

~~ Set between Chapters 27 and 28 of My Little Ventrue.~~

~~2010~~

~~Ashley~~

Ashley sat up. Her bed. Her lovely, awesome, comfortable, super amazing bed. And normally it'd be empty.

“Julee, get up.”

“Nnnng.” Her friend rolled over and sank her face into her pillow.

“Get up!”

“Nng. Nnnn.”

Ashley rolled her eyes, and pulled down the blankets to expose the brunette. Both of them were in pajamas, pink for Ashley, purple for Julee.

It was Ashley's bedroom, and the pink blankets were covered in pictures of kitties with big anime eyes. Julee preferred darker colors, and dogs instead of cats. Cause she was dumb. Cause cats were the best.

“Don't you have classes today?” Ashley said.

“Nnnnno. Professor taking day off.”

Lazy ass professor. Julee was breezing on through her writing class cause the man was content to let his students not bother with class. Ashley's Language Arts teacher wasn't so nice. Second year university introduced some odd professors with weird habits.

Ashley crawled over onto Julee's back, and straddled her. Her friend didn't respond with anything more than a whimper and groan, and tried to dislodge her with as much effort as a comatose bear. Pathetic. Ashley laughed and lay down on her friend, elbows to the blankets.

“Got a boyfriend yet?”

Julee groaned and shook her head. “No. I thought Rick liked me, but I tried getting his attention a little more. Smiled at him, batted my eyelashes and stuff. Nothing.”

“He’s just a man, dumbass. You can’t flirt and expect him to pick up on it. Get some of those marshalling wands those airplane guide dudes use, and guide him right to your pussy,” Ashley said. And she laughed. Julee didn’t think it was so funny though, and she whined into the pillow. Ashley’s extra pillow. “Well fine, if you’re going to be a baby, go to your room.”

“No. I’m lonely.”

“Oh I get it. You want love.” Ashley snuggled her chest into Julee’s back, and squeezed her legs around her hips a bit.

“Not from you anymore! Meanie.” Julee squirmed a little more, but gave up a few seconds later. As per usual, girl gave up on anything after three seconds, even escaping Ashley’s advances.

“I don’t believe that.”

Ashley put a kiss on Julee’s ear, before her lips lowered to find her friend’s neck.

Friends with benefits. Neither of them had boyfriends yet, or had ever slept with a man. But they’d found each other when they came to university, and when Ashley had flirted with her a little, just for fun, she’d been surprised to find Julee receptive. University was a time for experimentation after all, and a little alcohol later, the two got naked and spent the night having sex.

And kept having sex. A lot. University had a way of destroying inhibitions. Something to do with all the alcohol probably. And the weed. And just being surrounded by horny young adults all the time. And it was easier than finding boyfriends, men they could get along with.

Ashley leaned her weight onto one elbow, and slid the other hand down Julee’s body. The brunette didn’t resist; never did. Much as Ashley was often the initiator, Julee was always ready to receive. She slid her hand under the waistband of her friend’s pants, down the crease of her lovely dancer’s butt, and down to the folds of her delicate little pussy.

Julee wriggled and squirmed, but only enough to give the pretense she didn’t want this. Ashley was a hornball, but Julee was like paper in front of a fire. Normally, perfectly calm, but the moment someone touched her with a flame, Julee was primed for major fucking. Any guy would be lucky to have her; a kiss on the neck and she was wet. Literally. Ashley’s fingers found just a hint of moisture budding in the entrance of her canal, and she’d been teasing her a total of one minute.

“God you are such a slut.”

“Not... nice...” Julee’s voice melted into little murmurs, and her wriggling ceased. Which was Ashley’s signal to get off of her, and pull off her pants. Girl didn’t resist, not even a little. Not even as Ashley flipped her over, and grinned down at her.

“Legs all nice and smooth. Pussy too. Looking to jump Rick on the first date?”

“... maybe.”

Ha. Ashley got down on her elbows between her friend’s toned thighs, and leaned in to put a gentle kiss on her friend’s clit. Immediate mewls. Ah, Julee Julee, acting so sweet and shy and innocent all the time, and craving sex more than any guy she knew. Ashley blamed the internet and all the porn.

Chuckling, she started to plant tiny kisses on Julee’s swelling clitoris. But five seconds in, the door knocked, ruining what could have been an orgasm-filled morning.

“Yo, Ash! Come on, you’re going to be late.” Brad, yelling outside the apartment door.

“Shit, right. Coming! Twenty minutes!”

“What the fuck, twenty minutes?” he called. Yeah they were going to be late at this rate, fuckity fuck.

“Up up,” Ashley said, and hopped off the bed. “Got twenty minutes to get dressed.”

Julee sat up, and glared daggers at her. “Yooouuu bitch.”

~~~~~

Ashley sat down in the seat, and grinned her biggest jackass grin at the old fogy next to her. He had no business staring at her like she didn’t belong. She was dressed nice! It was a beautiful, strapless thing with poofy shoulders, black with black gloves, and tasteful cleavage. Probably just staring cause she was young; his wife stared at her the same way.

Julee sat down next to her, and Ashley leaned in to her friend.

“We’re surrounded by old farts.”

Julee giggled, and pushed her back into her seat. She was wearing a similar dress to Ashley, but she opted for white instead of black, and her dress went down to the heel while Ashley’s stopped at the knee. They were a matching set, as per usual. She liked that.

“Yeah well, I hear the Pale Lady likes to mix things up with her playing. Attracts the young and old.”

“Yeah.” Brad, looking delightful in his tux, leaned in over Julee to join the conversation. “I hope Chris was right.”

Brad’s boyfriend. The man had great musical taste, and he managed to find something most people could enjoy. But Ashley and Julee were different, they listened to music for more than just background noise. So, a little skepticism was warranted.

It was a damn nice place though, and Brad had the tickets, so it was a free nice place. The Grand Manorla Opera House! Fucking massive, with rows upon rows of seats, and a balcony, box seats, a fancy chandelier, and glorious, grand, red drapes. Drapes that would kill a man if you dropped them on him. The seats were so soft and lined with the same red color, and the railings between rows were colored ivory. And the stage, oh god the stage was massive. The red drapes were down, lined with ivory thread, and above were ivory dragons carved into the decor. So beautiful.

The building housed fifteen hundred people, and from the looks of it, every seat was full. Lot of talking going on, everyone some degree of excited or worried the show would be bad. No one had ever heard of the Pale Lady before a few weeks ago, when she’d suddenly started doing shows. No advertising though, just pure word of mouth that spread. And while Ashley and Julee weren’t really into classical music, they appreciated it, and a lot of their musical taste included music with a lot of depth and complexity. Just because it was played on a synthesizer instead of a cello didn’t mean it couldn’t have depth or beauty!

The lights started to dim. The crowd started to quiet. Ashley’s legs started to bounce. What would she sound like? What would she look like? Didn’t matter, so excited! Just visiting the Manorla was a treat.

The curtains parted, and the crowd went silent. A woman sat in the center of the stage upon an armless chair, a simple thing of wood and black cushion. The lights were dim except for a single one pointed at the musician from a distant corner, casting her shadow long behind her. The cello stood proud on the stage, and she held it by the neck with finesse. Ashley didn’t know what graceful looked like, until she saw the pale woman holding the monstrous instrument.

Whoever she was, she wore a black dress, sleeveless, with tiny straps over the shoulders. The skirt was long, very long, longer than her legs so it hid her feet. But it was the black veil over her head that had Ashley staring. It was see-through, and the light exposed the shape of her, the long hair that fell behind.

White hair? It went well with her pale skin. Maybe she was very old? She was too far for Ashley to see her skin well, but she certainly didn't seem old.

And she seemed... majestic. She wasn't doing anything, just sitting there and waiting, bow in her hand and still upon the strings of the cello. No sound, no movement, nothing. Pure, distilled silence. Ashley listened, straining her hearing as best she could, until the sound of people breathing around her, and the sound of her own heartbeat was apparent. Everyone in the room waited, doing the same thing she was doing, until she was sure some people started holding their breath in hopes to hear the Pale Lady do something. Anything.

At last, she started to play. Slow, quiet, a deep note that she dragged out for a long time, with a touch of waver. Like a crying mountain. The urge to start writing danced on Ashley's fingers, but she'd have to wait until the show was done, then she could vomit words on the page until she had something worth sharing. Focus on the show for now. Another note, higher pitched, but still slow, shaking, a lamenting breeze.

The Pale Woman started to play faster. And louder. What were once quiet notes rose until the stirring and breathing of the audience was buried in the power of the instrument. Other instruments joined in, invisible until more lights joined the stage to expose the new musicians. A drummer, a bassist, a guitarist, and a keyboardist — definitely not a piano, as each note hit wasn't the typical vibration of piano string, but the digital-yet-beautiful sound of a choir. And the bass and guitar were electric! Electric, with distortion, but it was the cello that lead them with a louder, heavier sound. It was her show, and everyone else was there to support her playing.

And play she did. What had started as gentle melodies and eventual loud melodies, evolved into a flurry of notes that grabbed Ashley's ears, and pulled her into a skyward journey. The girl struggled to keep her eyes open; she wanted to close them so she could let the sound take her into the clouds in a rapid ascent before the turbulence and shredding notes spun her around. But she kept them open, desperate to see the motions, the way the Pale Lady almost banged her bow against the strings. The guitar was playing the classical melody, the cello was playing the shredding solo.

For an hour. Over an hour, the song went through movements, evolving the melody but keeping its structure. Key changes, time signature changes, tempo changes. For an hour, the Pale Lady and her four companions mixed classical music with metal with unique blends, with pinches of jazz, blues, and rock. But always it came back to the classical sound, controlled and dominated by the cello.

When it was over, the curtains came down, and the crowd roared with clapping. Not many cheers; such was the nature of the old and conservative. But when Ashley glanced their way, she could see they were smiling, nodding, looking at each other and chatting about the unique but enjoyable sound.

“Wow,” Julee said, “that was... really good.”

“An hour is too short!” Ashley whined, threw her hands up, and collapsed into the seat. “I mean, I guess it was one song from beginning to end.”

“Yeah.” Brad nodded and got up from his chair. “I owe Chris. Come on, let’s get out of here, I want to tell him about the concert. And I got an essay to write.”

Bleh, no time to bask in the post-music bliss. Ashley nodded and got up along with Julee, and the three of them shuffled there way out into the isle.

“Excuse me.” A man came up to join them, an usher, dressed sharp and offering a warm, gentle smile. Guess he didn’t hate his job. “The Pale Lady noticed a few rather young faces in the audience, and she was hoping you could join the post-show reception.”

The two girls squealed and jumped up and down a few times, before they stopped, looked around at all the old people staring, and blushed.

“Fuck. I can’t,” Brad said, “gotta go. You girls cool taking a taxi home?”

“I am,” Ashley said. “Julee?”

Her friend nodded.

“Very good. If you’ll come with me.” The man bowed, and started walking toward the reception hall.

Night was getting better and better.

