~~Beatrice~~

One month after the incident.

“She still hasn’t retrieved the book,” Jennifer said.

“Yeah, well, she might, might not. Doesn’t mean I’m gonna stop.”

Sighing, Jennifer nodded, and stepped up to her side. The two of them stood in the cave on the outskirts of Dolareido, where Elen dangled over Jacob’s ritual bowl, helpless. It was almost frustrating how the old woman didn’t seem to mind or care, frustrating and scary. Vampire immortality could be a pain in the ass, what with the Beast being a constant concern, the crazy torpor dreams, the ever growing blood lust, being made of tinder, and the worst, never being able to experience the sun again. Triss would happily accept all that, and even her shitty Nos deformities, if it meant she didn’t have to experience whatever Elen’s cursed immortality was.

If being a vampire was considered a curse, the fuck had happened to this witch? Christ, shit was fucking terrifying. Beatrice fiddled with dark magics and shit regularly now. How long before she stumbled onto a ritual that fucked her over like Elen? Maybe like, a vampire that was immune to fire and sunlight, but couldn’t feed anymore? She’d just get hungrier and hungrier, until all that remained was the Beast, raging inside her, demanding blood that it just couldn’t get. And Triss would be trapped in that hell, never able to quench her thirst, and never able to take control of her body from the Beast to at least kill herself.

Yeap, she had to be careful. Jacob told her a few horror stories already about some witches that attempted to make themselves stronger with some nasty dark deals. Crúac wasn’t like a vampire Disciplines, which called on the vampire’s vitae. Crúac was using vitae to reach out and touch something, something out there in the endlessness that surrounded them, and then that something responded to the intentions and desires of the witch that started the ritual. A third party. She had to respect that third party, whatever it was, because it didn’t always play nice.

Triss gave the old woman a small push on the leg, and she swung gently, not saying a word.

“If there’s anyone this could work for,” Jen said, “it’s Samantha. Her daughter…”

Nodding, Triss stepped deeper into the cave, and squatted in front of one of their failures. “Assuming it’s her daughter. Could be a shadow of her.”

“I suppose.”

“It’s not as if I know how ghosts work. But, even if it’s a shadow of her, if we put her in a working body, does it matter?”

A glance back showed Jen shaking her head.

“I can’t imagine it’d go very well. Have you not read Pet Sematary?”

Triss shivered, and covered the failure with a blanket. She had read Pet Sematary. Not a night went by she didn’t think about Julias coming back wrong, and cutting off her head or something.

“I’m not some grief-stricken dad, Jen. I’m a witch. You’re a witch. Jacob’s a witch. Hell, she’s a witch.” She gestured to the old woman dangling. “We’re not doing this blind.”

“No, but we are trusting this woman to do what we want.”

“Trusting? Black Blood’s been forcing her.” Sighing, Triss squatted down by another failure, the most recent one. A step in the right direction, but if the public saw it, they’d be outside with pitchforks, calling her Doctor Frankenstein.

“And you trust Black Blood?”

Triss laughed. No way she couldn’t with a question like that. “You know I don’t. But I trust Jacob.”

Jen raised a brow. “No you don’t.”

“No, I don’t, not completely, but I trust him enough. Hell, even if he’s fucking with me, he’s not gonna work against me, Jen. This could help him, too.”

“Minerva’s been dead for decades, Triss. He’s moved on. He’s got a girlfriend.”

Triss pulled the blanket over the latest failure, and rejoined her friend near Elen. Elen’s crazy magic prevented the corpses from rotting somehow, so they didn’t have to worry about flies or the smell. Even better, they got to reuse the parts, which was pretty much the nastiest thing Triss figured she’d ever do, ever, in her second life. But she did it.

“Yeah, I know. And that girlfriend of his really wants her daughter back.”

“So Jacob will help us, to help Samantha.” Jen sighed and nodded. “It would be nice. Every time I look at her, she seems happy, but you can see the horrible sadness underneath it.”

Silence hit them, and they let it sit for a bit. No need to say it. Triss and Sam had that sadness in common.

But fuck that depression shit. She was getting closer. Every night, she and Black Blood and the brain dead bitch got closer.

“You’re right,” Triss said, “but she’s been recovering, too. And hell, you saw her last night.”

Jen and Triss both sighed dreamily. Yeah, Jacob had fucked Samantha in the middle of the cave where everyone could see. Othello had been in the entrance of his alcove, fucking Madison’s ass like usual, and Samantha had apparently spent a couple seconds too long gawking. So Jacob grabbed her, stripped her, handcuffed her hands behind her, and fucked her standing. Which of course led to fucking her on her knees, when she couldn’t stand anymore. It was so good, even Aaron stopped reading to take a peek.

Jennifer laughed, and cradled her cheek with a palm. “Her crush on Othello only grows.”

“Don’t think I don’t know you had something to do with that.”

Jen daintily pressed one of her hands against her chest, and she gasped. “Whatever do you mean?”

“Ha! She told me you told her stories about the things you and Othello used to do, sharing ghouls and stuff.”

Her friend chuckled and shrugged. “I was merely explaining to her that, despite his obvious anal fetish, Othello is a talented lover who pleases his ghouls immensely, especially Madison.”

Triss snorted on a laugh. Far as she knew, Jen had never slept with Othello, but they’d done basically everything else with a ghoul or three between them, back in the day before Jen and Triss were a thing.

“If Jacob were any other dude, you know he’d be super jealous of Othello, with the way Samantha looks at him.”

“But not Jacob. The man is…”

Triss grinned and dragged a claw along some of her teeth. “So confident and secure in himself, it’s fucking hot.”

Yeap, Jacob was hot. Triss had never thought of him like that before, but after seeing him with Samantha, she couldn’t not think of him like that. The fledgling Daeva had completely changed Triss’s mind about the man’s appeal. The salt and pepper hair, the ripped, lean body, the sheer ridiculous confidence, it was too damn good.

She’d never fuck him. No way she could picture herself doing that, not after everything they’d been through, but that didn’t mean she couldn’t appreciate his hotness, and enjoy it by proxy with Samantha.

Jen laughed. “I was going to say talented and open-minded. Samantha is certainly satisfied, sexually speaking, and considering how relaxed and playful Jacob is—”

“Sexually speaking.”

Jen’s grin only grew. “Sexually speaking, I imagine Samantha will be seeing more of Othello, from much closer.”

Yeap, that was definitely a possibility. Othello had been in the circle for forever, and him and Jacob had an easygoing friendship. If Samantha had a problem with Othello, Jacob wouldn’t push her, but it was obvious the girl had a thing for the big guy. And for Madison. And for Triss and Jen, for that matter.

“Alright, pinky swear time,” Triss said, and she held out a hand to Jen.

“Over?”

“Over Samantha. If, for whatever reason, we find ourselves naked and with Samantha on us, or you know, vice versa, I pinky swear to… to um… Fuck, I don’t know. You set the limits.”

“Oh, I understand.” Jen stepped in closer, and put her hands on Triss’s hips. So much for pinky swearing. “She’ll never be what you are to me, Triss, but if you’re comfortable with it, I wouldn’t mind getting to touch the Daeva a bit.”

“Touching. Ok, sure, touching is acceptable. But no kissing.”

“Assuredly not! Jacob won’t let Othello kiss her, or us, and I would never. Kissing is…” She leaned in, and kissed Triss, nice and slow. Which was pretty strange, considering they were in a cave with corpses and an old witch for a prisoner, but they’d been at this for months now. “Kissing is intimate.”

“Very intimate,” Triss said, nodding, and returned the kiss. “Well, kissing on the mouth. Kissing other body parts should be fine, right?”

“Right, of course.”

They laughed. This was silly, and dumb, and kind of exciting. Samantha’s attitude was just so damn contagious. She really got into things, and rode whatever wavelength the room had going. Definitely not Jack, and yet, had a bit of Jack in her, something that got everyone relaxed, disarmed, and feeling more open and stuff.

No wonder Jacob was into her. Elders were ancient, and all Kindred pretty much universally agreed elders were kinda fucked in the head, too. Being super old could do that, but it was also cause elders took long torpors when their blood lust got out of control. Decades of sleeping, crazy torpor dreams, yeah, that shit did strange things to their minds. So if the crazy elders found some Kindred that managed to spark something in them, made them feel happy, those Kindred were special. Jack was special, and apparently so was his mom.

