

~~Jack~~

As the two of them sat on his couch in his old apartment, he spared no detail. It wasn't exactly new information for Elaine; they'd have this conversation already. But it was obvious she wanted more info about the emotional side of the Ripper, about how he thought, how he felt, how the fucker took over Jack and basically became a new person. She wanted the information Jack had kept a little vague, to spare Antoinette. Of course, the Prince likely inferred a lot of it, but that didn't mean Jack was going to say it.

He described to his great grandsire, what it felt like to want to see someone die. Not delight in killing, because as horrible as that was, it didn't really get across how alien, weird, and absolutely fucking vile the curse was. To actually want to see the life go out in someone's eyes, because it scratched an itch that was basically existential for the curse, that's what Jack told her now. The Ripper would forever be furious, even if he piled a mountain of corpses, and fucked one in front of his next target, instilling disgust and fear in enemies and prey alike. A strange mix of unadulterated rage and carnal delight, aggression and hunger swirled into something only a genuine psychopath could empathize with.

He described what it was like before the curse was released, when those emotions and desires mixed with his own, and Elaine nodded as she closed her eyes, reminiscing. How much of her savage past she could remember, he didn't know, but based on the subtle smile, she could remember enough, and she sorta missed it. Missing it was not the reaction he expected to see, but if she expressed it now, it was because she felt comfortable letting him know she did.

Good thing Veronica didn't get to hear any of this. She'd run from Jack, screaming.

"Truly an abhorrent creation, this Ripper curse," Elaine said, opening her eyes.

"You uh, don't really seem like you think it's abhorrent."

She shrugged and leaned in closer. "When you have seen murder and carnage on the scale that I have, you become... jaded."

"And, what? You miss not being jaded? You miss the thrill of killing people? Cause I've never been thrilled. The curse has, I haven't. Killing people just... hurts, and makes me sick."

"I do not believe you."

"What? I—"

She came in so close, she could have kissed him. “At the height of blood lust and violence, in battle, where emotions run rampant, even kine can give into an urge so primal and instinctual, that killing becomes satisfying. And you, my childe, have a Beast, a part of you that both understands that, and craves it, as all vampires do. Try as you might to deny it, the Beast is not some dog on a leash you can order. It is a part of you, and it delights in the kill.”

She had him there. Much as it sucked to admit it, the vampire part of him enjoyed killing; at least, when it came to securing power, safety, or resources. Hell, even the human part of him found an inkling of satisfaction from it, hidden underneath all the nausea and terror. But it wasn't the same as what the curse wanted.

“What are you driving at?”

“I simply wanted to... see, a part of you I know you keep from my friend. You are far too self sacrificing an individual to let Ann know how truly depraved the emotions of the curse are, and how his desires affected your own, before your separation.”

What a load of crap. She wasn't lying, but it was a half truth; fucking worse than any lie. And she knew he knew that, from the twinkle in her eye.

“Come on Elaine, enough with the games. I suck at them. Just tell me what you want.”

She sighed, her fun ruined. “I seek to understand the curse, Jack.”

“Understand?”

“The Strix placed it upon my sire, so many centuries ago. She sired me. I sired Viktor, and so on. The curse infected us and spread through us. The curse colored our perceptions and emotions for ages. I left Viktor to his fate, and disappeared into the world to find the ritual to save me from its influence.” She glanced down, weight pulling her eyes to the floor, before she corrected the error and smiled at him again. “And before then, as I once told you, I ran with wolves through forests, and I gave into the curse's lust for violence and death.”

“But you regained control of yourself, right? I mean, you came back to civilization, sired Viktor while you still had the curse, and—”

She held up a hand. “Its dark urges danced within me without relent, but by then I had learned to coexist with them. I pretended to be a creature of the night, but one with a secret; seducing a rich man was easy. Viktor took me to his balls and gatherings, and dressed me in clothes to make me presentable. And when people were gone, I would fuck him, and Kiss him, and feed him my blood. Eventually, I sired him, in the darkness and the empty streets of night. I fled soon after, leaving Viktor to his fate, as I

only then finally realized the curse had to be removed.” Sighing, she turned back to face the wall with the television, and the nearby door where Veronica was out like a light. “I remember no details, as confounding and frustrating as that is. I can vaguely remember running through the dark, naked in the woods. I can remember blood, and pain. I can remember hunger and desire, wanton violence, urges that overwhelmed me, boiling up from the curse.”

“And you want that back?”

“I want to understand, and appreciate it, in a way that...” Elaine sighed, and slumped. Seeing a five-hundred-year-old vampire slump, posture ruined and back curving into the couch, was a really strange sight, and Jack raised a brow. “I suppose I am seeking punishment, for passing this curse on, and then leaving Viktor to deal with it. I did not know that would happen, and yet, I feel guilt for it.”

He half frowned, half smiled. The whole situation was confusing, and he couldn’t for the life of him figure out what she wanted. And it seemed like, neither could she, cause there was more to it than a guilt complex.

“I can remember in vivid detail what it was like before I freed the curse, Elaine. I couldn’t even say Angela’s name without frothing at the mouth with overwhelming, ridiculous, juvenile rage. But I also felt power with it, power and bloodlust and even bits of strange bliss.” He scratched his hair, and slouched back into the couch too, almost touching shoulders with her; woman was too tall. “So, there were tiny bits of pleasure, from feeling that kind of power, very dark side. But mostly it was just pain and self loathing, when the rush was over. I felt... inhuman.”

“But you are not human. You are a vampire.”

He frowned at her and shook his head. “Is that what this is actually about? You’re... missing that part?” It was a pretty old story, and an integral one to Kindred, far as Jack knew. Vampires had to fight against their Beastly nature, every night of their second lives, or they’d rot away and become nothing more than a draugr, a mindless husk only capable of hunting and killing.

She looked away, and unless he was seeing things, that was shame on her face. “It has been a long time since I have felt... I do not know. Human? Empathy is a difficult thing for a vampire as old as I. Emotions are difficult to summon. Antoinette and I, much of our friendship is based on shared goals, playful rivalry, and sexual compatibility, not empathy.”

He tried his hardest to keep his face straight when she brought up sexual compatibility. Fail. She laughed, and her shame melted away, making him smile.

“I get it, you know? Antoinette and I have talked about this before, about what it’s like for her, being as old as she is. For a long time, she thought our relationship was really just her, uh, mooching off me.”

“Mooching?”

“Yeah, cause I got this habit of wearing my emotions on my sleeve, when I’m comfortable with someone. I’m honest, to a fault, and Antoinette says she can see it all in my eyes. And she says she feeds on that, and…” Sighing, a happy sound, he relaxed back against his couch again, and smiled at Elaine. “Is that what all this is about? This interest you have in this curse? You came to Dolareido to investigate me, because Antoinette told you how psychotic the curse is, and that triggered… what, some emotional memories?”

Her face slowly smoothed back into a stony visage. “Perhaps.”

Bingo. There was more to this than a guilt complex, or a hunt for understanding the curse.

“Elaine, I’m sure you have a lot of reasons for coming to Dolareido, and more than just what we’re talking about right now. But, the curse? It’s not human either, and I don’t even think the Beast can feel the sort of joyful hate and rage it does. Yeah, humans can crave violence, and be angry, and the Beast can crave the hunt, but the curse isn’t like that. It’s… it’s so much darker. It’s… the sort of mindless rage and hate you’d expect of… a ghost, tormented for years and devoid of any reasoning.” He groaned and shook his head. It was too easy to see Mary becoming that ghost. “Mindless hate, and the animal aggression you’d find in a wounded, rabid, starving animal. The weird joy I felt back then, what the curse feels, it’s sick, and twisted, and no human — or vampire — could ever feel that way. You don’t want that, ok? You’re better off.”

She slowly frowned and looked down. “Am I?”

“Yes, you are.” He sat up, and set a hand on her leg. That shocked her. Whenever they interacted, he made sure to avoid touching her; she was a sexual woman, and he didn’t want to trigger something Antoinette might disagree with. But now, he squeezed her knee gently, and smiled at her. “Antoinette’s told me a lot about what it’s like, being as old as her. And I know a thing or two about the shit you must have dealt with, when you still had the curse. So, how about instead of plotting whatever you’re plotting, scheming whatever you’re scheming, just hang out in Dolareido for a while?”

And just like that, her frown turned into a smile. Slowly though, carefully, like how she probably approached everything, including this conversation.

“To what end?”

