

~~Natasha~~

The Grand Cathedral of Dolareido was a terrifying place, she found, especially from the outside. The statues on the railings of the stairway, on the archways, and on the outcroppings of carved stone along the cathedral's high walls, were nightmare fuel. Six-winged angels destroying demons beneath their feet, and gargoyles with mouths agape and fangs exposed within them. The archway over the main door had a crucifix, with doves perched upon it, as if the only way to find the peace those doves had, to escape the horrors displayed on the outside of the cathedral, was to pass through the gates beneath the cross.

She eased open the giant door of the cathedral, and slipped in.

She'd never understand why a vampire would agree to the philosophies of the Lancea et Sanctum. She wanted her feet firmly on the ground, rooted in evidence, not beliefs that were created to fill the hole evidence hadn't filled yet. So what if vampires didn't know where they came from? That was no reason to suddenly go believing in a higher power, believing that vampires were damned and doomed to suffer lest they fulfill God's plan for them, to be monsters that scare the sheep into the protective arms of the shepherd.

But then, in absence of evidence, what do you do? For her, it meant a lifetime of digging through books and research articles, and now, relics and tomes, searching for truth. Damien was different than her. He had faith. A powerful weapon, and a massive weakness, depending on circumstance. She wanted to know if that circumstance was now, and if Damien had anything to do with what happened.

Maria wasn't here, she knew that; it's why she came now and not later. Still avoiding that conversation, still tiptoeing around that bitch of an elder, still being passive and refusing to be aggressive. She got aggressive with Jacob, maybe she could get aggressive with Maria? No, that wasn't the same circumstance, not at all.

Natasha walked forward, slowly, and took a moment to straighten her business pantsuit. A pistol and two small swords, one of silver and one of carbon steel, were not easy to fit into a pantsuit jacket, but she made do. It would have been easier to leave the silver sword behind, and avoid potential questions from her boyfriends. They'd yet to ask about the extra sword; maybe they couldn't tell it was silver? She did keep it in its sheath. Either way, she had to keep it on her at all times, but it wasn't a strong enough material for proper sword work, hence the need for the other.

She made sure they were all there as she walked through the cathedral toward the dais, and the apse behind that held the enormous pipe organ. Someone was playing them.

“D-Damien?” she said.

“... Natasha. I wasn’t expecting you.”

She came closer, and watched the man as his fingers moved across the keys. A pale comparison to Maria’s expert fingers, Damien’s playing was slow, imprecise, and lacked any texture. His timing was off too. But, he was playing Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata, the famous first movement, and that wasn’t exactly Twinkle Twinkle Little Star.

“Is Madam Turio... Maria t-teaching you how to play?”

“Yes. I expressed interest, and she was more than willing.”

“She d-does love old, classical music a lot.”

“Indeed. And for good reason. It deserves to be loved. Modern music is... well, that’s a rant I’m sure someone else could deliver better than I.” The man started playing again, and Natasha watched, a small smile on her lips. Something sexy about a man playing an instrument; a stereotype, but true.

“I’m not hearing the f-f-full p-pipes?” The sound was quiet, subdued, and didn’t have any of the power she assumed a pipe organ would have.

“No. This organ has a digital structure built in. I need to flip a switch to actually use the pipes. But, I foresee months, years of practice, before I’d be willing to try them.”

She nodded. Practical, sound, logical. You build up to something as grandiose as using the pipes in an actual full sized pipe organ.

“Is... is it harder? Playing an organ, instead of a piano?”

“I wouldn’t know, haven’t played the piano. Madam Turio... Maria, she says that, when all its elements are engaged, it is the most difficult instrument to play. It is a wind instrument at its core, and... and I suspect you did not come to talk to me of music, Madam Vola.” The man didn’t know when to use titles, or he didn’t feel comfortable addressing her as Natasha. Maybe some time together could fix that?

“N-No, I... wanted to talk to you about Jack. And, and you know... t-t-to call me Natasha. You’re not Invictus, n-no need for the titles.”

“Very well, Natasha. Yes, I assumed the only reason you might visit now would be to talk about Jack. I may not be Invictus, but Maria keeps me in the loop. This whole right hand but not Invictus position she has given me is... weird.”

“You thought I’d want to talk to you about Jack?”

“You suspect me, don’t you?”

“I... I mean... a little?” She squirmed, and leaned against a nearby railing that separated the organ from the rest of the stage. “You c-can... imagine why.”

“... then let’s go talk to him.”

“What?”

Damien stood up, adjusted his tie, and turned to look at her. The half-shaved head, hair falling down his temple on one side of his head, was oddly fitting his dark suit, something Maria no doubt had him wearing. Sexy.

“Let’s go talk to him.”

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Julias wasn’t home, but that’s why Natasha called him ahead of time. She couldn’t lie to him though, and spilled the truth that Damien was joining her. The man was hesitant, but he agreed to let them into the mansion and its underground bunker. It wasn’t like Damien would be able to kill Jack and make it seem like Natasha did it or something, and the man had had ample opportunity to kill Jack if he was willing to do it overtly.

So, Natasha knocked on the front door, and waited. Huge place. So huge. To own a mansion in a dense city, in an area where the real estate was kept free of any extra homes or anything that could possibly lower its value, was expensive. Of course the Invictus not only had money, they could bypass the money issues altogether, and turn such fantasies into reality. Only elders got to do something as extravagant as a mansion though.

“Madam Vola, and... Mister Burksen, I believe?” A kind looking woman in a modern, but not too modern maid outfit answered the door. “I am sorry to answer myself, but Nathan has just let Master Terry feed, so he is sleeping.”

“Y-Yes, um, d-d-did Mister Mire call and—”

“Yes yes, come in, please. Master Terry is awake and expecting you.”

“Oh.” Natasha smiled, and followed after the thrall with Damien behind her. As they walked, several of the thralls stuck their heads out or up from their activities in cleaning the enormous house, and they watched Damien with squinted eyes. Well, they certainly didn’t like him, which was probably because of Julias. In fact, she imagined they were on standby to lock Damien into the bunker room, if something happened to Jack.

Well, she trusted him. Maybe she didn’t trust Maria, but she trusted him. A little.

The servant took them down a stairway, a long and deep stairway, before she gestured with open palm into the hallway ahead. Natasha had seen this bunker before, but Damien hadn’t, and the man stopped to take careful note of each barrier they crossed in the underground.

“... I would say these precautions are overkill, but I guess recent developments would prove me a fool.” He reached out, and ran his hands down one of the spiked gates that lined the path. Natasha pat his hand away from the metal. The gates were pulled aside, out of the way, but Natasha got the impression they’d come out with a hard snap and skewer trespassers if fiddled with.

It was a long tunnel, hardened with concrete. Viktor always thought for the future, and built things to last; understandable elder paranoia about preserving their long lives. In this circumstance, it was protecting Jack, and letting the boy sleep his injuries away. Triss had described the injuries to Natasha, and Natasha had winced with every mention of bone, flesh, sinew, and organs. Her first encounter with the werewolves had been a visceral amount of pain and injury, but she doubted she could compare it to what Jack had gone through with these hunters.

“Hey Natasha,” Jack said. The boy was sitting on the bed, dressed in suit pants and a white shirt, no jacket. He looked gaunt, despite the fresh meal Natasha knew the man had had. Recovering from such life-threatening wounds took time, especially for one as young as Jack.

But he was healing faster than a one-year-old neonate should, from those sorts of injuries at least. Impressive. Julias’s childe, he was.

“Hey Jack,” she said. How nice, to not have to call him Master Terry, or for him to call her Madam Vola. “The P-Prince has been anxious to see you.”

“Yeah, and I’m anxious as hell to see her. Moment I can actually walk around, I’m there.”

“You... d-don’t want her to visit you here?”

“She could, but she thought it best to let me rest. We’ve sent each other a few messages.”

“Oh, sorry then, f-for... int-t-errupting your rest.”

“It’s ok. I should be good to go after one more night’s sleep.”

Natasha smiled, sat down on the edge of the bed near the boy, and reached out to touch his shoulder. Even little Jack was much bigger than her, but she still felt the bigger Kindred. She was half a century older than him, in Kindred years; and yet, it didn’t feel like that anymore. The beasts in their guts, hidden, forever tugging at their impulses and instincts, could sense each other, and hers found the boy to not be the little Ventrue he once was. Where before, she knew she could easily best the boy, now, she wasn’t sure it’d be so easy.

A powerful ally for the Invictus, indeed.

“Jack,” Damien said. “Glad to see you’re well.”

“Thanks. Kind of surprised you came though.”

“People suspect I had something to do with your kidnapping.”

“Ha, yeah I figured they might.” Jack shrugged, and turned a little on the bed, earning a pained wince. “They didn’t see how much you pulled through in the tunnels, against that giant spider monster.” The three of them shivered with the memory.

“That is true,” Natasha said. “B-But... if Maria finds out—”

“I have told Maria nothing.” Damien offered a tiny frown, and slowly paced about the room, eyes wandering its extravagant decor. “Julias, Beatrice, the Prince, the sheriff, Natasha, Jack, and myself all know about what really happened to Lucas. That’s a lot of voices that could accidentally let slip an innocent detail that allows the elder to piece together what happened. But, I’m sure we all monitor our words carefully. We’re all glad Lucas is gone, and that includes me... and Maria, to some extent.”

