~~Welcome to the world of Vampire: the Requiem~~

~~Two weeks later~~

~~Jack~~

He was in love. In love. He was in love he was in love.

Words failed him. He tried to capture the feeling he had in his chest, but love just seemed to come up short. No matter how hard he dug into the depths of his soul, he couldn’t find some word to represent the blissful pain in his heart.

God Jack, you’re becoming a fucking poet. He laughed and shook his head. Julias could have come up with something, something powerful and stirring, sobering but uplifting. Something undoubtedly cliche.

“Something amusing?” Antoinette said.

“Nope. No not a thing. Just… thinking.”

It’d been two weeks since they exchanged words. Two weeks since he’d told the ancient, deadly, Daeva Prince of the city that he loved her. Two weeks since she said it back.

And he spent most of that time in her tower. Even now he sat upon the black, silk sheets of her massive bed, deep in the underground fortress of her tower basement, her next to him. He’d visited Julias the next day of course, after Antoinette and him confessed to each other. He had to tell someone, and his sire was his best friend. And his boss. Julias had given him clearance to spend time away from the job, away from money management, resource allocation, contracts, shady deals, all the Xnomina stuff. Some time to get to know his love better. A honeymoon, sort of.

His love. His love. Still didn’t do it justice.

He snuggled against the back of the beautiful, white-haired woman. He was behind her, spooning against her, while the much taller, curvy vampire was leaning over a book, head propped up on her fist, elbow to the bed.

The two of them were naked, and on top of the blankets. No risk of being cold, vampires and all that. And, with the blush of life not on, their pale skin was in no risk of suddenly arousing. But that didn’t mean he wasn’t attracted to the gorgeous Daeva, just that he physically didn’t want to have sex with her right that instant.

Which was good, because they’d had sex almost constantly for the past fourteen days. Any time Jack even looked Antoinette’s way, she pinned him, and did things to him. Poor Ashley and Julee, unable to participate in their mistress’s play; Antoinette and Jack drank them both dry during the past two weeks, thrice. The two girls spent most of the time asleep and exhausted, and if not for a ghoul’s ability to regenerate, they’d have died from blood loss. Course they enjoyed it, the Kiss was pleasurable. But then the two were basically unconscious while Antoinette and Jack had fun.

Fun was not the right word. They made love. Love. Love….

He leaned in over her, reached out with his free hand to pull her hair back, and kissed her neck.

“Mmm.” Her voice sent a chill down his spine, but it also warmed him at the same time. Her devious, powerful, confident smile, her red eyes that cut through him when she turned to look at him. “Again, my little Ventrue?”

“No. No I uh… well, I mean if you want.”

“I do believe my lust has been sated. For now.”

There was a sternness to her words, even when she flirted. A bite, something dangerous that made him shiver. Even now, after all they’d been through, he was still afraid of her. A little afraid, at least.

Antoinette turned over onto her back. Naked, smiling, she ran one of her feet up and down her other leg with a teasing toe, and with her further arm, reached across to touch his. He was still on his side, pressed up against her, nuzzled into her arm and leg.

Ashley and Julee were gone today. They had lives of their own, despite their servitude to the mistress. University lives, according to Antoinette. He wondered what sort of classes they took, but as his mind drifted, a finger and thumb against his chin guided him back to look down at the woman before him.

So. God. Damn. Beautiful. She was smiling at him, meeting his gaze with her own, with subtle shifts and grins of the eye. His hand reached up for her neck, her chin and cheeks, his fingertips lightly caressed the shape of her face, and her smile remained.

No words. No god damn fucking words for the feelings.

His hand walked down her neck and collar, and down along her sternum between her breasts. He’d be lying if he said he wasn’t really, really into her huge breasts, the way their mass pulled to the sides of her ribcage, the way her dark nipples contrasted against her pale skin. No blush of life, so everything was a little less… lively. But he’d gotten used to seeing a dead thing in the mirror, and dead or not, Antoinette was beautiful.

And the most amazing part was how she let him. She just smiled, purred, and combed her hair over her shoulder with one hand as his fingers danced down her flat stomach, wide hips, her slender waist, long curvy legs. Even as his fingers teased over her bare mons, between her thighs, and back up along her waist, she only smiled; grinned a little too. If he wasn’t careful, he’d provoke the playful feline and be quickly reminded that she was a tiger, not a house cat to pet.

He never did know when to quit. His fingers drifted up to her breasts, and he slid them underneath where the nearest one was flattened to her ribs with its weight. He cupped it, let the soft mass spill over his palm and fingers, and offered a couple of gentle, massaging squeezes. Fingers drifted up to her nipple, and he traced her areola with a slow touch, before he reached out to cup her further breast and do the same. He stared at how the weight of it made it shift and flow, jiggle lightly when he nudged it with a little more force, and how, despite its weight flattening it to her body, it was still full of volume and shape.

She had enormous breasts.

Each touch along her body was tempting fate. Would she pounce him now? Later? Pin him and do things to him? Threaten him with delights for tomorrow night? Or torture him sexually for crossing a line? He shivered with the memories. He was playing with fire, touching her so directly, obviously, without even asking. But she liked it when he did that, even as she apparently loved to punish him for it too.

But, for now, she did nothing. He shifted around a little to get in the nook of her arm and body, underneath her shoulder, and set his head against her chest above her breast. With his body still against her side, him on his side, his free hand held her waist, and hugged her close as he buried himself in her.

With one of her arms now behind him, her fingers drifted up and down his back, and danced along his spine before stroking his buzzed hair.

“You return to work tonight, do you not?” she said.

“Yeah. I… really don’t want to. Madam Turio will—”

“Maria will keep her claws to herself, or I will rip out her innards and feed her the ashes.”

Jack gulped on nothing. A split moment of ice in the ancient Daeva’s eyes, and then gone a moment later as she smiled, and pushed Jack onto his back. Positions reversed, she was the one cuddling into his side, him lying down on his spine. Being much taller than him, she leaned over him, pressed her heavy breasts into his chest, and planted a kiss on his nose.

“I do not lie,” she said. “Maria knows her place. And besides, little Ventrue, she does not know you are the one who killed Lucas. She assumes it was I, or my sheriff, and that is an assumption she should continue to make.” Her hands drifted up and down his body, same as he had her, caressing fingers teasing along the indentions of his small, lean body, his abs, and down his legs before tickling back up to his chin. Each touch sent more shivers up his spine as she made the smallest growl.

The beast inside him trembled underneath hers, but at the same time, welcomed her.

And she knew it too. She put her lips to his ear, and sneaked soft kisses along his earlobe while her hand circled his navel. He dared not move, not when she was in this mood, unless he wanted to upset the ancient Prince. And he liked her in this mood.

Two steps away from a BDSM kink here, Jack. Nothing wrong with that though. Being tied up and at Antoinette’s mercy? He basically was every night anyway. It was a far cry from whips and chains, but that didn’t change that he was a slave to the whim of an erotic, deadly predator every time he stepped into her tower. And he loved it.

“Tomorrow night, I expect you to be here once more, two hours after dusk.” The Prince sat up, still leaning over him, and with one hand holding up her weight, traced invisible circles around his nipples with the other.

“Oh? Something important?”

“Not important, no. But Ashley and Julee are quite sad, and upset. They are my pets, but also my friends, and have had little contact with me as of late. So they shall be there as well.”

Oh. He nodded, and tried to hide his smile. The girls were fun, in many ways.

“But,” she said, “while it is a Daeva’s nature to favor and covet who they drink from, a Ventrue has no such need. And I would not be offended if you were to feed on strangers more often, my Jack. My pets need respite.” Fingers found his chin, and stroked it with teasing nails. “Though I do ask that you do not sleep with your prey. While other elder Kindred may not hold sex in such import, I do feel it serves as a bond between us.”

“Definitely, I… definitely. I mean, I uh… can’t really imagine wanting to sleep with anyone else, in any circumstance.”

“I did not expect us to spend many nights together, and for my pets to enjoy you as much as I.” She laughed, nodded, and slipped her finger into his mouth enough to pluck at his bottom lip. “I am elated, and would prefer you remain mine in affairs of the bedroom, and mine alone.” Another pat on the chin, and then she was up and off the bed. She reached for the corner of the huge mattress, plucked her silk robe — always silk — from the edge, and slipped it on with a casual but practiced flare. She didn’t tie it up though, but stood there, the hem of the robe against the sides of her exposed breasts. And when he looked her up and down, cause god damn he had to, she smirked.

“So, I um… guess we’re different than what most vampires do?”

“Perhaps in some cities, controlled by other Princes. In Dolareido, I do hope to encourage physical pleasures as much as other joys.” And finally, with a tiny flick of her wrist he barely noticed, she pulled the robe over her and tied it before moving toward the door. “For now, I have business to attend to. I do expect to see you tomorrow night, Mister Terry.”

He nodded, and scampered around for his clothes. “I’ll be here! Definitely.”

“And… you should speak with Damien at some point, my little Ventrue.”

He froze; bad timing. He fell over onto his knee and shoulder with one leg in his pants.

“… yeah, I should.”

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Xnomina. A black tower, monolithic, and strong. He stepped through the glass doors into the lobby, offered a nod to Madam Jenning, and made his way to the elevator in the back. Top floor. Every time he pressed it, the cold metal gave him a little shock, a jolt of memory he didn’t want.

The first night he’d ever seen the inside of the building, the elevator, that number pressed, the first night he’d fed on a human. Mrs. Pavala. Her dead eyes staring.

He shook it off, pushed the memories down, and waited. Hard to keep memories from running through the mind while waiting in an elevator though, and he grumbled as he started to pace. He’d managed to keep the ugly thoughts away when he was with Antoinette, but now that he was in the tower again, they crawled out of the grave to haunt him.

Haunting memories. Other Kindred suffered manias of all sorts as they aged decades, often caused by the memories permanently scarred into their minds. Try to let it go, or you’ll become just like Damien.

When the ding announced his arrival, he shook his shoulders again, and walked into the meeting room.

The triumvirate. The council. The heads of the Invictus. He’d heard other names too, from the other Invictus neonates. The brains of the operation. The voices from on high. The overlords. A strange mix of respect and typical employee annoyance for their superiors; far better than at a typical job, at least. Xnomina was a company in good condition, despite Viktor’s death.