She was also gorgeous, and very fuckable. The lean but soft body, the handful breasts, the cougar hips and ass, the wavy brown hair to her ears and shoulders, the green eyes. No wonder Jacob couldn’t keep his hands off her. The squeals and mewls, the ‘oh please don’t oh pretty please’ doe eyes she gave, despite obviously boiling with horniness, it’d drive any Kindred to the brink.

Jen was obviously thinking the same thoughts, and they grinned at each other before kissing again.

And then reality came snapping back, and Triss stepped away as she looked around. Room full of corpses. Right, not the time to be thinking about sex.

“We—”

Feet on stone shut her up, and both vampires turned to the entrance of the cave as people approached. People? Jacob coming made sense, if he was gonna pay a visit, but Othello and Aaron didn’t visit; preferred to leave her to it and not interfere. Then who the fuck?

A pale man stuck his head in first.

“Aaron?” she said. “Um, the fuck?”

Aaron stepped into the cave, wearing a small frown. The Gangrel sighed, shaking his head, and gestured to the man walking in behind him. Triss figured it’d be Othello, but her Beast said otherwise. Othello was a hundred-year-old Daeva, and her Beast would instantly recognize the older vampire’s aura. This aura wasn’t his, but whoever the fuck it was, it was big.

“Sándor!” Jennifer said, and she let out a little purr as she dragged a single finger along her collar. “What a wonderful surprise.”

The man met Jen’s gaze, cold and neutral, and he stepped deeper into the cave.

“Sorry Triss,” Aaron said. “Sándor here ran into me, and insisted.”

“Insisted?” Triss asked. “You mean forced you to show him the location of this cave?”

Her friend sighed and nodded. “Yes.”

“That seems hardly necessary,” Jen said, getting a little closer to the Begotten. “You could have just asked.”

Sándor shook his head. “If I’d done that, you would have brought me elsewhere. Or covered up this.” He waved a hand to Elen, still dangling from the hook Jacob had hooked her onto all those months ago, and to the several corpses in the back of the cave covered by blankets.

Beatrice blinked at him, then at Jen, then back at him. “Aaron, you can go.”

“You sure? If you need—”

“We’ll be fine.”

Aaron glanced between her and Jen a few times, double checking, but after Sándor stepped aside, the Gangrel nodded, and left. Which left the two vampires alone with the crazy strong Begotten, in a room that might as well have been a set for a horror movie.

“Kinda getting some judgmental vibes, Sándor,” Triss said. “Gonna be honest with you up front, so maybe we can skip some bullshit. I don’t really care what you have to say about any of this.”

As usual, the man’s face showed nothing. The stoic thing could be really sexy sometimes, especially on a dude like Sándor who’d obviously earned it, but right now, it was very much not. Right now it made her want to punch him.

Sándor stepped forward, and walked around Elen, slow steps with hands on his jean pockets. “She’s catatonic?”

“She gets like that sometimes,” Triss said, shrugging. “I got ways of making her talk.” Or rather, Black Blood did, but not like she was gonna tell him that.

The man stopped by the corpses, and like he’d been practicing his poker face his whole life, his expression stayed neutral. He knew they were bodies, cause Triss didn’t bother trying to hide their shapes, just cover them up so they didn’t creep her out so much. No one liked seeing half-mangled faces crossed with the faces of other people.

“This woman… has caused me a lot of pain.” He looked at the dangling flesh witch, and a crack of a frown broke his stone face.

“Yeah, and I get that you—”

He shook his head. “She was a tool. The wielder is dead. Still, looking at her, I…” Sighing, he grabbed one of his shoulders and rotated it a few times. Nervous twitch? “The curse she used on me was powerful, and intricate. I’m worried about someone else using her to do it again, or similar binding rituals on other paranormals.”

“Well, don’t worry, I’m not using her to cast any curses.”

“And Jacob?”

“Jacob’s dumped her on my lap. He’s…” Groaning, she stepped up to Sándor and gave him a gentle shove on the chest, enough to force him to take a step back from the prisoner. “He’s not involved. This is all on me.”

He raised a brow, and looked past her at Jen.

The Ventrue smiled and shrugged. “I’m moral support.”

Triss smiled at her. Yeah, moral support. Sounded dumb, until anyone thought about it for more than two seconds. Damn right she needed some fucking moral support.

Sándor didn’t laugh, or smirk, not even a chuckle; he understood. He nodded, and looked back at the old woman.

“I’m not sure how useful she’ll be to you without her tools.”

“Well, Prince has all the tools, so we’re making do.” For now.

He looked at the bodies, again without a frown or anything. “Any progress?”

She tilted her head as she eyed him. The ole stink eye, to see if he’d react. But Sándor’s poker face was perfect, and he looked between her and the corpses as he waited for her answer.

“A little. That’s why we’re reusing some bodies. We only kill kine who deserve it, but even with how big Dolareido is, it’s not like we can just burn through hundreds of assholes.”

“A struggle all Begotten understand. The more we hunt, the more nightmares we spread, the greater chance a… hero, like Jeremiah, finds us.” He stared up at the dangling old woman for a while, before another frown managed to pierce his poker face. “I could help.”

Ok, talk about a one-eighty.

“Uh, you didn’t sound like you wanted to help a second ago.”

“You’re committed. I’ll tell you about Elen, what I’ve seen her do, and what she did to me. If you want.”

She eyed him some more, squinting one eye and scanning. Lying? Not lying? He had a great poker face, or maybe that was just his resting gargoyle face. Either way, unless Samantha pulled through and got her hands on that book, Triss was forced to crawl, when a little more info, a little help, could turn that into a walk or run.

“That sounds like a painful discussion,” Jennifer said. “Are you sure?”

“I am, and it will be painful. But, there is an ancient tradition men and women use to defeat painful memories,” he said. The two vampires looked at each other, eyebrow raised, before blinking at him. And, holy shit, the man managed a small smile. “Alcohol.”

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Jennifer suggested Bloodlust. Beatrice suggested her old catacombs. Sándor went with the catacombs.

“South Hill Cemetery,” Triss said, and she sighed a classic, nostalgic sorta sigh as she gestured around. “For two fucking decades, I used this catacomb as my hangout spot. Nearby kine thought it was haunted.”

“Twenty years,” he said, vodka in one hand, candle in the other. “Long time.”

“If I’d known,” Jen said, “that she just needed someone to come along and be nice to her, I would have have.”

“Yeah well, I was a bitch, and didn’t want anyone’s help.” She took them down a level where it was dark, and she sat down in her usual corner. Fuck, been months since she’d sat in this corner, back when she learned Julias died. “Don’t… don’t suppose there’s anyway I can get drunk?”

“If only.” Jennifer sighed, and sat down next to her, close enough to touch knees. With the two of them in jeans and t-shirts, it wasn’t a problem to sit in dirt and dust, and they got cozy with their backs against the shelves of coffins. A few skulls sat around, exposed and sitting pretty on the shelves next to the big corpse boxes, and Sándor blinked at them several times.

“Why are there exposed bones?”

“The elders of Dolareido,” Jennifer said, “have classic tastes, if perhaps a little colored by fantasy. This”—she gestured around them—“is what happens when vampires many centuries old remember the past with fondness.”

“I like it,” Triss said. “They think it’s like, Gothic or whatever, but to me it’s metal as fuck.”

Sándor nodded, and sat down across from them. Much as catacombs looked huge in movies, they were actually pretty damn small usually. Dug caves that didn’t go very deep didn’t have the luxury of being huge. So him sitting across from them nearly put him in touching distance, and he crossed his legs at the ankle, same as Triss, as he set the bottle down on the cold stone in front of him.

“I have seen catacombs like this, centuries ago.” Nodding, he popped open the bottle, and took a sip. Not like he could share or anything, so no glasses. To his credit, the man gulped down a mouthful, and didn’t so much as twitch. It’d been a long fucking time since Triss had had a drink, but fuck, you didn’t go around swigging vodka like it was beer.

“You remember those years?” Jennifer asked. “Vampires have to sleep, after the blood lust gets too strong. Years, usually a decade or two or three, until the blood lust settles. And in torpor, the dreams—”

Sándor lifted a hand, gently interrupting as he nodded. “I once served as a vampire’s guard while she slept. Thirty years. I know how much torpor can change you, and… blur the memories.”

“Thirty years of guarding someone?” Triss said. “Holy fuck. How much did they pay you?”

