

~~Antoinette~~

“Did you truly think I would not find out? Or that I would not care?” Antoinette said, staring at the five idiots in her office. The floor below the Primogen meeting, this room was similar in its cold, simple colors and shape, the giant window behind her for a wall, and one of her chairs that rivaled thrones. Before her, a desk, simple and void of anything except a laptop. The lights, white and directed to create shadows from those who stand beneath them, to shrink any who stood before her and make them appear minuscule compared to the desk, let alone her and her throne.

“I—”

“Beatrice Damor, I did not invite you here to talk. I invited you here to listen. And you will listen or I will rip your jaw from your idiot skull. Understood?”

Beatrice winced, and stood a little straighter. She was used to such grueling lectures from Garry, when she worked for the Carthians, Antoinette was sure. The difference was, Antoinette would do it.

The five idiots included Damien, Fiona, and Beatrice. And unfortunately, Natasha and Jack as well. Fiona could not wipe the grin off her face, but it seemed to be the girl’s natural state; at odds with her existence as a literal nightmare.

“If I ask a question that is not obviously rhetorical, you may answer it. Until then, you five will be silent.” She leaned back in her chair, folded one leg over the other, and turned so her side was to the squirming group. Her nearest hand rested on the desk, and she tapped her index finger against it. “Dolareido is in a time of flux. Since the purge, the covenants have begun to demilitarize, in a sense. The petty squabbles of the Invictus and Carthians notwithstanding, Kindred violence has been decreasing steadily. Not only the violence, but the spying, the deceit, the Danse Macabre, have all lessened.” And it was true. Her fruitful schemes to eliminate Viktor and Tony were, hopefully, things of the past.

But every time she took a moment to breathe, let her guard down, madness threw itself at her door. Lucas returned, but his return was short lived. His death, followed shortly by Jack’s confession of love, had painted the perfect picture. Her enemies dead, her romantic interest budding into love, and all the reasons in the world to simply relax and enjoy the things she had long forgotten how to enjoy.

But, as if her happiness summoned chaos, like blood in the water, wolves and monsters alike arrived to reek havoc on her city. And the five idiots in front of her were only making things worse.

“And yet, for all my work to create a utopia for our kind, and even visitors of other races, there are those who refuse to... let the ripples settle.” She gestured out to those in front of her, these fools with no respect for her goals.

The idiot children were not convinced. If anything, they seemed confused about her anger. She slammed her fist down against the table, and all five of them jumped in place.

“The Uratha are juggernauts of animal instinct, with all the subtlety of a wrecking ball. They wished for us to stay clear of the tunnels under Devil’s Corner, to let them hunt their prey, for a reason. You five! Your carelessness, your interference. You could have reignited a conflict long buried.”

Jack and Natasha both stepped forward, at the same time.

“We wanted to—”

“We were trying to help Fio—”

“Fiona deserved a—”

“And then Natasha went missing and—”

“Some Uratha were with me and—”

This, from her lover, and her assistant and apprentice. No, this would not do.

Antoinette got up from her chair, and walked over to the now petrified group of troublemakers. Natasha and Jack were a foot ahead of them, and with a few feet separating them, they gave Antoinette a delightful angle for her to express her rage.

Her hands snapped out at the wide-eyed, frozen two, and grabbed their jowls. Her fingers hooking under their jaws, her thumb between their teeth and pushing down on their tongues, she brought both tiny Kindred to their knees. The look of panic in their eyes was signal to continue lecturing.

“Perhaps you think yourselves familiar enough with the Prince to speak out of turn?” She glared at each one closely, leaning in, and squeezed down on the mouths of their skulls. They squirmed, wriggled, in pain and very much uncomfortable with the position. Good. “Rashness and courage, stupidity and bravery, there is a fine line and you two stepped over it. If things had gone even slightly differently, we could have more dead Kindred like so long ago. But Avery’s new found prudence, reflected in her choosing Jack as the intermediary, is the first time I have ever witnessed these wolves display even an ounce of wisdom. And yet!” She squeezed harder, and both Kindred whimpered as she shook their heads like dolls. “And yet

the very man she chose, violated her single request. And my fellow dragon, my subordinate, a representative of my covenant and myself, was half the reason for such madness!”

She raised her eyes to glare at the other three. Fiona had finally stopped smirking, and both Damien and Triss had taken small steps back.

She had demanded the five fools present themselves to her, after Avery had visited her to describe what had happened. Mature of her to come herself, to explain herself how the Kindred had sought Fiona’s innocence, sought Natasha’s safety. She had explained Jack’s bravery as well, how the boy had saved their lives.

Bravery, or lunacy. Antoinette grit her teeth as she glared at her five guests. Best to squash this insolence now, before she let the Kindred under her rule turn into wild vigilantes, or other forms of courageousness risen to stupidity. The Primogen were not invited, and she would deal with their protests later. She was Prince, she had the right to demand audience with anyone she chose.

“Damien,” she said, raising her eyes from the two at her mercy, “I understand you have made a contract with Maria Turio. How will she respond to this?”

The man considered, eyes falling, before he looked up to meet hers. No doubt meeting her gaze filled him with many unpleasant memories. And him her, of a sword cutting off her limbs.

“Madam Turio would... tell me I was impulsive and foolish, for going into the tunnels. If I was her subordinate, she’d... probably punish me for risking a war with the Uratha.”

If only the boy knew how badly he would have been punished. Perhaps he could ask Natasha later, if Antoinette did not kill the girl herself.

“A poor start, to your new role with the Lancea et Sanctum.”

He winced again and looked down. Perhaps that would bring him in line.

She threw her glare at Beatrice. Jacob would not punish her; he was the sort to let life lessons do the teaching, even if it meant killing the taught. A short-sighted approach. Antoinette had no qualms with punishing the Nosferatu herself, and Beatrice knew it.

Slowly, Antoinette turned her gaze to Fiona as well, and glared down at the small Scot. Not as small as the little Mekhet in her grip, but small nonetheless, and she squirmed and lowered her gaze as Antoinette glowered at her.

“And you, Begotten, your kind are on thin ice as is. You have killed many in your time here, and lo and behold, some monstrosity took advantage of your carelessness. What will you do if hunters appear at your door, with fire and acid and weapons of this age more than capable of dealing with whatever defense you and your lair may provide?”

“I.. um, Azamel is teaching me to feed better. It will nae be a problem anymore!”

“See that it is not. Far too much attention has been brought to my city, and the Masquerade is in danger. Do any of you infantile delinquents realize the danger of discovery? What would happen if our kind’s existence were brought to light? Across the globe, the kine outnumber us a hundred thousand to one. You think my purge upon that villain Lucas was an act of brutality and violence, Damien? You have no idea what will happen if the Masquerade is broken.” She squeezed harder, enough to make the two Kindred in her grasp whimper. Whimper turned to gasp as she lifted Natasha and Jack, by their mouths. Only the strength of their Kindred bodies kept their jaws from ripping clear of their skulls until they grabbed her wrists to keep that from happening. “So we will do all we can to preserve the Masquerade. You could have ignited aggression from the Uratha, and if pushed into their death rages, those wolves would not hesitate to take this battle to the streets and risk everything I have worked for. Instead of stirring a hornet’s nest and begging for chaos, you juvenile miscreants will only do as your covenant leaders say from now on. Do I make myself clear?”

The four Kindred nodded, even the two with their jaws firmly in her grip and hands holding onto her wrists for dear life.

“And you Fiona, you will learn to hide your ravenous appetite under the tutelage of Azamel and Athalia, or I will paint the walls with your blood as a warning to other monsters to control your hunger. Understood?”

“Understood!”

“Now get out of my sight.” She threw the boy and girl away from her, and they fell back onto their asses as she glared her red stare upon them.

Fiona scampered out, Triss and Damien following behind her with attempts to walk calmly ruined by the hop in their step. Jack and Natasha picked themselves up and ran after them, stumbling on the way. As everyone disappeared through the doors, Jack paused at the entrance and looked over his shoulder to her.

She offered him rage, frustration, disappointment, and scorching fire with her gaze. He winced, head drooping, eyes falling, and closed the door behind him.

For a brief moment, a single flash of instantaneous regret, she wanted to chase after him, apologize, and hold his head to her bosom. It faded, and instead, she paced left and right in front of her desk before at last walking over to the window and netting her fingers together behind her back. She watched down from her tower, watched the odd group of mismatched friends leave, and took a useless breath as she organized her thoughts.

Why was she so livid? She could feel the heat through her dried Kindred veins, coursing vitae through her limbs until the beast inside her roared its power, its rage and need for violence. She suppressed with practiced restraint, but that did not change that the beast within, usually steel and ice before the frustrations of her position, was boiling in a frenzy. It was her acting juvenile, or at least without wisdom, yelling at these children like a parent who does not understand how to temper their emotions, or use experience to guide outcomes.

But every time she imagined Jack dying to monsters in her tunnels, the fire returned all the more. Old memories, just faded and blurry things, danced in her mind, of others she cared for dying at the hands of others, bloody and ruined. Each memory, old and beyond her ability to draw into exact detail, taunted her, mocked her, and laughed at her misery.

She could not let it happen again.

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She sat in her fitting room, deep in her tower, and fumed. The smoke shot from her ears, lit by the fire in her eyes and the glare they held as she stared at the mirror.

“Mistress, please, you’re so stressed you’re going to ruin your hair.”

“Julee you are well aware Kindred suffer no such issue.”

Her and her two precious ghouls, her sitting in front of a mirror in one of her comfiest, most luxurious leather chairs, while the girls stood behind her and combed her hair.

“Still! You’re so angry it’s going to ruin my hair,” Ashley said, leaning down over her shoulder to smile at her before resuming her work. Work was perhaps a strong word, as the two girls were combing her hair merely to relax her; and relax her it did. The gentle tug on the scalp, the waves of it as the comb moved through her hair, how the girls gripped it to keep it steady as they removed any knots.

