

~~Damien~~

After being pestered by Fiona until the Lord himself would have broken, Damien agreed to go to Bloodlust. He loved hanging out with Fiona, but going to a nightclub was the last thing he wanted to do, and she knew it. So she dialed up her pestering and playful prodding until he relented. It was probably healthy for him to socialize, even if he'd prefer to be home alone, or home with Fiona.

He picked up Fiona at her apartment. She wore a dress obviously meant to kill him, because he froze when she opened the door. A living man would have died instantly. A vampire was thankfully only struck dumb for several long minutes of staring and gawking.

A deadly green dress, open back, two tiny straps over the shoulders, holding up the tight, plunging bust snug to her huge breasts. The green glittered, and the extremely short skirt had a split that went up past her hip, with little green straps connecting the split. No underwear.

"What do ye think?" she said, grinning up at him before spinning around once.

"It's... shiny."

"It's sequin!" Giggling, she reached out for his chest, and undid a couple buttons of his suit shirt. "Come on ye dobber, show some skin!"

He frowned down at her fingers, but didn't stop her. "I probably should, I suppose. I'll never, uh, have cleavage like yours though."

Her giggles turned into squeaks, and she stepped onto her toes to reach up and kiss him.

"Aye, but I'm a pretty lass. Yer the lad, the man, and should be... strong!" She raised her arms and flexed her biceps. Vrall may have been a very strong creature, but Fiona was soft. Thin, but soft, and didn't have much muscle to show off. It was adorable.

He laughed, nodding. She was too damn cute to not. "Unbuttoning my shirt makes me strong?"

She touched his chest, traced his pectorals, and ran her fingers down to his abs. "Aye."

The fire in her eyes blazed, and he gulped down on a dry throat. If he'd been Blushing Life, he would have pushed her back into her room, closed the door, and thrown her onto her bed. But with it off, he could ignore the biological half of him, mostly, and smile down at his girlfriend.

He did not look forward to going to some sort of impromptu gathering at Bloodlust, but if he was going with Fiona, he knew he'd have fun; not sexual fun, but fun. It was a public place, after all. But,

Fiona made him laugh, made him smile, made him feel warm, and made him feel like he wasn't hiding out in a sewer rat hole anymore. Hanging out with her was always fun.

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Ok, maybe it might not be so fun.

Damien groaned, but Fiona pushed him up the stairs. All the kine had vacated the second floor, leaving only vampires and werewolves above the dancing kine beneath. And to Damien's surprise, there were a lot of vampires and werewolves.

There was no denying that Fiona had called it right. Tonight, the theme was sexual attraction. That made sense for a nightclub, but vampires and werewolves had some massive advantages. Vampires were groomed before their embrace, and turned usually when at peak physique and attractiveness. Werewolves overflowed with energy and life, probably because their wolf spirit wanted them to be the strongest vessel possible. So, everyone on the top floor was gorgeous, and considering what they were wearing, basically half naked.

The largest booth, further back on the floor, contained the group of people he'd expected, his friends and whatnot. But the contents of a nearby booth caused Damien to raise a brow. That was Caleb, Brianna, and the two vampires he'd seen sandwiching her at the ball. A couple other vampires were with them, women, members of Isabella's acting troupe. Both had their hands on Caleb. Another werewolf, Erica, sat closer to Brianna, and one of Brianna's male companions had his hands on Erica, evidently at Brianna's request. Fiona had somehow invited a lot of paranormals, paranormals he doubted she'd ever spoken to before. It wouldn't have surprised him if Fiona could easily get herself invited to a stranger's wedding, through her sheer sociability.

The smell of alcohol was blatant, and Damien noticed many bottles and glasses of alcohol at both tables. The werewolves were getting drunk — were drunk — and considering what he'd heard from Jessy, their blood was extremely potent. Any vampire who got a nibble was bound to be borderline high on the bliss.

He sighed, and forced his eyes to the group waiting for him. Jack sat in the middle of the group, with Elaine, then Eric, then Jessy on his right. On his left was Antoinette, then Matthew, then Natasha, then Arturo. Matthew was the only person there taller than the Prince, though Arturo seemed to match it.

Jack was dressed in an Invictus suit, shirt undone, same as Damien. The werewolves, on the other hand, were dressed for a club. Eric wore a casual shirt that was open to the navel, while Matt wore a tight tank top, and Art wore some kind of fishnet shirt, nothing underneath.

The women were dressed as he expected women to dress in a nightclub, except of course, taking advantage of their immortal beauty and endless money. Elaine wore white, Antoinette wore black, both dresses nothing but a few loose straps that barely covered their enormous breasts, and probably less of their legs. Jessy wore a see-through, tight dress made of some sort of thin, black material, and underneath he could see she had X-shaped nipple pasties on. Most surprising was Natasha, who wore a tube top, except, tube top was too generous a word. More accurately, it was a three-inch thick strap of black that circled her chest at the perfect position to hide her nipples; you had to have small breasts to wear something like that, and it looked amazing on her tiny frame. He couldn't see anyone's legs, booth table in the way where he stood, but he imagined she wore a tiny black skirt to go with.

She noticed his staring, and looked down, embarrassed. Which earned a laugh and elbow from Art in her side. Which earned a hard punch from her, a punch that landed in Art's side and didn't faze him in the slightest.

Damien smiled, took Fiona's shoulders, and forced her to sit down before he did. No way he was going to join this giant group and not be on the outside edge of the booth. Just getting Fiona to sit down was already enough to have people shoulder to shoulder. Once he sat down, everyone was thoroughly squished.

"How nice of you to join us, Damien," Antoinette said, with a little more edge to her voice than he felt strictly necessary. "I had been wondering, considering this was Fiona's event."

Fiona giggled and shrugged. "Fashionably late, aye?"

Damien twitched, but the Prince laughed and nodded.

"Ben oui."

"Gonna be straight with ya," Jessy said, "didn't expect the elders."

Everyone looked at her like she'd just lost her damn mind, but Elaine and Antoinette laughed more, eventually shrugging.

"I had heard," Elaine said, "that the tiny redhead had invited Jack to a gathering at Bloodlust. Antoinette has spoken to me of the unusually friendly nature between certain members of her city, and I wanted to see it firsthand." She leaned forward, placed her elbows together on the table, squashing her hanging breasts together, and grinned at Jessy. "Invictus are not known for playing well with others."

Jessy grinned, but Damien recognized the itch of fear nagging at her. Talking buddy buddy with an elder wasn't exactly smart, but somehow Jessy had managed to survive over fifty years talking like that. Maybe she knew something he didn't, but regardless, she wasn't so stupid as to not be a little afraid of Elaine.

"Invictus play well with others!" Jessy elbowed Eric's side, and gestured toward Elaine. "Tell her!"

Eric put up his hands in total, abject surrender. Smart man. Jessy elbowed him again, earning a groan from him, but he only lowered his arms to drink more, and everyone laughed. Damn it, even Damien laughed a little.

"As Jessy and Elaine have made somewhat obvious," Antoinette said, "she and I are not here to play ruler or bully, Prince or elder. Things in my city have been... quiet, for the most part as of late, and I am taking the opportunity to show my friend that relations have improved." She nodded toward Jessy and Fiona, and then to Natasha beside her. "Three Uratha and a Begotten sit at this table. Surely a cause for celebration. My lover has done well."

Everyone at the table smiled at Jack. Jack winced, like a kid being called out at a high school assembly, for doing a good job at something.

Damien caught his glance, and the two of them looked at each other for a moment, before looking away again. Something dangled around the boy's neck, but Damien looked away before he could figure out what it was.

"Yeah, Jack's gotten pretty good at keeping things smooth," Jessy said. "If we had a Carthian and witch at the table, it'd be complete."

"I'm not a miracle worker," the boy said. "But, Garry and Michael have been playing nice with each other lately, mostly. Nothing to do with me though. They're just biding their time and waiting for an opportunity to fuck each other over. But, hey, better than them fighting and—"

Antoinette shook her head. "Come now, let us not speak of covenant matters. We are here to relax. Speak of more enjoyable affairs."

The group of them looked at each other, each taking turns making eye contact with others, before everyone turned and looked at Jessy and Fiona. Which sent Fiona into a fit of maniacal giggles. She grabbed a bottle from the table, poured herself a drink, and drank it down without bothering to check what it was. Apparently, she wanted to catch up to the intoxication level of the werewolves.

"What, only Fiona and me know how to have fun?" Jessy said.

Arturo shrugged. “More like, you two kinda vibe on this atmosphere.”

Jessy pfffft’d, loudly, and gestured to the two elders. “Don’t give me that. These two have probably held parties that make Bloodlust look tame.”

