

~~Beatrice~~

They had more sex. A lot of sex. A lot, lot, lot of sex. They spent multiple weeks in bed, pretty much only getting up and out when they needed a bite to eat.

Part of Triss thought maybe Sándor would reveal a more forward and open personality when he got comfortable. And he did get comfortable with them. But, nope, the man was just a quiet, reserved, stoic dude, right down to his soul. Which made every conversation with him a strange delight, because she — Jen, too — managed to pull smiles and chuckles out of him semi frequently. And with a guy like Sándor, semi frequently was a lot. It was a fun game, seeing if they could get past his shell, and they were getting better at it.

His reserved nature changed when you got an instrument in his hands. Some people were just like that. They opened up when they had the avenue to do so, and Sándor opened up like a nerd talking about his favorite topic. He talked about music, and then rode that momentum to talk about other stuff.

It felt like a normal relationship, which was really fucking weird considering their history, who he was, who she was, and the second girl in the bed with them. But, something about hanging out with Sándor and just talking about shit felt perfectly, oddly normal.

Where was the drama? Was she too old for drama? Was he? A small part of her wanted some drama, the part of her that was actually kinda interested in sparkling vampires who stalked high school girls. A much larger part of her was so fucking god damn glad she didn't have any of that shit to worry about.

Like, right now. She was in bed with her boyfriend and girlfriend, getting spooned by Sándor, and melting back into his chest to feel the hard muscles against her. Jen was sitting on the foot of the bed, looking at the TV Sándor had in his bedroom, and looking through the streamer app for something to watch. All three of them were naked.

Cuddling. She was cuddling with Sándor. It'd taken a while to get to this point. Sex was the easy part, but it'd taken a couple weeks before either of them felt comfortable holding hands, let alone cuddling. That was where shit could get real intimate, and the both of them were terrified of that.

But, again, like trying on clothes that fit perfectly, she fell into a groove with Sándor that left her fucking speechless, and him too. They just... got along, intellectually, and emotionally. No need for a big dramatic argument to break down some emotional wall between them. It just fit right. And it was fucking weird, but god damn exhilarating.

She was cuddling with a man again, a great man, and it felt wonderful.

“Nope,” Triss said, waving a hand at Jen. “Nope. Nope. Nope.”

After a heavy groan, Jen threw her a heavier glare.

“Pick something!” She got back to flicking between the options of shit to watch.

“Nope. Nope. No—wait, go back. Um... nope. Nope. Nope.”

Sándor chuckled, and slipped an arm around her chest. Surprisingly he didn't need to be invited this time, and he cupped her lower breast with a gentle squeeze while his index finger teased her nipple piercing.

Jen snapped her head around to yell at Triss some more, but when she saw what Sándor was up to, she put the controller aside and crawled over to them. And Jen wouldn't crawl anywhere unless she did it cat style, back arched and huge breasts swaying underneath her. She got on top of them, both of them, and let gravity pull her down until she was between them.

“Selfish bitch,” Triss said.

“Mhmm.” Nodding and grinning like, again, a fucking evil cat, she put her back to Sándor instead, and guided his hand to do to her what he'd been doing to Triss.

Honestly, Triss couldn't blame her. She turned around, rested on her other shoulder, and watched as Sándor was helpless to resist gently massaging the breast that filled and overflowed his hand.

“Find Aaron yet?” Triss asked. Much as she kept telling herself there was nothing to worry about anymore and that they could relax, the Aaron puzzle itched at her.

Sándor looked over Jen's shoulder, shook his head at Triss, and leaned down to kiss Jen's neck. Wow, he was feeling bold. No matter how many times they fucked, it was clear Sándor was never going to get used to their weird threesome relationship, at least not completely. He must have been in a playful mood.

Jen grinned at Triss, sharing the same thought. She nudged herself back into Sándor, and encouraged the man to continue.

Triss had full plans to ruin Jen's fun, but not just yet. Instead, she put a hand on Jen's other breast, and joined Sándor in the miracle that was playing with a big tit.

“I think you're fine,” Jen said. “He's not going to try and hurt you.”

“Yeah, not with all these blood door rituals I’ve been setting up.” No way she went to sleep at day anymore without one. Aaron could have a thrall or ghoul around, waiting to storm into her home and set her on fire while she slept. It was why she and Jen had found a new place to sleep during the day, a cozy little hole in the ground — literally — that no one else knew about. Maybe they’d start sleeping at Sándor’s place, but it wasn’t entirely safe either. No building was.

“Stop worrying.” Jen grabbed her shoulder, and pulled her in for a quick kiss. “Aaron’s not going to do anything.”

“Says you.”

“I knew him longer than you.”

“I don’t think any of us really knew him, except Jacob,” Triss said.

“Maybe, but Othello knew him for a long time, too.”

“Othello is—”

“A moron, yes, but he’s also a good reader of people. He’s like a... golden retriever.”

Triss choked on a laugh. “I guess.” She glanced past Jen to Sándor, but he just shrugged slightly. Dude was ancient and patient and all sorts of mature and wise, but not a people person. He’d probably be good at poker, not because he could read people, but because he could make himself unreadable.

“Well, I’m still gonna sleep in our little cubby-hole with a blood door set up, until we at least find out what happened to him,” Triss said.

“Smart,” Sándor said. “But there is another place you could sleep.”

“Yeah?” Triss asked.

“My lair.”

“Your la—ooh.” She nodded slowly as she came in closer, until her body was pressed to Jen’s. “Is that safe?” Much as she was cool with the idea of sleeping in Sándor’s badass, if super old and dirty, nightmare castle, they hadn’t done anything involving his Horror. Anything, not even visited for a chat. Not because they were afraid to, even though they kinda were, but because they were enjoying being in the physical world and fucking all night and enjoying the softness of modern beds. Talking with him while he was merged with his Horror was on the to-do list.

“It takes a long time before my hunger becomes an issue. Months, thanks to Azamel’s help.”

“Awesome. Because, yeah, the lair would be a great place. Aaron’s got no way in there unless he convinces Athalia or Fiona to help him, or if Mark’s still alive.”

Uh oh, she said the M word. Sándor sighed as he looked down, and his massaging hand went still.

“He’s not.”

“Shit, I’m sorry, man.” Fuck, mood ruined. She let go of Jen, and Jen turned over to press her back into Triss instead. They’d both gotten used to reading his vibes, subtle as they were, and much as the dude had a horny side they’d been playing with nonstop for weeks now, he also had a really heavy somber side. Case in point, just mentioning Mark was enough to have his thoughts probably spiraling down into a bit of guilt and shit.

There wasn’t any point in telling him it wasn’t his fault. Mark wasn’t his responsibility, even if Azamel told him he was. The dude pulled an Aaron, and decided to help Jacob try to end the fucking world. No fucking way that was Sándor’s fault, and he knew it. But it was just the kind of guy he was.

Different, and yet, kinda similar to Julias.

“I texted Jack earlier,” Jen said, saving the day with a topic change. “I thought we’d visit, before we left permanent ass impressions in this bed.” Before Sándor could respond, she gave him a small pat on the shoulder. “Not you. Just us girls.”

To most, that’d probably have sounded almost mean. But Sándor gave one of those tiny smiles before nodding, leaning in, and giving Jen a quick kiss. He was relieved.

“When do you leave?” he asked.

“Thinking thirty minutes?” Jen said.

Sándor nodded, and surprising them both, slid across the bed even closer, until his chest pressed to Jen’s, and he leaned over her to kiss Triss, too. Wow, he bounced back a million times faster than he would have a few months ago.

“Time for a quickie?” Triss asked, and she Blushed Life. Sándor’s small grin and nod confirmed.

“New position?” Jen said, Blushing too.

“There are more?” he asked.

The girls laughed.

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The visit to Jack's was short-lived. He'd intended on hanging out, but Ann and Elaine had dropped by, with Ashley and Julee, and the lot of them were having sex, thralls included, when Triss and Jen arrived. In the lobby. He'd apologized, but Triss and Jen just laughed, shrugged it off, and decided to go eat.

Seeing Veronica answer the door, clearly by order, with a ridiculous old maid outfit on and her tits completely hanging out, had been pretty awesome.

