

~~Natasha~~

“Something... h-horrible?” she said.

Art stepped forward into the buildings, into the civilian lobby, and sniffed the air. “Monica told us she found out that, apparently Jack managed to bust his way out of here, and kill a few hunters on the way out. I assume you know more. Can you spare us any more details?”

What details could she share that she’d read about? Antoinette had her ways, and especially so did Daniel, to get detailed reports about what happened here, more than what the Invictus were willing to share. Some things they read were vague, but her two bosses were both more than skilled enough to fill in the blanks based on implication. And Jack was her friend, he’d told her some things, things she’d managed to extrapolate from. Once she’d put it all together, it was a very scary tale.

“Jack... was tortured, and I g-guess it... it pushed him over an edge. He dominated three hunter minds, and summoned an army of rats.” She shivered at the image. Rats, swarming, overwhelming, killing? “It sounds like something Viktor w-would have done.” Oops. She’d meant to say that in her head.

“Right, his grand sire.” Matt shivered, and rubbed his arms, in the same way Natasha did. Made her smile, for a moment. “Avery had some stories for us about him.”

“D-Does she? I, um... not sure, about what... what happened back then. Avery showed up in the... fifties, right? I was sired around the purge, in the sixties.” A wonderful ostrich tactic, conveniently ignoring the warning about the horrible thing right in front of her in the prison, to get information about the past. Typical Mekhet, need knowledge knowledge secrets secrets.

The two werewolves continued along through the lobby, sniffing, sniffing, sniffing more, picking up something her nose couldn’t, before moving on and heading down the hall toward the prisoner lobby.

“Mhmm,” Matt said. “Don’t normally run into Ventrue who give Uratha much trouble. Hard to kill, but it’s not like they give us much trouble when the fists start flying. Except, this Viktor fucker, he could dominate Uratha easily.”

“... he c... c-could?”

Art nodded as he circled around the center desk in the prisoner lobby. “Yeah. Uratha aren’t immune to you Kindred and your fucking mental powers and shit. Normally, the younger Kindred can’t

touch us, mental powers or not. But the older ones, you get your fucking fingers into our brains? It's... never a good thing." He stopped before the gate leading down one of the hallways, where another hallway turn waited, with cells waiting beyond, Tash imagined. "Christ, this wasn't just Jack escaping and killing, this was a bloodbath. The whole place reeks of blood, human and rat, and gasoline. Death."

She couldn't smell any of that.

"According to Avery," Matt said, "Viktor dominated a couple of her companions, at the same time. Forced them both to transform, full on gauru mode, and made them fight each other." He followed after Art, eyes scanning up and down the bars, the floor, everywhere. All clean, all washed, all evidence gone, but whatever the Invictus did to clean it, it wasn't enough to hide everything from the Uratha. "Not a secret, really. Your elders are fucking terrifying."

"I... I guess. I d-didn't know Viktor did that though." Viktor's strength was well known. That combined with his growing insanity and paranoia — according to Antoinette — were the reasons Maria and Michael were afraid to challenge him. "D-Did... anyone die?"

"To Viktor being a jackass? No, no one Avery's told us about anyway." Art shrugged as he continued down the hall, deeper into the complex, Matt and Tash following after him. "He couldn't break Simon though, apparently."

The gentle giant stepped ahead of her, and got down on his knees beside one of the cells. "... that kid really left a scar here."

A rat squeaked, and disappeared into a large crack in the concrete. Where rats were once quite bold, she imagined all the rats for a mile in any direction would be afraid to be seen by anything on two legs, now.

"Scar?" she said.

Art came to a stop by one of the cells. "Yeah, the sort of shit that resonates, creates essence, creates problems. Seems like he's tainted this prison with... I don't know. Rage? Hate?... a lot of creatures died here, painfully."

The rest of them came up to the cell door, and looked inside. Natasha could see nothing out of the ordinary, but both Matt and Art were twitching their noses and looking around, fidgeting fingers and snapping eyes. They didn't like being here.

"Hard to make out their scent anymore. So many vamps came through here, and washed the place down." Walking into the cell, Art cringed as he approached the metal chair, and knelt down in front of it. "... something happened here. Jack must have been in this chair. He... was in pain, a large amount of

pain. Panic, pain... then... revenge?" He got up, and turned to face the gate of the cell. "He... broke two minds here, I think. Took them over." He walked back out into the hallway, before turning to face the direction they came from. "Two humans died here, shot down. Then..."

Natasha did her best to not imagine a music montage, of a song shrinking an effort of days down into seconds, like typical TV forensics drama scenes. But, she stared on, wide eyed, as she listened to a bass-heavy alternative rock song play in her head, while Art managed to come to conclusions from utterly nothing.

"Then the madness started. You said rats, right? Lot of... lot of dead rats. Hundreds... They started here." He motioned to the crack in the wall. "And from similar holes in this old place." He gestured around to the others cells too. "... they didn't die quick either. Most of them died in pain."

"That's what it is," Matt said. "Christ, kid was in pain... and inflicted a lot of pain."

"The hunt-t-ters, they... used fire, and... burned all the rats," she said.

Art nodded, and followed the hall back out to the lobby again. "Yeah, death death and more death, all marked with pain. All starts with that chair. And, everything has a generous, heaping pile of hate on it, like... tar."

"... in the report, it said... that J-Jack, that um, he had to cut off his hands, t-t-to get out. He dominated the two hunters watching him... despite, um, enchanted hand cuffs, designed to work on vampires we think. He forced them... t... t-to cut off his hands so he could escape." A Mekhet would have used the situation to get a quick phone call out, not cut off their own hands. But she wasn't there, maybe it wasn't reasonable.

Both werewolves winced, sucking in their breath between their teeth. "Damn," they said.

She winced as well. Yeah, damn. "He, um, summoned rats. All Kindred know animalism, you probably know, b-but, Gangrel and Ventrue are good at it, naturals at it. And... Jack, he's... he's Julias's childe. Julias is a p-prodigy, sort of. Very, very strong. Viktor was... also very, very strong, and... and J-Jack is..."

"Is following in his sire and grand sire's footsteps." Art knelt down by the desk in the civilian lobby, the three of them almost back out of the building. He ran his fingers along the tile of the floor, and smelled them. "He's not the first vamp to have an explosion in skill at a young age, but this is pretty big. This whole place reeks of death, pain, and panic. And... disgust."

Matt nodded as he walked around, wincing every so often. "We'll have to keep an eye on it, in case any wraiths show up."

“W-Wraiths?” Wait, didn’t that secrets spirit thing say something about wraiths? Something about them, and Black Blood?

“Yeah. Not ghosts, though I wouldn’t be surprised if ghost wraiths existed. No, these wraiths are a type of spirit that have grown in Dolareido. Mix of death and fear. There’s not many of them, but enough to be a problem.”

Ok, moment of truth. Tell her boyfriends she knew about Black Blood? Don’t tell them? They might not like her knowing about it, and she didn’t want to become another Minerva. But, Antoinette knew of it, and the werewolves weren’t trying to break down her door or anything.

“... d-do they... do bad things?” she said. Ok, so she wasn’t going to tell them. Yet. She had good reason though, because, secrets and stuff. Mekhet needed their secrets, and it was part of her job to acquire information. If they didn’t know that she knew about Black Blood, they’d be more likely to accidentally tell her things, things she could deduce conclusions from that they wouldn’t expect her to be able to.

Harmless information gathering. Harmless.

Matt nodded. “Yeah, they can get involved in some pretty dark stuff. Seems they’re working together with some other shit, and we’re not sure why.”

“David knows more, but getting straight answers out of spirits is never easy. Always comes with a fucking price tag.” Art shrugged, and continued along until they were back outside, the outer gate they climbed over before them. “And... you might want to talk to your buddy, Jack, about this. To leave a scar like this, from one incident? It was nasty. I doubt the kid is even aware of how badly this must have fucked with him.”

“I... I’ll t-talk to him.” She wasn’t sure what she could say that Antoinette or Julias couldn’t, but there was no harm in checking up on her friend anyway. And, she was sure Antoinette was doing her best to soothe the boy’s soul.

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~~Julias~~

He really wanted to go back to his home, the mansion, lay in bed with Triss — and Jen — and stop thinking about all this garbage. He was going to kill these hunters, if only so he could take a single day to truly, wholly relax again. No matter what he did now, the hunters were on his mind, squirming into his thoughts, until it ate at him.

The Primogen meeting room. He was there, as were all the Primogen. No one had missed a meeting since Tony's death, since he was the only fucker who had the nerve to ignore them at his whimsy. Good riddance.

Christ, he was sour. No word, no sighting, nothing about the hunters. And it was all he could think about, all his mind was concerned with; which made it hard to focus on what Jack was saying.

“Carter and Clara will be staying in the Carlava Villa soon,” the kid said, looking to each elder around the table as he updated them on Invictus business deemed shareable. He stood at its end, opposite of the Prince, hands at his sides and posture rigid. If he'd been wearing a military uniform, the hair would have fit even better. “For an indeterminate amount of time.”

“This some desperate ploy to make friends with Avery?” Garry said, rolling his eyes as he leaned back. “You Invictus are fucked in the head, especially if you think you can bribe her.”

Michael frowned, leaning forward to put his elbows on the table, eyes cutting into Garry. “We offer her a roof, same as you. And we want what you want, Tones, to encourage her aid in dealing with these hunters.”

The two Gangrels frowned at each other. There'd be barking soon, if someone didn't do something.