“That idiot boy nearly ended his own life on a suicidal attempt to prove Fiona’s innocence. And Natasha, her as well!” Antoinette seethed, and tapped both hands’ fingers upon her chair’s arms.

This was not her usual anger. In the past, she would glare upon those who trespassed against her, and declare her punishment with all the passion of the reaper himself: none. The city was hers, and with cold, unfeeling hands, she would bend it to her will until peace was had. Peace of the gun, but peace.

The past year had shredded her composure, the past few months especially. She knew it, and her ghouls knew it. On more than one occasion, they had commented on her new attitude, how she had more fire, less ice. It was true, quite true, and as she let her mind wander over the changes in her life, she knew why. Her relationship with Jack in conjunction with the chaos being dumped at her city’s gates, the two forces combined had frazzled her. For all her wisdom and self control, she was not managing her circumstances well.

“I know that look,” Ashley said, coming about to lean her hip against the counter. Deep in her tower, the black marble motif was commonplace, and the counter reflected it. The mirror was built into the wall itself, massive and circled with dragons of silver. “That’s the ‘I’m going to need to get serious about this’ look.”

“You do not understand, my precious. A host of children risked the aggression of brutish creatures, without so much as a mention to their leaders. If their idiot pursuits had gone horribly, it could very well have lead to war with the Uratha.” And the wolves had all the tact of an avalanche. They relied on their lunar madness, a mysterious condition that fell upon any kine that witnessed a werewolf in their transformed state.

Hardly an effective means of defense in the modern age. Supposedly, the werewolves also valued the secrecy of their existence, but she had seen no such control when Simon had visited her city.

Was she the only one with the foresight to consider the future? To consider what the world would be like in a hundred years, when the Earth’s kine found the stars, when space stations became normal, when

the secrets of the night would be threatened by the growth of technology. Would the beast inside them all find a way to evolve, or would Kindred be at the mercy of science?

The Uratha and Begotten, she could understand ignoring the future, to a degree. They were not immortal. But her fellow Kindred should know better, and she would drill that wisdom into their idiot skulls if it was the last thing she would do.

“But...” Julee continued to comb Antoinette’s hair, but her voice wavered the way she did when she wanted to say something, something Antoinette would undoubtedly not like. “But that... that sort of stuff, you’re normally very methodical and calculating about. This is different.”

“Yeah what Julee said.” Ashley pulled out a drawer, got some nail polish remover, and took Antoinette’s hand before she began treating her fingers. “And we know Jack has something to do with it. You said he nearly died?”

“Avery said... that the boy defeated the monster.” The monster the werewolves themselves could not defeat. If there was one thing those animals were good at, it was killing, and for them to fail where Jack succeeded was a scary thought. The risk that boy must have put himself under.

“Sounds to me like you’re just worried about Jack. Totally understandable.”

Antoinette sighed, leaned her head forward to rest her chin upon a palm, elbow to the arm of her chair, while Ashley pampered her other hand. A Kindred needed no manicure, no lotion, but nail polish was susceptible to the wears of time as anything else.

“You believe I am being biased.”

“You’re too smart for that,” Ashley said, smirking at her as she started applying the new base coat along her fingernails. “I think anything you said you’d have said even before you met Jack. Just now, you yell it instead of just saying it.”

“Then I am being childish.” Which, all things considered, was a good thing for a Kindred to feel. So long buried in responsibility and ruling of ages, elders often deteriorated into monoliths of unfeeling cruelty, like Viktor. But it was not good for her position as Prince. “And... in my juvenile frustration, may have offended my darling.”

“Offended?” Julee said.

“I... may have took him by the jaw, and forced him and Natasha to their knees. And then... threw them.”

Her two ghouls looked at each other, and sighed.

“That may have hurt his pride a little,” her little Ashley said, nodding as she focused on her nails. “And he is a man. Even Jack must have an ego to hurt.”

“Maybe?” Julee came around to stand more beside the Prince, still combing her hair with her eyes set on her task. “I think Jack will get over that quickly. He’s not nearly as vain as most men.”

Antoinette smirked at her two precious pets. To hear them discuss it, they must have had a wealth of experience with the opposite gender, when in truth Jack was their only true relation with men, beyond some platonic relationships at their university.

“But,” Julee continued, “I think you should definitely talk to him. Let him know you only got so angry cause you love him.”

Ashley nodded as she worked, soon applying blood red to Antoinette’s nails. “And from what you told us, what he did sounded very... awesome, manly even. Risking his life like that? I don’t know, maybe it was stupid, but I know I’d be swooning if my boyfriend was doing stuff like that.”

Antoinette eyed her pet closely. The ballerina refused to make eye contact with her, instead deciding to focus on her fingers. But she was smiling as she did it.

And with a slow sigh, Antoinette looked to the mirror and watched Julee comb her long white hair. To her dismay, a sneer was on the vampire’s face, a sneer she had been carrying since she had heard what Jack and the others had done. Images of the small man, torn apart and melting into nothing more than a withered husk haunted her, terrified her, struck her paralyzed.

But, perhaps there was something to Ashley’s silly swooning. Jack, her little Ventrue, taking down a beast of such magnitude with his hands? For all his skills and natural talents, he was very young; such a feat was nothing short of exemplary for one his age. And while she wished he would stay safe, she was proud of him.

How stereotypical of her, to wish her man be filled with drive, passion, to accomplish things and acquire power to his name, but also stay safe and in her arms at all times.

She would make it up to him.



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~~Damien~~

Well, that went better than he thought it would. Natasha had been surprised by Antoinette's anger, which surprised Damien considering how blatant the risk of their action had been. Pissing off the Uratha could easily mean dead Kindred, or Masquerade violations, or a host of other problems. Like a collapsed tunnel.

He shrugged to no one and waited outside, after the meeting. He wasn't sure where to go, what to do, or any of the typical garbage of a man with a new life. Felt almost like how he imagined a convict would feel once released. With no immediate, pressing concerns, what now?

Jack and Triss had already left, Triss avoiding eye contact with him, and him avoiding it with her. At least she wasn't rubbing his new problem in his face. If she did, he'd be liable to pin her down and drink her blood for another taste.

God he wanted another taste. He hadn't even been conscious for the first taste, and he wanted another one.

He shook his head and dusted nothing off his shoulders. Just the cravings Damien, it's just the cravings. They'll pass. Do not succumb to such base desires.

Fiona and Natasha came out moments later, and the redhead waved to him as she spotted him leaning against a lamppost. He returned it with a much smaller wave, a far more subtle smile, and stood a little straighter as the two of them walked over to him.

"Natasha wants to talk to ye!" Fiona said, nudging Natasha forward with her shoulder.

Damien raised a brow and looked down at the two women. Small Fiona, and super tiny Natasha. Fiona had no trouble with eye contact; if anything, she craved it. Whenever Damien met her gaze, she looked up at him with her beaming, golden eyes, as if all the horrible things that had just happened to him didn't. This girl was a nightmare incarnate? Still too hard to believe, even after seeing it all with his own eyes, and tasting jungle water.

“Vola,” he said.

“... D-Damien. Um, what’s your last name?”

“Burksen.”

“Burksen. Ok.” Natasha nodded, and stepped in a little closer, eyes down, every bit of her body language dripping of awkwardness. “Fiona, c-can I talk to Damien alone?”

“Awright. I will see ye two later then?” She waved and headed off, jeans and brown leather jacket a complete mismatch for her surroundings, this deep in South Side where suits and cocktail dresses were the norm. Damien had found some nicer clothes to wear for the meeting; he didn’t need to piss the Prince off anymore than he already was.

Natasha waved after her, a small one like Damien liked to do. “She... she’s a lot of fun, isn’t she? I can’t... c-c-can’t believe she’s what she says she is.”

“Yeah, I couldn’t either. But I walked in that lair myself, saw the two moons and the jungle she calls home. She showed me other parts too, a city of blood that looked identical to Dolareido.” He shivered as he started walking. Seemed like the thing to do, start walking, keep moving as they had the painful conversation he wanted to avoid.

New beginnings, Damien. New beginnings.

“I heard that Maria is... going t-t-to help you... with your Lancea et Sanctum b-business.”

“Yeah.” He pulled out Maria Turio’s phone that she gave him. No messages from her at least. Was he supposed to call her, text her, would it even be her answering them, or some of her ghouls or subordinate Kindred?

“I hope she... d-d-doesn’t betray you too.”

Fuck. He winced as the low blow sliced through his still very sore insides, and he looked down at the little woman walking beside him. Her eyes were hard set and locked onto the large sidewalk, even as the two of them avoided bumping into the kine in their way with practiced ease.

“... I am... sorry, Natasha, about everything, you know.” He glanced up toward the sky. Dolareido was a city of lights, a city that never slept; at least in the business and entertainment district. The stars couldn’t be seen, just buildings, tall buildings and their many windows, with bright lampposts, hundreds of

cars driving by at slow speeds, and various night shows or theaters with their front entrances putting on lights. When he looked back down, he found the girl looking at him, and smiling.

“You d-do have nice eyes.”

Nice eyes, right. She’d said that, back when he’d woken from his sleep inside the sheriff’s dungeon.

“So you believe me?”

“... I d-do. Just... wanted to hear it proper. But now you’re working for Maria, and—”

“Maria only betrayed you because she loved Lucas.”

“... loved?”

Did she not know? He looked at her as they walked, and raised a brow at the blatant confusion on her face.

“Yes, loved.”

“I... I’d heard, and my research suggested, but... I have a hard t-t-time imagining Maria... loving anything.”

“You worked with her for decades.”

“But she always kept her distance. And... I d-don’t think she ever really... accepted me.”