After a small smile she almost didn’t catch, the man took another swig. If it burned, he didn’t show it. “I owed them my life. Thirty years of living, sleeping, and working in their home, above where they slept, seemed like a good trade. And I’m good at sitting around.”

“But… if you know what torpor can do to vampires, I’m guessing this story doesn’t end well?”

He shook his head, and took another drink. If he was human, she’d tell him to slow down before he puked all over her old catacombs. Or hurt himself.

“She woke up… paranoid. Very. I had to leave. This was centuries ago.”

“And you remember the details?”

“Better than a vampire would. But, not really, no. Blurs, buried, lost.” He frowned at the bottle in his hands, and set it on the stone. “It’s better to forget a lot of things.”

The two women nodded. No getting around it, some memories were better lost. She never wanted to forget Julias, not ever, but she wasn’t stupid enough to think she was in the right headspace right now. Maybe in a hundred years, the best thing for her would be to forget him?

Or revive him, have him back, and spend century after century with the man she loved.

“Elen,” Sándor continued, “cut off the skin of my back, my human back, and carved a curse into it. She placed it on a stone in my lair, and gained control of me and my Horror.”

Triss winced and sucked in a breath. “I saw that, yeah. She use her book to do that?”

“A book, with a lot of rituals in it. And a knife. I don’t know where she got the book, but the knife was something she created.”

The two vampires exchanged looks again. They didn’t want to ask, but they had to.

So Triss took the plunge. “How did she make it?”

“Sacrificed a child.”

Triss threw up her hands. “My fucking god! Every step, every mother fucking step, is just one giant road of nasty shit, isn’t it? Why the fuck is this so hard? Why the fuck is everything about this always just ‘oh look you want to resurrect someone? Better be willing to literally kill babies to do it’ sorta shit!?”

Sándor watched her, a hint of a smile on his face, before he held up the bottle as if clinking her own, and took another drink.

“The Prince took the knife, didn’t she?” he said.

“She… did, yeah, with the book.”

“Then, if you can get the book, perhaps you can also get the knife?” He took another drink, a sip this time, and met her eyes. “Or you could kill an innocent.”

Triss glared at him. “Julias loved the kine. Fucking loved them. First date I ever went with him on, it was obvious just how much he envied them, cause they lived in the moment, and vampires like him couldn’t help but plan plan plan. Danse Macabre shit, you know? When he got the mansion, he got thralls using Dominate so he wouldn’t have to use the Vinculum except for just a few special circumstances. He was one of the few vampires in the damn city that thought kine were more than blood bags. Last thing I’m going to do, is sacrifice a fucking child, so I can see him again. Do I look like someone willing to walk right into some shitty Greek tragedy to you?”

Sándor didn’t look away, the whole rant. And when she was done, he laughed; dude was definitely getting drunk for him to actually laugh.

“He sounds like he was a great man,” he said, and he drank again. “Not a night goes by I don’t hate myself for what I did, helping kill him.”

Ah shit, the vodka was making him say the stuff he probably shouldn’t. She dumped a fucking rant on him, about how awesome Julias was. Fucker was the reason Julias was dead! Except, not really, and they both knew it, but fuck, he probably felt guilty as all fucking hell, all the fucking time, and fucking fuck she fucking just fucking went the fuck on…

She crawled over to him, sat beside him, and Blushed Life. Before he could say anything, she grabbed the bottle, and took a swig.

“Holy fuck this burns. Oh my fucking god, I forgot what alcohol tastes like. Why the fuck would anyone drink this?” Whatever. She took another drink.

He blinked at her, and the bottle in her hands. “You’re going to puke that up later.”

“Yeah, well, I hear Daeva do this sometimes. Blush, eat and drink human food, and puke it up later. Thought maybe I might be able to get a little drunk off it while faking life.”

Jennifer smiled at her, but didn’t join her. “Count me out. I’ll be the designated driver… And, I do believe the Blush won’t allow you to absorb the food, Triss. You won’t get drunk.”

“Shit.” What a fucking waste. She handed the bottle back. “Well, if you get really drunk, can I have a drink of you, Sándor? I saw what Fiona’s blood did to Damien. Dude looked really…”

“Horny,” Jennifer said, nodding.

“Well, yeah, that, but kinda tipsy, I guess? It was weird.”

Sándor chuckled again. It was a nice sound, coming from the usually closed off guy.

“I’ve never had a vampire feed on me, I don’t believe. Maybe hundreds of years ago, but I’ve been avoiding people, in general, for some time since crossing the ocean. Before then, vampires and monsters had a… difficult relationship. Superstition and whatnot.”

“You were nightmare monsters,” Jennifer said. “I can imagine there were issues.”

“Yes. But here in Dolareido, there’s a strange peace. And it’s… good. I was scared of it at first, but Azamel’s shown me what Dolareido can be like. Fiona as well. She’s in deep for that Damien fellow.” He raised his bottle high before taking another drink. “I owe him, too. And you.” He nodded to Triss.

“Ah, that what this is about?” she said, gesturing to the bottle. “Paying us back? Cause I don’t think anyone really feels that way. We wanted Jeremiah and Angela dead. Freeing you ended up being easier than killing you.”

“Regardless.” He took another drink. “Azamel’s helped me calm down, and… yes, if you wanted a drink of me, I wouldn’t say no.”

Jennifer rubbed her hands together, and slid over a bit so she sat on Sándor’s other side, opposite of Triss. In the past, Sándor would have ignored her, or moved, but now he gave the girl a small smile, and took a sip of his drink. It was hard to tell how depressed he was. Sad, yes, but how sad, how drunk, how stoic, Triss couldn’t figure out. It was all blending together in his calm, solid face, the sort of face a ship captain might use if he was staring out to sea in self reflection, or some shit.

“Might take you up on that,” Triss said.

He nodded. “Fiona says it does intoxicate Damien, in a fashion, but also gives him some… hunger.”

“Hunger?” Jennifer asked.

“The vampire says it’s hard to define, according to Fiona. But he… loses control, and ravages the girl. Thoroughly.”

Triss and Jen shared a few confused blinks. Hunger equals ravaging?

Jen was the first to laugh. “That explains why Damien fucked her in public.”

“K, well, maybe not, then,” Triss said. Of course Jen gave her an evil glare, so Triss just shrugged at her, a ‘maybe’ shrug. Now was not the time to try and get into Sándor’s pants.

He nodded, took another drink, and leaned back against the coffin behind him as he looked up at nothing.

“Elen can take objects,” he said, “and imbue them with… power. I don’t know this power. It’s not something us creatures of the dream understand. Vampires might understand it better. There’s power, in flesh, and life, something visceral, and it’s only found in the physical world.”

Triss shrugged. “I’ve noticed, but I don’t have any fucking clue if vampires can do that shit. We drink blood, and when it’s fresh, it’s… definitely more powerful. There’s something in it that has power, and we convert it into shit vamps can use.”

They all nodded, like it was a shared school lesson they were trying to learn. It was a part of their life, but it’s not like any of them truly understood it. Vampires, drinking blood, fancy magical powers? Sure, an everynight thing, but none of them knew how or why it worked, not even Jacob.

“The world’s a crazy place,” Triss said eventually.

Everyone nodded again. Yeap, they’d been thinking the same thing.

“Sándor,” Jennifer said, “do you… want to talk, about what happened to you?”

Before the poor guy could say anything, Triss waved a harsh hand at her friend.

“Leave the dude alone. We’re talking about the now, and the shit we’re trying to do. No need to bring up that… that shit.” Or Julias, for that matter.

Sándor managed another small smile for her, but set the bottle down and shrugged. “I don’t normally drink. Even before Margaret, I didn’t drink. It’s not a good idea for Begotten with hungers like mine.”

So Margaret was his wife’s name. Very old school.

Jen gestured to the bottle. “But you’re drinking now?”

“Azamel’s helped me find ways to sate my hunger, so it’s under control. Mostly. And…” He shrugged, grip still on the bottle’s neck, and he tipped it side to side, gently sloshing the contents around. “You know what I’ve gone through, in a sense. But at the same time, you’re willing to do something I’m not. I wanted to know why.”

“Ha! Why? Cause I’m a fucking idiot, that’s why.” She took the bottle from him and gulped down some more. Burned the whole way down, and she coughed a few dozen times. “Cause I can’t let anything go. Cause I can’t let him go.”