~~~~~

Wow. Wow. Wow.

Ashley couldn’t stop fidgeting. Where to put her hands? Where do you normally put your hands!? She held them to her stomach, and squeezed on her fingertips, one at a time, as she watched the Pale Lady

move down the isle. Still wearing her veil, but the lighting was strong enough to show her face through it, and expose the woman underneath as more than a silhouette.

She was beautiful. Ashley thought maybe she'd be the type to look great for her age, one of those sixty-year-old actors who still have smooth skin and great figures. How they did that, no one knew. Fountain of youth, deal with the devil, who knows. But the woman behind the veil looked to be in her thirties, despite her long white hair. Maybe she dyed it?

The Pale Lady did not do autographs. People tried to get them, but she smiled and shook her head as she walked past the rich and old, people dressed in all sorts of fancy clothes that had Ashley jealous. Not that she wanted to look like a plump old lady, but that she wanted to wear an expensive dress that looked like it came out of that Titanic movie, giant jewel necklace included. But the Pale Lady didn't seem to care about the jewelry, the dresses, the men attached to the dresses, or any of that. She looked only at the faces as she passed by, looking through them as much as anything.

The isle was lined with black stanchions with white ropes, easily knocked over if someone wanted to. But the Pale Lady needed little in the way of security; a couple of guards at each end was plenty. There was a man too, someone wearing a trench coat and glasses walking behind her. Husband? He wore gloves, so if he had a ring Ashley couldn't see it, and the Pale Lady didn't wear a ring anyway. Who was he then?

"She's so tall," Julee said, leaning toward Ashley to put her lips against her ear.

"I know. And... curvy." Possessed by evil gremlins, her eyes wandered up and down the woman's body. She hadn't really noticed it from so far, and with the Pale Lady holding the cello in the way, but the woman was voluptuous. Like, really. How did a woman with a small waist have such wide hips, and such a massive rack? Ashley snorted on a chuckle, and Julee elbowed her in the side.

The Pale Lady grew closer, and closer, and Ashley and Julee stared up at her as she started to pass.

But then she stopped, and turned to look down at the two of them. Ashley's mouth parted slowly, and her eyes stared through the veil at the beautiful woman. Luscious red lips, and... red eyes?

"You two are quite young to enjoy such an event, non?" she said.

Talking. The Pale Lady was talking to them. A subtle French accent, and a subtle smile to go with it. Ashley had to say something back. Say something back!

Julee tried first. "I... um... we're...."

“We were really moved!” Ashley said. Or squeaked. She had to speak up to get over the volume of the surprised crowd; everyone had leaned in to hear the Pale Lady speak.

“Y-Yeah! It had layers, but also, catchy riffs. Instead of just being snooty, it was emotional, and accessible, and... and...” Julee blinked, and looked left and right. The crowd had gone quiet in seconds once she’d started talking. People were leaning in for more than just the Pale Lady, they were leaning in to hear the two young girls talk about the famous cellist’s music. Some had taken out notepads, and others had taken out cameras.

Their pictures would be in the paper! Quotes taken out of context!

Ashley’s palms started to sweat a bit, and she made her best fake smile.

“It was beautiful,” she said. Something nice and quotable, right?

The Pale Lady chuckled, and turned to face them completely. “It is rare to find the young interested in such music. Would you like to return with me to my suite? I would love to speak with ones of your age.”

“Back to your place?” Julee blinked, looked at Ashley, and gulped. “What do you think?” she said.

“I think hell yeah!”

~~~~~

She hadn’t expect the night to go like this, not at all. By now she expected to be back home with Julee, texting Brad about the show, maybe eating ice cream and watching some TV. Definitely giving Julee that orgasm she’d teased her friend with. Hell, maybe getting one herself.

She did not expect to be sitting inside a luxurious changing room, complete with those silly old mirrors with the light bulbs fitted to them, and a purse on the desk. The room had little else besides that, some cabinets, a fridge, and a couple of very, very comfy couches. No dresses though, or all the stuff a performer might need access to. Whoever this woman was, she didn’t like to expose herself or her wardrobe.

“I wonder what she wants to talk about?” Julee said. The two of them were on the couch, hip to hip, and rocking a bit with their anxiety.



“Guessing our lives and how they relate to her music. You gotta admit there weren’t many young people there.”

“Yeah but the old people looked like they were kind of surprised by the music too.”

Ashley nodded, got up, and started to pace, each step a little kick of the foot in front of her while she had her hands hooked behind her. The Pale Lady didn’t exist except for a few concerts. No CDs, no radio, no MP3s or whatnot to be found online, except for some shitty recordings from people who managed to sneak in some devices. What a weird combination of conspiracy and classic intrigue.

The door opened. Ashley squeaked and jumped onto the couch, put her hands on her knees, and beamed an awkward smile.

The Pale Lady came into the room, still wearing her veil, but alone this time. So tall and curvy, and the way she walked, so calculated and refined, so controlled and deliberate. Such a stereotype! The powerful, intelligent woman who controlled people’s desires with the sway of her hips, and their thoughts with the sound of her lips.

Ooh, she’d have to write that one down later.

Smiling at the two of them, the Pale Lady removed her veil and set it aside. Long white hair, not wrinkled or thin, came down to her hips, thick and wavy. Her skin was pale and her lips dark red. And she did have red eyes! Such fancy contact lenses. She looked like some sort of beautiful succubus with the red gaze, and she met Ashley’s blatant staring unwaveringly.

“Bonjour,” she said.

“H-Hello,” they said.

“Quite in sync you two are. Close friends?”

Ashley and Julee nodded, but only Ashley spoke up. “We are. And, uh... we um... we really liked the show, and—”

“Please, we need not speak of the music. I understand you enjoyed it, and your summary of why at the reception was fitting.” Nodding, the Pale Lady came and sat upon the couch that sat at an angle across from them.

Well, guess she didn’t want what Ashley figured she wanted then.

“Then, um... what do you want to talk about?” Julee said.

“You two, of course.”

Ashley blinked several dozen times. “Us? But... but we’re just a couple of university students.”

The Pale Lady smiled at them, and folded one leg over the other while one of her hands drifted down her leg. Ashley couldn’t help but follow the fingers with her eyes before forcing herself to look back up. The long skirt had some heft to it, and it molded to the woman’s legs enough for Ashley to see their curves a little as well.

“You two have a spark in you,” she said. “If I may ask, are you two artists?”

“We are, we are!” Ashley leaned forward and set her hands on her bouncing knees. “I write a lot, romance sorta stuff. Julee writes music, and paints. We also do dancing stuff, and sometimes gymnastics!”

“Delightful.” Her eyes scanned them up and down a few times, but they lingered on Julee for a little longer. One of her eyebrows raised inquisitively before the Pale Lady let her eyes drift with thought. “You two have passion.”

“Y-Yes,” Ashley said. She looked over at Julee too, but her friend was looking down, squirming. The Pale Lady’s look must have stirred something in her. “We both really like what we do. Julee’s trying to learn how to sing too. But she’s a quiet songbird, hasn’t found her wings yet.”

“Ashley!” Julee blushed and wriggled, like a worm on a hook. “I... I uh...”

“Do not worry, Julee,” the Pale Lady said, “from one musician to another, I would not ask you to perform without planning for it. Such demands can be cruel, even from supportive friends.”

Oh damn, that was a really elegant way of calling Ashley mean.

“S-Sorry,” Ashley said.

Julee shook her head and smiled at her though, both of them. “It’s ok.”

“We may all be perhaps somewhat tense. Here.” The beautiful woman got up, and retrieved a bottle of wine from the cabinet. “To loosen our tongues and our legs.”

Ashley snorted on the laughter that jumped out of her. “Um, sure! But uh, you sure you want a couple of university students getting drunk? We have a tendency to... I dunno, get rowdy.” Wow, no idea the Pale Lady could be this fun, or make jokes.

The Pale Lady smirked. “All the better.”