“Well, you’re my great grandsire. We’re family... in a weird sort of way. And, well, you’ve got that thing going on, the whole ‘I smile a lot and I’m a powerful seductress, but I’m secretly depressed’ thing going on. Maybe hanging out here for a while will help.”

For all the ancient elder’s self control, he managed to earn a proper laugh out of her, complete with a cough of surprise.

“You, little Ventrue, are a delectable, and dangerously discerning individual. You are nothing like your mother.”

He grinned at her. She was only half right. He got his dad’s brain, sure, but he got his mom’s heart.

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~~Beatrice~~

Triss leaned back against the mound of blankets in her alcove, and a quiet, deep groan worked its way up her throat, as Jennifer kissed her clitoris and pierced. Triss was trying to think about all the shit that’d happened, about Black Blood’s conversation with Jack, about the curse, about the her old boss Garry about to start shit with the Invictus, but it was damn hard to think at all with a sexpert molesting her.

Triss turned her head, set the side of her face on the blankets, and looked out of her alcove to the big cavern. Othello wasn’t there. Probably out with Madison. Hell, maybe he was actually out doing witchy things? Dude was dumb, but you didn’t live to be his age without picking up at least a few things.

Ripples of pleasure spread outward from her insides, and she clenched down on the two fingers pressing up toward her pussy through her ass. The rolling waves hit her, head to toe, and she quivered as Jennifer eased her kissing, but kept her lips around her clit, while fingering her harder. Slut knew exactly how to make Triss cum, and milk her for it.

As the waves passed, Triss relaxed back against the blankets, only to tense up again as her ears picked up on some noise. But after a few seconds, she recognized the footsteps, and she relaxed again as Samantha inevitably came into view, Jacob behind her.

“Oh!” Samantha said, and she brought up a hand to cover her mouth. “You... you two, always out in the open!”

Triss shrugged. Jen sat up and laughed. Jacob grinned, gave Samantha a playful slap on the ass, and shoved her. Samantha squeaked as she fell, landed on Jennifer, and on Triss at that, one of her hands planting into Triss’s abs.

“Jacob, you fucking asshole,” Triss said, rolling her eyes.

She expected Samantha to get up instantly, embarrassed as she was. But she didn’t. Samantha gulped, looked Beatrice straight in her snake eyes, before her gaze drifted down over Triss’s body, her tattoos and piercings, her abs, and down her smooth mons to where her clit-hood ring sat. A small chain dangled from the piercing tonight, something Jen asked for, and it jingled as her friend continued to finger her ass.

Jen, a total jackass, pumped her fingers up and down harder, now that they had a guest, earning a burst of pleasure from Triss and her clenching slit. She’d just cum, and Jen was never happy till she’d gotten a few more out of her, the damn woman.

Again, Triss expected Sam to back off. But again she didn’t. She stared down at Triss’s flexing stomach, her spread thighs, her bouncing clit chain, and the two fingers working up and down in her ass. Insides already swollen and aching with pleasure, it didn’t take long for Triss’s muscles to boil, and waves of pleasure to spread out from where Jen’s fingers pressed up against her pussy. Plus, the damn chain kept bouncing around, hitting her engorged clit over and over.

She came again, and clenched down on her empty cunt, hard. A tiny shot of juices landed on Jen’s wrist, and then another, and another, as the damn Ventrue fingered her even harder. Didn’t take Jen long to have Triss’s thighs rippling with the impact of her fingers. Only after the fifth little squirt did Jen finally ease up; stayed inside Triss, gently curling her fingers up again and again to milk Triss like a damn cow, but at least eased up.

And even as Triss came down from her orgasm high, dragged out by Jen’s constant milking, Sam didn’t back off. Hell, she looked utterly hypnotized, eyes still locked onto Triss’s slit and where Jen’s fingers spread her thoroughly lubed ass. And Sam’s hand, still pressed to Triss’s abs, gently flexed and unflexed at the fingertips.

Reality came flooding back to the Daeva, and she yanked her hand back with a gasp.

“Sorry! Sorry. Just, you... you’re so beautiful.”

“Ha, beautiful?” Triss pulled some of her dark hair aside and exposed her crocodile fangs, and, of fucking course, the lack of cheeks.

Sam shook her head. “Yeah, those are scary. B-But...” She looked behind her to Jacob, before she looked back to Triss with a smile. “And your abs are amazing.”

Triss burst into laughter, and pulled herself back up a bit to sit more upright on the blankets against the alcove wall. Jen didn’t take the hint. She just lay between Triss’s thighs instead of kneeling, got comfy on her side, and continued fingering her ass.

For a brief moment, Triss remembered a moment with Julias. Him, her, before shit got crazy, before Jen, before the hunters. She’d admitted to him then that she really got turned on by the idea of being watched; they promptly fucked on the couch, after she’d spent some time masturbating for him. Christ, that was a fucking lifetime ago.

And now she had a fucking audience. Jen watched of course, cause the damn slut loved to watch her handiwork. Othello and Madison were often around, and they took a peek, frequently. Hell, even Aaron took a peek sometimes. Sam and Jacob though? Jacob had probably experienced every kink known to man and then some. Him seeing Triss get fingered in the ass didn’t mean anything. But Sam? Sam was brand new to the world of vampires, and the world of kinky sex. And she was, evidently, a total hornball. Having her around, watching Triss, totally hypnotized by it, hit Triss’s horny bone in just the right place.

Triss relaxed back against the blankets, spread her thighs a bit more, and cupped one of her tits and massaged it, while her other hand reached down and massaged her pussy’s lips. Hey, she liked Sam. Sam was nice. Sam was randy as fuck, twenty-four seven. Having her watch had Triss wanting to show off, and she did just that. She spread her slit’s lips as she massaged them, and clenched down several times, knowing full well it’d put her insides on display, and all the juices leaking out of her.

Sam stared, frozen like a statue. Her eyes drifted some more, running up Triss’s abs again, and the snake tattoo, up from its tail above her clit, to where it coiled around and bit into one of Triss’s nipples. Her eyes drifted down again, and stared hard at Triss’s spread open pussy as pleasure tremors shot up through Triss’s body, causing her to moan, and squirt a couple more tiny splashes onto Jen’s wrist. Damn, Sam was totally into watching.

Which suited Triss just fine.

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A few hours later, Jacob and Samantha came out of his alcove, and into the center of the cave. He wore a suit, and Samantha wore nothing but a blanket. The man grinned at her, kissed her, and left, leaving Samantha standing in the cave alone.

So Samantha did what she always did when Jacob left, disappearing into the night to do whatever the fuck the man did in his free time: she came over and stood in Jen and Beatrice's alcove entrance. Jen and Triss were still naked, sitting and leaning back against their blankets and pillows, talking, about Jacob, about what he did those few nights ago, about Jack and the werewolves and Garry's inevitable push against the Invictus.

They shut up though, when Sam joined them. She had a necklace on, a subtle thing, and she fiddled with it with a finger and thumb as she walked over to them. Gift from Jacob, maybe?

"You two," Sam said, "you never cover up. Even after I... saw."

Triss shrugged. "I used to, but after hanging out with these horny witches for, what, over a couple years now Jen? Don't even notice the nudity anymore."

Jen nodded, and nuzzled into Triss's side. "It hardly matters to any vampire with a few years under their belt, let alone members of the Circle of the Crone. I imagine if you wandered your Prince's tower enough, Samantha, you'd find Antoinette naked with her lover all the time."

Samantha groaned at that and shook her head. "Ugh, don't say that. I don't think I could handle seeing Jack and my sire having sex."

Triss laughed and shrugged. "That white-haired bitch seems pretty damn happy with him, so he must be good at it."

"That's worse! Jack is too young to be good at sex!"

Triss and Jen laughed, and Sam laughed too, eventually, and sat down with them. She didn't do a good job keeping the blanket snug, exposing her legs quite a bit. Yeap, the witches were rubbing off on her.

"Keep your head down from now on, Sam," Triss said.



“Because of what happened a few days ago? Antoinette told me about it. Jack... I haven’t talked to him yet.”

“Probably should give him some space. I got a peek at the aftermath, and he was pretty beat up. I’m sure the Prince is pampering him while he recovers, but he’ll... well, knowing Jack, he’ll want to deal with shit on his own and keep you from seeing it.”

Sam sighed, and leaned back against the pile of blankets, only a couple feet away from Triss. “Yeah, you’re right. Jack’s too damn stubborn to ever ask for help, unless it was tactical.”

“Ha, tactical. Yeah, that sounds like Jack.” Triss shrugged and gestured to Sam with a hand. “Awkwardness aside, you must be proud of him. He’s changed the Danse Macabre for the whole city in just a few years.”