She handed him the bottle, and he took another drink. Poor guy was going to wake up wishing he was dead, at this rate.

“You must have loved him, dearly.”

“Fucking right I did. He really helped me out of a dark spot, and I did the same for him. We had a great relationship. We loved each other! I…” She groaned and flopped onto her side on the dirty stone floor. Not in a ‘oh god I’m gonna cry’ kinda way. More like a ‘ugh fuck Mondays’ sorta way. “The fuck is the point in being a witch, if I can’t use it to bring back the man I loved, you know?”

Silence again, until Sándor sighed, and tapped her hip with the bottle.

“Aaron told me you were becoming quite happy in the Circle? Jennifer seems to think so, according to him.”

“I… I am,” Triss said. “I really am, no joke.”

Jennifer laughed, reached across Sándor’s lap, and poked Triss in the ass. So of course Triss had to sit back up and slap her hand away.

“I like to think she is,” the damn slut said.

“I’m not lying. I am happy with you guys. Ok? But with Julias, it was… it was more, you know? Christ, I felt…”

“Peace,” Sándor said, eyes downcast, voice heavy. Yeap, the vodka was doing a number on the man, cause there was some genuine sadness on his face.

“Yeah.” Sighing, she slid in a little closer to Sándor, until she was arm to arm with him, and she gestured out to the emptiness around them. “What was Margaret like? And your kid?” Yeap, they were going there.

He laughed, a weak little thing, and took another drink. A long, long drink, and Jennifer eventually took the bottle away from him.

“You may be Begotten, but you’re not immortal.” She set the bottle aside, out of arm’s reach, and frowned at him.

He laughed again, just as weak, but nodded as he leaned back. “Margaret was a royal pain in my ass.”

Both women jaw dropped. That was not what they expected the man to say about his late wife, killed by the people who’d fucking enslaved him.

“It’s true,” he continued. “She was stubborn, and she pestered me constantly. If took any longer than five minutes to do something, she’d prod me until I did it.” He lazily reached across Jen for the bottle, but she gently pushed his arm down, and he chuckled as he fell back against the shelf behind him again. “And Theo, he was a troublemaker. He was five, but he was a smartass, and loved to find holes in any order you gave him. Tell him go to bed, and he’d wait until you said ‘now’, cause otherwise, he’d pretend the order was for later.”

The girls laughed. Ha, that was a smartass kid, for five. Oh god, five.

Sándor laughed and shrugged, and almost fell over onto Triss. Considering he was sitting down, nearly falling over put him in drunk territory. Least he wasn’t slurring and drooling everywhere.

“But that’s important, you know?” he continued. “It’s important to remember things as they were. You can’t look at the past with rose-tinted glasses, if you want to make smart choices.” He gestured to Triss. “Tell me something you didn’t like about him.”

Ah shit, what she didn’t like about Julias? Fuck, she’d spent months just idolizing the memory of him, thinking about the way he liked to hold her, about his smile, his great body and ridiculous sex skills, his—

Rose-tinted glasses. Julias had told her he’d hit his fiance, not long after he’d been embraced. A good, hard hit. He’d taken her to the hospital, and it was the last he ever saw of her.

Sándor was right. Julias wasn’t… hadn’t been perfect. It was important she remember that. He wouldn’t want her to remember him as something he wasn’t.

“The sobbyness,” she said. The gargoyle raised a brow, and she laughed. “Like I said, Julias loved kine, and envied them. But ugh, he could get really emo about it sometimes. Really emo art, emo music tastes, emo… everything. Like, god, I know Daeva that are less up their own ass than you, Julias.”

Jen and Sándor laughed, and she did too.

“Margaret, she… she knew what I was, before we were married. And that stubbornness is how she managed to… get to know me.”

That made sense. Sándor reeked of closed-off brooding asshole, when Triss met him. It’d take a woman with a hard, stone-breaker attitude to punch through some shit like that.

“And Theo?” she asked.

“Theo. I played games with that kid every weekend, and he shocked me every time; too damn smart. But, it wasn’t how smart he was that really caught my attention. It was his honor.”

“Honor, in a five-year-old?”

“Yeah. If we caught him doing something bad, or if he tried to wriggle out of a punishment, but we called him on it, he’d accept defeat. ‘You got me, daddy’, he’d say.” More laughter. “It was so strange, listening to a kid that age, willing to use tricky tactics, but also have this weird sense of honor about it.”

There was no stopping everyone from smiling, and from silence hitting them again as they absorbed the reality. His wife was dead, and kid, too. Triss had gone through hell when Julias died, but how fucking bad had it been on this poor fucker, losing his wife and his fucking child? And then being forced to work as a slave for the killers for years?

But the bastards who’d killed them and Julias were dead. Revenge had. Woo.

Jennifer sighed, and handed Sándor back the vodka. “Don’t hurt yourself.”

The gargoyle smiled at the bottle, but set it aside, no drink.

“It’s easy… to get lost in the memories,” he said, closing his eyes, head tilted up. “I can still remember the smell of her favorite shampoo. I can still remember the way she scrunched up her nose when she was angry with me. I can still remember how she’d try and take charge, when we had sex, but it never lasted. She’d start trembling and…” After a few surprised blinks, he coughed. Probably surprised by his own words.

“Queen in the streets, freak in the sheets?” Jennifer said.

Triss choked. Sándor laughed.

“That’s as good a description as any,” he said. “Sorry, for mentioning it. Maybe a little too much information.”

The two vampires laughed, loudly. God, that was cute, thinking he could embarrass them. Sure, he was a fuck load older, but he wasn’t a vampire. His hunger didn’t pull him into sexual situations like the Kiss often did. Any vampire with a few decades under their belt, except for maybe the more unlucky Nosferatu or the super shy types like Tash, was basically a sex expert. If Sándor literally waited around for decades, guarding shit, and hunting things like a fucking hawk hunted and killed prey, dude probably wasn’t the most sexually exposed.

“Nonsense,” Jen said. “Sex may be a private matter to most, but to Kindred, it’s as common and practiced as feeding itself. And only a fool thinks sex isn’t an important aspect to understanding a person.” Nodding, she pat the man on the shoulder. “If she liked to take charge, but then became submissive during, it sounds to me like she really enjoyed herself.”

“Definitely,” Triss said.

Sándor looked at each of them quizzically, before taking another drink. The dude could certainly hold his liquor. Begotten thing, or, gargoyle specific thing? He coughed on the drink, didn’t spill any though, and looked to Jen.

“I’ve known plenty of vampires, and yes, they’re usually quite sexually… comfortable. But I admit, when you two helped show me to the rest of the Kindred at the ball, I was a little… surprised, with how sexual everyone is.” Ha, there it was. “You two were half naked, and I was sure you’d be the only ones. The night did not go as I imagined.” Damn, a bottle of vodka really helped this guy loosen up.

“Did you like what you saw?” Jen asked, grinning at him. Of course the grin vanished when Triss reached across Sándor’s lap and slapped her friend on the leg; easiest body part to hit from where she was.

“Jen, everyone liked what they saw. But you don’t show up at the party with your tits hanging out. Everyone has to loosen up first, and then you let the tits come out.” And people had definitely loosened up, at that party.

“After what Avery did,” Sándor said, “I imagine there won’t be anymore balls for some time.”

Triss shrugged. “Eh, maybe. Antoinette or the suits might host one just for Invictus, the dragons, and maybe witches and Begotten can come to those. Course, the Carthians have parties all the time, shitty little things, twenty people in a room, jumping around to bad music.”

Sándor shuddered. “Punk music.”

Oh god. Triss snorted on a laugh and punched the man in the shoulder; softly, of course.

“More like EDM and stuff these days. But, ugh, fuck punk music. I’m a metal fan.”

Apparently she’d said the magic word, cause the obviously half drunk, slowly-becoming-more-drunk man’s eyes sparkled.

“What sort?”

“Oh, I like classics,” she said, “and some of the newer stuff. So I flop between shit like Iron Maiden, or sometimes I’ll listen to the bands that grew up listening to Iron Maiden, you know? I can get into power metal too, maybe progressive or symphonic stuff, or metalcore and shit if I’m in the mood for something heavy. Not too big a fan of the really heavy stuff, death metal or speed metal, but I can groove on it sometimes. And—” Jen slapped her in the leg. Revenge, for the earlier slap, the bitch. “Hey! I know a metal fan when I see one, Jen. We are all connected, by the great metal web consciousness.”