He shivered. Now was not the time to remember Viktor; standing in front of the triumvirate was bad enough. He was happy his sire had replaced Viktor, but Michael considered him nothing more than an ant, and Maria probably even less. Probably a traitor, considering his relationship with the Prince.

But his relationship with her was purely romantic. He had no secrets of the Invictus to give her, and she gave him none of the Ordo Dracul’s. A good arrangement really; he didn’t want to get torn apart by the two covenants. If Michael and Maria continued to think of him as nothing more than the Prince’s boy toy, all the better.

“Master Terry.” Julias nodded to him. Maria and Michael were standing beside him, but their attention was elsewhere, namely at the devices in their hand. Like always. A neonate wasn’t worth their time.

“Mister Mire. Mister McDonald. Madam Turio.” He bowed to each, and they offered a subtle nod in return. Titles and formalities, the language of the Invictus.

Julias opened his mouth, but as he raised a hand, the elevator outside dinged.

Jack raised a brow and glanced over his shoulder. Amanda Pol stepped out from the elevator, though as she noticed the door to the main meeting room was open, she squeaked, looked down, and scampered into the room to stand next to Jack.

Amanda was a very thin creature, and as tall as Jack. A black woman with long black hair, a petite frame and shape, and a soft face. The two of them looked pathetic in their suits compared to the three Kindred before them.

“Miss Pol,” Maria said. Snarled.

Amanda shrunk.

Julias sighed and shook his head. “Miss Pol, I’m glad you could arrive before this meeting ended.”

Jack hid his grin, but he managed a quick glance at Julias to catch his gaze. Jack was better at this than her, and Julias knew it.

“Please excuse my tardiness, Mister Mire! Madam Turio. Mister McDonald. Sire Jenning had—”

Julias raised a hand and waved it aside. “Save your excuses and your apologies. I understand you normally deal with Madam Jenning, but we are the council. Be on time or you will be disciplined.”

And she shrunk again. Jack could see the slightest hint of a grin on Julias’s lips though. His sire was doing his best to save her from said discipline, rather than threatening her with it. Viktor wouldn’t have bothered with a warning.

“You two have been handling many of our contracts and dealings with Xnomina.” McDonald, barbarian in a suit, stepped forward and started to pace with hands in the small of his back. “But, it is time for you to earn your titles in the field.”

“In the field sir?”

“Yes. We’ve had reports of disappearances in the South East corner of South Side.” McDonald brought up a hand to the giant touch screen wall, and exposed the overhead camera shot of the entire city. Satellite imagery, terrifying. “Here.”

“That’s… Devil’s Corner, sir.” Jack squinted at the map, and shuddered a little. “I assumed disappearances were normal.” It wasn’t a place he’d ever been; his mother had expressly forbid it. Prostitution and drug use were rampant, and not the high class, devil-in-a-suit type found in his current place of abode in South Side. Devil’s Corner was on the corner of Carthian and Invictus territory, and neither covenant wanted it. Sort of neutral territory, in a way.

“The devil’s in the details.” Julias tapped the side of his nose once, and took a stand beside McDonald. A small wave of his hand, a few taps, and he brought up police reports. Classified material. “The area’s fairly wide, a five mile radius, the whole of the Corner. And with each disappearance, there’s been… marks.”

“Marks, Sire?”

“Yes, police reports indicate that many of these sites have had odd slash marks on nearby walls, or the asphalt.” Julias glanced back over at Maria, but the ghost woman said nothing. “It could be a vampire that has succumbed to the beast, and are no longer capable of escaping its frenzied hunger. Or it could be a serial killer with a strange modus operandi.”

“We are unsure.” McDonald swiped the screen, and pictures appeared. Slash marks indeed, and far thicker than a sword could cause.

Amanda opened her mouth, but one quick glance from Jack got her to close it. He knew what she was thinking, what everyone was already probably thinking. A Gangrel like Jessy could make claw marks like that. But if she said it, McDonald was liable to tear Amanda’s head off.

“Investigate.” Julias sat down at the table edge again, and made a sweeping gesture. “Find out what’s happening, find who’s behind these disappearances. If they’re human, find out how they’re making the marks, then you may do what you wish.”

Do what they wish? Jack made a tiny frown and looked down. He didn’t like the idea of a human going around kidnapping people and killing them; so Julias was offering him the option to stop them. He could do that. Play the hero role for once, could be just what the soul needed.

“But, if they are Kindred, report back to Jessy. She’ll handle the investigation from there as she sees fit.” McDonald nodded, gave his own dismissing wave, and sat back down to resume gazing at his tablet.

Julias nodded, and gave Jack a wink. “Speak to Ricardo if you need supplies. Dismissed.”

Both neonates returned the nod, bowed, and left.

Once the door was closed behind them, they both looked at each other, and took deep, unneeded-but-relaxing-anyway breaths. Amanda hit the button for the elevator, and they waited.

“So, working together,” Jack said. “Guess we’ll get to know each other.”

“Y-yeah… I guess.”

And as typical for talking with the other neonates, they got nervous. Being the boyfriend of the Prince made conversation difficult, and being the childe of a council member didn’t help; every attempt was met with anxiety and defensiveness. He was getting sick of it.

“Look, Miss Pol… Amanda, just treat me like what I am, ok? A neonate, like you. Younger at that. My relationship with the Prince and Julias is of no consequence.”

Amanda eyed him, squinted, and looked him up and down.

“… no consequence?”

“No consequence. The Prince would dump me in a heartbeat if I used our relationship as a way of bullying you, or vying for a promotion.” Probably. Maybe. Maybe not. “So, I mean, unless you plan to literally stab me in the back, you’re good to say or do whatever, ok?” He offered a nod and a smile, just a small one; wasn’t good at the big, powerful ones like Julias. But a little could go a long way.

Amanda returned it, and nodded. “So… Jack.” Struggled to say his name, instead of Master Terry. Cute. “Um, how has your unlife been treating you?”

Uh, god. Small talk. Shoot him now. Why’d he have to open his mouth?

“Fine Amanda, just fine.” Ding. The elevator doors opened, and the two little neonates stepped into the cage of awkward conversation.

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Well, maybe not so awkward.

“I loved the part at the end where Rick breaks down and starts crying on Villa’s knees. So romantic, how that hard, stone man breaks when he finally realizes he’s got her back. You can see the lifetime of anger and hardships melt away!” Amanda hugged herself, and swooned. Audibly.

“I am a sucker for a good romance.” Jack nodded, and rounded the corner of the next street.

The lovely nights of Dolareido. Not exactly lovely tonight, with the growing heat and humidity; not a problem for a Kindred though. The people, on the other hand, looked worn out, sweating, and struggling to keep up their usual pace as the heatwave rendered even the nighttime air unpleasant. It meant lighter suits, often with the jackets off, and women wearing far skimpier dresses, backs exposed and cleavage as well. Even the pimps were taking it easy, sitting around in the outdoor seating of restaurants, smoking cigars and having pleasant conversation with their near-nude employees.

“I’m surprised! You’re a guy. Guys aren’t into romance.”

“Hey now, unfair. I’ll let you in on a secret.” He leaned toward her a little as they walked, and lowered his voice a touch. “Guys love romance stories too, just not when it’s self-indulgent garbage.”

“I don’t follow.”

“Well… you know how a lot of guys enjoy movies that are nothing but explosions, car chases, and gunfights?”

“Yeah.”

“They’re pretty awful, yeah? Just testosterone candy in movie form.”

“Yeah.”

“Well, you can do the same thing with romance. Page one, introduce your two characters destined to be together. Page two through five hundred, have them be drawn to each other with attraction, desire, emotion, and have the writer throw every possible hurdle you can think of to make it so their relationship seems doomed and impossible. Have them get together in the end. Bam, you have the same idiotic, indulgent crap as a movie that’s nothing but explosions, just of the romance flavor instead of action flavor.”

Amanda blinked at him, and he smirked. He did love a good rant, and he loved it more when people actually bothered to listen. In love with the sound of his own voice, such a Ventrue trait.

“So On Morrow’s Break is—”

“Not garbage, because it has a combination of action and romance, and also quality pacing, introspection, meaningful character growth, and events that aren’t just formulaic cliches.” He laughed when she smiled, his whispering voice gone. “So yeah, I loved that scene too. It had weight.”

Some people glanced at them a few times as they walked by, but it passed. Just a young guy and girl on a stroll through Dolareido, middle of the night, wearing suits and looking quite dashing. Jackets on, to hide their shoulder holsters, pistol, some magazines, and a huge knife. Unlikely Jack would ever use them, given his Ventrue approach; words over violence. Powerful words.

But while the two Kindred kept their jackets on, the kine didn’t. And as they got further and further into the darker shadow of Dolareido, the clothes people wore changed. Less dress shoes, more sneakers. Less suits, more jeans. And as they went deeper, less shirts, more men shirtless and women in tiny tank tops. Pawn shops with bars on the windows, police sirens for background noise, and instead of restaurants with outdoor eating areas, convenience stores with parking lots and loiterers.

Soon, where people barely noticed the two little vampires in suits before, now everyone noticed them.

Amanda leaned over to him as they walked under the streetlights. “Think maybe… we didn’t dress appropriately.”

“Can you hide us?”

“No. It’ll be years before I can hide us when we’re out in the open like this. But, let’s find a dark place, and I can.”

With a nod, the two neonates turned a corner between two buildings, only five feet apart, and went into the darkness. Where his neighborhood’s streetlights were in pristine condition, and the buildings had plenty of space, tall as they were, in the dark alley of Devil’s Corner the buildings were near each other, cramped, and only one light over a handleless door was lit. A couple people were sitting, torn jeans, sneakers with the toes worn open, tattoos of guns and faces on their shoulders, and a couple of fake-silver chain-link necklaces.

They looked at him and Amanda, shrugged, and returned to their conversation about music. A band he recognized!

“I love Russel’s voice.” Jack stepped up to the two strangers, men, probably in their thirties, and smiled at them. “That power! Oh god the compression he can put on his voice? That cord closure too! Fucking shivers every time I hear it.”

They blinked at him, looked him and his suit up and down, and said nothing. Jack looked to Amanda, and she blinked at him the same way, and said nothing. Nothings all around.

“I uh… nevermind.” Chuckling, scratching his buzzed hair, he managed a shrug and kept walking down the alley. He needed to find another metal music lover to talk about this shit with, later.

