

~~Jack~~

Arriving in Jacob's cave was a weird experience. Climbing out of the remains of a kine's guts had been creepy as fuck, but not weird. It wasn't exactly something Jack hadn't figured the old Nosferatu had: sacrifice bowl, crazy symbols on the walls in blood, all the typical witchy witch stuff. The weird part was how there was a huge group of them, in what must have been a very private place. It had made him feel like he was crashing a séance or something. He was happy to get out of there.

Jessy, him, and Damien took a drive, and decided to drop by the Invictus HQ. There were thralls there they could feed on in emergency situations, and the three of them were beat up enough to warrant using them. Plus, they were the Right Hands of the Invictus, and had earned the right. The ride there was painful though, physically and mentally, and the three of them radiated depression with every long second.

Jack sat in the middle of the wide car, Damien and Jessy each taking a window. They all looked like they'd been through a war, and Damien's bandages only added to the painful image.

"How's your skull?" Jessy said.

"Throbs." Throbbing was weird. He didn't expect throbbing, since that was a function of blood being pumped through the body, irritated and swollen. The touch of air against the inner flesh and exposed bone insides, was agony, and every second he channeled his vitae as best he could into healing it. He could tell the inside of his skull was no longer exposed though, having healed somewhat, but the eye was still gone, the bone still a mess, and he kept a hand over the wound half in fear of something inside falling out.

She pat him on the back and smirked at him. "You did good, coming to my rescue that quick."

"Not quick enough."

"Speed wasn't the issue," Damien said. "Unfortunately, they were more than prepared for any intrusion. Even Jacob and his... friend, were expelled."

Nodding, Jessy put her hands on her knees, and looked out the window. "I was out for most of Jacob's crazy rescue. But, I think I was submerged in... inside Black Blood? Fucking hell."

Jack winced. Did they want to let the driver know about this? Well, it wasn't a secret, he supposed, since the monsters and the werewolves knew.

“My sire cut off his hand for the ritual. Disturbing. And now he owes Jacob, I guess. More disturbing. And... and...”

His two friends sighed, and sank into the seats of the car, as did he. Better to wait until they were out of the vehicle to talk about that.

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After the three of them had a meal, and nearly sucked each thrall to death, they took time to sit down in one of the secure conference rooms. A big table for only the three of them, but Invictus knew their shit, and had soundproofed it.

“I let Angela live,” he said. Yep, off like a band-aid. Except the band-aid tore off hair and skin with it.

Damien nodded. “That... was a mistake, I admit.”

“Yeap.” Nodding as well, Jessy leaned back in her chair, and slowly spun it around in a circle as she looked up. The three of them were still very beat up, but they would heal faster now, and once dawn arrived, their sleep would wipe the wounds away, mostly. “Can’t blame you though. You’re young, and her mom was right there, right?”

“My age shouldn’t be a factor.”

“Well, it is.” Shrugging, she continued to spin, like a kid who couldn’t sit still. “Julias, Maria, and Michael all agreed to make you a Right Hand, knowing full well you’re young. Embraced at, what, twenty? And with barely a year of your second life under your belt. They knew shit like this would happen... not that they’ll be happy about it.”

“Athalia, on the other hand.” Damien pulled out his short sword, and began to spin it along his knuckles. Working on his control and dexterity, probably. “She was right there, and she asked you to stop. And I saw, Jack, that you were going to ignore her pleas, and kill Angela anyway. Too slow, though. So now Angela lives, and Athalia will not be happy with you.”

“Yeah, thanks for rubbing it in.” Jack lowered his head to set his forehead on the table; very, very gently. Still couldn’t see out one side of his face, and the attempt to open his eyelid was enough to shock his body still with pain. He was getting used to pain, but getting sick of it, too.

“Just assessing the situation. We were developing a strange partnership with Azamel, but now that you’ve offended Athalia, someone Azamel holds dear, the relationship may be strained.”

“That reminds me,” Jack said. “Damien, you almost got yourself killed!”

“I... I know.”

Jessy raised a brow. “Think we all fit into that bill.”

“Damien did a crazy rush move to save Fiona.”

“Oh! Oh!” Jessy stopped spinning, and leaned over the table toward Damien. “Did it work?”

“...yes.” The Mekhet tried to hide the smile, but a small one got through.

“That is some guaranteed pussy.”

Jack lifted his head, and facepalmed; again, very gently. “It’s not guaranteed pussy, Jess. You can’t—”

“Sure, if Fiona was more of a feminist or something. But Fiona is a classic girly girl, who wants a man to rescue her, sweep her off her feet, throw her on a bed, and fuck her brains out.”

Jack stared at the Gangrel. The damn woman’s grin was big and unending.

“Jessy,” he said, “you are the most sexist person I know.”

“Pffft. Is it sexist if it’s true?”

“I...” Ok, weird topic, and he wasn’t exactly in a position to speak with authority. This was like a strange sort of sexual harassment from the boss, in a way, now that he thought about it. His senior making crass, rude comments about sex, and frequently. The Invictus had no HR department. And, just maybe, there was a little wisdom, in the asshole’s words.

“Um.” Damien squirmed a little, and twisted in his chair a bit. “I... asked her to go on a date, when we escaped.”

“Aha!” Jessy slapped her palm against the table. All three of them groaned. “Shit, sorry. Arg, christ, my head.” Everyone took a moment to let the pain settle, before she continued. “I’m telling you, Damien, she wants the D.”

“... the D?”

Jack rolled his eyes. “You spend too much time on the internet.”

“I do not! I just ain’t some antisocial twerp, like you!” She shrugged at him, and pulled out her phone. “But I got this Twitter thing going, and people just keep posting the most random, stupid, nonsensical shit. And for some reason, I keep reading it.”

“Stop.” Jack reached out, and pushed down on her phone. “Really, stop. It’s not healthy.”

She rolled her eyes, but put the phone away anyway, thank god. “She’s just a girl, so be gentle with her, Damien. But at the same time, she’s got a huge sex drive, so, be gentle with her, but make sure to fuck her lots. Here, I’ll give you some tips.” Jessy got up, walked around the table, sat beside Damien, and put her hands on the table. “So first you got the clit, right? You can treat that with some love, get some juicy orgasms, but it’s really an appetizer to better stuff. You got the g-spot, and then there’s these sweet spots really fucking deep in there, and—”

Jack threw up his hands. “Ok! Back onto the serious stuff.”

Damien nodded, and a quick glance from him showed his joy at being rescued. “Did you learn anything we didn’t, Jessy?”

“Not much. You know the monster’s name is Sándor, and he’s working for Jeremiah. Called him master. I did see that old bat Elen do some especially fucked up shit, drawing symbols in the fucking air with Eric’s blood! And she was nuts. Talked about voices, and treated the body like it was some sort of... machine, I guess, like it was some sort of special, magical machine? And she was going to do drawings and shit, and somehow learn things from Eric’s body.”

Jack and Damien looked at each other, and winced.

“Yeah, that... kind of makes sense, I guess,” Jack said. “Based on the rituals, we got the impression she was doing something with... bodies, and... haruspex.”

“What’s—”

“Divination by entrails,” he said. “Movies and stuff like to pass it off as a horror trope, as if religions thousands of years ago did it to humans. They really just did it to animals, but... I mean, if this woman is doing this to people, in a way, then there’s something to the trope I guess.”

“Fucking nasty.”

Nodding, Damien shifted away from Jessy a little, who was still in close proximity. “The problem now, is that the hunters are likely to rely on this monster’s lair as their headquarters, and something tells me we won’t be able to get back in the same way. Jacob and his spirit friend either.”

Jessy put up her hands, and almost slammed the table again. Everyone winced in preparation, but she stopped herself in time. “I vote we stop feeling bad about the situation. We came out on top! You rescued yours truly, and two werewolves to boot. I saw that a few of the hunters died, so that’s a win. And we learned a shit load about what the hunters are up to. This Elen woman was trying to use Eric for haruspox, and—”

“Haruspex,” Jack said.

“Dude, whatever. She was using him to get information about Azamel. And there was a specific line one of them said, that he was going to give them information he knew, and information he didn’t know. This Elen is fucking scary.”

They all nodded. She sounded scary, yeah, and the picture Jack had seen of her made her seem like some sort of old witch. The new knowledge only added to that image.

Jack nodded toward her. “The gargoyle monster. Tell us about it?”

“Fucker was huge! I mean, when he came into Eric’s apartment, he was just an average looking white dude in a hoodie, bit of gruff on his face, some sort of European accent, and he could punch like a truck. In the nightmare though? Fucker pretended to be a statue, and got the drop on us. It was like fighting off a god damn giant, and the fucker had four arms and wings, so it wasn’t like a normal fight, right? I got behind him though, and Eric and Clara transformed and... and...” Jessy smiled, dreamily, and stared off into space.