The gargoyle nodded. “She’s right. It’s a thread that binds us, and is stronger than steel.”

Jennifer sat back and rolled her eyes. “Oh no.”

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~~Eric~~

Six weeks since the incident.

Eric sighed, and pat his ear. This music was going to kill him. Thudding bass, like a heartbeat, big and strong and loud as all fuck. Hard on his new ears, but at least it wouldn’t lead to any hearing loss, now that he could recover from damage like that. His knee was testament to the new regenerative powers he had. No, the music was going to kill him cause it barely qualified as music, and every moment he could hear it, all he could think about was how much it sounded like life, sex, and everything in between. Probably on purpose.

He sighed some more, and tapped a few fingers on his bicep, arms folded across his chest. On the dance floor, two vampires were the center of attention of fifty people, and everyone pressed their bodies in tight as they danced. Bodies grinding, sweating, everyone horny and looking to let off some of that energy.

The two vampires would be going home with at least half a dozen humans in tow, and he doubted they had to use any Discipline to do it. Dolareido was just that kinda place. Well, once they were off the property, they weren’t his concern anymore. All he had to do, was make sure everyone in Bloodlust got along.

Several people, some at the bar, some in booths, some on the dance floor, turned to look behind them toward the door, to stare at the new girl walking in. They knew her; she was a regular. Most of them had probably seen her naked at some point, having sex in the club, or just dancing and not giving a shit if her clothes slid off. She was completely, utterly shameless. And he smiled as she noticed him, and walked his way.

Jessy wore a ridiculously short black skirt tonight, basically a tube top that’d fallen around her hips somehow. It was so damn small, it exposed the hips of her black thong, and a bit of its underside, too. She also wore a fishnet tank top, though the wiring was so thin and sparse, it was barely a top at all. And, so she remained ‘decent’, she had some black nipple pasties on, X shapes that just barely covered her nipples.

“I know that look!” she shouted over the music.

“Look?”

Laughing, she came over to him by the wall on the first floor, and she made sure to put a bounce in each step. Lean as she was, Jessy had fairly large breasts, a genetic gift she was super happy to have, and a huge ass she was super proud of earning. Jiggling them for admiring eyes was a regular part of her nightly routine. Utterly shameless.

He laughed, matching hers. He couldn’t help it. Something about her brazen attitude and ‘fuck the world I’m gonna be happy anyway’ personality was so damn perfect. It was one of the things that made Fiona so appealing, too, but she didn’t have the edge Jessy had. Eric couldn’t joke about life shit with Fiona.

“Yeah, the look! You want to take me to church and make me ask for forgiveness, for my obvious sins.” Nodding, she kissed him, and made sure to make a show of it. Full on body pressing, hands on his shoulders, the works. Either she was showing off, or she was staking her claim; probably both. “Garry been giving you any trouble?”

“Nah. Haven’t seen any Carthians in here.” And he was damn happy for that. Now that the two covenants were in some sort of unofficial turf war, the Invictus didn’t want Carthians in their club. If he had to kick a vampire out, it could get nasty.

“Good.” Nodding, she stood beside him, and leaned up to his ear. “We should talk.”

He raised a brow as he looked at her. “When a woman says that to a man, she—”

“Not that kind of talk.” With a wink, she kissed him again. “This is about… other sorta real shit.”

“Oh.” The only other ‘real’ shit, if not about their relationship, would be about Dolareido and the insanity hitting it these days. “Now?”

“Nah. I got tonight off. I wanna dance. And then dance.” The second dance might as well have been said by an evil snake. “Just figured I’d tell ya, in case something comes up.”

“Sort of like, scheduling a meeting?”

“Exactly. I am Invictus, ya know.”

He laughed. He thought of the Invictus more as the mafia, not business types scheduling meetings and sending e-mails. Guess he was wrong.

“Sure you want to dance? Couple of vamps already on the floor.”

She rolled her eyes. “Fucking Daeva sluts.”

He slipped an arm over her shoulders, and pulled her in. “You’re prettier than them.”

“Fuck yeah I am.” She nodded, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“I saw Marge and Dennis out there.” He nodded toward the floor.

“The hunters?”

“Yeap.”

She rubbed her hands together. “I bet those two have been the focus of a lot of vamps, since Isabella stopped putting such a tight leash on them, the bitch.”

If only she knew. Jessy came to Bloodlust all the time, but Eric worked here, and vampires came through often. Uratha used to too, before the incident. Lately it’d only been vampires, but despite the obvious problems raining down on them from Garry, the Invictus continued to come for a good meal. And that meal occasionally included Dennis and Marge.

It was hard to wrap his mind around. Garry was literally fighting them for territory, but the vampires just kept on Kissing and fucking. And most of them weren’t old enough to be so jaded they’d consider a turf war to be something to scoff at. So, why were they all so relaxed, or at least, not marching like soldiers on the Carthian half of South Side?

Vampires. They were vampires. Each and every one of them had an instinct to guard what was theirs, but at the same time, to prioritize keeping themselves alive. They didn’t have any natural urge to work with each other, and hell, they considered each other rivals for their food. Garry and Michael had their work cut out for them, getting over a hundred vamps, each, to actually fight together as a team.

So the fact Jessy had made it pretty damn clear she’d fight anyone who threatened Eric, was quite awesome. He pulled her tighter, and set a kiss on her temple.

“Marge is pretty hot,” she said, “don’t you think?”

Saw this coming.

“Yeah, she is.”

“Tiny, for a hunter.”

“Yeap.”

“And she’s got that light dark skin, you know? So hot.”

He raised a brow. “Am I in love with a racist?”

She elbowed him in the side. “Dude.” But she laughed a moment later, took his hand, and guided him onto the dance floor. “I’m gonna see if I can get a bite.”

“Need me for that?”

“Mhmm. We’re gonna rescue Marge from those Daeva bitches, I’m gonna get a taste, and we’re gonna get to know her a little better.”

He rolled his eyes, but followed.

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The mission to get a bite had been successful. But, to his surprise, it’d stopped there. Something else had crossed her mind, and the moment his shift was done, she took him out of the club.

She curled up against his arm, and rubbed her cheek into his shoulder. In her apartment on her couch, they put on a movie, and enjoyed watching some god awful sports flick. He suggested something a little… less shit, but she demanded cheesy, happy ending sports movie. Honestly, after Jessy had ground her ass on Marge and Dennis enough, and then got a bite of Marge to boot, he’d figured she’d want sex the moment they got out of the club. Or, while still in the club. But, nope, shitty movie.

He smiled down at her as she watched the credits. “I love you.”

Still holding his arm, she grinned up at him. “Figured it out?”

“Bad movie? Curling up on couch? You were definitely fishing for something. Couldn’t be sex. So I put my man brain to work. Must have wanted an ‘I love you’.”

“Bad movie? The fuck?” She sat upright, and glared at him like she was ready for war. “Field of Dreams is a fucking classic.”

“Ghosts? Playing baseball? I mean, maybe if it was basketball.”

“Ok, now who’s racist?” she said, grinning. Before he could retort, she snuggled into his arm again. “Love you, too.”

“Kinda surprised you didn’t jump me when we got here. Figured a Kiss with a hunter would have really got you going.”

“Yeah, it did. But I talked to the two vamps there too, and they mentioned some shit that went down with Garry a couple nights ago. Before I knew it, I was in work mode, and… ugh, fuck that. Killed my mood. But I’ll be damned if I let Garry ruin my night off.”

He laughed, earning a quizzical look from her.

“You’re still wearing the, uh, stripper outfit.”

“Dude, when you’ve been wearing crazy, uncomfortable shit like this for as many years as I have, you barely notice.” Shrugging, she climbed onto his lap facing him, and hid her face in his neck. “Plus I was kinda hoping the mood would come back.”

“Field of Dreams is not the sort of movie to watch if you’re trying to get in the mood.”

“Ha, it wasn’t about that. It was about… I dunno, reminding myself I got something here, something I won’t let Garry fuck up, you know.” She slid her arms under his and hugged him tight. “Hanging out with my boyfriend, my ‘I love you’ boyfriend, and watching some cheesy old movie together? Dude, I’ve never done that.”

“Never?”

“Never ever.”

He slipped his arms up her back and teased his fingertips up and down her naked spine. “Guess there’s a lot of firsts for you, in this whole relationship department, isn’t there?”