Once down the alley where it met with the other buildings that formed the block, they were in almost complete darkness. Good enough for Amanda. He could feel the blood change, but as subtly as a light breeze on the hairs of his skin. Not noticeable unless you were looking for it. The cloak of night.

She put her hand on his shoulder, gave him a nod, and pointed up. He reached out for a windowsill and climbed. The thrill of strength, of power coursing through his dried veins, of the balance and animal instinct to pull his weight up and balance. One foot on the window bars, one foot up high onto the metal beam of what was once an alley light, he pushed higher. A glance behind him showed Amanda was following suit.

Once they ran out of things to brace their feet down against, they had to reach out to the wall across, both hands. Two feet against one wall, two hands against the other, they crawled up the walls like spiders, until they were twelve floors up. No fear, none at all. They could fall, and the worse they’d get is a broken leg they could heal in minutes.

So god damn awesome.

Once he got his fingers onto the roof, he pulled himself up, crouched low, and poked his head out to look over the street. One of the taller buildings in Devil’s Corner, they could see out and into the nightlife below, the shitty lights flashing horrible signs for bars, brothels — illegal, but still blatant — and everything in between. People walked, chatted, and breezed right on by without hesitation as cop cars with sirens blasting drove past. Just a night in the life of Devil’s Corner.

There were worse places in the world, far worse, but he had to admit, he much preferred his life of high class. If he had to dine on the kine on a regular basis, he preferred the cocaine addicts to the disease ridden.

Disease ridden. Sounding awfully judgmental and full of yourself, Jack. Ventrue side showing through a little more than you’d like.

Amanda squatted down beside him on the roof, and looked out over Devil’s Corner.

“You’re… kind of nice,” she said.

He quirked a brow. “I uh… what?”

“Nice. I don’t know, after learning you and the Prince were an item, I thought you’d be scarier. And then after… after I… came back from the Lancea et Sanctum, I thought you’d….”

“That I’d criticize?”

“Well yeah.”

“Antoi—the Prince told me the underground network, that section of it that Tony used, that Lucas took over, was some sort of special… thing. A wyrm’s nest, with magical mystic jumbo happening there. Made people very subservient, easily controlled. Hence, Tony’s brood. Hence, Lucas’s brood. Hence, his control over you.” He shrugged and looked out over the city below, to the police tape blocking off an alley a few blocks down. The wyrmn’s nest, whatever that meant, had been destroyed and collapsed since then, nothing to worry about.“We should—”

Her hand grabbed his shoulder, and pulled him down so he stayed next to her. “It… it wasn’t just… that.” Eyes down and lip trembling, she shook her head so her long hair fell over her near-obsidian skin, until Jack had to lean out a little ways to see her eyes. “He said a lot of things that make sense.”

“Lucas?”

“Yeah! And Bishop Damien,” she said. Good thing she couldn’t see his eye twitch at the name. “They… they talked about god, and the origins of vampires, and our purpose. A lot of it… rang true, you know? Maybe not all of it, maybe Lucas got a little zealous, but Damien talked about… finding your purpose in God’s plan.”

Finding your purpose. Jack grit his teeth, and turned his gaze back to the street below. They were still wrapped in her cloak of night, so he could talk and move, as long as he stayed near her, and they didn’t get out into the open lights or close to people. Good enough for him to vent a little.

“A lot of circumstantial evidence, a lot of hearsay, a lot subjectivity, and a lot of blind concepts like faith. You’re talking to the wrong person about this, Amanda, I’m a scientist at heart. Got some evidence you want to talk about, or maybe analyze some deduced reasoning? I’m there. Want to talk about what you feel”—he air quoted—“and what you know in your soul, and your heart”—more air quotes—“then you should talk to Damien.”

A long sigh from her made Jack wince, and he stuck out his hand to touch hers.

“Sorry,” he said, “I uh… threw that impression you had of me right back to where it was, didn’t I?”

“No, no. You’re honest, and direct. I like that.” Another smile from her, and a little warmer too.

Flirting? She couldn’t be flirting, girls did not flirt with Jack, he wasn’t Julias.

“So, you a devout believer?” he said.

“I… don’t know? With Lucas, it was easy to believe I was. Now, I guess I’m just agnostic.”

“Ah, me too.”

“You too? Thought you said you were a scientist.”

He laughed and scratched his buzzed head. “A good scientist knows when to reevaluate the hypothesis, when new evidence is brought to light. I’ve seen some… strange things, since being embraced, that I’d be a fool to ignore. Being dead and still talking, for one. The Prince’s wyrm nest thingy, for two.”

Amanda laughed too, and smiled at him. Another one of those fun, sly little smiles. Maybe she was flirting? Was Julias rubbing off on him?

“Exactly! Others just ignore all the mystical, the magical. I mean, we can regenerate from bullet holes through the skull! I’ve seen my sire hide us from dozens of eyes. I’ve seen Damien read the history of items, just by touching them! It… it—”

“—Would make anyone wonder if there’s more at work here than we can see.” Yeah, no denying that. After seeing Lucas disintegrate a sword with his hand, and then a bolt of lightning strike Antoinette? He had to question a lot of things that night. “So, how do you want to do this?” He gestured to the police tape down the street.

“Let’s stay up on the roofs and climb down into the scene. I won’t be able to keep us hidden if I’m scanning the area for evidence. If anyone notices us, can you make them go away?”

“No problem.” Brainwashing Dracula style, bending people’s minds to his will, turning them into puppets? He could do that. He could do that easily.

Cocky, Jacky. Pride comes before a fall. But a little pride was good for the soul, too.

The two of them resumed their journey, and started jumping across the rooftops. Neither had the proper strength to make enormous leaps, but they were vampires, jumping five feet across building tops was easy enough. A few seconds later, they were passed the police tape sectioning off an alley on the other side of the street. They made a quick climb down, across into another alley on the other side of the street, up onto the buildings, and down into the sectioned-off alley.

Not exactly the best entrance, but an entrance nonetheless; pretty damn good for a couple of rookies. The officer standing by the tape was a good thirty feet off, with the turn of a building corner blocking him off from the two Kindred. It gave them the room to wander around the dark alley, each bringing up the smartphones and taking pictures of things that looked unusual. What qualified as unusual, he had no idea. That’s why Amanda was there.

“These claw marks are massive.” She squatted down next to a blood splatter, and snapped a few pictures. “Look here. They cut in at a curve, and go a few inches deep. The slash itself is… six feet long? Either the person was moving forward while attacking with a huge claw-like weapon, something with a pointed tip, or they held still, and attacked with such a weapon of absurd length.”

“Former sounds like Gangrel behavior. Latter not so much,” he said.

“Yeah. But in either case, I don’t see a human cutting into asphalt like this. Or… this.” Another claw mark, on the wall. “Cut through brick like it was butter… I’ve seen Jessy make marks like these, when she was upset and in a fight.”

“I’ve never seen a Gangrel transform.” How big could their claws get? Beatrice had some claws on her, but nothing that could make these marks. And it was hard to imagine a Gangrel sporting a transformation nastier than what the Nosferatu had all the time.

Amanda shuddered, stuck out her hand to touch her fingers along the gash, and traced it as she walked. Deeper into the alley, where it was almost pure black, Jack turned the light on his phone and started scanning the walls as well. Careful to avoid stepping in blood, but not for fear of leaving evidence; the Invictus owned the police. The shoes were too expensive to get bloody.

So damn snobby, Jack. Heh.

“They have lots of transformations, generally warping the body in a single way. They don’t normally do a proper transformation like a werewolf, usually just a body part or two. Gangrel like to give themselves massive claws, more than capable of gashes like these. And… blood splatters like these.” She motioned to the red dots and lines along the wall. Not exactly red anymore; the blood looked a day old.

“I wonder if McDonald and Garry have ever gotten into a fight. I wonder how that’d go.”

“Probably bring a building down on them,” she said. They both chuckled.

The claw marks stopped, and so did the blood, as they neared the end of the alley. Only a manhole waited for them where the blood trail ceased. He stopped and looked down at it, then at Amanda, then back at the manhole.

“… shit. I really liked these shoes.”

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It could not get anymore classic horror than this.

Tunnels. Lots of tunnels, large ones, with cement bricks and a shallow amount of water at the base. No light to see by except for their phones. If there was one way he was going to die, it’d be by getting torn apart by a sewer monster.

And his shoes. Oh, his poor shoes. The water was over his ankles, and it most definitely did not smell nice.

“I’ve never been down here,” he said.

“Neither have I. I know when Antoinette, Viktor, and Jacob first came to the city, when it was just a tiny town of log cabins, they started digging.” She started walking, and he followed. At least she was a little more comfortable with the dark than he was, Mekhet and all. “They made sure that, as the town grew and more of it came under their control, that there were always tunnels for vampires. Lots of them, big, sturdy, with places to hide. Complex. Sire Gloria and Natasha, they know the sewers well.”

“I can’t picture Madam Jenning enjoying sewers the least bit.”

She chuckled and pressed on, scanning the light around up at the manholes above, the drainage pipes that ran across the concave walls, and the various large holes along the walls that lead to ladders. Occasionally there was a twinkle of light as his Kindred eyes adjusted to the dark, but nothing more than a glimmer of streetlight getting through some manhole covers.

The further they went through the sewers, the more lost he got. He was sure he’d figure out where he was once he climbed out, but until then he was just a rat running around in a maze. The noise above was muffled, cars and chatter, quiet enough he could hear actual rats squeaking and scurrying. They walked for a good while too, following some unknown trail. Amanda seemed to know where they were going, and she was the senior.

Let a Mekhet lead. He could just imagine Viktor’s reaction to that. But he wasn’t Viktor, thank god.

Stop thinking about Viktor. Stop thinking about Tony, or Lucas. Stop thinking about Mrs. Pavala, just focus on—

“I can… smell perfume,” she said.

“You can smell perfume? Down here?”

She looked over her should, grinned, and tapped the side of her nose. “You can keep no secrets from a Mekhet.”

“… can you tell me what cologne I’m wearing?”

“You’re not wearing cologne.”

“Touche.”

Amanda stopped, and looked around. When Jack made eye contact, she held up a hand and put a finger to her lips, before she started on once again. But as she did, she reached into her suit jacket, and withdrew her pistol.