Jack and Damien blinked at each other, before Jack snapped his fingers in front of her face. “Allo?”

“Er, yeah. Werewolves get pretty big, right? But I can’t help but notice a lack of dick and balls.”

Jack exercised every ounce of restraint he could, to not slam his fractured skull and ruined face into the table. “You noticed that, while fighting?”

“Course I did. I have eyes. I notice everything.”

Yeah, no bias there, none at all, nope. Jack rolled his eye, and the sensation sent pain through him as his muscles tried to rotate the missing eye.

“But...,” she continued, “you think that, like, it would come out, if they got horny in that form?”

“Jessy,” Jack said, “I’ve seen those beasts fight, and I’m telling you, the last thing you want to be thinking in the presence of a werewolf in their fighting form, is sex. They are titans of aggression and

animal instinct. They get caught up in violence like a human gets drunk. Blood drunk! You'll... you... you aren't listening to a word I'm saying."

Jessy had her elbow on the table, chin in her palm, and had resumed staring into nothing, with a happy smile on her face. At this point he was sure she was half doing it just to torment him indirectly with her refusal to take things seriously. But he was also sure she really did find a nine-foot-tall beast of muscle, teeth, and claws attractive.

Clara had been kind of attractive too, in a way, he supposed. Transformed, she did still have the curves of a woman, just put on an eight-foot body, with a short layer of fur all over it. Not exactly his cup of tea, but when she licked him, there was definitely a hint of femininity to her that had grabbed his attention.

Ok, now he was definitely hanging out with Jessy too much.

"I'm worried about Tash," Damien said. "She's still in the nightmare, and while I think we all trust Fiona, not sure we feel that way about Athalia anymore."

"Agreed," Jack said. "But I think she'll be fine. Athalia is too hurt to do anything, and I suspect she'll be out of commission for days. Azamel needs us to help with the hunters, so she'll push to make sure her Begotten don't harm us."

"Yeah, yeah ok."

"You should visit Fiona." Getting up, Jack stretched out, and regretted it. Old habits were going to kill him. He didn't need to stretch, didn't need to breathe, didn't need to do any of those things that he should stop trying to do while his corpse of a body healed itself. "Tomorrow night, I mean, after we've healed. After she's had a moment to heal, too, I assume. That includes you, Jessy."

"W-What? Hey, I will, I will."

"And please don't get yourself killed trying to seduce a wolf."

"He's a werewolf, Jack, not an actual wolf, or tiger or bear or whatnot. They can talk and shit while transformed."

That all sounded like an admission of going-to-tap-that from the Gangrel, and Jack smirked at her as he started his walk to the safety sleeping vault. Julias didn't want them making any trips outside the HQ for the rest of the night, and he could most definitely understand that. Time to get some sleep in the Xnomina basement; safe and secure behind many walls with a hundred thralls armed and ready.

But, would any of that stop a Begotten? It seemed like they could travel anywhere, and even around barriers.

He did not look forward to the nightmares that idea was going to give him.

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~~Natasha~~

Nightmares. She did not like nightmares. Nightmares were a hot button for vampires, even if they tried to pass them off, because of how bad torpor could get for many of them. They were all afraid of them to some extent or another, and all of them were afraid of the long torpor, and how those nightmares could twist their minds. Seeing nightmares as actual things in front of her, that she could touch and taste and see and smell and hear with crystal clarity? She had to wonder if the long torpor would bring her nightmares like this.

She, Fiona, and the enormous skeleton in her hands came out of the darkness, and into more darkness. If she didn't see another shadow for the rest of her second life, it'd be too soon. But, at least this place had enough light to see by, and she groaned as she helped pull the giant skeleton into a graveyard.

It wasn't a classic graveyard, but something more like an elephant graveyard, if elephants were a hundred feet tall. The bones! The bones were so massive, and they had tusks and stuff, giant skulls that belonged on ancient, dead gods. They sat upon the sands, so colossal, they may as well have been buildings.

Tash gently set Athalia's arm down on the dark sand, and stood, staring. "Um... if... if the s-sun comes up here, will... will it—"

"There is no sun here," Fiona said. "This nightmare, as most, does not change. If Athalia and I were not Eshmaki, then perhaps there would be cause for concern. But we are monsters of darkness, and our lairs are always dark." Sighing, exhausted, the spider woman let go of Athalia as well, and sat down beside a giant ribcage that was half buried in the sand.

Tash dragged herself over to her, and sat down beside her, each of them leaning back against a separate rib. Before her, was the endless desert, and the night sky, moonlight shining down on them all.

Total. Silence.

Tash strained her hearing as best she could, but all she managed to hear was Fiona's ragged breathing. There was no breeze in this graveyard, and no movement or chirps from any insect, arachnid, reptile, bird, or mammal. No clouds above. The moonlight was strong, the moon itself full, and the nightmare held no barrier between her and the sky. Everything was laid bare, and all that remained of whatever had existed here before, was sand, and bone.

It was a nightmare, and Fiona said these chambers didn't really change. So, it was someone's nightmare? What poor soul suffered this?

"A... Angela..." Athalia managed to say, her once raspy, banshee screams and shrieks, now reduced to a pained whisper.

"She's alive," Tash said. "I tried t... t-to kill her. So did Jack. She... she—"

"Is a monster," the skeleton monster said, half of her enormous jaw still missing. "I know. But... she's... my monster."

All Natasha could do, was frown at Athalia, and lean back. What words could she say? Athalia seemed like an intelligent woman, and no doubt anything Tash said was something Athalia had struggled with already.

"I appreciate... w-what you did, though," Tash said. "You helped us a lot. And even... fought your d-d-d-daughter."

"Seeing her again... stirred memories." With a great, heavy sigh, the giant skeleton tried to move. Nothing, only a few twitches of her arm. "She was always a problem child, and moving from city to city only made it worse. I left her with an orphanage, and... only made things worse, I suppose."

Seeing a skeleton creature lament past decisions about her daughter was a very strange sight, and all Tash could do was nod. It wasn't a problem she'd ever have to deal with; that was a vampire's curse, the inability to have children. Begotten? Uratha? Far as I knew, they could all procreate, if they had sex in their human forms. Uratha probably could if they had sex in their wolf forms, too, with normal wolves; weird thought. Vampires didn't get to have children, they had childer. Not the same thing, not at all. Taking a tiny bundle of creation, and helping it grow into a human? There was something special and magical about that. A vampire spreading vampirism was more like a virus spreading the disease.

"I can't b-blame you," Natasha said. "I... have a childe. Vivienne. I... almost n-never talk to her. She's her own woman now, w-working for the... Invictus. I... I d-don't... yeah." It was hard to convey the feeling of being inadequate at parenting. Harder, to convey the feeling of being inadequate at siring.



There was no way to cross that communication gap, so Tash just shrugged, sighed as she pulled her knee up to her chest, and set her chin on it. “Will you be ok?”

“Yes. But... I will heal faster, if you bury me.”

Tash almost let the weirdness of that request shock her, but then she didn't. It was a graveyard, sort of, and Athalia was a skeleton when in the nightmare. Of course she'd want to be buried in order to heal herself. Some vampires did that, too, buried themselves deep where they felt more secure during the day. Gangrel could do it in strange ways, merging with the dirt and earth and stuff.

But burying a giant skeleton wouldn't be easy. With a groan, she crawled over to Athalia, literally, and started shoveling with her hands. The sand was cool, in the moonlight, so at least there was that.

“This chamber seems sp-p-pecial,” she said. “Like, it was m-made for... for someone like you?”

Fiona crawled forward beside her, and started cutting at the ground with her eight spider leg blades. They were sharp points, so not terribly good at shoveling, but it was better than nothing.

“Begotten have many chambers in their lairs, some more than others. I am young and have few, while Athalia has more. But we have hearts in our lairs, and those are precious to us, to our horror.”

Heart of the lair. Interesting. And valuable information.

“Fiona,” Athalia said, “don't tell her... about things she doesn't need to know about.”

“Friendship is founded on things like trust,” Fiona said.

The skeleton grunted her disapproval, and the spider woman shrugged, but listened. No more info for Tash then. Hearts to their lairs? The heart of a building was a room, so she must have meant a room in her lair, a chamber, like the one they were in.

It took time to dig enough of the sand out of the way for the huge skeleton creature to get herself submerged. They only got her halfway into the sand, before Athalia set her enormous arms and head down against it. With a little wriggling, she got herself a little deeper, and nodded.