“Yeap. I want to do all the cheesy romantic shit, you know? Like… I’m sitting at the table, drinking coffee, and giving you a handjob. Except, you know, cup of blood instead of a cup of joe.”

He chuckled, and slipped a hand up to trace her shoulder blades through the fishnet. No point in telling her her idea was very much outside the ‘vanilla cheesy romance’ field for most people.

“Sounds lovely.”

“Or, I’m on my bed, lying on my stomach, working away on my laptop, while you’re fucking me from behind.”

“Didn’t we already do that?”

She laughed into his neck and kissed his jaw. “It was awesome. Tash loved it.” After another kiss, she grabbed his shoulders and leaned back. “Or I’m trying to take a shower, and you’re just relentlessly eating my ass while I’m trying to wash my hair. That one sounds fun.”

“I’m noticing a pattern here.”

She shook her head. “No pattern.”

“Sounded like you were trying to do something very non-sexual in those three examples, while your horny boyfriend pestered you for sex.” Which hadn’t happened a single time, in their relationship. Not cause he wasn’t ready and willing, but the girl’s sex drive was absurd, and by the time he was ready for sex, she was already asking for it.

She tapped a chin thoughtfully. “That’s how relationships work, right? We get comfy with each other, so then naturally I stop wanting to fuck you, and you pester me for sex constantly. Which leads to me being all ‘bleh whatever loser, cum faster’ and I sorta halfheartedly satisfy you while I go about my day.”

“Um… that’s a pretty dysfunctional, toxic relationship.”

“Ha! I know! No idea how anyone could, like, not want to fuck their SO, you know? Put a dick in my hand and I’m fucking boiling.” Nodding, she slipped off the couch, reached down, and yanked on his pants. “Damn, all those sexy fantasies got me back in the mood. Get nekkid.” With a big happy grin, she Blushed Life, bringing color and thickness to her skin, and she tugged on his pants some more.

He chuckled, rolled his eyes, and undid the fly of his pants. She yanked them off, and did the same for his boxers as he undid the buttons of his shirt. Ten seconds later, he was naked, sitting back on her couch.

“Keeping the stripper outfit on?” he said, gesturing to the hilariously tiny skirt, and the fishnet top.

She grinned down at him as she kicked off her skirt, and slipped a hand under her thong down to her slit. She didn’t take it off though, content to gently masturbate underneath the fabric as she stared at him. So naturally, he slid his hand around his shaft, and did the same, watching her as he worked the bottom of his length in his grip.

“I do look fucking hot in this, don’t I?” She snapped the hip of her black thong, and jiggled her tits around in the fishnet top with a few bounces. “It’s the nipple pasties. They really complete the ensemble.”

“Undoubtedly.” Nodding, he stroked a little faster, and melted into the couch a little more. Him being watched by her and vice versa sparked a memory. “Still sad about not getting what you wanted?”

“Eh?”

“In Jack’s sex tape.”

“Oh, dude!” Laughing, she grabbed her phone out of her purse, and got on her knees between his legs. The phone he expected, but not the position. She slid in close, squashed her breasts against his thighs and testicles, and set her elbows on the couch around him as she put the phone over his stomach. With the screen facing her, she slid her fingers around and around, looking for something, eyes fixated and lips stuck in an evil grin.

“He… sent you another tape, didn’t he?”

“Yeah! I haven’t given it a proper watch, but look at this part!” She started the video and turned the phone to face him, holding it up on his stomach for him. The steady camera meant tripod, and it was aimed at Jack’s waist from a front angle. He was sitting on Antoinette’s stomach, getting treated like a king on some sort of giant bed. The kid eased his hips and forth, cock disappearing into the Prince’s utterly massive tits, and Julee and Ashley were snuggled into her sides, keeping her breast together on her chest, and sucking on her nipples. And from the expression on the white-haired woman’s face, and the subtle noises she made, she really, really liked having her nipples suckled.

The Prince’s breasts were already coated in cum.

“Damn.”

“I know, right! Must be like, fucking a cloud.” With a manic grin, she flipped the phone back, jumped to another scene, and pointed it back at him.

Now Jack lay back, lying on Antoinette’s body, head between her — now clean — tits, Ashley and Julee cuddling into her sides still, while Elaine and Veronica both lay on the bed around him. The two women, one very, very much taller than the other, had their huge breasts squashed together on the boy’s pelvis, fighting for space around his dick.

“Damn damn.”

“Yeah, such a lucky fucker. And…” She flipped the phone back, and jumped around a few times. “Yeap, this whole video is, from beginning to end, an hour of tit fucking. Jesus, they got like, five positions they try. Oh! Oh shit, got one here where Jack’s sitting on Elaine’s stomach, fucking her tits, but Antoinette’s between her legs, eating her out. Fucking hell, imagine, Prince of the whole damn city, your girl, eating out this other chick you’re in the middle of tit fucking.”

“Definitely lucky.” There wasn’t any point in trying to make Jessy jealous. She was so confident in her sex appeal, him even trying to suggest he might be more attracted to someone else was always met with laughter. If he suggested he was attracted to another woman in general, it was met with Jessy’s attempt to convince him to invite said girl into their bed.

It was a wonderful problem to have.

Jessy grinned at him, put the phone down beside them on the couch, leaned down, and set a warm kiss on the base of his shaft’s swollen head.

“I got big tits too, ya know.”

He smirked. “Not that big.”

“Oh you fucking asshole.” Frowning, she knelt higher, batted his hands away, grabbed his dick, pointed it up, and slid it up between her breasts against her sternum. She still had the fishnet top on, keeping her breasts snug together, and trapping his cock between them. But, large as her breasts were, they weren’t ‘bury the dick in softness’ large, and a lot of his length stuck up from between them through a hole in the fishnet.

He stared, and gulped. “Ok, yeah, that’s pretty hot. No wonder the kid’s got a thing for it.”

“Yeah. And—oh, Eric. Transform!”

“What, now?”

“Yeah now! I wanna try something. You always go full primal on me when you transform, and I want to see if you can relax instead and let me lead.”

“You sure? I don’t know if—”

“It’ll be fine.”

He rolled his eyes, but couldn’t help but smile and shrug. “Alright. Don’t blame me if it doesn’t go your way.”

“Awesome.” Nodding, she grabbed her phone and texted something. “Inviting Tash.”

“Be… cause you want her to see what it’s like when a werewolf has sex. Um, isn’t she in a rough spot with her boyfriends right now?”

“Yeap, but this ain’t about that… exactly. Now come on, transform, and fuck my tits.”

He rolled his eyes, again. If Jessy had her way, there’d be a giant orgy every night, with werewolves and vampires and kine and everything. Healing the world and uniting everyone through sex, including Tash and her damaged relationship. Well, she and the Prince did connect on that, in a strange way.

He took a deep breath, and let out the wolf spirit inside. Luna told him to breathe, and he did, slow and steady, pulling in each wave of oxygen and focusing his mind on the pull of his diaphragm. The beat of it, the relaxing pulse of air, he held onto it as the hungry, aggressive animal inside came to the surface.

“Oh fuck… oh fuck…” The small woman between his legs gulped as she watched his girth grow, and grow, the dark skin turning into flesh red from top to bottom. “Gonna need to, um… yeah.” She scooped up the sides of the net fabric on her body, pulled it off and tossed it, before she pushed her body in closer to his thighs and pelvis as more of the wolf in him emerged. His thighs grew as thick as her whole body. His cock jutted up from between her breasts, spreading them, length reaching past her collar, and eventually her chin before stopping at her lips.

“Fuck yes,” she said, eyes wide and looking him up and down as the transformation finished. Her breath was a mess, panting, tiny gasps of arousal coursing through her. He was tempted to do the same, but no. If he wanted to remain in control, he had to breathe deep, with each wave of life from the air a cooling breeze on the boiling hunger of the wolf inside.

He rumbled under his breath, a deep purr, and his mate shivered between his legs. In his human body, his shaft was plenty large, and she liked to use both hands and her mouth on him at the same time. Now, she gulped as she looked down at the huge, red shaft between her breasts. Her two hands left most of his cock uncovered, and her grip was not wide enough to circle it.

“Right. Ok. You just stay there mister big bad wolf. I’m in charge.” Nodding, she tightened her grip around the top half of his shaft, and leaned in with enough weight to surround the knot of his cock with her breasts. The softness of her breasts around the sensitive skin stirred growls from him, the milking grip of her fingers stirred more, and when she opened her mouth wide to try and fit the glans of his length, he outright growled with desire.