Damien sighed. Guess it wasn’t just him feeling out of place. If Natasha had worked for that woman for so many years, never feeling like Maria accepted her, that must have done damage to her mind. Trying to meet the expectations of your superiors, only to fall flat because of things beyond your control, was a situation he could understand. Similar, if only slightly.

“Well, I guess I’m in the same boat now. I have no idea if she’ll accept me. But then I’m not Invictus, she doesn’t need to.”

“Still, you’ll b-be working with her.”

“... yeah.” As a constant reminder of the shit he did for Lucas. Lovely. He sighed and turned a corner, while Natasha went in another direction. “... hey, wait a minute.”

“Y-Yeah?” she said, peeking over her shoulder at him. A glint of hope in her eyes too. She wanted to talk to him, and he was making it hard. Or was she?

Two idiot Mekhets who couldn't talk to other people to save their lives. Stereotypical.

"Come on, I want to show you something."

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"Wow!" She pressed her eye to the telescope, and peeked out over the tower edge to stare into the heart of the city. The tower was conveniently located of course, to be able to see into many buildings from its angle and height, many windows, and watch many roads.

"This is one of the sites I use to... ah, Beatrice would be angry with me, talking about spying on people." Stop thinking about shark-mouth. Stop it. "I set many telescopes up so I could spy on Dolareido. It's more difficult to spy on the Carthians though; no skyscrapers in their area."

"There's something t-to be said for low tech." She hummed a few affirmations as she turned the telescope about, eye never leaving it. "The Carthians are d-difficult to spy on, I know. No database to hack, no cameras or other surveillance t-tools to hack either. And, I guess, even a telescope is only useful if you c-can find a good spot for it."

"Exactly." Spying on the Invictus was easy for the technically minded. He wasn't that, but he still knew how to eavesdrop with a telescope.

"You can see J-Jessy's window!"

"Yeah. Your friend has... very..."—how to word this, how to word this—"exhibitionist taste."

Natasha groaned and let one of her arms hang limp beside her, no doubt mentally picturing what he was talking about. "I can see her right now, d-dancing around to some horrible eighties trash rock, and... d-doing it only in a thong."

Yeap, that sounded about right for Jessy; no need for her to mentally picture what he was saying then. Right hand of the Invictus, a Kindred who'd entered her ancilla years, and had the weight of billions of dollars and the lives of her subordinates in her hands, using her free time to dance naked in her living room for everyone to see.

"Her ghouls in there too?" he said.

“No, Vincent and them aren’t there.”

“Oh, you know their names? Partaking in some of Jessy’s other extracurricular activities?”

“N-N-No! No I’m... not.”

Well hell, he’d been kidding, but looking at Natasha from his seat on the tiny roof, he could tell she was trembling in that super anxious sort of way. The sort of trembling he imagined she’d do, her personality type would do, when trying to lie about something they were ashamed of.

“I didn’t realize you had that sort of side to you, Natasha.” Imagining her joining Jessy in her regular orgy fun was a strange image. But, he had to admit, much as he didn’t really think of Natasha in that way, she was a very cute, tiny woman. He may not have thought of her that way, but others must have.

“It’s... it’s Jessy’s fault! She f-f-forced me, and... and you!” Natasha finally pulled her eye away from the telescope to frown at him, sitting down opposite of him atop their small space on the tower. “Fiona says you’re a virgin!”

“Well if we’re going to get all juvenile about this, yes.” Much as he seemed to have offended Natasha, the conversation was proving too funny for him to not smile. Though, mental note, punish Fiona for being such a gossip.

“I... I’d heard that Lucas... had a strict policy involving... Kindred and ghouls.”

“Oh. That.” He sighed, sitting forward and resting his elbows on his knees, hands dangling between. “Yeah, he taught in his... dogma, that sex with kine, ghouls or otherwise, is prohibited.” He ran some fingers through the hair on the half of his head, and shook it once the pain of the memory eased. “If I can get the Lancea et Sanctum up and running again, a lot of those old lessons, idiotic doctrine, will be left behind.”

“That’s good.” She smiled and sat forward as well, getting more comfortable. “Cause, I mean, J-Jessy was right. I should have more fun. And so should you.”

He rolled his eyes, and thought back to his trip to the tunnels, and Fiona making him grab her breast. It’d been silly, but he had to admit, he liked the feel.

“I took you up here so we could talk more privately, not try and hook me up.”

“We are talking! You apologized for... for what you and Lucas d-did, right? And... and you’re different than him, a different person now too.”

He hoped so, cause the old Damien was dominated by a fucking Ventrue not even a year old. Embarrassing, and depressing, to have such a young neonate get into his mind and turn him into a puppet. Then again, for one so young to be able to dominate a mind at all was an impressive feat.

“What do you suggest?”

“I suggest you g-go to a club.”

He raised a brow at the tiny woman, and took a moment to look her up and down to make sure it was actually her. Yeap, boring black business suit with pants, definitely her.

“Are you serious?”

“I am! You know some Kindred feed in... pretty sexual ways. And there are a lot of places with that v-v... wise in buckets,” she said, and she blinked at herself after using the word ‘bucket’. Both of them chuckled.

“You know in the Second Estate, we try to encourage kine to not sin, right?”

“Yeah b-but, how bad a sin is sleeping around, really?” She shrugged, got back up, and looked back through the telescope.

As far as he was concerned, not a bad one at all. He smirked at the little creature and watched her watch the world. She’d changed. No longer the shy thing he spied on from the shadows, she was becoming far more confident in herself. He had never actually known her, not truly, but spy on someone for a few decades and you become intimately familiar with their body language. And hers read confidence, even after he discovered she’d been joining Jessy’s sexual activities.

“Oh god she’s... at it again.”

Speak of the devil. Damien laughed as Natasha motioned for him to check it out, and he peeked through the telescope lens into the window of Jessy’s apartment.

Yeap. Girl was indeed partaking in her typical shower of sin. Kindred could sin all they wanted for all God cared, but seeing ghouls engage in such blatant sexual acts? It’d take some getting used to, for him to agree with it.

Maybe the problem was outdated views though. Instead of him thinking of everything as a sin, maybe the problem was the evolution of concepts and ideas, or rather, his refusal to see it that way. The same with

cursing, insults, how these words changed and evolved with time, what was once offensive stopped being offensive, and things that were once benign became offensive.

Look at him, sounding like one of those new age preachers. Not exactly in line with the typical Lancea et Sanctum views, as far as he knew. But maybe Antoinette and her vision for the future carried more wisdom than he realized. Adaptation.

Course, baby steps first. Seeing Jessy standing around four men on their knees, with their fingers fighting for space to get inside both of her holes, was perhaps a bit much to jump into. He rolled his eyes and stepped away from the telescope, only for Natasha to jump back to it and look through.

“See something you like?”

“Hey! I... I’m not you! I want t-to... try new things sometimes. And... wow they’re... really opening her up.”

He laughed and watched her, how her hand gripped the telescope tight, and how her eye was pressed to it just as tight, as if she might miss something. Jessy had definitely awoken something in the girl.

“That might be a bit much for me, Natasha. If we’re going to toss my old beliefs out, let’s try and not throw the baby out with the bath water. Maybe start small?”

“...”

“... Natasha!”

“What? What! I was... just looking. D-Did... you say something?”

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~~Julias~~

He sat on one of the couches in the mansion’s front lobby where it connected to the main door, and waited. Triss had texted him, saying she’d be coming over. Good, he had some words to share.

A lot of stuff happening underneath their feet, stuff he wasn’t involved in, stuff that should have been observed, not touched. The Uratha had a hunt going on, in abandoned tunnels blocked off from kine, so the

Invictus had no reason to intervene; the council agreed on that. And yet he finds out Jack had gone down there. Jack. The god damn last person to be violating what the Uratha demanded. And in the process, nearly got himself and Triss killed.

He was going to kill that kid. After he killed Triss.

He laughed and smacked himself in the forehead. Well, better he kill them than the damn werewolves; or apparently, weird spider animals that the werewolves hunted. Jack had filled him in on the details before rushing off for the Prince's very impromptu, very odd meeting. But, according to the text he'd just received, him and his gang had all survived her fury.

A monster, and four Kindred, each of a different covenant. Hell, five covenants if he considered Triss's previous membership with the Carthians. What a strange band of oddballs to be going on missions into the tunnels, against their superior's wishes. On one hand, Kindred were encouraged to be pro-active, to actively look for ways to secure their covenants safety and power. Course, if it came at the cost of the Masquerade, they were to be punished.

It wasn't his job to punish Triss, but he could still yell at her a little. Might make him feel better.

Eventually she stepped into his mansion, opening and closing the giant door like she lived here.

"Hey there lover boy." She grinned at him and started to walk toward him, hands together in the small of her back, and grin only growing as she got closer.

He liked that. Wait, don't stop being angry at her. She needs to be yelled at.

"Don't lover boy me. You nearly got yourself killed."

"Ah man! Fuck, how much did Jack tell you?"

"Everything."

"... everything?"

"Yeah, everything. About this Azlu monster, about one of the Uratha getting killed, about Natasha being down there to prove Fiona's innocence, and then you bunch going down there to do the same thing. About Jack nearly getting killed taking one of the monsters down." He forced down his pride coming through and trying to make him smile. Not the time.

"Oh. Oh, then, yeah... uh, sorry?"

“Sorry? You—”

“Hey! We didn’t go down there just to prove Fiona’s innocence. We went down there cause Natasha disappeared. And before you get on her case, she had the permission of two Uratha to go down there.”

“Did you have the permission of your boss? You think Jacob would have been fine with you risking your neck like that?”

“Of fucking course not, but he wouldn’t have said no either. Not how shit works in the Circle.”

Right, of course. Jacob would let her get herself killed as a way of teaching her a lesson. Ugh.

“... I could yell at you about Dolareido and the Masquerade.”

“Yeah but you won’t. Jacob will give me an earful for that, and the Prince already did.” She came up to him and pushed him, claws to his chest, hard enough to knock him back down until he was sitting on his couch.

