juices, but there was something empowering about only being half naked, while the two Ventrues were full naked.

"Hey, I was an innocent flower before you corrupted me." Jen smiled at her, turning her head so she could meet Triss's lips with her own.

That was a unique perspective that Triss hadn't really noticed before. Jen corrupted her, got her really vibing on having an extra set of hands and tits in the bed every night with her love. She, on the other hand, did kinda drive Jen to start delving into the more twisted side of the Circle of Crone.

"I feel like I'm about to be sacrificed," Julias said.

The two girls laughed, and Jen leaned back, grinning a big, evil grin, as she reached down, and spread her slit. Smooth lips soaked in her juices leaked hot wetness onto Julias, earning a groan from the man, as he watched the show the girls put on for him.

"Not sacrificed," Triss said, "but definitely our slave."

“Big bad Invictus council member, our sex slave.” Jen nodded, agreeing.

Casually, not wanting Jen to realize what she was up to, Triss scooped up the vibrator from behind her, brought it around, and set it to Jen’s slit. Jen moved her hand out of the way, looking down with a moment of confusion, before she erupted into a groan, as Triss forced the thick thing into her clenching pussy.

Both Jen, and Triss’s white knight groaned. That was one of the best things about the arrangement. Fucking Jen’s slit with the toy, was going to be bliss for the man inside her ass, too. The dildo’s curved shape meant Triss had half of it in her hand for leverage, and it was really easy to drive the fat head of it forward, toward the woman’s g-spot.

Jen moaned openly, and her thighs trembled around Julias, as she leaned back more and against Triss. She stopped moving her hips though, and Triss had to be the one to keep pushing her hips forward, forcing Jen to keep fucking the man.

“God damn,” Julias said, eyes wide, staring. His eyes lowered to the toy Triss was driving back and forth in Jen’s tight snatch, and Triss grinned at him as she watched his eyes struggle to stay open. Pleasure had a habit of doing that.

After a minute, Jen, squirming and wriggling, grabbed Triss’s wrist, and started to cum. Triss hugged her with her other hand, but the hand on the toy didn’t stop, content to continue fucking the woman’s wet pussy nice and hard. Gentle was great, but right now Triss felt like making the woman in her arms have one of those really big orgasms, the kind you get from a hard, proper fucking. The kind that always had Triss squirting buckets.

Jen didn’t squirt, but that didn’t mean Triss couldn’t try to make her.

“Triss... slow... down.” Sure enough, Jen reached down again, and actively tried to stop Triss from fucking her with the toy. Triss was far, far stronger than her, and it was easy to ignore her weak attempts to stop her hand. Back and forth, back and forth, she moved toy faster, causing the bulbous head within the slam into her girl’s g-spot, while Triss pushed her hips back and forth as well, to get a nice fucking rhythm going in tandem. Half to make sure there was some good, lubed friction happening for Julias and his cock inside the girl’s ass. Half so Triss could admire her friend’s tits bouncing around.

She raised her free hand, and wrapped her grip around Jen’s neck. Like lightning to the body. The thrill of power, and control. Having this woman in her hands, unable to get away, unable to stop what was happening to her, unable to stop cumming, was such a fucking rush. Normally, she’d happily give

into Julias doing this to her, but to do it to someone else was awesome too. Really, really fucking awesome.

More awesome, when Jen started squeaking, and some blatant juices began leaking from her. Nothing like Triss might do, but a peek down showed the girl's smooth, clenching lips were coating the toy with more liquid than she normally did. The poor Ventrue was trembling, wriggling, and soaking Triss's love with her cum.

They slowed down after a while, gave Jen a break; fifteen seconds at most, before Triss started fucking her slit again. And, not satisfied, Triss turned on the vibration. Instantly, poor Jen was reduced to a quaking, squirming, wriggling, overstimulated creature, and more juices leaked out of her slit, splashing over the toy, and onto the man beneath them.

Julias reached up, and began massaging Jen's breasts. Probably for the best, with the way they were bouncing around; had to hurt a bit. His big hands took them, caressed them, cupped and fondled them, as his thumbs teased around her nipples. The upper half of her body wasn't rocking around too badly, but the lower half of her body was slamming back and forth, as Triss gripped the woman's neck tight enough to cut off her breathing. Poor Jen came again, juices splashing around Triss's hands, and soaking over Julias's pelvis.