“I didn’t say it had to be extreme.”

“Your eyes said it!” Jessy slapped a palm on the table, but the aggression was playful, and she grinned at the werewolf across from her. “But for real, it’s a little hard to just let loose with a couple elders here. If Michael were here, or even Maria, I’d be... uh, kinda questioning what shit I could get away with.”

“Tonight, you may get away with anything,” Antoinette said, offering Jessy a small flick of her wrist. “As you said, we have thrown gatherings that would make Bloodlust seem tame.” And of course, the elder said that last bit with a touch of emphasis and sultry flair, putting some obvious images in everyone’s head. Yeah, people knew what things Antoinette was into, and it didn’t take much to piece together what sort of parties a Daeva elder probably held in the advent of her power. The orgy could probably have been heard a village away.

“Alright.” Jessy leaned forward across the table, and grinned at Natasha. “Shown anyone else your movies yet?”

Natasha almost squeaked, but after taking a moment to regain her confidence, frowned at her friend. “Antoinette’s seen them.”

Damien smiled. Natasha was reliable in a fight, extremely fast, and her unusual bloodline allowed her to see in darkness most Kindred could not; whether or not Daniel could, no one knew. When bullets and swords started flying, she was confident, just, not confident in socially awkward situations. He had no idea how she’d managed to find the confidence to wear a tube top barely bigger than a belt.

She’d changed.

“I have,” Antoinette said, grinning, “and Natasha is quite beautiful in them. As are you two, you delicious pair.” The Daeva smiled at the two werewolves surrounding Natasha, and winked, earning some big dopey grins from them.

Movie? Well, if it was a movie containing Natasha, Matthew, and Arturo, it was probably spicy, especially considering the embarrassed look on Natasha’s face.

“I wanna see, I wanna see!” Fiona said, and she leaned forward over the table, squashed her chest down on it, and held out both hands toward Natasha with gimme grabbing motions.

“Um, uh... m-maybe later.”

After a laughing snort, Jessy leaned in and whispered into Fiona’s ear. Squealing with delight, Fiona burst into more giggles, and bounced in her seat several times. “I wanna see I wanna see!”

Damien elbowed her in her side. Far softer than Eric elbowed Jessy in the side, though. Fiona’s giggles stopped, but her smile never faded, and she quickly gulped down more drink, as did the werewolves.

“I am delighted,” Elaine said, “that everyone here is so comfortable with each other.”

Natasha groaned, a tiny sound, while Arturo and Matthew laughed.

“I have to admit,” Art said, “every time I look around in Dolareido, I’m surprised. And happy. Tijuana was nothing like this.”

“How was it?” Fiona asked.

“Rough. Very rough. The covenants didn’t get along at all, and were happy to use regular joes and janes as fodder. No one treated any of them with respect, and vampires killed them regularly.”

“What? Why!?”

He shrugged. “Don’t ask me, they just did.”

“If I may,” Elaine said. “There are many cities in the world where vampires are taught to accept their predatory instincts. We are predators. Humans are prey. Such views are... antiquated, and narrow minded. But imagine being thrust into an environment where every other creature you shared your territory with displayed such behavior? A self-propagating issue, especially when your enemies behave the same way. And in cities where covenants turn streets into battlefields, the darkest instincts in any Kindred emerge.”

“You,” Jessy said, “must have an interesting history.”

“I do.”

“Tell us about yourself.”

Elaine raised a brow, leaned back, and hooked one arm under her bust, while the other reached up to tap on her lips thoughtfully. “Some of you know I am Jack’s great grandsire, some of you perhaps do not.” The group looked at each other. Yeah, they all knew by now, and Elaine laughed. “Gossipers. You know I am a dragon, and have belonged to the Ordo Dracul for centuries.”

“Yeah, but, I mean, if you’re Antoinette’s friend, and you definitely are from what we all saw at the ball, you must have some spicy stories.”

“You, young Gangrel, are a sex addict.”

Jessy laughed, hard, with a couple hard snorts sneaking into her hysterics. Apparently being called out on her sexual addiction was hilarious? Damien didn’t understand Jessy’s sense of humor. But either way, her laughter was contagious, and several people also laughed; Fiona outright giggled herself into asphyxia.

“Yeah, I am. But can you blame me? Grew up in Dolareido, embraced half a century ago, and stayed in Dolareido that whole time. I blame the city.” With a sly, knowing grin, Jessy nodded toward the Prince. “I am what she made me.”

People laughed again. Damien rolled his eyes. Why, why did it always come to sex? It wasn’t like Dolareio didn’t have other venues of expression and pleasure, ranging from its plays and orchestras, to gambling extravagances. Not everything had to be about sex.

Of course, a glance at Fiona beside him sort of wiped away that thought. The tiny, tight green dress sent his imagination spiraling into pits of sexuality, until all he could think of was tearing it off her and throwing her onto the table. Ugh, these sexaholic friends were slowly but surely changing him, for better or worse.

“I am happy to have done you a service,” Antoinette said to the Gangrel.

Elaine leaned forward and grinned at Jessy. “A little bird told me you have been enjoying your nights with a werewolf, transformed. That sounds interesting.”

The Gangrel grinned the most evil grin Damien had ever seen, to the point everyone at the table except for the two elders looked a little worried.

“Truth or dare?”

Jack immediately threw up his hands. “No no, no. Bad Jessy, bad. We’re here to hang, and show Elaine what it’s like in Dolareido, with how we all get along. We don’t need to—”

“Very well Gangrel,” Elaine said, evil grin a mirror to Jessy’s.

Oh Lord, help him survive this night. Help Jessy survive the night. Or not. You can take her, if you want.

“Awesome. Truth it is. The sex is great. It can get a bit rough, you know, having a giant foot-long shlong jammed into a hole and stretching me until I’m borderline bursting, but holy fuck, I just cum my

brains out, every time. He's so huge when he's transformed, fucking strong as hell, and the danger just makes everything so much better."

Everyone looked at Eric, and the poor man squirmed in his seat. Considering Jessy sat on his right, and Elaine on his left, he was surrounded by two sexually aggressive women who apparently didn't have a single qualm about talking about sex openly. Well, considering how long he'd been dating Jessy now, he must have accepted his fate.

"It sounds delightful."

"My turn. Truth or dare?"

Elaine tapped her lips a couple more times. "Truth."

"How many times has Jack cum on your tits?" Jessy, was ruthless. No hesitation whatsoever. Jack threw a bottle at her, but she caught it without issue. "What? Come on. If I had a dick, I know I'd be doing everything I could to—"

Eric elbowed her again. She elbowed him back. The antics continued until Matthew had to grab the table to keep it steady as the two pushed at each other.

"Dozens," Antoinette said, bringing the lovers' spat to a quick end, and the whole table froze for a moment as they realized the Prince said it, not Elaine. Jack groaned and sank into his seat.

"Fucking awesome." Jessy held out her hand for Jack to high five, and when he didn't, she simply held it there. After fifteen seconds of awkward silence, Jack groaned again and high fived her.

"Truth or dare?" Elaine asked.

"Fuck it, dare."

Of course. Damien looked past Fiona and Jessy, and offered Eric a sad, knowing shrug once the man met his eyes. Eric returned it, and took a sip of his drink. This night was going to be weird.

Somehow, Elaine's devious grin managed to grow more devious. "Remove the pasties."

Oh no. If Elaine was willing to go that far, this night was doomed.

Jessy shrugged, pulled down the apparently quite stretchy and springy collar of her see-through dress, reached down, and peeled the X pasty off each nipple.

"Hold these," she said, and she passed them to Eric, who rolled his eyes and slipped them into his pants' pocket.



Damien did his best to avoid looking, but wandering eyes caught a glimpse of her naked breasts, and he frowned as he looked away. He'd seen the damn woman naked plenty of times through his telescope, fucking her ghouls, but this was a proximity he hadn't expected.

Fiona, on the other hand, made no efforts to avoid looking, and she giggled as she stared down at Jessy's chest. Damien's girlfriend had larger breasts, but that didn't change that Jessy was a very fit woman with visible feminine musculature, and her breasts were unusually large considering how low her body fat percentage was. They drew Fiona's eyes, and hand, and she reached out to lift and fondle one of those breasts through the see-through, skin-tight black dress.

"Ha. Fiona, you've seen these before. If you wanted to touch, you just had to—"

Damien stood up, pulled Fiona out of the booth, sat down, and sat Fiona on the outside edge. She whined and pouted, but three seconds later she forgot about why she'd been moved, and proceeded to nuzzle into Damien's side. Her further arm reached across, slipped into his open shirt, and caressed his abs with her fingertips, while her eyes drifted between Jessy and Elaine. Well, better him than Jessy.