"I want a taste," Jen said, mind clearly on food after witnessing that. "Of Sándor I mean, not ghouls or thralls. Think he'll let us, yet?"

Ah, this topic. Drinking of the Begotten. Jen and Triss had talked about it with each other, but hadn't brought it up with their boyfriend yet. Weird topic. Potentially sensitive topic.

"Yeah, so do I. But I dunno. I mean, we're getting along so well, right? Like... really, really well. I'm afraid to rock the boat."

Groaning, Jen shook her head as she started up the stairs. Bloodlust, tried and true, a place any vampire could go if they wanted an easy meal, save for a Nosferatu. But Triss was getting better and better at Obfuscate, at a record pace at that, and she felt comfortable hanging out around the kine now. Face in the Crowd meant they'd basically ignore her, and as long as she was careful about the lighting, and using Jen's boobs as a distraction, she could convince them to let her get close enough to Kiss them.

Except, she didn't want to Kiss some random kine. She wanted to Kiss Sándor. She wanted to feel his warm blood filling her up, as his cum filled her up. She wanted to squeeze and hold onto him with her legs, latch onto him like a fucking animal, and sink her teeth into his neck. She wanted to feel his her breasts squished against his hard chest as his monster blood warmed her.

"I think we should just ask," Jen said, taking the final step up onto the second floor of Bloodlust, where all the vamps liked to hang out. "You said so yourself, Margaret told you to be pushy with him. He'd appreciate it."

"She meant about romance and shit, Jen. Not like she ever drank him."

"Not his blood, anyway."

Triss rolled her eyes, but yeah, Jen's stupid joke managed to make her laugh a bit.

Jen wore a skimpy black dress, and Triss wore some black jeans and a tiny black tank top. Like, super tiny. She didn't have any intention of sleeping with anyone except Sándor, but when it came to hunting kine, seeing a girl's nipples point out against her shirt was the best bait.

"Okay," Jen said. "How about, we get a small drink here, maybe one kine between the two of us, and then we go back to Sándor and talk about it? Maybe even... talk about it while he's transformed?"

"Oh is that what this is about? You want a piece of the gargoyle?"

"Are you telling me you don't?"

Triss grinned as she leaned in and kissed Jen on the neck. "You know that gargoyle side of him is dangerous as fuck, right?"

"And you know that only makes it better."

"You're like a kid with his dad's gun."

"You—" Jen stopped, and looked into the shadows toward the back of the second floor. In one of the booths, there was movement. A couple, having a good time. And judging by how quickly Jen decided to stroll on over there, it was people they knew.

Sure enough, Triss recognized the couple once they were closer. That, was Damien, and Fiona.

With zero hesitation, Jen slid into the booth on one side, Triss the other, and the two lovers going at it eventually stopped once they realized they had company.

"Hi," Jen said, and she licked her lips as she looked at Fiona.

The redhead sat on Damien's lap facing away from him, her stomach almost hitting the booth table. Big booths, lots of room, designed for fucking, and Kissing. Her giant tits rested on the table, literally, jiggling lightly as Damien fucked her, grinding her on his lap with his grip on her hips. Or, had been fucking her. He slowly removed his grip from the smiling ginger, and set them on Fiona's legs under the table instead as he squinted at the two visiting vampires. Fiona was completely naked, and Damien's shirt was undone and pants pulled down.

Jen and Triss blinked as they met his eyes. He looked hungry. Not for blood, but for sex, in a very obvious, aggressive way that was very not Damien.

"Hi," Triss said eventually as she took a little more time than necessary to admire the huge mountains of soft pillowy goodness sitting on the table. Jen had large breasts, but Fiona was something else.

“Hi,” Fiona said, blushing. Not embarrassed, but coming down from an orgasm high.

“Hello Damien,” Jen said, and she slid in closer, until she was almost shoulder to shoulder with the now clearly uncomfortable Mekhet. “Enjoying yourself?”

“I was.”

“Come now, don’t be like that. If you’re going to make love to your girlfriend in a public place, you must be willing to accept a little company.”

“Yeah!” Fiona said, giggling, and she half turned to lean in toward Jen. “You could—”

Damien slipped his hand around her throat, and pinned her back to his chest. The little ginger girl melted instantly, and her arms went limp as Damien put just the right amount of pressure on her to make her face go a little red, and her body quiver. Yeah, this girl was on a hair trigger and ready to cum her brains out the moment her tall emo vampire boyfriend did anything to her. How much of that was from being post Kiss, or just good sex, Triss didn’t know.

“It was Fiona’s idea,” he said, making sure to frown at both newcomers some more. Though, he didn’t push Fiona off him or anything, or even try and cover up her tits. He just held her against him, putting her wriggling on display, complete with some delicious choking he’d obviously mastered because the girl was balancing on that edge of asphyxiation and cumming her brains out.

And he had taken a drink. They could smell the blood. Perfect time to get some questions answered.

Triss smirked as she slid in a bit closer. “You drank her, right? Got all that Begotten blood in you?”

Damien rolled his eyes, but nodded as he let go of Fiona’s neck, and wrapped her in a gentle hug. She didn’t resist.

“Tell us,” Jen said.

“It’s amazing,” Fiona said, mewling as she cupped her breasts over Damien’s hugging arms, and massaged them and her big, swollen nipples. She did it more for the audience than herself.

“Not you,” Triss said, laughing. “Damien. We want some details. About what it’s like to drink a Begotten.”

“I—”

“You told us nothing last time,” Jen said, and she slipped in a little closer, until her leg nudged against his. “Same situation, remember? And last time you left us high and dry.”

“You wanted sex details.”

“Well, that too,” Triss said. “But right now, we want to know what it’s like to drink a Begotten from the only man doing it. Except, you know, Daniel, but not like he’d tell anyone shit.” Damn it, she couldn’t help but grin at him as she watched the girl squirm on his lap. On his cock. “It’s got you so out of your mind horny you can’t even stop Blushing Life if you wanted to, am I right?”

Damien rolled his eyes again, but a quiet mewl from Fiona gave him up. He was still inside her, probably hard as a rock, and Fiona was loving every minute of it. With weak arms barely able to stay up, she massaged her breasts some more, before lifting one up as she bent her neck and head down, so she could slip the big nipple into her mouth.

Triss and Jen stared at her, as she suckled on herself. Holy shit that was hot.

“You’ll go if I answer?” Damien said.

Both girls said nothing.

“Triss. Jen,” he said.

Slowly, Triss managed to tear her eyes away from Fiona, whose own eyes were closed as she continued. Jen leaned over the table and stared from only a foot away. Lost cause.

“Uh, yeah, we’ll go.”

After a slow nod, the tall, pretty boy vampire took Fiona by the hips, and turned her. She squeaked in surprise, but the ginger was utterly exhausted, and didn’t do a thing to resist him. He lifted one of her legs, got it up and over him, and once she was facing him, he used one hand to squeeze her tight to his chest in a hug. His other hand held her ass, hidden under the table, or it would have been hidden if Triss and Jen weren’t sitting so close. They could see the man knead her soft ass, and give it the occasional slap.

She wasn’t sure she needed details anymore. Damien was clearly hornier than he would ever normally get, and feeling confident, and aggressive, aggressive enough they could probably ask him to throw Fiona on the table and fuck her hard for a display, and he might just do it.

“It—”

Triss put up a hand and shook her head. “I think I can see.”



He grinned a little. Damien, grinning. He never grinned. The Begotten's blood was doing some powerful shit to him.

Sure enough, right after his cocky grin, the man used both hands to slap Fiona's ass cheeks, hard enough they could hear it over the music. Jen and Triss stared.

"That's a... strong effect," Jen said, and she peeked in a bit closer so she could see down at their connection. She licked her lips.

Much as Jen was a fucking hornball, Triss trusted her. If Damien and Fiona both, right there, asked her to take a drink of Fiona, and fuck them, she'd say no. But damn did the girl love to tempt herself, and she made no effort to look away.

And Damien didn't even try to hide it. He actually pushed Fiona back a bit so her back pressed to the table edge, and she pressed her elbows down against it behind her. Poor girl was barely awake, considering she was post Kiss, and making love to her boyfriend was obviously hard. But she was enjoying it, and really enjoying being the center of attention of a couple observers.