Breathe. The voice in his dreams told him to breathe. He wasn’t like those other Uratha. He was in control. He was something different, a new breed, a werewolf of the city. He could control himself. Breathe.

Jessy stared at the sight of his abs and chest rising and falling with each, deep breath, and she quivered as she slowly eased her lips along the tip of his length. She couldn’t open her mouth wide enough to fit much, managing only a couple inches before he grew too thick, and she groaned onto his cock as she suckled on what she could. More saliva dripped down over his length onto her hands, and she worked her fingers in a massaging grip over where his cock filled the valley between her breasts.

“God damn, you smell like… a fucking beast,” she said.

He rumbled his reply, another purr full of bass he knew his mate enjoyed. She said she could feel them ‘right down to her cunt’, and the look of joy on her face confirmed. He rumbled again, as the first sparks of pleasure flowed down his sensitive skin, reaching between his legs as flexing muscles leaked precum into his lover’s mouth. It came back down over his length, spread around and around by Jessy’s roaming tongue and massaging lips.

“I never really get to fuck around with this cock like this, you know? You always kinda just ram it into me when you’re transformed. Not that I don’t fucking love that, but this is…” She shivered again as she hugged her breasts together, squashing them around the thick base of his length, while her two hands continued to squeeze and work up and down.

Again, he took a deep breath as he felt the first dancing tingles of pleasure. His mate wanted to take control tonight, but she was so small compared to him. He wanted to grab her, ram his length into her, and make her squeal as he claimed her.

No. Respect your mate’s wishes.

He slowly reached out, and set one hand around her left shoulder, his other around the back of her head, until he covered the whole of her upper body in his palms and claws. But he didn’t push her toward him, or thrust his hips into her. He held her, and rumbled his pleasure as his mate quivered.

She opened her mouth as wide as she could, and buried the first couple inches of his length in tighter kisses, as her hands tightened as well once they were wet with saliva and precum. With the knot of his length snug between her breasts, spreading them with its girth, most of his shaft stuck up from between them, giving her plenty of room to slide her hands up and down his length as she suckled.

He rumbled harder, harsher, almost a growl, and his cock flexed in her grip as he felt the heat build. Soon, each stroke of her hands earned a jolt of pleasure down his length until it reached between his legs, and his inner muscles squeezed, building more liquid heat. She moaned around his cock, and stroked him faster.

The first wave of cum poured through his length, sending pleasure sparks down through his swollen cock and out through his core. It was enough to overflow his mate’s mouth instantly, and she blinked at him, eyes wide, as her cheeks puffed, and a flood of thick, white fluid flowed out from between her lips.

She pulled her head back and let his cum fall out of her mouth, onto his length, and her hands. “Holy fuck.” Trembling now, panting faster, she stroked him slower, drenched grip tight and massaging, and milking, earning another gush of cum. Without her mouth to block it, it shot six inches into the air, splashing over her forehead, nose, and cheeks. She aimed his girth toward her with her hands, and the next gush splashed over her neck and shoulder, and then the next shoulder as she stroked him.

The last few waves came out slowly, heavy waves that flowed down his length on their own, and joined the rivers of white that coated her breasts. The X black covers she’d put on her nipples were lost underneath them.

“God damn. Never been covered in so much cum. And I had four ghouls, ya know.” Laughing again, she stood up, slipped free of his hands, ran a finger through the white that coated her chest, and smiled down at him. “Think you can hold still a little longer?”

He slowly nodded. Even with him sitting on the weak fabric thing of her den, its softness bending under his weight, she was only tall enough to be eye level with him when she stood. And the sight of his cum trickling down her body sent a surge through him that demanded he grab her, and slam her down on his cock. But he didn’t. Control. Breathe. His mate wanted to try something because she trusted him, and he loved his mate.

She climbed onto his lap, such a little thing compared to him, and set her left hand against his chest. Her right hand reached down, grabbed his soaked length, and aimed it up toward her slit. But the tiny black thing there blocked it, and she laughed as she set her feet on the seat around them, squatting, so she could use both hands, one to guide his length up to her soaked hole, the other to pull the fabric aside.

Word. What was the word. Remember, words. Thong.

Once she’d managed to take the tip of his cock, already enough to spread her wide, she let go of the thong, hooking it around her swollen pussy, and took his shoulder again. Groaning, the vampire forced herself down lower, and her mouth dropped open as she looked down and stared at the growing bulge along her abs reaching higher.

“Fucking christ, every time. I’ve taken fat dragon dildos smaller than you, you know?” She shivered as she lowered herself down again, taking another inch, and her clenching, drenched insides squeezed on his cock enough to compress it, just slightly, just enough for flesh to slide along dripping flesh. “I mean, look at this.” As she finally took the last of his length above the knot of his cock, her knees found the seat outside his hips, and she whimpered as she leaned back. Her left hand pressed on his knee for balance, and her right hand reached down, and pressed on the bulge pushing out against her stomach. It reached a little past her navel, and she still had a few inches if she wanted to take all of him.

That would come later.

“Bet you can feel this,” she said, and she pressed her hand against her lower abs and mons. Eric often did that, because he knew it pushed her sensitive insides down against whatever was penetrating her. And she obviously enjoyed it now. But he could also feel it, with how his red, engorged flesh filled her, stretching her wide and deep, so every trembling motion she made was delicious friction on his sensitive skin. And feeling her hand press her flesh against his cock felt amazing.

He set his enormous hands on her legs, and watched as his mate set both her hands on his shoulders, and ground herself around and around. Her slit’s lips rubbed against his knot repeatedly, drenching him, and her breath broke into heavy groans as she increased her rhythm. Watching her dance on his cock earned a deep, hungry rumble from him, and his cum-drenched mate quaked as she stared up at him.

She looked down again, and stared at herself as she came. Clenching muscles leaked more juices, demanding he grab her and fuck her, but he didn’t. Not yet. He rumbled again, and watched as his mate squeezed on his cock as she forced herself to push her hips back and forth, despite her climax. Muscle spasms inside her milked on his cock, sending jolts down through his length.

“Big bad wolf, being all noble and gentle with me.” She shivered as she lifted her ass, and bounced on him, taking him deep enough to stretch her cunt deep, but only ever rubbing her swollen lips against the top of his knot, soaking it. “Knowing you could… snap… anytime, and go ballistic on me? Fuuuuck, gets me so damn… wet…” She bounced faster, cum-soaked breasts jiggling against her chest, and insides clamping down as more spasms worked through her. Soon, her juices trickled down his testicles.

The feel of her heat, sizzling on his skin, drenching the last few inches of his cock in her cum, was too much. He growled at her, earning wide eyes of mild panic from his mate, and he tightened his grip on her hips.

He stood up.

“Eric! Holy shit, w-wait a second, Tash is—” She tried to grab his shoulders, but the moment he had his weight on the balls of his talons, he tightened his grip on her hips and waist, and worked her back and forth. His mate erupted into moans, and grabbed his wrists instead, small hands not able to circle half their girth. Soon she was horizontal, upper half leaning back and rocking back and and forth as he worked her on his length.

The door opened.

Eric snapped his gaze to the door. He’d been so preoccupied, so focused on his mate, he’d forgotten where they were, and—oh, it was Natasha, the small vampire. Right, his mate had asked her to come. Why? Because his mate liked it when others saw, especially this little one.

That was fine. He didn’t mind.

“J-J-Jessy,” she said, whole body trembling, eyes wide.

“Hey Tash, it’s ok. It’s ok, really, just… fuuuuuuuuck.”

Eric bounced his mate on his cock once more, a gentle thrust of his hips and pull of his hands enough to have her body trembling. Each thrust sank her on his length until her taut slit rubbed against the top of his knot, and he pulled back, only to thrust into her again, each time drenching more of his length in her juices.

Natasha stared, frozen, eyes wide and hands shaking. Eric rumbled, a heavy rolling purr, and he looked at his mate’s friend as he continued to thrust into Jessy’s body. Mating left anyone vulnerable, but she was a friend of his mate’s. Her presence meant they were safer to continue, not that they should stop.

He looked down at his mate, and rumbled louder as the first tingling sparks of impending climax hit him. The pleasure tremors buried him in desire, and he pulled his mate down onto his cock harder as his body demanded he satisfy it. Jessy squeaked, and trembled as her insides clenched harder on him, as if trying to stop him from fully burying himself inside. His mate was cute, and helpless.