Natasha raised a brow as she watched Damien. It was rare to hear him speak so deliberately. The man who showed up at her door once, stabbed her in the heart, kidnapped her, his voice and his eyes had been wavering and weak. The man who spoke to his congregation, on the other hand, spoke with a solid voice and with solid eyes. That was this Damien. It was a pleasant sight, but also a frightening one; the man was scary when he was an enemy.

“I’d prefer to not let Maria find out, in either case.” Jack fell back against the sheets of his bed, head to the pillow, and looked up at the ceiling. “That Angela woman was a fucking psycho.”

Natasha raised a brow. “The hunter?” Antoinette had briefed her on the Invictus reports, Jack’s reports.

“Yeah. Damien was right that they’d target me, cause I’d be an easy target. But they didn’t come here for us vamps, they came for the monsters.”

She could tell them, about her conversation with Jacob and her eavesdropping of his conversation with Azamel. Always a tough game, figuring out what things were ok to tell your friends, and what you shouldn’t, to keep an advantage in the Danse Macabre. She told the Prince everything of course, but telling the other covenants every little detail was probably a bad idea. Exercise discretion, as Maria would say. Exercise wisdom, as Antoinette would say.

“So n-now, we have a bunch of hunters in the city, and they want Azamel.” Natasha pulled a knee up to her chest, and held it with wrapping arms as she teetered on Jack’s bed a little. “Poor Fiona. When she f-finds out, she’ll... she’ll feel guilty.”

“They didn’t know about Avery,” Jack said. “They know about the Kindred here, know a lot, but they didn’t know about the Uratha. So, if I can convince Avery to help us out, we might just be able to turn this around.”

Damien came to stand beside Natasha, and he looked down at the two of them with a raised brow. “Easier said than done. Avery hates Maria and Michael, and all Invictus. Only reason she’s dealing with Jack is... well, he’s Jack, I presume.”

Natasha smirked. Jack was Jack.

Jack raised a hand. “I’m Jack?”

“Y-You know, you’re Jack. You um... you... um...” How best to describe the Jack effect? “You t-talk where m-m-most wouldn’t.”

“... so I don’t know how to shut up.”

“Exactly.” Damien nodded, like it was very matter-of-fact information that everyone knew. “The Uratha couldn’t understand discretion to save their lives, so they appreciate your forwardness. Perhaps you can get them to help deal with this Jeremiah and Angela, and their hunters, but I think you’ll be hard pressed to convince them.”

The boy sighed, nodded, and raised a hand to scratched his buzzed head. “Avery likes Garry, or at least, they know each other, and don’t seem to hate each other. I might be able to use that angle.”

“H-How?” she said.

“Gotta become friends with Garry.”

Damien frowned, but shrugged as he took a seat by the desk. Natasha didn't like the sounds of it either. Garry was volatile, like any freedom fighter was, especially when they already had freedom, were convinced that they didn't, and continued to look for things to fight over. Rebels without a cause, damn Carthians. It would be one thing she'd carry with her from the Invictus, a dislike for the Carthian ideology.

“I'm glad you guys decided to visit,” Jack said. “Been a bit lonely. I've been... wanting to break, ask the Prince to visit, but it really is best to wait until I don't feel like my spleen is going to fall out.”

Damien shrugged. “You don't need it.” Natasha and Jack both raised a brow, and stared at the man, until again he shrugged. “What, I can't make a joke?”

“You c-could say, we might b-b-be a bit surprised.”

Jack nodded, and laughed, and almost screamed as he fell back onto the bed again, holding his side. “Fuck, fuck fuck fuck... yeah, that's why I can't see Antoinette.”

“Sorry!” Natasha said. “Sorry, s-sorry. Um, yeah, you rest.”

“So, I'll make friends with Garry. And Azamel. Already got Antoinette and Julias and... Jacob, surprisingly. I'll make friends with Avery and Michael, and hell, Maria too.” While still lying down, staring at the ceiling, he pointed his hands up at them like the ceiling was going to fall on him. “Cause these hunters are going to kill us all if they get the chance.”

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~~Julias~~

He squeezed his arms around Beatrice, tight, close, as close as reality allowed, and groaned softly into her ear.

“Feeling awfully clingy, aren't you?” she said.

“Very.”

“Needy guys are such a turn off.”

He chuckled into her. Juices, warm, heavenly, were dripping off of his testicles, despite her words.

The two of them were in Bloodlust, second floor as usual, and she was sitting on his lap, leaning back against him. She'd worn a short leather skirt to go with an almost fashionable black tank top, but had also worn a thong that went high enough on the hip that he couldn't stop staring at it. Which led to present circumstances, her, sitting in his lap, facing away from him, her legs spread around his, and her slit spread open on his shaft.

She leaned forward, set her elbows on the table, and grinned back at him over her shoulder as she ground her ass down toward him.

"I needed this," she said. "Just some nice, gentle fucking. Fucking hell, I'm still sore."

"Getting filled with lead will do that." He reached out with one hand and set it on her hip, while the other slipped underneath the bottom of her tank top to find her naked spine. Dancing fingers sneaked their way up her back, and caressed the grooves of her spine, and along various tattoos that played with her vertebrae, making beautiful, dark artwork of her lean body.

She moaned, and pushed herself back into him using her hands on the table. "See the Eric dude downstairs?"

"I did."

"Heh, yeah, I winked at him as we came up here. Fucker knows what we're up to."

"Were you hoping he'd come up and watch?"

"... maybe. No secret now, I got a huge love for it. Call me an exhibitionist, but, god damn, something about people seeing me while you and I fuck, really turns me on." And to prove her point, she raised her hands up from the table, slipped her claws under her tight tank top, and pulled it up enough to hook it over her breasts. There were people in nearby booths, watching, but with how dark it was and Triss's hair over her cheeks, they wouldn't be able to see her teeth. And Julias would wipe the mind of any kine who noticed anyway. A bit risky, fucking like this, but she initiated, and Julias could hardly say no.

He looked over at the woman beside them in the booth. A kine, a younger woman, maybe twenty years old. A short human, lacking in curves, but very, very cute. Drained, exhausted, and passed out, her shirt open, and her skirt zipper as well. Comatose, and thoroughly spent, as both Triss and Julias had fingered, licked, suckled, massaged, caressed, and forced the girl to cum her brains out several times as they drank her. And a full belly of blood was more than enough to have the two Kindred on each other immediately thereafter, high-riding thong or no.



Triss was trying to make him not think about Jack, not think about Dolareido, and worry about the hunters. She was trying to make him focus on something more positive, he could tell. And he loved her for that. Antoinette would probably do the same for Jack. Shit, he was already thinking about shit he wasn't supposed to be thinking about. Focus on the beautiful woman in front of you, and how amazing her tight, wet, hot insides felt squeezing your cock.

"So I should have some people over more often?" he said. "Maybe some of my thralls, with a camera?"

"I... wouldn't mind a camera, actually. Could put it up on screen to watch while we fuck later." She started to bounce faster, more of her juices trickling down his testicles as she got closer to orgasm. He'd had sex with women who squirted during orgasm before, but with Triss, it was a bit different. The more comfortable she grew with him, and herself, the more she let loose. He loved it. Though, if not for how their fluids would fade away in a short time, he'd be worried about the mess she'd leave on his clothes and the booth.

"I remember a time when you would have stabbed me for the suggestion."

"Apparently, I've changed. You have too, right? Used to be all happy on the outside, sad on the inside. Seeing a bit of the reverse these days," she said.

"... do I seem sad on the outside?"

"Like you got the weight of being a member of an Invictus high council on your shoulders."

"Sounds suspiciously like reality."

"But I know you're a happier man than you used to be; mostly because I'm in your life, and I'm awesome." Proving her point, she leaned forward more, weight on her elbows, and started to dance on his cock, literally. She dipped her hips left and right to the beat of the music, each dip causing her insides to clench, and for her small clit-hood chain to dangle and rub against his testicles. She didn't always wear it, but when she did, he could tell every motion she made was sending pleasure sparks through it and into her, along with everything else.

He leaned back, and watched the most amazing ass in the world grind into him. She still had the thong on, and had her tiny skirt pulled up to sit on her hips along with it, thong pulled aside to cut across one of her large ass cheeks and stay out of the way.

Cumming was inevitable. First him, hands taking her hips and squeezing on her body as he felt the warm fluid gush up through his length, and into her squeezing insides. Moments later, she did as well, and her head fell to dangle between her arms, elbows still on the table, as she started to tremble. She

still danced, still kept swaying, but no longer with the beat of the music. Woman was having trouble staying in control as the orgasm worked through, and Julias had lost all control already, just holding on as she milked him, and soaked him.

“At the same time again,” she said, looking back to him. “I’m getting good at this.” And, like she was getting comfortable in a lounge chair, she sat back, and put her back to his chest. Her pussy continued to shiver around his cock, and small trickles of her cum ran down his length to warm his testicles, along with his own. Divine.

His hands slid up, and found her breasts. Firm, handful breasts, and he massaged them as he hugged her against his chest. Nipple piercings were a delight, and he caressed them — and her — until she was melting into him.

“This quick fuck turned into a fifteen-minute tryst,” he said, “not even counting the meal.”

“Fifteen minutes is quick, you jackass.” She elbowed him in the side, but did nothing to stop his caressing of her body. Still sitting on him, still moaning, still shivering as the final waves of orgasm aftershocks worked through them. His were done long before hers though, and he delighted in feeling her pussy trembling, until it eventually forced out his softening shaft.