Her huge tits rippled like water balloons when Damien used both hands to slap her ass cheeks again, and the leaning-back ginger squeaked. He shifted his grip, grabbed her hips, and bounced her on his cock; Triss couldn't help but take a peek down to see what that looked like. Dude was utterly drenched. But, much as seeing his big dick spread the tiny girl apart as he bounced her was hot, there was something so damn hypnotic about Fiona, her blushing face, her huge bouncing tits, and the way she tried to keep from falling over, elbows still on the table behind her, that Jen and Triss couldn't look away from.

The ginger's squeaks turned into weak little whimpers, and her elbows started to slip. Damien took her by the throat, stopped her from falling over, and choked the quivering little woman as she came all over him. A glance down showed, yup, she was drenching his cock more, and a pretty copious amount of white stuff was leaking out along with her own juices.

Damien's eyes were locked onto his girlfriend, and Jen and Triss shivered at the look on his face. That, was a very horny, possessive vampire. He didn't even care that Jen and Triss were seeing every intimate detail as he pumped his trembling girlfriend full of cum. Dude was completely absorbed.

He let her neck go, pulled her in snug, gave her ass a few more hard slaps — probably felt amazing, pussy clenching on him mid orgasm like that — and bounced her up and down some more. Yeah, dude was totally gone.

Jen and Triss watched for a little longer, before they looked at each other, nodded, and headed back to Sándor's place with a mission.

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"Please?" Jennifer asked as she stepped into the apartment. She slipped out of her dress without so much as a hello, leaving Sándor dumbfounded and stepping back to give her room.

"Please what?" he said, eyes staring at her breasts for a second before he managed to rip them away to Triss.

"Please." Triss said. She slipped out of her tiny tank top, kicked off her jeans, and Blushed Life. Instant hard nipples. "I mean, you can say no, if you want, but... Jen and I are both really hungry, and we saw Damien with Fiona tonight, and..."

"Can we taste you?" Jen came closer, now in only a skimpy little thong, and pressed a hand against Sándor's chest. He was wearing blue jeans and a white shirt, so hilariously casual compared to the two girls coming at him.

Triss was down to nothing but her own thong too, less lace, more g-string than Jen's, and she came up and pushed her chest into his, beside Jen's. They really were bullying him, just burying the poor guy in tits and ass and begging for some of his blood. But hey, Margaret said bully him a bit, and holy fuck she needed a piece of what Damien had.

Sándor took a second to process what was happening, before he smiled, and sat down on his couch, leaving room on both sides of him.

Jen clapped and jumped onto the couch beside him, and Triss half-jumped onto the other.

"I've been Kissed before, a long long time ago," he said.

"Sexually?" Jen asked, and she leaned in to put her lips to his neck.

"Not exactly, but it was... very pleasant."

"Well," Triss said, putting one hand on his jeans and undoing the button and fly as she leaned in as well, "this is gonna be sexual."

A second later she had his cock out, and Sándor sighed peacefully as he relaxed back on the couch, and—

“Wait,” he said.

Jen and Triss froze.

“Don’t wanna?” Triss asked.

“It’s not that, just... I thought after talking about my lair... maybe you’d want to... after the Kiss, visit my lair... and... the gargoyle.”

The girls blinked at each other, and then their lover a few times.

“What?” Jen asked. “When we Kiss you, you’ll be pretty drained. I thought we’d make sure you came a couple times as we Kissed you, before Triss and I fucked each other while you watched.” And as if she’d just said something perfectly reasonable, she nodded at him and Triss expectantly.

Oh god, Triss laughed and gave Sándor a happy pat on the stomach.

“She does have a point,” she said. “Kinda hard to keep an erection when you lose a pint of blood.”

“Maybe, but... this body and the Horror’s body are two different things.” He nodded as he leaned in, kissed Triss on the cheek, and then the same for Jen. “You can drink me, but, if you want, you can join me in my lair after, and we can... perhaps...”

That, was an invitation to a night of monster sex. Triss gulped and shared a much more shaky glance with Jen, who did the same, her eyes lighting up and lips putting on a nervous smile. The idea of seducing Sándor until he ravaged them with his huge gargoyle half had seemed more like a fantasy than a reality. Now he was offering that possibility? That the girls come visit the giant gargoyle and get fucked? Get absolutely... utterly... ravaged?

Jen and Triss leaned in, pressed their breasts into the man, and sank their fangs into him.

Holy. Fucking. Shit. The blood hit her like a freight train, and she groaned into his neck as the thick liquid flowed down her throat and into her belly. The difference wasn’t slow or subtle, or hidden in the flavor or any shit like that. It bowled her over, and she melted into the man as the strange power of his blood sent tingling waves of... something, through her. Something dark, and twisted, and hungry, and powerful, and exciting.

It’d been so damn long since she’d had alcohol, but this was like taking six shots, and instead of getting overwhelmed with a need to vomit, something came rushing up through her body that had her Beast singing. She groaned louder, drank harder, and hugged the man tight. More. She needed more. The Beast in her guts demanded more.

No fucking wonder Damien was so confident and aggressive with Fiona's blood in his belly. The alcohol comparison only got more accurate as the blood spread out through her, and every thought she had was cut short and replaced with the most simple, absurd impulses. How the fuck had Damien even managed to speak? The only thoughts she could come up with now were: fuck, eat, and maybe fight.

She pulled her head away long enough to see her man's stoic face looking ever so slightly not stoic, even a little pleased. Not even Mister Gargoyle could resist the power of a Kiss double whammy. She looked to Jen, who pulled away too, and the two of them stared at each other, ready to pounce. Jen's body was on fire, same as hers.

But she didn't get to. The room went dark.

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Sándor was crazy strong. Her Beast knew that, each time she was near the man. Just being around him was enough to feel overpowering, in a quiet kinda way, like standing in the presence of a cathedral. It didn't make a sound, but you damn well knew the building was imposing, intimidating, grand, and ancient.

Sándor did a good job hiding that aspect of himself. Normally he was just a quiet dude, and now, someone she could kiss and hug and tease, and even bully a bit. Sometimes she straight up forgot the crazy shit he'd done in the past.

And then, bam, it was right in her face just how insanely powerful Sándor was. The other Begotten talked about how hard it was to open up paths into their lair, or out of their lair into any place that didn't really jive with it. It was why they often did things in the dark, because most of them had dark places in their lair. But if Fiona wanted to open up a place to her jungle lair and she didn't have any dark places, she'd have to find a forest or something. Even then she'd probably need to do it at night, otherwise, she wouldn't be able to do shit.

Sándor was strong enough to open up paths to his lair even with all the lights on, and when he did, Triss sucked in a quick breath under the sudden weight of his presence. Holy shit.

And then, she was there, in the lair. Her, and Jen, standing beside each other in the gigantic throne room. Sándor had dropped a blob of darkness right on them, and now that it was gone, they were surrounded by pillars, and the braziers on the walls and pillars alike went from dim, to bright, and brighter, fires growing within and lighting up the place for them. Did he have magic monster powers

allowing him to control his lair, like a psychic connection or some shit? God damn. She gulped as the fires grew so large the flames poured out of their little gargoyle mouths and eyes, and she took a step back. Yeah, just because it was weird dreamland fire didn't mean it wouldn't turn her to ash if she touched it.

Jen touched her hand, and with familiarity, Triss slipped her fingers into it, and the two of them stepped out into the main hall of the giant castle. He hadn't dropped them off in one of the hallways off to the sides, with the wooden walls and ceiling, old rooms for an old castle. This time, he'd skipped that part, and the two of them, tiny and borderline naked, were left standing in the colossal room of colossal pillars topped with colossal statues of the gargoyle.

It was like being dunked in a big bucket of cold water. Yeah, sure, they still had bellies full of blood, and her heart was now beating, pumping her full of fake life that had every bit of her tingling. But now it wasn't only horny aroused. She had enough self awareness to know what was happening to her.

She was scared. Horny and scared. Fake adrenaline coursed through her, got her heart racing even faster, and before she knew it, she was breathing faster too as she looked around at the giant, life-sized gargoyle statues. One of those handsome fuckers was probably waiting on his throne right now, ready to scoop her up, and fuck her. And hopefully, not eat her.