“Hey, this—”

“Look, Superman, I get it. The idea of me dying terrifies you. Well, the idea of you dying terrifies me too. But I ain’t gonna let it stop me, and I hope you don’t let it stop you.” She climbed onto him and straddled his lap, knees to the bed. She was wearing the black jeans with rips in it she liked, black combat boots, and a white tank top that was cut high to expose her stomach, abs, tattoos, and piercings. And considering how tight it was, it showed the nipple piercings she was wearing as well. Studs.

“... I kind of wish you did.”

“No you don’t. You wouldn’t respect me or love me if I was a passive bitch like that.” She put her hands on his shoulders and leaned in to plant kisses along his jaw and neck. And as she did, she snuggled in, sliding her knees further along the cushions until her body was pressed to his. Claws slid down his arms, under them, and around his sides to hook behind his back and pull him close. “Instead of yelling at me, why don’t you tell me things like... you’re glad I’m alive.”

“I am glad you’re alive. You know that.”

“Tell me you love me.”

“I love you.”

She crooned into his ear, and gave his earlobe a few kisses before she set her forehead down to rest against his neck and shoulder. “Tell me you’re happy that I’m a strong, confident woman that don’t need no man.”

“Wait, what?” he said, chuckling. She pulled away and frowned at him, but he hugged her back tight to his body, and set one hand along her back, the other into her hair to comb it with his fingers. “You’re a strong, confident woman who don’t need no man. And I’m thankful every day she lets me in her life.”

“Damn straight.”

He was sure this meeting was supposed to go differently. Wasn’t he supposed to be angry at her for something? Couldn’t stay angry, not as reasons melted away and his frustrations along with them. And holding her in his arms made him forget all the little reasons.

He could find the reasons later. For now, he held her against his body, kissed her head and hair, and hugged her tight. He wasn’t stupid, he knew she’d broken him in a matter of seconds; and apparently, he was perfectly alright with that.

His arms encompassed her, held her to him tighter for a moment with a true, proper hug, that she returned with a quiet sigh. He relaxed, and let his hands drift down to hold her hips lightly as the two sat there in silence, Triss keeping her forehead in the nook of his neck while one of her hands found his tie, and began playing with it.

“Ok,” she said, “that’s enough lovey mushy crap. Pants off. I’m thinking... pool sex. You have a pool, right? Like a proper swimming pool?”

“No, I don’t have a swimming pool. Why would Viktor need a pool?”

“You’re rich! Go buy a pool!”

“Just so you can have pool sex?”

“Yes.”

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~Jack~~

Finally alone.

Jack stood at the window and looked outside, a glass of blood in his hand and a million thoughts in his head. He'd taken a drink of someone earlier that night, so he didn't need to be drinking blood, but it seemed like the right thing to do when in pondering mode. Stand in front of the window, look down at the streets below, the street lights, the large, luxurious apartment buildings across from his, the people in their windows, and let his mind drift.

The werewolves hunted some pretty nasty things. Life was nicer when he thought the nastiest thing he had to worry about was other vampires, when Kindred like Tony seemed like the scariest thing. Compared to that monstrosity, he missed Tony. Well, maybe not. Tony and the others were manipulators, schemers, murderers. At least the monster was an animal with motivations far less insidious. Eat, kill, procreate, things like that. Just how it did that was nauseating. He could still remember the feeling of driving a metal bar down through its body. Ugh.

So, werewolves were a thing now, and he'd had the unfortunate fortune of getting a personal taste of what their hunts were like. Enough blood and screams to give anyone PTSD.

Then there were monsters, and not the Azlu. Fiona and Athalia and Azamel, and who knows who else. People with nightmares in them, actual nightmares, horrors, things that existed instead of just dreams people had at night. And these nightmares had lairs, in the dream world.

He tried to ignore the fact there was a dream world. Easier to just focus on the physical, on things that bled. And so far his only experience with them was a spider monster that looked more like some sort of spider goddess, like something you'd see drawn on a mural from an ancient civilization. Which, if Vrall was indeed what Fiona said she was, was probably a thing.

What else didn't he know about? With Kindred, he'd just assumed Kindred were the only thing he'd have to worry about. No one else mentioned things to suggest otherwise; maybe that was done on purpose though, to keep him out of things he should probably be staying out of, like werewolf hunts. Were there ghosts? Spirits? Demons? What else went bump in the night?

“Course, none of that is bothering you as much as Antoinette.”

He sighed, and let his forehead hit the glass. Didn't care about smudges, just let his weight press into it as he ran the memories through his head.

She was furious. And not in the ice cold way he'd expected, but a fiery way that'd practically burned him when she'd grabbed his jaw.

Did he cross the line this time? He knew he'd crossed the line, in the sense that as Prince she was going to be angry with him; the Invictus council were too. But did he cross a line as far as their relationship was concerned?

No. Maybe. No. Right? Fuck he hoped not. But she'd been so angry with him, angry enough to pick him up and throw him, and Natasha. He had a hard time thinking they'd just be able to walk that off, to—

The door buzzer rang. Oh fuck what now?

“Hello?”

“... Jack, may I come in?”

“Oh! Oh, yea, please.” He pressed the button.

Antoinette was visiting him. Kind of like last time then, after the Primogen meeting. But last time it'd been some days between the meeting and her visit, this time she was visiting him immediately thereafter. Good? Bad? He started to shake a little as he waited for her to come to the door. Don't be bad please don't be bad.

She knocked, and he opened the door for her—for three woman to come in.

“Ashley, Julee?”

“Jack! Oh you have a nice place. All sleek and modern and stuff.” Ashley, once she'd slipped off her sneakers, jumped onto his couch and bounced a few times.

Julee on the other hand gave him a tiny finger wave, and stayed beside Antoinette as the woman walked over to him. Over to him, and past him to grab the curtain by the window and pull it closed.

“Um...”

“Jack, I felt it important to remind you, and myself, that my affairs as Prince should not affect our personal life.” The Daeva brought the curtain all the way to the end of the window before casually letting it go, and simultaneously walked into his kitchen. She fetched a glass, same as his own, and poured herself some blood as she got comfortable.

“Yeah, I know. Though uh, little rough on the jaw there.” He rubbed his mouth a bit and smiled at the woman. Thank god his teeth had healed before the meeting. “And... I get it, I know I was doing stupid shit, risking my neck and—”

“You risked your neck to fight for your friend, and perhaps save Natasha.” She came over to him, swaying her hips a little more than usual — which looked amazing in a business suit skirt — and set her hands on his shoulders to guide him to his couch. “I am selfish to think you should never risk your life in such fashion. I want you all to myself, my little Ventrue, and as this city becomes more and more dangerous, I grow protective.”

“Well, I mean... yeah, I get that, I—”

Her index finger pressed to his lips, and she pushed down on his shoulders until he was sitting.

“When I am over protective, please, do not think ill of me. And while as Prince, your antics infuriate me, as your love... I admit, it pleases me that you have such drive.” She sat down next to him, turned to face him on the couch, and started to undo his shirt. He’d already had the jacket off, being home and all, and Antoinette seemed to want more off.

“Uh, kind of putting me between a rock and a hard place then. Make my girl happy, or make my Prince happy.” He managed a shrug, even as she slid the shirt off of him. “Not sure which one I should be striving for.”

“I think you should be striving to make your woman jubilant. And if the Prince grows sour with your shortsighted actions, then you should do all you can to make it up to her.” She leaned in, put a kiss on his neck, his shoulder as she slid the shirt off, and along his chin. “So, both.”

Both, right, keep both happy. He’ll just exist in two places from now on, no problem. Course, it wasn’t like everything he was going to do was going to piss off the Prince, but circumstances did seem to come up that put him in that situation.

Wait, he was shirtless, and the two ghouls were in his apartment. They’d never done this before.

“Did you not once have a table here,” Antoinette said as she teased her fingers along his stomach.

“Yeah uh... got... broke.”

She raised a brow, but shrugged and motioned for the girls. Ashley and Julee came on over and sat across from him, both dressed in some simple t-shirts and jeans. Stark contrast to Antoinette and her expensive business suit.

“It occurred to me, my love, that while us having sex in your abode is rare, more rare is inviting my pets over. So rare that, I believe, it has never been done.”

“Nnnope, never done,” he said.

The girls giggled and nodded. Ashley was a giggly sort, but today was extra giggles that had Jack raising a brow.

“I like the place!” Ashley said.

Julee ran her fingers along the couch a few times, enjoying the feel of the expensive fabric no doubt. Not that his stuff was as fancy as Antoinette’s, but he had money now, and he furnished his place the same way Julias would.

Circumstances struck his brain like lightning. Three girls, in his apartment. There were three girls in his apartment, and they were looking at shirtless him. So many fantasies jumped into his mind, a hundred of them, girls in underwear hitting each other with pillows, getting all sweaty and tired, lying down on the same bed, before spontaneously deciding to give each other oil massage for Jack to watch.

“Blush for me my love.” Antoinette set her lips to his ear, and plucked on his earlobe with her kiss. Already wet and warm; she was blushing.

He blushed as well, and immediately felt his member grow harder. Something about three girls in his apartment was sending all sorts of signals through his body, regressing him to when he first hit puberty, when he first discovered the portal to the porn world that was the internet. Such silly fantasies back then, but god damn, they stuck with you.

And they were happening. God damn Antoinette really spoiled the fuck out of him.

“I do hope to keep finding ways to excite you my love, as the years go by. And even if we clash in my tower, I love that I can come to you now and let those worries go.”

“I... I suppose it’d be really cliché if I said things like ‘I thought of you as I was fighting’ or something.”

“Oui. I hope you were focused on staying alive, not thinking of me.”

Well, he had been thinking of her. Glimpses, glimmers, little flashes of her in his mind as he jumped off the sewer ledge and onto the spider. Would he get back to her? See her again? How utterly pissed was she going to be when she found out he was dead? Would she cry?