Jessy laughed. "Jealous I'm going to steal your girl?"

He rolled his eyes, again. "No, but I'm noticing it's the women in Dolareido who are a little near-sighted with their sexual aggression."

"Hey!" Natasha said. "I'll have you know I'm v-very... careful, about what I do."

Jessy shook her head. "Then why did—"

"Because Art and Matt are assholes!" She folded her arms across her barely covered chest, and frowned up at the big guy on her left, and then the big guy on her right.

Damien raised a brow, and looked to Jack for explanation. The boy shrugged, confused as well.

"What can I say?" Art said. "You look great naked."

"So do I," Matt said. "But not as good as Natasha."

"What happened? Tell me!" Fiona yelled. Thankfully her voice didn't have enough impact to punch through the bassy music and reach beyond the top floor.

Matt glanced down at Natasha, who sighed and gave a very embarrassed nod. "Art turned on the laptop camera while I was having sex with her. Jessy watched."

Fiona groaned and bounced in her seat. Considering the environment he was trapped in, Damien figured it was only reasonable he noticed his girlfriend's large breasts jiggling in her tight dress as she expressed her frustration over not being included.

“Do ye vampires just, trade sexy things like that all the time? How come I dinnae get to see anything?”

“Probably cause you're dating a priest,” Art said with a smirk.

“I'm not a priest. I'm a bishop. And the Testament of Longinus makes it clear that the word of God and His commandments are for kine, not Kindred.”

Art raised a brow at that, before he leaned forward and set a single elbow on the table. A slightly aggressive posture, one Damien recognized from Jessy's playful side, and one he recognized from drunk men.

“So it's cool if Fiona sees what we show Jessy?”

Damien sighed, shrugged, and slipped an arm around Fiona's shoulders. “When in Rome, I suppose. I have no issue with Fiona wanting a peek.” And it wasn't like he hadn't taken plenty of peeks in his second life with his telescope.

“Yay!” Fiona leaned up, kissed his cheek, and then climbed onto his lap. Not much room for her, between him and the booth table but she made it work, sitting on his lap and leaning forward over the table. She looked like she was about to say something, but took another drink instead.

Matthew put up his hands though. “Natasha's in charge of distribution. I don't mind being naked on camera, neither does Art, but Natasha—”

“It's fine. It's fine.” Sighing, Natasha shrugged and gestured to the table. “We've all seen each other n-naked to some d-degree or another.”

Art raised an eyebrow. “Damien—”

“Has spied on the city for fifty years,” Antoinette said, a touch of cold edge in her voice that made Damien freeze. “I know he uses telescopes from vantage points, as well. No doubt he has seen many of you naked.”

Jessy laughed and elbowed him, thankfully with less force than she did Eric earlier. “Bet you saw me doing all sorts of shit with my dudes.”

“Yes, I did.” Hopefully the disgust in his voice would get across that he did not enjoy doing that. Though, now that he was free of Lucas’s suggestion, he had to admit, some of those nights had been intriguing. “If you do not wish to be seen, close your curtains.”

Everyone laughed again, the elders especially.

“But,” Jessy added, “the only person who’s been seeing Elaine naked, is Jack and the Prince. How about you Tash? Boys? I bet you’ve seen the Prince with Jack, but seen Elaine?”

The three of them shook their heads.

Elaine laughed, a sultry sound, and met eyes with the Gangrel. “It is your turn to question, after all.”

“Ha! Alright, truth or dare? Dare you to dare.”

“Dare it is, child.”

“Pfft. Take out your tits.”

Jack winced. Antoinette chuckled. Damien and Natasha shared a glance that spoke volumes: this was not an environment for Mekhet. And yet, here he was, with a bubbly, fun, drunk woman who every much thrived in this environment, on his lap. Being here with her made it fun, despite the pains. Natasha was likely in a similar boat with her boyfriends.

Everyone’s jaw dropped as Elaine, without hesitation, reached behind her, lifted up on the white strap hooked behind her neck, pulled it up and past her blonde hair, and let it fall to her waist underneath the booth table. Eric gulped and tried to inch away from her, but Jessy did the opposite, and leaned in closer to the topless woman, pushing Eric toward her. Those were some very large breasts.

“Jesus. Why can’t Michael be as fuck-around free as you?” Jessy said.

“Because he is Invictus.” Elaine shrugged, and Damien forced his eyes down from the sight of her enormous, pale breasts rippling with the motion. Fiona did no such thing. “I am sure the man sits on a throne with a dozen thralls kneeling at his feet, stroking his ego as much as his cock. But he likely does so in private.”

Jessy utterly erupted, laughing until everyone was, even Jack and Damien. Though, poor Jack, was doing his best to avoid looking at Elaine’s breasts. Difficult to do, considering how massive they were, and how they hung as heavy teardrops and half nudged into his shoulder and chest.

“Come now Elaine, do not insult my Primogen,” Antoinette said once the laughter was done.

“If your Primogen had joined us, I would play nice. But they are not here.” Elaine grinned, lifted herself up a couple inches, and sat back down with impact. The jiggling effect was massive, and everyone, Jack included, watched the rippling of her bust. “And they are missing out. This is a fun game. It has been ages since a young Kindred has had the gall to be so forward with me.”

“My girlfriend,” Eric said, voice a half groan of something between annoyance and delight, “is definitely forward.”

Chuckling, Jessy pushed herself into Eric’s side. They were all already squished, but she squished him even harder, making sure her breasts pressed into his side, and that Elaine’s closer breast pressed to his shoulder.

“Do not be so uptight, silly children,” Elaine said. “They are breasts, nothing more. We all have them, men included. There is little to be embarrassed by.” Well, she certainly had the elder outlook Antoinette had.

Art and Matt looked at each other, and without saying a word, both took off their shirts, set them on the table, and then downed more of whatever they were drinking. Jessy and Fiona both moaned openly, and Damien coughed before flicking his girlfriend in the leg. She giggled, reached back, pat his cheek, and pointed.

“Come on, they’re so big! I have to look.”

“You are utterly adorable,” Elaine said, and she leaned forward enough for her huge breasts to press down on the table with their weight, as she grinned at Fiona. “How strange it is, for a monster of nightmares such as yourself, to be the most jovial of us all.”

Fiona beamed, a big, bright smile, and Damien’s annoyance with the whole situation vanished. Of course, Fiona being Fiona, and very drunk at that, didn’t hesitate to slip her shoulder straps down and pull her dress’s chest down to her hips, exposing her breasts for all. More giggles. She brought her hands up to her chin in tiny fists, pushed her breasts together with her forearms, and bounced a few times on Damien’s lap, obviously trying to mirror Elaine’s playful bounce earlier. And it worked. Everyone stared at Fiona’s equally huge, jiggling breasts for a moment, Damien included. He probably should have been putting the drunk woman’s dress back on, but, for some reason, he didn’t.

“Is this the plan?” Jack said. “We strip? I—”

Groaning, Eric slipped out of his shirt, and set it on the table. When Jack looked at him, eyebrow raised and obviously disappointed, the man shrugged.

“When in Rome, right? Vamps pay my paycheck.”

Jessy cheered and gave her man a hard slap in the chest. “Totally hot.”

“Aye!” Fiona said, blushing when she glanced Eric’s way. But before Damien could feel jealousy over that — the two had dated, after all — she grabbed Damien’s hands, set them under her breasts, and leaned back onto his chest. “Hold these for me.”

He rolled his eyes, but when Fiona turned and set a kiss on his cheek, he turned and returned it, without thinking. And, without thinking, he looked down over the small woman’s shoulders, at her large, pale breasts, at how her freckles lessened the further down he looked, and he shivered over how their bottom-heavy teardrop shape spilled over his palms.

“This,” Jessy said, “is the best night ever.”

“You’re all a bunch of horny kids,” Jack said, folding his arms across his chest.

“Agreed,” Damien said, and he leaned his head over Fiona’s shoulder a bit to offer his friend a smile. Jack returned it.

“Come now Jack,” Antoinette said, and she leaned down over him to kiss his ear. “The freedom to express the body casually is something I have fought for in my city. It delights me to see these silly individuals be comfortable enough to disrobe.” Her hands roamed over his chest, and undid a few buttons as seamlessly as a magician. “Besides, you have made great strides in controlling your curse. There is nothing to stop us from simply enjoying tonight, silliness included.”