Jen took a step forward, and Triss followed, quickly catching up so the two girls walked side by side. Slowly, they approached the giant throne in the distance.

“Um...” Jen leaned in to her and whispered. “I feel... weird...”

“Drunk on Begotten blood and ready to pin and fuck Sándor?” she whispered back. The only reason she was even able to think straight, was the cold-water dunk getting yanked into Sándor's lair had been.

“Yeah, but...”

“Fucking terrified, too?”

Jen gulped and nodded. And squirmed. Yep, getting scared was only making her hornier. She was one of those girls who got pretty randy after an intense roller coaster ride, and apparently, so was Triss.

It took will to not throw herself at Jen and fuck the girl right there. Something about the weird blood in her belly had her Beast roaring, and telling her to just give into her desires and hungers. Aggressively. But every time the urge flooded back up to her brain, she looked around at the scary-as-fuck nightmare chamber they were in, and the distant throne they were walking toward, no doubt with a

giant gargoyle sitting on it. A gargoyle that'd almost done something horrible to them in the past. And yeah, that was water under the bridge, but still, maybe this wasn't such a good idea?

The throne was empty.

Oh fucking shit.

The girls spun around in time to hear the creature roar as it swooped down from one of the pillars. It landed in front of them like a giant eagle landing in front of a free meal, slow and casual, big wings flapping and burying them in heavy gusts that almost knocked them over.

Sándor's gargoyle body was huge. Ridiculously huge. He must have been twelve feet tall, and considering he had that animal-ish hunched posture in his upper body, he'd probably be taller than that if he stood up straight. Muscular as fuck, big chest and shoulders and tapered waist with huge abs, and two sets of arms, one set under the other. Big, giant, dark horns, dark blue skin, long dark claws and talons, and a couple of dark eyes on a surprisingly handsome, oddly hyper masculine face with very pronounced eyebrows and an inhumanly hard jaw.

Jen and Triss didn't even try and run. They just stared up at the huge beast who'd just landed basically on top of them, four wings drowning them in shadow.

He picked them up, upper left hand taking Triss's torso, lower left taking her legs, and the right hands doing the same for Jen. The two eyes glowed red for a few seconds as they locked onto the girls, before switching back to their dark color.

Okay, this was bad. Was he thinking straight, or was he like the last time they met the gargoyle? Were they dead?

He brought them in closer, slowly, and rumbled with a deep vibration that had her shaking, fear mixing with the vibrations.

"Your one and only chance," he said, that deep voice full of gravel and bass. "Stop?"

Jen and Triss slowly looked at each other. That confirmed Sándor was in his right mind, at least.

"Is it safe?" Jen asked, voice wavering.

Sándor brought her in closer, until she was only a foot away from his head and giant horns.

"I won't hurt you," he said. "But the gargoyle is... a powerful creature. And willful."

Message received. If they agreed to do this, Sándor might have trouble controlling himself. Sure, if they both screamed bloody murder, he'd probably stop, but...

The two girls looked at each other. Dive in? Back out? Holy fuck it was so damn hard to think straight with Sándor's blood pulsing through her and telling her to try and fight and fuck the titan holding the two of them like dolls.

"Y-Yes," Jen said, voice wavering even more. "Yes, please, fuck me."

Sándor rumbled, and the smile he wore had Triss shivering. Gorgeous, and terrifying, the kind of smile a deadly villain wore before committing some horrible act. It faded, thank god, and a subdued-but-very-real animal hunger replaced it. He was a nightmare monster, so the smile probably wasn't something he had full control of. The gargoyle was supposed to be scary, in a very literal, that's-why-it-even-existed sense. It was.

He began his prowling walk toward the throne, giant tail swaying gently behind him, like a crocodile casually treading water. Every so often, he rumbled, a deep purring sound that reminded Triss of the stories Jessy had shared. She'd said Eric's rumbles and purrs felt like what a giant cat would if they could purr, something heavy and bassy, but still a rapid-fire sound like a normal cat's purr. Sándor's rumble was like putting her ear up against one of those mega-sized dump trucks. It was so deep she felt it more than heard it, the sound almost entirely nothing but heavy waves of vibration that flowed through her like she was plugged to a motor.

Jen and Triss stared at each other. It was becoming all too apparent way too quickly, just how beast-like this giant gargoyle was.

The gargoyle stepped up to his throne, and sat down with slow, lumbering steps. His long tail draped over one of the throne's arms so it could dangle off the side, and one pair of wings hooked over his neck and shoulders like a cape, the other two snugging it behind him so he could press his spine to the throne as he got comfortable. Nodding to himself, like a king thinking deep thoughts, he held out both vampires in front of him, each dangling by their hands from his upper arms, while his lower arms reached out, slid a giant claw into their underwear, and slid them off.

Triss didn't bother looking. She knew she was wet, and now Sándor knew it, too, his stern gargoyle face again showing that dark, scary grin for a second before fading away.

Both vampires squirmed a little, dangling, helpless, as they watched the gargoyle look their naked bodies up and down like meals. Each breath the beast took was slow, and now that he was staring at them with his dark, hungry eyes, each breath was a quiet, but deep rumbling wave of vibration.

His lower hands were free, and he used them to undo and toss his loincloth aside.

Both girls looked down, and gulped. Well, they were right, he had two. And they were huge. They looked like a human penis for the most part, bulbous tips a dark shade of purple compared to the navy of his body, no foreskin. But, yeah, two of them, both massive and lined with veins, and getting bigger and harder by the minute. Not so hard they stood upright though, a bit more malleability to them than a normal dude's cock. They hung forward, half bending with their own weight.

The upper cock was a bit bigger and longer than the lower one, which was already big enough Triss was having some serious doubts about whether it'd be fitting into anything. Anyone.

Naked, a titan of muscle and power, the gargoyle relaxed back against his throne, leaning back so his pelvis slid forward a little. Jesus fucking christ, just one of his legs was bigger than Triss. He rumbled again as he looked to the two of them, and brought them toward him until they were both close enough to his face they could feel his breath.

"Who first..." He spoke the words slowly, voice carrying as a wave of depth and bass that almost shook the pillars. Nodding to himself, he brought in Jen toward his mouth, and opened the giant thing filled with a lot of damn scary teeth. Not super sharp teeth, but more like a crocodile's, fully capable of clamping down on flesh for a good grip. The sort of teeth you'd use to bite on something as an anchor, while using your hands to tear it to shreds.

Jen stared down, frozen, as Sándor brought her in so close her thighs nudged against his chin, and they spread apart as he brought her in closer. Just as she was about to say something, or maybe kick the gargoyle out of reflex, Sándor let out another deep, pouring rumble, and his tongue slipped out from between his teeth.

Jen managed a quick peek at Triss, before her head lulled forward, and stared down at the fucking massive monster tongue forcing its way into her slit.

"Sándor! Slow down! I... oh... oh..." Her voice fell away, wavering and fading, as the gargoyle brought her in closer again, until he literally had her pussy an inch over his gaping maw. More and more tongue, long and pink and wet, came up out of his mouth in waves, and once he had what must have been a dozen inches of it fighting for space inside the wriggling vampire, the rest of it pressed against her pussy, and buried her clitoris.

Jen just sat there, literally sat on the dude's tongue as he fucked her with it, and stared down at her belly as a small distension flowed up it in waves. Triss had done that with her own tongue inside Jen before, but Sándor's was easily twice as thick and long, and Jen was reduced to nothing but a mewling kitten as the huge thing filled her up, and probably stretched her both deep and wide, as it curled and rolled like a wave machine. And each roll forced her to slide back and forth along the portion of his



tongue outside her and pressing against her clit, making sure the helpless Ventrue got every bit of her thoroughly tongue fucked.

Even if Jen had come into this cold and dry and thoroughly unaroused, she wouldn't have been able to stay like that long, not against this. But with Sándor's blood pumping through her, Triss and her girlfriend had come ready to skip the foreplay. Sándor had other ideas, and his tongue broke Jen in a matter of minutes.

Triss stared on as Sándor brought her in close enough she could see every detail, now dangling only a couple feet away from his head. Christ, she couldn't look away, eyes locked onto her girlfriend's huge tits rippling against her chest as she came, her stomach wriggling as she squirmed on his tongue, and holy fuck the rolling bulge that worked up her belly from her pubic bone up to her navel, and past it. That, was deep. That was very deep.