“... you did sneak in there a bit.”

She laughed, and guided his chin toward her to put her lips upon his. Their kissing earned some sighs of longing from the two ghouls watching, and Antoinette smiled into the kiss as she turned her head just enough to peek at them.

“I believe I had promised you some delightful experiences with my breasts, non? Before that brute interrupted us.” She snapped her fingers and pointed at the door. Like a jack in the box, Ashley sprung up from the couch, jumped over to the door, and locked the bolt before coming to sit back down.

“Y-Yeah, but, I mean, the girls are here and—”

“And we are here to please you. After how I treated you tonight, the girls helped me realize much of my anger was due to my worry for you. In apology, tonight, we will be pleasuring you.”

“... really? Cause, I mean, sounds awfully one sided, and I like it when you get to enjoy yourselves too.”

“The girls will be more than satisfied with a Kiss when we are done. And I will be more than satisfied with seeing the pleasure on your face.” Her hand along his stomach drifted lower, and undid the button and zipper of his pants. She didn't even have to glance down to see what she was doing, pure skill guiding her.

He looked at the girls across from him. They were both smiling, Ashley in that bubblegum way, Julee in a subdued way that somehow seemed sexier, complete with a subtle lip bite that stirred all sorts of memories in him. They were there to please him, and judging from the looks Antoinette was giving him, she planned to do many things to him, with the ghouls there to participate.

Utterly. Spoiled.

“Stand for me Jack, and strip.”

He hopped up, and slipped off his pants. In the past he'd have hesitated, especially with three sets of eyes on him instead of one. But now he threw his pants away and hopped back onto the couch with a bounce, smiling. No hiding he was excited, and Antoinette chuckled at him as she slid her arm around his shoulders again.

She kissed him, stood up before her, and stuck her arms out to the side slightly. Queue for the girls to stand up as well and join her. They reached for her skirt, undid the hidden zipper in its hip, and slid it from her body. As they exposed her legs, her black thigh highs and the garter belt that held them up, they grinned at him from around her sides. The garter belt was less a belt, and more a skirt itself, though not long enough to cover more than a few inches of her hips, with black lace — always black lace — designs in the see-through fabric. Her bra was of the same style, the black lace with curling black lines in the fabric, accenting the shape of her bust.

She kept on her shoes, black, with very high heels, almost stiletto.

He sat there and gawked up at her. No matter how many times, no matter how many fucking times she stood there before him, he had to pause and take it in. So much taller than him, a curvy body with a flat stomach and tight waist; the ultimate hourglass figure. The waves of white hair down to the small of her back, her red eyes and alabaster skin, the lipstick and nail polish she liked to wear; blood red today.

The girls on the other hand, threw away their clothes with all the grace of a university student. Which was what they were, far as Jack knew, with maybe a few extra years on their belt. Naked, the two ballerinas came over to his couch, but they didn't sit down. Grinning, Ashley winking, the two of them got down on their knees, and leaned their elbows onto the couch, each kneeling outside his legs.

Apparently making space for Antoinette, who also got down onto her knees in front of him. Antoinette. On her knees. Between his legs. His cock twitched and flexed, raising and pointing upward as he watched the love of his life get comfortable between his legs, her hands finding his thighs and slipping behind him. She tugged on him, bringing his hips forward a little, and leaned down to plant a soft kiss along his member.

He melted. Three girls smiling up at him, looking up at him from around his legs. The two ballerinas, nude, beautiful, leaned in to watch as Antoinette planted another kiss along his cock, and another, lips rising closer and closer to the tip. And she grinned up at him as she slid her lips around the head of his member, moistened it with her warm mouth, and pulled back the skin with delicate fingers to expose the ripe glans within.

She let his cock slip from her mouth as she lifted her head, and leaned back a little. With some room available to them, the two ballerinas leaned in to get between his knees and Antoinette, forcing him to

spread his legs wide. Not so wide as to be uncomfortable, and Jack shivered as he looked down at the three women fitting between his knees.

Shivering turned to groaning as both Ashley and Julee leaned in closer again, and put their lips to his shaft. Their kisses started at the bottom, drifting up slowly, each inch peppered with more kisses, until the two of them set their lips upon his glans, and began to kiss it with lingering licks. Like last time, Ashley seemed half intent on suckling on his cock, and half intent on kissing Julee. And it took Julee a few moments to reciprocate, but eventually she did, and smiled a tiny smile as she opened her mouth enough to catch both the head of his shaft, and some of Ashley's lips. With him sitting and leaning back slightly, his member was pointing straight up, and the girls took advantage of the position, sharing him.

"Have you fed tonight, my love?" Antoinette said, her hands reaching out to stroke the backs of her ghouls. While they were naked, she was still in her bra, panties, garter belt, thigh highs, and high heels. Gave her a bit of a dominant look, over her two pets. Perfect.

"I uh, yeah I did, couple hours ago."

"Good. My pets and I would like to play with you tonight, and see how many times we can make you cum."

"Um, yes please."

The ballerinas laughed and looked over at their mistress between them. Antoinette leaned in closer, and set her lips onto his shaft where the girls had been before. And as she suckled, the blond and brunette leaned in again, and pressed their lips to him as well.

Three girls, three sets of lips, kissing and suckling on him, fighting for space on his cock's swollen head. If Avery or Triss or whoever decided to break through his door, he'd tell them to fuck right off, and he'd not move an inch. So amazing, looking down at the three beautiful women, and watching them play with him. Not just looked amazing, felt amazing. The sensation of wet warmth on his length as Julee brought her lips down his shaft, of suckling on his girth, of kisses working along the underside of him as both Antoinette and Ashley bathed the head of his shaft in bliss. Each kiss sent powerful sparks of pleasure down his length, making his cock flex and pull toward his abs, only to be stopped by the three women's lips. The bliss worked down to his testicles and between his thighs, starting to build the tingling waves of his fluids.

Ashley made a moaning sound, no doubt just to pleasure him; it worked. And as she did, she guided her kisses toward Antoinette, so her lips nudged against her mistress's, even as they wrapped around his glans.

“Ashley you imp, you are going to make my love jealous.”

“Sorry!” Giggling, Ashley resumed her work, and she bat her eyelashes at Jack several times as she slipped half his length into her mouth. She held him there, licking along the underside of him while Julee continued to kiss along the base of his shaft, above his testicles.

Antoinette, rolling her eyes, gently nudged her pet aside, and took Jack's cock into her mouth. And devoured him. Looking up at him as she slipped inch after inch of him into her mouth, she eased her tongue back and forth along the underside of his cock, and winked up at him as her lips found the base of his length. Julee and Ashley both stared on, a little wide-eyed at how the Prince held every bit of his length in her mouth. And throat. God, he could feel his cock pressing to the back of her mouth, and she adjusted the angle of her head to let it slide down into her throat.

And she kept him there. No need to breathe, but that didn't mean a vampire didn't have a gag reflex, especially when blushing life. Antoinette had no such issue, and she made a little moan around his girth as she pulled back an inch with tight lips, before sinking down balls deep once again. Holding him so deep, she tilted her head from side to side, causing his glans to rub against her throat, all while she eased her tongue back and forth along the soft underside of his member.

“Pretty sure I'd vomit if I did that,” Ashley said.

Jack chuckled, but Julee scrunched her nose and stuck out her tongue. “Ick.”

Rolling her eyes again, Antoinette began the long, slow journey of raising her head. For each inch she let slip from her mouth, she bathed him in delicious licks all while she suckled, until her lips came to a stop at his glans, and she took extra time to cover his cock in her kisses before lifting her head completely. The rolling pleasure of his precum rising to the tip, only to be kissed away by the vixen, had Jack quivering.

“Ashley dear, you must learn to flow with the mood, and not speak of such things so uncouth.”

“Sorry!” she said, blushing, but Jack doubted she was genuinely apologetic. Not her style.

And Antoinette knew it. She pinched her ghoul's cheek as she sighed a mother's disappointed sigh, before she scooted in a little closer to Jack. She knelt up a little higher, reached for his cock with one hand,

and guided it toward her to press it snug to her upper abdomen. With her other hand, she slid her fingernails under the bridge of her bra, and lifted it away from her just enough so she could ease his shaft into the crevice.

Once she set the bridge of the bra against the base of his cock, she placed her hands back upon his legs, and grinned up at him. His cock sat between her breasts, held snug by her bra to her sternum. Where the bra fabric held him was only a couple inches tall, leaving most of his length exposed and begging to be touched. And, as Antoinette got comfortable, Jack stared at the beautiful, perfect sight of his shaft sitting between her two huge, alabaster breasts and the black bra that contained them. At a certain point, his jaw had dropped, and Antoinette reached up to close it before licking her lips.

“Avery will not interrupt our date this time, I am sure. And if she does....” Antoinette shrugged, and with both hands, pressed her breasts together to trap his shaft completely in the softness of her cleavage. “Then she can watch.”

Jack groaned, and melted back into his couch. Her bra was made to accent plunging cleavage, so when she pushed her breasts together, it was pure, warm, soft skin enveloping his cock. In moments, more than just his cock, but the growing wetness of his precum lined her sternum. The clear drops rose to the surface of his glans, and coated the valley of her breasts as she kneaded them together against his length.

“Uh... uh... more than her might show up. Been a lot of people doing that lately, you know? Triss, Natasha, Fiona, and Damien too.” Hard to talk with her treating him to the most glorious sight he’d ever seen, her beautiful, enormous breasts, wrapped in her black lace bra, squishing his cock between them, and hiding every inch of his length.

“One would be enough. After that, I feel I would be forced to protest, and remove them before we resumed.” She nuzzled her body against his testicles, pressing her abdomen to them in a soft, rolling motion as she reached out to take his hips again, elbows to the couch.