He pulled her toward him, hard, and growled as he forced the knot of his cock against her squeezing muscles. His mate groaned, but continued to clench as hard as she could. Either she couldn’t stop herself, or she wanted to fight him and make it difficult for him. He did love wrestling with his mate. He growled playfully, and pulled on her hips harder while forcing his own hips toward her in a slow, relentless push, until her trembling pussy spread more and more. With a wet slap, three more inches of his girth sank into her already stretched insides, earning a much higher pitched squeak from her as the knot of his cock forced its way into her slit.

Natasha let out a similar squeak, and stared at Jessy’s dangling body. The Gangrel tried to hold onto his wrists, but soon her arms went limp and hung down underneath her like her legs, still spread wide by his own. That was fine. His mate was light, and he loved the way she fit in his palms. Like this, he could bounce her on his length, keep most of his cock inside her, and admire how his girth made her abs bulge well past her navel.

He stayed inside her, balls deep, bouncing her a couple inches fast enough to have her limbs swinging underneath her, and her cum-soaked breasts sliding back and forth over her chest. With each bounce, the thickest part of his cock pulled out a little of her pink insides for him to see, before he slammed her back against him. Every stroke stretched her deep, forcing groans out of her, and she clenched on him as she came again. In the past, she’d told him she loved how much pressure the fatter part of his cock put on her g-spot. And he couldn’t stop himself regardless. He had to get inside her, every inch, until his mate’s insides were taut, and squeezing him so hard every bounce sent overpowering waves of pleasure into his body.

The first gush of cum filled her immediately, overflowing and oozing out of her, down her thighs and ass, and down his testicles. The second squirted out of her, splashing against his abs and pelvis as he bounced her again, and again. By the third, his cum flowed down his mate’s thighs, and dripped from her toes. His mate trembled with each bounce, legs and arms swaying underneath her, and she managed to turn her head toward her friend.

“Sorry, Tash. I… I tried to stay in control, you know? Figured it might be easier for… for you, if you wanted a peek. Kinda… kinda backfired.”

Natasha gulped, stared, and said nothing. Eric looked at her, earning a squeak of surprise, but he rumbled his contentment, and looked back to his mate, still bent backward with hips and lower back in his hands. His orgasm faded, flexing muscles no longer forced cum into her, and the pleasure waves died away.

But he wanted more.

With another blissful rumble, he turned his mate over, keeping her pinned on his length. She mewled openly, enough energy coming back to her to squeeze on his fingers at her sides.

“Eric? Slow… slow down.”

“Jess! Is he—”

“I’m fine,” she said between groans, “just… want him to slow down a bit, so you can get a better look.”

Eric chuckled, a deep, heavy sound, and Natasha stared at him all the harder. He didn’t understand his mate sometimes. But, if she wanted her friend to watch, it didn’t bother him. It was his mate he wanted, her, only her, all of her.

He set a leg down on the soft sitting spot beside him. The… couch. He made sure to keep his claws off it, his shin and the back of his foot on the… cushions. The words, the right words, crept in through the cracks of his mind, through the forests and shadows. And after another deep breath, they solidified. Couch. Cushions. Apartment. Living room. He nodded to himself, and lowered until Jessy’s own knees managed to find the cushions, and her hands found the arm of the couch.

With one hand wrapped around her waist, his other reached out, and held the arm of the couch as well, letting him lean forward so he could dwarf his mate underneath him. Content, he rumbled again, earning a mewl from his mate, as he worked her back and forth. Now that he was fully inside her, he had no intention of leaving, and he kept the whole of his length in her as he fucked her from behind. Each pull toward him, met with a small thrust of his own, bounced her large, firm ass against the solid wall of his pelvis, before he pulled back enough so her trembling slit started to spread as his knot fought to escape her vise grip. But before it did, he thrust into her again.

The smaller vampire came closer. Only one of his arm’s length away, she stood beside him and her friend, eyes wide and looking his mate from head to ass.

“He’s… all inside you.”

“Fucking yes he is!” Jessy squeezed on the arm of the couch, and grunted between his thrusts.

“I c-can… see how deep he’s pushing.”

“Fuuuuuuuuck.”

“I can… see b-bits of your… insides… when he pulls back.”

“God damn it, Tash, you’re turning me—” His mate melted in his grip, body threatening to collapse as it quivered uncontrollably. His grip on her waist kept her where she was, ass up, snug to his body. Even as she squirmed, trying to slow him down, he didn’t. He was too close, and the heat of her juices soaking his cock was too much to ignore.

But then he looked down at the little vampire beside them. She’d come closer, eyes locked onto Jessy at first, but now, on him. Slowly, her gaze reached up to his face, and she meeped as he looked at her with one eye, his snout still pointed down at his mate. But she didn’t back away. Instead, she came a little closer, until she was only a few feet from Jessy’s side, and her eyes slid up and down Eric’s body.

She liked the way he looked, but, she was shaken, startled, and scared.

Eric rumbled, and slowed down, letting the building heat underneath his cock settle. And with a slow movement, so his mate’s little friend didn’t get spooked, he turned, and sat on the couch, careful of his tail. The big seat, barely able to manage his weight, creaked as he rested back against it, and hooked his hands underneath his mate’s thighs and ass, grip large enough to encompass them and her lower back.

With her thighs up, legs spread in his grip, and back resting against his stomach, he worked his mate up and down on his length slowly, and her little friend stared at them. She was mesmerized.

“You’re covered in cum,” the little one whispered.

Jessy chuckled between her groans. “I gave him a tit job before you got here.”

“Tr-Transformed?”

“Yeap. Totally hot. Got in the mood cause I saw Jack’s latest tape. Seen it?”

“No. B-But, I mean… I’ve seen that kinda stuff, in person.” The little vampire’s eyes drifted up and down Jessy’s body, and then up to Eric’s head, where it naturally came forward from his shoulders, and hovered over his mate. “He’s really in control, isn’t he?”

“He is. He—” Jessy squealed openly as Eric lifted her up off the knot of his cock, and she pressed her arms down against her raised knees, forcing her back into his sternum as she quivered. “Fuck! Oh god, fuck that’s—nng!” She let out a heavy, deep groan, when he forced it back into her, and her body quaked again.

This time, he stayed inside her, every inch, and bounced her fast, making her moan between pants as he worked himself up to another orgasm.

When it came, he spread her legs more, making sure the little one could see everything, as he slowly worked his mate up and down a single inch. He normally thrust and thrust hard when cumming, but after the treat his mate had given him at the start of tonight, a part of him wanted to try that too. Slowly working her, milking his length, it was easier to focus on the pleasure as her trembling, soaked insides squeezed cum out of him.

It gushed out of his mate almost instantly, and the little vampire squeaked as she watched it pour down over his testicles. Heavy, thick seed that sent waves of bliss through him, demanding he fuck his mate until she squealed. But he didn’t. No, control, breathe. He went slow, using her body to milk his pleasure, and let her settle from her own. And, let her friend watch, unafraid, or at least less afraid.

“Oh my god. You’re g… g-gonna have a lot to clean up.” The little vampire hugged herself as she looked down at the mess on the floor, and then up to Jessy’s body. “He looks like he m-might… puncture your diaphragm.”

“Ha! I’m fine. Fine…” His mate ran her hands up and down her body, caressing her skin and massaging his cum into it, before she reached down, and cupped his testicles. As his cum flowed out of her, it splashed over her wrists and palms, and she groaned as she lifted her hands again to rub her newly soaked fingers against her distended abs.

The little vampire looked up at him. “Eric, you um… you’re… wow.”

“Natasha,” he said, voice that choppy bark sound. “Mate likes… when you watch.”

His mate’s friend smiled. “I’m j-just… wow, you’re really in control. And, um…” She looked Jessy up and down a few times, but it was him her eyes lingered on. “You’re… really hot.”

He rumbled a purr, earning a tiny squeak from the tiny vampire, and a deep groan from his mate. He let go of her legs, allowing them to settle down between his own, and grabbed his lover’s hips and waist. And slowly, he started to bounce her on his cock again.

“Again? Fuuuuu… uuu… uuuuck.” Jessy collapsed back against him, spread her legs, let her arms go limp, and lay against his chest as he masturbated with her body. And her little vampire friend watched.