Sándor wasn't just eating her out to make sure she got to cum before they got to the good shit. He was literally stretching her, and prepping her. He pushed more tongue into her, and Jen's mewls turned into loud squeaks, before she melted back into her rolling rhythm as again the gargoyle fucked her with his tongue, forcing the bulge on her belly further and further up.

Satisfied, he lifted her up, and Triss stared at the lines of juices connecting his tongue to Jen's now thoroughly drenched slit. He took a moment, looking her up and down, as if considering if his new sex toy was ready, before he adjusted his grip on her. He set both girls down onto the arms of his throne, careful to make sure they didn't fall, and slid his hands down so he could hold them around the waist instead, like toys, or dolls.

He lowered Jen down, and slid her legs down his abs so her limp thighs slowly spread apart around the monster. And as she did, not even trying to resist the giant gargoyle's motion, he sat Jen on his abs, her legs spread around his titanic waist. And then he lifted her up a bit, lowered her ass between his thighs, and brought her back down again so she was sitting under his cocks, with the weight of the two huge things now resting on her stomach. All Jen could do was stare.

Triss could only do the same. She shivered as the juggernaut admired the sight of his two cocks sitting on Jen's body. He was measuring. With one hand holding Triss, and the other holding Jen, his other two hands were free to make adjustments and set the two huge lengths on Jen's stomach in a more straight line, and both girls gulped as it became obvious just how big the gargoyle was.

The smaller cock was, what, almost a foot long? And it was thicker than Jen's damn wrist. And the larger one was... larger. A little longer, and a little thicker.

Okay, maybe they had bit off more than they could chew.

Sándor took the smaller of the two cocks in one hand, and slowly lifted Jen. She didn't fight or protest, or even make a sound. She just stared up at the giant monster, and then at the two cocks leaving trails of precum on her stomach. The bigger one left a few drops of it just under her sternum.

The gargoyle lifted her up, and guided her dripping slit onto the head of the smaller cock.

"Sándor, I... I... nnnn!" Her voice disappeared in a harsh gasp, as the beast pulled her down toward the fat glans of his length, and her lips rubbed against it as they slowly spread apart. Juices trickled down over his girth, quickly drenching the tip as Sándor made sure to rub her pussy around it, almost like chalk on a pool cue. Only when the huge thing was dripping with her fluids, did he really start to pull her down toward him.

She outright squeaked when her pussy spread apart, and the huge glans slipped past her clenching muscles.

"Oh god... Oh... g-god..." She looked down at her body, and at the distension now pushing out from above her pubic bone. Before she could say anything else, the gargoyle pulled her down further, and she whimpered as she squirmed on his cock. So much thick meat filling her, slowly getting pushed into her, Triss just stared, awestruck by the sight of the bulge moving up her once flat belly.

Sándor's other, bigger cock rested on her stomach, and slid along her skin, up and up as the gargoyle sank the vampire onto his length. More drops of precum oozed from it, glistening her skin and trickling off the sides of her waist. His bigger cock reached higher, and higher, passing her navel before it finally came to a stop. But Sándor wasn't done. He gently lifted Jen off his cock a few inches, exposing slivers of her insides as her pussy squeezed him, before he sank her back down. When he hit the same depth, he waited a little, and then pulled her down a little further.

Jennifer moaned, and clutched onto the gargoyle's fingers as she stared at the bulge on her belly, and the larger cock sliding up along it. He did it again, lifted her a bit, and then lowered her back down. Once he hit the same depth, he took his time, ground her hips around a little, and pulled her down deeper. Each and every time, Jen's whole body quivered, and she groaned loud as fuck as Sándor gently stretched her deeper and deeper. And fucking deeper.

Even if the girls hadn't been out-of-their-minds horny on Begotten blood, the way Sándor worked Jen on his cock was fucking perfect. Jen melted like butter, and her hands squeezed on his fingers tighter as she started to shake. She was cumming. The gargoyle still had a couple inches to go, but Jen's body didn't feel like waiting, and she writhed on his length as more of her juices leaked out of her.

Sándor kept going, ignoring her whimpering mewls and trembling body, and he pushed another inch into her.

“Sl... slow... d... d...” She tried to lift her head, and probably beg for some mercy, but one look up at the giant gargoyle’s eyes was enough to strike her quiet. Triss risked a peek, too, and froze. The hunger in the gargoyle’s eyes was gigantic, and inhuman.

He continued the same motions, lifting her up a couple inches, and again, pulling her back toward him, even as her insides were probably clamping down like a vise, mid orgasm. She just kept sinking deeper onto him, bulge pushing past her navel and earning some desperate mewls from the vampire, before at last her spread lips finally hit the base of him, and her legs and ass rested on his pelvis and hips.

The larger cock on her stomach had pulled to the side a bit, bending under its own weight. Sándor used one of his hands to right it and set it on her body, and Jen stared down at its thick glans, as it rested just under her sternum and between her heavy, hanging breasts.

“Jen,” Triss said, “holy shit. You—shit!” The world turned upside down as Sándor lifted her up toward his face, and actually did turn her upside down.

Before she knew what was happening, she had her hands pressed against the gargoyle’s chest to keep her balance, as the giant spread her legs around his face. Jen and Triss shared a shocked expression, but it vanished in a blur and then shadow as Triss closed her eyes.

Something very hot, firm, wet, and strong, was rubbing against her asshole. It was huge. She managed to open her eyes and look back and up over her body, and down to her ass, where the gargoyle’s eyes sat above it, looking down at it as he rubbed his very, very, very long tongue against her, while he held her upside down over his jaw and chest.

He pushed it into her, and she squealed, just as loud as Jen. It was so damn thick, almost as thick as the cock splitting Jen open right beneath her, and Sándor wasted no time forcing more of the wriggling muscle into her ass. Inches on inches on inches, rolling over each other and creating waves of flesh that stretched her apart and filled her. The muscle pushed down toward her pussy and stomach as it went in, and she knew she had a bulge on her stomach, too.

Triss had no idea how much tongue he forced into her. A foot? Two? Fucking more? All she could do was wriggle there, half upside down, half doing a push-up against his chest, face aimed down at Jen, as the titan filled her up. She couldn’t think straight, not with the weird position, and definitely not

when Sándor lifted Jen up a few inches, and sank her back down balls deep on his cock right in front of Triss's eyes.

“W-Wait!” Jen said, eyes wide. “Wait, I’m still—nng!”

Mental note for the future, Triss. Sándor's Horror was not easily communicated with in the middle of sex. He lifted Jen up and sank her back down again, a slow rhythm that was more than enough to leave the girl a quivering mess considering how deep he was, and how thick he was. Her juices trickled down his length before disappearing underneath him, only for her pussy lips to flatten against his pelvis as he forced her down again, and she soaked him again.

Sándor pulled Triss in closer, and she gulped as she felt some of his huge fangs — thankfully not razor sharp — press against her big ass cheeks. The tongue pushed deeper, and she groaned as he rolled it, making it stretch her insides apart, before slipping further into her. And with unending consistency, he rolled the whole damn thing toward her pussy and belly like a fucking ocean wave, forcing a mountain of pressure against everything aching and swollen and begging for it inside her.

Her empty slit clenched down hard, and shot juices straight into the giant mouth filled with huge teeth. As pleasure tremors filled her, tingling waves that rolled up and down through her, she stared down at Jen, who was getting the fucking of her lifetime. It wasn't that Sándor was rough with her, he wasn't. But the dude was just so damn long and thick, a slow fucking was enough to have the girl grunting and groaning as she looked down at her body, and the giant cock between her rippling tits, coating them in precum.

The world shifted again, and Triss had to put her hands down against Sándor's literal fucking jaw, as the gargoyle pulled her up and into his mouth. Now she was almost sitting upright, the gargoyle's head tilted back, and he had both her thighs wrapped in one hand each, keeping her legs spread. He continued to masturbate with Jen's body, slow and steady, but it was clear it was Triss the monster had his mind on, because he pulled her down further and further into his mouth — damn thing could open real wide — as his tongue pushed deeper into her.