“I could do five minutes.”

“I’m sure you could do two, Superman, especially with me at the helm.” Instead of covering herself up, she let her head fall back and dangle onto his shoulder. Completely at ease with the idea of anyone seeing her with her tank top up.

The girl really did like to be watched. And whenever a third party was involved, the girl often came her brains out, very quickly. Something about another presence, a third — or fourth — body, being in the room, or sometimes in the bed, that set her blood on fire. If it was possible — and it was — he was sure she’d love it if he was having anal sex with her, lying underneath her, while six thralls stood around her and touched her, caressed her, and fingered her. Mental note: consider doing that for her birthday.

She slid off of him eventually, adjusted all her clothes, and adjusted the sleeping kine next to them so she wouldn’t fall over while Triss got snug against Julias’s side where the kine had been. Arm behind him, his arm over her shoulders, they held each other, and let the blood digest in their systems. The orgasm was the icing on the cake.

“So, you talk to Jack much?” she said.

“Yeah, was with him every day during his recovery.”

“Catch up with him?”

“He works for me, Triss. I’m always caught up.”

“Yeah but, I mean, stuff like... you know, that emotional crap.”

Doing up his pants, it was hard to take the conversation too seriously. But after a moment, he thought about Jack, and let the gravity of Triss’s curiosity sink in.

“We all struggle with the beast.”

“Jacob doesn’t,” she said.

“No?”

She shrugged, and pulled at his hand that dangled from her far shoulder, arm hooked behind her head. And like a cat, she chewed on one of his fingers.

“Big part of who he is, who the Circle of the Crone are, and the blood magic shit; accepting the beast.”

“You sound like you’re fitting in then.”

“Yeah... a lot more than I thought I would.” She chewed on his fingers a bit more, catching them between the points of the massive teeth along her jaw. Apparently she’d become a house cat when he wasn’t looking. “But Jack’s a fucking kid, and now he’s got kills under his belt.”

“He tell you about what happened?”

“Jacob did, filled me in on some details he got from the Prince. I knew about the kill on the first night, the frenzy kill, which is a major shitty situation. Dies and kills the same night? Definitely put a scar on him. Then the Viktor and Tony thing, then the Lucas thing, and then the spider monster thing, yeah, all crazy fucking shit, right? But this time it’s people, humans, and killing humans changes you, hunter or otherwise.”

He sighed, nodded, and hugged her a little closer. Killing Kindred was horrible, but at the same time, understandable. They were lone predators forced to share space and a food source; conflict was inevitable, including the occasional casualty. But killing humans was different. Killing a kine was like killing a part of yourself, your old self. Cliche, and true.

“I’ll have to spend some more one-on-one time with him, teach him some more things, maybe talk more about... my past, I guess. Memories are starting to get hazy.” For the best. Memories of his wife, of his life before his embrace, it was easier to just forget them. Time heals all wounds because time

tempered many things, like water against the rocks of a shore, until they were smooth. In this case, memories lost their details, and the visceral edge that they came with.

“Do you remember your first kill?”

“... I think so.”

“Cool to talk about it?”

“It was a hundred years ago. All I have are blurred memories. But, it was... Viktor had me working a deal with a local crime circle, and I... no, wait, that’s...” God, the memories, digging them up was painful in an almost literal sense. Internally resolved, externally forgotten. But, he could remember a face. “... someone I drank... didn’t know when to stop.”

“... that’s rough. Fits right into the super depressed but confident, business dude you were when I met you.”

“And you?” He wasn’t sure why he asked. The macabre conversation was a weird aftertaste to seek after a great meal and great sex.

Many Kindred didn’t talk much about their old lives. All it did was bring painful memories to the surface, and force the particularly younger vampires into depression, as the sharp edges of their still fresh memories killed them with a thousand cuts. But if she wanted to talk about his past, he was happy to learn about hers. Almost felt like being human again, talking about old parts of life that didn’t matter, idle chitchat that lacked the usual emphasis on the now that most Kindred learned to adopt.

“My early years were pretty rough, you know? I figure it is for all Nosferatu. Waking up with fucking crocodile teeth, claws, and snake eyes? Yeah, angry. Then Antoinette executes my sire — deserved — and I’m left just... yeah, not fun times. Found some scumbag kine, and let loose.”

Yeah, he remembered that. Invictus adjusted reports to hide the details on kills that looked odd, even if they came from someone not in the Invictus. It served no one to leave paranormal evidence lying about. A human getting ripped in half was paranormal evidence.

“Sorry I—”

She elbowed him in the ribs. “Don’t do that, jackass. You didn’t know me then, you got no reason to be sorry. And besides, it’s all turned around in the end. I don’t hate myself nearly as much anymore, and hell, find myself pitying other Nos a lot more than me. Some of them have it pretty bad.”

Yeah, true. Maria was one of the worst cases. To look like a deteriorating corpse for the rest of their second life was not a fate he wished on anyone.

“Jack’s young,” he said. “Younger than you, lot younger than me. I’m worried that, after everything he’s done, it’s going to start eating at him. I warned him long ago that it would, that being Kindred would start to wear on him, his humanity, and he’d have to struggle with that. That was after he killed Mrs. Pavala. Since then, kid’s been through one shit show after the other.”

“Exactly. We got our shit figured out, mostly, long ago, and our shit mountain was smaller in comparison. I’m thinking Jack might need a little more... I don’t know, just keep an eye on him?”

He smiled at the woman, and nodded. She really cared about the kid. Maybe they’d bonded over their love of metal music, or the fact they both had zero tact.

“I will.”

“Course, he’s also sleeping on Antoinette’s tits near every night, so, I’m sure she’ll help him. ...you ever wish I had tits that big?”

“All the time.”

She elbowed him, again, hard. “I wouldn’t be able to bend over without breaking my back! And at the ball? Practically had them out.” She held out her hands in front of her a foot, as if holding giant breasts of her own.

“You really love breasts.”

“I... yeah, I guess I do.” She pulled up her tank top over one of her breasts, and traced her areola with a claw, where the snake tattoo was biting it.

“... you know who had great breasts? Jennifer.” Time to test the waters again. Planting thoughts of Jennifer in Triss’s head, while she was touching herself, was perhaps playing dirty, as Triss wore her arousal on her sleeve. But, sometimes, the best time to get someone to admit to what they wanted was when they were too horny, or drunk, to block their impulses.

“Ha, yeah, everyone got to see them. Certainly no Antoinette, but plenty big, and soft without being too soft.”

“That’s right, I forgot you were groping her while you were getting dressed for the ball.” Like a fly to honey, Triss was with this girl.

“I wasn’t... ok, I was, a bit. She was all over me, and... I... really wanted to touch her, after a while.”

“As long as you don’t engage in full on sex without me, you know I’m ok with you and your Circle being rather open and handsy with each other.” If a hundred years in Dolareido had taught him one thing, it was to be a bit more open minded about sexuality.

“Thanks. I... I yelled at her, a few nights ago. Kind of got angry at her, and Aaron and Othello, about some Circle stuff.” She pulled her tank top back down, and squeezed his arm as she turned to rub her cheekbone and sides of her crocodile teeth into his shoulder. “Jacob’s happy with me, but I might have upset them.”

He nodded, and hid his smile. Idea.

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~~Antoinette~~

She sat there at the grand table of glass, and waited, Daniel at her side, standing and with his hands in the small of his back. Primogen meetings had become far more interesting as of late, to her annoyance and frustration. If all had been going well, then Primogen meetings should have been dull, and borderline pointless. Only when the affairs of her city were in disarray did Primogen meetings truly serve purpose.

Her mind wandered to Jack. One more night, and she would see her beloved. He would be healed, mostly, and she would bathe him in bliss and comfort to celebrate their reunion. She would hold him, squeeze him if his body could endure it, and kiss him a thousand times. She would set his head upon her lap, listen to his woes, and wash them away to the best of her ability.

A Kindred as young as Jack should not have to deal with such hardships, to carry such burdens, to be tormented so and be forced to bear responsibilities as large as his. He managed to pull through, each time, but it was still far too much to ask a neonate, especially one barely a year embraced. It both overjoyed her to know her little Ventrue was capable of such feats, but saddened her to no end to know a boy so young, barely a man, had gone through such strifes.

She smirked as she ran a finger along her jawline. In the future, she would be sure to enjoy all manner of fantasies with the both of them, tie him down perhaps, and torment him with bliss rather than

pain. But upon their meeting tonight, she would need a more delicate hand, to hopefully alleviate his undoubtedly troubled, strained mind.

Maria Turio, Garry Tones, Michael McDonald, Julias Mire, and Jacob stepped into the meeting room, each dressed in clothing that spoke of their status and covenant. For the Invictus, that meant suits, except in the case of Maria, who preferred ghostly white dresses befitting women of two hundred years passed. For Garry, that meant jeans and a shirt, but at least they were clean. For Jacob, that meant a robe, something dark, and imposing, because Jacob was Jacob, and there was no changing that old man.

She waited for each of them to be seated, and leaned back in her grandiose chair as she watched them. They knew what this meeting would be mostly about, and it was not the squabbles over the Mirrden district.

