

~~Jack~~

“You think I can have a mansion?”

Julias shook his head and smirked down at him. “Think you can afford one?”

“No, but, I have connections. You, for example.”

“I can’t afford a mansion either, Jack, not in a dense city anyway. You think I’m a billionaire? I inherited this one.”

Hard to believe Julias couldn’t afford a mansion, but then owning such a massive house and paying for the help to keep it in good condition must have had a deceptively large cost. Kindred in the Invictus had a way of getting around costs, but it only took them so far. Owning a mansion in a dense city probably was absurdly expensive.

They opened the enormous front door, and stepped into the grand lobby. It’d been a while since Jack had visited Julias in his home, and something was definitely different. So different it made Jack freeze for a second as he computed what he was staring at.

There were people walking around. New people.

“Um... figured your help would be working during the day?”

“I do still have people who work on the house and yard during the day, but these are also here to work during the night.” His sire motioned to a couple of women who were walking around with smartphones and wearing earpieces, and a man who had a broom, also wearing an earpiece. And when they saw Julias, a bright smile appeared on their faces. The men offered warm salutes, and the women offered warmer smiles, the sort of smiles Jack was used to seeing on Ashley and Julee’s face when they were with Antoinette.

“Ghouls?”

“No. Thralls. I have bound these people to be my servants with the discipline of dominate, and a drop of my blood. The combination makes for ardent, loyal servants. And so it is for my servants during the day, as well.”

Jack whistled. A couple more people went by as well, a man and woman, and they both gave Julias a bow when he came by, before they moved on. The woman looked over her shoulder as Jack and Julias moved down the hall, and Jack managed to catch her licking her lips as she watched the taller Kindred.

“That all they do?”

“Ha, no. Beatrice does like to be pampered, in and out of bed.”

Ah, to be pampered by your food. Such was the unusual luxury of being a Kindred. Even a Nosferatu could be pampered if they spent the time to get humans to taste their blood. Frequently drinking a Kindred’s blood, and the Kindred focusing their will upon the drinker’s body to transform them, was how to make a servant into a ghoul. But a few tastes of the vampire’s blood was enough to turn kine into thralls, servants. It was much easier to convince a person to drink your blood if they were brainwashed with dominate or majesty though.

Part of Jack felt guilty about it; a bigger part told him it was normal, and correct. He was Kindred, not human, and in the food chain the Kindred were the bigger predator. Course, that made him wonder if he’d feel the same if a Kindred killed his mother by drinking her to death, or turning her into a thrall. He doubted he’d hold his view unchanged.

“Must be a pleasant change for her,” he said. “She’s told me about her life as a Nosferatu, and how shitty it was. Hanging out in the tunnels till she could use her cloak of night, then hanging out in graveyards and the catacombs cause... well, apparently Nosferatu just like to do that. More or less alone for a good while till she got in with the Carthians, and even then, never a thrall or ghoul to feed on or keep her company.”

“Indeed.”

“Bet you love spoiling her.” Cause the situation was at least a little similar to him and Antoinette, and Antoinette apparently loved to spoil the absolute shit out of him.

“I do. But we’re not here to talk about women.”

“You sure?” Jack said, snickering. Until Julias gave him a good punch to the shoulder.

“We’re here to pick what you’re going to wear to the ball.”

“Ah, right, that. Antoinette figured you’d want to pick my clothes for me. Said stuff about the unusual nature of the ball, half formal, half casual, but a middle ground wouldn’t do?”

“Leave it to a Daeva to know fashion.” Julias opened one of the many doors in his absurd, expensive, fancy hallway, and brought him into a changing room. Not too dissimilar to the changing room him and Antoinette had just been fucking in a couple nights ago.

“Oh, that reminds me. Antoinette told me about what she was going to be wearing, and daaaaamn. Not sure if I’m going to be able to keep my eyes off of her. How will anyone, with the amount of skin she’s going to expose?”

But his sire just shrugged and pulled open a closet door to expose the deep, dark cave of suits within. “Most people are terrified of her, like you used to be. That’s normally enough to dissuade too much staring. That said, I’m sure she’ll enjoy a little staring. A lot from you, probably.”

“Makes me wonder what the other women are going to wear.”

“Like the Prince told you, it’s a strange mix of formal and casual, but not a middle ground. You need to wear something that’s both very powerful, but without the rigidness of a typical suit. With this sort of dress code, it’s actually a bit easier for women; wear something that looks fancy but exposes more skin than usual.”

Jack laughed and ran the images through his mind. He loved it when Antoinette exposed skin, wore things that highlighted her curves. God, the memory of her in a corset already—

“Jack, focus.”

“Right, right. So, what’s the plan?”

“A lot of the men and women will wear clothes that partly reflect the era they were sired. Such is the custom for balls, as you probably picked up on that first Invictus ball you went to.”

Jack nodded. He remembered the strange mixture of old and new, expensive suits tailored to look a hundred years old, despite being new. Women wore frilly, fancy dresses, but a lot of them had sported some plunging cleavage, give or take depending on the vampire. Maria’s clothes had exposed no skin, but that was understandable.

“What era am I from then?”

“The combination of money and technology. The dawn of cyberpunk.”

“... wow that’s depressing.”

Julias laughed, shrugged, and returned from the suit cave with something in his arms. A suit, the color of silver. And not just silver as in gray, but a bit shiny with hints of black undertones. Silver silver.

“Strange color.”

“It fits your background and era. Come here, let’s get to work.”

And to work they went. Julias called in a man and a woman servant, and the two of them helped Jack try on different sizes of each piece of clothing, and what didn’t fit would get adjusted later until it would.

Black shoes of course, cause some things never changed, but the pants were indeed the sort of silver you’d find on a chain, or at least a fabric version of it. The suit came with a couple chains too, to connect a button to a pocket inside the suit jacket. The shirt underneath was white, and the tie black, but the tie also had some silver embellishment, designs that meant nothing but screamed ‘money’. The black buttons against the silver vest, the silver pin of the Xnomina symbol on the right lapel, the dangling bit of chain underneath the vest that held a small silver skull, it all screamed the modern age, technology, and money. But at the same time, the chains, the silver designs on the black tie, the color contrasts, it all had a certain pomposity, magniloquence, that screamed Ventrue, without being the dry, deadly suits Ventrue typically wore.

He kind of liked it.

“Look like I’m going to a very, very, very expensive party, with billionaires, and millionaire escort girls. And lots of cocaine.”

“That is more or less the feeling we’re going for. At the same time, the Carthians and, if they decide to come, the Circle will probably wear clothes not nearly as fancy. And that’s fine. Different strokes. This ball is about celebrating the peace in the city.”

“So... jeans?”

Julias laughed. He was sitting on the nearby couch, tablet in his hand and scanning across what Jack guessed was Xnomina contracts. “I doubt they’ll come in jeans, but they’ll definitely wear something they like the look of. They generally don’t like suits, so don’t expect suits. You remember what Jennifer wore at the Prince’s ball.”

Ah, yeah. Damn that girl had looked stunning, gorgeous even, and terribly sexy in that skimpy little dress that barely covered her... anything. And she'd worn it in front of all those Kindred, with no shits given. Out of shits to give, and she wasn't much older than he was.

"So there's going to be a lot of exposed skin?"

"No doubt. A lot of them will wear clothing that reveals their chests and stomachs, I'm sure, especially from the Carthians. The women will show off their cleavage, their legs, and those in the Circle will probably wear clothing that will expose near everything from certain angles." He shrugged and swiped his fingers across the screen. "Neonates should be a little more conservative when exposing skin, but Jennifer, and a few cocky neonates in the Carthians and Invictus will gladly show off their curves and muscles. Dress shirts undone to the stomach, for example. Some of the women will have their breasts exposed entirely, I'm sure, if the dress calls for it."

Fashion fashion fashion. It was sucking him in more and more every night, and as he looked at the fancy suit in the mirror — shoulders didn't fit quite right yet — he smiled at how it looked both absurd, and perfect.

"Mr. Mire." One of the thralls spoke up, the man, with his fingers to his ear to hold the earpiece in deeper. "Beatrice is at the front door."

"Excellent." Mire stood up, and pat Jack on the shoulder. "You can change back now. I want you to do some more digging into Barry's death. Much as it's easy to not care about Barry dying, turn a blind eye — and a lot of people are — I know there's more going on here than it would appear."

"Got it. Barry's death."

"Pay a visit to Madam Vendram as well. She says she has some information to share with whoever is investigating the fire."

"Ah man." This was going to suck. Madam Vendram was a Gangrel, and while that wasn't really an issue, it was just that Vendram embodied a lot of the stereotypes of a Gangrel; almost like it was her personal mission to be a stereotype. "She still nest at the old theater?"

"Correct." Mire got up, offered him a small wave, and disappeared down the hall. He could have gotten one of his servants to bring Beatrice here, but Julias probably wanted to go to her instead, get her himself. Cause he really liked her, and wouldn't want her to be brought to him by a servant.

Jack really had to figure out something for Antoinette. Try as he might, he couldn't find a way to surprise her or delight her with those classic romance approaches. He was sure a flower or similar would be met with laughter; not condescending laughter, but the Prince would find his attempts at romance adorable, not romantic.

He could ask her to dance? Julias was teaching him some basics, but it didn't fix the size issue. Even if the Prince led, she was a foot taller than him at least, and that was without heels. Dancing would be difficult, and he could barely dance as it was.

She liked words. The Prince liked intelligence, wisdom, and introspective reflection. Maybe something in that department? Poetry? The fuck did he know about poetry though?