Jack gulped, and did the same. The two of them were not so dumb as to not bring flashlights though, and better than their smartphones. Pistol lights, leaving both hands free to aim the gun, and see what they were aiming at; nothing but concrete brick and water dripping down the old walls. But he could feel the tingle on his arm hairs as Amanda once again enveloped them in the cloak of night. She was no Natasha, her skill with the discipline was a far cry from who Jack was used to working with. He wouldn’t be able to rely on her if something horrible happened.

Not that he’d do any better, especially in the dark. And it was better than nothing, maybe that one extra second they’d need to respond to whatever rotted zombie limb reached out from the black abyss around their feet to drag them into a second death.

The tunnel opened up into a junction, a large room with flat walls and half a dozen other tunnels connected. There were a few holes, large ones capable of fitting a person on their knees; probably opened into rooms with ladders to the streets, or down deeper into the maze. Massive pipes crossed the open ceiling in a dizzying array of zigzags and twists, and metal doors lined each wall. At the end of a couple of the tunnels, he could see tall metal grates, bars thick and tight. Any second, he expected a wave of rats or cockroaches to pour out of the tunnels and swarm over them. Even the drip drop of trickling water in the black sent chills down his spine.

No place a beautiful redhead.

He blinked, looked at Amanda, and she looked at him, before the two pointed their pistols at the woman. Someone wearing jeans and a jacket, a decent looking leather one too, made for traveling. A bit short, curvy, with long red hair, a mane of frizzy curls. Her hands were in her jacket pockets, and her pale skin sported many freckles.

The beast in his gut growled, a cat with its fur standing on end. A quick glance at Amanda showed hers must have been doing the same, as she kept her gun pointed at the stranger, eyes locked and wide. Her cloak of night was gone too; not that it’d help much with the light of their pistols shining out.

No one said a thing. Just silent stares as the two vampires quivered. Who the fuck was that?

The stranger moved first, turning to face them straight on, and tilted her head to the side. Squinting, perplexed, she looked them up and down, before she gasped and took a step back. “Vampires!”

And she bolted. Panicking like she’d seen ghosts, she swung open one of the nearby metal doors and ran through it. The following slam of her closing it resonated through the sewers until the echo rang in their ears.

And then silence again. Jack stared at the door, then at Amanda.

“Um… should we follow her?” she said.

“Dunno. You ever felt a vampire like that? … or heard a vampire freak out at the sight of other Kindred?” First experiences with elders aside.

“No, and I don’t recognize her. I… maybe we should report back.”

“We have nothing to report back.” Not good enough for the council or Jessy, anyway.

With a sigh, he stepped toward the door, and motioned for Amanda to get on the other side. She was quick to act, and pressed her shoulders to the wall, pistol up. He pointed to his ear and looked at her, but she shook her head. No sounds coming from inside then. Well, no use in waiting any longer. Get a bit more info, get out, report back to Jessy. Don’t do anything stupid. Not that what he was about to do wasn’t very stupid, but he needed something to report, or it’d look badly on his standing in the Invictus. Gotta play the game. Dance the Danse Macabre.

He pulled open the door, pinned it to the wall with his shoulder, and poked his head in along with enough of his hands and arms to point his gun into the darkness.

Nothing. He aimed up, down, left and right, but found only pipes. Not big pipes either, little ones, all connecting to varying junctions of other pipes, connected to a few large metal bins; no clue what they were for. There were dials, rusted and dirty, and everything was covered in a generous helping of spiderwebs.

A lot of spiderwebs. But no girl.

He stepped in, sweeping the walls as he did, eyes on the beam of light the pistol light gave. Amanda behind him, he trusted her to watch his six as he moved through the small room. No doors, no connected tunnels, no holes or vents or anything.

“… um, what the fuck?” he said.

Amanda frowned, approached the walls, and started touching various bits of the concrete, the pipes, anything that looked like it could be moved or twisted. Nothing did.

“Ah, damn.” Spiderweb clung to her hand, and she tried to shake it off. “Wow, this is—damn it, this is really strong.” A few attempts to get off the spiderweb only lead to her hands being coated in it.

“She’s gone.”

“Looks that way.” Amanda stood beside him, pistol pointed with one hand, the other pulling out her smartphone. Talented, or a major smartphone addict, she started taking pictures of the room with the one hand.

“Mekhet eyes see anything?”

“Um… I… no?”

“No?”

“Kinda no? There’s something, but… it’d be like… asking me to tell one cloud of fog apart from another, in the same fog cloud. There’s something here, but it’s in the sewer too, and… I don’t know what it is.”

“… well, I vote we call this excursion over, and we report to Jessy. Also, shower.”

“Agreed.”

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Two hours after dusk the next day, and the walk back to the Elysium Tower. Elysium was a great place, the classy and pretty center of South Side, and the great glass tower stood before a garden of decidedly Gothic design. Antoinette was an artist.

Even the people were dressed for a ball, or cocktail party, or other extravagant events, so everyone was wearing grand suits or tuxedos, and all the women were showing off their greatest gowns or cocktail dresses, with as much leg and back and cleavage they could get away with. The heat was only getting worse, after all. He could smell the difference in people as they walked passed, the sweat mixed with an overall increase in sexual smells. Lot of skin on display; he couldn’t blame them.

Through the great maze garden, and up the stairs of the Elysium tower. He made a small nod to the receptionist, received a salute in return, and walked toward the back elevator. He could feel his ego inflate with every second, and his smile grow. Not taking the normal elevators, no no, he got to take the private elevator down to the Prince’s inner chambers; it’d be a long stair walk down otherwise.

The black marble with white veins, the glorious staircase that lowered into many floors, going deeper and deeper into the Prince’s beautiful home, it all made his dead heart flutter when he looked at it. A massive lobby, hallways, giant rooms, all decorated with coiling dragons, and the same black marble the Prince loved so much. It’d become his second home.

He had a really nice second home.

Giggling drew his eyes. The great vault door at last, the final barrier to the Prince’s sleeping room, where she put her head down for the day, deep and safe from the sunlight or would-be assassins. Perhaps too safe, as their meeting with Damien showed; no way out once you were down in its depths. But other than from kamikazes, it was a place anyone could feel safe. And the two ghouls felt quite safe.

He stepped through the vault door and stopped, gaze falling on the grand bed, and the two ballerinas sitting on it. The colossal room carried equally massive black drapes along its walls, standing lamps emitting quiet white light, and the floor marble was colored with black and white dragons coiling each other. In the center of the room was the bed, enormous, ten feet on each side, and covered in black silk; pillows too.

For all his pride and inflated ego, the sight of Ashley and Julee on the bed ripped it right out of him. The two were wearing chokers, black necklaces snug around their neck. And were wearing nothing else.

He gulped, and started to walk toward the bed.

“Jack! We’ve been waiting for you.” Ashley slid up to the edge of the bed and sat, legs dangling. Devil grin, or impish smile, he couldn’t tell. The two girls were definitely getting more comfortable with him; pity he couldn’t say the same.

He’d be nervous around girls for the next century at this rate.

“You have?” he said.

“Mhmm. Mistress said you should wait here.” She gestured to the chair.

Chair? He blinked and looked beside the bed. There was a chair. Hard to notice with the two nude ballerinas on the bed, but indeed, there was a chair, a black leather one with no arms and wood legs.

He sat down, and smiled at the girls. They smiled back, and Julee slid up to the edge of the bed to sit next to her friend. Naked but for their chokers, he couldn’t take his eyes off their bodies, their lean little frames, small and pert breasts, smooth skin. He’d been inside each of them, more than once, and had drank their blood while doing so. No amount of willpower could stop the memories from rising.

And for them too. They both blushed, and snickered a few seconds later when his eyes still couldn’t pull away.

What did Ashley and Julee do with their free time, when they weren’t with their mistress? In all their times together, Antoinette controlled the conversation, and he never really got to ask them what they did. Were they her eyes and ears, spies for the Prince, or did they also pursue more human goals? They went to university, but what else?

“If I did not know better, I would think you are here for my pets, little Ventrue, and not I.”

He looked to the vault door, and gulped again. Antoinette.

“I… I uh—”

“Shh,” she said, wicked smile adorned and red eyes devouring him. The Prince of Dolareido stepped into her bedroom, and started the slow dance of walking toward him.

Her clothes, oh god her clothes. She was wearing a corset, an underbust one, so her breasts were free to hang over it. The corset went down to the hip, tight against her waist the whole way, and it looked like it was made of leather. Black straps connected to high top leather boots that went all the way up to her thigh. Black lace underwear covered her privates, and her breasts were exposed but for the black, see-through robe she wore over her shoulders, with string at the neck and chest keeping it over her bust, but spreading out behind her at the waist. Like a queen’s robe.

She looked like a dominatrix, a high-class, royal dominatrix. Now, he was officially scared.

“To me, my pets.”

Julee and Ashley hopped off the bed and pranced over to join their mistress, each with beaming smiles. While Antoinette’s long boots sported a few inches of heel, Julee and Ashley were barefoot, and being Jack’s size, they looked like ants next to the tall, curvy creature of the night. Each took one of the Prince’s hands, and held it to their chests with both of theirs, before the three of them started to walk toward him.

He managed a few quick glances around. No whips or paddles, thank god. But the look in Antoinette’s eye had him shaking, and the closer she got, the more his beast struggled to keep still. She really did look like she was going to devour him; tiger metaphor taken a bit far.

He kept his mouth shut as she approached, and he stared. Two naked ballerinas, and one very tall, curvy queen, approaching him like he was about to be sacrificed in an ancient ritual. At any moment, they’d pull out daggers, and he’d have to watch as they cut itty bitty little pieces off of him. The dragon statues she kept around would come to life, eat him up, and he’d spend a thousand years in eternal torment in their fiery stomachs.

“Jack,” she said, “stand.” So close now, only two feet separated them, and she smiled down at him from above. The black robe she wore over her shoulders, tied closed across her chest, actually went out for a good ten feet along the floor behind her, like a majestic gown of night. And from so near, he could see the corset was not of simple make, but engraved with coiling black lines, with little spikes on them that made them look like dragon tails. The boots too.

He stood up, and stared up at the beautiful woman of his dreams.

“Arms out to the sides little Ventrue, while Ashley and Julee undress you.”