“My Primogen,” she said, “I fear yet another source of frustration has crept into my city.” They all nodded. “A hunter, named and known, has journeyed far in pursuit of Azamel. This Jeremiah has hunted Begotten and other beasts for many years, decades, and he brings his hate and loathing to Dolareido.” Natasha had informed her of every detail of Jacob’s conversation with the old monster; no doubt the old Nosferatu knew it too, even as he also told her of Jeremiah before hand.

“We should have gotten rid of her before this Jeremiah fucker showed up,” Garry said.

Michael shook his head. “She’s strong. Getting rid of her would have been a violent affair, and would have cost Kindred lives.”

The Carthian shrugged. Like two dogs trying to intimidate each other, these two Gangrels, forever looking for weakness in the social armor of the other. “You’re the one who’s lost Kindred in this mess. Barry was his name, right?”

“You suggesting this problem isn’t your concern?” Julias said.

“... no, it’s my concern. What I’m saying is, we should have seen this coming.”

Maria raised a hand, like she was parting the ocean, instead of squabbling men. “A calculated risk was made. We didn’t—”

“And now, the person who’s at fault for these hunters showing up like a god damn plague, hates your guts because you’ve set up explosives all over her damn home.” Garry threw up his hands, an interesting counter to Maria’s gestures. She was behaving calmly, but Garry, angry and emotional, was addressing the elephant in the room. Antoinette could appreciate that, as much as the volume of his voice grated on her.

Michael leaned forward, and raised the corner of his lip in a snarl. “We had to get her under control. And now she is. Unfortunately, no one expected her to bring a host of hunters with her, like a bleeding animal on the run.”

Antoinette sat back in her chair, and combed her hair over her shoulder as she watched and listened. The Invictus had made the situation worse for themselves, and for all Kindred, by making an enemy of Azamel. And yet, it was not a decision Antoinette could judge them too harshly for, as she would have done the same, given time.

“I’m actually more interested about the other hunter,” Jacob said. He leaned back in his chair, one leg folded over the other, and tapped a finger on the glass table. A puppeteer, making his puppets dance; this was no doubt the thoughts moving through the man’s mind, as always. The others noticed it too, and they grumbled and groaned as they turned to face the man. “I’ve been informed that Jeremiah has a partner, a true partner, unlike the hunters with him, who are basically his cannon fodder as far as I can tell. His true partner’s name is Angela.”

“Angela?” Julias said. “She’s the one who was torturing Jack, and the one he had to deal with to get out of there. She’s dead... hopefully.”

“Ah, yes, that makes sense. Then I highly doubt she’s dead, if she’s anything like this Jeremiah, these psychopaths who presume themselves heroes, holy crusaders on their ridiculous quest to annihilate the world of monsters.” He laughed at the comparison. “Did you know she’s Athalia’s daughter?”

Silence befell the room. Vampires did not breathe, and their hearts did not beat; silence was normal for them. But the silence that followed Jacob’s words cut the room apart, and Antoinette feared her glass table would shatter under its impact.

“... that... is news to us,” Julias said.

Antoinette nodded, and gestured to the group. “I think it is safe to say, that it is news to all of us. Are you sure of this, Jacob?”

“Yeap. Beatrice heard it from the man himself. So did that human you’re leaving free, by the way.” Eyeless tapped his fingers in ornate patterns, as if playing rather complicated music, while weaving his web. “It was a tasty detail I was very tempted to keep to myself, but I couldn’t help it, just had to share. What do you think Athalia will do, when we put her between a rock and a hard place, when we have to kill the daughter while her mother watches?”



“... you paint an unnecessarily brutal picture, Jacob,” she said. “If what you say is true, and what Jeremiah said was true, then perhaps Athalia will understand that her daughter is a threat. Perhaps she will be reasonable.” Even as she said it, she knew her words ringed hollow. Athalia did not seem reasonable, from her few encounters with her. And no mother, no matter how logical, reasonable, wise or intelligent, could let their child be murdered without great effort to convince otherwise. “Daniel, old friend, you know Athalia better than us. What do you think?”

The sheriff raised a gloved hand, adjusted his glasses, and folded his arms across his chest. “... I don’t know. I didn’t know she had a daughter. She’s lived a secretive life, leaving the city, returning occasionally... She’s intelligent, but volatile, angry, hateful. Fifty fifty that she’ll understand, if we have to kill this Angela. Or at least, fifty fifty she won’t declare war on us if we do.”

Fifty fifty. Those were not chances Antoinette enjoyed, and many years of experience had taught her the folly of gambling, even when the chances were in your favor. You did not create a foundation by taking risks, you created a solid foundation by being more intelligent, determined, and patient than others. The uncertainties presented by Jacob’s information was chaos to her law; which, he no doubt knew, like a child delighting in dropping pebbles in the calm water to see the ripples.

“Assuming we can kill her,” Garry said. “Sure, in a straight fight it’d be easy, especially if Jack was able to handle her. Kid killed what, four, five hunters? Must be some real shit hunters we’re—”

Again, Maria raised a hand, cutting the Gangrel off and earning a frown from him. “Do not underestimate these hunters based on Master Terry’s success in escaping their torture. He has proven far more capable than most Kindred his age, Mister Tones, far more. He is to be rewarded for his advancement in skill, power, and for his determination in dealing with his kidnappers. And I note, that the boy has shown cunning and power most Kindred do not show until they are often twenty or thirty years embraced. You would do well to treat him with as much respect as you would your Carthian Miss Damor.” And, to sprinkle salt in the wound, she grinned at Garry as she leaned back in her chair, and folded her arms across her stomach. “My apologies, ex-Carthian, Miss Damor.”

Jacob choked on a chuckle. If a Kindred salivated when not blushing, Antoinette was sure Garry would have spit on the table in Maria’s direction. But with time, the man shrugged, and leaned back in his chair.

“Should we get the wolves involved then?” Garry said.

Julias nodded. “Eventually, they will be involved. It’s just a matter of when. Jack said the hunters were unaware of anyone named Avery, so it’s unlikely the hunters are aware Uratha are in the city. Why would they be, if they came for Azamel?”

“Well if your childe mentioned her,” Jacob said with a shrug.

“He said he lied about who she was once he realized they didn’t know who she was.”

Jacob tapped his temple several times. “That may have worked. It may not have. In either case, that bitch Avery may be useful.”

Antoinette slapped the table, enough to jar everyone and yank their heads her way. “Jacob, do not play this incident like a game. If you orchestrate an encounter between Avery or her pack and these hunters, purely for your selfish desires, you will damage the city, and the Masquerade along with it. Reign in your desire to see the woman suffer, and she will perhaps be a more strategic ally.” Wasted words. If Jacob was planning to lead Avery and this Jeremiah into a confrontation, he would no doubt perform such a feat with little trail for Antoinette to use to prove his involvement. Still, it was better she be upfront about her desire to prevent such actions, if only for the others to be aware of where she stood.

“If she’ll even be an ally,” Garry said. “She’s here to deal with that spirit mumbo jumbo crap, to bring balance to the Force and shit. For all we know, that could include all us Kindred dead and gone.”

“I thought you were friends with her?” Michael said.

“Friend is a strong word. More like, she doesn’t hate me, while she does hate you.”

Julias shook his head, sighing, and took out his phone to make a note. “In either case, I’ll ask Master Terry to talk to her about the situation. I’m sure Avery can be an ally in our corner, with a little incentive.”

Incentive? Antoinette smiled at Julias, and watched him close as he put his phone away. What incentive could he offer? Money? The Uratha cared little for money. Sex? It was certainly true that Kindred were both talented lovers, but also incapable of reproduction. If a werewolf wished to fuck a vampire, they could do so as much as their deadly, brutal bodies could desire. Oh, a delicious reminder, to ask Natasha about her latest endeavors with her new boyfriends.

“Please do,” Antoinette said. “Let us move onto the next topic. I am opening the door on requests for siring.”

“Are you now?” Jacob smirked, leaned in to set his elbows on the table, and grinned. “Want to build up numbers for the army?”

“No, old friend. It is true our numbers have dwindled, but young fledglings brought into the fold will be of little value in a war against these hunters. Jack is the exception, not the rule, and it would

serve us all to remember that, before any feel inclined to throw their young neonates into the deep end.” She knew a time when some overzealous Kindred sired many progeny, in hopes of creating a personal army. It never ended well. “With the many recent deaths of Kindred, we are now tasked with tightening security and defensive measures, but also with rebuilding what was lost. Where we once numbered about three hundred Kindred, we have now dropped to about two hundred and fifty.”

Eyeless shrugged, and pulled on one of his knees to bring it up to his chest, heel to the chair seat. “Most dead at your hand, I might add, and all Invictus and Carthian.”

“Don’t twist the truth of it,” Maria said. “Lucas used the power of that nest to bend the will of malleable Kindred to his side. Lucas is to blame, not the Invictus, nor the Carthians, or the Prince for defending herself against his madness.”

His madness. Antoinette raised a brow, subtle, and watched the corpse woman as her gaze lowered to look at the glass before her. Powerful words to say, about a man who she once loved with all her withered heart.

“The rules are unchanged,” Antoinette said. “Speak with members of your covenant, those you give permission to sire must speak to me, and I will give them the final permission.” The group nodded with her words; the rules had not changed in decades, after all.

“Those two dolls you keep around looking to become Kindred?” Garry said.

“My ghouls are precious to me, Garry. They are not dolls. And, perhaps some day, they will join our second lives, but not now. No, I have no one I wish to sire.” She had not sired someone in a very long time, ages, since Tony. Such a long time ago, the memories were a haze, but she could recall ghostly images of her and her lover Tony, smiling, holding each other. So long ago.