Jack frowned up at the woman, but didn’t stop her. Soon the boy was left topless, and Fiona whistled appreciatively. Of course she’d seen the boy topless before, in battle circumstances, but there was no denying that Jack, despite his small stature, had the physique of an acrobat, or lithe warrior. A physique similar to Damien’s, lean and defined, though Damien had half a foot of height on him.

Jack had apparently acquired a necklace. Damien didn’t recognize it, and while the others probably thought it was a fashion choice, he knew his friend better. No, if Jack wore a necklace, it was either because Antoinette wanted him to, or it served a purpose. It looked to be made of string, thin, black, and quite subtle. Damien glanced down at it and caught Jack’s eyes, and the boy mouthed ‘later’.

“Your turn your turn!” Fiona turned around and got to work on Damien’s clothes. Of course, unlike Antoinette, she fumbled with every button, and Damien eventually relented and helped her. Out of the suit jacket, out of the shirt, he set the clothes on the table, and frowned at his equally topless girlfriend. “Mmm. Can ye drink me? Right now?” She turned as much as she could on his lap, bringing her knee in until they were touching Jessy, and she pressed her breasts into his chest as she suckled on his neck. Her nipples were hard, and swollen, and everyone at the table knew it.

“In a little while,” he said. But, he didn’t stop the very horny woman from kissing his chin and neck more. He hugged her, held her close, and as he looked over her red hair at the rest of the table, he couldn’t help but smile. The moment he found the situation too annoying, the damn woman in his lap had him smiling.

After everyone had gotten a good look at Fiona’s soft, heavy breasts, all eyes slowly turned to look at Natasha.

She frowned, especially at Matt, Art, and Jessy, but after her frowns failed, she sighed, and pulled down the tiny tube top to her waist. The three she’d been frowning at all groaned together, and each stared longingly at the tiny woman’s small breasts and tight frame. She may have been extremely short, below five feet, but that didn’t change that her petite shape was feminine and alluring.

“Oh my god! So pretty!” Fiona bounced on Damien’s lap again, and gestured to Natasha. “She’s tinier than me! ‘N ye make movies! With these jimmys? Ah have tae see that!” Her accent grew thicker proportional to how drunk she was, evidently.

Damien had to admit, as he watched the tiny woman squirm between her two massive boyfriends, that it would be interesting to see her squashed between them. He’d seen Natasha naked through his telescope before, but a proper video was—

Oh good God, it was happening. It was just a matter of time, he supposed, but he didn’t expect it to come this way. Dolareido got him. He was now so comfortable with sexuality, that being topless and holding his topless girlfriend, among a bunch of other topless friends, merely registered as strange, instead of insane and utterly unreal.

Before he could say anything, Fiona snuggled her back into his chest, grabbed his hands again, and set them under her breasts again. Her swollen nipples pressed out from between his fingers, and he struggled to not caress them. Lord give him strength.

Everyone turned to Antoinette.

“I suppose you all expect to see the Prince of Dolareido strut about naked, like some common pleb?” she said. They all raised eyebrows as they looked at each other, but she laughed and nodded. “I am sure many of you wonder why I do the things I do, or why I have built Dolareido the way I have. Many of the decisions I have made are seeds, planted and prepared with centuries of care, knowing full well centuries more are required to bear fruit. I have a vision I wish to see into reality, and I do not expect others to understand the road I have paved.

“But, one piece of that vision, is to simply remove absurd barriers of shame and taboo over physical bodies.” Slowly, she slipped one of her straps off her shoulder, and then the other, but she used her hands to keep the loose chest against her bosom. And, earning a shiver from the whole table, she very gently, very slowly massaged each breast as she held her dress to them. “Our bodies are beautiful things, temples, to be cared for, shared, and flaunted.” Slowly, in a far more sexual way than anyone else had stripped, Antoinette slid the fabric down her breasts; it was a long journey. Bit by bit, she exposed her large, pink nipples, and the pale skin they sat upon. Slower again, she brought the fabric underneath her breasts, causing their mountainous weight to press down on her hands as she gently brought the fabric down further and further until it sat on her lap.

She let go of the dress, slipped one arm behind the very stunned Jack’s head, while the other teased up her stomach until the hand cupped her further breast. With a wicked devil smile, she gently bounced her breast in her palm, and the whole table shivered again as the enormous pillow rippled.

It wasn’t like people didn’t know what Antoinette looked like naked. Considering the clothes she usually wore to balls, nothing had been left to the imagination. But there was something a whole lot different between wearing flimsy ball gowns, and actually being topless, and bouncing one of her breasts in her hand. Everyone at the table knew it. Matthew did his best to not accidentally press his body into hers, probably to avoid Natasha’s wrath, or the Prince’s, but also to not block anyone else from seeing what he was seeing.

“Fiona,” Jessy whispered, but loud enough everyone could hear, with her eyes still locked on Antoinette, “this party, was the best idea ever.”

“Aye!”

Elaine was the first to laugh, and she leaned in toward Jack as she too hooked an arm behind the boy. The two busty women leaned in toward him, and considering their height compared to the boy’s, their huge breasts squashed to his shoulders, spilled over them, and pressed to his ears and cheeks as well as his chest and sternum. It was a very succinct way of summarizing the sort of sexual treats the boy was treated to, likely near every night.

Everyone looked at Jack when they realized, and the boy managed a tiny shrug — jiggle jiggle — and small grin. He was getting into the spirit of things, too.

“I really didn’t expect things to go this far,” Jessy said.

“It is just skin,” Elaine said. “Though I admit, with the amount of skin on display, this night seems to have some sprung from some young man’s mind. Yours, perhaps, Jack?” Elaine tugged on the boy’s body, causing his head to bounce gently against her closer breast.

“Uh, I was perfectly content for us all to just sit down, catch up, maybe talk a bit about work? Last I checked, Avery was getting kinda uppity about Maria, right? So—”

“Avery’s... giving m-me a little more time to look into things,” Natasha said. Her eyes had wandered from Antoinette’s bust, onto Jack’s defined body, and then to the boys beside her. Arousal. If she’d been Blushing Life, she would have been ready.

Natasha and Damien were similar, in many ways. As much as the horribly awkward situation left them feeling terribly out of place, their arousal was undeniable. And, unlike the vampires, the monster and three werewolves could do nothing about their growing arousal. Everyone could smell sex slowly saturating the air.

“There, you see mon petit? Let us relax and socialize for a night.”

“With our boobs out?”

“Indeed,” Elaine said. “Antoinette wanted to prove to me how successful her Dolareido petri dish has been. I am convinced. Though I had hoped to see perhaps one more covenant join us tonight.”

“Wait,” Jessy said, “we’re all just... fungi in your petri dish?”

The Prince smiled. “Oui.” She said it without hesitation or stutter or waver.

“I’m not sure how I feel about being treated like a lab experiment.”

“Feel free to challenge me for reign of my city then, young Gangrel.” Antoinette made a small shrug, before she half turned, and pressed her body into Jack even more, half hiding his upper body behind her bare breasts. “But it is my city, a city you have indulged in, have you not?”

As much as Antoinette — and Elaine — were making it clear that they were here to goof around, and not be powerful, important elders for the night, they weren’t exactly being entirely truthful. No matter what happened tonight, it’d be impossible for the two women to spontaneously forget how powerful and important they were. They were doing a pretty good job, up until now, but Antoinette’s question struck a chord that made Jessy hesitate. And Jessy never hesitated.

“You know,” Eric said, “when I was fighting professionally, I went to a lot of crazy parties. I’ve done the topless thing in a booth, with a bunch of topless ladies. I’ve done the topless thing in a hot tub,



with a bunch of topless ladies. Drugs, alcohol, the whole nine yards. And, uh, I don't think any of those nights ever really hit the... dangerously hot factor tonight has."

Elaine and Antoinette laughed again. The rest of them laughed too, but the two elders evidently found the man's strange compliment the perfect balance of words, because they beamed big smiles at him.

"I have heard Uratha taste wonderful," Elaine said, and she half turned to face Eric. Which of course, squashed one of her breasts into his arm, and he froze; likely more because of the elder and the power she radiated, not because of contact with her chest. "May I?"

Jessy snarled, a half serious, half playful sound, and she cuddled into Eric's other side. "Hell no. He's mine. And he's not really into the orgy thing, despite my best efforts."

"Eric is a gentleman," Fiona said, sounding off with a strange bit of triumph in her tone.

Eric looked over at the redhead, smiled, shrugged, and leaned his body into Jessy. "I don't know about gentleman, but I guess I just never really got the appeal of having three or four or ten people in the bed."