Fear shot through her. She was literally sitting in his mouth. He could have bitten down right then, and with how much he'd managed to fit her ass and pelvis between his jaws, it'd have split her into four pieces. That was fucking terrifying, and she managed to tear her eyes away from Jen long enough to look back over her shoulder, and down at the hungry eyes of the colossal creature.

He didn't have to say it, or communicate it. He liked that she was afraid of him, if only for that split moment. He was a monster of fear, literally, and he fed on fear, literally. And now with the heat of his breath, and the vibration of his quiet rumbles filling her up, that suddenly meant a lot more.

But he didn't bite down, and after a few seconds of panic, she knew he wouldn't. He wanted to scare her, just a little hopefully. It fucking worked. That sudden shock of fear had had her muscles clamping down hard, and in the new position, he'd pushed in more of his tongue anyway, past her squeezing entrance, and deep into her fucking guts.

She whimpered as her arms shook, and her body shivered as another climax hit her. Before she could fall forward and get a nasty gash from his teeth, his one free hand came up and pressed up on her shoulders, giving her something to relax against, and not obstruct the view of Jen. Her girlfriend stared up at her, body shaking, before her head fell back, and her body trembled, too.

Then Sándor rumbled. A deep rumble, with enough bass Triss's whole body buzzed with the vibration. A deep, heavy sound that flowed out and went into the walls. If a whale could purr, it'd sound like that.

Jen forced her head up, and she stared down at the huge cock resting between her tits, as a giant wave of white flowed out of it. It didn't squirt or gush, as if it was too heavy and thick for that. Instead, it came out as a massive, slow wave, and with Jen half sitting up in Sándor's hand, gravity caused the huge wave to gently splash between her tits, before flowing down over itself and her body. A moment later, a similar wave came flowing out of Jen's pussy, thick cum that took its sweet time pouring out of her before trickling down her thighs and Sándor's pelvis.

More, and more, and more. Sándor slowed his masturbation, and instead only gently moved Jen up and down a single inch, keeping her balls deep as he used her to milk his orgasm. She managed to lift her hands and set them onto the base of the huge cock sitting on her, and she even found enough energy to gently stroke it. The rumble her hands pulled out of Sándor was enough to have Triss's insides vibrating like a living... vibrator. More and more cum flowed out of him, heavy globs of it, each so thick it only slowly fell from Jen's body, leaving thick trails of the fluid on her skin.

How Jen managed to pull herself out of her own pleasure to think up new kinky shit to do to the giant monster fucking her, Triss had no idea. But she did. Jen leaned forward slightly, and with both hands, pressed her big tits together against the head of the giant cock coating her chest, neck, and stomach in buckets of cum. Again, Sándor rumbled pleasure, and gently lifted Jen up so he could masturbate with her body a little faster, and at the same time, rub the head of his bigger cock against her tits where she pushed them together for him.

It went on for a while. How long did it take a normal dude to finish coming? Ten seconds, if that? Sándor went on for at least a whole fucking minute of just drenching Jen in slow, heavy, thick waves of

cum, before it finally came to a stop. The girl now looked like she was wearing a white robe from the neck down.

Triss whimpered as a weird pulling sensation filled her, and Sándor lifted her up out of his mouth, pulling his tongue out at the same time.

“Jesus christ,” she said. “Jen, you okay?”

Jen nodded slowly, her two hands now resting against the base of the big cock sitting on her white stomach. Her pussy was drowning in a pool of white cum, completely hidden from view.

“Y-Yeah.”

“I—” She gulped as Sándor turned her around as he lowered her down. Uh oh. “Um, Sándor? Jen’s—”

She outright squeaked when Sándor lowered her in the exact same way he had Jen, with her facing him, legs dragging down his abs until they spread around his waist. One of his free hands took the bigger, drenched cock sitting on Jen, and pointed it upright.

“You’ve got to be kidding me, right? ‘Cause, I mean, I don’t think—”

Sándor rumbled, eyes staring down at her with that weird mixture of a stern statue face, and obvious animal hunger, as he pushed her down against the head of his cock. He rubbed the soaked thing against her pussy a few times, its tip thicker than her own fist, before he lowered it down a bit, and pressed it against her already thoroughly stretched, drenched asshole.

“Sándor! Holy shit dude, can you... oh... fuck...” She stared down at the giant slab of abs, and the absolutely massive, cum-soaked cock thicker than her fucking arm, slowly pushing its way into her body. The soaked tip pushed her ass apart, so much more than his tongue did, and Triss held onto his fingers for dear life as the huge thing pressed against her, and spread her open.

The titan licked his lips, and pushed her down. Triss let out the most embarrassing, pathetic squeak she’d ever made, as the giant cock’s tip slipped past her clenching asshole, and into her body.

“Jesus... fucking... christ...” She held on for dear life as Sándor put her through the same treatment he had Jen. Slowly, with the most absurd patience she’d ever seen, the gargoyle sank her ass down onto his cock, forcing two inches past her clenching ring of muscle before lifting her a single inch, then doing it again. The fucker was so damn thick, each inch was pressure she felt against her pussy through the wall of flesh separating it from his cock.

One of his hands took her right thigh, and the hand holding her waist took her left thigh instead. With one of his hands behind Jen and keeping the girl where she was, resting back against his palm and balls deep on his cock, Triss's back now rested against the girl's breasts. And his other two hands were free to hold Triss's legs and keep pulling her down, giant grip encasing each thigh so completely her legs borderline disappeared.

It also meant he wasn't holding her waist or torso anymore, leaving her free to look down, and stare at the bulge moving up her abs.

Triss tried to say something, maybe ask Jen for a reality check that this was really happening. All she managed was pants and groans, as Sándor sank her deep. The bulge pushed higher, slipping up to her navel, and past it, as the giant beast eased her down and down. Once she was low enough, her ass pressed against Jen's pelvis, but Sándor kept pulling her down anyway, and Jen's legs spread far apart to make room for Triss's ass as she sank deeper.

So. Damn. Thick. His cock filled her with heat, its malleable texture bending slightly to fit her god damn guts, and giving her squeezing muscles a little leeway to work with. But even being a bit bendy didn't change that the cock was thicker than her forearm, and longer. And he was determined to get every inch into her. Deeper, deeper, until the distension on her once flat stomach reached way past her navel, and got closer and closer to her sternum.

Finally, Triss's ass pressed against the beast's pelvis, squashed snug between Jen's thighs and right up against her pelvis. Every inch of the fucker was inside her, filling her, making her gasp—and quickly realize it'd gotten harder to even breathe with so much meat inside her. Thank god she didn't need to breathe, but still, how fucking deep was he?

She stared down at the bulge along her stomach, and the tip of it that almost nudged against her sternum, showing where most of the cock was pressing up into her.

“Oh... god...,” she said. “Jen... I, I um...”

Jen reached around her, and hugged her tight, squashing her heavy wet tits against her back as her hands roamed Triss's body. One hand reached down, and teased along her inner thigh just above Sándor's finger, while the other pressed against her belly.

“Oh my god,” Jen said, in the same tone as Triss. Her hand slid up higher and higher, squeezing and pressing on the distension, and earning some rumbling purrs from Sándor that had both girls quivering. Jen couldn't see much, trapped behind Triss like she was, so she let her fingers see for her,

prodding and pressing, until they reached up to Triss's breasts, and the bulge just underneath them. "Oh. My. God."

"Christ, I... I—nnng!"

With another deep, rumbling purr of pleasure, Sándor lifted Jen and Triss both up at the same time, gently working a few inches of length out of them, before he eased them back down again. Triss's clenching asshole squeezed for all it was worth, but everything was dripping wet. All she managed to do was make the gargoyle rumble more, and fill both girls with enough vibration buzzing through their insides they were both whimpering.

Triss expected Jen to start fingering her, or play with her clit, or squeeze her tits, or anything. Nope. Jen was reduced to putty faster than Triss was, and she hugged her tight, wrapping her arms around her and holding on for dear life from behind, as Sándor fucked them both.

"Sán... dor..." Triss reached out and pressed down on the behemoth abs in front of her. "W...Wa... W..." No good, she couldn't get the words to come out. All she could do was quiver in Jen's hug and Sándor's grip, as the beast gently bounced them on his cocks.