Jacob, of all people, leaned in first, and swept the antics away with a hand gesture. “Jeremiah is a deadly beast, to be sure. I spoke with Azamel myself, and while that old bitch refuses to be straight with me, she was obviously afraid of the man, in some capacity. It would appear we're stuck in this problem she's created. I don't blame the Invictus for trying to get some extra help on our side.”

The Prince sighed, tapping a finger on the glass table, the other hand gently combing waves of hair over her bosom. “And we are certain that the damage is done, and the Kindred are bound to this conflict?”

Everyone else sighed, and looked to Jack, knowing what the kid was going to say. He winced, and nodded.

The Prince met his gaze, looked down at the table, and sighed as well. “Merde.” With a growing frown, she gestured for Jack to continue.

“Avery isn’t against helping us,” the boy said, “just... she doesn’t want a repeat of the last incident, with Simon.”

Maria sighed and shook her head. “She is paranoid. Viktor and Lucas are no longer with us, and they were Simon’s two biggest antagonists. Even Tony didn’t cause too many issues with the Uratha when they were here.”

Jacob laughed and snapped his fingers once. “Were, they were her two biggest antagonists. She can fucking die in a fire for all I care.”

“We need her help, Jacob,” Garry said. “I know Avery did some horrible shit, but she was working for Simon and it was his call. She doesn’t work for him anymore, if he’s even still alive, and she’s here to try and fix some of the crap Simon left behind. Cut her some slack.” If there was anyone on the Primogen council who could convince Jacob of something, it was Garry supposedly, at least according to what Julias knew about them. But Julias wasn’t so sure it was that simple, that Garry and him were simply friends helping each other out. Nothing was ever that simple with Jacob.

But, with a few moments to ponder, the old Nosferatu offered Garry an understanding nod, before leaning back in his chair again. Poor Jack was standing closer to Jacob than others, due to the position closer to the door, and Julias could see Jacob’s quick tongue got the boy anxious. Elders arguing with each other was not a sight his childe was used to.

“In the mean time,” Jack said, “she’ll continue... pruning the weeds, I suppose is the best metaphor, hunting what Uratha hunt. She says she’s happy with the state of the city, though.”

“And yet, she does not leave,” Antoinette said. “In fact, she intends to stay.”

“... yes, my Prince.” Jack rubbed his hair, before snapping his hand back down once he realized he was doing it again. “Issues with the Circle of the Crone aside, there are many advantages to her staying, and she’s being quite reasonable... about most things.”

Sticky situation for the kid to be in, having to argue and make points on behalf of the Uratha, without pissing off his superiors, particularly the Nosferatu with the Joker smile. Julias hid his smirk. He didn’t envy his childe, but he was happy with the job he was doing nonetheless.

“Reasonable?” Antoinette said, glaring at him. “She has taken residence in my city, without my permission. What is reasonable about that?”

A pin drop would have shattered glass in the silence that followed, as the Prince glared at the boy. If there was any concern Antoinette would play favorites with her lover, she was successfully crushing them.

“My Prince, she has no intentions of disrupting the Kindred world here, in Dolareido. She only intends to help. That Azlu monster in the sewers was here before she arrived, not because of her arrival, and she dealt with it. Apparently, other such dangers may exist in the city, and one of those Azlu monsters survived the encounter as well. She is doing all that she can to deal with these issues, without damaging the Masquerade.”

“... we did not ask for her help with these matters,” Jacob said, snarling.

Jack met the old man’s eyeless gaze. “Not everyone that needs help is willing to ask for it, elder Jacob. I wouldn’t ask for a werewolf to help in matters of nuance, of money or politics or controlling a city, but I know that we Kindred are barely aware of... the strange things, hiding in the darkness. They are more aware, and more equipped to deal with it.”

And again, the silence was profound. Everyone knew about Jacob’s constant probing and exploring into such darkness, such secrets and madness, and Jack was straight up calling him out on it, saying the werewolves knew more. Ok, it was fine to be proud of your childe, but at a certain point Jack was going to cross a line; he was already flirting with it. One step too far and he was going to really piss off the old witch.

Jacob laughed, and winked at him. “True that. Much as I hope that Avery bitch dies a horrible death, she has her uses.” Winking with no eyes, a bandage covering them, was weird, and only noticeable from the muscle of the eyebrow and cheek moving.

“... you may continue to placate them, and perhaps recruit their aid with these hunters, my Primogen,” the Prince said, “but I assume you are all pursuing measures to deal with this threat without their aid?” The group all nodded. “Good. Keep me informed of any discoveries, as I will you.”

Much of this had already been said in the emergency meeting following the incident with Jack’s kidnap and escape, but Julias appreciated the Prince’s thoroughness. Pretty sure she was also doing it to remind everyone they were in this together, not against each other; nice to have her in his corner.

Maria leaned in. “What of Azamel? She and her subordinates have done surprisingly little, when it is they that have brought this trouble to our door. We pester the werewolves, when it’s the monsters that created this problem.”

“Azamel will help us,” Jack said, nodding with the statement. “She is... concerned about the city, in her own, weird way. Not like the Uratha though, I wouldn’t trust her that much. For her it’s more a tactical thing. But, she’s more willing to form an alliance with us than Avery, and more committed to taking down Jeremiah than any of us.”

The Prince mirrored his nod, but her eyes looked into each Primogen as she tapped her fingers once again. “Then I must address the elephant in the room. If Azamel is willing to help kill Jeremiah, is she willing to help kill Angela?”

Julias almost said something, almost got angry. But, no, ill-timed and misplaced. As much as he was frustrated so many people were concerned with upsetting Athalia, Antoinette’s worry was about Azamel. That worry was justified. He didn’t want to deal with an angry Azamel, none of them did.

“I... don’t know,” Jack said. “Athalia is torn. She says she... she...” Kid scratched his head some more, giving up all pretense of being professional. No one minded, not at this point. “She doesn’t want to kill her own daughter, but if push comes to shove, I’m not sure it’ll be that simple. Maybe not kill Angela, but detain her or subdue her, maybe? As for Azamel, I get the impression that if the opportunity presented itself, she’d kill Angela, but attempt to detain her first.”

“... I suppose that is better than nothing.” The Prince leaned in, like many of them already were, and set her elbows to the glass table as she looked at each of them. “It has been weeks since they have shown themselves, these hunters. And the Begotten have become scarce, hiding in their tunnels — my tunnels — and hiding in their dream world. Everyone must both remain vigilant, and cooperative. That includes with the monsters and the werewolves, to an extent. If you see an opportunity to earn the help of these groups, consider taking it. We must expel these hunters above all else.

“That said, do not risk your own lives or the Masquerade for these trespassers. I do not want them in my city, but, they have not earned my wrath. Yet.” Her face steeled, and she looked at each individual with a long, determined stare, yet again. On the surface it was innocent enough, a disgruntled boss. Behind that, where the skin didn’t show it, where only the beasts in them could hear the silent growling, she bore into them with her gaze. “Not all of you agree with me, for enacting the purge. On that, your opinions do not matter. It was the correct option, and following it, we had decades of peace. Even Tony’s infantile meddling did not disrupt that. But now I find the city growing more, and yet more unruly, at the hands of these newcomers. If I have to, I will call upon a purge once more, to remove either the Begotten, or the Uratha, or both. And in that matter, I will demand the aid of all covenants should I decide to exercise my right. Do I make myself clear?”

Jack’s eyes were wide, but everyone was looking at Antoinette. The kid hadn’t expected those words. Hell, Julias hadn’t. But, they all nodded, and let the implication sink in. If such a thing happened and one of the covenants disagreed, vampire ashes would rain down on the city as much as blood and bone.



After a few more minor points to clear up, she dismissed them, and everyone got up. Jacob first, offering a small wave over his shoulder, then Garry, grunting and putting his hands in his jean pockets, and then the council triumvirate.

“Mister Mire, Mister Terry, stay a moment, s’il vous plaît? For a personal matter.”

Personal matter, hmm. He could understand her keeping the kid around, but him? They had no business outside of Jack, so he thought. But, he nodded, and stayed seated as the others left. They offered Jack grins, smirks, even a nod or two. Hell, Garry chuckled and pat the kid on the shoulder; which put Jack on edge like nothing else, to the point Julias had to hide his smirk.

But, eventually, the three of them were alone.

“Jack,” Antoinette said, small smile, small grin. Subtle, like she was comfortable with the gentle expressions. It was cute. “I hope my words did not stir your malcontent. Please understand that I would not remove, or kill, your friend Fiona unless she stood with Azamel in such a circumstance.”

“That makes me happier, yeah.” He scratched his head, and came in a little closer until his hips touched the other end of the table, him looking across it to his lover. “I’m trying to keep everyone happy, getting along with each other, and talks of purge... yeah. Scary.”

“And such a circumstance would be unusual. Even when Azamel was a larger thorn in my side, I did not call for such an act. And when the Uratha caused chaos in the corners of my city with their trespassing and uncontrolled hunts, I did not call for such an act. Only on Lucas, who had every intent to... well, I am sure you can remember the man’s zealotry.”

“Yeah, no forgetting that.”

“And... I will see you tonight, non?” she said.

Julias couldn’t help but let out a little grin with that. Big, bad, dangerous, intelligent and confident Antoinette, worried about Jack not being there. It was delightful to see. God damn it made him miss Triss. He hadn’t seen her in a couple nights, and fuck, he really wanted to see her, hold her, forget all the troubles in the city for an hour or two before their daily sleep took them.

And Jennifer could watch. He didn’t mind that Jen seemed infatuated with watching Julias and Triss be romantic with each other, and Triss seemed to actively enjoy it, if anything.

“Yes, of course, my Prince.” Jack offered a small bow, and the same sort of subtle smile. Smooth.