"The appeal," Elaine said with an authoritative voice, and she turned back to Jack, "can be found in many places. For those such as Miss Vola, perhaps it is simply that new forms of romantic intimacy can be found with three, where it cannot be found with two. And for those like my good friend Antoinette, it is a way to introduce avenues of pleasure that can only be found with more limbs, more fingers, and more mouths, than two people can have." She squashed her breast into Jack's side again, overflowing his naked shoulder and chest, and nudged the closer breast against his shoulder. As she did, Antoinette did the same yet again, and the poor kid gulped as the two women buried him in softness.

Elaine and Antoinette were an interesting pair. Damien hadn't expected the two of them to ride the same wavelength so obviously; not with the same synergy as Matthew and Arturo, but still, it was blatant that the two got along better than just friends. Best friends. The two women grinned at each other, then down at the small man half covered in supple flesh, and they chuckled more sultry, succubus sounds.

"There are d-different things we could do," Natasha said, "then obsess about sex all the time, right?"

"Agreed," Damien said. Finally, a voice of reason.

"I dunno," Jessy said, "we're a group of insanely hot people, in a club. Like Eric said, he's been in these kinda situations before, because hey, it's what people do."

Natasha shook her head. “Not true! We could... I d-don’t know... play... poker?”

“Strip poker?” Fiona said.

“Not strip poker! Ugh, n-not poker then. Maybe we could... t-talk about our lives? Kine do that. They talk about who’s seeing who, and sometimes they t-talk about who’s getting married, or having kids.”

“Former, sure,” Eric said, “but the latter? Who’s married and having kids? Not exactly a common topic in a club. And the music is usually too loud for anyone to do anything that needs details. Half the reason it’s so loud, is to force people to talk with their bodies instead of their voices.” He shrugged, and took a deep drink of his poison of choice. “And everyone’s drunk. No one goes to a club for interesting conversation. They go to a club to shut their brain off, and jive either on the music, the dancing, or the sexual atmosphere; usually all the above. On the off chance you manage to find a place quiet enough where you can talk to someone, you’ll get the most inane topics like fashion, misunderstanding tax brackets, or maybe where to score your fix for the week.”

Damien listened and absorbed. Eric didn’t talk much when others were present, likely because while the rest of them were quite familiar with the paranormal nightlife and the Danse Macabre, Eric’s life had been far more normal, by Dolareido standards. If Fiona had been born in Dolareido, she’d likely have spent every night she could in clubs once she hit eighteen. Jack wasn’t interested in that world before his embrace, and still wasn’t. Only Eric had both lived as a human recently, but also spent time in the club scene as that human.

“Sounds pretty dull,” Art said. “But who’s seeing whom is always interesting.” Natasha and Damien both looked at Art, eyebrows raised, surprised by his proper grammar. “What? I can speak good.”

Natasha laughed. Damien laughed. The man was charming.

“My mom is seeing Jacob,” Jack said, a scowl growing on his face. “So there’s that.”

Antoinette and Elaine both chuckled, motherly sounds, like they were used to the boy being silly. He’d probably spent a bit of time complaining to them about his mother and Jacob, then.

“Jacob is not a bad match,” Damien said. Everyone stared at him, especially Jack, and Damien put up his hands in surrender. “Jacob is chaos incarnate, but he’s no fool, and he’s not all horrible. I’m sure he’ll treat your mother with respect, and introduce her to many aspects of her second life. And, just like you and Antoinette, the differences between them, personality and age, might compliment each other.”

His voice quietened, and everyone leaned in a little closer as Damien found himself speaking barely above a whisper. “And Beatrice is a witch now. Surely you trust her. She’ll keep an eye on Samantha.”

The mention of Beatrice softened Jack’s eyes, and he leaned back in his booth seat as his gaze dropped.

“Yeah... yeah, she will.”

“Do not worry for your mother, my love,” Antoinette said, and she leaned in to place a kiss on his head. “I have a close eye on the situation, as well.” Everyone did their best to ignore how the Prince’s nearest breast squashed against the boy’s shoulder and chest when she leaned in, but it was obvious every was staring. And, naturally, the Prince also noticed, decided to indulge her audience, and guided Jack’s chin up to her. They kissed, and everyone could see the tension in the boy melt away as Antoinette pressed her bust into him.

Elaine leaned in as well, getting cozy, and turned enough in her seat to fully face Jack, press both of her naked breasts into him, and reach out to touch his abs with her further hand. Good Lord, if this continued, they’d be seeing a lot more of those three in the next few minutes.

“Maybe,” Jessy said toward Eric, “it’s the tits? I could find us a girl with giant tits?”

“I’m an ass man,” the man said, voice completely flat and smooth. It was enough to cut through the mounting sexual tension, and have them all laughing, including the elders. They stopped groping the boy, and grinned at Eric.

More drifting eyes eventually settled on Fiona, and Damien raised a brow before he looked down over his girlfriend’s shoulder to see what people were staring at. It was obvious the three werewolves were aroused; he could smell it, and they squirmed in attempts to hide their erections. Fiona’s arousal was even more blatant, with her quiet panting and engorged nipples pressing against his fingers. She leaned back against Damien, intertwined her fingers with his against her breasts, and stroked her areola with a circling finger as she half closed her eyes.

“I think, maybe we should end this gathering now?” Damien said.

“I vote against that,” Jessy said, head turned and staring at Fiona beside her. “I want to see—” A balled up napkin hit her in the face, incoming fire from across the table.

Natasha frowned at her friend, though the frown melted away as Arturo leaned down over his girlfriend, and set a kiss on her head. And like Elaine had moments earlier, his hand reached across to find Natasha’s tiny waist, only to drift upward and tease along one of her small breasts. Matthew, evidently sharing a psychic connection with Arturo, did the same thing, at the same time. Poor Natasha

mewled, and tightened up her lips in an effort to silence herself, her frown never leaving despite the obvious joy her boyfriends sent through her.

She managed a quick, desperate glance to Damien, and he nodded. Yeah, this was a bit too much for any Mekhet to handle, way too much open, social atmosphere, and way too many people for them.

Damien sighed and pulled down Fiona's hands from her breasts. "Come on, I think maybe we've all explored our sexual boundaries enough for one evening?"

"Speak for yourself," Jessy said.

"I agree with the Gangrel," Elaine said. "And besides, this is nothing." With a returned evil grin, she leaned back in her seat, and cupped both of her breasts in her hands. And with a voice like she was telling ghost stories around a fire, she did the same thing Fiona was trying to do, and caressed her nipples. "You have not experienced indulgence, until you have a felt a hundred hungry eyes on you, while a dozen kine massage and fill every inch of you."

Fiona whimpered and tried to lift her hands back to her bust, but Damien held them at her sides, despite the two of them staring at Elaine, hypnotized. Everyone did. But after a moment, Antoinette reached out, and gently pushed her friend's hands down from her breasts.

"Come now old friend, not everyone here is as comfortable with this as you or I." Antoinette didn't have to say it. She was talking about Natasha.

Nodding, Damien slid Fiona's dress back up over her shoulders, despite her struggling, and slid out of the booth along with her. Back on his feet, he waited for the others to follow.

"I admit," he said, "the Prince has created a city with a sense of joy and freedom I hadn't let myself see, when I served Lucas. I... think maybe some people will take a lot longer to embrace as sexual atmosphere as this"—he gestured to the booth filled with topless men and women—"but I cannot deny, it is very appealing."

"Aye!" Fiona squeaked, and she immediately tried to slip out of her dress again. He stopped the drunk by hugging her from behind and pinning her arms to her sides.

More laughter from the group, and they filed out of the booth. Natasha smiled at Damien, her eyes screaming 'thank you', and she slipped her tube top back on before she and her boyfriends, now wearing their shirts again, left Bloodlust. Eric and Jessy did the same, though Jessy didn't bother reapplying her nipple covers; the see-through dress was better than being naked at least, Damien supposed.

Antoinette and Elaine both smiled at Damien, slipped their dresses back up and on, and slid out of the booth.

“There is hope for you yet,” Antoinette said, and she looked behind her to Jack who was putting on his shirt. “Coming, my dear?”

“Uh, yeah, I’ll be right there. Need to talk to Damien first though.”

The two elders nodded, and departed. Damien could almost hear the crowd below grow silent in admiration of the two inhumanly gorgeous women. Little did the bottom floor of Bloodlust realize how close it’d come to both those women stripping naked and fucking Jack in front of anyone who had the courage to come upstairs.

Eventually, it was only Jack, and Damien. And Fiona, but the poor girl was hopelessly drunk, and he had to sit her back in the booth to keep her from falling.

“Quite the night,” Damien said.

“Yeah, it was. I thought this might happen, when I realized who was coming. Jessy, and Fiona together? Recipe for a sex bomb.”