Arms out to the sides then. The two ballerinas let go of her hands, stepped up to him, and reached out. Their small fingers found his jacket, and slipped it off his shoulders. Then his tie, and shirt, and belt. Then his shoes, and socks, pants, and finally, his boxers. He hadn’t blushed life yet, so arousal would not happen, at least not physically. Mentally, he was doing his best to keep his eyes on the dangerous woman in front of him, and not the two nude girls touching him all over.

“Blush for us, Jack,” Antoinette said.

A little Vitae, a little mental effort, and his body renewed itself with life, with a fake heartbeat, with fake saliva and fake blood. Fake still worked, and as he stared at the tall woman with long white hair and red eyes, he could feel his erection growing. Her robe was see-through after all, and her underbust corset only emphasized her breasts, until he couldn’t help but take quick peeks at them, eye-level as they were.

She blushed as well. Life came to her red lips, a shade darker than she normally wore. Her dark nipples looked amazing through the robe against her alabaster skin, and the very subtle veins on the underside of her breasts, little things that went with the size and weight of them, made him groan.

“Sit.”

He sat.

“Hands upon the small of your back.”

He put his hands behind him.

“Good. Ashley, do the honors.”

Ashley pranced over to the bed, reached into the nightstand drawer, and withdraw handcuffs. Handcuffs! Jack gulped, and gulped three more times as Ashley handcuffed him. Not to the chair at least, but his hands were indeed cuffed, and he jingled them a bit to test them. Normal metal, he might be able to break through them if it came to that, but that would upset Antoinette. And a part of him was interested to see where this would go. Scared shitless, but kind of thrilled.

Got a screw loose, Jack.

“Tell me Jack Terry, do you enjoy your nights with me?”

Trick question, careful how you answer!

“Most amazing nights of my life.”

Ashley and Julee, now standing in front of him and beside the Prince once more, nodded to each other. His response seemed satisfactory for this new triumvirate.

“Ah, little Ventrue.” With a sly smile, the Prince reached out for the back of his chair, and slid it across the floor until the chair was only a couple feet from the bed, and facing it. She stepped in front of him, long legs on display, boots past her knee, and she sat down. “I do hope you will indulge us. The girls have been asking to spend a little more time with you.” He blinked, and she smirked. “You may speak freely.”

“… with me?”

“Yeah,” Ashley said, and she climbed up onto the bed. On her hands and knees, she arched her back like a stretching cat; the choker made the image complete. “We see the way you look at us. Mistress always gets to spend time with you, but we only get to sometimes. Mistress has said all erotic play with her must include her love, the little Ventrue.”

“Um… we uh….” Time with him? They were Antoinette’s ghouls, not his, they wanted her. He was a byproduct of that, attraction by proxy. Or at least he thought so, but the two girls were looking his naked body up and down, and grinning. Maybe Amanda really had been flirting with him. “… why?”

Julee came up on Antoinette’s other side, and spent some time adjusting the Prince’s long, long robe, so the royal cape was settled on the bed instead of the floor. With some room now, the brunette climbed up onto the bed beside her mistress, and sat down with her legs dangling off the side, facing Jack. She slipped a hand around Antoinette’s waist to hug her, and her mistress did the same for her shoulders.

“Because we like you,” Julee said. Blush sparkled her cheeks, and she pressed it to Antoinette’s arm as she smiled as Jack.

Antoinette spread her legs. Jack stared at her black lace lingerie for far too long before he raised his eyes to her devil smile. And as she smiled at him, she reached over for Julee, picked her up like a weightless feather, and set her down between her thighs. The ballerina, facing Jack, blushed all the more, especially as Antoinette slipped her hands underneath Julee’s shoulders, down along her sides, and onto her stomach. Unlike Antoinette, Julee had some abs to her, the lean physique of an agile gymnast, like Jack. A bit skinnier than him though; he could probably fold her in half and she wouldn’t even blink.

“Hands down, my pet,” the Prince said. Her hands roamed high to find the small, pert breasts awaiting her, and her fingers cupped them to offer gentle squeezes and presses. She trapped the girl’s nipples between finger and thumb, and massaged them with tiny twists and pinches.

The effect was immediate. Julee squirmed and wriggled a bit, and put her hands on Antoinette’s legs, along the top of her boots. Groped by a queen of the night, in a leather corset and boots, wearing a robe that was more like a grand cape, and Jack to watch every bit of her from only two feet away. No use in trying to avoid letting his eyes do what they wanted, not when Antoinette was actively trying to make it happen. He stared at the naked, lithe creature as she started to sigh with blissful moans, as her skin started to flush, and her breathing quickened. Horny in a single minute. Damn.

“I… I uh… why the handcuffs?” he said, once he managed to lift his eyes back to the Prince.

“So you do not accidentally begin touching yourself.”

“Acci….” His jaw dropped as Antoinette moved both hands down to Julee’s legs, slipped them in between her thighs, and pushed the ballerina’s legs apart. With Julee sitting between the far taller woman’s legs, Antoinette had little issue getting the girl’s legs wide enough to put her smooth, tiny pussy on display for him, and show off the girl’s growing arousal.

Yeap, he’d probably be masturbating right now, and not even realizing it. He managed a glimpse down at his naked self, and winced; so hard he felt like his dick would burst. Cock pointing up at forty-five degrees and demanding attention, but no one was giving it. All he had for stimulation was the feast for his eyes Antoinette was giving him.

“I spend much time as the focus of your gaze, little Ventrue, and I do adore it, truly. But my pets are my cherished friends, and they too wish to spend a little time under your gaze.” Antoinette’s hands reached down, and found Julee’s clitoris. The ballerina shuddered for a second as her mistress started to massage the little bud, and Jack felt a bit of drool on his lip as he watched the naked woman squirm under his lover’s touch.

“My gaze?”

“Yes my love.” Antoinette’s other hand raised to Julee’s chin, and she pointed her pet’s face at Jack. The ballerina’s eyes, barely open, managed a heavy, pleasure-filled peek at him, and she kept them upon him as the Prince played with her body.

Ashley sneaked a bit of the Prince’s hair, and she curled it around her finger as she leaned forward a bit to watch Julee. She had no shame, the blond ballerina, and as she coiled Antoinette’s hair, she slid her other finger down her body, between her thighs, and started touching herself. When Jack glanced her way, she made no reservations about what she was doing, and lifted her leg to put her foot up on the bed, knee bent, everything on display. He met her eyes for a moment, and she winked at him as she slid a finger down the crease of her small, puffy sex.

“For tonight,” Antoinette said, “I felt Ashley and Julee deserved more time in the bed with you and I. Are you comfortable with that, my love?”

“I… god… yes.” It was always a bit strange, how Antoinette used her pets as a conduit for affection. He’d learned to take it as a sign of trust and love, since she was so extremely attached to her ghouls. And that she wanted them to join them during sex, was her way of saying she really lusted for him, and trusted him. Maybe his mind would work in such indirect ways when he was five hundred years old.

For the love of god, focus on the naked girl in front of you being jilled off. Focus he did, and groan he did as Julee kept her legs open for him, her hands on Antoinette’s legs, and her eyes drifting between closed, and gazing at him, pleasure palpable on her face.

“Also, perhaps, a little hero worship, oui ma petite? My love risked everything to save me.” Antoinette let go of Julee’s chin, and roamed her hand down over the girl’s naked breasts, all while without pausing her caressing fingers over Julee’s clit. “Jack, quite valiant, jumping between myself and fifteen zealots.”

“Well, I mean, we would have been next, and… and….”

Antoinette pulled Julee’s leg up, opposite of the other ghoul Ashley, and hooked it over her much longer leg. Now, everything was exposed, and Jack felt his inner muscles squeeze with need, causing his shaft to twitch and bounce upright. Ashley giggled, but Julee gazed down at his cock, at what she was doing to him, and mewled, squeaky little sounds that made him ache with need.

And her ache too, Jack could see. Antoinette used both hands to spread Julee’s pussy apart with teasing fingers, and her juices trickled out of her clenching opening. Pink, swollen flesh squeezing in spurts, each causing a tiny drop of her fluids to leak out of her and down along her folds. From so close, he could see everything, every shiver, every muscle contraction as the goddess sank two of her fingers into Julee’s gripping lips.

“And we have robbed these two of their blood far too often these past two weeks, my little Ventrue. They have not had the pleasure to stay up all night with us, as of late.” Antoinette motioned with her head to Ashley, and the ballerina slid off the bed to walk behind Jack.

“Tonight, mistress said we get to play with you.” She leaned down, put her chin on his shoulder, and set her lips to his ear as her hands slid over his chest, down his abdomen, and to his pelvis. “The whole night this time.”

“I… I uh… umm… don’t know if I’ll be able to… last that long.” Three girls, all night, and if he wasn’t going to feed on the ghouls for the aphrodisiac, he couldn’t see himself lasting.

“That is why we will take our time,” Antoinette said, “and make sure to treat my pets well tonight.”

Treat the ghouls well? He was on board with that idea, but Ashley’s hands were all over him, fingers caressing and lining the muscles of his chest and abdomen. Her fingers eventually slid further down, along the smooth skin of his pubic area, and down to his testicles, where her fingertips pressed into and teased him. Her palms cupped his scrotum, and with very, very gentle squeezes, started to massage him.

But it was hard to focus on her fingers touching him, when Julee was so close, their toes almost touching. Antoinette’s fingers sank deeper, curled up into the girl’s body, and forced more whimpers from her. Probably why she wasn’t wearing long black gloves to join her ensemble; she wanted to be able to feel and touch with all the delicacy of skin.

She was so fucking beautiful. Much as Jack’s eyes were drawn to what Antoinette was doing to Julee’s pussy, his gaze drifted up to his love as well. Her white hair had fallen over the side of her neck as she leaned over Julee’s head, so damn tall. With one of Julee’s tiny legs draped over Antoinette’s thicker, toned and curvy leg, Jack found his eyes on his love’s leg as much as anything. Those boots. Damn those boots.

Antoinette started to finger the girl harder, hard enough Jack could see the juices on her knuckles, and could see Julee start to shake. The brunette was having a very hard time keeping her hands on her legs.

He was one to talk. Five times now he found himself, through pure reflex, trying to get his hands out so he could touch himself. The sounds, oh god the moans of the little ballerina as the tall devil fingered her more, and more. Ashley’s touch never left his balls, gentle and playful, cupping and massaging, but not enough to provide any real stimulation. He’d never cum like this; by design.