“Thank you,” the skeleton said, face down, head mostly submerged. Creepy. “We will talk... again, I am sure. That Begotten working... for... Jeremiah... will be a great threat.”

“Your w-w-welcome, bye.” She got up, and held out a hand to Fiona. The spider lady walked beside her, her spider legs all pressing to the sand behind her, but also her human-ish legs tip-toeing along the sand on their points. Fiona seemed to usually walk on her spider legs only, so, she was hurting pretty bad. A spider monster's version of limping.

Once they were a ways away, Fiona guided them to a shadow behind one of the larger, strange, alien corpses, and again plucked at the darkness with her claws. Like before, she someone pulled open the shadow, like opening a door, and she motioned to the empty black she'd created before her.

“This burrow will lead into shadows around Bloodlust. I'm afraid a different burrow will be... hard to make, right now. Is that close enough to where you'll be going?”

“Y-Yes, it is, thank you. Will... will you be ok?”

Fiona nodded her crown of horns, and gestured to the dark tear in reality she'd created. It was as natural to breathing to these monsters, moving between the dark corners of the Earth. “Burrowing out of that gargoyle's home would have been difficult in that situation, but my lair is connected with Athalia's. I can get back home easily.”

Home. Fiona called her nightmare home. That was a key difference between monsters and the other paranormals, she supposed. As far as she knew, the Uratha, for Avery's pack at least, they all considered normal, physical, planet Earth to be their home, like the vampires did.

Her home was in the tower of the most powerful vampire she knew; her boss, too. And her boss would be dying for an info update.

With a nod and smile, she waved to Fiona.

“T-Take... take care of yourself. I think D-Damien likes you.”

She laughed, and ran a clawed hand along one of the massive horns on her head. “I... I think you're right.”

“Oh! Um, I m-mean, more than just b-b-because he rescued you, but also—”

“We're going on a date, soon.” The spider monster smiled at her, a very Fiona smile, and pushed her through the black.

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Bloodlust it was, the alley outside, in the darkest corner.

Ugh! No more dark! No more dark things, no more shadows, no more black, obsidian, onyx, raven, jet, ebony, none of it!

She limped out into the fake lights of Dolareido streets, and sighed relief as she found herself able to actually see everything without having to squint or focus. It wasn't a far walk to the Elysium Tower, and this close to it, she didn't need a buddy to travel safely. Limping sucked, but a ten minute limp was a small price to pay to get to the safety of the Prince's walls.

But, first, check in. She pulled out her phone and sent the Prince a quick message informing her she was on the way. And a message for her boyfriends, saying she was alright, and that they better be alright too. And finally, most importantly, a message for Jessy.

~Hey Jessy. I'm back in Dolareido. Heading to Elysium Tower now.~

~Hey Tash. We need to hook up and chat! Need to thank you for the rescue.~

~Thank Jack.~

~I did, no worries. Your boys alright?~

~They'll heal... I think. And Eric?~

~He went back to his place. I got a bunch of ghouls guarding him while he sleeps. And the Invictus are going to be guarding the area from now on.~

~Smart, but after what happened, I think it'll be some time before the hunters make another move against us.~

~Probably, but I don't want to risk it.~

~Getting attached to Eric?~

~I think I am.~

~He strikes me as a monogamy lover, Jess.~

~Hey, I can try monogamy!~

~I think I remember you detailing to me, frequently, how much you dislike the idea.~

~Yeah well... fuck you, that's what.~

Tash rolled her eyes. Jessy didn't really understand how much the tone of her words didn't come through in texting, and instead of her sounding fun and spontaneous, her aggression sounded mean and harsh. But Tash was used to it by now.

~I'll talk to you later, Jess.~

~Later.~

With a small chuckle, she walked up the stairs of the tower's front door. She waved to the man at the front desk, and started her way down the stairs in the back. Down a few flights of stairs, and into the Prince's main experiments room, where she usually found the Prince doing her work. Not there. Hmm. Shrugging, Tash moved down another flight of stairs, and poked her head into the Prince's favorite lounge room, the one with the dragon fountain. The lights were on, and set to white. Thank god, light.

"Natasha, my dear. Please, sit, relax. I am glad to see that you are safe." The Prince was sitting on the couch, but where she would normally be reading, she was sitting with nothing in her hands, body turned and staring at the fountain, her back snug to the couch.

"Prince, you seem d-distracted."

"Oui. Julias has informed me of the results of your mission. It displeases me that the entity Black Blood has involved itself so... acutely." With a sigh, she looked Tash's way, and a frown graced her otherwise preoccupied expression. "Your leg?"

Tash was sitting, and the Prince noticed the bad leg. Impressive, and it made Tash smile. "It broke, when the hunters... blew up the door we were going to open."

"These hunters are frustrating, are they not?" Sighing again, the Prince leaned back on the couch, and looked up. "I have dealt with hunters many times through my life."

"You have?"

"Indeed. None of them have been as tenacious, as well prepared, or grouped in such a large number as these. There were times, two centuries ago and before, when mobs would gather and burn down a vampire's estate, under suspicion they were a vampire. One of the few times superstition worked against us, not for us. I feel like I am in a similar situation, where a mob has come to burn down my estate; in this case, my city. And no vampire, no matter how strong, dismisses the threat of a hundred peasants with torches; or in this case, flamethrowers and molotov cocktails."

It was easy to forget that Antoinette wasn't always the modern, mature, Prince of Dolareido. There was a time when she was young, learning her power, developing her connections in the Ordo Dracul, and growing her fortune and kingdoms. What sort of mistakes did Antoinette make when she was younger? Opening a door with explosives on the other side, probably not, but there was probably a similar comparison somewhere. Maybe, like she said, she opened a door to a bunch of peasants with torches.

The thought put another small smile on Tash's lips. Antoinette making mistakes was a hard thing to imagine, and forcing herself to picture it helped put her boss in a more relatable light.

“Please, describe to me details that Mire may have left out.”

“Um, s-sure. The descriptions we have of Jer-r-remiah and Angela are accurate. But, I noticed, w-when they were retreated from... B-B-Black Blood’s intrusion, that they are trained.”

“Hunters are notorious for developing skills a typical kine would not.”

“Y-Yes, but they were trained like... like professionals. They had formations, signals they m-made with their hands, and they knew how t-to respond to chaos quickly.”

“That is a step above the typical hunter.” With another sigh, Antoinette pulled some of her wavy hair over her shoulder, and began to slowly comb it with both hands. “Most hunters are one, maybe two, sometimes three individuals, rarely with any training at all. But they train themselves, learn through trial and error, and become formidable. Never a professional though, as you describe.”

“Have... have you known many hunters?”

“I have met several, in my life time. Some are from an age I cannot remember. But, perhaps eighty years ago, I met one. A man, with every classic issue you could imagine from a hunter. His wife had been killed by a Kindred only days after their wedding, and the man witnessed it. He went down a rabbit hole, buried himself in the lore of our kind, and of other paranormals. For ten years, he dedicated his life to hunting us, after he realized it was impossible to expose us to the public.” Kindred had their fingers in the police, media, and governments. Exposing them through those means would be borderline impossible. “A hunter’s life had destroyed any chance I had of speaking with the man. Ten years of dealing with monsters — and I do not deny that there are many Kindred worthy of the descriptor — had rendered him unwilling to communicate. In the end, I was forced to kill him.”

“You... you sound sad, about-t-t that.”

The woman lowered her eyes to her fingers and hair, and went silent for a moment as she watched her fingertips coil the ends of white strands. “... I am, dear Natasha. He did not deserve death. A part of me wonders, if these hunters we kill do. From what everyone has told me, Jeremiah and Angela sound worse than the hunter I met, by far. They sound like...”

“L-Like psychopaths.”

The word earned the Prince’s glance, and nod. “Yes, that they do.”

“And Angela, she... she seemed healthy and f-fine, physically.”

“Another anomaly. Considering the damage Jack says she suffered, a normal kine would be in a hospital for weeks, and unable to push themselves for months.”

“I shot her though! Shot her, and J-Jeremiah twice. B-But only the limbs.”

“A shame. But considering how the night went, you did better than the others.” The Prince smiled at her, and Tash beamed. Old as Tash was, she still got a schoolgirl joy out of making her boss proud, even when that boss was Maria. “Wounding those two should have bought us some time, then. Make sure to enjoy yourself for the next few days.”

Enjoy herself? She could do that. She was pretty sure she knew how Jessie was going to enjoy herself, too. Hopefully the girl didn’t become a snack for a wolf in the process.