“I think it was Antoinette and Elaine that pushed things over the edge.”

He laughed and shrugged. “Only because Jessy didn’t, because they were here. But, once everyone got comfortable, I’m pretty sure we were ten minutes away from things getting... uh... voyeuristic.”

“Indeed,” Damien said.

“Natasha seems like the kind of girl who’d prefer to keep a distance between herself and others, when sex is concerned. Good call stopping the party when you did.”

“Physical proximity, maybe. Apparently she enjoys making—”

Jack put up his hands. “Let’s just, uh, ignore that fact.” Sighing, Jack grabbed his jacket and slipped it on. “I’m kinda surprised the night went so well, with me here.”

“You thought the curse would break free?”

Jack shook his head and leaned back until his butt rested against the table edge. “No. Elaine and I have been working on that. Meditation helps. We’ve got some other tricks too.”

“The necklace?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Helps keep the curse quiet. But that’s not why I thought people would be weird about this party. I figured... well...”

Damien sighed, and leaned back against the table beside Jack. “That night in the Great Below, that was... brutal.”

“You staked me.”

“I had no choice.”

“I know, I know. I’m happy you did.” The boy looked down, struggling to find the words. “Guess I’m just feeling ashamed of myself, for giving in like I did, and nearly attacking you.”

“I spent fifty years, the first fifty years of my second life, hiding in sewers, only to raise a madman from torpor. I launched an assault on the Elysium Tower, and tried to kill your lover. I spend every night feeling ashamed.”

Jack winced and shook his head. “Come on, you—”

Damien put up a hand. “It’s behind me. My second life is infinitely better now Jack, and you’re a big reason for that. And her.” He nodded to Fiona, who beamed up at him. “So, this curse, it’s a problem, and I want to help. Still want to help.”

The Ventrue sighed relief. “I know I know. I guess... guess I just had to hear it.”

Damien pat the man on his shoulder. “I’ve been looking into Maria’s records like you asked, what she managed to salvage anyway. But I’ve yet to find anything.”

“Yeah, didn’t think you would. How many other vampires in history have managed to trigger this curse? How many vampires would be smart enough, or stupid enough, to write down details about it?”

“Only the dragons and the Sanctified would keep such journals, which is why I thought maybe you were onto something with your request. The issue is, most of the books Lucas had are in no way organized. Information, random, written as journals, without any sort of eye for detail or due process.”

“Heh, yeah, similar situation with Elaine. But she’s helped me a lot.”

Damien frowned. “I don’t trust her.”

Instead of getting upset with him, Jack laughed, and Damien raised a brow at him.

“Yeah, I don’t think anyone really trusts her. Even the Prince keeps an eye on her, though with her I suspect she’d probably think of any betrayal from her friend as an ‘oh you silly goose’ sorta situation.”

“Those two are... an interesting pair.”

“Do ye swim?” Fiona asked after a hiccup.

“Uh, swim?”

“In the tits!” She gestured to where Jack had sat minutes ago. “Aw squished together like that, ye could swim in them.”

Jack raised a brow, and looked at Damien. “Don’t let her drink anymore.”

“I won’t.”

Nodding, Jack pushed away from the table, turned, and stepped away backward. “Once the curse is gone, things will be back to normal... ish. I can get back to regular Right Hand stuff. We can deal with Terra Den and Jeremy long, and the Carthians. Hell, we can see about getting you some more freedom for your Longinus stuff.”

Damien laughed. “And your sister?”

“I... Mom and I will figure out something. It sucks just leaving her there, but no one lives there, so she isn’t hurting anyone.” Jack looked down for a moment, searching for the words, though he’d already shared them with Damien several times. It hurt him, badly, to have Mary back in his life as a ghost. It hurt his mother, too. The only reason the situation was manageable, and not driving them to the brink of insanity, was because they were vampires and already buried in a strange, supernatural world.

“It’ll be nice to have things normal again,” Damien said. He couldn’t keep a little sadness out of his voice, like the idea was some lofty goal beyond them. It kinda was.

Jack managed a weak smile, but nodded, waved, and walked away. “I’ll talk to you later.”

“Later then.” Damien nodded to his friend, and watched him disappear down the stairs.

Rolling his eyes, Damien stood up, turned around, and looked down at Fiona in the booth seat. She was busy reaching across the large, circular booth table, in an effort to reach some alcohol Natasha’s boys had left. It didn’t occur to her that she was too short to reach, or to scoot across the booth to reach from the other side, and she whined before looking up at Damien, as if he’d rescue her from her horrible predicament.

“You knew,” he said. “You knew Jack and I were avoiding each other.”

“Aye.”

“And... and you knew, if you got us all here, we’d talk.” Because, much as Damien and Jack were very different people, they shared many things in common. A dislike of social situations like the gathering they’d just had, for one.

“Aye!” She pushed up onto her hands on the table, and almost got onto it on her knees before Damien gently pushed her back down into the seat.

“You, are smart.”

“I know!” Giggling, she wrapped her arms around him, and grinned up at him as she did. “Tits make everyone easier tae talk to.”

“I’m pretty sure tits make it harder for people to talk to each other”

She shook her head. “Yer wrong!” Giggling again, she reached up, pulled down on his neck, and kissed him. She smelled of life, joy, and alcohol. “Now, come ‘ere.”

“I am here. I—” His mouth froze, and he stared at her, jaw hanging, as she again slid the straps off her shoulders. Before he could say anything, she giggled, climbed back onto the table, kicked off her shoes, and slid the dress off her legs, leaving her completely naked. No underwear. “Uh, Fiona, you...” Damien gulped, and looked over to the other booth. In the darkness, he could see the werewolves and vampires grinding, touching, fondling, drinking. In another booth, two vampires were lip locked, bodies barely able to fit between booth and table.

Fiona grinned at him, and reached out for him. He approached, and once he reached the edge of the table, she sat up, inched forward toward him, and set her hands on his pants.

“Here?”

“‘Ere.” She slid her hands into his pants, found his length, and teased it. He wasn’t Blushing Life yet, but that didn’t seem to bother her.

“There’s... people around.”

“Doin’ the same thing I want tae be doin’. Blush for me.”

He sighed, and smiled down at the very drunk, very beautiful, very naked busty little redhead. “Fiona, you’re drunk.”

“Ah am.”

Lord, give him strength. “And, we just spent a few hours with some—”

“Giant tits!”



“I was going to say beautiful people.”

“Aye, very beautiful. Natasha is so tiny, but the Prince and her friend are so tall! Tall, and busty, and... and wow. The Prince’s tits are just... mmmm!”

Why was it so extremely hot when a woman showed obvious sexual interest in other women? He rolled his eyes again, more at himself than anything, and smiled at the naked woman trying to break him.

“They’re breasts, Fiona. We—”

“But they were huge!”

He laughed. This woman, his polar opposite, swimming in sin and alcohol without a single hint of shame or concern, was changing him. She continued to massage and fondle his soft length, eyes gazing up at him, and he drowned in her golden gaze. She squeezed her breasts together with her biceps, licked her lips, and placed a kiss on his stomach.

Lord, forgive him. He gave in, and Blushed. The smell of her, the taste of her, he had to have more. Even in this place, this very public place, he had to have more.

She moaned with a squeak as his length hardened in her hands, and she stroked it while she beamed up at him.

“In case you didn’t notice, Fiona, you also have really huge breasts.”

From the little Damien knew about women, telling a girl she had huge breasts wouldn’t normally be met with overflowing giggles of pure joy. In Dolareido, the women — and men — were a bit more vain, sure, and a compliment like that might fly better. But Fiona took it like he’d struck some sort of magical chord that resonated with her whole being, something that made her feel beyond happy.

“Nae as big as the Prince’s.”

“No, but I don’t think anyone thinks her body is natural.”

“Fake tits?”

Damien laughed. “More like, she probably did something to herself a long time ago. The white hair, red eyes, extreme height, and breasts?”

Fiona tapped her chin at that, before nodding. “Yer likely right. But, there wasnae any plastic in there! A lass always knows.” Nodding sagely, as if admitting to some sort of ancient, secret wisdom,

she let go of his length, and cupped each of her breasts. With enthusiasm, and absolutely no subtlety, she bounced each breast in her hands, one then the other. “Big as Elaine’s?”

He rolled his eyes for the hundredth time that night, leaned down, and kissed her. “Yes. And because you’re little, your breasts look utterly massive on you. Jessy says you’re half boob.” The compliment was ridiculous, but he knew it’d work. Fiona was like Jessy in a strange way, with similar social sensibilities. No wonder they got along.