Seeing an opportunity, Ashley leaned in around Antoinette’s arm in front of her, and set her cheek to her mistress’s collar. Grinning at Jack, just like the imp Antoinette accused her of being, she rested her chin and cheek to Antoinette’s closer breast as she craned her neck down to set her lips on his shaft.

And Antoinette did nothing to stop her. Instead, the woman reached up from underneath Ashley to slip a hand up her neck and into her hair. She combed the blond waves, and smiled up at Jack as her ghoulishly suckled on his cock, while it rested between her breasts.

Don't cum don't cum, not yet.

The Prince did the same for Julee, motioning for the girl to come closer. And when she did, Antoinette slipped her hand into her hair from underneath as well, and Julee set her cheek and chin to Antoinette's breast as she leaned in to place some kisses along Jack's cock, fighting for space against Ashley.

But, as Antoinette began to gently press her body against him again, her soft skin against his testicles and thighs as she leaned in, all while the two girls planted kisses and suckled on the head of his cock, it was too much. The warm, pleasure-inducing waves flooded the base of his shaft, and a hard flex of his muscles — along with a few quiet moans — sent the gush of cum up through his length, and a moment later, into the awaiting mouths of the two girls.

Julee pulled back, blinking, staring at the rising mound of white that leaked out of him. Ashley, on the other hand, continued to bathe his cock with her lips, and giggled as his cum coated her lips. All Jack could do was struggle to hold still as she milked the pleasure out of him, dragging the orgasm out, making each flex of his pelvic floor almost painfully blissful as another squirt of his white fluid landed on her mouth, and onto the valley of Antoinette's breasts. Julee leaned in again after a few moments, and joined Ashley, planting kisses along the tip of his length and letting the cum splash against her lips. Most of his cum fell along the Prince's cleavage, and down along his shaft to coat between her breasts and the bridge of her bra.

"That's enough my pets," Antoinette said, devil smile never leaving as she watched him. And once the two girls pulled away, Ashley making sure to plant some kisses along her breast as she did, the Prince cupped the sides of her bosom, and again pressed her breasts together. Warm, wet, her soft skin enveloped his cock and massaged his own cum into his member, into the sensitive tip that sent powerful waves of pleasure down through his length in between his legs until he was quivering.

"Did you enjoy that my love?"

"God yes." He leaned back completely and collapsed onto the couch, arms falling limp at his sides. And his eyes were still locked onto the sight of his cock disappearing into Antoinette's cleavage; her massive breasts were more than enough to completely hide his length when she pressed them together like that. Another squeeze of his inner muscles forced a final drop of his cum to enter the growing pool of white she was creating, breasts together snug and letting zero of his fluids escape. Until at least she released her

bosom, let the bra spread her cum-covered breasts, and let the pool of white drip down the valley between them.

“You are ready for more, non? Or do you feel the need for another drink, to revitalize.” Antoinette smiled down at him as she stood up, his length slipping free from her cum-soaked bra. She stood there, thigh highs, garters, underwear, and still wearing her high heels. A perfect combination of sheer sexual allure, and staring at it was more than enough to keep him hard.

A belly still full of blood helped too; blood was the best aphrodisiac for a Kindred in the mood.

And of course, Ashley and Julee stood beside her, naked, Julee smiling and Ashley grinning, their hands behind their backs and jutting out their small, perfect breasts at him.

“Bring him,” the Prince said, and she gestured to him with a finger before she walked off down the hall toward his bedroom.

The girls, giggling like a couple of silly drunks, reached out for his hands and plucked him off the couch. They walked him after Antoinette, holding his hands, squeezing his fingers, glancing down at his hard shaft and how it dripped of his cum. Kindred fluids only lasted five, maybe ten minutes, but it was more than enough time for Jack to get an eyeful of Antoinette as she sat on the edge of his bed, and ran a single finger down one of her breasts. Spreading the cum like that, a trail of white over the black of her bra, he almost melted as the girls guided him toward her.

His bedroom, with the big bed, black sheets — seemed to be the norm for Kindred — and white walls. Well not completely white anymore. He’d started hanging up some pictures, even cycled some as he experimented, and in his room there were paintings of Gothic scenery. Paintings of black forests, cool and spooky castles, a murder of crows circling imposing towers. He thought they were awesome.

“I enjoy the motif, my love. Dark though. Perhaps you have a deep and troubled soul?”

“Nah, sorry, just think crows and shit are neat.”

The girls laughed and rubbed his arms as they guided him to the bed. His joke wasn’t that funny, but the girls seemed to enjoy it anyway, and the arm rubbing was very over the top. But that was the theme of the night apparently, to let him indulge in some very ridiculous, over-the-top sexual fantasies. And after a night of brutality and pain, he was very much ok with this.

Antoinette reached behind her back, and undid the clasp of her bra. Leaning forward, she let it slip from her arms as she sat in the center of his bed, and tossed the bra aside. Still in her shoes, but she kept them from stabbing into his blankets, and with sitting toward one hip, legs out to the side, she was most definitely showing them off on purpose.

Topless Antoinette sitting on his bed, with his cum still coating the center of her breasts. Hard to focus on the shoes.

He climbed onto the bed along with the girls. Tough to fit four people on a king-sized bed, but the girls didn't mind. They pressed up against each other, and him, the two ballerinas crawling like cats along the bed to find better positions.

“Ashley my dear, come sit behind me, and put on a show for my love, s'il vous plaît.” The Prince smiled at her pet, and then at Jack, red eyes drinking him in as much as he was her. But Jack's eyes broke first, watching Ashley and her tight butt wiggling as she crawled on her hands and knees along the bed to get behind Antoinette.

And once she was behind her, she reached underneath Antoinette's arms to cup the woman's huge breasts, and began to massage them. Her fingers teased along his love's perfect, large nipples, and brought them to hard points as her fingertips circled them. And she made no attempt to avoid his cum; if anything, she was spreading it on purpose, fingers reaching between Antoinette's cleavage to find where he'd soaked her. Soon she'd coated the underside of the Prince's heavy, teardrop breasts with his white fluids, and continued to massage in circular patterns with her fingers to grab Jack's eyes and make them follow, hypnotized.

Julee reached over for their bag. At some point they'd brought a bag in with them, a purse, and she ruffled through it until she withdrew a bottle of lubricant.

“Come, sit upon my waist.” Antoinette held out her hands for him, and as she did, she leaned back against Ashley's body. Ashley was sitting against the wall where Jack's bed was snug to, and she spread her legs so Antoinette could sit back against her between them, her hair spreading over Ashley's naked body, and her head coming to rest against her pet's sternum. Antoinette stuck out her legs as well, flat against the bed, like a road for Jack's eyes to follow up to her body.

God yes. He crawled over to her, and did as she demanded, sitting on her waist, weight on his knees against the blankets beside her ribs. He nestled in a little, so her breasts rested along his thighs; they were

big enough to pull to the sides of her chest, and with his legs currently snug against the sides of her chest, her breasts pressed and rested against his legs.

His cum was starting to fade into the smallest traces of ash, so small they were basically nonexistent. Meant her skin was no longer wet. But Julee slid up next to him, and leaned over his leg to begin pouring the lubricant onto her mistress's breasts. Jack could smell something too, a flavor, something subtle but there. Mint chocolate, maybe? Nothing he'd want, now that he was Kindred, but maybe the girls liked the taste of it.

With Antoinette leaning against Ashley's body, she was almost sitting up straight but not quite, so all Jack had to do was sit up straight as well, and with him sitting forward on her waist, his cock rested along her sternum. It was an angle they'd done before, with Antoinette sitting against the headboard of her bed, with pillows against the small of her back to angle her right. But instead of pillows and a headboard, this time it was Ashley, and she grinned up at Jack from over Antoinette's head.

And once Julee had liberally coated the woman's breasts in lubricant, and his cock, Ashley reached under the Prince's shoulders and arms, and started to massage her breasts again. She pushed them together, kneaded them with a gentle grip, and spread the lubricant around. And Jack got to feel every bit of it, his length sitting between her breasts and bathed in them as Ashley pushed them together, buried his cock in the softness, and giggled as she did so.

"Does it feel good?" the blond ballerina said.

"Fuck yes." The weight and softness of Antoinette's breasts, pressed tight to his cock, covering it and rubbing against the swollen head of his shaft, was divine. Every bit of friction the lubricated skin provided, all caused by Ashley's hands, was sending warm pleasure down his length again, a tingling sensation that made him shiver.

And through it all, Antoinette watched him, smiling, red eyes looking him up and down as he did his best to hold still. Her hands took his ass, and squeezed on the muscle before drifting up to hold his hips and waist.

"Julee my dear, please, massage my love. He must be sore and exhausted from his valiant efforts last night."

Valiant efforts, heh. Jack managed a tiny smirk between his small groans. She was toying with him and his ego, in a fun way, a teasing way that she liked to do. But, even if it was teasing, Julee came up

behind Jack on her knees between Antoinette's legs, and pressed her breasts to his back. Her nipples were hard, very hard, and she set her hands to his shoulders to begin squeezing and massaging, all while pressing her body against his. Not exactly an effective massage — Kindred didn't get tight muscles anyway — but a very erotic, powerful sensation, her body and warmth against his, her breasts squished to his back and her hands squeezing his shoulders.

Not just shoulders. Her grip drifted under them and around his waist to find his abs, and she traced them with her fingertips as she leaned in to rest her chin on his shoulder. She was kneeling straight up, and since he was sitting, she was taller than him in the position, so she got to peek over his shoulder as her hands caressed his body.

He could feel her heat, her blushing. He could smell her arousal. He could feel Julee's desire as her hands drifted further and further down, until she eventually wrapped her fingers around his cock. She plucked it up from the valley of encompassing softness Ashley's hands had created for him, and held it more upright, stroking it with her grip, squeezing its girth, working the lubricant around as she brought one hand up to his glans and softly caressed the sensitive, ripe, swollen skin.