He sighed, and headed out the back door of the mansion. No need to disturb Julias and Beatrice, and what was likely going to be a sexual encounter if he knew Beatrice at all.

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His drive took him to the other side of South Side, and into a section where old buildings still entertained people. Movie theaters that were old but still standing, same for bars, and more than a few convenience stores, liquor stores, and local restaurants. A weird mishmash of old and not so old.

The old theater was straight out of Phantom of the Opera. Course the building was at least a hundred years old, so rather than being inspired by the play, they just had the same inspiration: Paris. Just one of those places in the city where the elders let their age show through and controlled some of the building construction.

He got out of the car, waved the driver off, and stood before the royal theater. A few floors tall, with dozens of windows lining each floor against the white stone of the walls. Large doors of black wood with no windows on the bottom floor made for an imposing but impressive entryway, and Jack let out a long sigh as he pushed open the door. He'd never talked with Madam Vendram, but every time he ever ran into the woman at the Xnomina headquarters, he found the woman being aggressive with other Kindred. She liked to shove, yell, growl. Jessy was the same way, but Vendram had a certain harshness about it that set Jack on edge.

“Sir.” An usherette walked up to him and shook her head, hands together in front of her. “I’m sorry sir but an evening rehearsal is in session.”

Jack nodded, and glanced around at the lobby. Red, white, and gold was the motif, with the white stones serving as the walls, the pillars, gold braziers — light bulbs, not fire — and gold chandeliers, along with red carpet and drapes. Beautiful, if very old. The gold was losing its shine, the carpet and drapes their luster, and the white stone that must have once shone beautifully, was turning gray. The floors above had railings of white stone, with red drapes of triangular shape hanging from them, edges frayed.

The usherette looked him up and down for a second, and he her in return. But when her eyes found his, she froze.

“You want to let me in.”

“I... want to let you in.”

“And you don’t want to tell anyone I’m here.”

“I won’t tell anyone you’re here.”

Jack smirked at the kine, and walked past. And she ignored him, as if he wasn’t there. God damn it felt good to be Ventrue.

He took the stairway along the sides, and let his hand run along the railing. Dolareido did have some really nice, fancy buildings. The Lamanar Theatre was no Black Hall, but still, it was damn nice despite its age, and he found himself smiling as he admired the chandeliers on his journey up the stairs to the second floor, and then again to the third. There must have—ah, a side door, that would inevitably lead to the rafters over the theater. And would probably stay locked at all times.

He wasn’t sneaking in though, he was here on official business. And in this strange, modern era of smartphones, he’d already texted Madam Vendram that he was coming. Lo and behold, the door was unlocked, and he opened it to step out onto the darkness of the rafters.

Rafters wasn’t really what they were. It looked to be a fourth balcony really, with a guard railing and such, with just enough head space for someone to walk along without their heads hitting the roof. It was above the lights, guarded by a curtain to keep it hidden from the audience, and it eventually led out to connect to the catwalks over the stage; again, all hidden by curtains. Just being up here made Jack want to

act like some sort of Daeva, overdramatic, excessively romantic, read poetry with absurd inflections, and him in ridiculous poses.

Maybe it was the big curtains? They did get one into the theater play mood.

He looked down over the edge and took a deep breath. Course the breath did nothing to settle his still heart; it was the beast in his gut warning him about how nasty it'd be to land on seats from this high up, not his organs. Not nasty enough to be life threatening to a Kindred, but it might break an ankle. So, he swallowed his silly fears from a life nearly a year gone now, and smiled down at the seats. Not even as far of a drop compared to the one he did onto the Azlu's back.

Cocky, Jack. You're getting cocky. Always remember how easy it is for a Ventrue to fall to hubris. Always remember that the spider monster only had to step aside a single foot to completely ruin that plan.

He sighed, swallowed down his pride, and continued along the upper balcony. There were some people talking below, chatting and whispering, analyzing the performance. And as Jack grew closer, he started to pick up on the verses of a few of the actors on stage.

Macbeth. Because of course it was.

As the balcony opened up onto the catwalk, he realized the catwalk itself was sort of blocked off and hidden from everyone else. It didn't seem like it connected to the catwalks over the stage, but instead went over top them against the roof where the light couldn't penetrate the curtains or dense metal mesh under his feet. But he could see the people below, down where the light was, and he smirked as he leaned his elbows against the railing and listened to the ever so famous 'Out Damned Spot' scene.

Finding Hella Vendram wouldn't be easy. Looking for her at all was probably a mistake. If anything, she could see him already, and was waiting to see what he'd do, what he'd say to the dark, what sort of gestures he might make.

So he stood there and watched, and listened. The woman would show herself eventually, and in the mean time, he could try and enjoy some Shakespeare. And he hated Shakespeare. Something about how the words were said, the language, the rhythm, it was like listening to a different language. Took time and practice to learn to speak a language, and he'd done it a few times in high school when necessary, but ultimately understanding Shakespeare dialogue slipped away the moment he stopped listening to it regularly.



But then you didn't need to know it fluently to appreciate how an actor portrayed it, and the woman playing Lady Macbeth was putting her heart and soul into her performance. Heart wrenching, even if Jack found the overall plot and character motivations ridiculous. Fate and self fulfilling prophecies were gimmicks used by hack writers, and just because the play was old didn't mean—

“Hello.”

Jack jumped. Literally jumped. He landed stumbling back, hand reaching out to flail and grab at a railing before he half fell onto his ass and back.

“Jesus!”

“Shhh.” Isabella Laevion. Daeva. From the strange tingling sensation Jack felt in his gut, he could tell she was using her cloak of night to hide them, and prevent his noise from attracting attention. Odd for a Daeva to be using that discipline, normally used by Nosferatu and Mekhet, but it probably came with the territory of hanging out in a royal theater.

Wait. “Isabella? Er, Madam Leuvion? Why are you here? Thought this was Madam Vendram's home,” he said. Isabella didn't help him up. Wouldn't really be fitting for someone of her age, a good seventy years embraced.

As per the stereotypical Daeva, Isabella was gorgeous. She had long blond hair, dirty blond, braided into a dozen ponytails of intricate design, coiling backward over her scalp. Looked like a queen, a legit queen; only thing missing was a crown. She had a hard face, a sharp jaw, and Jack couldn't help but picture her giving orders from a throne, maybe one made of swords. Blue eyes too, bright blue, piercing, like sharp ice.

She was wearing a see-through cloak of black, something that hung over her shoulders and down to cover her breasts, but the front half came to a stop at the underside of the breast, while the fabric behind her continued down to her feet. Underneath the cloak and its fancy hem covered in spiraling black lines, she was wearing a black corset that covered her large breasts, and connected to a black skirt that went down to the floor along with the cloak. Of course, with the cloak being see-through, he could see the corset gave her an insane amount of cleavage, creating an interesting juxtaposition against the coldness of her face. Inspired by Antoinette, perhaps?

“Master Terry, you look upon them with both interest and scorn on your face.”

“Eh?”

“The actors.” She gestured down to the people below. Their rehearsal continued unaffected, thankfully. Be terribly embarrassing if Jack drew their attention and ruined his meeting with his clumsiness.

“Sorry! Sorry, just... never really cared for Shakespeare. So, I mean, they seem like good actors, but—”

“But the medium destroys the joy in appreciation. I understand.” She nodded, and started walking past him before moving onto different sections of the hidden catwalk. Each step exposed a touch of her heel, and Jack saw what must have been some sort of soft shoe. It made no noise when stepping on the metal.

“Um, I—”

“You are here to see Madam Vendram. Come with me.”

“Yes ma’am.” He fell in line beside and behind her, and stared ahead. She was a beautiful woman, but he was getting a vibe from her that made it pretty blatant that staring at her curves was dangerous. And he could use some practice not letting his eyes wander away from him; already walking dangerous ground with the whole Clara incident.

She brought them to a part of the wall where the catwalk connected. Back here, there were no ropes or platforms, just metal catwalk; all the ropes and platforms were beneath on the catwalks used by the crew. It meant there was little place to go, and he had to wonder what her plan was, until she reached out for one of the circular wooden notches that decorated the walls. She pressed on an indentation six times, in a specific beat, before lowering her hand.

A small chunk of wood slid aside, just a square panel of the many, two feet wide and tall. All the panels, all the notches looked identical, and with this section of the catwalk walking parallel to the wall, there was no chance anyone would stumble onto the secret. And she’d probably change the pattern required to get it to open once he was gone. He didn’t mind though, that was just Kindred being Kindred.

He crouched down, and followed after her into the darkness. Half expected to be stuck crawling on his knees for a while, but the other side of the wall held a tall passage, and once Isabella grabbed a candle from the wall and lit it, the darkness was gone. He grimaced at the sight of the fire flickering on the wax, and considered bringing out his smartphone to help light the tunnel. But the Daeva would have probably taken offense to such a light source; she bled old fashioned tastes.

They continued their descent down the hidden path, down stairs of old wood that creaked, until they came upon a large room with dangling bulbs lighting the dull wood that surrounded them. Old, worn, just a big circular room that had many doors, just like the one he closed behind him as he followed the ancilla. A bunch of passages that all connected to the building above, no doubt.

He followed her through another door, as innocent looking as the others. As they walked through the endless tunnels, he had to wonder why Isabella wasn't one of the Invictus right hands. She was older than Jessy or Natasha, and so were a couple other Kindred in the Invictus. None of them were given the same responsibility as those two and Julias when he was still a right hand. Maybe she simply wasn't as powerful, or as driven, or as smart as them? Or maybe she just knew how to avoid getting saddled with those responsibilities.