Giggling like a maniac, she kissed him back, and slid further back along the booth table, until she was far back and between the curve of the booth seats. Shadows covered her, but Kindred eyes could see through the minor red lighting and the pulsing white to see the naked, curvy, beautiful redhead as she laid her body out on her back. One hand slid between her legs, and she masturbated casually, as if she was in the privacy of her apartment. His Kindred nose knew she was dripping wet; she’d been aroused five minutes into the party, like the werewolves. Finally able to release her pent up arousal, she wasted no time touching herself.

“Come ‘ere, ‘n treat me like one of those kine at the ball!”

He chuckled, a sound he was starting to re-familiarize with the more he spent time with her, and he slid into the booth seat. Concern for people who might see them, gone. Concern for watching his back, gone. Concern for his appearance, and not looking like a proper bishop, gone. There was a meal on his table, and he was hungry.

“You know you’re a nightmare monster, right? Scary spider monster, so I’ve heard.”

She blew out her breath, lips bubbling together, and shook her head. “Lies. I’m a sweet, innocent young lassie, captured off the streets, tae be fed tae hungry, horny vampires!” As much as Fiona loved to indulge in naughty roleplay fantasies — like Natasha did, according to Jessy — she couldn’t act. Fiona smiled, giggled, grabbed a nearby drink and downed it before he could stop her, then laughed more heartily before lying down on her back in front of him, side toward him.

He leaned over her, and looked her body up and down, like he was admiring a meal. Half acting, half not.

She may not have been a good actor, being the silly, extreme extrovert that she was, but it didn’t take much for him to get into a mindset. If she wanted him to play the role of master vampire feeding on prey or slave, he could do that. They’d played this game before, dozens of times, just, never in public. The sheer audacity of doing this in a public place was a strange spice he wasn’t familiar with,

but the time they spent on the roof of the Black Hall during Antoinette's ball came back up in his mind, and he smiled darkly down at his girlfriend.

He took both her hands in his, and pinned them against the table above her head.

"Ah! Oh no!" she said, again, acting so utterly atrocious it was criminal. Maybe this was what people meant by 'so bad it's good' movies?

The bad acting didn't matter. Fiona's endless giggles and relentless smile filled him with joy, and he growled down at her like the dark, scary vampire she wanted him to pretend to be. He kept her hands pinned, a little of his vampire strength to ensure she was trapped, while his free hand reached across her body. He cupped her further breast, pulled it up onto the center of her torso, and let it go, just to watch it ripple as it pulled to the side with its heavy mass. Her pink nipples stood up, swollen and puffy, and he leaned in to kiss the closer one.

She shivered, mewled, and squirmed. "Nae, please stop!"

Chuckling, he sank his face into the enormous softness of her breast, while his right hand drifted further down her supple body. Soft, beautiful, and warm. His prey let out some pleased squeaks as he placed tender kisses on her breast, and she jutted her chest out, seeking more stimulation.

Instead, he lifted his head, and smiled down at his meal, as he sank his fingers into her slit.

"Nn!" Her jaw dropped, and she gasped openly as he pressed his fingers up against her g-spot. So much for foreplay. Fiona was already dripping.

"Watching everyone get half naked really turned you on, didn't it?" His mind clouded over with arousal every moment he was with his nude girlfriend, until dark, dirty thoughts he always kept suppressed snuck up onto the surface. "You're a bad girl."

The dialog would have sounded hilariously awful in any other context. But with her body pinned under his grip, his teeth grazing along her swollen nipple, and his fingers inside her boiling, soaked depths, the words took on a life of their own. They had impact. They had heat.

Fiona mewled, and pushed her hips toward his hand. "I'm sorry! Please, dinnae be mean!"

He leaned up over her, higher, and brought his lips down onto her neck. "Naughty. Dirty. You need to be punished."

She squealed again. He could feel her facial muscles smile, but her squirms continued, while her panting and mewls only grew louder. She was expecting a Kiss, the satisfaction of his fangs puncturing her neck, and flooding her with exhausting bliss. She wanted to cum on his fingers while he drained her.

He didn't. He leaned back, and slid his fingers out of her.

“W-What? No, Damien! Come on, ye bawbag! I'm—ack!” She squeaked again when he pulled her off the table, and set her on his lap on her stomach. “What're ye—eh!” Another squeak, and she looked up at him over her shoulder, as he gave her large, soft ass, a resounding smack.

Poor Fiona was terribly drunk and aroused, and it only took her moments to sink into the new position he'd forced on her. She squirmed on his lap, but made no attempts to leave. He slapped her ass again, hard enough to hear the smack through the music, and she whimpered openly. He traced his fingers up and down the soft, pale skin, and smiled at how it turned pink where he'd slapped it. Growling quietly under his breath, he kneaded the meat of her buttocks, squeezed and massaged its softness until it molded to his fingers, before he slapped it again.

He raised his eyes in shock as Caleb, Brianna, and the others walked past his booth. They were giggling and laughing, the werewolves obviously drunk, and the vampires obviously fed; maybe had a kine come visit them to be devoured. No doubt the group of them were off to enjoy sex, possibly together. They blinked at Damien, and Damien blinked at them, taking a moment to realize they could see he was still shirtless, could see Fiona's dress on the table, could see her frizzy red hair, and could see a bit of her ass where it stuck up on his lap.

He looked down at his girlfriend, his meal, and as if possessed, he gave her ass another hard spank, earning a squeak, and then a wavering mewl. The people watching chuckled between themselves, gave him a few finger waves, and walked off.

Fiona looked up at him again, and Damien grinned at her. She was stuck between a smile, and a shameful, shy gaze. The smile vanished when he spanked her again, and she bit down on her bottom lip.

“Ye're being mean today... Master.”

The words sent a shiver through his body, and he slapped her ass again. This bright, unashamedly merry little woman, was going to drown him in sin. Her mewl turned into an outright moan, and he spanked her one more time, nice and hard, enough to make her shift on his lap. Her body trembled, and her feet kicked at the booth a few times as she writhed in her need and want.

He often Kissed her early on, when they had sex. The Kiss filled him with sexual hunger, and left her a sensitive, exhausted, drenched thing who came at the slightest touch. But it also meant she was too exhausted to do anything, or make anymore noise than soft whimpers. This time, he decided to wait. He wanted to Kiss her, and she wanted him to. The anticipation had them boiling.

He eased out from under her across the booth seat. “Get on your knees.”

Pouting and biting her bottom lip some more, she did as ordered. Soon she was on her knees and palms on the booth seat, and Damien licked his lips as he admired the sight of her swollen slit, and the wetness awaiting him.

He slid his pants down, got onto his knees on the booth beside her, aligned the head of his cock with her entrance, grabbed her hips, and thrust into her, hard.

“Nnn! Damien, ye’re... being... rough.” Again she looked over her shoulder at him with her face caught somewhere between her relentless, perfect smiles, and dropping her jaw in an ‘O’ of pleasure. The smile vanished when he pulled back, and slammed into her again, replaced with groans and her eyes half closing as they rolled up.

He wasn’t gentle, and didn’t use a more normal pace. He pounded into her hard enough to see her ass ripple when it slapped against his pelvis, and Fiona squeaked as she struggled to stay on her hands and knees. Her huge breasts swayed underneath her, and his Beastly hunger sent a growl through him as he watched the backside of her teardrop breasts jiggle with his thrusts.

He jackhammered into her fast, eyes locked onto the hourglass shape of her soft body, her large ass shaking as it slapped into him, and her huge breasts flopping around underneath her. It didn’t take long for her to cum, her tiny insides clamping tight around him and leaking juices as he slammed into her. It didn’t take long for him to cum either; she’d been boiling for a lot longer than he’d been, but no man could survive long when pounding fast into a woman’s hot, squeezing, soaked insides.

He slowed his pace, but not the roughness of his thrusts, and each time he slammed into Fiona, she let out a squeak. Growling again, he slapped her ass, earning another hard clench of her pussy around his cock. Muscle spasms massaged his length, and the poor woman struggled to stay on her hands as he filled her with his cum.

And then he started thrusting again.

“Damien! I—”

He slapped her ass again, causing her to clench as hard as she could, almost like she was trying to get him to hold still, but he set his hands on her hips and pulled her toward him, even as he pounded into her, again like a jackhammer.

“M-Master!” She managed to peek at him over her shoulder, and her smile was gone, replaced with only pleasure, before she collapsed onto her chest on the booth seat. “Slow doooown.” Again, she clamped down on his length, her juices dripping out of her along with his cum. He didn’t slow down.