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~~Eric~~

The next night since the incident, and Eric felt a million times better. He healed fast, damn fast; though the silver bullet and silver knife wounds were still tender. Good thing he healed quick, because he had another shift at Bloodlust, and while the vampires seemed to treat the place like nothing more than a place to drop by for a cheap meal, it was his new livelihood. Had to earn it, keep the vamps happy, and keep a paycheck for his dad.

Christ, his dad. The fuck would have happened to the old man if Eric had died? The vamps owed him for helping save Jack, but he doubted that extended to his family members.

He had to visit his dad again, and get in his weekly allotment of guilt and self loathing.

With a groan and sigh, he sat up, reached out for Kat, and pet her. She was on his bed as usual, and let out a quiet meow to let him know she was aware he was awake. He smiled at the feline, and leaned in to kiss her head, which she returned with some head bumps against his chin. If he died, Kat would be fucked, too. He wasn’t sure which one he cared more about.

Sighing, he got up out of bed, and peeked around his light-blocking curtains. Yeah, sun just went down, so the vampires would be getting up. He still had a few hours until his shift, so it was a good time to relax, eat something, take a shower, ponder life and the hell it’d dropped on his lap, the usual. The ghouls that had been watching him were gone; falling asleep with them outside his apartment door had been tough, but he could tell they were loyal. Once he was under, he slept like a stone.

First, a quick bite to eat. Some meat. Some raw meat. Something in him told him he didn't want to cook it, that he'd be happier eating it raw, and it wasn't like he had to worry with his new body. Delicious. He gave some to Kat as well; if he could eat raw meat, it wasn't like a true predator like her wouldn't be able to.

Second, a shower. He tossed his clothes onto the bed, stepped into the ridiculously fancy bathroom, and turned on the water. Pleasantly hot. With a long, heavy sigh, he put his hands against the shiny, tile wall, and let the water wash over his bald head. It was turning into a buzz, and he should probably shave it before heading out. The apartment was still beat up, too, but some patch work had plugged the hole in the bathroom wall. He—

He lifted his head, and looked to the door of the bathroom, as he heard the front door open. The footsteps were confident, but a bit light, and whoever it was took off their shoes; it wasn't the ghouls. Yeah, only one person would do that.

And only one person would hear the shower running, and take that as an invite to come in.

“Feeling better?” Jessy said.

“I am, yeah. If you keep walking into my apartment whenever you want, you're liable to get a punch in the face, though. Especially my bathroom. Not on purpose, course, just a reflex if you surprise me.”

Jessy grinned, sat on the edge of his tub, palms to the white surface, and watched him shower. With the shower's lack of glass barrier, the water was free to drain into the drain hole in the center of the bathroom. Bathroom was so damn big, Jessy remained dry as she watched him. And judging from the small points of her nipples against her tank top, she was already blushing life. He could hear her heart beating, despite the falling water hitting his skin; that was unusual. It sounded excited, very excited, more excited than he'd come to expect from the hornball. Why?

“You're welcome to try. I love a good fight.”

“I noticed.” It was hard to not look at her, but if she wanted to watch him shower, then he was going to shower. And he was no boy, he was a man, with enough willpower to not throw himself at the pretty woman the moment she showed interest. At least, a little more willpower, enough he wasn't getting hard, yet. “Where's Fiona?”

“Hoping she'd come?”

“Honestly? Nah. That Damien kid—”

“Dude was sired young, but he’s got half a century of his second life under his belt.”

“Does he? From the way he acted at Bloodlust, I’d have figured he was a kid. Young, at least.”

“I guess he kind of is. He spent those fifty years hiding in the city underbelly. He’s a damn good Mekhet, but he’s had little interaction with people, outside of being a fucking zealot.” Shrugging, she got up, walked over to him, and leaned her shoulder against the wall only a few feet away. It was close enough for some of the water hitting him to mist over her clothes. She didn’t seem to care.

“I’m pretty sure he and Fiona are a better fit.”

“I guess. She’s young, and super sweet. He’s bitter as hell, and could use someone like her to lighten that a bit, you know?”

“I’m not bitter?”

“Ha! You are, but in a more masculine, badass, brooding man sort of way. Damien’s like an emo goth boy; I could put mascara on him and it’d fit perfectly. I’m sure he’d be a hit with high school girls, and young women who haven’t grown up yet, like Fiona.” Chuckling, Jessy undid the zipper of her jeans, and slid them off. Those legs, damn those were nice legs. “A shame. I was looking forward to getting her on your dick, and I could just play with her tits and stuff while that firecracker came her brains out.” She kicked off her jeans and threw them aside with all the care of the slob roommate everyone hates. The toned legs, large, firm ass, and the small underwear, basically a thong, alleviated any frustration he may have had.

“I guess I regret her missing too, then.” That was a nice image, he had to admit. And picturing the busty little creature sitting on him while Jessy played with her body, was getting his blood pumping. That was the vampire’s goal, no doubt.

“But you know what?” She scooped up her tank top, and tossed it aside as well, left in a black bra and panties. “I kind of want you to myself. At least for a little while.” He raised a brow, soaping his chest as he watched the beautiful woman undo her bra, and slip out of her underwear. God damn. Torturing him, she cupped both of her large breasts in her hands, and bounced them a few times; the woman delighted in playing to stereotypical porn fantasies, and as ridiculous as that was, she did it with such confidence that he was entranced. She winked at him, stepped under the water, and took the soap. Standing in front of him, she guided the soap around his body, and chewed on her bottom lip as she moved the bar over his dark skin, his abs, his waist, and his shoulders. “Get a loofa.”

“Don’t got one. Never really saw the point in a loofa.”



“Because you’re a man, and men are dumb.” Shrugging, she leaned back against the wall underneath the shower, and spread her legs. “You owe me for the handjobs. Get crackin’.”

This woman, wow. Did all vampires get horny so easily? He grinned at the beautiful warrior, and how the hot water flattened her short blond hair to her head. She called Fiona a firecracker, but he could smell the arousal growing on Jessy’s body, see it in her hardened nipples, hear it in her quickening heartbeat. With a quiet, rumbling growl, he got down onto a knee between her knees, set the soap aside, and placed his hands on her thighs. Smooth, and hard with muscle.

“You want me to yourself?” he said.

“Yeap.”

“What does that entail?”

“It entails—nng!” She let out a moan, a loud one, and set her hands against the wall of his bathroom, as he kissed her clitoris. Completely hairless, there was nothing to stop him from bathing the little nub in slow, gentle licks, and offer a few suckles of her labia. “Fucking hell. It entails dating, you know? Like, monogamy, and lame shit like that.”

He pulled his head away, and tilted it a bit as he looked up at her. The way water ran down over her large breasts, down over her flat stomach, and down to her thighs, was intoxicating to watch.

“You into monogamy now?”

“I am... willing to try new things. Because—fuuuuck.” Her voice cracked and wavered, as he eased two fingers into her clenching muscles. Middle and ring finger spread open her hot, gripping flesh, and her hot juices trickled down onto his palm, only to be washed away in the hot water. Aroused and ready, in a single minute. Holy shit. “Because I’ve been doing the single girl enjoys nightly orgies for decades now. Time to change things up, see what a relationship can be like.”

She’d never been in a serious relationship then. Did she even understand what that meant?

“I don’t think I can satisfy you as well as an entourage of men.”

“Heh, I think I’ll be fine. Besides, I—” She shivered, and reached down with both hands to touch his head, as he kissed her clit again. “I can get some more people into our bed, if I ever get bored. You cool with that?”

“Uh, well—”

“Yeah yeah, you’re a dude, and dudes got this weird thing with other dudes in the bed, hands on their girl. Ugh, Tash is so lucky.” She rolled her eyes again, before pressing on his head, and guiding it

back to her clit. “You wouldn’t mind if I invited a girl or two though, would you? Not for a while, cause I want you to myself for now. But in the future, maybe?”

“You know you don’t have to do that. I’m plenty happy with a woman like you, and only one, in bed.”

“Course you are, fucking dumbass. I’m amazing.” She rolled her eyes again, reached down, and guided the wrist of the penetrating hand to continue fingering her. Curling the fingers, and pressing them against her g-spot, earned another loud moan from her, and she relaxed back against the gleaming tile wall. Satisfied. “I meant for me. More hands and fingers opening things up, right? And, when I was watching Tash fucking my ghouls, I really... really got off on that. Girl had the tiniest little slit you’ve ever seen, no lips or anything, clit hiding between the folds. Wouldn’t mind seeing some girl riding you in the future some day, while I do things to her. Not like she’d be a part of the relationship, just some extra pussy every now and then.”