She nodded, and a small finger wave sent the boy on his way. He returned it, before he stood up straight as Julias caught his eye. Yeah, your sire is still here, kid. But Julias shrugged, and smirked at Jack as the boy disappeared behind the door.

“Now, Mire.” She turned in her chair to face him, leaned back, and set both her hands around the knee atop the other. “I had been meaning to speak with you of personal matters. There has been little time as of late to catch up, and I thought, perhaps you could share fifteen minutes with me?”

“Of course, yes Prince.” Strange. The first time this happened, she’d just showed up at his new mansion randomly, expecting the conversation. Now she was asking.

“I... had hoped to grow my relationship with your childe. But I am worried.”

“Worried?”

“Oui. There are a host of reasons that I should keep my relationship with the young man the same as it is now, permanently in its waves of honeymoon bliss. When such dreamy thoughts fill our nights, it is easy for the boy and I to rest in each other’s arms. But, when realities seep into the air, and crawl under the door, I grow... afraid. I worry for the past, of how my relationship with my own childe went. I worry for the future, and how the strife my city suffers will extend to our relationship, if such topics entered our dialogues.”

“I see.” The woman did love to consider the future. It was why she was a good Prince; that, and the strength to back it up. Where was Daniel anyway? “Jack has never been in a serious relationship, and his relationships before were not relationships at all. You’re treading new ground in his life.”

“... do you have any suggestions, Mire? I feel like a fool, worrying about this. Natasha herself has suggested that I am fighting inevitability, keeping my relationship with the boy focused solely on ourselves and each other, and not letting the affairs of the city or the harsh realities it brings taint our personal time. But... but I held that boy in my arms, and watched him struggle to not break into tears, as he recounted the details of his torture.”

Julias winced, groaned, and looked down. Yeah, that must have been painful for her. Hell, kid hadn’t filled him in on every single detail, just the basics, and it was painful to hear, let alone see the kid struggle with the misery in his eyes. But at least Antoinette didn’t see the physical aftermath like Julias had.

“... I don’t know why you sired Tony, honestly, Prince. I heard he was a great artist when he was younger?”

“Oui, a great artist, passionate for so many things.” Like washing away a layer of dirt, she wiped her knee at the mention of the man’s name. “Why do you ask?”

“Jack is not that. Jack is... well, Tony was juvenile. No offense.”

“Mire, I am glad my childe is dead. It had to be done. You need not mince words over his image.”

“... alright. Well, Jack is not Tony. Tony may have been a delinquent, but Jack is a surly old man in a young man’s body.”

That got a chuckle out of her. “Oh? How so?”

“Harsh and analytical, and very much with a ‘I ain’t got time for this shit’ attitude, when the man isn’t old enough to even know what it sounds like when a music generation changes.”

More chuckles, from the two of them.

“That does capture the harder side of the boy’s personality, I admit.”

“I knew Jack pretty well when I decided I wanted to sire him, Prince. I knew he’d be determined, intelligent, methodical, and I knew his small size was no indication of his tenacity. The kid... can be ruthless, when he needs to be. And honestly, I think you sense that, and you want to keep him from becoming a key figure in the world waiting for him.”

She raised a brow. “And what world would that be?”

“Our world. Viktor’s world. Violent, and filled with responsibilities that wear on the mind. And... the bitterness that comes with it, maybe the paranoia, maybe the jadedness.”

“... yes, I would prefer to keep Jack from suffering such a fate. Or at the very least, I wish to be a soft place he may rest from such tribulations.”

“I sired him for a reason, and as much as it looks like Jack’s getting pulled in that direction, yanked into the Danse Macabre well before others of similar age, he’s the one Kindred I trust to not let it turn him into a jaded, empty husk.” Christ, he hoped he was right about that. “I think you do him a disservice, by babying him.” Bad word choice?

Her eyes narrowed, and squinted at him. Ok, bad word choice.

“Do you think it is wise to continue burying the boy in responsibilities and trials, Mire? I find myself trying to pamper him, because every time I speak with him, he is buried in new pain. You promoted him to being a right hand of your Invictus council, which I agree is warranted, but not in the boy’s best interest. His reward for surviving, where most would perish, is to risk his life yet again.”

“... and you keep calling him boy.”

She opened her mouth to retort, but closed it with a hiss, sucking in her breath through her teeth as she glared at him. “He is too young to have such trials thrust upon him so quickly, Mire.”

“I disagree. I think, as painful as this is for me, as much as I don’t want to see him suffer, Jack will manage, and not only will he become a powerful Kindred for it, the city will benefit. Your city.” This conversation was turning sour, and he ran his fingers through his hair, back over his head, as he leaned in toward the Prince. How to fix this. “I understand you love him, but I sired him for a reason. I saw the grit in his eye when he was just a teenager, Prince, just a kid who looked around him and wondered why everyone else had so much trouble managing their vices or futures, when for him, it was as easy as flipping a switch in his head. I could put that kid into that chair again, with Jeremiah and Angela, and I know he’d do the exact same thing to get out, because he knows how to... flip that switch, how to grab the cold hard truth of situations by the horns and get shit done.”

The Prince’s expression broke. The steel melted, her features softened, and her red gaze fell to her knees. “Yes, I am sure he would.”

“Don’t get me wrong, Prince. I’m doing everything I can to make sure shit like this doesn’t happen, but I’m making the right choice for him, the Invictus, and the city, by putting him in this position. Maria and Michael agree with me.” Fuck last names, they were well past last names. “Maybe he’s growing up too quickly. Maybe... maybe it’s good that you’re letting him be young. But, Jack thrives on adult conversation too. I think you’ll be pleasantly surprised at how useful his insights can be, and how much he enjoys giving them, if you talk to him about more mature things. He’s not Tony, he’s not going to get bitter or resentful if you call him out on something, point out a flaw in his reasoning or ignorance in his knowledge. Hell, knowing Jack, he’d thank you for proving him wrong; a trait I wish more people had.”

Her smile returned. Thank god. Making the Prince frown for too long was never a good idea. He trusted her to not let her emotions lead to biased decisions, but nobody’s perfect.

“Then, I guess I am the fool, for handling my love with silk gloves.” She leaned back in her chair once more, warmth on her face as she hooked her hands around her knee again. “I want to help him, Julias. I want to ease his burdens.”

“He probably feels the same way about you.”

“... I should treat him with more respect then, and involve him in my life. I admit the notion of laying my burdens upon him, in hopes of being soothed by him, had never occurred to me. Always the boy... the young man, is someone I have wanted to protect, even from my woes.”

“I definitely think you should involve him more, treat him as older than he is, because, mentally, he is.”

“May I ask something a bit more personal then?”

“By all means.” He leaned back as well, arm settling on the table beside him. Far better atmosphere, far more relaxed.

“What sort of things does the boy like?”

“You don’t know?”

“I know many things about my little Ventrue, but I know there are many things he does not share, in fear that I would find it juvenile. For example, he plays video games, but does not discuss them with me. Understandable, as I know little about them, but that does not mean I am not willing to find some sort of bridge for us to connect upon.”

“Ha, I strongly suggest you don’t get into video games. Definitely a product for a different generation... that said, Jack has a taste for art that dances on the macabre.”

“I was aware he enjoyed some... perhaps morose pieces, that I expect you graced upon him.”

He laughed. Yeah, some of his art tastes had rubbed off on Jack. “Before I came along, he was enjoying macabre art too, just with a more fantasy flare.”

“... did he now?”

“Mmhmm. Skulls piled into mountains, black knights and evil sorceresses, things like that.”

Something caught her eye, stirred around in her mind until a tiny grin sneaked onto her lips. She tapped the corner of her mouth with a finger as her eyes wandered, arranging thoughts into something he couldn’t imagine.

“Thank you, Julias. I appreciate your help.”

“My pleasure.” He got up from his chair, but the Prince raised a hand, and he stayed there, standing with a brow slightly raised.

“I had meant to ask about your relationship with Jennifer.”

“Oh. That.” He chuckled and scratched the back of his head, not unlike Jack would. “That is... an unusual development.”

“May I ask for a detail or two? It is of interest to me, considering you are now sleeping with all female witches in the city.”

“I... I guess I am, heh. Jen had a thing for Triss, and she sort of wormed her way into our bed with time. There’s no romance between us and her, but she seems to prefer it that way, to be our friend... with benefits.” So cliché, so very cliché. And yet very accurate.

“I am delighted. When Jennifer’s sire left the city, I was saddened. A Ventrue with as open a mind as his is rare, and Miss Denver takes after him; a pity she was not sired Daeva. You are lucky to have her in your midsts.”

“... you might just be right about that.” What did Antoinette know about Jennifer? Far as Julias knew, Jen was just a young Ventrue who drifted into Jacob’s employ, no one special, no one the Prince would keep tabs on. But, considering Jen’s attitude, confidence, and the way she handled herself at the ball, half naked for all to see, maybe he should reconsider his impression of her.

“... Julias, keep an eye on Maria, would you? I am sure you already are, but I have... new reasons, to suspect the woman may be getting into affairs she should perhaps not touch.”

“I’m not sure I understand.” Wait, what?

“Then that is probably for the best. But, please, watch her carefully? This is not about Jack, I do not think, but... something... something to keep an eye on.”

“... will do.”

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~Jack~~

The Primogen meeting was last night, and he wasn’t sure he liked where things were going. But tonight, he wasn’t going to worry about that. He was going to take the night to himself, and share it with Antoinette, who was also taking a night to herself, mostly. She had a few things to do before, but still, her dedicating most of her night to him was nice, and he wasn’t going to waste it.