She tried to push herself back up onto her hands, but another orgasm ripped through her, and she collapsed. He didn't slow down.

As he felt his second orgasm approach, he slammed into her hard, earning a weak squeak, before he again slapped her ass. Every time he did, her body clenched down on his cock, and he shivered as the heavenly friction along his glans sent sparks of bliss down into his pelvis and under his testicles. He took a moment to let his pleasure fade, before he again slammed into her, and again gave her ass a hard spank. Again she clamped down, and as the tiny redhead mewled on the booth, more of her juices coated him. If not for the music, he could have heard the drip drip of it against the seat.

He looked down at her ass, and smiled softly. Even in the red lighting and pulsing white light, he could see the skin was thoroughly pink. Ok, maybe enough spanking.

He slipped out of her, sat down, and pulled the tired girl onto his lap. He turned her to face him, set her legs so she sat on her knees around him, took her by the hips, and eased her down onto his cock. Instant tremors from her, and she hugged him tight as she buried her face in his neck and chest.

“Master,” she purred.

He growled, slid his hands down her naked back, and set them on her ass. He pressed down, making sure she was balls deep on his length, before he gave both her cheeks a couple of soft smacks. More purrs.

He leaned forward, scooped his arms up her back so she tilted backward, and he sank his teeth into her neck. Her purrs quickly turned into loud groans, and she clutched him tight as the sensation of the Kiss hit them both. She came again, wriggling and squirming in his grip like prey trying to escape, each twist and grinding sway of her body squeezing and massaging his length in wet, gripping flesh. It was more than enough to have him cumming inside her for the second time.

And then her blood hit him. The Kiss always filled a vampire with bliss, but also with life. His body responded with overflowing, overwhelming biological joy, and he flooded her insides until he felt his cum flowing out of her. While one arm held her waist, the other slid up to net his fingers into her frizzy hair, and he pulled, forcing her head back. With her face pointed upward and his fangs sunk deep into her neck, the redhead wriggled against him, hard nipples pressed into his chest, as her orgasm was forced to continue. Her thighs trembled, legs squeezed, and her insides clamped down in random spasms as the Kiss drove her into pleasure again, and again.

He squeezed her harder. The taste of her inhuman blood, the overpowering, intoxicating flavor of it, sent heat up through his undead body. All thoughts of Bloodlust, of the fact he was sitting in a public

booth, all gone, replaced with nothing but bliss and aching desire for the tiny redhead sitting on his cock. Human blood would have had him ready to fuck again. Her blood, her powerful, monstrous, delicious blood, did more than that. It clouded his mind, made it difficult to think straight, and demanded he take what was his: her. He was consciously aware of what her blood was doing to him, but it felt too damn good to give into its dark allure. It filled his stomach, and he took more, and more, as Fiona whimpered into his ear, her legs trembling and her depths clenching.

At last, he released his bite on her neck, his fingers from her hair, and raised his eyes.

Beatrice, Jennifer, Othello and his ghoul, and Aaron stood by the table, each dressed for a night out, and each looking at him with curious eyes. Jennifer and Beatrice in particular, looked very interested.

And beside them, was Jacob. He wore black suit pants, but all he had on his chest was an open white shirt, and Damien found himself surprised at how fit and lean the man looked. Actually, he looked similar to Damien, physically speaking, a thin frame with plenty of well defined musculature.

The other witches marched ahead of Jacob, but the man wasn't alone. He had Samantha beside him, and she was dressed the same as the witches, scantily, a black dress that complimented Jacob, particularly the exposed chest and stomach. It was the same sort of dress Elaine had worn tonight, something that hooked behind the neck, with plunging cleavage that dipped all the way below the navel. Another inch and he'd know if she was shaved or not.

Jacob and Samantha looked at him. At least, he thought Jacob looked at him. Hard to tell considering he was wearing some fancy glasses that stuck to his face, hid his eyes, and were very thin and streamlined. The man may as well have walked off The Matrix set. Jacob chuckled and moved on, though Samantha lingered, and looked at him for a few seconds with hungry eyes, before she followed the elder.

"Now this," Jennifer said, "is a surprise." Chuckling, she slid into the booth, and didn't hesitate to scoot in closer, until she was only a foot away from him. "My oh my. I saw the look in your eyes when you Kissed her, bishop of the church. That was pure... fire."

He grit his teeth and glared at her, but a shift in weight from Fiona broke his gaze as it sent bliss through him. Instead, he hugged the naked woman close to his body. A protective gesture, he knew it, and a useless one. But still.

Beatrice rolled her eyes and slid into the booth as well, opposite of Jennifer, while Othello, his ghoul, and Aaron moved on with Jacob. Thankfully, Beatrice didn't slide in as close as Jennifer, keeping a few feet between him and her.

Fiona turned her head enough to glimpse at the Ventrue, though it was clear the tiny redhead was still very drunk, and now quivering in the relaxing waves of the Kiss, and orgasm. She was likely barely aware of what was happening. And, because Damien was obviously cursed to forever be caught in awkward situations, Fiona started to squirm on his lap again. He'd drained her enough to put a kine into a bliss coma, but she was a Begotten. Maybe it was Vrall pushing her, he didn't know, but she pushed her hips back and forth as she hugged him, weak and tired, but not so tired she couldn't wriggle on his lap, or squeeze his hard length.

"You just fed," Jennifer said, smile wide, and almost manic. "The one thing that sucks about the Kiss: you can't stop Blushing Life."

He frowned at her. It was true. The sensation of Fiona's exotic blood trickling down his throat, filling him with warmth and her Horror's strange, alien power, had his body lit up with life and arousal. He wouldn't be able to dismiss the Blush for another ten, maybe fifteen minutes. A perfect opportunity for a witch to put him in a very awkward position.

"Don't be an asshole, Jen," Beatrice said.

"I'm not! I'm just surprised, that's all. I never expected to find this. Jack and the Prince? Yes. Jessy and Eric? Obviously. Natasha and her boys?" Jennifer fanned herself several times with a hand. "I wish. But the bishop? Never."

Beatrice shrugged, and gestured to Fiona. "Probably her doing."

"I don't suppose you two ladies could go?" Damien said, doing everything in his power to keep his voice flat and cold. He managed, but only barely, as Fiona continued to gently grind on him, her drenched insides boiling and squeezing.

Jennifer and Beatrice looked at each other, had some sort of psychic conversation, before Jennifer shrugged and shook her head. "If you didn't want to be spotted, or maybe have company, you should have fucked your girlfriend in private."

He growled at her, and Jen pulled her head back a couple inches. Unfortunately, the growl also earned a pleased mewl from Fiona, and she ground her body into him harder, flattening her breasts against his chest as she squeezed on his length. That, earned a happy groan from Jennifer, and she sighed wistfully as she watched.



“Come on, relax,” Beatrice said. “Your girlfriend is onto something.”

Fiona giggled, and leaned back until her back pressed against the table edge. He may have found the whole situation extremely awkward and unnerving, but she didn't. Combined with the rush of her blood pouring through him, it was taking every bit of mental control he had to not grab Fiona's hips and start bouncing her up and down.

Jennifer groaned again, and slid in a little closer. “That is a very happy woman. And a beautiful woman.” Her eyes slid down Fiona's frizzy red hair, half-closed amber gaze, her freckled skin and pale, huge breasts, down her flat but soft stomach, and down to where the tiny woman's slit was spread wide around Damien's girth. It was thoroughly soaked, in her juices and his cum. Jen licked her lips.

When Fiona started to bounce, exhausted and panting, but determined to pursue more pleasure, Beatrice slid in closer as well. Both women stared, hypnotized by Fiona's movements, and how the woman's soft, heavy breasts jiggled against her torso as she did. And once Beatrice was a little closer, both women looked down, and stared at how Fiona's tiny slit, smooth and soaked, blatantly leaked more juices as the woman came again.

Damien growled again, the rush of Fiona's blood sending need and aggression through his limbs. The witches didn't matter. All that mattered was his girlfriend, his prey, his meal. He reached out for her, grabbed her hips, and bounced her. He was not gentle. Fiona squeaked openly with each bounce, and leaning back as she was, her breasts bounced wildly, creating a mesmerizing sight that had Damien, and the two spectators staring.

As the tingling waves of warm pleasure started up his cock, he slammed girlfriend down onto his cock a couple more times, each hard enough to make her squeal, before he pulled her back onto him, hugged her close, and filled her with his cum for the third time that night. Both witches groaned in obvious envy, and Damien couldn't help but smile, hopefully hidden behind Fiona's hair where they couldn't see it.

Ok, maybe a public place was a fun idea. His girlfriend knew him better than he did.