He kept his mouth shut though. She was more than strong enough to tear him in half, and he could feel it; beast in his gut knew better than to poke the bear. So he stayed behind her, and kept his eyes on the darkness ahead of them.

“Forgive my silence,” she said, “but, I am not sure of which we could speak.”

“No apology necessary, Madam Laeuvion.”

“But there is, for someone as important as Master Terry enters my theater. Proper respect must be paid.” Her voice carried a hint of sarcasm, just a touch, a perfect level of passive aggressiveness he couldn't call her out on. But when she looked over her shoulder at him, he stopped. A touch of fear in her eyes, maybe?

“You mean because of Mister Mire, and the Prince.”

“Of course.”

The opportunity to exploit his position and his contacts, handed to him on a silver platter. A simple sentence, something like: ‘yeah, my boss and my girlfriend run this city’, and the woman would find herself forced to treat him with undeserved respect.

“Don't be, Madam Laeuvion. If either my sire or my love learned I was abusing my relationship with them, they'd punish me. So, please, treat me as I am.” Ugh, sometimes he wished he was more of a weasel.

What little trace of fear or apprehension she carried vanished, and a sly smile replaced it.

“Wonderful.”

Wonderful. Yeap, he just made things harder on himself; maybe for the immediate at least. But his respect should pay off in the long run. Hopefully.

The tunnel began to open again, and as they moved through the black, one wall fell away to expose a black chasm to the side. The wooden beams were replaced with stone ones, each ornate and decorated with swirling designs. The walls of the building faded away until there was only the cave rock of their path. The pathway became smooth, and worn, like rocks that had been walked on for decades. Centuries. And the path continued downward, in a spiral.

He realized, looking over the edge into the black abyss below in the center of the spiral, that he was staring into a hole.

“H... How deep is that?”

“We’ve a few hundred feet to go yet. I’m sure you’d survive, Kindred as you are, but many bones would be broken; unless you happened to land neatly upon the pile of bones at the bottom.”

That was the smell. He thought he smelled stone, and water, and he was sure he did, but he also smelled something that bit at his nose. Death.

And sure enough, as they continued down the spiraling stairway, the light of Isabella’s candle exposed the water sitting at the base of the pit. It was shallow, with a couple of holes in the dark leading into what must have been underground currents. In the shallow pool, he could see at least twenty skeletons, with clothes rotted and faded with an eternity of cold water on their bodies.

“What happened to them?” he said, gesturing to the dead in the water.

“No offense to your darling, but the Prince often prefers to avoid mention of the seasons of violence Dolareido has gone through. Madam Vendram’s sire spent many years creating this cave, after she discovered the underground river. When some of the villagers at the time discovered her master’s actions, and realized she was Kindred, Vendram’s sire had no choice.”

Butchering a bunch of kine just to keep their vampire world a secret. He shivered as he considered the possibility. Dealing with the evidence of his frenzy fuck up with Mrs. Pavala had been horrible. Dealing with a whole group of people would have been life destroying.

He looked up. The light from Isabella could not light the abyss above them now, but it was enough to shimmer on the water, and light where the stairway connected to the floor, and where the turn of the cave

ahead glimmered with some more candlelight. Part of him figured he should have expected something as insane as a colossal, deep, enormous cave with a stairway and a bunch of bodies at the bottom, all hidden underneath a play theater. He was used to such madness, just like Antoinette's gigantic Elysium tower that had a basement almost as large as the tower itself. But, he was still shocked, and his jaw dropped as he looked up into the black, then at the pool of skeletons, and then to Isabella.

"Is there any way out of here except that tunnel above?"

"Yes, there is." She nodded, turned, and continued down the path around the turning cave wall. Should have figured she wouldn't tell him about any other ways into this secret base. Smart. And Kindred could use the underground river, if they were willing to swim it and knew where the entrance to it was, he was sure. Good to know.

He followed her, only to be stopped by a large gate. Thick, metal bars with almost no space between them, and varying spikes designed to tear flesh stuck out from the bars. The bars cut deep into the rock as far as Jack could tell, and several broad bars of metal crossed the gate horizontally, locked in by some equally massive locks.

"And I suppose this blocks off where you sleep?"

"Indeed."

"And I suppose you have at least a couple secret exits from the den as well?"

"Aren't you a smart little Ventrue." The Daeva smirked at him, and knocked on the bars, like knocking on a door. "While Mister Mire knows much about the ongoings of the Invictus, and indeed much of who is where in the city as a whole, all Kindred develop a need for their own secrets." Stirring drew Jack's eyes through the bars, and he glanced between the beautiful vixen and the oncoming body beyond the gate. Isabella made another knock, as if emphasizing her points. "Try it. You'll live longer."

"I would have to agree, except I think my young age makes me unworthy of killing."

The body on the other side of the metal gate snorted, shook her head, and knocked on the bars. "If that was true, then Barry would be alive." Hard to see her through the bars, with how little space there was, but Jack could see some motion. The hard, heavy clank of metal hitting metal did a better job of telling him she was moving the bars blocking their path. And after a few seconds longer than he figured you'd need to unlock a gate, Hella Vendram pulled the metal barrier aside like opening a giant door, complete with creaking metal against rock.

Hella was an attractive woman, but not in the same way as Isabella. The Daeva had an iciness to her face and frailty to her body common to city girls that he was used to, while Hella looked like an athlete from Brazil. Lightly tanned skin and dark eyes complimented a slightly tall, fit body, and where Isabella wore plenty of make up, Hella seemed far more comfortable wearing only a little. Handsome was a good word for her, especially with how she had a portion of the side of her head buzzed, while the other two thirds of her head sported shoulder-length brown hair that flowed in waves.

She sort of reminded him of Garry, and it wasn't just the Gangrel thing. Both were very fit, with some sizable curves to both their legs and their shoulders. It was also the way she looked at him, grinned in a subtle way, knew she was both handsome and gorgeous. There were a fair amount of scars on her skin, cutting into her chin, one along her cheek, and another along her eyebrow. Made her look dangerous.

That's what the similarity was, that he saw in her, Garry, Michael, and Jessy too. They knew they were dangerous, volatile, and they were proud of it. Fucking Gangrels, probably thinking that their dangerous side made them sexy as fuck. He wouldn't tell Hella that he did think it was kind of sexy on her, and Jessy. Didn't need any more trouble in that area on his lap. At least Hella wore something a little easier for him to not stare at, some simple jeans and a black shirt, that probably hid a rock hard stomach and some nice arms at that.

All the women in the Invictus generally wore some type of suit at work. He'd never really imagined them wearing anything else, for some reason. Guess it was time to start paying attention, if he was going to be visiting other Kindred in their homes.

Isabella stepped into the cave, and he followed in after her. Once they were past the gate, Hella closed it behind them, again with the loud clanks and clunks that made Jack turn around to look. Yeah, giant bars. No one was getting in here without a blowtorch and a lot of time.

He doubted Hella was the one pushing for using candles instead of proper modern light. And as an array of candles became visible, the fashionable display sealed the deal; Isabella was their decorator. Which made sense, if Isabella had taken the nest for her own instead of Hella. A hundred candles, burning, dripping wax, all hung from sconces along the cave walls, black sconces that had gargoyle-shape bodies. The little gargoyles had their hands raised, mouths open, with evil grins and eviler eyes staring at him as he walked by.

The cave opened up into a grand room with an unhealthy candle obsession. Candlesticks, sconces, candles candles candles on various curves of the cave. And it was a cave, a legit huge cave with dips and valleys and hard arches. Much of it was decorated with silk drapes, mostly white, and there were several fancy, old-fashioned beds placed around, with half a dozen other Kindred sitting on them.

Wait, what? He raised a brow and looked to the other vampires enjoying Isabella Leauvion's den, enjoying the candles, enjoying the quiet stirring of water from somewhere Jack couldn't see, enjoying the pampering of what Jack guessed were a few ghouls. And everyone was wearing clothes fitting Isabella's obvious preference for theater clothing from a hundred years ago. The fancy dresses with frilly corsets, the suits with pocket watches on chains, derby hats, and vests under the suit jackets done up to the sternum to hide their ties. If he didn't know any better, he'd assume he was on the Titanic, and tonight was going to end very badly.

He recognized them all; part of his training was knowing the face of every Kindred. And he could always remember a face. Remembering a name, on the other hand, was borderline impossible, but he remembered enough to know the other Kindred were neonates, ages two to twenty.

"I'm confused," he said. "Thought I was here to talk to Madam Vendram, in private?"

Hella Vendram shrugged, and sat down on the foot of one of the fancy beds. She gestured to the other Kindred, some of them reading, some of them kissing in overly dramatic, romantic fashion, and she gestured to the couple ghouls walking around also wearing the Edwardian clothing. Seemed to be their responsibility to keep the rather prop-like decor cleaned and well lit.

"Barry was one of us," Hella said, "and we all want to know what you know."

He folded his arms across his chest, and glanced between everyone. All Kindred alive were older than him, but age didn't wholly dictate rank in the Invictus, and the only Kindred in the room who outranked him were Hella and Isabella. He didn't like sharing information with his peers when they didn't need to know.

"One of you?" he said.

Isabella nodded, and walked over to the bed to sit down beside Hella. "While we are all Invictus, I do have my own little group of like-minded individuals." And like Hella, she gestured to the group, but she also gestured to the candles, the cave walls, and more. The Gothic paintings, the candelabra, and what looked like room dividers made of some sort of fancy dark fabric he couldn't guess.