~~~~~

“Ok, ok.” Ashley leaned in toward the Pale Lady. Antoinette was her name apparently—French! So pretty. “Ok, I have a confession. This... mmmay not be the first time I’ve been drunk... this week.”

The three of them were sitting on the same couch now, Antoinette at one end, Julee at the other, Ashley in the middle. Even drunk, Julee was a quiet little butterfly, but at least she smiled a lot instead of being shy, more eye contact and more giggles.

“You are university students,” Antoinette said, “and artists as well. I expect some adventurousness from women your age.”

Adventurousness! Yes, awesome. “Yeah! Total adventurers. We do crazy things, like... well, we came here!”

“Oui. Imagine my surprise that a few younger people were in my audience.” The beautiful, busty, gorgeous, crazy hot woman smiled down at them, and slipped an arm behind Ashley to set it on the couch’s back. Slick and suave.

“We do more than try out new things like this though!” Ashley took another long, long sip of her drink, and elbowed Julee almost hard enough for her friend to drop her glass. “Julee here poses for an art class! In some very skimpy clothing.”

“Shh... you’re yelling.”

“I am not!” Maybe she was. “Julee and I both do gymnastics, so sometimes we’re asked to do poses. I got bored, but Julee, I think she likes it, everyone staring at her beautiful body.”

“Ashley!” Her friend frowned at her, but it faded quick as alcohol overpowered it with more smiles and giggling. Followed by more drinking of course.

“You two are delectable,” Antoinette said. “Your boyfriends must be quite enamored.”

“Psshaw. I’m single, Julee’s single. I mean we keep each other company in bed sometimes, but no boys in our lives yet. Ever. Sad!” She threw up her spare hand and lamented to the cruel universe. “We’re going to die virgins.”

“Ashley!” Like a parrot Julee was. “TMI.”

“It is ok, Julee. I find this all very endearing. And besides, you have had sex with each other, you are virgins no longer, despite what some may say.” Antoinette grinned down at the two of them, and dragged a finger along her lip in that slow, obviously seductive way. Wait, was she seducing them? God Ashley hoped she was. The Pale Lady was so fucking pretty. “And I am sure that, when you are ready and if you desire them, bountiful sex and fulfilling relationships with men will be yours.”

“Easy for you to say!” Ashley downed another glass, and started pouring another. The Pale Lady wasn’t having any though. Weird. “You’re so beautiful and curvy. You could have any man or woman right now if you wanted. And those boobs! Are... are they real?” She leaned in, and stared at the enormous sweater-puppies filling Antoinette’s lovely dress. The tiny straps, lack of sleeves, formfitting bust, it all accented her breasts perfectly.

“Ashley! I think you’ve had enough.” Julee reached out for her drink, but missed, despite Ashley making no attempts to dodge.

“Me? Pffft you’re falling over in your seat.”

“You’re the one hitting on our host!”

“You’re the one—”

“Girls, girls, believe me, your honesty and joyfulness are a wonder and delight.” Her chuckles were sultry, and her gaze almost predatory. “But, yes, my breasts are real you silly imp.” The goddess lowered her gaze, eyes wandering, considering, before she looked back to the two girls. “Perhaps, you would like to confirm?”

“...w-what?” they said together.

“Would you like to see for yourself?” The gorgeous woman didn’t even blush with her words. Instead, the arm she had draped over the back of the couch slid down to find Ashley’s hair, and the curvy woman combed it with her fingers before her palm settled on Ashley’s shoulder. Touching her, the woman was touching her.

Ashley looked over at Julee. Her friend was staring at the two of them, dumbfounded. Good, it wasn't just Ashley confused as fuck then. Confused, surprised, and very, very tempted.

"I uh... I know I'm drunk, so correct me if I'm wrong, but I think you're trying to seduce me."

"Oh, you wish that I would not?"

"No! No no. God no." She drank some more, set the glass down, and turned on the couch to stare whole body at the beautiful woman. Julee copied her, even leaned over her shoulder a bit to join in the staring. "Just... d-didn't think you'd be interested in a couple of girls like us. Or girls in general."

"Quite interested. And quite hungry." She licked her perfect lips, and turned to expose her back. "Please, unzip me."

Ashley gulped, and reached out for the zipper. It moved out of the way and she missed. She tried again. It moved. Everything was moving, just a little, just enough to make it hard to aim her hands. Not her first time getting drunk, but it wasn't just that. It was her pounding heart and her flush cheeks and panting breath and everything hitting her at once that was making it so very hard to concentrate. And that back, oh god the glorious back of the beautiful goddess. No bra; that'd clash with the perfect dress and its tiny straps.

She started to unzip it. Slowly, cause that's about the only way she could do it steadily. But damn the zipper went down far, and far, until it passed the small of Antoinette's back and exposed the waistband of what was, evidently, very pretty lace underwear, black.

The tall, voluptuous goddess stood up, took her shoulder straps into her hands, and pulled them down as she also leaned forward to let the dress fall from her torso. With her fingers, she pinched on the waist, and pulled it down over her hips, and further until the dress fell to her feet.

Both the young women on the couch watched her with wide eyes and dropped jaws as Antoinette stood there, naked but for her underwear that hugged her curvy figure so amazingly, Ashley could feel her body respond just staring at her. She was so tall, and the hourglass figure was almost inhuman.

The goddess turned around, and smiled down at the two girls. "Please, make room."

Fucking god yes. Ashley slid over, and almost started to bounce as she waited for Antoinette to sit. She did, slowly, emphasizing each motion, making her long hair pour down her back, making her

ridiculously huge, alabaster breasts hang beneath her for the moment she bent over slightly before her large, smooth butt hit the couch.

Ashley was so going to write some erotica about this, the moment she got home.

“It has been some time since I have enjoyed the touch of another.” Again she looked at them, red gaze and red lips devouring them. She said she was hungry, and she looked it. “Touch me, if you wish.”

Touch her if she wished? Fuck she wanted to. Yeap, going for it. Alcohol be my guide.

Ashley gulped again, and reached out for the naked goddess next to her. Her fingers found the woman’s breasts, and offered some gentle squeezing, including a little lift and nudge to see them jiggle a little. So fucking real. So fucking soft, and heavy, and fucking huge.

Chuckling, Antoinette hooked both her arms on the couch’s back, and smiled down at the two helplessly enamored women. Julee had reached out as well, and started caressing the woman’s nearest breast, just as awestruck. Drunk Julee was fun Julee.

“You two remind me of boys,” she said, devious and seductive smile never leaving, “to be so brazen, and captivated.” Ok, so it might have been a little objectifying, and maybe a little boyish to obsess over breasts like they were, but how could she not? “I feel embarrassed, being the only one so exposed. Come, undress for me.”

Oh god oh god oh god. Those red eyes were peering into her soul! Or something cheesy and romantic and sexual she’d have to write about later. But, damn, looking into those red eyes, Ashley couldn’t stop herself from getting up, and starting to undress. Julee stared at her too, until Ashley frowned at her friend.

“Get up here too!”

Julee squeaked, but joined her, and the two girls started working on each other’s dresses. Though, as they began to slip the fabrics from their shoulders, Ashley kept glancing at the Pale Lady watching them. Being under her gaze was sending all sorts of thrills and tingly feelings through her body, getting her hot, wet; no doubt accelerated by being drunk, but those eyes! Those dangerous, hungry eyes were eating the two girls up like a dragon.