After a few more thrusts, Triss let her go, and eased the vibrating toy out of her cunt. She set it aside, and batted Julias's away from the girl's breasts; she wanted to play with them. Laughing, Superman put his hands back on the girl's hips, and Triss returned his laugh as she cupped the woman's big tits. Soft, and heavy, she massaged them with her palms and fingers, and kissed Jen's neck as the Ventrue woman shivered. Playing with a woman's breasts, as the woman came down from her orgasm high; best thing in the world.

"I made... a mess," she said through her panting. "Nothing like you would."

"You're just jealous." Triss set her lips higher, finding the woman's jaw. Jen leaned to the side a bit, turned her head, and kissed her properly, hands holding Julias's on her hips.

Triss was still pushing her hips into Jen's butt, slowly back and forth, and with the way Jen was trembling, no doubt she was clenching on Julias's cock with each thrust. A long, quiet sigh from Superman announced his orgasm, and Triss slid her kiss down from Jen's lips, to her jaw, and back onto her neck, while making sure to massage her tits in a very look-at-these-gorgeous-breasts sort of way, for her man. And, she continued thrusting of course, a nice, slow rhythm, as she held the quivering woman in her arms.

Jen reached down to her slit, and spread herself again. It was enough to get the big bad Ventrue underneath them to groan, and he stared at Jen's cunt clenching in spurts, as he pumped her ass full of cum. Juices continued to trickle out of her snatch, and Jen added a few exaggerated, delightful moans into the display, as she helped Triss with the gentle, rocking rhythm.

"If we were in a tub or something," Triss said, "I'd say we should get some kine in here. They could bleed on us, and we could lick the blood off of each other, while we fuck."

Jen nodded, and blew Superman a kiss, before she started turning around. Oh, yum. "That sounds delightful." Taking her time, and keeping Julias inside her, she managed to turn herself around, nice and slow so she didn't break the guy's dick. Once she was comfortable on her knees again, except now facing Triss, she set her hands on Triss's hips, and pulled her toward her.

Triss grinned at the woman, and got in close, pressing their bodies together, and setting her lips onto her friend's. The helpless Ventrue managed a swoon and giggle, before she returned the kiss. Her hands drifted up Triss's back, and earned a moan from her; Julias must have told her how much she loved that. Asshole.

Triss looked past Jen, and smiled. Superman looked entranced, staring at Jen's body from head to ass. It was a great ass, and Triss set her fingers on it, squeezed and kneaded it, pressing the cheeks together against Julias's pelvis. Breaking from the kiss, she leaned over Jen's shoulder, looked down, and moaned at the sight of Julias's cum leaking out of her.

"I think, I'd like to drip some blood down my body, while you licked it up." With a long sigh, Jen leaned back, and back, until she was lying on Julias's body. She set her fingers on her breasts, traced down them, down her stomach, down to her cunt, and she spread herself again.

"You ladies are scaring me," Julias said.

Triss laughed. "You're still hard."

"Maybe I find being scared arousing? Scaroused, as Jack would say."

"Well then you're in good company." The Nosferatu gnashed her teeth together a few times, opening her jaw wide, wider than a human jaw could, to show off her chompers. It gave Julias a little shiver, and Jen a much bigger one.

"Think your thralls would be willing?" Jen said.

Superman nodded. "Very much."

“We should definitely do it.” Nodding, Triss backed up and up, put her knees between Julias’s, and leaned down as she put her hands on Jen’s thighs. The beautiful sight of her pussy, smooth and dripping, with some cum leaking out of where Superman’s big dick was spreading her ass.

What would it be like to drip delicious human blood down their bodies, and lick it off each other? Maybe do it outside in the dark, with kine holding candles. Or maybe inside, on a bed with blankets they’d ruin, white silk sheets, and the whole area surrounded in candles. Candle lighting seemed to be the theme her brain latched onto, when it came to the idea of kine dripping blood down their bodies, as she fucked Jen and Julias. Candles and witches went hand in hand, after all. Mood lighting.

She set her lips onto Jen’s wet slit again, and pressed her tongue against the clenching entrance. Her friend’s slit squeezed down, and Triss had to work a little to get her tongue into her. But, with a little more force, Triss forced in the first inch of her tongue into the hot, trembling tunnel of her fellow witch’s body. Then another inch. And this time, she kept going, deeper, and deeper.

“Oh... gods.” Jen spread her legs, pulled out her feet so her legs were straight out, resting along Julias’s, and she reached down to slip her fingers into Triss’s hair.