“I am! I am, but... I’m worried for him. People... Kindred die, and it’s so scary, hearing about all these sad things.”

Before Triss could say anything, something along the lines of ‘yeah it sucks’, Jen tapped Triss on the shoulder.

“Samantha,” Jen said, “it is scary, and horrible. No one should have to go through what you did, or Beatrice, or Jack. But, you’re immortal now. Don’t make decisions to avoid pain or awkwardness in the moment. Play for the long game.”

Samantha sighed and nodded, looking down at her knees. “How long?”

Jen reached across Triss’s leg, and tapped Sam on a knee. “You were probably saving up your RSPs before you were embraced, yes?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Well, make all decisions the same way you made that decision. Plan for things twenty to forty years in the future, because it’s a reality that you’ll see those years. Not only will you see them, you’ll be stronger, more powerful, smarter, and better equipped to reap the benefits.”

Slowly, Sam’s frown faded, and a smile appeared. She was finally getting it.

“I won’t be old and weak in thirty years. I’ll be even stronger than I am now.”

“Yeap,” Triss said. “Don’t make the mistakes I made.”

“Mistakes?”

“Ha, yeah. I hung around in crypts for twenty years, wasting my time fighting the Invictus as a Carthian, and pissing away my years cause I thought... well, I didn’t think. I just reacted to shit around me, cause I was angry.”

“Angry?”

Triss pointed at her face. “Nosferatu asshole stalker embraced me. Not my choice. I woke up with a hunger for blood and a crocodile mouth.”

Samantha winced and looked down again. “That’s horrible.”

“Yeah, it was, and it really fucked me up for a long time. But if I’d pulled my head out of my ass and stopped looking back at the human life I missed, I could have learned to enjoy actually being a vampire. Could have met people like... Julias. Could have made a fortune. Could have gotten laid more. Could have done a lot of things.” She was doing that now, just not in a way she could have possibly expected. Becoming a witch, learning rituals, learning to control the world with what was basically magic, no fucking way could she have predicted that. “Besides, a lot of Nosferatu have it worse than Jacob or me. Bob in the tunnels looks like one of those classic, creepy gross vampires. Liliana is usually with him, and half of her face is covered in eyes. But, if they can pull themselves together, maybe they’ll grow up to be the next Maria.”

They all shivered. A pretty awesome goal for any Nosferatu, but at the same time, Maria the corpse lady was fucking terrifying.

“Yeah, I can do that. I can play the long game,” Sam said. “But, all these horrible things are happening right now!”

Jen nodded. “That’s why Garry and Michael, and Antoinette for that matter, aren’t just throwing themselves into the grinder haphazardly. They’re old, and they’d like to get older. This war building between the Invictus and Carthians has been decades in the making, Sam, and Antoinette’s playing for centuries. So she’s going to sit back and wait, and only act when she sees the perfect opportunity.”

“B-But, Jack’s going to get hurt, and not in decades, but maybe in these next few months! And—”

Jen held up a hand. “The boy continues to surprise everyone, Samantha. Trust him.”

She frowned, a motherly ‘I know my son’ sorta frown. Sure, she probably trusted him to be efficient and effective at anything he put his mind to, but didn’t trust him to rely on other people for personal shit.

Beatrice laughed and looked at Jen. Jen traded a look with her, and a memory sparked between them, turning their smiles into sad little frowns. Now? Might as well be now.

“Hey, Samantha,” Triss said.

“Yeah?”

“What’s Antoinette told you about Elen?”

“Elen? The hunter, or, uh, the old woman that worked with them? I know Jacob has her locked up somewhere, but that’s it.”

Sighing, Triss sat up, Jen too, and they both leaned in. Samantha gulped, and leaned in as well.

“Jacob’s given me the witch,” Triss said.

Samantha raised a brow. “Witch, like you?”

“Er, kinda? She’s different. She’s more like a... I don’t know if there’s a word for it. Fleshmancer? She uses blood, muscle, bones, all that kinda stuff, and somehow manages to do some very fucked up shit with them. Like, that old Egyptian thing, haruspex? She’s done that, with humans.”

“Oh god!”

“Yeah, lot of fucked up shit. But she’s, uh, pretty much dead in the head. Think major dementia, but worse. She’s a sick, ruthless bitch, but so clueless, she’s running on autopilot. And I’m trying to make her work for me.”

Samantha frowned at her. “What? Why?”

“Because I... it’s...” Jesus, how to say this and not sound like she was insane. “She can do some amazing things, you know? Jeremiah and Angela, they used her as a weapon, but I’m thinking she can do some good. She can do things that... maybe...” Yeap, she was going to sound like an insane person. “She might be able to give me back something. Hell, maybe you, too.”

“Get us back something? What?”

Time for the hard part.

“I think Elen can... can maybe rebuild people, people we’ve lost.”

Samantha stared at her, not understanding her. But slowly, her eyes widened, and she sat up straight and away.

“You... you don’t mean...” The Daeva’s hand shot up to her necklace.

Beatrice held up her hands in surrender before lowering them. “I’m trying, just trying. Jacob says I’ll probably fail, but still thinks it’s worth chasing, you know? There’s something here, a chance, and I’d be a fucking moron not to try. I have to... to try something.”

Triss took a peek at Jen. Her friend looked back to her, but her sad gaze fell to Samantha, who was looking more and more excited by the minute. Watching her face was like riding an emotional rollercoaster by proxy. Excited, then happy, then scared, then sad, then angry, then excited again.

“That’s scary, Beatrice. That’s really, really scary.”

“You’re telling me. But I have to try. I owe it to...” Did she owe it to Julias? The man died a hero, and left her. Did she owe it to Jacob? He’d given her the tools, but she’d put in the time, the pain, and the misery. “I owe it to myself to try. If I can have him back, if even for only a little bit, then it’s worth a try, right? It wasn’t fair, what happened. It wasn’t fair to him, and especially not...” No need to say it. It wasn’t fair to Mary, just a girl who happened to be related to someone involved.

Samantha clutched the blanket around her with one hand, and her necklace with the other. “No. It wasn’t fair.”

“So, I’m gonna try. Crúac rituals, they’ll help. There are things I can try, and some of them are nasty, but I’ll try them.”

“Will... will anyone get hurt?”

Triss shook her head. “Only people who deserve it, and even then, only when I have to.” Before Samantha could ask what she meant, Triss shook her head again. “You’re happier not knowing the details, Sam. Just be happy knowing the only people getting hurt deserve it.” After a few seconds to process, Sam nodded, and Triss continued. “The issue isn’t that, though. The issue is Elen can’t do much without her book.”

“Book? Oh! Oh, the stuff my sire took, after Jack beat the hunters. Oh... oooh...” She gulped and looked down. Yep, there it was, realization of what Triss was asking. “I... don’t know if I can do that.”

“This isn’t a request you have to say yes or no to, Samantha, not now at least. But think about it, ok? I’m gonna keep trying. I have time, all the time in the world, and Elen’s immortal, somehow. She’s not going anywhere.”

Samantha clutched her necklace a little tighter, before letting it go and grabbing her blanket with both hands. “You can’t just ask Antoinette for the book?”

Jennifer spoke this time. “Antoinette and Jacob are old friends, Samantha, very old friends. But the Prince doesn’t trust him or the Circle enough to simply give us something that dangerous, especially after what we saw Elen do with it.”

“I know Jacob and my sire have a history,” Samantha said, raising her eyes, “but she can’t think that badly of him, if she’s letting me date him, right?”

Triss shrugged. “Not really the same, I guess. She probably trusts him with him a person. But with... power? Probably not so much. But you’ve been seeing Jacob for a little while now, what do you think? Can you trust him? Me?”

Samantha thought about it, tapping her chin a bit as she did. On the surface, Jack’s mom didn’t seem like she had a lot going on upstairs, but at this point, Triss wasn’t going to assume anything. Sam was Jack’s mom, and Jack was too damn smart for a kid his age.

“I... think I can,” she said. But before Triss could smile, or say something to encourage her, Sam looked at her, and the heaviness there struck Triss cold. “But, is this whole thing really a good idea? I’ve talked to my daughter, Triss, since she died. Multiple times. And it kills me, every time.”

“This isn’t the same!” Shit. Triss pulled back and winced. She didn’t mean to raise her voice like that, shocking her own damn, idiot self. “I’m not looking to get a glimpse of a ghost, Sam. I want him back.”