Isabella was over seventy years embraced, and considering how old she looked, she must have been about thirty when embraced. Trying to drown herself in the era of which she was born as a human then. He could understand that, to an extent. The other Kindred though? Seemed like posers, except for Hella who didn't seem interested in the fashion statement. What was her deal then?

Hella climbed up onto the bed, sat behind Isabella, and kissed the woman on the back of the neck. Oh, well then, that explained their connection.

He looked around, found a stool, sat down, and pulled out his smartphone. "Alright then, tell me what you know about Barry."

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~~Julias~~

Beatrice would probably be pacing around in the main lobby, maybe kicking her feet out a little with each step. Not the most patient person, especially when she was happy and excited; which she usually was, when visiting him. And he was too. He smiled to no one as he moved down the hall and appeared at the top of the stairway.

But Beatrice was not pacing. The Nosferatu was sitting on one of the fancy couches in the lobby, and she had her head hanging, elbows on her knees, hands together. Looked like someone had tied a rock around her neck, back hunched and body still. Not his usual Beatrice, not at all.

He came down the stairs, and sat beside her. For a moment he was going to hug her with one arm, put it around her shoulders and hold her, but he needed to test the waters first.

"What's wrong?"

"... don't suppose I could say 'nothing' or 'I'm fine', right?"

"You could. I wouldn't believe you, but if you don't want to talk about it, that's fine too."



She sighed, nodded, and pushed herself closer to him across the couch. He raised his arm, let her snuggle into his chest, and set his arm around her so it draped over her side. And like lock and key, she reciprocated, and hooked her arm around behind his back and waist.

“Maybe later. For now, I just want to... not... yeah, later. Got anyone I could suck on? I could use a meal. Christ I’m drained. Starving.”

She looked drained too. Poor girl must have done something to be so tired, and her skin was sunken in slightly the way vamp skin did when starving, even more pale than usual. On the edge of frenzy? Probably not, but she did look like she needed a meal.

“Let’s go out on a hunt then. We can—”

“No. I... want to stay in.” Meekness in her voice struck a chord, and she nudged her nose into the side of his chest. “And just... I... I dunno, let’s not have any kine guests in our bed tonight.”

“Oh? I thought—”

“Hey, I love the pampering. Love it when you got a few of them brainwashed and just rubbing me all down while we fuck, while we drink em. Love it love it love it,” she said. One too many ‘love its’ in there for him to quite believe it, or at least, for him to think she meant only that. Something else was on her mind. “Tonight I just want to relax in bed, just you and me... and... cuddle and stuff.”

Something was definitely up. And much as he knew he shouldn’t, he wanted to ask her, pry it out of her. Really, really wanted to, like he would have with his wife. Different time, different man.

“Whatever you want.” He squeezed her close, leaned down to kiss her head, and raised his other hand. With a finger snap and a few seconds to wait, one of his thralls came out of the hall to join them. “Jackson, you need to be anywhere tomorrow?”

“No sir.” A thicker man, a bit of chub on him but not enough to mark him overweight, came and stood beside them. Julias liked to keep his help wearing a tuxedo shirt and a bow tie, but casual forms thereof. A nice balance of presentable but relaxing.

“Good. Come sit and let Beatrice feed.”

The man nodded, and tried to contain his smile. Not good enough though, and Julias smirked at the man as Jackson came over to stand beside Beatrice. The Kiss felt good, and while it left you drained the next day or so, his thralls, nor any kine really minded.

“Thank god.” Beatrice got up, and waited for the man to get in position. She got behind him, set her claws on his stomach and chest from behind, and dug in.

Julias watched, and tilted his head to the side. She wasn't making a show of it, or enjoying or savoring it. She was just draining him. At least Jackson looked like he was enjoying it, pleasurable as the Kiss was, but Beatrice looked distracted. In the past she'd tease Julias, play with the meal a bit, draw it out, get the kine super aroused before they succumbed to exhaustion. Not to make him jealous, but to get him very interested in having his turn next. But she wasn't doing any of that tonight.

A Kiss was a pleasing sensation, when the Kindred focused on it. If they were doing it on a more violent, aggressive hunt, it was no longer a sexual sensation, but a satisfying one of a hunt complete, a filling one of a full stomach. And that was the sort of look Beatrice was giving off. Like she was on a hunt, like she was just getting blood into her before she starved. A lot closer to frenzying than he realized.

As Jackson began to collapse, she set him down on the couch. Julias got up as well to make room, and pull the man's legs up onto the couch where he could sleep off the exhaustion. His other thralls would be around sooner or later to move Jackson somewhere better. Beatrice stepped back, raised her arms, and stretched herself out, as if she'd recovered from a serious beating. Hint number two.

“You've been getting more thralls lately. Any ghouls yet?” she said.

“No. Takes a lot more to keep a ghoul than thralls, and... a connection. Haven't made a connection like that with any kine.”

“Me neither.” With some color to her — a fresh meal did get the blush of life going — Beatrice came over to him, slipped her hand about his waist again, and guided him back onto the main stairway of the lobby. “Sorry I'm not telling you what's up. Personal stuff, nothing to do with you, or me and you, or anything like that.”

He nodded, and made affirming noises. No need to talk; seemed like she just needed someone to listen. She guided them up the stairway, and toward his master bedroom, where the bed was massive and the walls were decorated with luxurious paintings. Several enormous rugs, armoires, and mirrors, much of which Beatrice herself had moved in or out from other rooms.

Beatrice kicked off her boots and socks, slid off her pants so only her black thong and white tank top remained, and slipped under the covers.

“Always with the thongs,” he said.

“Yeah. Didn’t used to be like that, but then you and I started dating and I realized I had to be on guard for sex at all times.”

He rolled his eyes, kicked off his own shoes, and walked over to the bed edge nearest her. “You think I care if you wear a thong?”

“I care! I like looking good, ok? I got a great ass, and I like to show it off.” She reached out with her claws to find the bottom of his shirt, and tugged on it, pulling it out of his pants and yanking him closer to the bed and her. “Twenty years, Julias. Twenty fucking years of being a moron and thinking everyone thought I was ugly cause of the teeth and claws and snake eyes. No idea other Kindred didn’t think like that.”

“Yeah, that was quite stupid,” he said. But instead of a laugh, she yanked on his shirt harder, till he had no choice but to fall to his knees beside the bed. There was a smile there, on her lips, between the massive crocodile teeth; girl was trying not to laugh.

“Come on, get in here and cuddle with me. I’ve had a very, very rough night, and now I’ve got a full belly and am in desperate need of kisses.”

“Yes ma’am.” He slid out of his jacket, undid his tie, undid his shirt and slid that off, and then his pants and socks. All of which Beatrice watched with a small smile and wandering eyes.

“C’mere, I wanna be the big spoon.”

“How’s that going to work?” He was a pretty tall guy, a muscular guy at that. Laughing, he crawled onto the bed over her legs, and slipped under the blankets. It really was a nice bed, opulent but comfy, and the perfect hardness to support his body. Beatrice liked it too, and she turned to face him.

When he turned his back to her, she pressed herself against it, hooked her arm around his waist, claws to his chest, and buried her face in the back of his neck.

“... yeah this isn’t working,” she said. “You’re too fat.”

He rolled his eyes, turned around, and leaned in. With the two of them on their sides, facing each other, he put his lips to hers, and nudged his nose against hers too. His lips grazed one of the crocodile teeth where her cheek should have been, and he laughed as his lip tugged on it. He put his hand to her shoulder, and caressed her skin, the tattoos, the lean muscle, and gave her crocodile teeth a quick kiss.

She put both her hands against his chest, and gently stroked them along his tuft of chest hair. “Figure out who killed Barry yet?”

“You want to talk about him?”

“Not him specifically, but kind of yes, too. I know you got people investigating, and I’m pretty sure no one knows who did it. Not the wolves or vamps or anyone.”

Both of them in bed, nearly naked, and she wanted to talk about Barry, a dead vampire. Something was going on. Hint number three.

“The fact no one knows who killed him is pretty terrifying, yeah.” Not that he wanted to admit that, but she seemed willing to share information, if she thought no one else knew about Barry either. “You worried about me and the mansion?”

“... a bit, yeah.” She snuggled in closer, and leaned forward to put her forehead against his chest where they met the blanket.

“The mansion is guarded my servants of the Invictus during the day, and my own thralls now. I—”

“Still... and I... could use some safety right now.”

“... not like you to be scared.”

“Yeah, it’s not. Jacob and I... he um... yeah, don’t wanna talk about it. Just want to feel protected and safe.” She slid an arm up and over his waist again, this time hooking his lower back as she turned her head side to side so her forehead rubbed against him. “Still love me?”

“What, because you’re being—”

“A weak little girl.”

“Well aren’t you sexist.” He slid his hand around her, and hugged her in the same place she was hugging him. “Yes, of course I love you. Love you enough to tell you not to say stupid shit like that in front of Maria or Antoinette. They’ll tear you apart.”

She laughed, but nodded after a few moments. “Yeah but those bitches are old as dirt. I’ll be as hard and cold by then too.”

“I hope not.” His hand drifted lower, down her back, over the band of her thong, and down the curve where her ass met her hamstring. He cupped the large size of it, and offered her butt a kneading squeeze. “I like it where you’re soft.”

“That’s all muscle... mostly. I am a girl.”

“Yeap.” He squeezed her ass again, and she squirmed a little against his chest.

“You taking advantage of me? While I’m feeling a bit scared, bit vulnerable?”