The elders — and Julias — looked between each other, and waited. Not a one mentioned a desire to sire. But no doubt, some of their subordinates would wish to. As long as the Kindred with the desire came to Antoinette, requested the permission, and proved to be an intelligent and stable individual, she would give them permission. To be stable was important, and essential; many Kindred did not take to their second lives easily, and if they could not be a rock for their childe, the vicious cycle continued. Beatrice’s sire was one such fool.

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Her poor little Ventrue. She needed to hold him, hug him, stroke his head and tell him all would be well. She needed to comfort him.

And as she dug through her wardrobes, she realized how true that was, but not because her love needed it; or rather, not only because he needed it, but because she needed it as well. Since his disappearance, all she could think about was holding her love close and washing away the pains of his young life. Such trials on so newly embraced a Kindred must have been terrible, and she wanted to free his shoulders of such a burden.

But that would be foolish. Jack was not a child, he was a man, if a very young one. Trials were important, and it was Jack's ability to persist through such trials that made him a force to be reckoned with. It was why Mire sired him. It was why Clara liked him. It was why Antoinette found herself drawn to him, for more than simply the honest gaze of his eyes that bared his soul. He would carry his burden, and that was to be admired.

She sighed, and reached into the wardrobe to withdraw a rather fanciful corset, something almost out of fantasy, with a bust carved to look like the hands of gargoyles to hold her breasts.

“What do you think, my pets?”

Ashley bounced once on the center couch of the changing room, and shook her head. “I'm sure Jack would love to be dominated with you wearing that. But you said you wanted to care for him tonight? Got the impression you meant sort of lovey-dovey tender stuff? Not really sexy'n'evil corset type stuff. Which I think makes more sense, cause from what you told me, poor guy must be exhausted.”

Antoinette sighed, but nodded. Despite Ashley's poor descriptor, it was true Antoinette wanted to ease the boy's pain tonight, not indulge rather playful kinks.

“... do... you think Jack will even want sex tonight?” Julee said. She too sat beside Ashley, the two of them in jeans and t-shirts. They would not be joining Antoinette tonight, as the Prince wanted the Ventrue all to herself. “Maybe you should wear something that'll be fine in case he doesn't.”

Antoinette nodded and moved onto a different wardrobe. That was true, and perhaps Jack would simply want to hold her tonight, as she wanted to hold him. She needed something that would let Jack know she was all for letting the boy do nothing but rest against the softness of her bosom tonight. And yet, at the same time, make it clear she was more than willing to satisfy his sexual desires if they should arise.

She smiled as she withdrew a rather soft lingerie robe, somewhat see-through, and white in shade. The length reached her feet, and the material showed hundreds of solid white snowflakes of soft fabric, sewn into the see-through flowing waves of its length. Cashmere. Soft, and comforting.

Her two pets clapped twice and nodded in agreement.

Antoinette set it aside, and walked over to sit beside her two precious joys. “Though this night is to be between my love and myself only, I will let him drink of both of you first. The boy has been through much.”

Ashley nodded and bounced a couple more times before hopping off the circular couch. “Definitely, yeah, makes sense. And I heard he got out of that place... with no hands? Like, got them chopped off? I mean... wow.”

Julee winced with the words, and shuddered. “Kind of like that time you got all shot up, and that Damien man hurt you.”

Yes, that had been a painful night indeed. But memories of Damien were not ones she wished to dig through, not now. Only Jack mattered in this moment.

A beep on her phone on the nearby nightstand warned her of Jack’s approach.

“Come now my pets,” she said. The two girls hopped up and came up to her. “Go, meet Jack at the stairway, guide him down to the foyer, and instruct him to drink of each of you. And after he has had his fill, he is to come to me in the main bedroom.”

“Yes mistress,” they both said, nodding, smiling. They understood how important this was to her, and they were delighted to indulge her her desire to be Jack’s support.

Perhaps it would serve to consider, if perhaps either or both of her pets contemplated the embrace. She would need to find new ghouls to feed from, new pets, and it would forever change the dynamic of the bedroom. Would her ghouls be welcome in her bed with her beloved, once they were Kindred? Part of her suspected no, and that she would be far too protective of Jack to let other Kindred touch him as she touched him. But then, a part of her thought, perhaps, to let her pets pleasure her and her love, while they enjoyed the new strength and awareness that came with being Kindred, was delight and progression unto its own?

Thoughts for another time. Her love would be here in moments.

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Her love looked exhausted, weak, and weary.

She had changed her main bedroom, switched blankets for white, added many large, soft pillows to the enormous bed, and added white silk to dangle from the bed's canopy. It was a realm of softness and white elegance now, to offset the trauma the boy had suffered. The plan had been to sit there, upon the edge of the bed, and wait for her love to come to her and enter her embrace. But, that would not do.

She got up from the bed, and walked over to her love, her robe trailing behind her along the marble floor, secured tight around her with its white belt. Her poor love, her poor little Ventrue.

The boy was standing, wearing black suit pants and a white shirt. But his eyes were downcast, and his limbs heavy, one hand raised to push and rest against the vault entrance of her master bedroom.

“Sorry,” he said, “if... I seem a bit... shitty, tonight. Just... ju—”

She hugged him. She set her arms about the boy, and pulled him to her, tight against her, and pressed his head against her sternum as she wrapped him.

“You have been through a horrible nightmare, my love. Please, do not apologize. All I care is that you are well, and safe.”

“... thanks.”

She kissed his buzzed head once, twice, and thrice before she finally released her hug, and began to guide the boy toward the bed. Once they reached its edge, she slid her fingers down his chest, and started to unbutton his shirt. “We need not make love tonight, my little Ventrue. Please, I... whatever it is you desire.”

He managed a small, weak smile, and a weaker chuckle to go with it. His body was limp, and though he had feasted upon her two ghouls, she could see he was still weary. Perhaps not with physical exhaustion anymore, but mentally, each of his motions labored and slow.

“Yeah... I... yeah. Guess I'm not feeling too manly for admitting it, but... yeah I could really just... use a shoulder... to cry on.”

She bit her lip, and leaned down over the boy from behind, until her chin was upon his head, and her limbs circling him. “Not manly? Do not be foolish. Boasts of bravado and manly displays of silent endurance? Many a man has been destroyed by the social faux pas of expressing their emotions. And you know that.”

“Yeah... just... needed someone else to say it.” He turned and sat down on the edge of the bed, and with a little help from her, slipped off his pants. Now only in his boxers, he crawled backward a little further on the bed, and a little further still, until he was seated upon its center. “You look lovely tonight, by the way.” The weight in his eyes did not leave. If anything, they were pulling his gaze back down to the blankets, instead of her.

That would not do.

She climbed across the bed after him, and sat down upon her butt with her legs folded to one side. A lap, for her Ventrue, on an angle so he could rest his body along the sheets, and his back and head upon her lap. And he did, slowly, like dragging bags of sand behind him as he turned to set his bare shoulders upon her thighs, and his head near her hip.

She smiled down at her little Ventrue, and he smiled up at her, as best as he could muster she was sure. She set one hand upon his forehead, and lightly stroked his hair as her other set upon his abs, and caressed his body.

“Thank you, my love. And you look... mournful.”

“Yeah, mournful is a pretty good word for it, I guess.” His arms were limp at his sides along the blankets, legs as well, and his head nudged into her stroking hand with gentle need. “Killed a lot of people this week.”

“... yes, I heard.”

“And... had to do some... painful stuff.”

“Yes. I am... sorry my love, for more than just your pain.”

“Sorry?”

“Dolareido is my city. For hunters to hide within its walls and enact such cruelty, I am responsible.”

The small boy shook his head, raised his hand, and took hers where it sat upon his stomach. He held it, squeezed it, and stroked her knuckles with his thumb.

“It’s a city, not a fortress, Antoinette. And from what I know, it’s one of the best cities for Kindred. You’ve managed to make a great place for both of us to live. But, yeah, it’s not a fortress, you can’t expect to control everything.”

She frowned at the boy, but the touch of his fingers stroking hers settled the fire. The boy smiled up at her, lighter, and it melted her frown as she held his hand, while her other continued to stroke his

head. Buzzed hair was a unique texture, and whenever she ran her hand against the grain of it, Jack's eyes closed in bliss. More than enough reason for her to continue.

"You are correct, my little Ventrue. Still, I cannot help but feel partly responsible. And worse, I cannot help but feel powerless. I admit a part of me would love to lock you up in my tower, so that you would be forever safe."

"... convince the Invictus and I'd love to hang out here for a few nights straight, at least."

"Good. Convincing them will be easy. And I would love to indulge you some more of my time than usual, my love, with these turn of events."

"Yeah?"

"Oui, mon amour. And... you said you wished for a shoulder to cry upon."

"I did... yeah." He sighed, and turned his head a little to face more toward her stomach. "I killed them."

"You had no choice."

"Yeah, I know. And you don't need to convince me it was necessary, I know it was. Just... I had to look into their eyes, you know? Crushed their minds, turned them into puppets. And then there were the rats, and—"

"I understand you summoned many to your aid?"

"Yeah, I used a bunch of them, swarmed the hunters, killed one of them just... gnawed him to death with rats."