Upon entering the Elysium tower, the receptionist had a message for him. Go down to F and go to room 4. A surprise was waiting for him.

Surprise? What sort of surprise did Antoinette have? She surprised him all the time, but she didn't announce them. Hence, surprise, usually. Now he knew about it, so he was surprised about the surprise, and now, a little excited about it too. Just a kid on Christmas morning.

It was nice, getting excited about silly stuff again. He missed that.

He took the stairs down to floor F, and turned for room 4. He flicked on the light switch, and started down the hallway. He'd never been down this hallway, like many others; a damn labyrinth down here, and a massive one too. Centuries building in a specific location, how many thralls did she have down here at any given time, expanding her network? Hell, how deep could you dig into the ground before you ran into lava or something? Before you hit some sort of gas pocket and erupted the whole building?

He laughed, smacked himself in the forehead, and continued on down the hallway of black marble, covered in cracks of white lines, like thousands of bolts of lightning. Once upon a time, they were intimidating. Now, they were a second home. He ran his fingers along the smooth surface of the wall, occasional glances upward to smirk at the LED lights curved into holes in the ceiling.

Now that he thought about it, he must have been dating a billionaire, or someone near it. Little him, dating a billionaire, wisped away from his boring life to a new life of money money money, and sex. Ha. Not nearly so simple or shallow, but, the comparison could still be made. Except of course his billionaire delight was an ancient vampire. Even better.

Eventually the hallway did a sharp turn, and once he made it, he stopped. It opened up to a grand door, one of metal, and locks, bolts of shining steel. It was the door he was supposed to open, but it didn't look like it wanted to be opened. He went up to it, and looked around. Double door, and the gleaming metal looked strange against the black marble. Well, not that strange he supposed, as Antoinette's master bedroom was protected by a literal vault door.

He pulled upon the small latch, and opened the door. Not locked, then.

Darkness awaited him, with flickering touches of blue. LED colors? Maybe, but once he was inside the next hallway, and closed the door behind him, he could see the ebb and flow and light fighting against darkness along the walls. Not LED, but fire, blue fire. He gulped, and started down the hallway straight out of a fantasy novel.

It was again the black marble walls, but mostly covered in hanging waves of blue silk. A rich, royal blue, and it caught the waves of ghostly blue light, as every ten feet, two braziers of blue fire sat between the hanging silk waves. And if it was only that, he'd have thought it quite artful, if a bit dangerous. But it wasn't only silk and fire, as each brazier was a statue, metal forged and molded into a shape over each flame.

A black skull, with vampire teeth.

He gulped as he looked down the hallway before him, long, the ends hidden by hanging silk and beads and... bone? No, it couldn't have been bone, but he couldn't see it from here. He walked toward the barrier at the end of the hall, the dangling silk and chains, and peeked at each fire he passed. The skulls were large, black metal, and they captured the flame as it rose up into them from underneath. Their eyes flicked with the blue fire, small crests of the living death creeping up through the holes. Almost like someone was burning souls to keep the fires lit.

Upon reaching the barrier, he took a second to examine. Hanging silk, blue, like on the walls, many layers of it, and what must have been two dozen hanging chains dangling to the floor, made of links of black metal like the brazier. The links looked like bones, black bones. He touched them, and sighed relief as his fingers recognized the metal texture; not that he would have minded too much if Antoinette was decorating with bones, now that he thought about it. Triss used to hang out inside a catacomb, which was kind of badass, and he imagined the Circle had bones and shit everywhere.

But, maybe he was feeling a little afraid, because he was walking into a dark hallway with blue fire and black skulls, with no idea of what was ahead of him. And maybe seeing legit bones would have been slightly more unnerving, given the circumstances.

A small note, a slip of paper, hung along the silk. A black wax seal kept it folded, and what looked like a claw of some sort jutting from one of the chains skewered its corner. He gulped again, plucked the note from the hook, and broke the seal.

'Disrobe before entering.'

He shivered, and tossed the note into one of the braziers. Gone in a poof of red, before everything was blue once again. Why was he nervous? He'd had sex with Antoinette hundreds of times already, and he knew what she liked decently well, by this point. Every time he got in bed with her, it was like riding a tiger, or better yet, a dragon, a deadly creature that had taken an interest in him. There was always a thrill in that, and it sent a tingle down his spine as he thought about the first time he'd had sex with her. Every time he touched her that night, he felt like he was trying to steal a dragon's treasure, and one wrong move would turn him into food.



And he still felt like that, each time the deadly woman took him between her legs. On nights like tonight, maybe he felt like that a little more. They loved each other, and she'd never hurt him, but still, when things like this happened, hallways full of skulls of blue fire, and hanging chains with little black bones and claws on them? It made him nervous. Who the fuck wouldn't it make nervous?

And stripping down until he was naked, before pushing through the silk and chain barrier, made him a hundred times more nervous. It was a few feet of the material, and it became total darkness that he had to feel his way through, pushing aside the dozens of hanging waves, and the dozens of chains that nudged against his naked body.

Wait. For all he knew, they wouldn't be having sex, and on the other side of this barrier were a dozen awaiting Ordo Dracul, ready to interrogate him. Maybe Antoinette would have him tied upside down, naked, while her fellow dragons poked and prodded him, to see what made him tick? Wouldn't that be a fun 'surprise'.

Once he stepped through the barrier and into the next room, he gasped.

He raised his gaze, and looked over the grand room before him. This room, he must have seen this room before? The throne room in Conan the Barbarian, maybe? Or, maybe a throne room in Game of Thrones? No. Maybe... a throne room in some fantasy book he read? It was something... beautiful, and scary as all fucking hell.

Far in the distance, was a throne, and Antoinette sat in it. He wanted to look at her, to see what she was wearing, what she was doing, but his eyes drifted around the enormous room, caught in the flowing blue light. A thousand people could stand in the grand chamber, if pushed in to the shoulder. It was tall too, maybe twenty feet high, and silk ropes and sheets connected points of the ceiling with hanging curves of the lustrous blue. Beauty, against the dark of the dangling chains by the pillars. Such a large room, so deep underground, needed pillars of course, and colossal pillars of the black marble lined the room, with a few more toward the center. Decorations dangled from the pillars, black bone, and as he approached one, he gulped at the sight of expertly crafted black skulls dangling from the chains. Dozens of them.

The braziers of metal skulls lined the enormous walls, well out of the way and distant from the queen sitting upon her throne. They were too far to provide much light, but something sat in the center of the room that did the job instead. A statue, a classic Grim Reaper statue, a skeleton with a cloak over its head and body, the robe covering its legs and the statue platform it stood upon. Hidden inside the cloak, a powerful blue light, the same eerie ghostly light, burst from the reaper's exposed chest and face, bathing the room in a more consistent, powerful glow.

There were more statues too, standing between the braziers by the walls. Cloaked figures with ghastly claws poking out from long, heavy, hanging sleeves. It all gleamed with the ghostly blue glow, black metal polished to a shine.

If a necromancer had a throne room, this is what it'd look like.

Eyes enchanted by the beautiful, terrifying display of art and death, he almost didn't notice the moans. He walked — crept, really — toward the noise, slipping past the enormous Reaper statue, and headed toward the throne. There were two bodies before the colossal chair, upon a mountain of the same navy silk that dangled from everywhere, along with dozens of black pillows. Surrounding the mountain of silk were dark skeleton hands, large, jutting from the black marble of the floor, and all facing inward with palms open, fingers up, to catch and keep the blankets from spilling outward. A bed of softness, trapped by hands of black death.

Within the center of the mountain of silk, was a table, an altar really, something topped with black leather, and with a base of black bone and skulls. Uh oh.

The pile of softness sat before the throne, maybe teen feet away, and Ashley and Julee were within it, beside the altar, half covered in the silk waves. The two creatures were naked as well, with their legs locked, smooth slits rubbing against each other, while the two of them were leaning back, hands to the sheets. Closer now, he could smell the sex, the arousal, and he groaned quietly as he watched them shiver and mewl as they rubbed on each other. From the sounds, the sights, and the smell of sexuality, he could tell they'd been enjoying each other for a while already.

Both of them were wearing black collars, and the collars were attached to leashes. Metal, chain-link leashes, polished smooth and thin, but metal nonetheless, and the chains ran along the blankets, over the strange metal hands that surrounded the two ghouls, up the three steps of the throne, and into Antoinette's hand. The throne she sat upon, black metal with black leather cushions, displayed a host of obsidian, shining, metal bones, and a dozen skulls, each looking as if they had come from a vampire, each with a set of fangs. The chairs of the arm looked like skeleton arms, but for a skeleton of titanic proportions, as if she sat upon the corpse of a giant.

He looked at her, and dropped his jaw. Bathed in the deathly blue light, his eyes froze on her, her red gaze disappearing in the blue light as onyx, while her hair emphasized the blue to an almost pale glow. Her free hand was between her spread thighs, and gently caressing her clitoris, as she smiled at him. She looked like a sorceress, and what she was wearing sealed the image, seared it into his eyes and mind.

Upon her head, she wore a metal skull that was set to cover the top of her forehead and much of her hair, its lack of jaw exposing her sharp but seductive face. It had fangs, long, and they came down over her forehead, securing the black metal to her head like clasps. For earrings she wore tiny black skulls, dangling from equally tiny chains. Around her neck she wore a tight necklace, something wide and tall, something that fit the contours of her neck, the top of her shoulders, and it poked down onto her sternum. Little bone shapes were carved into its body, and as he stared at it, he realized it was black leather, adorned with black metal designs. A neck corset.