All he could do was watch as Antoinette drove the brunette to orgasm. Julee raised her hands at last, one to her chest where she hugged herself, the other to hold onto Antoinette’s wrist. The Prince didn’t seem to mind. She continued, pumping the girl up hard enough to make Julee lean back into her, and squeal. Hard enough to make a growing wet spot on the bed.

“Julee,” Antoinette said, as she at last removed her dripping fingers from the tiny, gripping lips of the girl’s pussy, “she does enjoy having your eyes upon her naked body.”

“D… does she?” he said. Every word was a struggle with Ashley’s hands teasing him, her touch growing a bit more bold and sliding her fingertips up onto the base of his shaft. She never squeezed though, never gripped him or stroked him, only caressed with a soft touch. He managed a glance at the girl leaning over his shoulder, and found the girl’s eyes were locked on his body, his cock.

The two girls had their own unique kinks.

Antoinette set her wet fingers upon Julee’s mouth, and the exhausted girl spread her lips to let her mistress slide them into her. A practiced motion, from what Jack could see.

“I mean, I uh… I’m just me. Little me. I was a virgin before you girls came along.”

“And that is perhaps why she finds your gaze so enticing.” Antoinette lowered her grip down to Julee’s neck, and wrapped her throat. Julee’s eyes opened wide for only a moment, before she melted back into her mistress’s body, and moaned. The girl’s body changed, her facial expression changed, and her noises changed. She got louder, looser, and let her grunts and groans come out more clearly as Antoinette kept a nice grip on the girl’s neck.

Until she squeezed harder. Julee went rigid for a second, and loosened up again as Antoinette fingered her, while choking her. Grip around the girl’s choker necklace, the Prince brought the girl’s face to redden as she sank her digits into Julee’s pussy, and pushed up.

What had taken ten minutes before, took twenty seconds now. The brunette managed weak whimpers through the Prince’s grip, but her arms hung limp and her legs quivered with spasm until the wet spot on the bed was huge. Thighs spread and body leaning back, Jack was hypnotized by the convulsions of the ballerina’s muscles, each making her back arch before collapsing against the Prince’s chest once more.

She let go. Julee gasped, sitting upright again, and turned away as she shivered.

“He’s… staring.”

“Indeed.” Antoinette, smiling a devil’s smile at Jack, leaned down to put a kiss atop the girl’s head, before she let Julee lower her leg again. She picked up the ballerina, set her on the bed beside her, and motioned for Ashley. Julee, panting and exhausted, leaned against Antoinette’s side, and she combed a bit of Antoinette’s hair again as she set her cheek against the Prince’s shoulder.

Ashley was very much not exhausted. The blond giggled, and slid around him to sit between Antoinette’s legs, facing Jack. So little room between them, only a couple feet, she had a little trouble getting around him, but soon she was snuggled back into her mistress’s lap, and she had no issues spreading her legs. Without waiting, she opened her thighs and exposed the small, smooth pussy she seemed very proud of. It was wet.

“Ashley, on the other hand, is a rascal, a mischievous creature. She enjoys play.” Antoinette set her hands on Ashley’s shoulders, slid them down her arms, underneath them, and to the girl’s gymnast stomach. Ashley didn’t even blush. Shameless, far more so than the first time they’d had sex, Ashley reached out for the underside of Jack’s chair, and pulled him forward.

The chair made a quiet groan as the wooden legs slid across the marble, before he was a single foot away from Ashley. She smiled at him, grinned a grin he’d seen on Antoinette a thousand times, before she put her legs up and onto his shoulders. The angle put her butt up a bit, between his knees and on the edge of the bed.

“She does love to test me.” With a roll of her eyes, Antoinette reached out, set her fingers upon the girl’s smooth, lithe legs, and traced her thighs. And from this close, there was no way Jack could miss a single moment of it. Antoinette slid a hand down the girl’s mons, and started to caress her clitoris; a different rhythm than with Julee, more bounce and less depth. But it worked, and within seconds, Ashley started to pant, started to blush, and started to whimper. Her sounds were far less submissive sounding than Julee’s, far more excited, and where Julee had looked like she was being tortured with bliss, Ashley was smiling and giggling between mewls.

“Can I, mistress?”

“Only if Jack agrees.”

“Agrees? Agrees to… to….” He stared as Ashley put her legs down, stood up in the small crevice of space between the chair and the bed, and reached out to put her hands on his shoulders.

“Sex.” She leaned in closer, lips grazing his forehead, and she let her hands drift down upon his chest to nuzzle them into the lines of his muscles once more.

The ghouls were in their bed all the time, but actual sex with them, penetration, was a rarity. But whenever it happened, they always asked, and every time he double checked that it was actually something Antoinette wanted. A glance to her showed no signs of anger or jealousy; she looked enamored with the idea, even. Watching her pets fuck her love was a huge turn on for her, he could see.

Which of course made it a huge turn on for him. He looked up at the ballerina, up her smooth body, the subtle lines of her muscles, her flexible and lithe form, her tiny frame. Not as small as Natasha — no one was as small as Natasha — but small like him.

“You sure?” he said to Antoinette.

“Of course my sweet,” she said, same as always.

Though today, she felt like doing a little more than saying. She reached out with her hands, put them onto Ashley’s hips, and guided the girl forward. Ashley spread her legs around Jack’s, and lowered herself down to sit on his lap, almost bouncing on his legs. Her clit pressed up against the underside of his cock, and she slid herself forward across his lap — or Antoinette pushed her — to press the wet lips of her cunt to his testicles. She stuck out her arms to hook them around his neck by the hand, so she could lean back and smile at him while Antoinette’s hands continued to move over her body. The Prince grinned from over her pet’s shoulder, slid herself a bit closer so it was her sitting on the edge of the bed. And from so close, she let her hands roam up and down Ashley’s naked body, along her small, beautiful breasts, along her stomach and navel, along her back and shoulders.

Jack groaned as he felt the light creature’s liquids grow until his testicles were warm with them.

“Y-yeah… I’d love… to have sex with you.” When he said it, Antoinette let out a long sigh of satisfaction, and her smile returned, brighter. Seeing her smile like that, made his insides warm and his own smile show. Her ghouls were hers, and she was sharing what she cherished with her love.

And of course, beautiful naked girl, plus sex. Just a guy after all, barely an adult! Antoinette knew his weakness, and she was exploiting it. He was the victim!

Victim!

Ashley stood up again, reached down to take his aching cock into her fingers, and guided him. Her squeezing muscles found his glans, and she giggled as she clenched tight while lowering herself. And he groaned, louder than he wanted, as her tight, wet muscles found the already swollen-to-burst head of his cock. Hot flesh wrapped around him, squeezing the whole way down, until the little imp was comfortable on his lap. She nudged herself in a little, and sighed as she wriggled around until her lips were pressed to the base of him.

“Mmm.” She raised her arms like she was stretching, before she set them out again to hook her fingers around the back of his neck while she leaned against the Prince’s stomach. Her head settled between where Antoinette’s breasts hung over her corset, still partially hidden behind the royal robe. “I never really get to make this last, you know? Never get to just sit here, and… look… and feel….” Her hands slid down his chest again, down along his abs to his shoulders, and up to his neck, before finding his buzzed hair; more giggles as she ran her fingers along it.

Jack managed a glance at Julee, but it only made things worse. The brunette was masturbating, though she was trying to hide it. Hard to hide when she was sitting against Antoinette’s side, leaning against her, and had a hand between her thighs.

“Hey,” Ashley said, “look at me too… please?” She slid her hands up her own body this time, found her pert breasts, and kneaded them with a few caressing presses before she put her fingers back against Jack’s chest.

“S-ssory… just….” Just holy god fuck mother sweet fucking ham. Don’t cum, don’t cum. Gods she was so tight, and wet, and warm, warm with a kine’s blood. Biting her was off limits for the night’s plan, if the ghouls wanted to be more involved, but he could feel his desire to sink his teeth into her neck growing. Focusing on the pleasure wasn’t helping; his cock was so hard and already leaking precum into her, any sudden thrusts and he’d probably cum. The warm, tingling waves were building up underneath his shaft by then, demanding release.

And the Prince knew it too.

“To torment poor Jack is… I admit, something she and I both delight in.” Antoinette settled her chin on Ashley’s head, and let her hands roam down the girl’s body, down to her thighs, and between her legs where the ballerina was taut around Jack’s cock. Her fingers, dancing little devils, found Ashley’s clitoris, and began to massage it.

Jack winced as Ashley clenched down. Her juices renewed, and only grew as Antoinette caressed the girl’s budding clit with what must have been five centuries of practice. And far as Jack could tell, it was more than enough to rip the energy out of Ashley in seconds and leave her a squeaking, squeezing mess. She tried to keep her hands on his chest, to keep touching him, feeling him, but the faster and harder Antoinette got, the more she mewled, and eventually put her hands onto her mistress’s wrists.

Antoinette wasn’t looking at Ashley though, she was looking at him. A succubus smile, with half-closed eyes that failed to mask the evil glint he found there. She was enjoying this torture, making him feel every clench and spasm and squeeze of Ashley’s insides as the girl was catapulted to orgasm. And as Ashley came, her cunt convulsing and making him shiver, Antoinette continued to watch him.

He tried to keep eye contact with her; he knew she liked that, after all. But he had to look away, if only for a second, to keep himself from thrusting into the ballerina cumming on his cock.

“Oh… I… mmm.” Ashley leaned her head back a bit and pointed her lips upward, and the Prince met them with a kiss, and a wink for Jack. “I know you and the mistress, you’re in love, and… and it’s romantic, and perfect! And… and I hope we can be a part of that. We’re her ghouls, after all. We serve the mistress wholly.” Ashley leaned forward, hands out for his shoulders again, but this time she got in deep, put her head near his, and looked down. She watched where his cock was inside her, and where her clit pressed against his pubic area when she angled it right.

“I uh… I mean….” Don’t cum don’t cum. “I love Antoinette with all I am, and… and uh… if she’s comfortable with this, then I am t-too,” he said. The girl refused to hold still, quivering on him, and grinding her hips a little. Antoinette’s fingers were still on her, and Jack couldn’t help but look down to see what she was doing that was making Ashley squeeze that way. Each one put a stutter or pause into his voice, where his panting tried to fit in.