That was gruesome, and terribly bleak. She felt the weight of his words pull at her, until her eyebrows drifted down to match it. She almost told him such cruelties were a necessity, to defeat your enemies with whatever tools you had at your disposal. But words were not needed here, only her ears.

"Horrible."

"Yeah, it was. And... fuck, getting my hands chopped off. I thought I could handle that pain, and I did, but..." He brought his hands up above his head to look at them, before he managed a small sob, and set them to lie upon his face. "I... didn't know... I don't want to do that anymore. I don't... want to deal with that anymore."

Oh god. If her poor little Ventrue was going to start crying, she would undoubtedly start crying, and that was not something she had truly done in centuries. She slowly pried his hands away from his



face, and set them back on his stomach so she could resume touching them, while her other hand once again stroked his head.

“Sorry,” he said, and he forced himself to smile up at her from her lap. “I’m being a baby. After what Damien and his group did to you? I still remember what you looked like, missing limbs, full of holes, and your voice didn’t even waver.”

“Jack, I am older than you can imagine, my sweet little joy. It is not a fair comparison. Never is a Kindred your age forced to deal with such hardships.”

“... I take a strange pride in that, I guess.”

“As you should. You have done and managed things that would have more than broken other Kindred of your age. Horrible things. And it hurts me to see you in such pain.”

“I’ll be fine.” His eyes closed, and he leaned his head toward her stroking hand as he relaxed against her lap. “I have you.”

She sighed, long, sorrowful and yet content, that the boy would put his heart in her care. “That you do.”

This was what she wanted. This was, as far as her eyes and her instincts could tell, what Jack wanted as well. The boy simply lay there, resting, eyes closing more as she stroked his head, caressed his ears, and massaged his body with her other hand. Yes, little Ventrue, let your pain melt away.

It was twenty minutes, before she noticed the creases in Jack’s forehead, and the hard clench of his jaw, completely fade away. Exactly as she planned, and all she could have hoped for, to watch his stress disappear, at least a little of it, as she held him, touched him, and smiled for him. For him to let himself be so vulnerable with her, so open, pain laid bare and misery exposed? She loved him, loved him for his honesty, loved him for so many reasons.

The wounded soldier fantasy. Such a cliché that it made her smirk to herself. Had she known that she would ever succumb to its juvenile but poetic allure, she would have denied it. But now, it was simply love.

“I trust Ashley and Julee helped fill your belly?”

“Yeah, thank you for that. I mean, I’ve been fed a few times since the incident; Julias took care of me. But... yeah, I was still feeling drained, and I greatly appreciate your help.”

“You are most welcome, my love.”

“... I love you.” He shifted his head in closer, and rested his cheek against her lower abdomen.

“I love you.” Such powerful, pleasant words, that always forced her old, withered heart to flutter with new wings.

“And... this is really soft.” He turned his head slowly, slightly, just enough to rub his nose against where the robe covered her stomach.

“It is cashmere.”

His head turned, and his nose pressed up against the underside of one of her heavy breast. “This is really soft too.”

She smirked, chuckled, and leaned down to kiss the boy’s forehead. Which of course, as the boy’s head was pressed to her belly, squashed his face underneath her breast.

“Do you wish to make love, my little Ventrue?”

“I... not sure, really. Kind of torn. Part of me wants to do nothing but sit here, and just... rest, rest on you, rest with you.”

“And I would be glad to have you rest upon me, little Jack.”

He smiled up at her, a touch of life returning to his dead eyes. “Part me thinks, maybe, sex would be a great way to take my mind off of this stuff instead. And sex lets me be closer to you. I love being closer to you.”

The desire to be closer, when already close enough to touch, was a delightful ache she knew all too well with her love. She raised her hand from his stomach, and tapped her chin a few times. “Perhaps you should do both? Please, lie here with me, relax, do nothing, and let me take care of you.”

He sighed, each breath useless to a Kindred, and yet so important, so personal how each wavered slightly as the boy again crested on emotional strife. But after a few moments to think about it, he smiled as he handed control to her.

“Yeah... ok. That sounds perfect.”

It was perfect. She smiled down at her precious little Ventrue, and slid her hand down his stomach to find his boxers. With a little cooperation, she slid them off and tossed them to the floor, so the boy lay naked across the bed, his head and back upon her lap.

She blushed life for him, and kissed the air as she smiled for him. He blushed life as well, and pushed himself a few inches further up onto her lap. His head would have fallen off of her leg, if she did not slip her arm behind and underneath his head, to cradle it against her breast.

Her other hand reached across her chest, and tugged at the robe to loosen its hold, until the robe's bosom was loose about her sternum. She pulled the fabric aside to expose her breast nearest Jack's face, and held him snug to her as she leaned forward slightly so the softness of it pressed to his lips.

His gaze melted, his eyes closed, and he kissed the softness of her. More than kiss, he snuggled into her, against her lap and belly, against her arm cradling his head, and pressed his lips and nose to her as he took her nipple into his lips.

That was all it took, to light her body on fire. She shivered, perhaps trembled a little, as she watched her delicious lover suckle on her breasts, and gazed upon his small body, adorable, and yet defined with lean muscle, so terribly inviting. And she watched how he was relaxed against her, how he was vulnerable and precious, as he suckled and kissed her. To see him so was an utter delight, and she let out a quiet, gentle, long moan as the boy offered her nipple several roaming licks. It felt wonderful, little sparks of bliss that danced along her swelling skin, and tickled their way into her core.

She looked across the boy's body, his delicious, hard abdomen, and down to his rigid shaft. Hair trimmed to nothing, nothing blocked her eyes from admiring the sight of the veined girth rising, and rising, until it came up and over to nearly rest upon his stomach. She reached out for it, and almost mewled as she took its base into her grip.

With one arm and hand holding the boy to her breast, and the other gently encircling his cock, she again released a quiet, long moan, and began to stroke his length. Slowly, very slowly, each inch of his shaft she teased and played with, fingers circling and dancing along its underside as she played with her love. There was no rush, and tonight was about relaxing, melting, letting the boy fall into tranquil bliss as she took care of him. She wanted to take care of him, to let his pains fall away, to feel him unwind within her embrace.

But, as much as her intention was to pleasure her love, she could not ignore the growing heat in her body. His lips, circling her areola, bathing the swollen flesh in kisses and loving, tender licks, was all too pleasurable. Forever obsessed with her breasts, the boy played with them, massaged and caressed and kissed them at every opportunity. With time, he learned how to draw more of her subtle, hushed moans with his breast play, and she had encouraged it. And now, there was no denying that the sparks of pleasure were growing stronger, radiating outward from her breast and down her body until she felt the pleasure between her legs. She was wet.

“My breasts grow sensitive, little Ventrue.”

He pulled away, and smiled up at her as he nudged his nose into the softness, until it spilled over half of his face. “Should I stop?”

“... no. Please, more.” She reached out for his further arm, and guided his hand to slip past the robe, and to her other breast.

He needed little encouragement. Roaming fingers began to caress her, tender and exploring, each digit tracing gentle lines along the underside of her breasts. He cupped its weight, experimenting with how it overflowed his hand, and he massaged it with the softest touch as he did. But soon his fingers found her nipple, her swollen, puffy areola, and he traced its circular shape before offering it gentle tugs, and only the lightest of pinches.

The little rascal managed to crack open his eyes a bit, and smile up at her. Those green, beautiful eyes, melting away, closing once more as he snuggled into her, and suckled on her.

“Forever infatuated with my bosom, my little Ventrue. There is much more I could do for you, besides simply letting you kiss my breasts. Perhaps dance upon your cock, sheathed inside me, and rain delights upon you?”

“Maybe... later? Just, for now... just want to... regress a little, be childish, you know. And... your tits are so big.”

She laughed, and nudged his lips back to her breast with her cradling arm. She did not want him to stop. Her skin was tingling with bliss, each minute the boy spent kissing her nipple filling her with rising warmth, until she could feel more than a little of her juices on her sex. All the while, she stroked his length, never enough to bring him toward orgasm, but more than enough to be pleasant, and soothing. The feel of him, his cock in her hand, his body snug to hers, was intoxicating, and she shivered as another spark of bliss filled her chest.

And then another spark, and another. A short pant escaped her, just a soft little sound, before she set her hand onto his stomach, and let the pleasure fill her. Jack’s eyes opened, but she had trouble meeting his gaze as her eyes half-closed in the bliss of orgasm. The warm sparks filled her chest, reached her sex, and pleasure flowed outward through her body, until subtle tremors danced upon her legs. She cradled the boy to her, and managed a smile during the bliss of it all.

“I am ashamed,” she said. “Here it was my wish to ease your pain, and yet... you pleasure me.” She sighed openly, almost loudly, and let out a groaning moan as another spark of bliss worked through her core and down to her thighs. For many, many months now the boy had pampered her breasts, and with each night she found them growing more and more sensitive to his play. Or, perhaps, the boy was simply becoming more skilled.

Jack stared up at her, shock written into his face. She came from her breasts, from her nipples, and he could see it.

“Whoa.”

“Ah, do not stare so hard. Is it so shocking? You play with my breasts without end so constantly... it was bound to happen sooner or later.” She almost blushed. Almost. Such sexual explorations were not new to her, but it had been a very, very long time since someone had brought her to climax from her breasts alone. Her whole body refused to stop tingling, electricity upon her skin.

“Can I... keep going?”