Each bicep held a circlet, an arm guard, the same sort of design as her neck corset, wide, black leather covered in more black metal, this time with an obsidian skull face compressed to the fabric, with blue, glowing eyes. Blue stone eyes, maybe? Her gauntlets were the same, a black, metal skull face upon each hand and wrist, each with glowing blue stone eyes, and each with fangs.

She wore an underbust corset, and he gulped as he stared at it, at how it pulled her already slim waist into a tight, absurd hourglass figure. The black leather was covered in black metal as well, but instead of displaying a scary vampire-esque skull, it showed fingers, as if two large, black skeleton hands were clutching her waist from behind, into impossibly small confines.

Her breasts were nude, except, another set of enormous, black skeleton fingers reached up from her corset, and clutched each breast tight, four fingers each. Her nipples were exposed, sitting between the second and third skeleton finger of each hand, and he groaned as he stared at how the strange hands pressed her breasts up and together. So much cleavage, and he found his eyes locked onto it, on them, as it was obvious the metal fingers were clutching her breasts tightly.

A set of skeleton hands for her waist, and another for her breasts, as if multiple entities of death loomed behind her. God damn.

He would have said something, maybe something like ‘that can’t be comfortable’, but his eyes fell lower, and he melted. She wasn’t wearing any underwear, her wide hips and delicious thighs completely nude. Her boots covered her feet up to the knee, solid metal, knee guards showing another set of the spooky vampire skulls of black, blue stone eyes. Underneath the boots, and halfway up her thighs, was more of that black leather, pinching her thighs tightly to emphasize their curvy, toned shape. With her thighs spread, she was leaning back into the throne like a comfortable queen, and she continued to gently massage her clitoris as her eyes shifted away from the two ghouls having sex, to him.

“My love,” she said. “My little Ventrue.”

“... A... Antoinette.” He looked at her, then at the ghouls, back to her, then back to her ghouls. Ashley and Julee, mewling and whimpering, managed only glimpses at him, as they brought themselves to orgasm. He was hard in seconds. “W-What is all this?”

“Most of this is the artwork of a man named Farner Temperman. Dead now, alas. Had I known of his work when he was younger, I may have sired him, to save his artistic genius.” She jingled the chains in her hand, and the two ghouls unhooked their legs, hopped up, and came up to the chair. They sat on their butts, turned slightly, sex slave pose as they smiled at Jack, leaning into the chair. They were shivering with orgasm aftershocks, and the blue light caused the juices on their smooth thighs to glisten.

“You have... a room, dedicated to this artist?”

“Non. This is a room where I indulge in the occasional art expose, my love. One does grow bored in their old age, and as my collection of art grew, I desired a way to express it more thematically.” A play room, for an elder vampire. Holy shit that was awesome. “And now that I have someone such as yourself to share it with, perhaps we can enjoy more games in the future?”

So very awesome.

“I knew you liked fashion, but this is... I mean... wow.”

The Prince smiled at him, a heavier, more seductive smile than she'd been using as of late. He gulped again, and froze as she motioned for Ashley to stand up.

Antoinette stood up as well, turned the girl around to face him, and continued to look at him, gaze on him, as she lowered her lips to Ashley's neck, and began to drink. The little ghoul started to tremble, legs threatening to give out, but the Prince tightened her grip on the girl's neck, other arm hooked around over the other side of her. But she held there for only a moment, before the hand lowered, slipped between the ghoul's thighs, and began to finger Ashley, hard.

Jack stared on, and watched Ashley cum her brains out on Antoinette's fingers, as the Prince drank her down. Through it all, Antoinette continued to look at him, grinning at him with her eyes beneath the fangs of her skull headpiece.

She jingled the chain, and used the same hand to motion for Julee to go forward. Blushing and quivering, the other ballerina walked over to him, and stood before him.

“Ashley and I are your sacrifices for today. You... you should drink, as much as you want, in preparation for your night with the Voivode of Dolareido,” she said, grinning a sly grin he wasn't used to seeing on Julee's face.

Voivode of Dolareido, an Ordo Dracul title.

Fuck, it was easy to forget that, apparently, dragons had a habit of doing some seriously scary shit, experiments with sciences that any modern scientist would call obscene, forbidden, and supernatural. So focused on all the other insanities in his life, he'd sometimes fail to internalize that his love was a practitioner of equally terrifying, mysterious research. She was dressed like an evil sorceress, or a necromancer or something, and as the blue light bathed them, turning her red eyes into black, he could now imagine it, imagine the deadly woman performing dark, inhuman studies in the quiet light of her laboratory.

And of course, the image only made his dick harder, because his dick was like a moth to flame.

He took the naked, shivering ballerina by her bare shoulders, pressed her breasts to his chest, and sank his fangs into her. She melted in moments. But, as he met Antoinette's gaze, and how she was still drinking, sipping Ashley, and fingering the woman again, and again, and again, he mimicked her. With one arm hugging and pinning Julee to his body, his other hand slipped down, got between them, and he thrust two fingers up into her wet slit, palm upward.

She went limp in seconds, conditioned by dozens, probably hundreds of feedings from Antoinette, and lately, by him. Whenever a set of fangs pierced her neck and flooded her with the relaxing waves of the Kiss, a set of lips, or fingers, or a cock, were on or inside her every time. The ballerina was helpless to it, and she started to collapse, her pussy soaking his fingers as her insides clenched on him. The pulsing squirts of her blood, each spurred by the spasms of her muscles, were honey on his tongue, thick and warm, sending a buzz through him as he drank her down.

All a precursor to the main event.

Antoinette picked Ashley up, holding the young woman up by her wrists, both in her one hand. She did the same for Julee, slipping her fingers around the girl's wrist, drawing it around as Jack held her, and grabbing the other, before picking her up. One girl in each hand, Antoinette used her height to keep them from touching the floor, except for the grazing of their toes, as she walked them toward the throne again. And, adorning her throne with ornaments, she set them down against its front legs, laying them out, sacrifices well consumed.

When she turned to face Jack, she set down the leashes still bound to the two girls, and picked up another one, from her throne's arm. Unlike the collar on the girls, this collar was bigger, thicker, fancier, with a skull with blue eyes where a large chain dangled from it, larger again than the chain the girls' leashes were. Antoinette walked up to him, grinned down at him, and handed him the collar. A small lock was on it, and if he put it on, he wouldn't be getting something this heavy and thick off of

him without the key. It was heavy in his hand, and he stared at the jawless skull on its face, with the two blue eyes glowing and looking at him, daring him to give into this woman and whatever insanity she had planned.

He put on collar.

Antoinette sighed, long and pleasant, whole body visibly relaxing, joy on her lips and delight in her eyes. “Yes, my love. Mine. My own. No one else’s.” She tugged on the chain, gently, and guided him toward the throne. He followed, smiling, but shaking a little, as the heavy chain drew him toward the enormous chair. The queen of everything sat upon her throne, leaned back with a deep slouch, and slid her butt forward along the leather so her thighs were spread open and available. “Come to me, my love, and kiss me.” Grin unending, she set one hand on the chair arm, relaxed, while the other did the same, chain held in her grip. She wasn’t looking for a kiss on the lips.

“Can I ask what spurred this on?”

“Why, you did, my little Ventrue. Your questions about my past sent my mind wandering through faded memories, and thoughts of my old endeavors reminded me of times before I came to Dolareido. There are hazy images, dusty and blurred, of my reign, my power, my indulgences. This scene I have created around you is quite similar to one I enjoyed countless times, centuries ago.” She tugged on the chain a little harder, and pointed down toward her smooth slit. “But do not ignore my commands, little Ventrue. You are mine, my love, and I would have you pleasure me.”

He got down onto his knees, between hers, and leaned in forward to put his hands on the leather around her butt. With her leaning back, slouching like a relaxed queen, hips forward, legs spread, her beautiful sex looked dark against her alabaster skin lit by the blue light; when blue was the only source of light, red and pink became black. He could smell her arousal, her lips already a touch wet. Knowing she’d been masturbating while watching Ashley and Julee set his body on fire. Groaning quietly, he leaned in, and set his lips onto the soft folds of her pussy.

She sighed again, another long sigh of pleasure, as she relaxed into the grand throne.

“I asked your sire, my love, about what sort of tastes you kept secret from me. He insisted that you enjoy macabre delights, when approached with an artful, skilled hand.” She gestured to the room around her. “He also insisted that, while you share an appreciation of the more serious macabre arts with your sire, you secretly enjoy such exaggerated, fantastical, beautiful pieces.”

“I—” The moment he raised his head, her other hand pressed down on it, and guided his lips back to her slit with enough speed to feel some impact, his nose hitting her mons.

“I did not say stop.” Her eyes grabbed a hint of steel, solid, staring down on him and through him. A little of that dragon showing through.

He held onto her ass, hands sliding in closer so he could grip onto her for some balance, while he got comfortable on his knees, and began to suckle on her clitoris. Long, gentle licks, easing up the smooth, wet lips of her, while his lips buried the whole of her pussy.

“I have tried to suppress parts of me, little Ventrue, that enjoying being more... dominant.” Despite his suckling, licking, bathing her clitoris in love, her voice did not waver. As she talked, she watched him, gaze upon him, his eyes, while he licked her. A regular conversation for her, but he could feel the wetness of her pussy growing against his mouth, and it wasn't just his saliva.

He raised a brow at her words though. More dominant? Uh oh.

“Do not worry, I do not intend to harm you, my love. But, I do intend to enjoy moments such as these, a little more.” She jingled the enormous chain, lightly, teasingly. “I hope you will acquiesce. I would love to let a touch of my... old self, emerge, with you. Oui?”