The woman licked her lips, and her teeth plucked at them in that super sexy, hot, oh-god-melting way. “I will drink of both of you tonight.”

~~~~~

~~Today~~

“What’re you gonna do this time?” Ashley said.

Julee shrugged, and rolled around a few times on Antoinette’s bed. “I dunno.”

“You never know! Come on, you gotta have something you wanna try.”

“I.. I don’t know. You know me, I like doing whatever the mistress wants.”

“Yeah but she’s letting us pick!” Ashley crawled on the bed toward her friend, and flopped down on top of her once Julee was on her stomach. Her friend squeaked, but surrendered quickly, as usual.

“I don’t like picking. I like letting her pick. I like letting Jack pick.”

Ashley rolled her eyes and straddled Julee’s back, weight on her knees, facing Julee’s feet. The two of them were wearing some silk boy shorts and some tight little tank tops. Lots of bubblegum candy sort of colors, blues and pinks and purples. The two of them enjoyed pairing colors off of each other, and Antoinette liked it when they did.

Ashley put her hands on Julee’s butt cheeks, and gave each of them a gentle slap. It didn’t jiggle much; the two of them were thin, lean things, after all. But, it did jiggle a little, with the small-but-toned shape of a small, fit girl’s butt. And she did love that butt, so she slapped it again, a little harder.

Julee groaned and kicked the bed a few times with her feet. “Hey, stop.”

“So I’m thinking, I’m riding Jack cowgirl style, and Antoinette can be standing in front of me, and I’m going to lick her and finger her while Jack is fucking me, and—”

“You’re being ridiculous. That position wouldn’t work, and it wouldn’t be easy or fun if it did anyway.” Julee twisted underneath Ashley until she managed to roll over onto her back, Ashley still straddling her hips.

“You’re right, you’re right. Got to think about this logistically. There are three girls and one boy. Already we’re at the issue of... well, he’s a guy, he can’t go as long as we can.” Even if they gave him blood, eventually Jack would succumb to sexual exhaustion trying to satisfy three women.

“Unless they decide to drink us dry at the start,” Julee said.

“Not gonna lie, I’d be ok with that too.” Cause having Jack inside her when his fangs pierced her neck was a whole new level of bliss that had her quivering just thinking about it. Didn’t matter how many times she had sex during the Kiss, it was always a shock. “But it’s nice to try out new things.”

“Where are they anyway? Mistress said to wait here for her.”

“Been waiting fifteen minutes, calm down,” Ashley said. She peeked over her shoulder to find Julee frowning, and she laughed before lying down on her friend, back to Julee’s chest. “... you ever wonder if Mistress will... you know.”

“... change us?”

“Yeah. She said that, someday, she might do that. If we really wanted her to.”

“Lot of negatives with becoming a Kindred.” Julee hugged her and pat her bare belly a few times. The tank tops were barely more than bras and didn’t cover any of their stomachs. “No sun for one.”

“No more getting Kissed by Mistress or Jack.”

“But, we’d be vampires. Immortal. And we could be the ones Kissing humans instead.”

“We’re already immortal, as long as we keep getting Kindred blood.”

Julee shook her head. “You know that stops the moment we stop getting blood. If we were vampires, we could take any human’s blood, and live... live forever.”

Wait, when did the conversation flip?

“You sure you don’t want it?” Ashley said.

“I... no, not yet at least. I like working on my music, my stuff, you know? If we’re Kindred, we can’t just have fun anymore, we’d have to... be a part of their world, in a real way. The sort of way that... has things like Damien at our door... with his goons.”

Yeah, that had not been a good time. Not a good time at all.

“Not sure I want to be part of that world either.” But, at the same time, being Antoinette’s ghouls, awesome as it was, was a dead end. No need to say it, Julee knew; Antoinette had told them about the Kindred world not long after they became ghouls, and the potential for them to join it. And that while they were ghouls, she’d protect them from all things, and they’d be free to live lives pursuing their interests.



But once they were Kindred, the rules would change. They'd be subject to all the harsh realities Kindred faced. And maybe worst of all, they'd no longer be Antoinette's pets. No more nights with Antoinette, no more cuddling into her arms and pretending all the problems Kindred had didn't exist. She doubted Antoinette would ever share Jack with another vampire.

She laughed and shook her head. The worries of a ghoul. She had all the time in the world, literally, to make her choice. And that was even assuming Antoinette ever gave it to them. They'd become Kindred, young and easy targets for other Kindred to exploit, trick, and manipulate. Like Jack.

Ashley giggled again as she thought of the man. Lately he'd been hunting more on his own, coming to join them with more blood in his belly, instead of getting it from them. Meant he didn't have to drink from them as much, which meant more time spent having sex, which was always awesome.

Speak of the devil. Antoinette and Jack came down to the stairs, side by side, both in suits. Jack looked so adorable in his suit, a cross between manly and charming. Mistress on the other hand looked like a modern day queen in her gray power suit, long skirt, low-heel shoes, and a white shirt underneath. Ashley and Julee never wore business clothes, way too uncomfortable, and way too not-what-an-artist-would-ever-wear sorta stuff. She had her pride as a writer to think about.

"I am sorry we are late, my pets," Mistress said. "Jack and I were discussing manners upon which Kindred can hunt. My love is becoming quite the seducer."

Ashley blinked, looked at Julee, and blinked a few more times before she sat up on her knees on the bed.

"Um, you're teaching him to seduce people, Mistress?"

"Only so that he may feed when he wishes, when he requires nourishment. Jack shares his bed with no one but myself, and my precious ghouls." Mistress walked over to the wall, and hung up her jacket on a dragon hook. "Do not worry, I believe I promised you both that tonight, you would be in charge of the bed, yes?" Antoinette laughed, a lovely, angelic sound, before she started undoing the zipper of her skirt and slid it off.

"Y-Yes!" Ashley bounced on the bed a few times, until the bouncing made her drift into Julee and knock her onto her side. "Yes, and I have lots of ideas."

“That is good.” Mistress nodded, and undid the buttons of her shirt, which always grabbed everyone’s attention. Her black bra was huge; it had to be to contain her bosom. “Jack fed on two kine tonight. I do believe he is quite satisfied for blood, and aching to indulge in the touch of a woman.”

“Two?” Julee said, and they looked to Jack. The man squirmed and shifted around, little smiles coming through.

Once upon a time, Ashley thought maybe his shy attitude had been a facade, but she soon discovered the boy was both shy and intelligent. And blunt, when outside the bedroom. A certain personality she knew had a brutal side; she’d seen such types at university, and when they got truly upset, their words destroyed people.

But in the bedroom, he was a timid thing. Slowly but surely, he was growing more confident in his sexual side, and every night Ashley and Julee spent with him, they could see more of it. Still mostly timid though.

Ashley grinned. Human blood was quite an aphrodisiac for Kindred when they let it, so if Jack was filled to the rim, they could have some fun with him, and perhaps coax a little more of his sexual beast out of its shell.

She hopped off the bed and jogged over to Antoinette, before standing up on her toes to lean in and whisper.

“I don’t think Julee wants to decide things in the bedroom.”

“Yes, I expected as much. And you?” Mistress whispered back, grinning a sly little devil grin. The ancient Daeva was more than willing to indulge Ashley her silly games, and she adored her mistress for it.

“Maybe... you could drink her, but not too much. And when she’s super exhausted but still awake, Jack can pound her rough. Really rough.” Rough stuff. They rarely engaged in the rough-and-tumble sort of sex; Antoinette preferred a slower pace, and Julee was too submissive to challenge it. Not Ashley though! Nope, fuck that, she wanted to see the sheets move and the bed shake tonight.

Antoinette’s grin remained, and she pat Ashley on the shoulder before sliding off her pantyhose. Oh, those long long alabaster legs, thick and toned and curvy and smooth. And the Prince wore black underwear that bordered somewhere between work clothes, and sexy lace with a high hip, almost a thong. Such was the way of Daeva, to always look pretty, even if it was uncomfortable to wear all night.

The Prince walked to the bed, sat upon its edge, and motioned to Ashley.

“Ashley will be in charge tonight.”

Julee squeaked. “She will?”

“Indeed.” Antoinette reached out to pat Julee’s leg, and smiled her benevolent goddess smile. No need to say that she knew Julee didn’t want to be in charge; they’d known each other a long time. “Jack, please disrobe completely, blush for us, and come sit in the center of the bed.”

Little Jack — well, little for a guy — nodded, excited smile sneaking its way onto his face, before he started undressing. This was a pretty normal part of the routine, the girls watching him as he got naked, and then watching him as he blushed.

Such an attractive little man, Jack Terry. Ashley and Julee had been dancers and gymnasts when they became ghouls, and they kept up their physical activity to maintain their lean, agile bodies. Jack’s body was similar, if more defined with muscle, abs, a beautiful iliac furrow on his hips, and pleasantly strong shoulders on his small frame. She’d worked with male gymnasts of a similar shape, though they typically stood three or four or twelve inches taller than the tiny Ventrue.

That didn’t change how sexy he was. Every day he got a little more confident, and every day it made him a little sexier. Even now, as he crawled onto the bed with his shaft already hard between his legs, he offered Ashley a tiny grin. Not his usual, shy, quiet smile, but a real grin, a sexual I’m-looking-forward-to-this grin. Made her want to wrap her legs around him right there; but she had to wait. Not part of the plan. And she had to be careful. Jack was Antoinette’s romantic love, and if Ashley got a little too bold, she might get a slap for it.

“Ok, Julee! Get naked, and lie down on your back.”

Her friend, grumbling and giving her the evil eye, slid out of her underwear and shirt, and lay on the bed. On her back like that, she looked like a meal, and Ashley shivered when she looked at the mistress and the mistress’s love. They were looking at Julee like she was, indeed, a meal, licking their lips and eyes roaming her body. Guess Jack could still eat, despite his full belly. Kindred could do that, she knew, eat until they were overindulged. Didn’t do anything to a vampire other than give them more energy.