Another chuckle escaped her. She reached across his body to find his nose, and tapped it with her finger twice before setting her hand upon his pelvis. “Please.”

And as she watched the small man’s eyes light up, she smiled, and held him to her so his lips could envelop her nipple once more. She shuddered, the sensitivity of orgasm only just beginning to pass, and now replaced anew with more suckling.

Her grip upon the boy’s cock tightened, and she began to stroke him in earnest. A drop of precum raised to the tip, and she sighed joy as she pressed a finger to it, and spread it along his exposed glans. Soon the ripe, swollen head of his shaft was coated with it, and she again resumed stroking his length, the new lubricant allowing her fingers to gently nudge and massage the base edge of the bulbous tip.

Through it all, his suckling continued. He started softer this time, perhaps to give her sensitive body a moment to recover, before he started to suckle harder. Lips pulled and tugged at her nipple, before drifting away to plant kisses along the contours of her breast. He came back to her areola, licked it, set more kisses upon it, as his hand began to caress her other breast once more.

A second orgasm did not take long. She cradled her man, held him close, and let go of his shaft to slip her hand about his waist and hold him tighter to her as again, she came. A tremble, a quiver, and her breasts shook, heavy weight and softness shaking against him, his lips, and his hand. She was so terribly wet, and it only grew worse as the boy kissed her breast while she came for him.

Stimulation growing a touch too much, she eased his head down so her nipple was out of reach of his lips by an inch. He smiled at her, and kissed the underside of her breast as she climaxed, each passing minute leaving behind more of the melancholy he had brought with him into her chamber. She returned his smile, and gently eased the boy off of her lap so he was lying upon his back in the center of the bed. She found one, two, eight pillows, and placed them about his arms and behind his back and head to lightly prop up his torso, so that he may relax, and watch.

She kept the robe on. Such clothes play was always a delight, and she laughed as she found the boy's eyes looking at how the robe hugged to her, its belt tight but its chest now loose so her breasts were free. All the better, as she crawled over him, set her knees outside his, and her hands along the blankets beside his shoulders. Her breasts dangled over his face, and she shivered as she leaned down enough to run the heavy, sensitive masses against his lips. He got the game quickly, and did not move his head even as he opened his mouth to kiss her breasts as she slid one over him, and then the other.

A silly game. It made her chuckle, and feel young again; he was good at that, her little Ventrue. She slid further back, lowered her body further upon his, and leaned forward so gravity pressed her breasts to his pelvis. His cock stood at forty-five degrees toward him when this hard, this aroused, and she exploited it, letting her breasts fall with their weight to encircle and bury the rigid shaft. With her knees still outside his and her thighs pressing his legs together, she had more than enough leeway to simply kneel there, ease her body back and forth, and let the angle of his cock guide its path within her bosom.

"Your breasts are so heavy," he said. She could see his body relax more and more, tense muscles easing into the pillows she set for him, his expression softening into an almost half asleep gaze. Perfect. To hold him at such a precipice of relaxation and arousal was her goal after all, to bring him to climax, while at the same time, letting him sink into comfort and tranquility.

"And now, I confess, very sensitive." It was no lie. How she let gravity bury his cock between her breasts caused her rocking to lightly nudge her nipples against his abs. They were swollen, very swollen, engorged and tingling and filling her core with the sparks of bliss. She would not cum from anything less than the boy's lips and fingers upon them, but still, the act of massaging his cock with her breasts was tingling and pleasant as her nipples grazed his abs. Far too sensitive now, but once she recovered, she would want more.

"So I should... play with them more often?"

"My love, you cannot do more than always."

"I don't always... ok yeah I guess I do always."

More chuckles. She leaned a little further forward, and brought her chest down toward his body just enough to completely bury every inch of his cock within the soft confines of her breasts. More than large enough to spill over his abs, pelvis and sides, she trapped each inch of his length within the depths of her bosom, and kept him there. His glans was coated in his precum, and as she eased her body back and forth, more joined it, wetting her skin.

It took time to bring the boy toward orgasm this way. Without the proper grip or strength of her fingers or mouth or insides, only the heavy softness of her breasts pressing and surrounding his cock, spurred by gravity, the stimulation against him was gentle. Gentle was enough, enough to have the boy sighing bliss, moaning it, and for more and more drops of precum to coat her breasts as she edged him toward orgasm. Slowly, so ever slowly.

She shivered as she settled back, rested her weight on her ass against his shins, and looked down at where his cock poked out from her breasts. No motion, no more movement, she simply watched, and licked her lips as another drop of precum rose to the tip of his swollen glans. She did not touch it, but instead, let it build on its own, until soon the clear, viscous liquid dripped down onto his abs where they met her breasts. More, she wanted to see more. His body fought for stimulation, cock twitching and pulling toward his abs, begging to be touched, but she would not, and she smiled down at the delicious thing as more, and yet more drops of his precum leaked out of him. A small pool of it began to form near his navel, a testament to his need. Poor boy, gravity was enough for her breasts to squish against and tenderly caress his cock, but not enough to push him over the edge.

It was not until she leaned in, and began to suckle on the head of his cock, in much the same way he did her breasts, that Jack groaned openly, and came.

He flexed his core, and let out a more obvious moan as his eyes half-closed not with calmness, but bliss. And as he did, she lifted her head, and pressed her arms together against the outside of her breasts, so that they hugged tight to his cock. Now, each gentle rock of her body provided proper, tight friction against his cock as his cum gushed out of him, and into the valley of her breasts.

“That... is... perfect.” If the boy had not melted before, he was certainly melted now. He struggled to keep his eyes on her, but she could tell he did not want to miss watching, to not see how with each gentle rock, more of his cum dripped out from the crease of her breasts and onto his abs. More, and more, warm, wet, the thick white fluid flowed into the cushioned valley she created for him, until she felt how his cum coated the entirety of where her breasts were squashed against each other.

She continued to rock her body, keeping every inch of him hidden inside her cleavage, until at last the final squirt of his cum coated her. Only then did she cease pressing her breasts together, and again resumed gently rocking her body back and forth over him, so only gravity let her breasts squish around his cock. Cum dripped from her, and covered the boy’s pelvis as she swayed for him.

“Such a delightful mess.” She shivered joy as she looked down, and admired how much he had coated her. Still hard, and the angle created a pleasant sight of his cock poking out from between her

breasts, the wet pillows easing back and forth and spreading the mess. “Were Ashley and Julee here, I would have them clean my breasts as I sat upon your cock.”

He quivered a few times, and managed to raise his head up from the pillows enough to look at her more directly. “Sorry, I drained them pretty good. Like... you just did me.”

“Ah but you are still hard.” She crawled forward, sat her dripping wet sex along his wet abs, and grinned down at him as she looked down at her cum-soaked breasts. “Perhaps instead of Ashley and Julee, I shall do it.”

“I uh—oh... god.”

She grinned at him, almost beaming with bliss at the sight of his pleasure. She slid back, and started to ease her soaked pussy against his equally soaked cock. Ah, the sensation of his wet, hard girth opening her, the unique texture of an aroused man’s shaft, its hard body yet soft skin slipping into her, soaking her with his cum. She inched herself back slowly, until she sat upon his pelvis with the boy fully sheathed inside her. A favorite position of hers to be sure, to sit upon her love, hold him inside her, and control the pace of their love making. As much as Jack had become a talented lover, she was unrivaled.

And like this, she could indulge her vanity. She grinned down at him, his starstruck gaze, and raised her hands to her hair. Arching her back, she jutted out her cum-covered breasts, little droplets of it running down their curves and onto her stomach, and she combed her hair back with her fingers. His trembles told her how enraptured he was, and again she chuckled as she slowly, teasingly, brought her hands down to her breasts.

She cupped their heavy weight, let the size of them spill over her palms, and guided one of them up to her mouth.

“So I just sit here and... watch you be the most erotic and beautiful thing in existence.”

“But of course.” She grinned all the more evilly with her eyes as she ran her tongue along the surface of her breast. Pleasant tingles returned, and she lightly squeezed on the boy’s cock as she felt the pleasure return. With several drops of his cum upon her tongue, she captured the boys eyes, held them, his green into her red, and swallowed down his seed.

“You’re going to kill me.”

“Oh? Whatever do you mean?” Again, she ran her tongue down what parts of her breasts she could reach; which was much of the mountain of softness. And with each lick, she kept his gaze, and grinned her succubus eyes at him as she eased another wave of his cum into her mouth. There was no



avoiding how her chin and lips pressed to her breasts with each lick, and soon much of the white seed was on her jawline and neck. So much, enough to almost be dripping off of her chin.

Jack set his hands on her thighs, and stared.

It was only a Kindred's seed after all, and it would fade into the tiniest traces of ash in five, perhaps ten minutes. And for that time, she could play with the boy's arousal, bring it to bursting once more without so much as a thrust.

She brought her nipple into her mouth, and suckled, holding her breast with one hand, while her other hand massaged her free breast, trailing lines through his cum and caressing the warmth into her hard nipple. And as she smiled down at the boy, she continued to suckle, and kiss, and lightly lick around her engorged areola, swallowing his cum and letting much of the white fluid coat her lips. She felt the tingling return, the sparks of bliss from having her nipples pampered, caressed, and teased. The pleasure worked through her, filled her chest, and as much as she had planned to hold still during the visual feast for her lover, she started to ease her hips back and forth.