Despite being dressed up in armor that belonged on an evil sorceress, and him now on a leash, Antoinette was the vulnerable one in this conversation. She wanted to be a little more dominant with him, expose a little more of someone she used to be, or maybe was with her ghouls before he came along. Whips and chains? No whips yet, but there were chains now, lots and lots and lots of chains. What would she do next. Hang him upside down and give him a blowjob? Tie him down and force him to watch as she masturbated? He was down for all those things. Hell, the idea of those things... kinda excited him. Giving her permission to get a little crazier with her desire to be dominant? He really was a moth to flame.

He nodded into her body, nose nudging against her soft, delicate mons as his tongue reached lower to prod at her entrance. And with his eyes, he smiled at her.

She relaxed, visibly; the question must have been tense for her. Her free hand found his head, and she stroked his buzzed hair, returning his gaze, his smiles with her own, and caressing his scalp, an ear, behind his head, and along his shoulder, before she started to cum. Without breaking eye contact, she brought her hand up from his head to her breasts, and began to caress the closer nipple where it sat between the black fingers of her corset bust. Swollen, puffy, she teased it, traced it in circles, as tiny spasms fluttered through her limbs, down her thighs into her boots, and up her flat stomach, causing her belly to crunch lightly with her increased breathing.

Definitely, she'd definitely been masturbating while waiting for him to arrive, to cum this quickly. Fresh droplets of her juices met his tongue and lips, and slid down the curves of her ass as he rested his mouth against her. Stimulating the clitoris during orgasm would have been painful, but gently touching it, resting his tongue against it, as she came? He knew she liked that.

As if she hadn't just made a wet spot on the throne, as if it was just another day at the office, Antoinette rose from her seat, and began to walk. He got up and followed after her, eyes locking onto how the corset pinched her waist into a tiny sliver; a human would have trouble breathing. It made her hips and large ass look divine against the S curves of her waist, up to the curves of her back. The leather underneath her boots went past the knee a few inches, and pinched lightly on her curvy thighs, pressing in on them and highlighting how deliciously hourglass her figure was, all while giving her an edge of dangerousness. It was armor after all, black and covered in skulls with fangs and blue eyes, all buried in the ghostly blue light of the chamber.

He'd have to thank Julias later, for pointing her in this direction. Cause, god damn, he was enthralled. Antoinette grinned over her shoulder at him as she stepped over the black hands surrounding the mountain of blankets, and tugged on the chain to pull him toward her. Softness greeted him, the blankets of blue silk magnificent against his bare feet. The Prince tugged on him again, and he came to her side, obedient, little tingles dancing up and down his spine as he imagined where this would go.

She motioned for him to lie down upon the altar. Holding the altar up as if it were a great weight, the skeletons underneath it, with their blue eyes and vampire fangs, greeted him with almost smiling gazes. Did they know what was about to happen to him? Had they seen it done to others? The altar was only a foot and a half tall, easy to sit on, or on this case, lie upon, while also long enough for the length of his body to sit cozy on the rich, black leather.

She came up to his head, and leaned over him. "To have you with me, dusk and dawn, has been a delight, my love. Do not think I find your unending desire for sex a bother; it is a joy." She reached down around the altar, and pulled up some more chains from around its base, hidden beneath the silk. Uh oh yet again. She took one of his hands, brought it down beside the altar, and set the shackle around his wrist. With very little slack on the chain, he couldn't get his hand higher than a few inches from the floor. It was comfortable enough, since the altar wasn't very wide, only a couple feet, so his arms could dangle gently, and he could rest his palms against the silk. But if he wanted to lift them, he was boned. And from the size of the chains, he could tell he wouldn't be able to break them with his strength. This wasn't a 'pretend to be bound' roleplaying situation. He was genuinely trapped.



“I’m glad, because... you’re not dissuading me from being aroused every moment I’m near you.” Cause, despite the growing shivers he felt dancing on his spine, warning him he was in danger, his cock only grew harder. Understandable at this point. His dick had the survival instincts of a dodo bird.

“Ah, little Ventrue, that is a comfort to hear. And, see.” Walking past his waist, she let one of her arms hang, and ran her finger along his chest, down his abs, and against his shaft where it stood, pointing up at forty-five degrees towards him. She continued down to his legs, and pulled out more hidden chains, these longer, able to pull over onto the altar, and bind his ankles. “It would take a Kindred of great strength to break these chains, my love. A Daeva or Nosferatu of at least twenty years of age, would be needed. But one such as you, is helpless.”

He squirmed a little, tested her theory, and managed a nervous smile up at her. His cock was already hard enough to hurt, and for some reason, being her captive was only making him harder. Any more and his dick was going to pop like some sort of blood balloon.

But then she walked over to his side, raised one of her long legs, and slipped it over the altar while reaching down to take his cock in her free hand; the other still held his leash, chain wrapping her hand and wrist. She tugged on the leash, pulling his head up a few inches, pointing his gaze to her, to her sex, as she eased her hips down, and devoured his cock inside her smooth, hot, soaked slit. He almost lowered his head as he groaned in bliss, but she tugged the leash again, forcing him to keep his head raised, and watch as her lips spread around his shaft.

Once her lips were pressing to his pelvis, himself balls deep inside her squeezing depths, she let her weight sink her body onto him until her butt molded to his thighs, her metal boots on the blankets around them. Grinning like the devil, she leaned over him, free hand pressing to the altar around Jack’s head, while the other tugged on the leash yet again, up toward her and her breasts.

“I would have another orgasm, my love, my Ventrue. But do not move your hips, or I will punish you. No, you are infatuated with my breasts, and I would have you pleasure me with them.” And, with her hand still against the altar beside his temple, she leaned down further, and pressed one of her enormous breasts to his lips.

The eight, black metal skeleton fingers holding her breasts in were large, but her breasts were more than large enough to justify the size of the strange corset garment. Plenty of her skin was still exposed, the entirety of her nipples and areola as well, so he had no trouble pulling one of the engorged, swollen mounds into his mouth, as Antoinette pressed her breast into his face. With her pushing down on him, he could let his head fall to the leather of the altar, and gaze up at her from underneath her, her tit burying most of his face.

Normally, her breasts were so large and heavy, they squashed onto him like giant teardrops, but her unique clothes kept them upright, firm, tight against her chest. When she leaned down more, instead of her breast gently covering and nudging onto his face, it pressed down on him, pinning his head to the altar. He couldn't lift his head. She didn't want him to.

She held perfectly still, and captured his gaze from where it poked out from around the huge curve of where her breast covered his mouth, chin, and nose. As he suckled on her, he saw her eyes waver slightly, half closing, her sighs of bliss coming through as she started to shiver, as her insides began to squeeze. The other hand still holding the chain pressed to her free breast, and he groaned into her skin as she began to caress her other swollen nipple. No movement, only the suckling and kissing of her nipples, and her insides responded with clenches, squeezes, trickling juices, and little spasms.

He lifted his hips. Shit.

She lifted her breasts, and tugged on his chain until his head was jammed up between her tits, eyes blinking up at her. "Do that again and I will make you wait hours before I satisfy you, if at all. Understood?" Despite the smile on her lips, she had a touch of danger to her eyes. Dragon was becoming a better descriptor every night he was with her.

"Yes ma'am."

Chuckling down at him. She leaned back onto him, pinned his head to the altar, and buried his face with her breasts once again, the other one this time.

"And call me Prince, when you are bound, my little Ventrue. I am your master, your lover, and your Prince." She didn't give him the opportunity to confirm, keeping her breast squashed to his face instead. And, while he wasn't allowed to move his hips, she was, and she started to ease them back and forth, grinding her hips down toward him in a gentle flow, while he suckled on her.

He could tell, she didn't want to cum from the penetration, she wanted to cum from his lips on her nipples. God, the thought of that, of how her breasts had become so sensitive, she could cum from them, from having his lips on them, suckling, tongue licking and caressing, was enough to have drops of his precum leak into her. Fighting the urge to drive his hips up into her boiling insides was almost impossible.

She started to cum again. Like before, she didn't let it stop her, didn't let it force her eyes closed or her actions to stop. Instead, she kept up her slow grind on his cock, and raised her breast out of his mouth, while she grinned at him. Her insides squeezed, trembling, spasms of random muscle clenches joined by her juices coating him, until he could feel them slide down his testicles. Each rippling wave of

clenching bliss sent pleasure down through his sensitive, swollen glans, edging him closer and closer to orgasm, but not into it, not yet. The throbbing was starting to grow painful, and each pulse of need earned another drop of his precum.

“I have been waiting to speak with you,” she said, sitting up straight once more. “Natasha has suggested to me that, it may be foolish to try and separate our romantic life from our Kindred lives.”

“You want to talk about work? Er, I mean, Jessy says I really shouldn’t think about work and Kindred life as separate. I have to agree with her, now that I think about it.”

“Then it is as I feared, and I am doing our relationship a disservice.” Antoinette lifted a leg up and over the altar to join the other, and sat sideways. Still on his cock, still with him inside her, so every movement was a vise on his aching girth. She set both feet on the floor, on the silk blankets, and then folded one leg over the other, the closer leg, like she was about to enjoy tea on the balcony. He could feel it, feel how the position tightened her insides on him, feel her juices leak down his length.

“Y-You are?” Christ, she looked so fucking amazing, sitting there like she was sitting in her office chair. He was that office chair. Why was that so strangely appealing? Probably because she treated her office chair good, as she looked at him over her shoulder, and traced her free hand up and down his chest.