“Are we to enjoy ourselves, my pet?” Mistress said.

“Yes, yes! Feast on her.” Ashley, vibrating with energy, sat herself by Julee’s head, and grinned the biggest, evilest grin she could as Antoinette and Jack got onto their knees beside the meal. Girl probably thought she was going to feed both vampires in a glorious double-bite Kiss. Very pleasurable, but not what Ashley wanted to see tonight.

Antoinette leaned over, whispered something to Jack, and offered Ashley a sly, devil wink, before the busty woman knelt down over Julee’s side. Jack took up a kneeling position on her other side. All three of them, smiling down at the defenseless Julee. It was enough to have her friend squirming, nipples hardening, and her thighs pressing together. A bona fide feast.

The Prince held up her hand, stopping Jack from joining in. Oh, oh! The Prince wanted Julee first, before Jack got to have her. She lay beside her ghoul, huge breasts squished to the prey’s chest, and she set her lips upon Julee’s neck while her fingers danced down the girl’s naked stomach, before finding her clitoris.

Julee’s moans were quick to come. The Prince was a true master, able to summon the girl’s arousal in mere seconds with just the correct amount of pressure, the right motions, the gentle caress that trapped her clit between two fingers. Ashley bit her lip at the sight of Julee’s bare, smooth pussy under the Prince’s finger, and how her thighs rubbed together while she wriggled like a worm on a hook.

“Are... you are all going to... watch?” Julee said.

“No.” Antoinette leaned in closer, and put her lips on Julee’s neck. “I am preparing the meal.”

Julee’s moans turned into a squeal, and then quiet mewls, as Antoinette started to drink her. God, it was so hot how Julee’s arms came up and half-hugged the Prince, even as her blood drained away, and the Prince continued to play with her clit. Far faster a jump to the Kiss than Julee was used to, no doubt. She probably thought Ashley was getting her out of the way, so Ashley wouldn’t have to share the mistress and Jack with her friend tonight.

Oh how wrong she was.

Antoinette was so good. So good, and beautiful, and amazing, and so skilled! She drank Julee very slowly, slower than Ashley had thought possible, and she leaned over her friend to smile down at her as Julee melted away. All the while, the mistress continued to gently massage Julee’s pussy, her labia, her clitoris, in that special way she did when she wanted to get the girl’s horny, but not let them cum.

Until she got just a little rougher, and pushed her over the edge. Julee whimpered, almost sobbed, as her hips pushed upward against the Prince's hands, and her body shivered with the pleasure waves Ashley knew well. That sweet, delicious orgasm during a Kiss, the way bliss rippled through the muscles down to the toes, and the Kiss forcing the muscles to relax between clenches so the pleasure wouldn't stop. It just pulsed through you, flowed outward from between the legs up into your chest and forced you to feel every wave of the orgasm. Even a sharp, quick one from the clitoris was an exhausting experience during the Kiss. Exhausting, and soaking.

Antoinette raised her head, and smiled down at the victim. Ashley did too, cause damn how could she not. In only a few minutes, Julee had gone from zero arousal, to arousal overload. Blushing skin, wet thighs, panting whimpers, and half-closed eyes. The Kiss was so damn awesome. Ashley could have breathed on Julee's neck and probably made her cum again.

"Still with us?" she said to her friend.

Julee managed a wavering squeeeee.

Laughing, Ashley lay down by her friend's head, and waited. The Prince tapped Jack on the shoulder and motioned for him to move to Julee's legs. And as he did, Antoinette picked Julee up like a feather, and flipped her over.

"Mm... what... what're you..." Poor girl was totally exhausted, drained of blood, and oozing sex. Literally. Flipping her showed the copious amounts of her juices dripping down her bare thighs; damn girl didn't need the Kiss to get super horny in seconds. But the Kiss made it all the better.

Jack got behind her between her legs, and pulled up on her hips. Poor girl was soon on her knees, ass in the air, arms limp and strewn across the blankets, face and cheek to the bed.

"I know you've been wanting to ask Jack to give you a proper fucking," Ashley said. "Welp, you took too long!"

"Wha... what? Nnnnn!" Her silly attempts to communicate disappeared into a loud squeak as Jack lined his cock up with her entrance, and yanked her toward him. Her tight little butt jiggled for a moment as it impacted against the boy's lower abdomen, complete with the wet smack of flesh against soaked flesh.

"Oh my," Antoinette said. She lay down as well, opposite of Ashley alongside Julee, so all three of their heads were next to each other with Julee between them. "A beast has taken you, my precious."

“W... wait... please, I... can’t....” Julee was too exhausted to do much with her arms. They were limp on the bed, but as Jack again slammed his cock into her hard enough to make her shake, she managed to slid them forward along the blankets, and grip them in her fingers. Trying to pull herself away from him.

God that was hot.

Ashley adjusted herself a bit so she was laying parallel to Julee and Jack. She leaned in, and kissed her friend on the cheek, the ear, the neck, the lips. Had to be careful with the way Jack was pounding her; each thrust made her whole body shake, and each earned a whimper from her. Normally, such rough treatment might have earned louder grunts and moans, but the poor girl was drained. Helpless. Unable to escape Jack’s rough thrusts.

Julee’s eyes rolled upward as she started to shake. Her whimpers turned into tiny gasps as she struggled to breathe, and her body started to tremble on its own as Jack fucked her harder. Ashley raised a brow as she looked over at the boy, and licked her lips as she watched his muscles flex with his thrusts. Such a sexy little man; couldn’t wait to ride him after, assuming Antoinette would let her.

Familiar squeaks came out of Julee, the delightful, intoxicating sound of orgasm. Ashley set a hand on Julee’s naked spine, and tickled her fingers up and down her body as her friend started to cum. The girl’s hands squeezed the blankets with all the strength she could muster — which was fuck all — and Ashley giggled as she leaned down to kiss the girl’s shoulder while Julee trembled. Jack slowed down, eased his rapid thrusts into slow, deep motions. He’d learned from Antoinette well.

Antoinette did the same as Ashley, sliding down a little so she too was parallel to Julee and Jack. “Already? My sweet little pet, I’m afraid the beast has only begun with you.”

Ashley giggled. Calling Jack a beast. He was a Kindred, but he was a small man. Deliciously sexy, but hardly a beast. Antoinette was stroking his ego; the key to any man’s loins, she’d told the girls before. And it seemed to be working, as Jack grinned down at the helpless ghoul, and started to pound into her again.

“P... please... need... breath....” Again, her words were cut short as Jack’s thrusts reduced her to a shaking mess.

Antoinette leaned in, planted a kiss on her ghoul’s cheek, and set her hand along Julee’s back next to Ashley’s. She joined her in teasing the girl’s back, her ears, her neck, her shoulder blades, the small of her back. All a pleasant juxtaposition to Jack’s rough pounding he was giving the woman. Wasn’t like a man

would last very long fucking that hard and fast, but where Julee had already been reduced to a sopping wet mess of arousal before Jack had even touched her, Jack hadn't been touched at all. He still had a good few minutes of some hard fucking in him, Ashley bet.

He may have, Julee may have not. Her whimpers melted into gasping pants, and her legs started to tremble. She was trying to fall over, her last defense against the boy's relentless assault, but he had her hips tight in his grip, and he continued to plunge into her despite her attempts to escape, despite her begging, despite her blatant need for a break.

So. Fucking. Hot.

The sound of wet flesh slapping grew louder. Ashley craned her head to see under where Julee's torso was collapsed to the sheets, ass in the air. Hard to see with the shaking body parts and the darkness underneath her, but with a little effort, Ashley got to watch where Jack was penetrating her.

Juices were trickling off his balls and splashing over the girl's stomach with each thrust. A lot of them. Every so often, Jack slammed into her and stayed there, balls deep, and he groaned as a tiny trickle of fluids ran down his balls again. He withdrew until only the tip of him was still inside her, and then he slammed into her again. And again, Julee's cum dripped from his body. He pulled out completely and set his cock underneath her cunt. Without his cock filling her, Julee squirted another tiny stream onto the shaft between her legs, before Jack realigned himself and buried his dick to the hilt again.

Julee, squirting. She only did that when Antoinette decided to get really dominant with her, choke her and finger her into oblivion. Ashley had a sneaking suspicion her friend would let loose more in bed with Jack if she was rendered an exhausted mess from the get go. Plan successful.

Julee's hands were no longer gripping the blankets; they'd gone limp instead, fingers lax, just like all of her despite her quivering. Even her panting had grown quiet—but still consistent. And Jack had slowed down to a more manageable fucking rhythm. Guess he wanted to last a little longer.

Ashley got onto her knees beside Jack, and hooked one arm across his back, hand over his further shoulder, so she could look down at Julee and see what he saw. Damn, that tight little ass really was jiggling with the impact. She reached out and put a hand on Julee's butt, squeezed and gripped it, and her hand rubbed up against Jack's as he continued to pound into the girl.

“Gonna cum soon?” she said.

“Y-Yeah, just... she’s... soaking me....” His eyes were staring, on fire, penetrating the limp thing skewered on his cock. Almost looked like he was in a frenzy of need.

“My my.” Antoinette leaned down over Julee’s face, turned it to look at her, and she planted a few kisses on her cheek. “Are you drenching my love, Julee? Naughty girl.” She slipped her beautiful fingers around Julee’s neck; always a turn on for Julee. She didn’t squeeze though, didn’t tighten or choke, just wrapped the girl’s throat in a gentle grip while Jack fucked her, fucked her into a wet mess.

They definitely had to do this again in the future.

“Jack,” the Prince said, “would you like to finish the Kiss upon your prey?”

The man needed little encouragement, apparently. He reached down for Julee’s body, pulled up on her waist until she was kneeling upright, back to his chest, arms dangling, head hanging forward. A little maneuvering caused her head to lull backward onto Jack’s shoulder, and Jack obliged with a bite to her neck.