And then not so gently. He lifted them at least six inches off his lengths, before he sank them back down. Triss pushed down on his abs, trying to slow him down a bit as he picked up speed, but the gargoyle found his new, slow-but-not-too-slow rhythm, and was determined to stick to it. Again and again, he lifted them off his cocks, two dolls in his hands, and sank them back down until he'd made sure every inch was buried inside them.

Jen clutched Triss tight, and writhed. Triss would have said something if she could, ask Sándor to slow down if he could, give Jen a break since the girl was clearly cumming and cumming hard, while the gargoyle made no signs of stopping. She wasn't much better off. The constant, wet, delicious friction against her sensitive ass, combined with the ridiculous girth of his cock pressing against every inch of her pussy and then some, was too damn much. She came too, and squeezed on Sándor's fingers as her empty slit clenched hard, and shot juices straight down onto his pelvis hard enough it splashed up onto his abs.

Sándor looked pleased. He licked his teeth, rumbled some more, and turned Triss around.

"Sándor!" Fucking finally, he'd slowed down enough she could say something. "Dude, we're... we're..." The look on Jen's face as Triss was turned to face her, both her legs now hooked over Jen's hips, shut her up. Jen's eyes were glazed over, half closed, mouth parted slightly, and she had a half smile on, the sort she sometimes got when she was really, really into the sex zone. There wasn't a single



thought going through that Ventrue's mind anymore, just sex, bliss, and a clenching pussy drenching the huge cock stretching her to her limits.

Before Triss could look away from Jen's gorgeous, sex-coma face and cum-soaked body, Sándor bounced them again, earning some instant kitten mewls from the Ventrue. She reached out, wrapped her arms around Triss again, and hugged her close, squashing their breasts together and coating Triss in the warm, white cum from earlier.

Triss hugged her back, slipping her arms in between Jen's back and Sándor's palm. She managed to peek behind her up at the gargoyle, just long enough to see his hungry eyes locked onto her ass, before she melted against Jen and let her head lull over her girlfriend's shoulder. Squashed together with her legs hooked over Jen's hips, her pussy rubbed against Jen's pelvis, coating it in her juices.

Jesus christ, Triss could actually feel the bulge on Jen's stomach press against the one on her own stomach. So much meat, filling her until she was ready to explode. She squeezed Jen close, and held on tight as the giant beast found a faster rhythm, and bounced them on his cocks while he sat back on his throne, enjoying himself. Faster, harder, hard enough Triss's ass rippled with each bounce, and Jen's tits jiggled despite being pressed against hers. Flowing flesh, squirming and wriggling, as Sándor masturbated with their bodies.

Jen's thighs were soon drenched in a new coating of juices, almost all of it Triss's, and plenty of it hers. They held on, whimpering into each other's ear as the giant rumbled with pleasure. He got a little faster, and a little faster, his quiet deep rumbles getting louder as he bounced them harder, lifting them higher until the beast was pulling at least eight inches of his lengths out of them, before pulling them both back down balls deep. All they could do was hold on, and tremble.

Her girlfriend clutched her hard before desperately patting Triss's back several times. She was trying to say something.

"Sándor!" Oh thank fuck, Triss found enough air to say his name between the bounces that had her squeaking like a chew toy, his cock literally knocking the wind out of her.

He stopped. Both girls clutched each other as they shivered, legs shaking, toes curling, slowly coming down from their orgasm high as Sándor let them simply sit there on his cocks.

"I think..." Jen's hugging arms relaxed, and she let them go limp into the giant palm behind her. "I think... I'm gonna tap out."

"Wuss," Triss whispered, and she gave her girlfriend a quick kiss. "Sándor, can you..."

The gargoyle, with two hands still holding Triss's thighs, used his other two hands to gently lift Jen off his cock. It was fucking glorious. Triss stared, gulping as she watched Jen's tight pussy clench on the huge thing on the way out, a bit of her insides coming out with her, just slivers of pink pussy flesh exposing themselves before the huge, cum-drenched log came free.

Jen wasn't off the hook. Sándor held her between his legs, half dangling half standing, holding both her hands up overhead so she didn't collapse. He pulled her in close, and with how thick and kinda malleable his now free cock was, it hung forward toward her. Maybe in another situation, Triss coulda grabbed it and massaged it or something, like Jen had done with the bigger cock before. But Sándor had other ideas. He brought Jen in closer until her chest pressed up against it, and the huge cock nestled in between her big tits.

He lifted Triss up, and sank her back down again, forcing another squeak out of her as the giant slab of meat filling her insides pressed deep enough it made her head spin. Triss looked back at the creature, and he licked his fangs as he stared at her and her ass, before he peeked his head to the side a bit to make sure Jen was lined up with his other cock. It was.

It didn't take long. Sándor bounced Triss for maybe two more minutes, earning a few pathetic whimpers from her she doubted she'd ever made in her life, as his cock stretched her apart. And each stroke meant the other cock resting between Jen's breasts shifted gently between her soft, cum-drenched tits. And with her so close, between Sándor's and Triss's legs and looking up at her, both girls stared into each other's eyes as Triss again clenched down hard, and squirted juices straight onto the cock in front of her, fucking Jen's tits.

Sándor slowed down, and the world slowed down with it, as the first gush of his cum poured into Triss's insides. She blinked, looked back at the gargoyle and his subtle, satisfied smile, before looking back down at Jen. Sure enough, more of the heavy globs of white cum oozed from the huge thing on her body, and with his glans against her neck, this time it poured out and over her shoulders, the tops of her breasts, and down over every inch of her body below the chin.

That much cum was pouring into Triss's guts. She stared at the holy mess her girlfriend was getting drenched in, for the second time, before looking down at her distended belly, and the growing bulge there. Both girls stared, and both girls groaned at the way it shifted slightly with the obvious waves of warm, white cum filling her up. He was literally pumping her insides full of his juices.

Just like last time, his orgasm lasted ages. Buckets of fluid, just, pouring into her, until she was wriggling and squirming with how much of it flowed from her ass and around her thighs, but still went deeper into her. This was insane. She clenched on the fingers holding her legs, and a hard shiver pulsed

through her as Sándor worked her back and forth a few times, making her milk more cum out of him with muscle spasms.

“Sándor,” Jen said. “I think I can stand on my own now.”

The beast, nearing the end of his orgasm, nodded as he let her go, and set his other two hands casually on the arms of his throne. If Triss didn't know any better, she'd think this was a perfectly normal day for this gargoyle, leaning back in his throne while turning a fucking gorgeous vampire into a cock sleeve he could pump full of cum until she popped.

Now on her own two feet between the gargoyle's legs, her now white body almost up against the throne, Jen took the cock between her breasts into both hands, and gently worked its length with a milking grip. More cum flowed onto her until it literally dripped off her hard nipples and down into a pool of white around her feet.

“Sándor,” she said, eyeing Triss evilly. “Want to lift Triss up? Just a little ways? I want to try something.”

Uh oh.

“Jen, don't you dare. My insides are thoroughly tenderized and I feel like I'm about to explode. If you—” Her voice vanished under another pathetic little mewl, as Sándor did as Jen asked, and lifted her up and up until her empty slit was on display for the Ventrue.

Jen licked her lips as she stared at Triss's pussy, and guided the huge cock in her hands toward it.

“Jen! I'm warning you, if you—” Oh fuck.

Jen pressed the huge, swollen head of the giant cock against Triss's dripping slit, and rubbed it against her clenching hole. She wasn't gentle. She pushed against it, half guiding it, half forcing its fat tip against her pussy.

Sándor lowered Triss down, and Jen made sure the huge cock stayed where it was, jammed right up and under her cunt. Her clenching muscles gave way, and the monstrous thing slipped inside her.

She tried to say something. Beg for mercy? Something, anything. But the friction and pressure of Sándor's second cock filling her up ripped the wind out of her. She stared down at her body, panting, mouth hanging open, as Sándor gently eased her down, sinking both his cocks into her holes. And as one cock pushed up into her ass until he was practically in her cum-filled guts, the other spread her tiny cunt wide, and deep, stretching her pussy inward as the head of his warm dick pressed against her deepspot.