“Oui. I have been treating you as my boy toy, when I should understand that you are an adult, as I am. We should both speak of real things, and share our experiences with each other, support each other.” Still sitting there, on his cock, legs off the side with one folded the other, she began to admire her fingernails, and took a moment to rub them on the chain in the other hand, as if filing them. “You may thrust now.”

Thrust, with her sitting on him, all her weight on him, and his arms and legs bound. Before, she had a lot of her weight on her feet, but now, almost all her weight was pressing down on his pelvis through her ass. She weighed a fair amount, considering how tall she was, with a touch of muscle to her curvy frame, but he was a vampire, and could handle a little weight. And, god, he really wanted to cum.

He put his palms to the blankets underneath him, put some weight onto his shoulder blades against the altar, some onto his heels as well, and started to thrust upward.

Antoinette chuckled, deep, husky, and again began to trace the muscles of his chest, as she bounced on his cock. She didn’t help, didn’t grind, didn’t move, simply sat there, the leash in her further hand, her closer hand caressing his chest, his abs, his chin, everything. Her breasts fought to escape the skeleton hands clutching them, but their grip was secure, and the softness of their squished

shapes stayed put, mostly. And, looking at her from the side like this, he groaned openly at how amazing she looked, how terrifying and beautiful the black fantasy armor looked on her. God damn, she was too good to him.

“I... really don't mind, being your boy toy.”

She slid her free hand down his abs to her closer butt cheek, and pulled up on it beneath the thigh, helping to expose some of where his cock was spreading her open. Soaking wet. “Yes, but, I also want something more. Do you not?”

Didn't even have to think about that. “Y-Yes, very.” So close, it was making talking difficult. Every thrust was causing waves of pleasure to surge through his cock, until the tingling waves were coursing up and down its length.

“We have love, and intimacy, and sexuality, but we lack the back and forth of shared support. I— oh my.” She smiled at him, that devilish smile, as he started to cum inside her.

Finally, release. He shivered and trembled, and his thrusts slowed, as he felt the glans of his cock grow hyper sensitive, so each tiny movement sent powerful pulses of bliss through him. A quick first orgasm, but damn it, the whole situation was filling him with thrills, tingling up and down his spine. He was tied to what might as well have been a sacrificial altar! And the queen necromancer was sitting on his cock, like he was a piece of furniture... that she really liked, and let fuck her while she sat on it. No idea, no idea at all why that was such a turn on, but it was, and he shivered as he felt the heat of his cum drip out of her lips and onto his pelvis and testicles.

“Quick today, non?” Laughing, she stayed as she was, and again lifted up on her butt cheek and thigh of the closer leg to examine where his cum was leaking out of her.

“Sorry... just...”

“Oh, silly boy.” She tugged on the leash, causing his head to rise, so her other hand could caress his chin and nose. “Again.” God yes. He started thrusting up into her, forcing her to bounce, until she laughed, closer to a giggle, and tapped his nose. “Slower this time, mon petit.”

Sighing, but understanding, he pushed his hips up into her slower, no longer making her bounce, but the motion causing gentle, shifting friction of her tightened insides nonetheless. Milking the aftershocks of his orgasm with her tight, dripping insides, was divine.

“As I was saying, before I was interrupted,” she said, and tapped on her chin with the leash-wielding hand. “I hope to... explore, perhaps, a more adult relationship with you. If you do not mind, I

would speak to you of things I normally avoid speaking of, things about the city, about my own strifes. And I hope you will do so for me as well.”

This whole scenario was proving to be an interesting dichotomy. He was bound and helpless, but it was her asking him the vulnerable questions.

“I’d love to.” He knew she loved to protect him from that sort of shit, but, this was better. He wanted what she was offering. Maybe, someday, he could tell her about the weird shit going through his head, since escaping Angela. Maybe.

Her smile grew, dark in the blue light, and she unfolded her legs, only to refold them, other leg this time. And with him inside her to feel every shift and clench of her muscles, he groaned. She set her hands onto her higher knee, both of them, legs still off to the side with one foot to the blankets. A comfortable pose, one someone might use when chatting with friends while sitting around in the living room. And, he couldn’t help but thrust a little harder up into her when she got settled; she didn’t even blink, despite how her insides clenched on him.

She lightly bounced her one leg where it was draped over the knee of the other. “Faster.” Groaning again, he started pushing up into her harder, so her bouncing leg bounced higher, and her delightfully large butt jiggled with the impact. “Your meeting with Avery. Please, tell me more, whatever the Invictus do not deem secret, whatever you felt you needed to trim down for the Primogen meeting.”

“I uh, she seems sincere about... trying to right some wrongs from before,” he said. God damn it, she was bouncing on him, soaking him in her juices, but her voice didn’t waver, no stutters or pitch changes or gasps or moans. She watched him, gaze steady, almost as if she was uninterested in what he was doing to her. But her hot, drenched insides didn’t lie, each thrust forcing the squeezing flesh to massage his swollen girth.

“That... is good to hear. I worry about the Uratha and their violent tendencies.”

“She also told... t-told me, and showed me... some spirits.”

“Did she now? I am most definitely intrigued,” she said, raising a brow as she looked at him. “I... oh.” A long, warm, glowing sigh finally escaped her, and she set her free hand onto his chest, as she started to cum. Her insides, quivering, unleashed a host of spasms, tiny random convulsions of heavenly tightness around his girth. She squeezed tight, very tight, wrenching his cock and almost crushing it with the power of her depths, until he was wincing, and her juices were leaking out of her, dripping

down and mixing with his cum. “Please, continue.” Back to normal, back to status quo, despite the continued trembling in her pussy. God damn, how did she do that?

“She... she brought me to a sex hole, in one of the brothels in Devil’s Corner.” He started thrusting again, trying to keep himself from going too fast. The quick orgasm from earlier kept the next one a decent ways away, for now. “People there were being... possessed, I guess. Avery told the spirits to expose themselves, and they came out, and they were these... sex spirits. Pink, very sexual.”

“I knew wonders and terrors were hiding in my city, but I did not realize an aspect of it had manifested in such an interesting way.” She folded her arms under her bust, with her chain-wielding arm bending at the elbow to bring the hand to her chin, and tap on it a few more times thoughtfully. “Normally, such mysteries remain hidden to all, but these Uratha can bring secrets to the foreground.”

“It was pretty... interesting.” More groans sneaked into his voice, and he forced himself to slow down. And he could use a break, some fake sweat starting to bead on his body from the blush of life. “One of them... called me sexual.” No need to bring up that Clara was there to see that.

The Prince laughed, loudly too, and with a long, slow, drawn out motion, slid her leg off its sister, and brought it around, up, and over to the other side of the altar, so she was facing him again. Legs spread, he shivered at the sight of her smooth slit spread open around his cock, and her alabaster skin, now ghostly blue in the lighting. She leaned forward again, set both her hands down onto the altar around his head, and buried his face between her bound breasts.

“You are a sexual creature, little Ventrue, more than most. And, so am I.” She kissed his forehead, and pressed down on him with her breasts, hiding his mouth and nose between them while pinning his head to the altar. “Now, make love to your Prince, Jack. Hard.”

He moaned into the softness of her bosom, and started pounding his hips upward, hard enough to have her whole body bouncing. At last, he managed to earn a proper moan out of her as he drove his hips upward, slamming them up into her, and causing her breasts and chests to shift back and forth along his face and chest, all while she smiled down at him. Much as he was able to pull some moans out of her, her expression remained unfazed, and she cooed down at him with her seductive, inviting huskiness. The bouncing caused some of her long, flowing waves of white hair to fall over her shoulders and around his face, painting the beautiful woman in pale blue, like a majestic painting, as she started to cum again.

He stopped thrusting as fast, slowing down the pace but keeping the strength of each impact, so she continued to bounce on him, and let out tiny moans through her shivering body, as she clamped

down. More of her juices soaked him, leaking down his testicles, wetting his thighs, his pelvis, all while she clenched and squeezed on his cock, until it was ready to burst.

But he stopped before he came. Took everything he had to stop, but he did, and forced down the rising pleasure underneath his testicles. So close, one more thrust and he'd pop, but he wanted this to last.

"Oh, my love, resisting me, are you?" She sat up straight, and then stood up, his cock slipping out of her drenched folds, before it stood upright and pointed slightly toward him. It was hard enough the veins on it were bulging. And with her standing over him, armored boots to the blankets around the altar, a couple drops his cum, and several more of her juices, fell from her folds onto his abs.

"Trying..."

"If I had known being bound and helpless like this, truly and terribly helpless, was so arousing for you, I would have done this sooner." She knew the other times he was bound, it was games, roleplaying, nothing he couldn't break out of. This time it was different.

She reached up, brushed back her waves of hair with both hands, adjusted her skull crown, and stepped over the altar to stand beside it. And, with another playful, long sigh, she got down onto her knees beside the altar, leaned over it, took his cock into her hand, and guided it up to her breasts. Soaked in juices and cum as it was, she didn't bother with lubricant, and instead, pressed the swollen glans of his cock into the crevice of her breasts near her corset. Easing herself down, Jack groaned openly at the sensation of her breasts, so very, very tight around his girth, from how the metal skeleton fingers kept her tits compressed against each other.

He lifted his head, and stared down his body at the sight of her two breasts completely burying every inch of his cock inside her cleavage. Not a single inch of his tingling girth managed to poke out of the bed of tight, silky pressure of her bosom. And, looking at her, at the corset and its skeleton hands holding her tits, at the wrist guards and bicep guards, at the beautiful black skull crown on her head, he moaned. It only took a few gentle, loving sways of her chest back and forth, side to side along his pelvis, to cause the bubbling sparks of bliss beneath his legs to send his cum gushing up his length and into her cleavage.