“Hey!” Ashley said.

“S-Sorry... I'll... just....” Panting in his ear, Julee set one hand to his abs again, fingers squeezing them instead, while her other pushed down at the base of his cock lightly to guide it down against Antoinette's sternum. And, looking down, watching, she started to push herself against Jack's body. Just a little, just enough to get him to move with her, to ease his hips forward a couple inches in a gentle rhythm, before she eased back and let him pull back as well.

She was fucking Antoinette's breasts with his body, his cock. And he was more than happy to let her. Ashley was too, as she made some aww and ohh sounds before she resumed massaging the Prince's breasts, though at this point, she was actively squishing them together around his cock more than anything.

Antoinette seemed to think the whole thing was cute, as she chuckled a few times and reached up to pat Ashley on the cheek, and Julee on the arm, before she settled her hands back on Jack's hips.

“Can... you tell me when you're going to cum?” Julee said, straight into his ear, her voice wet and heavy. “I want to... to... try something.”

“Um, sure, yeah.” He managed to turn his head to catch a glance of the brunette. Blushing didn't begin to describe how red she'd become. Must have taken a lot of courage to bring up her own sexual

desires in the midst of all this. But, despite her blatant embarrassment, her hand on his abs reached down further to find his testicles, and she began to gently massage the sensitive orbs within. She didn't stop pushing against his body either, making him fuck the Prince's enormous breasts all while the ghoul rubbed her body against him.

Too good. So many hands on him, so much stimulus, wet and warm and soft and perfect. He could already feel the pleasure growing, the telltale blissful sparks building underneath his testicles.

"I'm... going to cum soon." The building heat between his legs demanded release, and his cock flexed upward, against Julee's fingers, against the bed of softness Ashley was creating for him.

Julee moaned, deliberate, intoxicating, and started to stroke his shaft again. She stopped pushing against his body though, instead focusing on massaging his cock, squeezing it, sliding her fingers along the veins. She kept the swollen head buried inside Antoinette's bosom though, still enveloped in the softness rubbing up and down his sensitive skin from Ashley's playing.

When the cum started to flow, Julee almost squealed. She pulled up on his length a little, enough to slip his cock from the tight bed of softness, and instead she started to rub it along Antoinette's nipples. First the left, she guided his cock as she massaged it with slow, deep strokes, forcing a small groan out of Jack as the next wave of cum trickled out of him and onto his love's areola. And then another, as Julee again pressed his cock downward, rubbing his glans around in a circle motion over Antoinette's nipple until the next gush of his cum coated it in white. The friction of his glans along his love's breasts was euphoric, and Jack shivered as Julee's grip milked more of his cum out of him onto the awaiting bed of wet softness beneath him.

She did the same for the other breast as well, guiding Jack's length over to it to again begin coating her breast in his cum. Her ballerina hands both squeezed on his length, stroking, caressing with a tight grip, and milking yet another heavy drop of his white fluid onto Antoinette. And then another. A strand of cum connected her two breasts, the thickness of it leaving lines along her skin as Julee guided him around, all the while stroking his length until Jack felt the pleasure on his glans grow almost painful. But, as last the last bit of his cum was released, everyone stared at the great mess of white Julee had painted onto Antoinette's breasts using him.

Ashley moaned, loudly, and dragged both of her hands through the cum. "God damn, Jack. Cumming buckets."

“Perhaps sex with three women on regular occurrence has affected your sexual endurance, my love?” Antoinette said, again stroking his ego on purpose.

And he was totally cool with that, managing a smile between the post-orgasm moans. “Maybe. Three beautiful women in my bed? Can’t... can’t really explain to you how hot that is. In a childish kind of way, but still...”

The two ballerinas giggled again, though Julee’s voice had become a husky thing, a deep thing, and she crawled around him to sit on her knees beside Antoinette’s chest and his leg.

Everyone raised an eyebrow as Julee, eyes locked onto her mistress’s bosom, leaned down and started to plant kisses on Antoinette’s nipple. Jack blinked, and watched as the brunette’s lips were soon white with his cum, and then gone as she licked her lips, only to spread the fluid onto the underside of her mistress’s breast.

And Antoinette let out her own quiet moans, no doubt entirely controlled and mastered to be as enticing as they were, to encourage her ghoul’s behavior. Encourage it did, and Julee continued to plant kisses, eventually settling on suckling on the Prince’s nipple, tongue slipping out from between her lips to lap up his cum around her engorged areola, only to pull it into her mouth and continue suckling. With everyone watching her, Julee slid a hand down between her legs, and started to masturbate, fingers finding her clitoris and rubbing it side to side with two of her fingers.

Too much, way too much. What softness Jack’s member was starting to experience vanished, cock returning to hard and rigid as he watched Julee devour Antoinette’s cum-soaked breast. He leaned forward a little, enough to reach out and put a hand onto Antoinette’s shoulder, so he could begin easing his body back and forth again.

“Again?” Ashley said, giggling. Her hand nearest Julee kept the breast up and free for her friend to continue her display, while her other hand massaged Antoinette’s other breast in its entirety, top to bottom, fingers sliding the contours around and around. It spread his cum over her mistress’s skin, massaging it into the lubricant, into her puffy nipple and swollen areola, into its teardrop shape that jiggled and molded to Ashley’s hand.

And Antoinette didn’t stop any of it. She seemed quite pleased if anything, and as she set one hand back onto Jack’s hip, the other lifted to hook behind Julee, and she rested it on the girl’s head, cradling it as her ghoul suckled on her.

Perhaps being too bold, perhaps a little too silly, Jack used his free hand to place it on Julee's back, and his other guided his cock along Antoinette's breast nearest her ghou until the glans of his length slid up along her soft skin toward her areola. And there, Jack nudged it against Julee's lips.

The masturbating ghou didn't skip a beat. She managed a peek up at him, whole body blushing as she slid her mouth over a touch, enough to let his glans press along both Antoinette's engorged nipple, and Julee's lips. Her moans came through louder, and her fingers between her legs worked faster as she tried to balance masturbating, kissing and suckling on him, and the nipple he was rubbing his cock against.

And, of her own accord, she tilted her head more to face Jack, and took his cock into her mouth. She peeked up at him again through her almost closed eyes, blushing brighter and brighter until he thought she might explode. And as she caught his gaze, the little brunette started to work her mouth back and forth a few inches of his length, lips dragging tight to his skin, and tongue massaging the engorged tip of his length. More of her moans escaped her mouth, sending tingling waves of pleasure down his cock, all while her fingers between her legs grew faster and faster.

Maybe it was a little too much for Julee, having everyone stare at her while she did such lewd things. But after a minute of giving him a blowjob, with everyone staring, she removed her lips from him; a strand of saliva and cum connected her mouth to his cock still. She quivered as she looked down at it, and pulled away, falling over onto her side and then rolling onto her back. She was in the nook of Antoinette's side, now on her back with her head resting on her mistress's arm. And with both hands between her legs, Julee started to finger herself.

His bed was going to be soaked by the time she was done.

"My pet is trying to rob me of the spotlight," Antoinette said, smirking down at her ghou.

"I... no... just..." Julee's hands didn't stop. If anything, her legs were spreading wider and wider, until Jack could see her juices trickling down the crack of her ass.

A sharp jolt of pain along his cock shocked him, grabbed his attention and yanked it back to Ashley. She'd flicked him, his glans, and smirked at him as she resumed her grip on Antoinette's breasts with both hands.

"Don't stop! I wanna see a pearl necklace."

Julee may have had a sexual depth far greater than she let on, but Ashley wore hers on her sleeve, and she beamed with excitement as Jack again began to ease his cock into the awaiting bed Ashley was making

for him. Feeling Antoinette's breasts hug his length tight was heavenly, tight enough he couldn't imagine it was terribly comfortable for the Prince, having her breasts pressed together that hard. But Antoinette didn't seem to mind, and Ashley made a couple of her own tiny, experimental moans as she rubbed the Prince's enormous breasts up and down against his length.

Jack rocked his hips back and forth, and found a pleasant pace, a gentle fucking rhythm that Ashley met in kind.

And throughout all this ridiculousness, Antoinette smiled up at him, red eyes looking him up and down, with occasional small glances to her ghouls. But it was him, definitely him, that she had her eyes locked on, her gaze devouring his body, his abdomen which flexed with each thrust, his arms that reached out for her to hold onto the woman's shoulders. And, as he leaned down, craning his neck so his lips could find hers, she kept hers open a sliver to watch him as they kissed.

She only had one arm free anymore, with Julee lying on the other one while she masturbated. And like Antoinette, Julee was staring at him, watching him and where his cock was slipping into the crevice created by her mistress's breast, watching his expression and his body. He knew his expression must have been a constant o-face with the ludicrous amount of pleasure being dumped on him, visual and physical. The feel of his lover's breasts, coated in cum and lubricant, tight around his cock from Ashley's grip, had more liquids building up between his legs already.

He kept his grip on Antoinette's shoulders, still leaned in slightly, and continued to fuck her breasts. Every stroke of her soft skin on his girth felt amazing, and Ashley went out of her way to make sure every stroke was tight. Whenever he stopped, taking a moment to let his building fluids settle, Ashley let Antoinette's breasts part, and instead of squeezing them against him, she caressed the woman's nipples with soft fingers. Her fingers slid lower, trailing and working his cum into the underside of her breasts where they pressed to his legs.

Too good to stop for long. He started thrusting again, faster, with enough speed to make Antoinette's breasts bounce upward; just lightly, not enough to hurt. But he stared at them, how his cock disappeared between them, and how their volume rippled with the gentle impact of his pelvis against her. Ashley kept her hands along their sides, keeping everything perfectly tight, as he worked his way up to a third orgasm.