And panting turned into more groans when Ashley came again. She bounced a little this time, squeaking and mewling, and squeezing his cock until he thought she might break something. So warm, so damn warm, and every little motion she made sent waves of pleasure down his length from his engorged glans, until his own muscle clenching caused more of his precum to join her wet insides.

But at last Antoinette stopped, and Jack collapsed back against the chair, panting not with exhaustion, but just trying his hardest to keep his cum inside him. Ashley seemed less tired, even energized, and she giggled as Antoinette picked her up off of him, and set her down on the bed edge beside her, opposite of Julee.

“On the edge, my little Ventrue?” Antoinette leaned in, put her hands on his legs, and brought her lips to his nose. From so close, her breast hung with their weight, like giant teardrops, and he made no effort to hide his staring.

“Y-yeah….”

“My love, I am feeling neglected, and envious of my pets.” Antoinette stood up, and pushed his chair back a couple feet so she had room. He stared up at her, jaw dropping as he watched the busty vixen from so close, the tight corset that was emphasizing the amazing hourglass curve of her figure, and the boots increasing the height of her already very, very, very long legs.

She turned to put her profile to him, lowered her hands to her hips, and starting sliding off her panties. Black, on the outside of the straps that connected the high boots to the corset, and she grinned at him every second of the slow process of sliding them off. Taunting, teasing, when she got the underwear down to her heels, she let go, stepped out of them, and arched her back as she raised herself to stand up straight once more, before turning to face him again.

He gulped, his cock twitched, and another drop of his precum leaked from the ripe glans.

“N-neglected?”

“Indeed.” She raised her right leg, put it on the chair next to his butt, and stepped around the chair with the other. So close, so tall, and with her one leg up and knee bent — oh my fucking god those boots — it put her smooth lips and bare mons only inches from his face. “Do take care of me, my little Ventrue.” She pushed her hips in, just a few inches, just enough so the bud of her clitoris was grazing his lips.

He opened his mouth, and devoured her.

Her moans, husky and deep compared to the ballerinas, sent shivers up his spine. He’d heard them so many times, over dozens of nights of sex, and they always got him going. A tiger’s groan, a dragon’s moan, a dangerous and deadly creature pushing her pussy against his lips, and awaiting satisfaction. And he gave it as best he could, suckling on her clit and bathing it in his tongue. She was already wet.

Her hands found his head, and she ran her fingers over his buzzed crown. He felt a little bad for Ashley, because the Prince’s caress along his head felt so much better. Like melting into a warm embrace, her fingers settled him and begged him at the same time, soothed him and lit a fire between his legs at the same time, made him want to touch her so damn much. Handcuffs made that hard, but using only his mouth was half the fun.

So damn beautiful. It wasn’t just the proximity, of tasting her juices on his tongue, of feeling her clenching muscles nudge against his mouth as he licked, it was the view! Oh god the view, staring up at her, her heavy breasts hanging over his head, and the corset that would have probably left a human unable to breathe.

Ashley and Julee joined Antoinette, put their hands on the chair and his shoulders, and leaned in to watch.

“That looks amazing,” Ashley said. Julee said nothing, but Jack could see her blushing in the corner of his eye, her eyes locked on where Antoinette was pushing her mons against his nose. The Prince moved one of her hands too, probably to give the girls a better view of what he was doing to her.

And they both let out long, deep sighs as Antoinette came. More of her wet warmth trickled into his mouth and onto his tongue, each renewed by a clench of her muscles he could feel against him. Lips locked around half of her pussy, he licked and suckled until he felt her shudder; she rarely moaned during orgasm, the Prince, but came with controlled pleasure and practiced bliss. He settled his tongue, and let her enjoy her orgasm for a few moments, before he licked again.

But the Prince had had enough. She lowered her leg, backed away, and sat down on the bed; Jack grinned when he noticed her legs were shivering a little.

“Much better,” she said, and she raised her hands to comb back her hair, elbows high to show off her body. Such a showoff. “Much much better. That was delightful.”

“Thanks.”

She chuckled, as did the two girls still standing beside him.

“Come, we have tortured you long enough.” She motioned for him to come join her, and he had to fight the urge to jump and throw himself onto the bed. So hard his dick hurt. But, with a little—lot of mental effort, he walked over to the bed, and sat down beside the Prince.

She smirked at him, reached out, and lifted him. Just a feather to her no doubt, and she placed him on his back on the sheets.

The ballerinas, one giggling and one blushing, climbed up onto the bed, and lay beside him, one for each arm. With his hands trapped in the small of his back, he had to shift around a bit to get a comfortable position for his cuffs, and the two girls grinned as he did. They put their hands on him, on his chest and shoulders, and teased their fingers up and down his abs, and down to his shaft. Never up it though, never stroking him, just their fingertips dancing along where his cock met his pelvis.

“I’m all over him,” Ashley said, and she traced some of her wetness from his pubic area, up onto his abs. “And… he looks like he’s about to burst.”

Jack looked down at where his cock was pointed up and toward him at an angle, at his cock’s head, so swollen and engorged. Fuck he needed only a little stimulation, just a little touch, anything, and he’d be over the edge in seconds.

Antoinette crawled over to him, her long robe dragging along the bed behind her as she straddled his legs. She got comfortable, put her knees on either side of his waist, and set her ass down against his thighs. Jack quivered up at the sight of the busty succubus straddling him, her pussy only inches away from the base of his cock from where she was sitting.

And then she disrobed. Ashley and Julee were quick to join her, and as Antoinette undid the many knots of where her robe was connected around her neck and chest, the two girls slid it down from her shoulders and back to fall behind her on the bed. Like servants disrobing royalty. Which she was, basically. He had the Prince of Dolareido sitting on his legs, straddling him, with her bare breasts now hanging free and visible before his eyes. The clothes emphasized everything, and he stared at where the teardrop shape of her tremendous breasts fell over the corset and pressed against where it hid her ribs.

She kept the boots on too.

“Perhaps… a little more torture is in order?” she said.

“I… I um….”

She chuckled all the more, leaned forward, and put one hand to his chest. The other reached down to wrap her fingers around his wet cock, and pointed it up toward her. With a slow, tantalizing cruelty, she started to slip him into her dripping, clenching pussy, so slow he found himself fighting his urge to thrust.

Eventually, the curvy vampire set her ass down against his thighs and pelvis, and got comfortable yet again, like breaking in a new chair. But she refused to squeeze or clench, refused to grip and shift and move, refused to do any of the things he’d need in order to cum. All he could do was stare up at the woman as she settled on him, and did nothing.

At least at first, but when she caught his eyes, she grinned her devil’s grin at him, and started to sway her lips. Slow dips of her body to the sides, and then back and forth, a figure eight dance that made her corset move like a snake. Such a beautiful contrast against her pale skin, and her long white hair. She raised her hands, ran them back through her hair, and jutted out her breasts a little, showing off her physique.

And she squeezed, hard enough to make him gasp and squirm, more than hard enough to make each shift of her hips massage his ripe glans with her gripping insides. The pleasure sparks flooded his cock, poured down his length until it was between his legs, before his body returned it with a gush of warm, tingling waves.

He started to pant, and started to cum. The first wave always made him shudder, and he stared at the dance of the vixen as she clenched down on him in spurts. Between each clutch, his cum flowed into her, coating his cock and her insides, until his white fluid was dripping down his testicles.

“Ah, there. I trust that is better, my love?” Antoinette leaned over him, put her hands against his shoulders so her hanging breasts swayed over his head, and she squeezed more. Her dance never ceased, though it did slow a bit, and she used it to milk the waves of cum out of him, each sending jolts of bliss down his length while her pussy tightened on his cock. Julee and Ashley were staring, the blond groaning, the brunette blushing bright. Antoinette drew his attention back, her hair falling over the side of her head and tickling along his cheek.

“Much… much better,” he said between pants. She was still dancing, just very slowly now, emphasizing each sway with a deep dip of her hips, and another clench of her insides to milk him. The pleasure started to fade, but it still lingered with little sparks of bliss that made his cock twitch, and Antoinette made sure to pull every last spark out of him; she always did.

And when the white of his cum started to trickle out of him where everyone could see, the two ballerinas let out their own moans. Julee stared, while Ashley reached out again, touched where Antoinette’s pussy was pressed to his body, and ran her finger through his cum and up onto his abs.

“You are still aroused,” Antoinette said. A little dip and sway of her hips proved it, and he shivered as her cum-soaked insides gripped and squeezed. Still hard, body wanting more. How could it not, with two naked, nimble women running their hands up and down his body, and the love of his life riding his cock.

Best he could manage was a nod.

“Good. My pets would prefer this last, I am sure,” the Prince said. As she did, Ashley and Julee sat up and put themselves next to her. Tall as Antoinette was, with her sitting on his pelvis, her breasts were at eye level with the two ghouls.

“W-what… do they want… to do?”

Antoinette chuckled. “Ashley, Julee, Jack has given you permission to do as you wish, within reason. Please feel free to indulge.”

Ashley thought the situation was perfect apparently, with her giggling and smiling and her roaming hands. Julee got closer to Antoinette, but Jack could see her looking at him, biting her bottom lip, thinking. Ashley wasted no time though, crawled over to his head, and straddled him. Facing down at him, she leaned forward, set her hands on the blankets, and lined her pussy up with his lips.

“Me too?” she said.

“Y-yeah, sure.” He tried to return her smile, but half his mind got yanked away by the touch of roaming hands on his abs. He couldn’t see anymore, with Ashley blocking his view, but he could feel hands on his stomach, his chest and hips, four hands at that. Antoinette’s touch he recognized, her confident and practiced fingertips teasing along his lower abdomen. But Julee was touching him too, a lighter and wavering touch that ran up to his chest and traced the lines of his pectorals.

Yanked back again to the ballerina hovering over his head as she lowered her pussy down onto his lips. Soaked, warm, full of blood. A heavy urge to bite hit him, but he pushed it down. He didn’t need blood, so resisting was a bit easier, and he didn’t want to ruin the ghouls’ fun. He was the intruder in a bed they’d been sharing with the Prince for years, after all, least he could do was play nice.