“I understand. I do! But... but Julias would want you to be happy, right? And, I don’t know, you’ve seemed happy.” She smiled a little, and squirmed a bit, obviously entertaining the memory she had of Triss get fingered just a few hours ago. “I mean, I don’t know, I don’t get to see a lot of what the Circle does, but every time I’ve seen you, Triss, you’ve been mingling with Jen, Othello, Aaron, and even Jacob, and you... seem happy.”

Silence fell on the alcove. Triss managed a glance at Jen, and her friend smiled at her as she set a hand on Triss’s leg. Yeah, Jen knew Triss was slowly but surely coming out of her pit of depression, and was, in a strange way, finding a place for herself in the Circle. Every day, she got over Julias a little bit more. Every day, his smile, his touch, the sound of his voice, they faded, just a little bit. And that terrified her.

“I still have to try.”

Samantha nodded with a weary sigh, the sound someone made when they knew exactly what the other was going through. “I understand. And I’ll... think about it.”

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~~Jack~~

A few days later, it was time for Veronica to become a full thrall, bound by the Vinculum. She'd not only managed to digest a lot of information about the paranormal world, she did it without freaking out. Apparently it was common for new thralls to crack when they found out ghosts and vampires and shit were real. But not her. The world of the Danse Macabre and the Masquerade intrigued her, a lot, and she found it infinitely more interesting than her old life. An ideal candidate for a potential vampire, if it ever came to that.

Well, either way, he was damn impressed. The young woman was smarter than she seemed, and seemed to enjoy her new life. She hadn't moved into her new apartment yet, but she was damn excited to do it, now that she could easily afford it. If she ever became a ghoul, she'd probably live in the mansion, but for now it was better she had her own place.

So, after some deliberation, and after his wounds healed — way too fucking fast — he gave his new thrall a call, for the final dose. And of course, he gave Elaine and Antoinette a call too, cause he had no fucking clue how it was going to go.

Elaine and Antoinette stood within the lobby of his mansion, and they watched with delighted eyes, as Veronica suckled on his wrist. He didn't think the third dose needed to be such a big one, but Antoinette suggested it should be, to commemorate the big moment, and to help the thrall associate the pleasure of ingesting vitae, with their new found adoration for their master. And as dark and twisted as that sounded, there was no denying Veronica was drinking his blood like it was the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted.

“Wow,” she said, and she stumbled back before slowly lowering herself down to sit on the stairs. No crazy rage consumed her, nothing that suggested the curse affected her. Thank god.

Jack smiled, healed his wrist, and looked to Antoinette and Elaine. Veronica looked buzzed on pleasure, while the two elders looked lost in ancient, joyful memories, their eyes only half watching the thrall, and their smiles subtle.

“The Vinculum is complete,” Antoinette said. “How do you feel, Veronica?”

“I feel great! And...” She blushed as she looked down and squirmed on the stairs. “Wow. Um, I... what now? Master?”

Jack shivered. Master. He hadn't asked her to call him that, and he hadn't planned on it. But, damn, it felt nice.

The two elders chuckled, looked at each other, and exchanged some psychic conversation only women were capable of.

“I think tonight,” Elaine said, “you should pay your friend what she is owed, no?”

“Friend? Owe? What—oh. Jessy. Damn.”

“Jessy? What about her?” Veronica asked.

“She, uh...” Wow, how to say this without freaking her out. “She wants to see Antoinette and me having sex, because no one in this city cares about privacy. She did me a solid, so I owe her. And of course Jessy wants a sex tape as payment.” Or more like, that's what he'd sold her, cause he was an idiot.

“Oh. Um—”

“Would you like to come and observe, in person, dear sweet creature?” Antoinette said, in a deliberately deeper, huskier tone. “I do love an audience.”

Jack put up his hands. “You don't have to—”

“I'll do it!”

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Veronica spent the next twenty minutes ooh'ing and aw'ing as Antoinette guided them through her tower and down into its beautiful underground labyrinth, far prettier than the underground tunnels under Jack's mansion. Those looked like torture cells dug underground for World War One.

Veronica gasped for the millionth time when they stepped into Antoinette's bedroom. The vault door surprised her. The giant room delighted her.

Within the room awaited Ashley and Julee, and Jack rolled his eyes as he found the two girls setting up cameras and professional lighting.

“Uh, what?” he said, gesturing to all the obviously professional filming equipment. Two cameras on tripods, one handheld, some light umbrellas, and a whole bunch of other stuff.

Antoinette shrugged. “This is but a small selection of my tools for recording.”

The prince’s two ghouls giggled as they bounced over. Naked. Oh boy.

“Is this the new girl?” they said together, and they smiled as they looked Veronica up and down.

“Um... hi,” Veronica said, and she gulped as she looked between the two slightly taller girls. She hadn’t expected nudity, not yet anyway.

“Hi! I’m Ashley. This is Julee. We’re the Prince’s ghouls. And you’re Veronica, Jack’s new thrall? Wow, you’re pretty. Love the hair.”

Veronica blushed and squirmed in place, and cast a few nervous glances to Jack, expecting him to save her. Despite her enthusiasm on being a part of this, she was looking a little anxious now. Poor girl had no idea how crazy tonight was probably going to get.

“Are the cameras running?” Antoinette asked.

Ashley nodded. “Mhmm, set to the center of the bed. And she just has to press the red button on the handheld and it’ll record.”

“Excellent. Now, come here.”

Ashley and Julee came to join them, smiling, and they both shivered as Elaine and Antoinette took them into their hands. Naked and standing with their backs against the stomachs of the two older women, both younger women smiled at him and Veronica as Elaine and Antoinette ran hands up and down their naked bodies. The two ghouls watched him and his thrall, and erupted into squeals, and then melted into bliss, as Elaine and Antoinette devoured them. More than devoured, fingered. Antoinette took Julee, Elaine took Ashley, and the two vampires put both ghouls on display as they fingered and Kissed them, driving both girls to orgasm in record breaking time.

Veronica moaned as she watched, quiet enough she probably didn’t realize she did. Her nipples pressed hard against her white blouse, and she struggled to keep her hands at her side.

Antoinette lifted her fangs from the now unconscious Julee, and grinned at Veronica, before she and Elaine set the two ghouls gently on the floor at the foot of the giant bed. Nodding, Antoinette began to undress, slowly undoing a button of her suit, and then another, eyes on Veronica as she did.

“Veronica,” she said, “you may be Jack’s new thrall, but he is my love, and I his. Understand?”



Veronica gulped, and nodded.

“Excellent.” She slipped out of her suit jacket, her shirt, and then, her bra. Veronica’s eyes went wide as she stared at just how absurdly busty the Prince was. “However, I am a sharing lover. Am I not, Elaine?”

“Charitable beyond words.” Laughing, Elaine set her own suit on the floor, and slowly slipped out of her underwear, exposing her smooth mons as she slid the fabric down her equally smooth legs.

“Indeed. So, Veronica, if you perform well tonight, I promise you will be quite satisfied.” Antoinette gave a devil smile and looked to Jack, checking in if he was ok with what she was implying. He was, cause he was a guy, and when in doubt, he had to listen to his penis.

“P-Perform?”

Nodding, Antoinette slid out of her own underwear, grabbed the handheld camera, and brought it to her. “You shall record us. If you can remain focused on that task, and not touch yourself in any way, you will have what you desire. Understood?”

Veronica gulped again, so hard they all heard it, and she took the camera. “Yes, Prince.” She had a hard time taking her eyes off Antoinette’s now completely naked body. It was a lot of smooth, pale skin.

“Wonderful.” With a hearty, villainous chuckle, Antoinette crawled onto the bed. Elaine joined her, also chuckling with similar dark tones as the two elders found the center of the huge bed. They were having fun.

It was going to be one of those nights. Whenever these two fed together, it was like they’d become possessed by sex spirits; in Dolareido, that was perfectly possible. Both of them already Blushed Life due to the meal, and both smiled at him with hungry succubus grins as they got cozy on the mattress.

He managed a soft smile for the obviously nervous Veronica, and stripped. “Don’t worry. Just point the camera at”—where the hell would Jessy prefer the camera point?—“wherever the action is. No need to get artistic. We already got a professional setup also filming.” He gestured to the other cameras already recording.

“Yes Master. I... oh my.” She stared at him, eyes wide, and ran her eyes up and down his body as he tossed aside his suit, and Blushed Life. It took her a few seconds, but she managed to remember the camera, and she brought it up to point at him as she pressed the button. And, without even trying to hide the fact, spent a lot of time with it pointed at his body, his abs, his shoulders and chest, and his penis.