For a half a second, he thought she was serious. He could tell she was indeed serious about feeling scared, and vulnerable. Still didn’t know what it was that had her so upset, but he wouldn’t ask until she wanted to say. Something to do with Jacob, which was reason enough to be scared.

But she wasn’t being serious about not wanting him to take advantage. She chuckled when she caught his expression, and returned his ass squeeze with an ass squeeze of her own.

“How’s Jack doing?” she said.

“Very well. Kid is going to overcome me with time. You been watching him?”

“Of course. You know I spy on you Invictus all the time.”

The two chuckled. Halfway dorky, halfway dodging the issue that being in different covenants meant they weren’t allies, and things could go sideways at a moment’s notice. Such was unlife.

“Shall I blush?” he said.

“Course. Just cause I had a rough night doesn’t mean I don’t want to fuck. Besides, belly full of blood, remember?”

Good, cause the sight of her big, perfect ass in that thong always stirred him. He nodded, blushed life with a gentle sigh, and forced the subtle vitae through his limbs. Blood pumped through his dry veins once more, brought color to his skin, fullness to his body and muscles, and earned a longing sigh from Beatrice as well. She turned her head enough to set her ear to his chest, and listened to his heartbeat.

Julias lifted his head from the pillow enough to look to the bedroom door. Wide open. Triss used to close it, but after a certain point, she started to enjoy having sex with him in his mansion where the thralls could find them. And there’d been a couple occasions where Beatrice had invited a thrall to their bed, to get Kissed and touched, pleased, while the two Kindred drank their full.

But not tonight. She slipped out of bed, ran over to the door, and closed it with an almost loud thunk. And as she walked over to rejoin him, she slipped her claws under her tank top, and threw it away.

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~~Beatrice~~

She could always trust Julias to give her her space, let her deal with her own shit, her own devils, and at the same time be supportive, loving, and understanding. Part of her wanted him to not be so damn understanding, to push her, make her talk, but she knew she was just being juvenile, like an idiot high school kid looking for some drama to take her mind off the real problem. Jacob and his dark friend, the corpse it had possessed, the things it told her about.

Closing the bedroom door helped a little. Made her a bit sad, cause she did love to show off her sex skills for the occasional passerby in Julias's employ, but right now she wanted some walls behind her, wanted some distance and some protection against the sick, twisted shit of Jacob's world. Against the stuff he'd done to her.

She couldn't tell Julias about the knives Jacob had stabbed into her stomach, twisting them into her intestines. Couldn't tell him about the clawing and tearing the corpse had done to her back, once it had put its hands back onto its mangled wrists. Couldn't tell him about having to close her eyes, as demanded, while Jacob cut at her, stripped her of skin so it faded to ashes, only to cut off more.

It'd taken all her efforts to heal the surface wounds enough so she could come here, and get Julias to give her a meal. She felt healed, mostly, thanks to the blood; still a few tender bits inside her but she could manage until a night's sleep or two fixed her up. It was the imagery she couldn't get rid of, the sight of the dead woman jamming her severed hands back onto the stumps of her wrist, the black blood everywhere, the sight of her own stomach full of knives.

Torture was a requirement, Jac—Malachi had explained, him and the spirit in the corpse. She needed to feel pain, needed to have the beast inside her come to the surface, to 'adjust' her self, whatever the fuck

that meant. And it had come to the surface during the torture, snarling, roaring, screaming. How could it not, with an hour of those two fucking maniacs cutting into her?

Maybe this dark witch thing really wasn't for her.

Nope. Nope nope. Stop thinking about it, stop thinking about it. Look, you're in your lover's mansion. You have a full belly of fresh blood. Julias keeps the place safe, with thralls and servants and shit guarding it; dude probably had snipers posted in nearby trees and bushes and shit. Rest easy, Beatrice. Take your mind off of a grueling night of pain and agony and horrifying shit, and just relax in your lover's arms. And she relaxed best after sex.

"You ok?" Julias said. "We could just sleep, if you—"

"Hell no. Don't worry about my shit. I want sex, and then we can cuddle and you can tell me you love me and I'll always be safe in your arms."

"You'll—"

"After!" she said, grinning. She climbed onto his bed, and yanked the blankets down to expose his body. Some body hair on him, but not a carpet's worth. Big, muscled guy, but he didn't have the ripped six pack of abs she saw on some other guys like those werewolves. That was fine, his stomach was still flat and hard, with some definition to it. And, as she pulled his boxers down to expose his cock, she smiled down at him, and it. Some pubic hair, but he kept it quite short, trimmed.

And of course he had a really huge dick, cause that was apparently something that came with the job description of being big and dangerous in their world. Those two werewolves with Natasha had huge dicks too. Was Jack walking around with a dick hanging to his knees? She laughed at the thought. He might have, with all the crazy shit he was doing. Kid's bravery must have been coming from somewhere, and giant balls and dick was as good a reason as any.

She climbed onto Julias's chest, and set her knees onto the blankets around him. On queue, Julias put his hands on her body, her hips and waist. A little guidance from her raised his hands to her breasts, and she sighed into his touch as the man began to caress them, her nipples, until she felt her areola swell, and her nipple studs shift to adjust to the engorged flesh. And while the man treated her breasts to a loving, gentle bath of caresses, she set her claws on the outside of his biceps, and teased his skin with them.

But, after a few moments, one of his hands slid up her chest, her neck and jaw, and his fingers started to pluck at her lips. More than just her lips, they slid over, and started to creep in between her extra teeth where her left cheek should have been. The man really did not mind her monster teeth at all.

Exactly what this night of pain and brutality needed to offset it. Tenderness.

“So I know,” she said, “that I’ve never really given you a proper blowjob.”

“To my chagrin.”

“Ha! You want one?”

“What man doesn’t want a blowjob?”

“Men with girlfriends who have extra teeth.” She opened her mouth wide, showed off her assortment of extra teeth where the jaw met the skull, and she also let her tongue hang out a bit. It was just a normal looking tongue, but whatever the Nosferatu curse had done to her, had also increased its length quite a bit. Probably because it was extra freaky.

“You try being Kindred for a century, Triss. Things like that? It’s just spice on the meal.”

Spice on the meal. Fucking weird way of putting it, but it had her laughing and smiling as she slid backward along Superman’s body. He spread his legs, and she got comfortable between them, lying on her stomach and putting her elbows on the blankets between his thighs.

Big dick, right in front of her face. Grinning the whole time, she let one of her hands fall forward to scoop it up, and the other hand pressed against his thigh as she brought the phallus to her face. How long had it been since she’d done this? Over twenty fucking years.

“Ok, I’m out of practice. Let a girl experiment a bit here, k?”

Julias nodded, and grabbed a couple nearby pillows to help prop up his head and torso. And, returning her grin with his own, he hooked his hands behind his head, content to watch.

She nudged her nose toward his cock, and closed her eyes for a moment as she felt the hot, hard girth of it brush against her lips. She only used enough claws to keep it upright in front of her, not get a real grip on it. Instead, she lowered her head down to where her grip normally would have been, and with the room available, she started to plant slow, warm, wet kisses where the soft underside of his shaft met his balls. The big guy made a tiny groan, a little thing, but with where her head was, she could almost feel the sound.



Fucking hell she'd forgotten how exciting this could be.

She raised her lips higher, higher, each planting more kisses along the veined girth, until she reached the head of his cock. The swollen, pink head that had drilled her depths so many times, stretched her inward, sometimes a little painfully, but always a fucking euphoric ride. She kissed it, kissed along the base edge of its bulbous shape, kissed where it joined the underside of his length, and kissed the top of it. Each kiss grew deeper, longer, wetter, as she let her saliva coat her lips while she spread them back and forth over the swollen head.

And when Julias made a proper groan, one of those deeper, manly groans she didn't hear often from him, she shivered. Her body lit up like kindling, warmth shooting through her limbs, her crotch, until she felt wetness join the heat. Part of her felt embarrassed for how quickly that happened; just a touch, just a noise from Julias and her body was fucking ready. But the embarrassment passed quickly, especially as she kissed away a droplet of precum leaking out of the man's cock.

"Getting there already?" she said.

"Yes, I am. You can't see what I see. Your beautiful eyes staring at me and what you're kissing, your lips dragging along me... and that ass sticking out, in that thong."

She set her head against one of his thighs, and laughed. Yeah, that was true, a glance back showed her large ass did kind of stick out from the bed with her on her stomach, with the thong highlighting the shape.

"Like some eye contact?" she said.

"God yes."

Lucky him.

She raised her head, and opened her mouth wide, very wide, so wide she saw the startled look on the man's face. Probably looked like a horror movie monster, all her extra teeth fully exposed, and about to bite off his dick. She winked at him, brought his cock in closer, and used her top lip to guide his shaft into her mouth where her teeth were normal, as she slowly leaned forward to take him into her awaiting maw. Deeper, and deeper, each inch of him she took made the man sigh bliss, breathe pleasure, and gaze at her as she gazed at him. She knew she had snake eyes, and she knew that, when she put her teeth on display, it made her look like a reptile. And the fact the man was only getting harder against her lip made the juxtaposition delicious.

She let her long tongue hang out, and pressed it along the underside of him as she slipped more of his length into her mouth. She didn't know if other Kindred lost their gag reflex, even while blushing life, but she had; probably something to do with the crazy tongue and mouth. First time she'd gotten to really use it though, and she smiled around her lover's cock as it slipped into her throat, and her mouth closed around his girth completely. Her tongue caressed against where his testicles met his cock, and as her mouth came lower and lower, her tongue went lower as well.