And when it came, his hands held onto Antoinette's shoulders as he looked down at the sight, unable to look away as he pressed forward, deep, far enough so the head of his cock poked through the bed of

softness a sliver. Enough so that, as the first wave of pleasure flowed outward, the gush of cum squirted out onto Antoinette's neck.

"Oh my." The Prince chuckled, and offered him a devilish grin as her free arm reached up to her neck to touch where his cum pooled between her collar. Another squirt of his cum met it, causing the strands of white to drip to the sides of her neck. But, as he pulled his hips back to bury his glans inside the wet, warm softness of her breasts again, the next wave coated the cleavage Ashley's grip was creating, and Jack shivered as the tingling pleasure worked down his length and up into his core, demanding he thrust again. And again, as he sank himself balls deep into the bed of perfect softness, a gush of his fluids poured out onto his love's sternum and collar until it was trickling around her neck to the blankets.

When the flow eased, he slid his hips back so her breasts buried his ripe, tingling glans. Even as he stopped pouring cum onto her breasts, he kept his cock within the softness, milking the pleasure from his engorged cock with subtle thrusts.

Finally, he slipped his length free. White coated his shaft, and more than coated Antoinette's neck and sternum; she was covered. He shifted back a ways and adjusted his knees so he was kneeling between her legs instead of around them, and he panted a few times as he tried to calm his sexual desires. Hard to do, with Julee bringing herself to what must have been a third orgasm, body shivering and her squeaks coming out as she fingered herself. No longer just playing with her clitoris, she was scooping fingers into herself, and earning more juices to soak his bed. He'd been so absorbed in Antoinette, he hadn't noticed.

Antoinette, now having some room, sat up and smiled at him. She slid her arm out from under the masturbating ghoul, and pressed it to Jack's chest. Fingers crept up his chest, fingertips dancing, before eventually hooking his neck and pulling him toward her to kiss her again.

"Be a dear and slide back a bit for me, my love? I must satisfy my pets."

"Um, sure. You uh, don't want me to help?"

"No. You, please, watch and enjoy."

Well, ok. He really did want to help, cause it was damn hot and satisfying to bring the ghouls to orgasm; least he could do after cumming three fucking times. He winced as he let his butt collapse on the sheets, as the ache of a thoroughly drained and exhausted prostate hit him. It passed quickly, and he got comfortable as he watched Antoinette put on a show.

First it was Julee. Antoinette pulled the ghoul into her lap and kissed her neck, her breasts, and turned her to face Jack as she bit into the girl's neck. Jack stared on, absorbed, hypnotized by the sight of Julee masturbating as Antoinette drank the girl into a post-Kiss coma. The act was more than enough to turn Julee into a squirting mess, fluids splashing over her fingers as she collapsed. Done and done quickly, which made sense considering Julee had already had cum a couple times, and needed little coaxing to cum yet again as Antoinette drank her unconscious. The wet spot underneath the little brunette's ass was huge.

With Ashley though, she had a little more fun.

"Ashley my pet, come lie down, like this." She gestured to the blankets, Ashley's head away from Jack. The ghoul complied, giggling as she did, and on her back too. Not a care in the world, Ashley spread her legs and put her tiny, bare pussy on display. Soaked, and begging to be touched.

Which Antoinette did, with a tiny growl and a following chuckle. She climbed onto the girl, straddled her face while facing Jack, and leaned down over Ashley's legs, weight on one hand while the other reached into Ashley's insides.

She motioned with her head for Jack to come a bit closer. And as she began to finger Ashley's little pussy, she grinned at Jack and gave him a kiss.

Jack sat back down, and watched. With Antoinette sitting on Ashley's face and facing him, Jack could see the girl's tongue lapping at his love's clitoris. Antoinette barely seemed to notice, but Jack knew that was just how she sometimes handled pleasure, moans that were almost silent, and shivers almost invisible. She was no doubt more focused on both fingering Ashley's insides, and putting on a show for Jack. Cause god damn, she blew Jack a kiss, and purposefully pulled her fingers up against Ashley's insides hard enough to both have the ghoul mewling into her mistress's pussy, but also cause Antoinette's wet breasts to sway and jiggle with her arm's force. With her leaning forward like that, her breasts were free to hang with their natural weight, immense teardrops, and ripple with each movement. Several strands of his cum had trickled down from her neck, and were now dripping down her breasts to her nipples; Jack couldn't stop staring at them.

Poor Ashley didn't last long, getting fingered so rough, and her cum was soon coating Antoinette's fingers. Chuckling, the Prince sat up and with both hands, pried open the lips and insides of Ashley for Jack to see her tiny, smooth little snatch clench and leak. But as Ashley started to squirm, Antoinette started to finger her again, rougher than before, rough enough Jack was worried she'd bruise the poor

ghoul's insides. Hard to concentrate on that though, as he stared at Antoinette's cum-soaked breasts jiggling with her harsh fingering.

Only when Ashley's legs raised and collapsed back on the sheets did Antoinette at last stop, and she set both hands to the blankets as she started to grind her cunt down against Ashley's lips. That grind, swaying the hips in a circular motion, smiling at Jack with every motion. It wasn't long before she sat up straighter, weight on her knees, and as she continued her hip rolling dance, she started to massage her breasts. She cupped their weight, let their size spill over her fingers, and slid her fingertips up their center contours to trail through his cum before it began to fade. And of course, she never stopped looking at him as she did.

Finally, the Prince came over Ashley's lips, and as she did, she motioned for Jack to come closer again. As he did, she rested her weight on one hand against the blankets, while the other held his shoulder. Kissing distance acquired. She bathed his lips with hers, plucked at them, nuzzled into them, and let her eyes finally drift closed as her body shivered. Cumming, while kissing him. Part of him wanted to grab Ashley and drink her dry, just so he'd have to blood kick needed for more sex.

But the Prince seemed satisfied. She released him, and slid off of Ashley, only to pick the girl up and sit her between the Prince's legs, facing Jack. Girl's face had beads of wetness on her lips and cheeks, and a big grin, the kind she had when she'd come her brains out.

"I believe we could all use a shower," Antoinette said. "Does your washroom have enough space for three?"

"Um... maybe?"

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His checklist on ridiculous sexual fantasies he wanted to fulfill before he died was getting shorter and shorter. Even this one, bathing with multiple girls while being washed by them.

Well, maybe 'them' was a strong word, as Ashley was the one doing all the work. The three of them were standing in his shower, which was a shower bath. His apartment had a pretty huge bathtub though, much much bigger than the one he had at his old apartment before joining the Invictus. So with the curtain

pulled across and the water going, there was enough room for Ashley to get down on her knees and begin washing their legs, soap and loofah her tools.

“My love, I do hope that you will be careful in the future, with such reckless behavior. As Prince, I despise such actions. As your love, I find them... endearing, but terrifying. If you died, I would be destroyed.” Antoinette was standing behind him, holding him, pressing her breasts to his back as she traced his abs with her fingers with one hand, and stroked his buzzed hair with the other.

“I know, and I really hope nothing like that happens again. Just kinda... got stuck with a hard decision. I got a call from Julias about the new kills, and I figured you’d blame Fiona; I would have, if I were you. But I knew it wasn’t her, so before you called a blood hunt, I thought—”

“Jack, I am no fool. I would need proof before escalating to such drastic measures.” She set her chin on his head — so much taller than him — and hugged him with both hands to his stomach. “You do seem to often find yourself in the center of dangerous events, my love. Why is that?”

Cause he was an idiot and kept sticking his foot in his mouth, or in this case, foot into dangerous places.

“Not sure. I—hey!” He looked down with a startle, and frowned at Ashley as she began scrubbing his genitals. She was not gentle about it, and she giggled up at him complete with a chipmunk grin. “Guess I just can’t help but get myself into things when I... think I can help.”

“I did not think you so altruistic.” One of her hands reached down to offer Ashley a flick to the nose, before she resumed hugging his abdomen. “A little selfishness and sense of self preservation is a healthy trait, my love. Please do not get yourself killed thinking you can help everyone.”

“Not everyone! Just oddly fun redheads.”

“... you do seem attached to her.”

Jack raised a brow and looked up over his shoulder. She sounded sad.

He rolled his eyes, turned around, and hugged the Prince. A little squirming from her, some shock, but he held on and kept her wrapped in his arms, his cheek against her sternum. Always her comforting him, but she had a jealous side, a paranoid side, and other things any person had. But, sometimes, it was easy to forget she was a person, and not just a monolithic entity of control.

“She reminds me of my sister.”



“Oh.” She laughed, and hugged him in return, arms dangling over his shoulders and fingertips tracing his spine. “Forgive me my silly concerns, my little Ventrue.”

“It’s ok. Makes me love you all the more.” Cause every damn time he thought their relationship was in trouble, Antoinette quickly reminded him how it wasn’t, at all. Nearly breaking his jaw in that meeting? No big. Hell, it’d probably happen again. “I—hey! What the fuck.” He looked down behind over his shoulder, down at the girl trying to shove the loofah up his ass.

“Oh come on, you have a really great butt Jack. And smooth too!” A sharp, momentary pain, along with some splashing water marked where she slapped it.

“Not... completely smooth. I just trimmed the hair.”

“Which every girl appreciates.” Giggling, Ashley stood up and pressed her chest to his back, her nipples rubbing against his shoulder blades; they were getting hard.

At least until Antoinette reached out and pinched the girl by the nose.

“You, my little ghou, are much too adventurous for your own good. My love and I were having a moment. That you interrupted.” Antoinette guided her by her nose around Jack, and Jack stepped out of the way while the Prince forced her pet back down to pick up the loofah and soap. The whole time Ashley whined and complained about her poor nose, hands holding onto Antoinette’s wrist.

“Aw, I was just trying to wash his back.”

“With your breasts?”

“... maybe?”

Her joke earned her a few forced head shakes, Antoinette yanking her around by her nose, each earning a wince from Jack. Well, at least it wasn’t her jaw.