And, well, considering he'd just watched two ballerinas get fingered into a mess of orgasms, and now had two well-fed, very horny women waiting for him on the bed, he was already getting erect.

Veronica licked her lips, breath quickening, but kept both hands on the camera.

He walked over the side of the bed, and both elders turned to face him, Elaine pressing her body into Antoinette's back. Without missing a beat, she spooned with the Prince, propped her head up with her left hand and elbow, and reached around Antoinette with her right hand. Her exploring digits slid down his lover's body, traced lines along her breasts, her waist and stomach, and then to her mons. A moment later, she set a single finger against Antoinette's clitoris, and began to gently caress it as she grinned at Jack over the Prince's shoulder.

"You have spent night after night indulging yourself with our breasts," Antoinette said. "Perhaps, you would like to actually have sex with us tonight? Silly boy."

Silly boy. It wasn't a tease she normally used. Elaine brought out a playful, dominant side in Antoinette. Normally she was in charge, but tender and inviting in contrast to her normally cold and domineering presentation. When Elaine was involved, Jack could see an older part of her personality emerge, something that wanted to play with him like a cat would its toy.

Well, he was perfectly cool being a cat toy.

He shivered, met their ancient gazes, and climbed up onto the bed with them, Veronica following. She didn't climb onto the bed, but she leaned over it, and kept the camera pointed. He knelt beside Antoinette in front of her midriff, all while the two ladies watched him with desire, and Elaine continued to massage his lover's clit in that super gentle, pre-sex kinda way.

"So, uh... how to do this?" He gestured to the cameras and to Veronica.

Laughing, Elaine rolled onto her back, and Antoinette mirrored her. They scooted back further up the enormous bed, set their backs on the mountain of pillows so the two of them were half sitting, half leaning back, and resumed their dangerous smiles. Elaine lifted her left leg where it pressed into Antoinette's, slid it between her friend's, and used it to help pull the woman's legs apart. Chuckling, Antoinette complied, and spread both her milky white thighs.

"How about," Elaine said, eyes finally sliding off Jack and down onto Antoinette, "you enjoy your lover, for now. I will join in momentarily." The Ventrue turned onto her side again, snuggled into Antoinette's side, and resumed her gentle caresses of Antoinette's pink labia. They grew redder by the second as they swelled, the Prince's body on a hair trigger considering she just fed, and fed to the point poor Julee was comatose.

Plus, with Elaine, Antoinette got aroused very, very quickly, despite how her eyes remained fixed on him. Something about treating him to a second pair of curvy hips and huge breasts really set her on fire. Soon to be three pairs, given her intentions.

“Skipping foreplay?” he said.

Elaine laughed. “Good heavens, no. I will handle foreplay. You, come, enter your darling Prince, and engage in some slow, romantic, tender, and caring love making.”

Not exactly what he figured Jessy would want to see. He raised a brow, but a nod from Antoinette sealed the order, along with her reaching behind her to grab a pillow, and set it under her butt, elevating it. He crawled over and between Antoinette’s legs, slid his knees under her thighs, and with a single hand, guided his hard length down, and into her slit. Wet, warm, she squeezed invitingly, and smiled her succubus smile at him as he slowly sank his length into her. And as he did, Elaine continued to caress and massage her clitoris, using two fingers now, and a little more pressure.

Veronica stepped around the bed toward the head, and leaned over the bed some more, groaning quietly as she did. The audio would get picked up by the camera, but Jack knew Jessy wouldn’t care. Hell, she’d probably like it.

He groaned as his eyes roamed over Antoinette’s mountainous breasts, flattened to her chest and spreading out over her ribs, but still massive. And after a second, his eyes fell to Elaine’s breasts, and he watched where they squished to Antoinette’s side. At least, he watched until Elaine grinned at him.

“Sorry,” he said after a few more seconds of staring, eyes on Elaine. “About, uh... you know, the breast obsession.”

She laughed, even more warmly than before. “It is quite alright, young Ventrue. I am a buxom beauty, after all. I have seduced many with these breasts of mine.”

“I believe Jack’s obsession transcends typical masculine enthusiasm,” Antoinette said. “I believe we have entered fetish territory.”

“You are hardly one to talk, old friend. How many times have you cum to this boy’s lips around your nipples, hmm?” Rolling her eyes, Elaine snuggled in tighter to Antoinette’s side, and the Prince lifted her arm so the woman could press her chest into Antoinette’s ribs. The Ventrue’s two huge breasts squashed into Antoinette’s right breast where it pulled to the side of her torso, and pushed it back up onto her ribs somewhat. She did it on purpose, knowing full well the sight of their breasts smooshing together and molding into heavenly shapes was utterly hypnotizing to Jack.

“Dozens,” Antoinette whispered as she gently pushed her hips up to meet his in a gentle, excruciatingly slow rhythm. “Hundreds.”

Elaine nodded, validated, and she nuzzled her head onto Antoinette’s shoulder, planting a few kisses along the Prince’s alabaster skin as she did.

“You have been blessed.”

“Her, blessed?” Jack said. “I’m the lucky one, here.”

It was Antoinette’s turn to roll her eyes. “She means, because we can engage in sexual delights until Hell freezes over, and yet, you continue to drown me in your enthusiasm and desire.”

That, was true. He couldn’t help himself. The sight of her naked, combined with her confidence and desire, lit his body like it was kindling, even after they’d fucked hundreds and hundreds of times, with Antoinette drowning him in a myriad of kinks. The fact those kinks were very one-sided, like two-girl threesomes, or four-girl fivesomes, was icing on a very delicious cake.

“And,” Elaine continued, “how easy it is for a horny young Kindred to find himself unable to resist his hunger for his prey, fucking them as he feeds. And yet you do not.” She grinned at him, then Veronica, and then the camera.

Ah, cheating. He supposed that was true. Mentally, he wasn’t capable of crossing that line. And to a paranoid creature like an elder vampire, that must have been a rare trait to find in another. His self control with Veronica must have settled some small fears in Antoinette’s mind, too.

Elaine’s massaging fingers grew faster, much faster, and Antoinette let out a quiet, relaxed sigh, as her insides started to spasm. The taller Ventrue kept up the pace for a minute, quickly pushing the Daeva up to orgasm, before she relented. The three of them watched Antoinette’s body, admiring how the gorgeous goddess shivered subtly with climax, how her enormous breasts rippled on her chest and around her ribs, and Jack in particular indulged in the amazing sensation of her insides squeezing like a vise.

Antoinette laughed, reached up, grabbed his shoulders, and pulled him down to her. She wanted him to lie down on her, which was definitely one of their more intimate styles of lovemaking. If she felt comfortable doing this in front of Elaine, or Jessy for that matter, he was hardly one to deny her. He pulled his legs out from under hers, lay atop her, and rested his head between her breasts. Naturally, as she always did, Antoinette set her hands on his back, caressed and massaged his spine and shoulder blades, while her biceps pushed her breasts together up on her chest for him. Pillows. Giant, soft

pillows. Heaven. She couldn't use her right hand this time, with her arm out so Elaine could cuddle in close, but Elaine's body helped keep her breasts together instead.

When Elaine started to move, he turned his head to face her, but he kept it resting on the glorious mountain of pillows as he watched her. She slid down a few inches, and with the hand that'd earlier been massaging Antoinette's clitoris, she cupped the underside of the Prince's right breast. Jack watched as Elaine leaned in closer, until she was only inches from Jack's face, and with a devilish twinkle in her eye, she wrapped her lips around Antoinette's right nipple.

Antoinette sighed with bliss, and nudged her hips toward Jack. He almost didn't notice. He was too busy staring at how Elaine suckled and licked his lover's areola, how she grazed the sensitive skin with her teeth before kissing the nipple, and how when she pressed her face down into the softness, the enormous breast molding to swallow it in supple skin. Veronica had the same idea. She climbed onto the bed, probably hypnotized as well, and did her best to keep the camera steady as she came in closer, only a few feet away, as she pointed the camera down at Antoinette and her breasts.

As much as he loved sucking on Antoinette's nipples, there was definitely something to watching someone else do it. Ashley, Julee, they'd all done it, but Elaine showed a mix of patience and skill that left him speechless. Every kiss, every lick, every suckle and every nudge, it was so perfectly timed, while at the same time obviously meant to be a spectacle for him and the camera. Elaine may not have had the obsessive need to show off like Antoinette did, but he could see that where Elaine drew a more sexually aggressive side out of Antoinette, Antoinette drew a desire to show off out of Elaine.