When her mouth found the base of him, and got snug and tight suckling at the bottom of his cock, her tongue slid out, and offered teasing, playful licks. And with how long it was, she could do more than just a few, weak little licks. She gave her lover the proper treatment, massaging his testicles with her tongue, stroking, rubbing, all while she kept the seal of her lips around his length tight.

"... tongue... wow," he said.

God. Fucking. Damn. It was always a treat to see the man squirm when she took control, but to feel his groans and moans — controlled and quiet as they were — from so close, was holy shit intoxicating. She almost giggled. Couldn't, depththroating her man and all, so she smiled at him, gazed into his lovely dark eyes as she treated his cock to a bath.

"eel 'oo?"

"What?"

Too comical. She laughed, and to do that properly she had to lift her head.

"Feel good?"

"God yes. You know how long it's been since I've been treated to this kind of pampering?"

Rolling her eyes, she grabbed the base of his cock, and slapped it against his stomach, hard enough to get him to flinch. "You probably got one... maybe two days before our first date?"

"... well, yes, but I assure you I was thinking of you the whole time."

God damn him. She laughed again, and guided his cock back toward her face. "You barely knew my name then."

"Nonsense. I knew you and I were destined to be together since I was Kindred. I—ow!" A good pinch to the thigh rubbed that smug, romantic look off his face.

Course she was just playing. Her white knight was too good with his words; better to just stop him from talking before he said something to make her want to get all lovey dovey, and ruin a perfectly good blowjob. So, with a few chuckles and some silence from her man, she got back to work, and tapped the glans of his cock against the side of her crocodile teeth a few times.

“Don’t make me mad now. I’ll bite this off.” Just a joke though. Julias could regenerate from it she was sure, but holy fuck that’d be a horrible prank. Worse than knives in her gut.

Stop thinking about Jacob’s twisted world. Your new twisted world. Enjoy your boyfriend’s hospitality, great money, half a dozen servants, and most of all, enjoy his great body and big dick. No, wait, enjoy his love. Cause love was more important than her boyfriend being handsome and having muscles and some serious endowment. Or both, why not both.

Back into her mouth. She couldn’t help but smile, and it took a little effort to keep from laughing at the thoughts running through her head. Julias didn’t mind. If anything, the man looked all the happier for her happiness, which was a really nice symbiotic feedback loop to be in. Made her feel giddier every moment, made her forget the dark shit hiding in old caves dug out underneath cemeteries.

All that shit kind of just faded away when she was looking at her man, his warm but simultaneously arrogant smile, his broad chest and shoulders spread since he had his fingers netted behind his head. And the look of pleasure on his face from having his cock deep inside her crocodile mouth, nestled snug between lips and tongue, made her wet. Something in his eyes, the way she could see the bliss there, see how they half closed as he got closer to orgasm, a twinkle maybe, something that made it so damn satisfying to slip her tongue back into her mouth to stroke him, and ease her head back up to the tip of his cock with a tight lock of her lips the whole way.

More precum dripped onto her tongue, and she gazed up at Julias as she used her lips to spread the liquid around and around his glans. Throughout all the fun, she barely ever used her hands, mostly just resting them on his thighs while her lips and tongue did all the work. Kept Julias on edge, kept him from getting too close, so she could tease him, kiss him, and milk another drop of precum out of him as she locked her lips tight around his glans again. She eased her head back and forth an inch, making sure to slide her moist lips across the base edge of the bulbous tip, over and over, until she could see the pleasure drip from her lover’s face.

But before he could start unloading, she removed him again, and grinned the most evil grin she could manage while one hand guided his cock to the right side of her face to gently tap it against some of her monster teeth.

“Beatrice, you’re killing me.”

“Yeah, probably.” She set her lips on the tip again, but pushed out her tongue up and over to dangle a few inches of it atop his length. Then she brought it around and around in circles, caressing half his length with the wet warmth of it. It must have looked a bit strange, with how long her tongue was, and how each time she opened her mouth a bit to give her tongue room, it meant Julias could see her jaw open, see through the cracks between her crocodile teeth into the depths of her mouth.

Didn’t seem to bother him. If anything, the big guy was struggling to keep his hands behind his head, and not get them into her hair. And she did love them in her hair, but right now she was enjoying doing everything solo. To bask in the man’s lovesick, horny gaze, as she pampered his cock, was really scratching the part of her that liked to be watched. And getting her really, really wet.

Winking at Julias, she slid the man’s shaft back into her mouth, and took the thick girth deep into her throat. Again, she locked her lips tight — tight as they could with no cheeks — and let her tongue slip out underneath his length to start caressing the whole of his balls again. With no need to breathe, she kept him there, and watched him, met his gaze with her serpent eyes, and gently nudged her head back and forth to massage his cock with her throat.

Too much for him. His eyes nearly closed, and for a moment they rolled up as the man made a good moan, the sort of moan she wanted to hear. His hard stomach crunched a few times, showing some ab definition through, and she smirked at it, at him, the slab of muscle before her, at how his arms flexed underneath where they met his back, at how his hips pushed up a bit, at how his legs spread.

As his cock started to flex and press up against her mouth and throat, she settled in. In slow motions, she shifted her head back and forth an inch, milking the cum out of him while keeping him balls deep in her mouth. With how deep she had him, he was shooting his load down her throat, and she could feel the underside of his cock pump the liquid into her. And the more she massaged it with her tongue, the more it continued.

Her hands drifted up and out onto his stomach, and she rested them along his lower abdomen, teasing and caressing his muscles with her claws as she kept him balls deep in her mouth. All the while he came

inside her, she gazed up at him, drank in his flexing body and blissful expression, and continued to bathe his testicles with her tongue. Only when his cock stopped flexing upward against her throat, and when his body stopped crunching his stomach, did she finally start to raise her head. She let her tongue hang out of her mouth the whole trip, licking at the underside of his shaft, and once she'd pushed herself up, the long appendage dangled six inches from her mouth, with a couple heavy drops of white falling from its tip.

“That was... damn,” he said.

She climbed up and over his pelvis, and straddled his stomach again before setting her claws against his chest. Man still had his hands hooked behind his head, just letting her do things to him, with a big grin on his face the whole time. She liked that.

“Hey Julias,” she said, claws sliding back and forth across his broad chest.

He quirked a brow, and set his hands on her hips. “Yeah?”

“I gave you a blowjob. You now owe me your life.”

“Is that how that works?”

“Mhmm.”

“Then I owe my life to a lot of girls you know, I—ow!”

She sank her claws into him, just a bit, just enough for the pinch to nearly draw blood. And as the man flinched, she chuckled at him, and guided his hands back to his head so he could slip them behind his skull again. It was a good look on him, a kingly looking, with his hands netted behind his head, elbows out, and watching.

“That does bring up a good point though.” She slipped out both of her feet from beside her, and instead put them around Julias's head, against his wrists where they were beside his temples. “I... don't think we should let Jen, or any Kindred into our bed with us.”

“Oh?”

“Yeah. Just... don't really want to share. I mean with kine, a little bit of play is ok, cause they're just food. And playing with your food is natural.” Maybe her beast was a cat? Maybe all Kindred beasts were actually cats? House cats, fat house cats gorged on blood.

“What brought this on?”

“... I don’t want to say.” Don’t want to say what? She was feeling clingy, cause Jacob scared the shit out of her? Didn’t want anyone else in the bedroom, cause she didn’t want to feel exposed to another Kindred when so vulnerable? Didn’t want to damage the closeness and intimacy — and protection — of Julias’s arms?

God, her own thoughts were sounding less and less like the badass chick she thought she was, the chick who jumped a spider monster without a second thought.

“You’ll get no argument from me Triss. I was worried about it as it was.”

“Course you were.” Cause you’re smarter than me and know better than to think with only your dick, unlike me. “So, just... us. Doing comfy, cuddly things, with no one else.”

“Does that mean more spooning?”

“Yes. Yes it does.” Man did love to spoon. “But I expect to be fully compensated for it. And for the blowjob.” She reached back to her waist, slid her claws under the waistband, and slowly, teasingly, slid the tiny straps of fabric down her large, toned ass, her hard, curvy legs, and down to her ankles around Julias’s neck.

“Shopping spree?” he said, smile growing as she pressed her thong against his neck with her feet.

“Shopping spree. I got some clothes I want to try that you don’t have yet. Custom tailored stuff too. Maybe a really fancy wedding dress, like one of those twenty-thousand-dollar wedding dresses.” She slipped the thong past her toes so it fell off of her and onto Julias’s face, and laughed when the man used his lips and teeth to grab it, and move it aside with a turn of his head.

“I’ll call my guy.”

“Good. Also, grab the lube,” she said, and she spread her thighs as she said it. The stud in her clit hood ached as she reached down between her legs to touch it. Soaked. She was dripping, her lips drenched, and she knew it was enough to be plainly visible, enough to grab Julias’s eyes, and make him stare. Hard to grab the lube from the drawer in the nightstand without looking, but he managed it, a twinkle in his eye the whole time too. He knew what was coming.

She plucked it from his hand, and slid herself back. After setting her ass between his thighs, she reached down, and as she dribbled a copious amount of the fluid onto his cock, her other hand rubbed it onto his skin. Man was still hard, and she had every intention of enjoying it.

Once the lubricant was dripping off of his testicles with how soaked his length was, she set the bottle aside, and climbed back up onto the man's waist, her weight on her knees again. She grinned down at him, let her long tongue hang out of her alien mouth, and gazed upon his excited expression with her snake eyes as she reached between her legs, grabbed his cock, and pointed it upward. It took a little maneuvering, her weight on her knees and one hand on his chest, while the other guided his shaft, and she had to lean forward to get the angle. But soon, she had the tip of his fat cock pressed to her ass.