Ashley crawled around to kneel in front of Julee. Watching her spasm, convulse, shake as Jack started to Kiss her, suck the last bit of energy out of her, was euphoric. Jack’s hands were all over her, hugging her, desperate to keep her snug to him as he continued to fuck her. Fucking his meal, as he came inside her.

“Fuuuuuuck.” Ashley looked down, and felt her knees quiver as she watched the cum leak out of Julee. Both of their cum. The girl was slipping into full-on post-Kiss coma, but still barely conscious, free to moan as Jack suckled on her neck. Moan, and not much else. So weak, so tired, body collapsed backward against Jack’s chest as she shivered, and more of her cum dripped from his cock. Every so often, she squirted a tiny splash of juices, making a great mess of cum along their legs as she trembled.

And even once she was out like a light, Jack continued to fuck her. He squeezed her body tight to his, licked the bite wound until healed, but the boy still had a few more thrusts in him. Poor, sleeping Julee, cum dripping down her thighs into a pool of wetness between her knees, unable to defend herself from the ‘beast’s’ advances, from his lust as he spent the last spurts of his cum into her sleeping body and drenched pussy.

Definitely do this again, and film it, so they could show it to Julee... and then do it to her again.

Jack set Julee down gently beside him, and looked down at himself. Some of his fluids were still on his cock and testicles, but really it was Julee who’d made the huge mess. Boy was still hard though; belly full of blood did that. And both vamps in the room had exactly that going on.



But Antoinette had more self control than the three of them combined. With a slow, hypnotizing sway of her body, she undid the clasp of her bra and let her massive breasts fall free. And then she tossed aside her underwear, leaving her curvy body naked for the two of them to gawk at. She pushed herself back along the bed until she put her back to the bed's mountain of pillows braced against the headboard. Sitting up like that, she spread her legs a little, and motioned for Jack to come to her.

“Come to me, mon amour,” she said, French accent dripping. So cheesy on anyone else, so perfect and earned on the mistress.

Jack crawled over to her, between her spread legs, and kissed her. She was so much taller than Jack, she was like a comfy bed Jack could lay into. And he did. Often. Ashley couldn't blame him, she did too. She crawled over as well, and cuddled up against Antoinette's side. Jack may have been Antoinette's romantic love, but she was her precious, her ghoul, her friend, all before she ever met Jack. She deserved some of the action too.

“Have I been neglecting you, ma petite?” Antoinette reached out with her closer arm and slipped it around Ashley's shoulder and back. Perfect for cuddling. It was also the perfect position for Ashley to nudge her nose into the side of Antoinette's breast.

She may not have been as obsessed with the mistress's breasts as Jack — typical man — but that didn't change that Antoinette had absolutely massive breasts. Like, ridiculously massive. And so damn soft, with just the right amount of firmness to keep a good shape and—ok maybe she was a little obsessed.

She smiled into Antoinette's breast, and planted a few kisses along the underside. Jack had to move a little to make room for her, still kneeling between the mistress's legs. But, he grinned at her as he watched, before he leaned down to plant his own kiss along the same breast.

“No, get your own.” She pushed at him with her arm, but only lightly, enough to inch him toward Antoinette's other breast. The mistress laughed, and ran her fingers through Ashley's hair. Mmm, fingers, in hair. She melted into Antoinette's touch, placed a few more kisses along the contours of her breast, before her lips found the Prince's nipple. Large, puffy, aroused.

Jack did the same with her other breast, though he cast Ashley a few glances as he did. She knew that look, that was a sneaky playful look. And getting a sneaky playful look from the gorgeous boy as he gently suckled on the mistress's nipple was god damn fucking arousing.

“Am I still in charge?” she said.

“Mhmm. For tonight, you may do as you wish.”

“Then, uh... can Jack and I... play with you, for a while?”

Antoinette smiled, a loving, tender smile, and her roaming hand found the back of her head to cradle her. “Oui.”

Jack slid out from between the Prince’s legs and lay beside her, opposite of Ashley. Antoinette brought her legs together, one knee slightly bent, and hooked her other arm behind Jack’s back and neck to cradle him the same way she was with Ashley. Tall as she was, the two shorter people in the bed fit into the crevice of her arms against her sides, and suckled on her breasts.

Ashley peeked down the mistress’s legs to Jack, and licked her lips at the sight of his cock rubbing against the Prince’s leg. Still wet, still soaked in cum. But the boy was more than content to wait and shift the focus to pleasing the mistress, based on the look Ashley found in his eye. On his side, he set his free arm upon the mistress’s stomach, and teased along her flat belly while his lips planted more kisses along the breast that fell toward him, spilling off the sides of Antoinette’s ribs with its size and weight.

It was really distracting. He was just so into it, gentle despite the hunger in his eyes, circling Antoinette’s puffy nipple with his tongue so Ashley could see it peeking out from under his lips. Then he leaned in closer, let the softness of the mistress’s breast mold to his face lightly, and suckled. Like a baby. Like a sexy, lean, handsome baby. Weird train of thought.

Ashley did the same thing as Jack. She snuggled into the Prince’s side, and started to suckle on the mistress’s nipple. In the past, breast play with the Prince was always arousing and enjoyable, but it was a precursor to sex. With Jack, he seemed almost satisfied with nothing but suckling on the Prince’s nipple, and Antoinette seemed... overjoyed with it. Not overjoyed like giggling and squealing like Ashley or Julee might, but her subdued smiles and quiet moans had mountains of weight, mountains of bliss held within them. And arousal. There was no denying the Prince was getting very very horny as the two younglings suckled on her breasts, her body letting out tiny shivers every so often, and her nipples hard and engorged. Far more aroused than she normally became from having her breasts touched. Jack had learned to not squeeze breasts, but to instead caress the curves with his fingers, and to kiss more than just the nipple, but around it, below it, beside it, all around the areola and everywhere else.

Ashley giggled. Antoinette raised a brow when she looked her way, but Ashley hid her face in her breast, and resumed suckling on her body. A kiss here, a kiss there on and around the swollen nipple filling

her mouth, and Antoinette again moaned. Those quiet moans were her real moans, the ones she gave when she was getting close to cumming. Testing her hypothesis, Ashley slid a hand down Antoinette's waist, along her bare mons — so perfectly smooth — and down the lips of her pussy. Completely drenched. Hypothesis was now a working theory, Jack's persistent and consistent breast worship was turning Antoinette into a hornball for breast play.

Unable to stop herself, she sank her fingers into Antoinette's pussy. Three of them, more than enough to stretch the mistress's cunt open.

“Oh. Little imp.” Antoinette's hand gave her ear a little pinch, before resuming cradling the back of her head. The mistress melted back, and a quiet purr escaped her as she relaxed against the bed, closing her eyes, and letting her hands drift down until they too were limp along the blankets.

To see the mistress relax so was... amazing. She never did that with her and Julee, but the woman's body had gone completely limp along the blankets, and more of her delicious, sultry moans escaped her. And as Ashley pushed up against her insides in slow, gentle strokes, Antoinette started to shiver.

She was cumming. Ashley had barely done anything with her fingers, only probed up against her insides a few times, and the mistress was already cumming. Juices dripped between Ashley's fingers, and Antoinette continued to quiver as her cunt clamped down on her fingers.

Ashley raised her head and looked at Jack. The boy kept his mouth on Antoinette's nipples, but he'd stopped suckling during her climax, and he tilted his head enough to look at Ashley as Antoinette shuddered a few more times. Before long, Jack started to suckle on the Prince again, and the woman smiled as he did, eyes still closed. Antoinette raised her hand behind Ashley, and guided her head back to her nipple before letting her arm go limp along Ashley's back.

She wanted more.

Ashley resumed her suckling, and got a little rougher, licking with a little more force, pulling her mistress's whole nipple and areola into her mouth and bathing it in hungry suckles. Right about now would normally be when Antoinette would pin Ashley down, finger her, Kiss her, and tuck her in goodnight. But the Prince was too busy unwinding, keeping her legs spread while Ashley fingered her instead, and let the two small people suckle on her huge breasts.

Jack's hand drifted down the mistress's belly, and down her smooth mons to find her clitoris. The Prince tensed for a second, and relaxed once again as the boy began to gently massage the nub in the way

the Prince had taught him. Slowly, gently, trapping it between index and middle finger and massaging it in a consistent rhythm. Ashley had to share room with him between the mistress's legs; totally hot, two people fighting for the space to get her off. The ghoul giggled into the mistress's nipple, and started to press up against her g-spot yet again. Like Jack's touch, she kept it slow, gentle, and focused more on the woman's breast instead.

Both she and Jack snuggled into the woman's sides, and started to suckle harder. Their fingers between the woman's thighs remained gentle and tender, but their kisses and licks grew rougher. They buried their faces into the massive, soft pillows, nudged their noses into them, and pulled the mistress's areola into their mouths with suckles hard enough to make her shiver.

Antoinette's hands cradled both of their heads once again, as her muscles clamped down on Ashley's fingers. Her juices trickled down over the ghoul's knuckles, and soaked the sheets as Ashley pressed up against her insides. The beautiful mistress shivered, even squirmed a little, all so very unlike the mistress, but she let out low groan and arched her back as her orgasm worked up and down her body. The mistress knew how to milk her own pleasure — half a millennium gave a lot of practice — and she squeezed down in rhythm with their fingers, until her juices were dripping off of Ashley's hand.