No wonder the two of them were so dangerous together.

Antoinette's left hand drifted up Jack's back, and guided his head to her left breast. He groaned into it as he devoured it hungrily, opening his mouth and trying to encompass as much of it as he could; not much, compared to how much was there. It earned some more chuckles from the Prince, and quiet, controlled moans, when his hungry mouth slid higher, and greedily devoured her nipple.

He turned his head to watch Elaine, and she did the same for him, as the two of them suckled on the Prince's breasts. Antoinette pushed her hips up into him, and he nudged his body back and forth, bathing his cock in the tight, hot friction of her wet pussy, but his focus was wholly on her breasts. He mimicked Elaine, suckling and kissing in a rhythm soon in time with her.

Antoinette's insides clamped down on him hard, and her left hand pinned his head into the softness of her breast. And she did the same to Elaine, right hand burying the woman's face to her as another orgasm hit her. She came fast. He wasn't sure if it was because of the meal, Elaine, all the

breast suckling, or that she'd suddenly become the center of attention of Veronica's camera. Probably all of it.

The two of them eased up on their suckling, and Jack groaned as he felt his cum begin to stir, heat building between his thighs and behind his testicles. But he didn't cum, not yet. As Antoinette came down from her climax and let the two of them go, Jack lifted his head, stared down at her lightly shivering, amazing body, and dared not move an inch. The electric pleasure running down through his length had him so damn close to orgasm, it took every ounce of effort he had to hold still.

"Oh, such self control," Antoinette said with her devil smile. "Elaine, be a dear and help the poor boy?"

Laughing with more warmth and merriment than Jack expected, Elaine sat up, and crawled behind him. Behind, and on top of him. He gulped as he looked up at Antoinette from between her breasts, and shivered as he felt his great grandsire's body press down on his. Her leg legs mixed in with his and the Prince's. Her pelvis pressed down on his ass. Her heavy, large breasts pressed down on his head, shoulders, and neck, and soon, he was staring up at Antoinette from between four breasts, all fighting for space against his body.

"Oh god," Veronica whispered, and she pointed the camera at Jack's face, her mouth open and her eyes wide.

With Elaine behind him, pressing her body down on him, he was thoroughly pinned, and he shivered under the sensation of her breasts molding to the shape of his neck and shoulders as she pushed her weight into him. Now with both arms free, Antoinette slid them down his body and pressed them against his lower back under Elaine's stomach, her biceps pushing her enormous breasts up to keep them mountainous. She smiled at him, obviously delighting in squashing his head between four breasts; he certainly was. And for some damn reason, having it filmed didn't bother him. Hell, he was kinda liking that too.

Elaine pushed her pelvis into his ass, and quickly found a fucking rhythm. Each time she pushed her body into him, she drove his hips forward, burying him that last inch inside his lover, and pinning his body to hers. Elaine made sure to press her whole body down onto him too, and when he looked up, he could see her head hanging over his, grinning with the same devil smile Antoinette had. And of course, each thrust of hers meant the four breasts currently enveloping his shoulders and head jiggled, the ripples in their soft, heavy tits traveling into his neck and cheeks.

He melted onto his lover as the two women squashed him in legs and boobs, and came inside her. Veronica moaned again, her blush returning hard, and she slowly panned the camera up and down the body of the two women sandwiching him.

“Ah, there we go,” Elaine said. He managed to look up at her for a moment, and how she kept her head hanging upside down over his so she could grin at him as she pressed her body into his back, breasts into his shoulders and neck. But apparently that wasn’t enough, because she pressed harder, and everything went black as her torso and breasts buried him, and his face sank in between Antoinette’s breasts. Elaine kept thrusting against his ass too, and he moaned quietly into their breasts as the warm sparks of pleasure traveled up and down his cock, each earning a flex of his inner muscles, and a following gush of cum into his lover.

Elaine only stopped when his cum stopped gushing into Antoinette, and she pushed herself up. She didn’t get off him though. Apparently, she was happier staying on top of him, with her breasts hanging and nudging against his head.

“Elaine,” Antoinette said, and she gave her friend a small wink.

Elaine laughed, slipped off Jack, and walked off toward Antoinette’s nearby vanity desk. “So we are doing that, tonight?”

“The timing is perfect, non? I think this will be a most enjoyable experience. And visual delight.” Antoinette reached down, flipped him over onto his back, smiled at him, and then smiled at the camera. She reached back, set some more pillows behind her so she was a little more propped up in a sitting position, and she pulled him snug to her belly, so that her breasts rested on his shoulders.

“Uh, what’re you going to do to me?”

“Elaine is going to treat you.”

“You two treat me almost every night.”

“Oui, but I think tonight will be especially fun.”

He raised a brow, looked up at her, and melted as she grinned at him. Whatever it was she was thinking, it was fun for her. If she was having fun, he was having fun. No thinking about stupid shit like curses and ghosts. Not even thinking about the fact they were being filmed. Nope, just two lovers and their friend, having a lovely night of sex.

Elaine returned with a bottle of lubricant in her hand, hand towel in the other, and she crawled along the bed back toward him. Like Antoinette, whenever traversing the bed was necessary, she made

sure to crawl like a strutting cat, back arched down, and breasts swaying underneath her; Veronica was quick to get that on film, too. As he stared at Elaine, she came up to his legs, straddled them, reached down, and poured lubricant onto his cock.

“You have soaked my breasts and sex in cum over a dozen times, since I have arrived in the city,” she said, eyes on him, one hand spreading the lube, the other drizzling it onto him. That was a lot of lube. It was already coated in his cum, and Antoinette’s, but if she was going to tit-fuck him over a long time, it was a good idea to get some fresh lubricant.

“Y-Yeah,” he said.

“But we have not had anal sex, not once.”

“Umm...” Whoa.

She set the lubricant aside, used the towel to dry her hands, and inched herself further forward along his legs. Eventually, she slowly lowered her pussy down onto the underside of his cock, and pinned its length along his lower abs. Her swollen labia leaked wetness around his girth, and he shivered as she eased her smooth slit back and forth an inch. And sure enough, Veronica came in closer, and pointed the camera straight at where Elaine’s pussy spread around his girth. One of his thrall’s hands squeezed the blankets, as if afraid she’d touch herself if she didn’t.

Grin unending, Elaine leaned forward, set her left hand on his chest, grabbed his length with her right hand, lifted her ass up, and guided his length up to tease his glans along her folds. But, she guided it back further, and as her grin grew even more, she slowly started to lower her ass onto his cock.

“My dear friend has told me you have yet to enjoy a woman’s ass?”

“Um.” He looked up at Antoinette behind him, who shrugged and nodded. “She told me she doesn’t really enjoy anal, and considering how spoiled I already am, it’s not like I was going to push the issue.”

“She may not, but I certainly do.” Her ring of muscle clenched and unclenched, and between each clench, the elder lowered her large, curvy ass down further and further onto his cock. Holy fuck, that ring of muscle squeezed so hard, it brought everything to a standstill, and he shivered as the elder shifted her hips about, working the lubricant around and around. Deeper, the texture was different, but still hot and soft, and he gulped as her clenching sphincter swallowed another inch of him.

Veronica let out a quiet meep, and crawled down the bed a few feet so she could film from behind. Yeah, Jessy would definitely want that.



Eventually, Elaine's ass found his thighs, and she let gravity bury her balls-deep on his cock. Her hands found his chest, and she teased fingers up and down the muscles, while he stared at her stomach, her smooth mons, and how with her sitting like that, he couldn't see where he penetrated her. It almost looked like they were having regular sex.

At least it did, until Elaine leaned back and set both her hands on his legs. Veronica squeaked again, and came back to sit beside Jack and Antoinette as she pointed the camera at Jack's pelvis. Tilted back, it was obvious how Elaine's asshole was spread around his cock, and how her gorgeous, empty pussy above clenched in spurts, only to leak some of her juices down onto him.

Laughing and grinning at the camera, Elaine reached down and teased her clitoris, catching it between two fingers and softly running the two digits up and down along the soaked, very swollen flesh. It earned more clenches, clenches Jack felt, the thin wall of flesh between her two holes allowing him to feel the different ways her insides flexed. And with her leaning back like that, his cock's natural up-and-forward angle pressed up toward her pussy.

"Jesus," he whispered.

"Jesus," Veronica whispered.

Antoinette laughed and rolled her eyes, but said nothing. She kept him snug on her stomach, his head between her breasts, her breasts on his shoulders. Her hands teased his chest and abs, fingertips sliding up and down his skin, but her eyes were locked onto the sight of his cock as well, and where it entered her old friend.