Trying to handle this woman’s sex drive was going to be difficult. Or it would have been, before his change. He had to admit, the idea of fucking several women with his new found endurance was appealing. But, not as appealing as fucking Jessy, and fucking her properly.

He started to work his hand back and forth, while curling his fingers toward her g-spot a little harder, and licking her clit a little faster. The moans got louder, constant, and she held onto his head again as her body started to tremble. With time, his fingers worked back and forth hard enough to make her wriggle, and for her large ass to bounce against the wall slightly.

A minute later, she was cumming. She reached out and grabbed his head, as she groaned, loudly.

“Fuuuck... st-stop licking, but... but keep... fingering.” Talking, mid orgasm, and giving him directions. He almost laughed at how insane her confidence was, but the sight of her muscles crunching and body trembling, breasts jiggling, and ass jiggling as well with how hard he was fingering her, was too intoxicating to find funny. Her eyes were half closed, and she was smiling at him, that self-assured smile, despite how obvious it was she was cumming and cumming hard.

After another ten seconds of fingering her, forcing her orgasm to go on and on, he eventually slowed down, and eased his fingers out of her. They were soaked in her cum, and he stared at how much of it there was, before the hot water washed it away.

“You act like you’ve never made a girl cum before.” Laughing, she grabbed the hand he was admiring, turned off the shower with the other, and started the walk toward his bedroom, him in tow.

“I have, just—”

“Wife a cold fish?”

“No... well, compared to you, yes.”

She laughed, rolled her eyes, and slapped her wet ass as she reached the edge of the bed, hard enough to make it ripple. “Because I’m awesome. How many times I gotta say it?” She climbed onto the bed, got onto her hands and knees, and grinned at him over her shoulder. One of her hands found an ass cheek, and she spread herself, showing her soaked lips. “Get to it.”

Rolling his eyes, mimicking her, he climbed onto the bed as well, and knelt behind her. He took a moment to admire the size and tone shaped of her ass, and set both his hands on it to knead it for a little while. She was shivering; not afraid or embarrassed, but orgasm aftershocks were still working through her. To get up and walk around, talk, and act like nothing was up, when he could see her pussy clenching, leaking juices, sent fire into his belly. So damn bold, and he was drawn to it like a fly to honey.

While one hand held her hip, the other slid down to her thighs, and pressed his two fingers against her trembling entrance. Hot, and wet with so much more than water. He eased the two digits into her, palm down, and curled his fingers, pressing down against her g-spot.

She arched her back, moaning, and he groaned at the sight of her cat-like figure bending. The vampire knew she had a large, shapely ass, and she was showing it off. His grip on her hip tightened, and he pushed his fingers down harder.

“Deeper,” she said, looking over her shoulder at him. “Know that spot? Deep as you can go.”

He grinned at her, and pushed the two fingers in to the knuckle. Deeper, deeper as he could go, so his knuckles were pressed to her labia, and soaking themselves in her juices, as he pressed against her deep spot.

The response was immediate, and loud. Jessy tightened her fingers around the blankets underneath her, and started pushing her ass toward his hand, until his knuckles were practically entering her. He had to fight against her motion to keep her in position, and he let out a quiet, rumbling growl as he watched the lean fighter begin to rock her body back and forth. Each time he pressed down on that spot deep inside her, toward her belly, her muscles clenched down on his fingers, and he had to fight the vise grip of her depths to keep his fingers moving.

She lasted five minutes, and came again. He stared on, and continued to finger her cunt as deep as his fingers could reach, as she started to tremble. She lowered her head to the pillow, and set her cheek to it, weight on her elbows and chest, ass in the air. Whether she was arching her back downward

by accident, or to purposefully arouse him, he wasn't sure anymore, with how her muscles kept clenching and ass kept pushing against his hand. But either way, she created a long curve of her spine up to her ass, highlighting the shape of her body, to the point he was left staring until his jaw dropped.

"I... know... right? I... am fucking... gorgeous," she said between her moans, eyes grinning at him from the pillow. No mewls or whimpers like with Fiona, only groans and animal sounds he expected Uratha made when fighting or fucking. "Come on, get in here." Recovering, she pushed herself back up onto her hands, reached back, and pulled aside her thigh. It spread her vulva, exposing where his fingers were penetrating her, and where a couple drops of her juices slowly dripped from her smooth lips.

He knelt behind her, his knees outside hers, and eased his fingers out of her. A sultry moan pulled his eyes to hers, only to find her grinning at him, as he wrapped his cock in his dripping digits. He returned her smile, and nudged the head of his cock against her boiling entrance. Slowly, he slid his aching glans into her clenching muscles, and again the woman made a sultry moan, before she added a growl to it. Trying to imitate his, maybe.

The feel of wet, clenching, hot flesh around his cock's swollen head sent sparks of pleasure down his length. He returned the growl with a deep, rumbling purr, something in his chest that vibrated out through his limbs, and earned another shiver from the vampire. With the tip of his length inside her, he set both hands onto her hips, and slammed himself into her. Like he'd hoped, her ass rippled with the impact, and molded to his pelvis.

"Fuck!" Groaning all the more, she let her head dangle between her shoulders. "Fucking... caught me by surprise."

After bringing the girl to orgasm twice already, and watching her amazing body wriggle, Eric could feel himself on the edge of his own orgasm, precum dripping into the woman's cunt. In the past, it'd be a signal to slow down, but he knew his new body would be ready to go multiple times. And every bit of him, every shred of him, every instinct he had, wanted to take this lithe, strong, powerful creature, pound her into submission, and fill her with cum. The need, the instinct, was new, and almost overwhelming, a drive added to what was there before, now a hundred times stronger.

He drew back his hips, and slammed into her again, hands on her waist keeping her from bouncing away as he sank every inch of his length into her. Moans filled the room. Jessy did not give a shit if anyone could hear her sounds, all she cared about was enjoying the moment; he loved that. Tightening his grip, he slammed his pelvis into her again, and watched her large ass jiggle with the

impact. He could feel his length spreading her open, feel her soaked muscles clench along every inch, and feel his glans push in her depths; painful to some, but she'd made it clear that she liked it deep.

She arched her back deep, ass high in the air, and pressed it against him, meeting his thrusts so each slam of his pelvis caused her buttocks to ripple. A bead of sweat started to form on her body, and then another, fake sweat, but appealing nonetheless to see her beautiful body dripping. Nothing compared to the hot juices soaking his cock and trickling down his testicles, though.

They lasted only moments.

Jessy fell to her chest again, head to the pillow, turned so she could look over her shoulder at him. Her fingers dug through the blankets, bundled them up in her fists, and she moaned with each thrust as he continued to drive his pelvis into her ass. She was soaking him, hot juices coating his length to the point each thrust earned a tiny splash. The vise grip of her depths filled the length of his member with rippling bliss waves, glans growing hyper sensitive as he felt the warmth of his cum gushing up his cock. Soon it was pouring into her, and the third stroke was enough to have it joining her own juices, leaking down over his testicles and her thighs.

As the orgasm slowed, he buried himself to the hilt, stretching her depths inward, and ground himself against her body. She mewled like a cat in heat, kicked her feet into the blankets a few times as he held her hips tight, and moved her butt an inch up and down against him. Her trembling cunt milked him, massaged him, pulled more of his seed from him almost painfully, as the waves of pleasure eased off.

Taking a deep breath, he sat back, and let his cock slip out of her. With a quiet plop, his swollen cock head fell from her shivering entrance, and he watched as trickling streams of white oozed down over her folds and clitoris, some catching along her stomach with how she was still on her chest, ass in the air. Her thighs were trembling. What a ridiculous amount of cum; something to do with his new body, maybe.

"M-More?" she said, voice wavering. "You... can really let loose, you know? I mean... really. Try it."

This again. He raised a brow as he looked at the gorgeous woman, but his eyes drifted toward her ass, her dripping lips, and clenching entrance, as she started to sway her ass from side to side. Like tempting a dog by waving a bone in front of his face.

"You sure?"

"Yeah! Give it to me, whatever you want. Get aggressive, wolf man."

Whatever he wanted. In the past, that'd have been to enjoy some good, quality, equal sex that both parties were active participants in. Still wanted that, of course. But he had to admit, a part of him really want to pin this rascal, this mischievous troublemaker, this trickster demon, to the bed, and take her. Not just take her, but take her with the wolf inside him, that was rumbling purrs at her temptations.