God damn she was soaked. At last she and Jack stopped, and Ashley sat up to stare down at her mistress. She looked totally relaxed, totally in the moment, leaning back on her mountain of pillows, melting into her bed and shivering with her climax. Her huge breasts jiggled every so often as a tiny tremble worked through her body, and Ashley and Jack both stared at how the heavy breasts weighed down on Antoinette's chest.

“Ok ok my turn!” Ashley hopped up onto her feet and pointed at Jack. “Jack, you lie down on the mistress!”

“Oh, I see what she plans,” Antoinette said, grinning up at her. “Let me move for a moment.” Still grinning her devil's grin, the mistress pushed herself up a bit so she was sitting almost completely upright against the bed's headboard, pillows moved aside. It was perfect for scooping up Jack, laying him down upon her stomach and between her legs, and setting his head between her breasts, him on his back and facing up toward Ashley.

“Yes!” Ashley, giggling and blushing and almost jumping up and down, got down on her knees straddling Jack's thighs. Such a glorious display, handsome little Jack lying between Antoinette's legs,

with his head and shoulders propped up on stomach with her sitting and leaning back position. Perfect for Ashley to watch the two of them at the same time.

If she did a good job pleasuring Jack, that made the mistress super happy. And making her super happy made Ashley super happy. And horny. Seeing the mistress grin and smile at her with satisfied eyes was such a rush, such a thrill even after all these years. And seeing her hug Jack's torso and trace his abs with her fingernails while watching Ashley, was too damn arousing.

Ashley shifted forward a little, and set the small lips of her pussy along the base of Jack's cock. Still a little wet with Julee's cum, and now, renewed wetness from Ashley. Cause she was wet, damn wet after watching Julee squirt her brains out, and feeling the mistress cum around Ashley's fingers. Wet and horny and very much looking forward to indulging. Jack had drunk two people before even coming over, and then half again on Julee; perfect for a good, proper, long bout of fucking with her.

Giggling, she slid her cunt forward until her wet lips nudged along the boy's swollen glans. He moaned. That look on his face, of bliss, of relaxation, of euphoria, no wonder Antoinette loved to pleasure him so much. The little blond ghoul felt her whole body warm and a thrill run up her spine as her simple act of rubbing her lips along the engorged head of his cock made him moan again. The boy had some sort of magic power that had seduced the mistress, despite their claims that it was Antoinette who had seduced him. And Ashley could feel the effects of such magic every time she looked at the boy's pleasure-laden face. She wanted to pleasure him, to see him squirm and wriggle, so she could hear more of those soft sounds and watch his eyes roll upward as they closed.

She reached down, took his wet cock into her hands, and slid it into her awaiting insides. The spread of her clenching muscles along warm, hard flesh had her moaning too, and she wiggled her hips the whole way down. Half cause that's how Antoinette liked to do, half cause it felt wonderful to stir her insides with his cock.

"... god damn," Jack said, and his hands settled on her legs and hips. "You really are beautiful."

Oh! Compliments! She giggled and leaned in, putting her hands on his chest and above where the mistress was still tracing his abs. A quick glance to the Prince showed that Antoinette was not jealous of Jack's attention toward Ashley; if anything, her grin suggested she wanted to encourage it.

"You're beautiful too!" She quivered as she pushed her hips forward a little, rubbing her clitoris against his body, while her hands slid up to press onto his shoulders. "You have a great body Jack."

Reminds me of the boys in my gymnastics. Except even better. Mmmmm abs.” Her fingers found his abs and joined the mistress in caressing them, tracing them. “Hope you don’t mind a little sexual objectifying. Just... love... abs.” She dug her fingers into them a bit, her thumbs especially, and Jack flexed them in reflex.

“I uh... I’m cool with that.”

“Good!” More giggling, even from Antoinette, though hers were deeper, more sultry, more sexy. Ashley sounded like a squirrel when she giggled. But Jack didn’t seem to mind, and his smile remained as his hands held onto her waist. Like him she was a lean thing, and gymnastics and dancing kept her from getting soft. She had abs too! Not like Jack’s, hers were more subtle, but she could tell Jack was staring at them as much as the rest of her. And as his eyes roamed her body, she shivered; real magic eyes.

God damn she loved to ride him. She continued shifting her hips and ass back and forth, and angled them down so she could grind her clit on his body. Much as she was already horny as a bunny, she didn’t want to end this too quickly, so she kept to a slow motion with zero up and down movement. Didn’t want Jack cumming for a while.

“... fuck,” he said, staring at her movement, eyes wide.

“Ashley my dear.” Antoinette chuckled, and reached out to put a hand on Ashley’s shoulder; easy for her to reach with Ashley still leaning forward and touching Jack’s torso. “Are you trying to make me jealous?”

Ashley froze. “N-No!” Careful, careful, don’t get the mistress upset.

But Antoinette laughed again, and pat her ghoul’s cheek lightly. “My precious, enjoy yourself. I am happy to see you being so seductive. Perhaps you can dance for my love? You are a lovely dancer.” More compliments!

The mistress did not have the edge Ashley was accustomed to, that hint of anger, a subtle pinch of jealousy and protectiveness. She really was getting soft. A good thing, or a bad thing? Ashley didn’t know. Jack was softening her, and that made Ashley a little worried. Just a little. It mostly made her super fucking happy! Antoinette may have lost a little of her dangerous side, a little of her tiger eyes, but they were still there, just buffered by Jack’s touch. And since Jack was currently lying between the mistress’s legs and breasts, it made Antoinette particularly soft. Perfect for Ashley to take advantage of. Muahaha.

Ashley sat up straight again, and beamed with pride. She did know how to dance, dirty naughty dances; she'd been practicing.

She put her hands on her hips, and started to sway. It was a dance the mistress had taught her; not that she didn't know how to sway her hips, but to do it during sex was a different beast. The goal was to put on a sexual display, to drive the man wild with the sight of you accenting all the curves of the female body, while at the same time providing only minimal stimulation for the man's cock inside you, but plenty to your clitoris and insides with the angles of your grinding.

She'd practiced on dildos and toys with Antoinette to guide her, but she wasn't prepared for the effect it'd have on Jack. Antoinette had done the dance for him before, and every time it not only resulted in pleasure for the mistress, it melted Jack into a puddle, desperate for his own release but unable to achieve it. And sure enough, as Jack's eyes settled on her stomach, her waist and hips, she saw the look of complete, utter surrender on his face. He melted onto Antoinette's body, and his grip on Ashley's hips went limp until his hands fell to the blankets. He was mesmerized.

Holy fucking god that was hot.

Ashley raised her hands higher and let them drift outward, riding the slow, gentle waves of an invisible beat. They came up to her head, and she combed her blond hair back as her elbows came up, and then her hands went higher, over her head, all in dance where her body moved like a ribbon. Waves, it was all about moving in a wave from the top to the bottom, and as the wave came down her body pulled in then came out in a roll as her hips followed, abs crunching with every weave, each motion rubbing her lips and clit all over Jack's body.

Jack was almost drooling. "... holy... fucking... god that's hot."

She almost broke the dance when she started giggling. She'd thought the same thing!

Seeing the boy melt because of her was intoxicating, and addicting. Her muscles clamped down, and she sighed joy as the heat between her thighs grew; and the wetness. This wasn't just fun, it was blissful. Rubbing her bits all over the boy while he stared at her like she was some sort of goddess, it was too good. Everything was getting tingly and sending pleasure sparks through her pelvis, into her chest, and down into her legs. His cock fit so nicely inside her, and she could feel it shift with her as she moved, pressing against her clenching muscles.

Antoinette held out her hands for her. Oh, oh, fun! Ashley took her mistress's hands, and held onto them as she continued her dance. Back and forth, side to side, she leaned forward a little more to make sure she was feeling it all along her swollen clit. The mistress chuckled and guided her hands back down to hold onto Jack's shoulders.

Ashley took a good grip of the boy's nice shoulders, and started to move faster. A lot faster. At a certain point it stopped being a dance and started being her trying to get off. No up or down motion, just pure grind, and she could feel her juices soaking where her lips rubbed against the man underneath her. So sweet, delicious, shifting back and forth faster and faster like building a fire between her legs, desperate to build the embers.

She came, and she grinned down at Jack as she did. Release, oh god release, the clenching muscles, uncontrollable spasms inside her that gripped and milked at Jack's cock, while she trembled on him. Half the pleasure was seeing his face, how he groaned as she clenched his cock like a vise. The other half was the waves of pleasure working up and down through her body, to her curling toes and up into her chest. More of her juices joined their connection, and when she looked down, she mewled at the sight of her lips soaked. Jack was just as smooth as her, and she reached down to touch where her juices were coating the base of his cock. It was only a small orgasm, and she wanted more, now.

"Ok, ok, more!" Still trembly and shaky, she turned around. Jack groaned audibly; she didn't bother getting up to turn around. Half the fun was the challenge of keeping him inside in the motion. Silly, fun. Once she was straddling him in reverse, she put her hands on her ass and looked over her shoulders at the boy trapped underneath her. "You almost always have sex with the Prince facing her! Women have asses too ya know." And to emphasize, she lifted up on the meat of her ass, spread it, squeezed it together, and leaned forward between his legs, ass rising to expose where the boy's cock was penetrating her.

"S-Sorry! You have an amazing ass." Jack, nodding, grinning — he was getting the game now — reached out and gripped her glutes where they met the small of her back and around the tail bone. "A beautiful, amazing, toned little butt."

She frowned and slapped his knee. "It's not little!" To prove it, she raised her hips a few inches, and slammed her herself back down onto him. A good, hard fuck. It was enough to make her ass shake a bit in Jack's hands, and earn some groans from him from the sudden fucking, wet flesh sounds and all.