"Quite the sight, is it not?" Elaine asked.

"I... yeah. But uh, is it pleasurable for you?"

She licked her lips as she looked down. "Aw, a gentleman, to be concerned with my pleasure. But do not worry. I enjoy this quite a bit." Her caressing finger sped up, and Jack sucked in a quick breath as her insides clamped down. "Plus, I have only moments before devoured a meal. Moments after that, I suckled upon my friend's breasts, and then rubbed my naked body against her lover, as he filled my friend with his seed. I"—her voice grew deeper and huskier as she gazed down at him and his body, before grinning at the camera—"am very, very close. At this point, I stiff breeze could drive me to climax."

Leave it to a Ventrue to be blunt as fuck, but bombastic about it.

He groaned as she set both her hands on his legs again, and started to bounce. Her ass jiggled as it collided with his thighs, and he stared at her body as she rode him. Her huge breasts rippled almost like

water against her chest, and her flat stomach rolled with the motion of each downward bounce. Her drenched ring of muscle clenched on his cock hard enough he worried she might hurt him, but she was an expert. She inched her hips forward a little as she bounced, each downward motion causing his cock to drive up and forward toward her belly and pussy from the inside, before her ass devoured his length completely.

Three minutes later, she was cumming. Her bounces slowed in pace, but increased in strength, and she continued to lean back with her hands on his legs as she milked her orgasm. Every couple of seconds, she lifted her butt off him, then slammed it back down, causing her breasts to almost jump off her chest before settling down, hanging with their mass. Her insides clenched once she devoured him, the lubricant allowing the skin to keep sliding. And her exposed pussy clenched on itself, causing more juices to leak out of her. More, and more.

Veronica gasped, and brought the camera in close, and close, until she was almost blocking Jack's view. She had the camera pointed straight at his cock, Elaine's trembly slit, and the juices leaking out of her. Yeah, vampires made a mess when they had sex. Not exactly the most ideal way for Veronica to learn that, though.

Elaine stopped bouncing, and instead slowly ground her hips back and forth an inch while keeping him buried to the hilt inside her ass. She grinned at him, but he couldn't tear his eyes away from her clenching pussy, and how the pink slit, a little spread with her thighs apart, leaked more juices. That was a hefty orgasm, and her body quivered with it, tremors working through her and causing ripples to dance along her thighs and heavy breasts.

"And," she said as she stopped shivering, "after the first taste of bliss, the following are always much, much easier to catch."

He managed a slow nod, but otherwise said nothing, just watched as the busty blonde grinned down at him.

"Perhaps my love would enjoy some poses?" Antoinette whispered. "Or, perhaps Jessy would?" She gestured idly to the camera.

"Ah, leave it to a Daeva to consider fashion at such a time." Shrugging and laughing, Elaine turned to her right a full ninety degrees, and set her legs out on the bed on his left side, beside Veronica. She folded one over the other, pulled up her knees closer, and sat up straight. "Perhaps, your love would like to cum inside a business woman? That must look quite tantalizing on film." If she'd been wearing her suit, she would have looked exactly like she was sitting in an office chair at work. And, her sitting on his lap, naked, with his length buried snug in her ass, made it a thousand times hotter.

“Hmm. Non. Something else?”

Elaine tapped her chin, thinking, and turned one-eighty, putting her legs on the right side of him. She leaned back over his left side, pressed both hands down against the blankets underneath her, and arched her back, pushing her breasts up toward the ceiling. Oh good god. Each position earned a tiny groan from him, and a louder one from Veronica, as she slowly panned the camera up and down Elaine’s body.

“A swimsuit model, perhaps?” his great grandsire asked.

He almost said something, like ‘yes fucking please’, but stopped himself. It was a game, a game they played often. Tease him until he came. He loved this game.

The Prince shook her head. “Non.”

“Picky, are you not?” Rolling her eyes, Elaine turned away from him, straddled him with knees outside his legs, sat up straight, and reached her hands up. “Perhaps, a voyeur, spying on a woman as she showers?” She ran her fingers back through her long blonde hair, elbows up and out, and ass gripping hard despite her very slow, sensuous back-and-forth hip motion.

He sucked in a small breath, and Antoinette chuckled.

“I think you have found it, oui.”

“Ah. Your lover is a dirty boy. Quite reprehensible, to spy on a woman while she bathes. Something I am sure that harlot Jessy would gladly do.” She turned her head enough to get a peek at him and the camera over her shoulder, but she didn’t stop grinding her ass down onto him, and she didn’t stop playing with her hair, either. With her elbows up and her back arched lightly, her heavy breasts were visible from behind, the outer curve of each jiggling slightly with every forward thrust of her hips.

And, of course, her ass was on full display. She was a curvy woman, like Antoinette, thin with the discipline of an athlete, and blessed with the genetics of a curvaceous goddess. So, like Antoinette, she had a great ass, and when he wasn’t staring at the teardrop curve of each of her breasts visible along the sides of her torso, his eyes were locked onto her ass, and where his cock penetrated it.

He was cumming a minute later. And Elaine, chuckling the whole time, milked him, grinding and swaying and posing for him relentlessly, even as his hot cum gushed into her and soaked everything inside. Veronica whimpered, and slowly panned the camera up to his head where it sat between Antoinette’s breasts, and then back down over his chest, his crunching abs, and where his cum trickled out of Elaine’s ass down onto his pelvis. Elaine’s muscles trembled, clenching in random spasms a few

times, and warmth flowed down onto his testicles. She was cumming too. God damn, she really did enjoy this.

Elaine turned to face him again, without removing his length from her insides. He groaned as the movement reignited pleasure along his sensitive skin, and caused more of his cum to trickle down his length out of her. And of course Veronica groaned as well, and she leaned in so close she finally did block Jack's view, all so she could get a closeup of Elaine's pussy.

Chuckling, Elaine leaned forward, weight on her knees, and slid forward an inch, guiding his cock to press forward toward her pussy. Apparently she wasn't done. She smiled at the camera, at Veronica, and bounced. She raised her hands to her breasts, and played with them, squeezing and massaging, all the while driving her hips back and forth on Jack's body.

"I can be Antoinette," she said between a few planned, expert moans, "dancing for her lover." With a wicked smile, she slid her hands up to her hair and combed her fingers through it, elbows up and out again, except this time with her body facing him, and her hips moving seamlessly. And as Jack stared, she twisted her hips in a circular motion.

He recognized that dance. That was a belly dance, the slow, sensual kind. The Ventrue riding him slowly twisted her and shook her hips left and right, while constantly driving them back and forth. She slid her hands down her body, elbows still up, until her fingers found her breasts where she traced playful circles on the huge, rippling mounds.

She bounced faster, driving her ass back and forth, until she sighed with pleasure, and slowed. More juices trickled down her pink lips and onto his body, mixing with his cum still sneaking out of her gripping ass and onto his cock.

"You're not human!" Veronica said. "This is... just... oh my god, how you are doing that?"

Elaine and Antoinette looked at each other, and laughed.

"I think your new thrall has earned a taste," Antoinette said, and she ran her fingers down Jack's body, down his abs, and down to the wetness Elaine's empty, clenching slit dripped onto his pelvis. "I think Jessy will be satisfied."

Jack peeked over at Veronica. The poor girl was delirious with arousal. He could smell it, and so could the elders. Her face was red with embarrassment, but also excitement and desire. And she had earned it; she still held the camera up, pointed at Elaine, slowly working the woman's whole body.

"I think you're right," he said with a grin. Ok, yeah, this was fun.

Veronica gasped, and beamed at him. Her eyes melted with desire as Jack groaned, pleasure rippling through him as Elaine slipped off him.

Chuckling, Elaine grabbed his ankles, and pulled him off Antoinette and toward the bottom edge of the bed like he weighed nothing. She motioned for Veronica, and the girl bounced off the bed and joined them, standing before Jack. Elaine took the camera from her, sat down beside Jack, and helped him sit up as Antoinette also came to join them. The tall elder stood behind Veronica, and folded her arms across her chest as she watched, smiling, one of her fingers teasing a swollen nipple.

“She is yours, my love, your pet. Give her her commands.”

Veronica, standing a foot in front of Jack, nodded excitedly. “Please, Master?”

He groaned softly, and licked his fangs. The Ventrue side of him almost came right there, with how his thrall, his pet, said ‘master’, and looked at him with doe eyes.

“Strip.”