He got off the bed, and turned to face her, knees to the bed's edge. She smiled at him, until he grabbed her hips, and yanked her over to him, earning a surprise squeak from her; a very not-Jessy sound. He stared down at the sight of her large ass in the air, and the mix of their fluids leaking out of her, down her thighs, and down her stomach where her chest was pressed to the blankets. He stared down over her at the sight of her curved back, her muscular and lean shoulders, the tiny waist and extreme hour glass figure. He wanted to devour her. He wanted to ravage her.

He began to change. A part of him knew this was dangerous and stupid, but a much larger part of him really wanted to give in, to let the animal in him out, and take this gorgeous thing. This gorgeous, little thing. As he felt the size and weight of him increase, as he felt the muscles expand, the bones grow, the fur emerge, Jessy grew smaller, and smaller. She forced herself back up onto her hands, but when she tried to turn around, he didn't let her, titanic hands holding her increasingly small waist and hips. Her jaw dropped, while his grew longer, a snout, fangs, and a deep, guttural, rumbling growl.

"Fucking... god." She stared up at him, up and up, as soon he had to lean his head forward, to keep it from hitting the ceiling. The room was barely tall enough to handle his height, and he licked his array of teeth as he felt power course through his limbs and body. He looked down again at Jessy, the vampire, the little creature on her knees before him, and he breathed deep in the scent of sex; overwhelmingly her.

Take her. Pin her down. She's yours. Dominate. Own. She's yours, enjoy her. Take her. Take her.

He looked at his hands, gargantuan around her tiny body; his new hands were large enough that one was almost able to circle her waist. He set one hand back on her hips and waist, capturing her, burying most of the lower half of her body in his single hand, while his other reached down for his cock, and raised it to set the heavy slab of meat along the crack of her ass.

His cock was much longer, and much thicker. The skin had changed, veined and engorged with red, every inch of the length sensitive and hungry for stimulus. The base of it was thicker, too, before tapering where it connected to him. Heavy, dangling testicles had emerged from his body, not usually there, but the need to satisfy his arousal had awoken a change in his body, a change he was going to indulge.

“E... um, Eric, I... I uh... don't think... that'll... fit.” She gulped, and stared at the heavy thing sitting between the two delicious mounds of soft muscle and fat. Again, she tried to turn over. Again he didn't let her, grip around her waist tightening.

He growled down at her, deep, loud, until the vibration worked through her body. She squeaked, and stopped struggling, staring at him instead. He wanted her. He wanted to own her, be in her, dominate her, take her and make her his.

He guided his heavy, fat shaft to the entrance of her dripping pussy, and pressed the slightly pointed glans against her quivering folds. The woman stared at him all the more, and her body trembled as she pulled at the blankets. She was trying to get away. He didn't let her.

He rumbled another growl, deep enough to send vibrations through the bed. The tiny creature with cum dripping down her thighs gulped again, and again pulled away, using her knees to push against the bed. She was weightless in his grip, and could do nothing, as he began to force his cock into her quivering cunt.

“Fuck! Fuuuck... oh... oh god...” Her eyes were locked onto him, his body, the stack of abs leading down to his illiac furrow, and the enormous shaft he was pressing against her. Clenching, drenched muscles started to spread, forced open, as he slowly eased the first inch of his length into her, and then another, and another.

It was enough he no longer needed to hold his shaft in hand. He set the wet array of fingers and claws on his prey's shoulder, burying it, half her back, and much of her arm in his grip. Rumbling yet again, he pulled the tiny creature's ass closer to him, and his rumble turned into a low, long, deep growl, as her tiny entrance spread taut around his cock. He pushed deeper, sank another inch, and another, until his glans pressed against the squirming vampire's depths.

“I... I know I said... d-don't pay any mind to anything I might say, but... holy shit, I'm going to—nng!” Her voice gave away, and a mix of groan and whimper escaped her, as he pushed in another inch. And another. And another. Her depths gripped all the tighter, earning more rumbling purrs from him as the hot, soaked flesh of her insides massaged his cock. Her pussy was taut around his girth, and grew tighter again as he forced in another inch.

He leaned down over her, his haunched posture keeping his weight on his feet, as he brought his titanic chest over her body. He took a long moment to admire the hourglass of her physique, before he brought his face, his snout, in close to her head. With her head lifted and turned, still staring at him, he was able to bring his snout down to her neck, and bring one of his eyes beside her face.

She gazed into it, trembling, frozen.

“Mine,” he said, voice rumbling with bass. It wasn’t his voice, it was the beast’s voice, a giant wolf’s voice.

“I... w-what?”

“You. Are mine.”

“Y... I uh... nng!” Her voice raised, before her eyes rolled upward, as he began to ease himself out of her. His new thickness left no space inside her cunt, and each inch he pulled from her was heavenly friction along his cock from her taut pussy. With each inch, she squeezed, hard, and her juices coated the length of him, renewed again and again, until droplets of her cum were trickling down onto the fur of his testicles, and thighs. Each inch he withdrew, her inner lips exposed themselves as her clenching, soaked muscles, did their best to keep him from moving.

He pulled her back toward him, a little faster, and he kept his massive snout beside her head, burying her in his shadow, a couple drops of his saliva dripping from his teeth onto the bed by her hand. She continued to stare at him, eyes wide, her own mouth open as her moans escaped, unending. Grip solid and absolute, he pulled her deeper, and deeper, and forced her insides in deeper than before, until they began to resist. He kept going.

“Eric! F... you’re going to... to... tear me apart.” Her head collapsed between her shoulders, and he leaned in to offer her shoulder and neck, where his hand left it exposed, a long lick. A distant memory told him, reminded him, that she’d said this was ok, that she wanted this, that he was to ignore her begging. But another part of him knew, even if her pleas were legitimate, he wouldn’t be able to stop himself, not now, not anymore. He needed to be inside her, every inch, now.

Growling into her ear, rumbling deep, filling her, the bed, and the room with its vibrations, he pulled her onto his body, deeper, his cock stretching her until the taut muscles of her drenched insides were almost painfully tight. With one hand circling her waist and hips, the other holding one of her shoulders and half her torso, he sank the thicker, bulbous shape of his cock’s base into her, and pinned his beautiful mate balls deep onto his cock. Pushing in the last few inches of his cock, where the thicker, round shape had to be forced in hard, made the vampire whimper, loudly, a desperate sound that sent his blood into a boil.

She collapsed, arms giving out as she trembled, more of her cum leaking down his testicles as he ground his weight against her. As her torso fell to the blanket, he pushed down with his further hand, and pinned her chest to the bed. She did not struggle. Ass in the air, head turned on the blanket so she



could look up at him, she shuddered, and let out a squeaky moan, as he eased an inch of his length out of her, only to push it back in, keeping the thicker girth of his cock's base inside her, her cunt's inner lips snug around its tapering edge.

He did not want to leave her. Her insides were divine, tight, trembling and clenching, milking, and soaked. Her sounds, grunts and groans, as he kept her pinned to the bed and continued to gently fuck her, were intoxicating. She was his. All his.

The first waves of pleasure, rippling down every inch of his length, earned more rumbles from him. Heat flowed up his length, and he leaned down over his mate all the more as he pressed his weight against her shoulder. His other kept her bountiful ass balls deep against him, as he offered small, weak thrusts into her stretched insides; gentle for him, but each pulled a little whimper from her, as his thick fluid poured into her. His cum overflowed her taut depths instantly, and white fluid flowed out of her, down his testicles, and flowed down her thighs. He thrust again, forcing his mate to squeak and mewl, as she gripped on his cock all the harder, and her ass rippled against the fur of his pelvis. Some of his cum splashed outward from their connection, hitting his pelvis, while more of it rolled down her thighs, and down her stomach.

After coating her depths several times, he pulled out his massive length, and set it against the crevice of her buttocks. The heavy thing molded slightly to the curvature of her ass under its own weight, and squirted a couple more, thick waves of his seed, only for it to land along the woman's back, soaking her curving spine, shoulders, and neck, in white. He let go of her waist, and offered a gentle nudge to the side, causing his mate to fall over onto her hip and side.

"F... fuck..." She managed to keep the pillow under her head, but did not move, limp on the blankets, ass to the side, and fluttering eyes on him.

Rumbling more of his satisfied purrs, he set his cock along the side of her waist, and enjoyed the final waves of bliss, gently nudging his titan body back and forth to rub to swollen, hard shaft against her sweating skin, from hip to waist, to rib, to the underside of one of her breasts. Another gush of his cum poured onto her, coating her, flowing over her and soaking skin in his seed. Another, and another, thick droplets of the opaque fluid trickling down over her abs and the underside of her breasts.