He held still and let the love of his life milk him of his cum. She didn't use her hands, she didn't need to, not with the beautiful corset keeping her breasts tight together. Tender sways of her chest back and forth was more than enough for her milky, soft skin to caress his glans to almost painful bliss, and cause spurt after spurt of his white cum to spill into, onto, and between her breasts, until it was overflowing and dripping down onto him.

“Again,” she said.

“I, I uh—”

She yanked on the leash, and offered him a steel gaze, a hard gaze, a ‘do as I tell you’ gaze. “Again. Thrust.”

He gulped, and started pushing his hips up, fucking her breasts under his own power, while she kept her weight down and forward, corset pressing into his side, the black metal fingers of the bust pressing against his pelvis and thighs. His cock was still hard, belly full of blood spurring him on, and with his own cum coating his cock twice over, in the tight softness of her breasts, the pleasure was immediate. He couldn’t thrust too hard, not with Antoinette leaning over him like that, knelt beside him, but he could keep a decent, consistent, gentle hip thrust going, and he shivered as each inch he managed to slide his cock up and down between her tits filled him with growing heat again.

Her hand with the leash found his chest, and teased circles around his nipples, along his chest, down his abs and serratus muscles, and down to her own breasts. She dipped her finger between them, caressing the hidden head of his cock, its ripe, swollen body sparking with bliss. Now coated with cum, she pulled the finger out of her cleavage, and traced the white along his body, drawing the lines of his muscles with his seed.

Five minutes and he was cumming again. He collapsed his head back, only for Antoinette to yank on the leash again, and force him to watch, as his cum poured into her breasts. Cumming so quickly a third time was a pretty big flag over his head, saying ‘you’ve found my kink’ in big bright letters, almost as bright as the white of his cum pouring out over her cleavage, catching the eerie light and becoming a pale, glowing, ghostly blue. He stared on, hips managing small, trembling thrusts into her tits, until a few spurts of his cum managed to squirt an inch into the air up her sternum, hitting her neck corset, before splashing down onto her breasts, and leaking between the black metal fingers.

Finally, she let the leash slack, and his head fell back to the altar, body panting and shivering. Panting was unnecessary, he didn’t need air, but the old reflex was hard to break, and he could feel it come to him naturally, along with a couple of tiny moans and a few shivers to go with them. When he raised his head enough to look down his body, he caught Antoinette’s eyes, and melted into her gaze, how her eyes were looking his body up and down, and drinking in the sight of him in orgasmic bliss, in the same way he did her earlier. He tried to pin her expression; happy wasn’t the right word, overjoyed was too much, and content didn’t do it justice. She looked... peaceful.

She stood up. He looked up at her, head still resting on the soft leather, and he stared on at how the blue light highlighted his white cum against the black of the corset. His cum was trickling down her



breasts, down her body, down the corset, and some of it dripped off of the underside of her breasts from the black metal fingers, and onto the blankets beneath them.

“Now,” she said, grin returning as she sat down on the altar’s edge beside his waist, “we may continue. How was your day, dear?”

“Um... uh... it was good. Met a sex spirit thing. Tried to make friends with a werewolf. Apparently going to be giving two of her pack some suites in Carlava Villa.”

“Is that so?” She laughed. Retreading the notes of the Primogen meeting, in the new context of lovers talking about their day, was fun, and novel. “That may very well prove fruitful, if they have not tasted the joys of decadence and wealth before.”

He smirked at her, and looked left and right, indicating he was trying to see his down and bound hands. Apparently, she didn’t get the hint. He knew she did of course, but conveniently decided to ignore him, and leave him bound. Crap.

“You think?”

“Mmhmm.”

“I get the impression Carter is set in his ways. I think he’s the oldest person in the pack. Clara might enjoy it though.”

“Oh, Clara... I feel juvenile, letting that woman’s flirtations bother me so.” She tugged on the leash again, pulling his head up toward her, and she grinned down at him with a touch of a fang exposed. “It is foolish of me, non?”

“Terribly foolish.”

“Indeed.” She let the leash go, letting his head bounce on the leather. He chuckled. “Perhaps I should find her another man to direct her attentions toward.”

“Heh, is Daniel single?”

“... he is.” She tapped her chin again, folding her legs again too, and lightly bouncing the one foot while she pondered. A nice, casual conversation, in a necromancer’s throne room. “And dreadfully alone. His loneliness wraps him like a cold blanket, one he is too familiar with to cut from his body.”

Wow. He hadn’t expected her to indulge the topic of Daniel, or to speak about him, about personal things about him. Adult conversation about real things indeed.

“I don’t know Clara well enough to suggest she’d be a good match, but you never know, right?”

She nodded. “People may surprise even me, with time.” With a long sigh, she leaned back a bit, hand reaching behind her and across his legs to the other side of the altar to catch her weight. It caused her torso to lean back over his legs, and arch her back so the ridiculous curves of her massive breasts, highlighted by the suicidal corset, struck him dumb. Where did her organs go!?

“Makes me wonder if we should find Avery someone,” he said. “If we want her to help us deal with the hunters, I wonder...”

“Perhaps.” She picked up the leash again, and tugged on it, idly, like she enjoyed the feel of the metal in her hands. Probably did, especially with his neck thoroughly bound to the other end. “I—oh, I should let you up, should I not?”

He offered a slow nod, eyes scanning her for deception. There had to be deception, no way she was going to let him go that easily. A few moments later she started to chuckle, especially as his eyes squinted at her in their search for lies.

She reached down, undid the binds of his hands, and then again, for the binds of his legs. Oh thank god he could move again. It wasn't exactly uncomfortable, but being bound and unable to move more than two inches for too long was hitting him with a hint of claustrophobia. He'd get used to it, if this was going to become a regular thing, he was sure. Still, he sighed relief as he sat up, and put his palms to the altar's seat.

Only for her to gently push him back down onto his back. Still holding the leash, she slipped onto his waist, legs around him, metal boots to the silk blankets beneath them, and her hands down on his chest. She pulled on the leash, pulling him up to her, and putting his head to her breasts. His cum had faded away by now, so only the softness of her beautiful bo—ow, metal fingers, face, ow. He winced and looked up through the weird contraption up at her, and smirked as she smirked.

“I really do like the armor, by the way. On anyone else it'd be a bit ridiculous, but you pull it off, with the decor and the sex slaves and everything.” He nodded past her toward the two girls, sleeping by the throne. Ashley was drooling.

“Armor is a strong word for the ensemble. It is a dress I commissioned many years ago from a fashion designer, with Temperman's work as their foundation. It is meant only to be used in sexual games. Had I known this drôle sense of fashion and art appealed to you, as it does to me, I would have invited you to share in this wonderful game with me sooner.”

“Heh, when I was younger, I used to draw things like... well, like that.” He gestured to the Grim Reaper statue behind them, and the glowing blue light escaping its ribcage.

“And why would a young boy have an interest in such dark art?”

“I never found it dark, really. Just, interesting. A representation of death, this larger than life concept, personified. And, the human skull is... surprisingly beautiful.” He leaned back onto his hands as she let up on the leash a little, before reaching out with a palm to caress the corset underneath her breasts, then the bicep guards and the black metal faces they sported. His fingers drifted down her skin to her wrists, so his fingers could caress the blue eyes on those skull faces as well, before back to the corset where two metal skeleton hands wrapped the black leather.

She really did look like some sort of evil sorceress necromancer. God fucking damn, it was amazing. The fuck did he do to deserve such a woman in his life? His second life, anyway.

“It is beautiful, I agree.” Still holding the leash, her other hand caressed the back of his head. His skull was on display all the time, considering his hair was now eternally buzzed very short. “It is an old idea, but reborn in interesting ways.”

“What idea?”

“The woman, beautiful, mature, deadly and powerful, dressed in clothes such as these. There was a lengthy period in history I had to deal with, my love, where such imagery was considered offensive. And then the 60s happened. Suddenly, people were encouraging each other to test their limits, to break free of stereotypes, to embrace sexuality... and drug abuse, but let us focus on the former. Suddenly, women in bikinis riding white tigers were on the sides of vans on my city streets. But, more to my liking, were the images of women delighting in darker imagery, with tattoos of skulls upon their backs, and of snakes upon their breasts.”

“Then you’d love Beatrice’s tats.”

“Oh, you have seen Julias’s lover’s breasts?”

Shit.

“Yeah? Kinda just happens randomly sometimes, cause she’s around him all the time, and she couldn’t care less if I see her topless.” He winced as he said it, blatantly, hopefully putting a drop of humor on his response. Antoinette laughed. Mission successful.

“When such women also wore dark, long, black dresses, often with plunging cleavage, I delighted in its fashion. Visual artists naturally took such fashion to extremes with their brushes, and created imagery of women with their skulls exposed upon beautiful bodies, or with black wings, or wearing clothes... such as these.” She leaned back, and gestured to herself, her enormous breasts being crushed in the black grip, her neck corset and the small skull on it, and everything else. Jaw-dropping beautiful.

“And when you are as old and rich as I, you feel entitled to indulge in the whimsy of fashion movements, even that meant only for paintings.”

“By all means, please, continue to indulge. And if there’s any other fantasies you want to try out, hit me, you know? Doesn’t need to be aesthetics I like. Could be anything.”

“I will hold you to that, my love.” She tugged on the leash again, pulling him closer to her so he was leaning forward into her awaiting body. “I am half a millennium old, and I have, my entire life, admired and sought to explore sensuality in all its glory. I have a refined and developed palette, my little Ventrue, and I will drown you in my imagination.”

That sounded both very sexy, and very sinister. He kind of liked it either way, but still, shivers.