"Right! Sorry, not little. Just very toned, firm, very tight."



“Hehe, I know!” She giggled, but mewls and whimpers were mixing into her laughter as she started to move her ass up and down. Like Antoinette taught her, she squeezed on Jack’s cock in rhythm with her motions, and after a few strokes, sank all the way to take him to the hilt, and wiggle around a few times. Good opportunity to show off her perfect ballerina ass. And fuck it felt good, squeezing her muscles on him nice and tight as his hard cock filled her.

Jack’s hands again kneaded the buns of her butt, and she giggled between her groans as she bounced on him. She looked over her shoulder again, both to eat up more of Jack’s pleasure-filled expressions, but also to gauge the mistress. But Antoinette looked quite happy, and her eyes were locked onto where Ashley’s lips were spread around Jack’s cock. That alone, seeing the Prince so enraptured by what Ashley was doing, was making Ashley shiver with excitement.

She bounced on Jack a few more times. Nope, wrong angle. She leaned forward a bit. Still not right. She leaned back, far back, until she had to put her hands on Jack’s chest for support as she almost fell backward. But right there, with her almost falling back onto his chest, the angle put his cock against the front wall of her pussy, and she groaned like Jack did. Perfect, just perfect, feeling the hardness of his girth pressing toward her abdomen. Hit those spots she wanted just right.

She did not have the patience of Antoinette, not at all. The mistress could make this last, make it take half an hour of constant dancing, but Ashley could not. All she could think about for the moment, was cumming again, and she started to bounce on Jack in that perfect, delicious way that pushed his cock toward the front of her. The bed started to shake a little from how her light body managed to get a good, hard fucking rhythm. Jack and the Prince were often tender and gentle with each other; Ashley wanted some bounce!

After a couple more minutes of bouncing on his cock, she heard the boy start to cum. Felt it too, as he started to push up to meet her with his own thrusts; small, but very welcome. His groans, quiet but so very arousing, made her squeeze and clench on him extra hard, just so she could hear him groan louder. And push herself over the edge.

Her legs started to tremble, spasm, and her hands slipped out from underneath her. Almost about to fall onto his face, but Jack caught her, and gently lowered her down so she could lay on his chest. She set her head into the groove of his neck and shoulder, and quivered as her insides convulsed. That delicious, tingling warmth, right into the toes, into her chest, robbing her of breath and making each attempt nothing more than a squeaky pant. Her cunt squeezed on the boy inside her until she felt his cum dripping from her

tiny folds, all joining her own. Quivering, smiling, and panting as the pleasure waves moved up and down through her.

She liked being in control of it, like the Prince did.

Once the pleasure settled, she opened her eyes and looked up. Antoinette smiled down at her and set her hands on Ashley's chest to lightly tease and caress her breasts. Delightful tingles to go with the aftershocks of orgasm.

"You do realize, my precious, that I must give Julee the option of revenge?" Mistress said.

"Bah, what's she gonna do? Worst punishment idea she could come up with is a firm spanking." Which was hardly a punishment. Jack laughed; probably reading her mind.

Ashley sat up and looked over at Julee beside them on the bed. Girl was fast asleep, complete coma style. So cute.

Sitting up didn't last long. Mistress took her by the shoulders and pulled her back down.

"You, my little pet, need to learn patience, and to enjoy the moment. You and Jack have both climaxed. A perfect opportunity to lie down, and bask in each other's pleasure."

She wasn't on board with the idea. Didn't like to cuddle all romantic-like. But as the mistress began to touch her forehead, her lips, her neck, her ears, and comb her hair, Jack started to play with her breasts. And like he did with Antoinette before, the boy caressed their undersides, their contours, tickled along her swollen areola, offered tiny, gentle pinches of her nipples, and cupped them ever so softly. Gentle little tinglies worked through her breasts into her chest, and before long, she felt her body embrace the pleasure.

She melted. Ok, maybe some cuddly post-sex stuff could feel good too.

A few minutes went by, and she realized something: Jack was still hard. She looked over her shoulder at him, and made a tiny gasp sound as the man flipped her over.

"W-What the... You can't be serious."

"Sorry," he said, "just... lot of blood, really... really feeling it." He lifted her like she was a feather, and set her down on her stomach to replace him as the one between Antoinette's breasts and legs.

"But this wasn't part of the plan!"

“Ah, ma petite.” Mistress grinned down at her, and slid out her hands to run them down along Ashley’s back and arms. “It is a Ventrue’s prerogative to take control when they feel the need.”

Kindred politics, in the bedroom! Not the plan. She frowned over at Jack, and tried to sit up, but the man put a hand to her back and pushed her back down until she was hugging the Prince, cheek between her breasts, hands against the blankets around her sides.

Jack lay upon her, between her legs, and slid his hard, wet cock into her cum-filled insides.

“W-Wait... still... a bit... sensitive.”

Antoinette smirked a devil’s smirk, and shook her head. “If only you had paid such a courtesy for Julee. Jack my love, please, indulge yourself.”

Ashley managed only a squeak before Jack slammed his hips forward. Much as she liked hard sex, rough poundings, and really getting a bounce going, it was a different story when she was tired and still tingly from cumming earlier. And Jack was pounding into her as hard as he pounded into Julee too, straight down onto her butt and into the bed.

The angle drove his cock down against her g-spot mercilessly, and she looked up at the mistress with pleading eyes as she bounced against the bed. It shook with the impact of the boy’s body against hers, and Antoinette chuckled down at her as she shook.

“Wait! Wait wait. Not... fair!” She was cumming. She collapsed onto the Prince again, and held on as she started to squeeze Jack’s cock, muscles gripping in random spurts, warm liquids coating him. He’d just come twice though; not going to be cumming again anytime soon. All she could do was hold on, and whimper as the pleasure started to get too much, started to make her legs shiver, her toes curl, and her breath reduce to pants.

He stopped. Thank god, a moment to breathe. But, Jack only stopped long enough to kneel up straight, and take her hips into his hands. Same thing as Julee. And just like Julee, he started to pound into from behind, holding onto her, and pulling her toward him as he jammed his hips forward. He was fucking her, hard, like a piston, each thrust met with the sound of wet flesh, his testicles soaked in her cum and slapping her clit.

She managed to stay in a doggy position, weight shifting to her hands between Antoinette’s legs as Jack took control. Ashley tried to reach out for her mistress, but the Prince just grinned and kissed the air as she watched her. No one was going to save her! Not that she really wanted saving, but too much! Too

much. She couldn't breathe, every attempt turned to a useless whimper or squeal, and she was starting to see some white spots.

And again, the pleasure waves coursed through her, pouring out of her pelvis from between her legs. Her arms gave out, and she let her chest and face collapse to the blankets between her mistress's thighs. She could feel her cum trickling down her legs until she was sure it reached her knees. And Jack still wasn't stopping. She managed to look over her shoulder at him, to find an almost predatory glare in his eyes; he was devouring her, and she was his prey. The same sort of look the mistress gave her when the Prince got very, very, very aroused.

Sometimes it was easy to forget Jack was a vampire. He had that need, that bloodlust, that desire to hunt and drink prey. And now she'd gone and turned herself into prey.

She came again. Her eyes closed, and she felt her pussy clamp down as hard as it could, almost hard enough to give the boy pause. But he didn't stop, he kept pounding her, and pounding her, until she could only make the tiniest squeak with each thrust. She was wet, very wet, wet enough his testicles slapping against her were getting her cum on her stomach, joining the little trickles working down her legs. Even with her eyes closed, she was seeing more white spots.

And then Jack stopped. Breath, thank god oxygen. Short lived, as Jack reached down and grabbed her, one hand taking her waist, the other her shoulder. He lifted her to kneel up like he was, and pinned her to him, the hand on her waist rising to grab her breast instead, the hand around her shoulder slipping under the arm to hook it from underneath, and take her by the throat.

She was a bundle of nerves, helpless, quivering, shaking, as the boy sank his fangs into her neck as he held her to him. The Kiss. The instant, inhuman sensation of calmness, pleasure, bliss and relaxation flowing through the body. If she was helpless before, she was practically lifeless now. Her arms started to get heavier until they went limp, dangling. Her body stopped listening to her attempts to escape his grip, and she relaxed back against the boy as he found the angle to thrust up into her a few more times.

Warmth trickled out of her. Her cum, and his. She whimpered, almost crying as the boy continued to drink her, continued to draw out her blood as she came on him, as she trembled and milked his cock, as the magical sensations of the Kiss ripped away her senses until she was flying on a cloud of bliss. She managed to raise her eyes to Antoinette, and found the Prince grinning at her, eyes looking her naked body up and down as Ashley shivered.

“No... fair,” she said, pouting at her mistress as the darkness started to take her.

“Ah, my precious, I fear you tempted Jack with, perhaps, too tasty a meal.” The Prince sat up, got in close to her, and planted kisses on her free breast, the other still in Jack’s grip as he kept her tight to his body. Antoinette’s kisses were always perfect, always the right level of suckle and nibble on her nipples to get Ashley’s body tingly. But right now, her whole body as sensitive as volatile explosives, Antoinette’s kissing on her breast sent her mind into fireworks as she slipped under the heavy draw of exhaustion. The last thing she felt was Antoinette’s lips rising higher before her own fangs sank into her neck, opposite of Jack.

Falling asleep on the waves of overlapping orgasm spurred by the Kiss was a great way to fall asleep, she had to admit.