With a minute to recover, his undead mate managed to turn onto her back, and stared up at him, gasping, panting, her legs spreading and hanging off the bed. She looked him up and down, and with him standing at his full height, his ears flattened against the ceiling as his skull pressed to it. Her eyes fell lower, to her own body, and the layers of cum that covered her.

"Holy shit," she said.

He rumbled down at his mate, and lowered himself again, burying her in his shadow as he set both hands against the blankets around her. Squatting down low, his cock fell upon her abs, testicles pressing against her dripping pussy, and she stared at how the length of the heavy slab reached past her navel.

“You fucker, you... that... you...” Her eyes looked back up to him, and stared into his, as he came in closer, and closer, bringing his jaw to hers, until she could no doubt feel the weight of his breath. He rumbled, purring bass, and earned some shivers from his mate, as he offered the side of her face a gentle lick.

“More.”

“W-Wait! Wait, jeeze, shit, you just fucked me with a god damn log. I need a sec to—” She squeaked, all high-pitched sounds his mate did not normally make, as he stood back up, and took her with him. He held onto her waist and hips with both hands, fully encircling them and her ass with the length of his fingers and claws.

His cock stood upright, harder with renewed need, dripping with cum, and he guided her pelvis down toward it.

“Eric, come on, I... I’m going to... I need—nng!” Her thighs spread, and her legs stuck out to the sides, straight and trembling, as he pressed slightly pointed tip of his red, hard cock, against her dripping folds.

Holding her up in the air, she was trapped, and she could nothing but stare down at her smooth, cum-soaked lips, spreading open on his shaft. She leaned forward toward him, and grabbed onto his wrists; her fingers could only reach halfway around them. As drops of his cum eased down from the underside of her breasts and down over her abs, he lowered her squirming body onto his cock, taking his time, and rumbling more of his pleasure as her quivering body massaged and squeezed his swollen girth.

“Oh fucking... fuck... fucking fuck...” Still holding one of his wrists, she reached out and pressed her other palm against the steel of his chest, as he eased in half of his length; enough to reach her depths, and force her to grunt with animal sounds that made his heart pound in his chest. He still had half his length to go.

He continued, pulling her toward him, and letting gravity help with how he held her mostly upright, only letting her lean back slightly. His mate stared at her belly, and groaned loudly, as a distension formed along her abs, showing some of his girth, and how deep he was stretching her.

Jessy whimpered as her pussy's lips reached the thicker, bulbous end of his cock; those last few inches required a thrust to force into her clenching insides, earning more groans from his mate. But once it was within, he rumbled his bliss as Jessy trembled, her inner lips clenching around the thinner girth passed the bulbous shape.

If his mate were an Uratha, he would fuck her rough, take her with strength and need; but his mate was Kindred, a fragile thing in comparison, and he wanted to own her, keep her, take her, dominate her, not damage her. He gently bounced her cum-covered body down against his cock, working her two inches up and down, and keeping the thickest, bulbous shape of its base inside her clenching pussy. She erupted into moans as she did, and whether she realized or not, set her thighs against his hips, and eventually, bent her knees to press her calves and feet against his ass around his tail.

He was too large for her to hook her feet together behind him.

As one hand pressed to his chest, the other holding his wrist, she continued to stare at the bulge along her abdomen, grunts coming through her voice as she moaned. He stared down as well, and admired the sight of his mate's lean body, and beautiful breasts jiggling up and down. His cum on her skin shook with the gentle motion, and slid down her body over the bulge along her abs, and down further to join the mess already leaking from their connection.

"I... I can see... christ, it's..." Her voice was weak, wavering, and intoxicating.

He rumbled louder, letting the rolling vibrations fill him and his mate, as he pulled her off of him, every single inch. Groaning and squirming, she squeezed on his cock tight, her inner lips' grip tight enough to expose themselves, pulling out slightly with the outward draw of his girth. Then they disappeared into her, as he pulled her onto him once again. Once her clenching entrance found the thicker, round shape of the base of his cock, he gave her a gentle thrust, enough to force her trembling, taut cunt around the thickest part of him, and make her squeal.

He began to bounce her, keeping the thick base of his cock buried inside her, but still managing to work her back and forth a couple inches. It was more than enough to cause her clenching muscles to bathe his pulsing shaft in delicious friction, and render the undead beauty into a mewling mess. Her cum dripped down his testicles all the more, and her breasts jiggled up and down the impact of her bouncing body. She stared at the bulge his cock created along her abs, and eventually, looked up at him, as she came.

The rippling contractions of her insides earned another orgasm from him. Heat poured up from underneath his shaft, and as her muscles within squeezed, milking him, the gushing wave of wet warmth sent pleasure waves down his length. Combined with the skin of his cock growing sensitive,

only to be basked in the clenching of his mate, filled him with bliss, and he purred over the vampire skewered on his cock, as he held her balls deep. She struggled to hold onto him, but her fingers around his wrist went limp, and her other hand fell from his chest. Her legs clenched around him for only a few more moments, before they collapsed as well, and the woman leaned back in his hands as her head fell back to dangle, limp.

A wave of his cum poured out of her, and splashed along the floor around his talons. And another. But he wanted to do more. With one hand holding her waist, the other reached out, and took her hands, both of them. He lifted the trembling, limp creature up, until her hands were well above her head. He pulled her off of him by her hands above, causing her to whimper, as again her inner flesh exposed itself, gripping his cock tight, until at last she fell free of his cock.

With one hand holding both hers over her head, his other let go, and let her dangle, feet swaying a foot above the floor, with his cum sliding down her thighs and calves, until it dripped off her toes. Rumbling at his limp mate, he laid her on the bed on her back, so her legs dangled off of it, while he knelt over her, and took the base of his cock into his hand. She managed to look up at him despite the apparent exhaustion working through her, and gasped, as he lowered himself over her, free hand pressing to the bed, as his other guided his shaft onto her body.

The waves of cum resumed, and he rumbled bliss, as he watched the white fluid coat her body. It poured over her abs, burying them, before he pressed the long shaft against the softness of her breasts, and hardness of her nipples. A gush of cum washed over the silk skin, and he rubbed his cock's head into the hot liquid, before guiding it over to do the same to her other breast. Heavy, thick waves of his seed coated her, splashing over her shoulder, her neck. Purring, he set the tip of his phallus upon her mouth, and as she gazed up at him, her panting was met with a wave of his cum on her lips and tongue. He was too thick to fit inside her mouth. Despite her blatant exhaustion, she offered gentle suckling upon the tip, and slowly licked at the streams of white that fell into her mouth, before flowing over onto the sheets. Another wave came, spurred by her weak efforts to please him with her lips and tongue, and she stared, wide-eyed, as his cum squirted out from around her lips, over her cheeks, chin, and buried her neck in white. It flowed down over her shoulders, her collar, and over her breasts, between them, and down onto her already soaked abs.

Satisfied, he stood up, leaning over his mate, and offered a quiet rumble as he breathed deep the scent of sex, of lust, and desire. Standing over her like this, his cock began to soften enough to bend gently with its weight, and heavy droplets of his seed oozed onto her awaiting body below. She was marked, covered in his seed, he was pleased by the sight. As was she. Shaking like a leaf in the forest

breeze, she forced herself up onto her elbows, and sputtered up a little of his cum; yes, he'd forgotten, the undead did not consume such things. It flowed down her lips and chin, down her neck, and onto the blanket of white that coated her body. Her nipples were no longer visible through the thick waves of it covering her.

“... holy shit,” she said.

He leaned down again, set his hands around her on the bed, and brought his jaw to her face. She meeped. Such adorable, enticing sounds to hear from someone normally so brazen and beastly. Unable to resist, he set his tongue to her forehead where she was still clean of his seed, and licked it. He could go again, take his mate, skewer her, force her to cum again as he bathed her in fluids.

But, no, something in his mind told him he was pushing it, getting too close, pulling at something alive inside him that wanted to come to the surface. This reckless indulgence in animal instinct and sexual greed was enjoyable, very enjoyable, and he could feel a part of him want to push for more than simple sex. There was a piece inside his chest that lusted for violence, that wanted to go hunting, to cause destruction, to flout its power and rip and tear flesh and ephemera apart. He could take his mate with him, and the two could create the borders of their territory and—

He gulped, and forced himself to breathe. And with each breath, he let the transformation fade. It wasn't as easy as transforming from the simple wolf. The Gauru form wanted to be used. It wanted to be let out of its cage, and released to wanton slaughter. It lusted for battle, even a one-sided battle that would be murder more than anything. Each breath was a splash of water on that roaring fire, settling it more, and more, until it was only a gentle ember in his chest, and he was in his human shape once again.

Just breathe.