Getting him inside was a struggle. Always was. Muscles fought, and had to be coaxed to relax. Muscles were tight, and took time to stretch. Muscles were dry, and took a second to get soaked by the lubricant. She made a show of it, swayed her ass from side to side a little, and chuckled down at her love as his eyes rolled up in bliss. She had a tight ass; could probably squeeze his dick right off if she wanted, and she gave some tiny flexes of her sphincter around the head of his cock as it slid into her body.

It felt good, to feel herself spread open around him, to feel her skin rub and massage against the girth of his cock. But what felt incredible, what left her weak and panting and shaking at the knees, required a deeper angle. She took more of him into her ass, more, and once she'd taken half of the big bastard into her, she angled her hips forward a little, and sank down. Had to find the right angle to force his dick toward her belly, toward her pussy, but once she found it, she let out a long, mewling sigh, set her claws against her lover's chest, and eased him into her ass until he was balls deep.

Pressure. Fucking delicious pressure. She could feel his cock pressing against her insides, pushing toward her cunt from behind another wall of flesh, of her insides. A lot of practice and a very patient lover meant she could take the time to get everything just right, angle herself perfectly to push her body down onto his cock. With her hips angled forward and her body sitting a little forward on him, keeping his cock pressing toward the front of her, she groaned as she felt the man press against her deep spot.

She found a bouncing rhythm, and got to work. Cause Julias had already cum once, and she was dying for some stimulation. Christ, watching the man watch her, his pleased face and the way he had his back spread on the sheets, hands behind his head, made her feel like she was fucking a lord, too arrogant to help her. Like she was a sex slave to be called on whenever the lord felt the need to relieve himself. Bit of that Ventrue arrogance showing through in him, instead of his usual Superman act. Fuck it was hot. And being the girl in that lord's bed, doing all the work while he watched, was doing a serious number on her. Boiling heat built up in her pelvis, and she shivered as the pleasure waves started to build.

She stopped, leaned back, put her hands against his knees, and spread her thighs a little. Pussy on complete display, smooth, dripping, clenching on nothing, begging to be touched.

But the bastard didn't. He kept his hands where they were, and watched her get into a better position.

"You're dripping," he said.

"Hey, fuck you man, can't help it. I haven't done the blowjob thing in forever." And for punishment, she squeezed her ass on his dick. Hard. He winced, until she let him go, and her smirk returned. "I was thinking, your tailor could make me something really... I don't know, slutty? Something like Jen was wearing to the Black Hall ball. Feel like showing a lot of skin."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, and... wear me on your arm too, please? Show me off, at the Invictus ball." She let go of his leg with one hand, and reached down for her pussy. Careful with her claws, she set her fingertips along her swollen, dripping lips, and spread herself open. Sure enough, a couple more drops of her cream trickled out of her, down her skin, and joined where her ass was spread open on the man's cock. She fucking loved the enraptured expression on his face. Loved showing off, even if just showing off how fucking wet her dumb white knight boyfriend made her.

His brow raised with her request, despite his gaze being locked onto her pink flesh between her legs. "How revealing? Jennifer's dress was pretty revealing, but we've had balls before where some Daeva show up with their breasts exposed."

"Sounds like... fashion runway clothes."

With another groan rippling through her, she put her hand back on Julias's knee again, and started to bounce herself. The extreme angle, her hips forward a little and her body leaning back, made his cock press straight toward her abs, straight into her deep spot as she started to bounce on him. She sank her ass down, took him deep, deep until it felt like his length was reaching her stomach. She found a faster rhythm, using only an inch stroke, but picking up the pace until the bed started to creak and her ass was jiggling with the impact against the man's pelvis.

She came. Way, way too early to cum already, five minutes into penetration, but there it was. Her head fell back between her shoulders, and her moans grew louder, loud enough she knew the servants in the mansion would be able to hear her. The rippling waves in her pelvis spread out, powerful, consistent, and worked through her until her toes were curling, and her hands squeezed on her lover's legs.



She managed to raise her head and look down, mid orgasm. As her muscles squeezed and her bouncing was stopped, a tiny splash of her juices landed on Julias's hard stomach. And then another, as her cunt squeezed down in spasms and random convulsions, each causing deep waves of bliss to move up and down her body.

"Fucking... damn..." She continued to watch herself, watch her defined abs flex and crunch with her panting and post-orgasm shivers. Watched herself leak a few more drops of juices down her pussy lips, and Julias did too. Man was drinking her with his eyes.

Too good to stop. She started bouncing again, harder, and deeper. With enough lube to drown someone coating the man's cock, she had more than enough leeway to pound him. She slid her knees out and up, and put her weight on her feet instead, setting them beside Julias's chest on each side of him on the blankets, and keeping her hands on his knees too. More range of motion leaning back like this, more freedom to push her ass up half the man's length, and then take it all back with a hard drop.

The poor man started to groan as well. She squeezed on him in spurts, each stroke of his length pressing his cock toward her pussy again, until she could almost feel him pressing against her abs. More. She bounced faster, desperate to get more of that pressure against her deepest place, to build that roaring fire in her body. Each time she felt his cock kiss that sensitive spot, press against it through the wall of her ass, the bliss started to build, and her liquids continued to as well. Something about that depth made her body sing, and made her pussy leak cream until she could feel her warm liquids mixing with the lubricant.

A final bounce built the fire into a scorching furnace, and she took her man balls deep again as she let the orgasm work through her. The waves of heat, of tingling pleasure danced up and down her body, her skin, to her toes then back to her spine and up into her chest. The center of the explosion, her cunt and belly, squeezed down again, and again, and again, each squeeze joined with a squeeze of her ass around her man's member. And as Julias's groans returned, she forced her eyes open.

She squirted. Hard. A solid stream of her clear juices landed on the man's stomach, enough for some of it to trickle off to the sides of his hard, wide, muscled body. And as her muscles continued to spasm randomly, another gush met his stomach. And another. She tried to bounce again, to maybe milk more of her pleasure, but her muscles refused to do anything other than tremble. All she could do was make loud moans, and watch her bare pussy soak her lover's stomach.

When the climax passed, and she was left a quivering mess in post-orgasm heaven, Julias spoke at last.

“I didn’t say you could stop.”

“I... I... fuck you,” she said. “Christ I... really did fucking soak you.”

“Never met a girl who squirted as hard as you.”

Part of her thought she should be embarrassed. A microscopic part of her. A much larger part was basking in the glory of tingly waves of pleasure, and loving how much her man loved how much she made a mess when she came hard.

“Hey,” he continued, “if you stop now, I’m afraid I’m going to have to spoon you.”

She rolled her eyes, and sat up straight. Straight turned into collapsing forward a moment later as the tingly waves ripped away her ability to control her muscles. The waves refused to stop moving up and down through her body, and another hard clench of her pussy forced a few more drops of her juices onto the man beneath her.

“... gimme... a minute?”

“Nope.” Julias reached out for her, lifted her off of his cock, and turned her around. Once he had his arms around her, he laid her across his body on her back, and then rolled onto his side.

Trapped, in the spooning position. Trapped in the man’s big arms and perfectly tender but tight hug. She melted, let her head relax to the pillow, and waited for the inevitable. She was still too tingly and in dreamy-relaxed land to be on the aggressive front anymore, and she knew he knew it too. And a few moments later, her patience was rewarded as Julias guided his cock back to her ass.

The man kept his head propped up on one arm, elbow to the sheets between pillows, while his other set the head of his soaked cock against her opening. Once he’d eased it back in a few inches into her clenching and unclenching muscles, he wiped his hand dry on the sheets in front of her, then set his hand to her breast, elbow on her hip. A half hug, half fondle, as he eased his length into her ass.

The angle was blissful. With him behind her like this, her back to his chest, it pushed his cock straight toward her belly, and she shivered as she felt his glans press along her walls. Deeper, and deeper, until he was balls deep once again, and she could feel him stretching her muscles inward. Now she got to relax, and let the man spoon her.

Julias leaned in, set his lips on her ear, and kissed her earlobe, before his lips drifted down another few inches to start kissing her neck. And as he did so, his hand drifted down from her breast, down her abs, and down to her clitoris.

“Ah! Hey... sensitive.”

The man chuckled into her neck, and kept his touch on her clitoris soft. His fingers played with the stud in its hood, lightly stroking up against it, before he set index and middle finger on either side of her clit. After a few strokes, they dipped lower, coated themselves in the juices leaking from her smooth lips, and returned to massage her bud in the wetness.

God damn a century of whoring himself out had taught her man some serious sex skills. The right pressure, the right amount of stroking friction for post-orgasm clit play — very little — along with the ebb and flow to get the rhythm. And as he stroked it, he pressed his hips forward with the same motion. A gentle, rocking pace of sex that he liked to use when he wanted to make things take time.

“Come onnnn,” she said. “You’ve cum, I’ve cum... twice! You gotta... speed things up.”

“Why would I do that? Got the most beautiful creature in my bed, her huge ass snug to my body, and her juices everywhere.” He raised his lips higher, set them to her ear again, and offered a few more tiny kisses. “You’re dripping down your thighs, soaking me.”

Arg, it was true. She could feel where his balls were pressing against the base of her butt, and she could feel her juices dripping down her thighs. And she knew the bastard was going to do what he always did when they spooned: hug her, kiss her, and fuck her so slowly it took forever to get the fire going again. From a hard climax going cowgirl, to this slow sex that was practically foreplay.