She mewled, and obeyed. Antoinette helped her, undoing buttons and taking her clothes as she shed them. Short, with pale skin, thin but soft, with large breasts that covered her ribs. The blue hair contrasted it perfectly. The three vampires each took a moment to admire the pierced nipples, the pierced belly button, and surprisingly, the tiny chain that dangled from her clit hood. When did she put that on?

“Am I... attractive enough?” she said, arms shaking at her sides, and eyes drifting back and forth between Elaine and Antoinette. The two elders chuckled quietly, but Antoinette looked at Jack with an obvious ‘make her feel more secure’ gaze.

Jack smiled at his new thrall, and held out a hand for her. “I’d be lying if I said I hadn’t thought about fucking you since Elaine kissed you that first night, Veronica.” Her eyes lit up. “Now, sit on my lap facing me, and take all of me, slowly.”

Her whole body shook with adrenaline, and she took his shoulders into her trembling hands. He couldn’t wait to Kiss her, and not just because of the effect adrenaline had on the taste.

The difference between Veronica and the two elders was instantly apparent. She whimpered as she lowered herself down onto him, eyes locked onto his abs and below. Antoinette and Elaine normally controlled their descents, and used subtle dancing rhythms as they devoured him. Veronica was struggling to not collapse with need, and every inch she took him was met with shivering muscles and hot, dripping juices. She’d been on edge for a long time.

Her groans filled the room as she took him to the base, and she stared down at her spread lips, and the tiny chain dangling from her clit hood. It rested against Jack's skin where cock met pelvis, only an inch long, and he smiled at Veronica as he looked down as well. That was an interesting sensation. That, was a fun sensation.

Elaine kept the camera pointed at Veronica's body, aiming it over Jack's shoulder so she could pan it up and down over the thrall, slowly but constantly drifting between her breasts, and to where her spread pussy soaked Jack. Antoinette stood behind Veronica, and set her hands on the thrall's trembling shoulders gently. The look in her gaze said it all: you're in charge of her, so have fun with her.

Now Jack understood why the two elders often had evil smiles on, cause he couldn't help but smile like a villain as he met Veronica's desperate gaze. She was so horny, so desperate for stimulation, so overwhelmed with the insanity of her situation, and so compelled by the Vinculum, her body was already a hair's breadth away from cumming. And seeing her that close, made him want to tease her.

"Happy?" he said to her.

"Yes, god, yes."

"And you want more?"

She mewled as she squirmed, desperate and boiling. "Yes, please."

"Then, hold still."

"What? Master, I—"

"Hold. Still." He set one hand on her hip, while his other reached down, and picked up the tiny chain by its end. And as he met his thrall's desperate eyes, he lightly jingled it.

"Nnnn!" She squeezed his shoulders, her jaw dropped, and her mewls turned into squeaks. Wriggling and squirming, she stared down at her clitoris, where it nudged against his pelvis whenever she involuntarily moved her pelvis forward, and moreover, how her piercing bounced along it. And she squeezed, hard, from even the smallest jingle, causing more of her juices to leak onto him.

There was only so much holding still she could do, before she started moving her hips. She tried to keep it hidden, but between all her mewls and whimpers and desperate squeezing on his shoulders, she started rocking back and forth. He didn't stop her. Her own attempts to stop herself, and simply being unable to, were delicious to watch.

She came, and her body turned into a writhing mess. Her muscles clamped down in spasms, and a new coating of hot juices trickled out of her as her insides milked his cock. He let go of the chain, set both hands back on her hips, and watched his thrall cum her brains out.

“Oh god, oh god!” Mewling, she leaned in closer to him, huge breasts pressed together by her elbows, hands still on his shoulders. She trembled like a leaf.

His evil smile grew, and he slid his hands up her sides, and up to her back. Antoinette let go and stepped back as Jack slowly pulled his thrall in closer, and the kine melted into him as he held her, her huge breasts overwhelming his chest in supple softness.

He breathed in her neck, the smell of life, of sex, of desire and sweat and juices, and hidden blood. He growled into her throat as he pressed his lips to it, and hugged her all the tighter, cock hardening until it hurt in anticipation. He was the predator, and she was his prey. His thrall. His, to devour and fuck and command.

He sank his teeth into her, and Veronica squealed as her whole body clamped down. Every muscle flexed and tightened, before relaxing into the bliss of the Kiss. Her warm blood flooded his mouth, and he growled into her more as he drank down the delicious liquid of life. And as he did, he grabbed her hips again, and forced her back and forth a couple inches on his lap. Not fast for either of them to cum, but more than enough to have pleasure building for them as the Kiss overwhelmed them with bliss.

Before Veronica passed out, he stopped. He licked her wound sealed, and let out a heavy, satisfied breath as he looked up at Antoinette. Even as he did, he kept moving his thrall back and forth on his cock, so hard now it might explode.

Antoinette grinned at him. “Have fun with your new pet, my love.”

He growled into his limp thrall’s body, picked her up, and set her on the bed behind him. She barely managed a squeak as he set her closer to the center of the bed, turned her over onto her stomach, and pulled her up onto her knees. He got on his knees behind her, aimed his cock at his thrall’s dripping slit, and slammed into her, balls deep. The result was powerful. Veronica’s body trembled, and her ass rippled with the impact, all while her depths clenched in desperate need. Her chain jingled against his testicles, undoubtedly teasing and torturing the poor girl’s now overly sensitive clitoris.

Antoinette crawled onto the bed, slid closer, knelt beside him, and with a husky little chuckle, slapped Veronica’s ass, hard. Jack froze as his nearly unconscious thrall whimpered, exhausted, but her insides told a different story. She squeezed harder than ever.

“Holy shit.”

“Indeed,” Antoinette said. “She is that type, as many are. Go, give into your more... masculine urges, my love. Fuck her until she bruises, spank her, choke her, she will love it.”

He gulped, stared down at the extreme hourglass figure of his tiny thrall, and how her butt rested snug to his pelvis. And after a few seconds of hesitation, he slapped her ass. Veronica managed a squeal this time, quiet from how exhausted she was, eyes still closed, but her mouth was open with her constant panting, and her insides gripped him like a vise.

He growled, tightened his grip on her hips, and fucked her. Hard. Like a jackhammer, he pulled his hips back and slammed them forward, while pulling his thrall in to meet each thrust. Each impact was hard enough to shake the enormous bed, and earn desperate little mewls from Veronica as she quivered. A moment later, he slapped her ass again, hard enough the skin turned pink, and the woman came instantly.

But he didn't stop. Ignoring her whimpers, he pounded into her again and again, refusing to let up just because she was cumming. Her muscles clamped down in a desperate attempt to slow him, but he pushed through her drenched, boiling squeezes, and sank himself to the hilt again and again as fast as he could. A small part of him told him he should probably ease up, or the poor girl might get hurt. A bigger part noticed the wetness around his testicles growing, and growing, until each thrust made a splashing mess.

It only drove him on. He slapped her other ass cheek, earning more clenching spasms from the little thrall, and he fucked her hard again. And again, more of her juices splashed over his thighs as each slap of his testicles against her clit and piercing sent liquid everywhere. Her quiet whimpers and mewls grew quieter and quieter, but he continued, stopping every so often to give his thrall another good slap on the ass, drawing another hard clench out of her trembling insides, before he fucked her again.

Finally, as the boiling heat under his cock rose up and flooded his length, he slowed his pace. He thrust into her, and stayed balls deep inside her as his cum filled her. After a second, another hard thrust, testicles slapping her clit piercing, and more hot juices trickled down their skin, some of it hers, but now some of it his. He spanked her again, pulling a desperate, weak little squeak, and earning another little squirt of her hot juices onto his testicles.

And of course, Elaine filmed it all. She panned around, made sure to get Veronica's side and probably show off how great her profile looked with her ass in the air. But she spent most of her time beside Antoinette, looking over her shoulder, with the camera pointed down at Veronica's ass, and how her tiny pussy was spread around his cock and drenching it.



Just as Jack was about to pull out, Antoinette knelt behind him, pushed her stomach and breasts against his back, reached around him, and grabbed Veronica's hips. Second time in one night he got sandwiched between two women.

“Again, my love. Again.”

He blinked up at her, up at Elaine, who just kept filming with a big grin, and he looked back down at Veronica. She was still awake, eyes partly open, but with her cheek against the blankets and mouth open, she did little more than drool and whimper. And her insides continued to spasm, silently begging him for more.

With his lover pressing her body against his back, Jack set his hands on Veronica's hips along with Antoinette's hands, and fucked his thrall again, and again. They kept going until she couldn't squeak anymore.