Standing on the floor, between Jessy's legs where they dangled off the bed, he looked down at himself, the bed, and the vampire. Claw marks were everywhere, a couple on her body too, small ones. His bed seemed intact, but the blankets were damaged. His floor seemed unscratched too; guess he had better self control in that form than he thought.

There was cum everywhere! What in the ever living fuck. He looked down at himself, and blinked at the huge mess of it along his cock, his pelvis and abdomen, and his thighs. But it was nothing compared to Jessy, who might as well have been swimming in a tub of jizz. From her mouth down, everything had splashes of the white fluid, to the point heavy globs of the thick seed dripped down from her large breasts, down over her abs, and onto the utterly drenched blankets.

“Jesus... you ok?” he said, holding a hand out for her.

She took it, and pulled, shakily. With a little effort, she brought herself up to sitting, and looked down at herself as she put her hands on her knees.

“Feel like I just gave birth,” she said, voice wavering, and her body trembling. “Christ that was rough. And I haven’t been covered like this in... ever.”

“Sorry I—”

“Fuck no, don’t apologize. That was awesome!”

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After a quick shower, the two of them hopped into the tub. He sat down in the huge thing, sighed bliss at the flowing jets of hot water, and let his head fall back onto the tub’s high wall. Jessy was beside him, and she did the same thing, letting her head fall back.

“Things changed,” he said.

“You mean, the balance between the groups? Yeah. No one died or anything, but... but now Athalia’s gone and made an enemy of the Kindred, and maybe even the other Begotten. I have no fucking clue how that’s going to go.”

“I couldn’t begin to understand any of that. I meant you.”

“Me?”

“Yeah you. I remember what I said, when I was changed there. It just came out, like, a new instinct took over, and... called you mine.”

“Yeah, you did.”

“And yet here you are, still here.”

“Expected me to run away?”

“... a bit, yeah.”

She chuckled, made a few pfft noises, and raised her head as she did. With a grin, she brought in her face, and kissed him.

“You know what I did before coming over here?”

He smiled as he let the tension melt away. “No.”

“I sent my ghouls to Clara’s place, and said they should do everything they could to convince her they were her new fuck toys, and not mine anymore. A gift, olive branch and all that jazz.”

He raised a brow, but before he could say anything, Jessy leaned over the tub, and down over the wall. With her big, toned ass in the air as all he could see, he could hear the shuffling of fabrics; she was digging for something in her clothes.

With a splash, she fell back into the tub beside him, and brought over her phone. With her income, she probably didn’t care if she dropped it and ruined it.

“Let’s see what we got.” Winking at him, she brought up the gallery. “Oh wow, Clara really got into it.”

Eric looked at the picture, and gasped. Yeah, that was Clara alright, on her hands and knees, with one guy behind her pounding her. The other two ghouls were on the bed closer to Clara’s front, and she was trying to give them blowjobs and handjobs. It seemed like she was failing, with her head dangling between her shoulders in obvious bliss.

“You seriously asked your ghouls to try and sneak pictures of this?”

“Of course! Ugh, hate that bitch. But no worries, this is just for you and me to admire. I’m not going to use this against her or anything, and—oh my god look at her ass. That is a nice ass.” She swiped to the next picture. A shot from behind of Clara, naked, and now with wet hair. A shower? The next swipe showed a rather nice shot of one of the ghouls penetrating Clara’s ass, while a ghoul underneath penetrated her normally. Must have cleaned herself up for anal. “My boys are very good at DP. I’m sure Clara will have cum ten times, at fucking least, by the time they’re satisfied.”

“She looks drunk.”

“To agree to anal on the first night, with four dudes? Definitely drunk, definitely very drunk. But damn, look at that bitch smiling.”

It was true. Much as it was hard to see Clara’s face from a proper angle, the ghouls were hiding the fact they were taking pictures after all, some of them showed a glimpse of her face, and Clara looked like she was in rapture.

“I guess the lunacy trick thing only works on Uratha if they’re doing something werewolfy,” she said. “Good thing, cause otherwise these pictures would be blurry as fuck. I—oh god look at this!” She nuzzled her cheek into Eric’s shoulder, and pointed at the picture she held in front of them. It was Clara,

on her side on the bed, fetal position, no men in sight, and copious amounts of cum leaking out of both her ass and sex.

“You know she’s going to kill you if she ever finds out.”

“Bah, she won’t. I... felt like I owed her a bit of an apology, and I know she’s had her eyes on Jack, but he’s with the Prince. Poor gal must be lonely. Nothing cures loneliness like four dicks and a dozen orgasms.” Shrugging, she swiped to a few more photos, and made sure to show off each one. One, in particular, was enough to have Eric blush. This was the sort of stuff Jessy used to do every night? “Besides, next time, the boys won’t take pictures.”

“Next time?”

“Course. I said they were her fuck toys now. I’m giving this monogamy thing a try.” The vampire threw the phone over her shoulder onto the pile of clothes, trusting the rubber guard to keep it from cracking. “But I’ve never really done this stuff before. So, be gentle with me, all right?” With a small, shy squirm that was too damn cute, she took his hand, and guided it up to her mouth. She set her lips to his wrist, and gave him a kiss.

“Breakfast in bed sort of stuff new to you?”

“Very, and straight up, it’s a little frightening, so bear with me. And it won’t really be breakfast in bed, at least not ham on toast and shit. More like, I suck your dick, then I suck your blood. Even trade?”

“You really don’t have—ow!” While she had her hand holding his wrist to her lips, it was in the clear for her to pinch his skin, hard.

“Don’t be a dumbass. I like sex, a lot. I love sex. The issue here will never be ‘do I hound her for sex too much’. The issue will be ‘can I keep up with her’. That isn’t me boasting, or trying to make myself sound more appealing to a guy. That’s me being me, knowing what I like, and hoping you’ll be... ok, with that.”

This woman was asking him if he was ok with her absurd sex drive. That was a new twist he didn’t expect. He should have, considering everything that happened, but he didn’t. Hell, she even looked a little shy about it, despite her confidence. Her eyes glanced down, and she set his hand on her leg as her shoulders slumped a little. It was almost like she was asking if he was ok being in a relationship with a porn star; not that that description fit, but it seemed like how she was taking it. Maybe Clara’s words had gotten to her.

“Jess, you could hound me for sex thrice a day, every day, and it wouldn’t bother me, and I wouldn’t think any less of you for it. I can’t guarantee I can keep up, but I’ll try.”



And just like he'd given her ice cream, or blood sorbet or something, she smiled at him, beaming, and nuzzled her cheek into his shoulder. He was right then, and Clara's words had affected her. She was older than him, but he was the one with the experience in a one-on-one relationship. Now for the hard part: not repeating past mistakes.

"I won't cheat on you," she said.

"Course not. Didn't think you would."

"Though, I'm definitely gonna try and get some more pussy in the bed at some point. Maybe even a thrall or ghoul, someone you could transform around, and I could watch someone else's cunt try and take that log of a dick. You ever see that thing? It's huge! Fucking god I thought I was going to tear apart. And it had this thicker part at the base, and when you get it in, it's like I'm going to explode, but it puts so much pressure on my g-spot, it's insane. And—"

She continued, describing the shape of a werewolf penis with the enthusiasm of a devoted fan. The strangest conversation of his life. The change in her personality was large, too. Instead of the fun, badass chick who seduced him at the bar, she was now a fun, silly girl, a lot like Fiona, with a sprinkle of confidence on top.

After a while, she climbed up onto his lap, facing him, and set her fangs onto his neck. He set his hands on her waist, caressed her, and let his body melt into the tub as she put one hand on his forearm, the other behind his head. Nothing for him to do, but close his eyes, and let the relaxing bliss of the Kiss drain him of his energy.

"You taste amazing," she said, before she set her fangs onto his neck again, and Kissed him until everything started to get heavy. If they'd been having sex, he would have cum instantly. But like this, recovering from sex, the Kiss dragged him down, and down, each step a beautiful journey into relaxing bliss.

She stopped, raised her head, and kissed him, closing her eyes, and pressing her breasts to his chest.

"Gonna fall asleep?"

"I... I just might."

"Let's go to bed then."

"... let's?"

“Yeah. You’re coming to my place until we get a servant over here to clean the place.” Chuckling, she kissed him again, giddy either from his blood, or the prospect of an actual romance happening to her. Hopefully both. “I’ve never woken up next to someone before. I hear morning sex is really romantic; or, you know, evening sex for me. I expect to wake up and get some immediate cuddling, along with some nice, long, slow, spooning anal sex.”

He may have bitten off more than he could chew with this woman.