No way she was going to tell him how much she loved the switch up. Man didn’t need any more things to tease her and her sex addiction about.

“Besides,” he continued, “I’m a man. You drained me once, so now I have some work to do, to build up to a second orgasm.”

“Bouncing on your dick... and... stuff... didn’t... get you closer?”

“That amazing blowjob really drained me.” He picked up the pace a little, rubbed her swollen clit a little harder, then slowed down again. Infuriating. Agonizingly perfect. “Afraid this might take a little while.”

“... ok.” She reached up with her free arm to pat his cheek, then down to set her hand on his where it played with her clit. It was nice, to just set her claws on his hand, and feel how he felt her. Man had so much god damn control, so much patience. Dude was inside her ass and she was utterly dripping, ready to squirt the moment he’d start pounding her. But he didn’t. He stayed slow, and continued to bathe her clitoris in so much pampering she could feel the building tingles from it alone.

She had enough control of her muscles now to go on the offensive, and maybe start fucking him in return. Maybe get them both cumming a lot sooner. But, no, she’d asked him for spooning earlier, and he was going to spoon her. And it might take another fifteen fucking minutes to cum, which was a long time after having cum twice already, but she could use a little time in his arms.

“S-So,” she said, “you... um... how... how’s it going at the top of the Invictus?”

“Pretty well, I must say. Planning for the ball has been interesting.” His fingers started to work her clit faster, a little harder, and his hips started to push into her the same way. Fucker didn’t even let his faster pace affect his speech. “Michael has insisted we try and encourage a sexual motif. Says it will serve to disarm everyone, make them more comfortable, with how rare it is for all the covenants to be in the same room.”

“Very... rare.” So close, so damn close, waves of pleasure were already working their way down to her toes. Come on, faster for the love of god.

“Indeed. So Michael is going to have many kine there, thralls from many ancilla, and the two Invictus elders. He’s also extended the invitation to Antoinette, Jacob, and Garry. Should be an interesting evening, scantily clad kine everywhere, cream of the crop in physique.”

That actually did sound pretty interesting, and fun. She doubted anyone was actually going to fuck at the ball, but it sounded like it was very much setting up post-party sex for everyone.

“I... think I’ll ask Jen for... fashion ideas... something extra slutty.” Images of her wearing something that spoke of both the Circle, its apparently justified and terrifying reputation for dark things, and her own tattoo and metal-loving ways, filled her head. Maybe a corset that fully exposed the back, and a cloak to go with it, or something?

“I bet Jen will show up with her two ghouls on leashes. She’s the most cocky neonate in the city.” Julias slowed down again, and she let out a long whimper. God damn him. “Think she will?”

“I... didn’t think so. But I’ll tell her... about the idea.” Cause no doubt Jen would love that idea. Fucking Ventrue. “Better not... use a leash... on me.”

Julias set his lips on her neck again, and bit down, almost hard enough to pierce her skin, but not quite. “You were fucking gorgeous, wearing that dog collar.” He gave her a hard thrust, hard enough to force a squeak out of her, and make a tiny splash of her juices leak. “Maybe not at the ball, but I do heavily encourage more of such wear when we’re alone. With a leash too.”

Of course he did, cause he was a Ventrue and those fuckers loved to control things. She almost felt guilty for how much it turned her on when he did.

“Not sure... I should encourage... this side of you,” she said. Totally lying, and she hid her face in the pillow so he couldn’t see her smile, or her eyes as she struggled on the edge of orgasm.

His fingers on her clit reached lower, and scooped into her. With practiced efficiency and rather intimate knowledge of her insides, the man started to press his fingers into her g-spot, hard. And as he did, he thrust into her again, and again, with enough force to make her body shake.

She came, and opened her mouth as she groaned onto the pillow. She turned her head again, putting her temple to the softness, and drooled onto the fabric as the man pumped her ass. All the lube made each thrust slide in easy, so all she had to do was lay there, and let the big guy fuck her with a good, proper, deep thrusting rhythm. He continued to finger her pussy at the same time, putting pressure on her depths, pressing against her spots until she squirted over his hand, and her juices dripped down over her hip and thighs. She almost heard the splash.

Julias slowed down, slower, slower, and eventually stopped as he removed his hand, slid it up to her breast again, before his fingers found her throat. And as he set his fingers there, he squeezed, gently, enough so she felt the size of his grip around her. The whole arm hugged her tight, her body locked in under the elbow, and his forearm crossing up her chest and sternum so he could hold her by the neck. His hand was dripping wet. She could feel her cum trickle down her neck from his knuckles.

With grip tight and weight against her, he started to thrust into her again while pinning her back to his chest.

“W-Wait... tired...” she said, squeaks and whimpers all she could muster. This wasn’t gentle spooning sex! The bastard tricked her!

His betrayal was very much welcome, and she turned her head enough to peek up at him. Man had that cocky grin of his, that Ventrue dominance look, that 'I own you' look. She knew he didn't feel that way, but in the heat of the moment? Fucking. Hot. She reached up to hold onto the wrist of the clutching hand choking her, and melted into him as he fucked her, sank his cock balls deep into her ass, and hugged her tight to his body.

More waves worked through her as her snatch squeezed. Each clench of her muscles was met with one of his thrusts, his length reaching into her and pressing against her deepspot. Like an ocean, the waves kept coming back and back and back again, driven on by the man's consistent thrusts. The tingling reached her toes until they curled, then up her thighs, her back, and up to where the man was choking. Each met with more hard clenching of her pussy, and her ass. Poor man must have felt like she was trying to rip off his dick, with how she was squeezing him.

She was squirting, a lot. She knew it, even if she couldn't see it. The deep pressure of his cock pressing against her depths kept making her clench, and each clench was soaking everything between her thighs. The blankets were drenched. Kindred fluids would fade in five or ten minutes, but in the mean time, she was just a horrible mess, and there was nothing she could do about it as the man kept her trapped, helpless to do anything but lay there and let him fuck her ass.

She managed a small smirk at the silly roleplaying in her head. She wasn't trapped, and Julias was the nicest man she'd ever known. But it was fun, and so very hot. God, she couldn't keep her eyes open, and the sounds coming out of her were barely more than whimpers. She was seeing spots. And the waves of pleasure kept working through her until her toes started to hurt from curling so hard. Each wave exploded outward from her center, from her stomach and pelvis, and made her whole body spasm weakly, until another gush of her fluids poured down her legs.

But, at last, the man came to a slow, gentle pace. Orgasm pace. She sighed relief, and felt her whole body start to go limp as Julias came inside her, deep in her ass. His grip around her throat tightened for a few moments, a few last second thrusts to punctuate his bliss, before he too started to relax. He melted against her, her body half turning over toward the blankets as the man leaned against her, and gently fucked her. Each slow, loving thrust was icing on a massive cake of orgasm overload that made it hard for her to reciprocate anything. She just lay there, trembled, and let the man fuck her as she tried to recover.

His fingers slid down from her neck to her breasts, and he started a tender massage of her nipples. And, chuckling, he reached down to her drenched thighs, soaked his fingers again along her dripping pussy

lips, and brought his hand back up to her breasts. Fingers now utterly drenched in her cum again, he started to massage her breasts once more, gently rubbing and caressing her hard, sensitive areola with the liquid. All for one very awesome reason: drawing out the waves of her bliss.

The two of them lay there for a good five minutes, recovering, enjoying the quiet, the privacy of his master bedroom, the contact of his huge chest against her back. And the best part, enjoying the final waves of orgasm, with the man gently fucking her, never removing anymore than an inch of his length so he could stay buried to the hilt.

“You are one sexual predator,” he said. “... er, well, you know what I mean.”

She laughed, and reached down and over her hip to set her claws on his ass. “You just like my ass.” His was nice too, hard and defined; but no one had an ass like hers.

“As much as you love your ass? I doubt it,” he said. It was true too. His arm hugged her closer, pressed her to him, and he nudged his hips into her to earn another mewl from her. He was going to get soft any second now, she knew, but in the mean time, the man seemed content to press his length against her depths and make her body quiver. “And I adore how much of a mess you make when you cum.”

“Didn’t... always squirt this much, you know? I mean, yeah I made a mess when I was kine, but...” But you’re really good at sex and turning her into a gushing fountain. Too cheesy? Too cheesy.

Didn’t need to be said anyway. Julias chuckled, and hugged her close. Finally the bastard was getting soft, and she quivered as he fell out of her, only to pull her hip in tight to him so her ass was snug against his cum-soaked cock. Well, she’d already soaked everything, a little more mess didn’t matter. It’d all fade in a few minutes anyway.

“About the dress for the ball. You want to show all of Dolareido your body?”

“... maybe. It’s a pretty good body, right?” Again she reached down, this time to run her claws up and down her abs, and then up to her breasts to pluck at one of her nipples. Sensitive, nipple hard enough to ache with the stud piercing in it. “I got twenty years of stupid to make up for.”

“Perfectly understandable, and you know I think you’re beautiful. But you also seem to be against having anyone else in our bed.”

“That is a bit of a paradox, isn’t it? I don’t know, I... I like it when people look. But, touching is a different thing altogether.”

“Got it. No Kindred in the bed, just you and me, and the occasional meal when you want it.” Man hugged her, and started to caress her stomach with drifting fingers.

“Think the werewolves will be coming too? Cause, I mean... could be interesting. They’re all so fit and strong and... alive. Alive and surrounded by dead blood suckers.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if Avery accepts the invitation. Which is a problem I need to plan for. Her and Jacob in the same room won’t end well.”

Yeah, that was most definitely a problem.