It was almost embarrassing, how quickly she felt the pleasure start to build again. She forced herself to slow down, used her many years of practice and patience to bring the joys to a crawl, to bask in the boy's wide, entranced gaze as she played with herself, and tasted his cum and her skin. There had been many times in the distant past she had enjoyed her breasts on her own, massaged her nipples, kissed them, brought herself to near orgasm, and sometimes into it. Hazy memories from a time long gone. Seeing the look in the boy's eyes as she masturbated with her breasts though, perhaps she should enjoy it more often.

Soon his cum started to fade, and she at last let go of her breasts as she found herself so close, so very close to climax. To be on the edge, to feel her inner muscles squeeze on the boy in need, to feel her juices soak his cock, and to feel her thighs press to him in anticipation, it was all so perfect.

"My breasts are clean once again," she said, and she ran her hands along them to prove it. "And... I am... so very close, my little Ventrue."

He held out his hands for her.

She sighed openly, lovingly, and let her body fall forward toward him. Her hands found the pillows he rested upon, and she put her weight onto them as she let her breasts dangle underneath her, the heavy weights becoming teardrops over his face, each teardrop larger than his head. Jack opened his mouth, and where she had once been suckling, he began to suckle, pulling her nipple into his mouth with more force than before. One of his hands found her other breast as well, and began to massage her

other nipple, pinching it lightly, but not so gently anymore. Enough to send those sparks of bliss through her breasts and into her chest, down through her core and into her pelvis, where bliss flooded outward and down her legs into her toes.

She began to orgasm, rocking waves of bliss working through her as she trembled over Jack. Not a sound from her, only pleasure, her pussy squeezing his length like a vise until she could feel more of her juices leaking from her. She forced her eyes open, but she could only manage a tiny crack through her eyelids. Enough, it was enough to gaze upon her lover as she came upon him, enough to see his closed eyes, his face awash with relaxed joy. He devoured her, suckled upon her, massaged and caressed her, and she melted into his touch.

“S... stop... please...”

Immediately the boy let her breast go, and his head relaxed onto his pillow. “Sensitive?”

“Oui. Very.” She leaned in closer, squashed her breasts to his chest and neck, and craned her neck down to kiss the much shorter boy’s head. “I shall let you feast upon me more, soon. But for tonight, please, lie back, and relax.” She leaned in closer still, until her weight was fully upon him, and her tall body covered his in shadow, her lips by his ear. “Relax.”

The boy’s breath came in pants, excitement filling him, and she chuckled as she kissed his ear.

“I said to relax, mon amour.” She started to grind her body against him, pressed her breasts to his chest as her hips began to move back and forth. Wet, so deliciously wet. And the boy was nearing orgasm as well; she could see it in his muscles that refused to completely relax, and his expression that refused to ease.

“Relax, yeah...”

There. All it took was a little coaxing, a little guidance. She planted more kisses upon him as she slowed down yet again, kissed his ear, his buzzed hair, and squeezed her pussy upon his length to edge him closer to orgasm, without ever crossing it. Each stroke brought him pleasure, and with each stroke, she ran her hands up and down his arms, his neck, his buzzed hair, always slow and gentle. Tranquility was the theme tonight, and she milked the boy with total serenity, until he had no choice but to relax into the blankets, and go limp.

Only then did she start to work her hips faster, and only then did she sit up so she could bury every last inch of him into her. She danced upon his cock, set her hands upon his chest, and began to thrust harder. Certainly not rough sex; in fact, she kept the pace quite slow, only barely faster than before. But that was fast enough.

As orgasm danced in the distance, coming closer and closer, she pressed her hands to Jack's chest, and used him for leverage as she drove her hips back and forth in deep thrusts. Her breasts bounced and jiggled with the impacts, and Jack stared at her as she fucked him. His arms were no longer holding her thighs, now limp along the blankets between her legs and the pillows. His head was much the same way, except now it bounced lightly against several pillows with each of her thrusts.

Delightful friction, her swollen clitoris pressing to him with the forward angle. But she wanted a stronger orgasm, and brought her body a touch more forward, so the angle of his cock pointed it toward her navel. Perfect. Delicious pressure, each drive back of her hips causing his cock to hit that spot, to send pulses of pleasure out from her pelvis, and again build the growing warmth of orgasm.

"If you ever feel weary my love, please, come lay beside me, and let your troubles fade away as I tend to you. Let me care for you with the softness of my body."

"You're uh... starting to sound like a wife in the 1930s." He smiled as he said it, again struggling to keep his eyes on her as they drifted half-closed. "Very 1930s. Think I read something like that on a vintage poster, one of those colorful, super sexist ones."

She laughed, and reached up to jut out her breasts once more as she combed her fingers back through her hair. "I was alive in such a time, my love. Women were to be seen, not heard. It was a man's world, and it was a woman's job to please him." She rolled her eyes. Such games she and the boy played, and they both chuckled as she again combed back her hair, except this time emphasizing it with dainty swishes of her fingers, as women in such times were encouraged to do. "But I do not lie. It brings me joy to see that I may ease your pains. Great joy."

"... thank you." His eyes, renewed with weight, but weight of a caring nature, of a sort where she could feel the openness of his soul laid out for her to drink from. Eyes of love.

Oh, her little Ventrue, how those eyes stirred her. She brought hands back down to the blankets around his shoulders, and arched her back as she picked up the pace. His eyes closed once more, but opened yet again, just a crack, just a sliver, enough so he could watch her as she bounced upon him. And, as he began to fill her with his cum, his eyes raised into his eye sockets, and waves of pleasure at last forced them closed.

She needed only three more strokes, before she too was upon climax. As the tingling waves filled her, curled her toes and forced her thighs to squeeze around the boy between them, she leaned herself down upon his small frame. Again she squished him beneath her breasts, and as his eyes drifted open, she kissed his forehead, and continued to ease her hips back and forth. Each gentle sway of her body

earned a gush of his cum to fill her, and each clench of her insides earned a wave of her own bliss to join it.

A perfect, utterly perfect way to climax. She held her man, buried him in her softness, and milked his cum until she felt it join her own juices where they connected.

“My insides quiver, little Ventrue. How does it feel?” To talk mid orgasm? Another fun game, and she smiled as she forced her bliss to continue, more clenching of her muscles spurred by her efforts. Each, no doubt, stimulated and caressed the cock inside her, and Jack trembled as her play earned another gush of warmth to leak out of her.

“... just want to... lie here... forever.”

“One of the few joys of being undead, my love. Forever is within our grasp.” Her orgasm began to fade, as did Jack’s, but through it all she held him, pressed her body upon him, and planted several more kisses to his forehead. Only when the random convulsions of her muscles upon his member ceased, did she sit up straight, and grin down at her little Jack.

“You offering me eternity here, in your bed?”

“You did say you wished for it.” She reached behind her, set her hands on her plentiful ass, and pushed forward on it to bring her hips forward. The angle of course pushed out her breast, but that was also a part of the game, to slay the boy with her body, visually and with its touch, as she began to dance upon his cock. To drag out those last few tingles of orgasm aftershocks was a skill she had mastered, both for herself, and for her love.

“I did...”

The boy’s words sent her withered heart into a flutter, and she stopped her dance as, slowly, gently, the sexual energy of it all drained away, replaced with an overwhelming need to hug her love.

So, she did. She slid off of his softening member, and lay beside him upon the blankets and pillows. Still in her robe, she pulled the boy close to her, and turned him enough so he could face her.

“Such words are dangerous, little Ventrue, and women are particularly vulnerable to them.”

“I—”

“Non non, no words. We have eternity to test these waters. And, I do sincerely hope, my love, that we will spend that eternity together.”

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~~Jack~~

He wasn't sure what he did to have deserved such an amazing woman in his life. Was this how Roger Rabbit felt? He'd always envied that rabbit when he was younger, when his mom showed him that movie. Jessica Rabbit woke some strange feelings inside him.

The amazing body Antoinette had was only the tip of the iceberg; though, he did have to wonder about it. She was very tall, and the white hair and red eyes, along with her early-thirties complexion, were a weird mix, biologically. People from Europe at that time period didn't look like that, not even in the slightest, from the height, to the tight waist and massive breasts, to the particularly unusual hair and eyes. She was Ordo Dracul, known for their experiments and search for secret knowledge of what vampires were on a grander scale, so maybe that had something to do with it? When he'd first talk to her and had asked, she said it may have had something to do with Dracula, or something.

But, yeah, tip of the iceberg. It wasn't the ridiculously awesome body she had that was making him relax into her, it was how she wanted to hold him, embrace him, and give him a place to rest his head that was melting him. God he needed that. May not have been the manliest thing, to need someone's shoulder to lean on, but he didn't give a shit. He couldn't imagine a better place to be right now, then in Antoinette's loving arms, and how accepting she was of him. An intelligent, wise, confident woman, who'd never say anything as absurd as 'man the fuck up' or 'walk it off' or any of that shit. Someone he could just be a young guy with, who was having a really fucking hard time.

She cradled his head, and held him to her as he hugged her back. He didn't cry; one step away from it, but crying wasn't really what he needed right now. He needed a soft, safe place to rest, and she wanted to give him that. It was perfect.

They held each other for an eternity; or, twenty more minutes. Still perfect, relaxing, and he took a deep breath as he let the tension fall away. He shivered a few times, some trembles as the body struggled to let go, but, as Antoinette stroked his head and rubbed his back, he melted into heaven.