When her insides gave some resistance, Sándor slowed down but didn't stop, content to grind her around and around, rubbing his glans against her deepest place, until her aching muscles stretched more to fit him. Triss couldn't do a damn fucking thing but stare, eyes locked onto her stomach, and the huge bulge pushing up along her abs. It wasn't subtle. It was a big, fucking, bulge, showing a second cock wearing her pussy like a sleeve, and another behind it, pushing up through her insides.

Sándor pulled her down more, until she thought she'd pop. No room left inside her, not an inch. She couldn't even bend anymore. She sat there in the beast's hands, and went limp as the gargoyle sank her down until her little slit's lips found the base of him. Balls deep.

"Oh my god," Jen said, and she put both her hands on Triss's stomach. "Oh... my god..."

Triss tried to say something, but getting enough air into her lungs was too damn hard. Either she let it go as a weak little whimper or pant, or an attempt to take a proper breath was cut short by the pressure filling her.

Jen's massaging hands slid up the bulge on her stomach, up to where it stopped a few inches above her belly button. And higher above that, the other bulge behind it, going even higher and almost hitting Triss in her sternum. So deep Triss could feel its malleable shape bend — just slightly — to fit her insides. Triss stared down at her body and Jen's hands, just as shocked, just as frozen.

And then Jen slid her hands down and down, and cupped the giant monster's soaked testicles in her palms. Enormous, heavy things, coated in everyone's cum and dripping the warm fluids everywhere. She giggled a couple times as she experimented, lifting them up and down in various patterns, before she grinned up at Triss, leaned in, and put a heavy, hard kiss on her clit.

Too much, too fucking much. Triss again let out the weakest, most girly sound she'd ever made, kitten mewls they could barely hear over Sándor's breathing, as the shock of Jen's kiss sent electric bliss through her whole body. Sándor took it as a sign, and he ground Triss around a few more times, trying to fit more cock into her despite every inch of his lengths already rearranging her insides.

Triss's muscles clenched hard. With her pussy stuffed to its limit, she couldn't squirt out her juices with force like usual, but that didn't mean they didn't come out of her anyway, trickling like a tiny waterfall down over the giant testicles underneath her. Jen's giggles turned into moans, and her hands slid up to massage the giant bulge on Triss's belly, while her eyes stared down at the mess Triss made.

Sándor rumbled, deep, powerful, and with one hand still on each of Triss's thighs, holding her spread open like a toy, he lifted her up half of his length, and sank her back down.

“Fuuu—” The wind got knocked out of her again once the beast pushed her balls deep, and she whimpered with the final bits of air before they were gone. Sándor wasn’t gentle; not super rough, but not gentle either. He bounced her, hard enough her small tits bounced too, and she stared down at her body and the giant bulge on her stomach as long as she could before her eyes drifted closed.

A gargoyle over twice as tall as her, was masturbating with her body, and forcing two gigantic cocks into her insides. Holy fuck. It was surreal, and for a second, she thought she was dreaming, but the vibration of Sándor’s rumbles buzzing through her body yanked her back to reality.

Her eyes opened when he stood up.

“Sándor?” Jen asked.

Sándor stepped over Jen, clear over her fucking head, before he turned around, and with one of his free hands, picked Jen up and sat her down on the giant throne instead. Before she could ask what he was doing, Sándor squatted down in front of the throne, facing it, and lowered Triss down onto Jen’s body.

Jen lay back on the huge throne, looking up at Triss, confused, but her eyes went wide as she looked up at the gargoyle now looming over her, like a monster ready to pounce. She gulped as Sándor leaned over the two of them, and they disappeared under shadow as the titan spread his wings. With two hands still holding Triss, his other two each took an arm of the throne, and he hunched over the two vampires as he held Triss in place against Jen’s lying body, and fucked Triss more.

He didn’t lift her up and down anymore like a sex toy. He held her in place, pinned her against Jen’s chest, and fucked her, like a beast. He pulled his hips back and thrust into her, and the world disappeared as the monster again sank his cocks balls deep into Triss’s pussy and guts.

Sándor roared. Not a rumble or a purr, or a grumble or anything quiet. He fucking roared, more than loud enough Triss’s whole body clenched hard, and Jen’s eyes widened again. Scary. The gargoyle was fucking scary. And exhilarating. His voice rumbled throughout the huge stone hallway, and echoed in the aftermath as the monster thrust into Triss again and again.

He could have fucked her hard enough to literally break her, but he didn’t. If it’d been just the Horror, it probably would have, but Sándor kept the pace reasonable, by giant monster standards. His heavy, soaked testicles gently slapped against Triss’s thighs as the titan found a consistent rhythm, pulling his hips back before thrusting them into her, working over half his length in and out of her with each stroke. All Triss could do was let out a tiny squeak with each thrust, and go limp, body lying on Jen’s, while Jen hugged onto her tight.

Triss came again, and it didn't stop Sándor. The beast probably didn't even notice. He kept thrusting, giant cocks pushing past Triss's clenching muscles until his testicles were slapping her newly soaked thighs harder, and splashing everything with her juices. She could feel him, stretching her apart, huge girths forcing her stomach to bulge and press into Jen's. She could feel the distension slide up and down her abs with each thrust. And she could feel the heat of his cum, when he finally slowed down, buried himself balls deep inside her, and came again.

"Oh... ffffuck..." Triss went limp, and went into lala land. Electric pulses worked up and down her body, from her nipples stabbing into Jen's soft tits, to her curling toes under her dangling legs hanging off the front of the throne. Her cum dripped from her toes, but that was just tiny drops compared to the copious warm flood of cum that flowed down her thighs now. Thick, heavy, hot, white cum that oozed from both of her holes.

Some of it managed to swell places in her pussy she had no fucking idea Sándor could reach, so much cum flowed into her cunt she felt it, going deep into her and filling her womb.

But it was the cum gushing into her guts that had her shivering. Most of the cum he shot into her slit squirted out of her, but most of the fluid he poured into her ass flowed into her insides, and she held onto Jen as her belly swelled.

"W... Warm," Triss said, voice a shaking mess, and an octave higher than usual. She could barely breathe before, and now with Sándor filling her up, it was almost pointless to try.

She lay there, letting her boyfriend fill her with cum, as Sándor slowed down to nothing. He went quiet. The girls went quiet. No one moved as Sándor simply held Triss balls deep on his cocks, and gently ground his massive weight against her tiny body, making sure she milked more cum out of him. She did, whether she wanted to or not, body trembling and squeezing.

An eternity later, Sándor pulled out, and Triss managed to relax as all that cum flowed out of her. She kissed Jen's neck, and Jen kissed her back, as the orgasm aftershocks tingled up and down her cum-soaked thighs still pouring with new waves of the white fluid.

But finally, it stopped, and with a few more minutes to recover, Triss found enough energy to push herself off Jen, and sit beside her. The throne was more than big enough for both girls to sit, legs dangling. And a glance down showed a literal pool of cum at the throne's base. Fucking christ.

Sándor got down on a knee in front of them.

"Are you alright?" he asked.

Triss laughed, and with a shaky hand, reached out and touched the man's huge, handsome face. She pulled on his hard jaw, got him closer, and gave him a kiss. Hard to kiss something this big, but she tried.

"Y-Yeah, I am... I think. Jesus christ, you really just... went to town me."

"I've been wanting to do that to the both of you... for a long time," he said.

"Really?" Jen asked.

He nodded, grinning. "Many fantasies. I wasn't sure if you could... manage me, but you did. I am... very satisfied."

Holy shit her boyfriend had been fantasizing about fucking her and Jen as a giant monster all this time? Fucking. Awesome.

"We can... do some more," Triss said. "Later, maybe? More fantasies? I know there are things Jen wants to try."

Jen put up a hand. "Of course!"

"But," Triss said, "there's things I want to try too. Lots of... different things."

Sándor's grin softened. "You are welcome to stay in my lair whenever you want. I will make sure my Horror's hunger will not be an issue."

A new jolt of tingles worked through Triss's insides, for a different reason, this time with some butterflies in the stomach, too. Moving in with Sándor? That was... exciting, and for more reasons than just the inevitable amount of monster fucking there'd be.

But that was a good reason, too.