Triss had a very long tongue. It couldn’t do the hard pounding a big cock or a nice dildo could, but there was something to be said for going gentle; and in the case of a long tongue, gentle, and deep. Jen’s body reacted immediately, squirming and wriggling, and Triss’s equally squirming, wriggling tongue pushed in further, and further. She opened her mouth, enveloped the whole of Jen’s slit, her lips burying her friend’s labia, as she pressed her tongue’s tip against the depths of Jen’s snatch.

“So... deep...”

Triss chuckled into her friend’s slit, and pressed harder, while rolling her tongue upward. The long appendage could bend and push in ways nothing else could, and she took full advantage, making her tongue roll in waves, applying pressure to the g-spot, the deepspot, and everything in between, while her top lip buried and rubbed against Jen’s clit.

She should get paid for cunnilingus, considering how good she was at it. And poor Jen was helpless to do anything but writhe and mewl, as every literal inch of her sex was massaged by tongue. Julias managed to start thrusting again, but he kept it slow, matching the gentleness of Triss’s tongue. Triss wasn’t really trying to be gentle, but there was only so hard you could wriggle a long tongue, especially when it was being squeezed on by a flesh vise. Jen could probably use the break, anyway.

The trembling Ventrue pushed her hips forward and back, matching Julias’s rhythm, and Triss had to hold onto her thighs to keep her mouth against her friend’s pussy. But after a few moments to get into

sync, Jen and Julias were like two waves, cycling against each other, most of the movement done by Julias so Triss could continue licking.

It wasn't long before Jen was soaking her lips. The Ventrue clenched on Triss's tongue, hard enough Triss had to fight to keep wriggling the appendage. But each wriggle she managed, was a loud groan she pulled out of Jen. Staring up her body, Triss grinned at how Jen's shivering made her breasts jiggle, the two of them pressed together slightly with how Jen was reaching out to hold Triss's head, biceps pushing them together on her chest. She really did know how to show off her body while having sex, and could probably give Antoinette a run for her money in that department.

A minute later, Triss lifted her head, and let her tongue dangle for a moment. Drip drip, juices fell onto the pelvis of the squirming woman. Julias didn't stop fucking her, continuing to sink himself balls deep into her, each gentle thrust making her breasts move back and forth, and her ass ripple around his cock slightly with the soft impacts. It was hypnotizing to watch, and Triss stared at it, at how Jen's leaking slit continued to clench on nothing as Triss's lover fucked her ass.

Grinning, Triss climbed onto Jen, and into her awaiting embrace. She made sure to drag her nipple piercings along Jen's stomach, before eventually getting over top her, Triss's knees against the blankets between Julias's thighs.

Jen was panting, and smiling. The glow of orgasm aftershocks looked fucking amazing on her, like a runway model giving everyone the o-face, and Triss pressed her body down against hers, hugging her friend, and setting her lips on her neck. Right on time, Julias lifted his hands, and hugged them both.

"You two are getting pretty close," he said, grinning up at Triss.

"We are." She winked back at him, and pushed her body down on Jen's body in the same rhythm Julias was fucking her. Perfect time to put on a strap on, but she didn't want to stop what she was doing. Besides, Jen was enjoying herself as was, considering the little groans and moans she was making.

Julias was cumming again. His o-face was adorable, always was, and she wondered for a moment if he knew how much the hard, cold shell he carried faded away when he came. He looked like a big softy. Triss lifted her head, and watched Jen cum too. Jen, of course, looked like she was a fucking succubus, with a deliberate, small, perfect smile as she shivered in orgasm, putting on a show. What a slut.

Rolling her eyes, Triss pressed her body down against Jen's again, before she resumed suckling on her neck. "Whore."



“I learned it from watching you,” she said, with just enough whine to her voice it was obvious she was quoting a meme. Kids these days.

Laughing, Triss sat back down between Superman’s knees, and watched the glorious display of Jen’s spread legs, her leaking slit, and Julias’s cum looking out of her smooth ass. So deliciously carnal. If blood was mixed into it, dripped onto their bodies during this? No wonder some Kindred really got into some self-perpetuating cycles of Kiss addiction; you could mix it with so many things.

Jen and Julias both eventually came to a stop. Now that Triss was off of her friend, Julias’s hands slipped up, and took the woman’s breasts again, cupping them and caressing them, squeezing them just enough their size spilled over his fingers. He kept fucking her too, in that slow, deep way he liked to when he was cumming. Triss loved that. It always dragged on the orgasm aftershocks, feeling his cock press up against her insides like that as the pleasure sparks ran down on her legs. She could use some of that.

But both Jen and Julias were growing still, in that way people did when satisfied.

“Hey! Hey you fuckers! My turn,” she said. They didn’t move. “Oh, you dicks.”