A long, slow, deep lick earned a mewl from Ashley. She spread her legs out further, sinking herself down onto him and getting more comfortable as his tongue reached up to probe at her entrance. But it was her clitoris that earned whimpers of bliss. He suckled the nub out of its hiding place from within her puffy pussy that hid her lips, and he bathed it in faster strokes of his tongue. No need to build her up to it, she’d come twice before already, and was already panting with bliss. From between her thighs, he could see the contractions of her hard stomach, the gymnast abs, and the shudders of her shoulders. She gazed at him, smiling bright, and nudged her hips toward him.

He did his best to ignore the hands on his body from the other two women, and the noises they were making. Something that sounded like kissing, or suckling, and something that was making Antoinette move very, very slowly. The succubus wouldn’t bring him to a second orgasm, not until she was satisfied, and she was bound to make every minute to it torturous bliss.

Ashley squeaked, and lowered herself down to rest her weight on one hand on the blankets. Cumming again already. He liked to think it was because of his expert skills, but he knew it was more because Antoinette had cultivated some serious sex drive in her two friends. It never took time to bring them to orgasm; his only saving grace, or they’d have sucked him dry instead.

He smiled up at the ballerina as she shuddered, touched her breasts with one of her hands, and gripped the blankets with the other. She managed to return the smile, but it shattered as he suckled her swollen clit into is mouth, and again bathed her hot flesh with his tongue.

“Nn! Sensitive… slow… slow down,” she said. He did, but only for a moment, only long enough for her to think he’d stopped, and then he started licking again. “W-wait!” Ashley erupted into mewls, and her hands grabbed his head as she quivered. Her poor clit was probably a little sore, and very sensitive, from the abuse it’d been taking that night, but with each lick, he could feel the tiny creature tremble on his face, and leak juices onto his lips.

She rolled off of him, and lay down on her back on the blankets, hugging herself as she quivered. He managed only a quick glance at her, a second to admire the rise and fall of her small, pointed breasts against her lean form, before a quiet, deep, husky moan pulled his gaze back to Antoinette.

He almost melted. Julee, sitting on her knees and buttocks next to him, was leaning over him, one hand pressed to his abs to brace her weight, her other hand reaching around behind Antoinette and holding her waist. Her lips were on the Prince’s nearer breast, suckling on her nipple. The Prince had one hand on her own hip to rest it upon Julee’s fingers, and the other was on the small of Julee’s back, returning the half hug while the ghoul gently feasted on her bosom.

“Thank you,” the Prince said, “for pleasing my pet.”

He didn’t respond, eyes glued to Julee, and how she was nuzzling her face into Antoinette’s breast, burying her nose and lips in the woman’s massive tit, and suckling. He’d never watched this, never got to see what it was like for the ghouls to play with her body the way he did; the two ghouls rarely got past the first ten minutes of sex, since they’d become food for two Kindred instead of one. But now, Jack found himself mesmerized. Antoinette smiled at him, and squeezed. Jack winced with the strength of her grip on his cock, but as she relented, he shivered as her caressing insides massaged him. She didn’t move more than an inch in any direction, tilting her hips enough to make him groan, to make his cock sing with blissful friction from within her cum-filled pussy.

Julee took a quick peek at Jack, before she turned her head back to hide her eyes from him. As she did, she raised her hand from his stomach, set it on Antoinette’s other breast, and started to squeeze it. Just like Jack would, Julee let the weight of the Prince’s ample breast overflow her palm as her hand cupped it from underneath, before she let it fall under her hand, so her fingers could slide up its shape and caress the engorged nipple. Jack stared at Antoinette’s breast and her facial expression alike, gulping as he watched the curvy succubus close her eyes and sigh with bliss.

“Julee, what do you wish to do?” Antoinette said. Julee’s body went red, and she leaned up to put her mouth to her mistress’s ear. Another chuckle from the Prince, and she slid herself off of him; cum and juices trickled out of her onto his abdomen as she did. Like a prowling cat, she crawled forward and lay herself down beside him. Once she was at eye level with Jack along the blankets, she pressed herself up against his shoulder, leaning over him a bit to press her breasts to his chest, and nudge her nose against his while her long legs hooked one of his.

“Enjoy yourself,” she said, and she kissed him. He kept his eyes half-open, as did she, and she smiled at him with her red gaze as she plucked at his lips a little with her teeth.

He wasn’t sure what she meant, until Julee took his cock into her hand.

“Ah, it’s… wet.” Her grip slid up and down, slowly, and gave him curious and experimenting squeezes. Reminded him of the first time they’d had sex, outside the tower’s underground pool. Ashley had grown infinitely more comfortable with him since then, Julee not so much. But, as she held his hard, dripping cock in her hand, he could see bits of her shyness melt away. He knew the feeling; at a certain point of arousal, you were basically drunk, and nothing gave courage quite like being drunk.

She climbed over his hips, straddled him, and with a guiding hand, set his glans against her soaked entrance. Whimpering, she eased herself down onto him, and settled herself upon his cock. Jack panted, doing his best to keep his groans under control, especially with Antoinette’s lips against his cheek. But Julee shifted around as she looked for a place to get comfortable, ass and hips moving until she found a comfortable spot on his thighs and pelvis. Her insides were quivering, and Julee let out quiet whining mewls as she started to shift back and forth on his shaft.

Each stroke, each inch sent more blissful waves down his length. She didn’t dance or sway like Antoinette, but instead, she rocked back and forth with her hands on Jack’s waist. Her mouth was open, her head hung a little, and her legs squeezed against his sides.

As he struggled to keep from cumming, Antoinette put her lips to his ear, and plucked at his earlobe with her kisses and teeth.

“She is delightful, is she not?” The Prince let out a low growl into his ear, and reached out with a roaming hand to run her fingers along his stomach. “It pleases me, that my ghouls please you.”

“H-how could they not?”

“I have trained them well.” More chuckles, and more kisses, this time along his defenseless neck. “They only wish to repay the man who saved their mistress.” She pressed her breasts against his chest, and with her leg hooked over his, he felt her wet folds nudge against the side of his leg. “And they find you very attractive.”

His turn to blush. Again. For the millionth time.

Julee leaned back, put her hands on his legs, and arched her spine. Apparently she found a position she liked, shifting her hips forward a bit while leaning back, to guide his cock toward her belly. Her mewls returned, louder, and she started to shift her weight into the new position. Jack couldn’t help but stare at how her arched body highlighted her limber frame, and made each clench of her muscles visible.

Antoinette pointed at Ashley. The other ballerina had sat up at some point, Jack hadn’t noticed when, and she crawled around them to come sit beside Antoinette, behind her butt. She lowered herself, and hid from view.

But when Antoinette started to shake a little, and her calm, confident demeanor started to crack with little moans and husky pants, Jack could guess what Ashley was doing.

Even with a ghoul doing things to her, Antoinette continued to tease Jack, continued to nuzzle her nose and lips against his jaw and neck, against his earlobe, against his shoulder. She knew what her body did to him, what pressing her breasts against him did, and she smiled her tiger smile while doing so. Eyes struggling to stay upon him as more quiet, husky moans escaped her, the Prince leaned over reached across his chest to his further shoulder, and hugged him.

“Cum for me,” she said.

Trigger. That deep, seductress voice slew him, melted him into the bed. His fluids built to burst, each clench of his muscles shooting sparks of pleasure into his length. Antoinette smirked at him, but smirk faded as she too started to shake a little, and her hair bounced against his shoulder. He could hear the wet noises of slapping fingers from behind Antoinette, and each was accompanied by a silent shudder from the Prince.

His eyes switched back and forth between the red-eyed devil leaning over him, and the ballerina riding him faster. Julee was squeaking, and bouncing with a backward angle, making his cock almost bend as she started to slam her butt against him. Wet, and getting wetter, warm liquids dripped out of her and coated his cock all the more as she started to buck, and squeak. Too much.

He came, and quivered as the bouncing ghoul’s clenching insides forced almost painful bliss through his length. She didn’t stop, didn’t look his way, far too lost in her own pleasure to see what she was doing to him. So tight, and rough, rougher than Antoinette liked to get. Julee pounded down against him, her light body springing up and down, back and forth upon his cock, as he started to fill her with cum. He winced with each bounce, the waves of pleasure met with her hot juices, and her gripping flesh.

Antoinette leaned in, her red eyes devouring him, and her grin ready to as well. “A little rambunctious, perhaps?” Chuckles and kisses. She nudged her nose into his cheek, lowered her lips down to his ear, and groaned. Not one to make noise during her orgasms, he knew that well enough after so many bouts with his love; if she was making noise, it was specifically to entice him.

And holy fuck it enticed him. The sound of her moan, the feel of her shuddering body pressed to his chest, everything. He made his own tiny groan, a pale comparison against hers, and squirted more of his cum into the bouncing ballerina.

It wasn’t until he was done climaxing that Julee came to a stop. Unlike Antoinette, the brunette was a bit loud, and let out some whining mewls as she started to quiver. She sat up straight, eyes closed, and squeezed her cum-soaked insides hard enough to make him gasp as she came. Her juices dripped down onto his abdomen to join his, and the juices of the Ashley and the Prince.

Ashley came out from behind Antoinette, around behind Jack, and lay herself down on his side the same way Antoinette did, chest against his arm and one arm reaching out to hold him across the chest. Julee stayed on him, quivering, whimpering, and she leaned forward to rest her hands against his stomach as his softening cock at last started to fall out of her, only for his cum to drip down onto it and down his testicles.

Three woman, on his body.

“I uh… I’m reminded of a certain vampire that had three wives. Pretty famous guy, had a book about him and everything.” His hands squirmed underneath the small of his back. No good, trapped unless he was willing to break free. Which would probably seriously ruin the scene; if his words already hadn’t.

But Antoinette laughed, and kissed his earlobe. “Mon amour.”

She set her cheek down on his shoulder and neck, and nuzzled into him; like a girl with her teddy bear. Julee and Ashley, they wouldn’t get this comfy, this loving with him; this was her place. Even if the two ghouls were Antoinette’s pets and had shared her bed for years, to hold each other like this was for the two Kindred.

Ashley and Julee smiled down at him, but instead of joining, Julee slipped off of him and lay down with Ashley. With more room available, Antoinette hugged him tighter, and kissed his neck a few times before she resettled. Jack managed a quick peek at the two ghouls, and blushed all the more. They were both staring at him and Antoinette, and he could hear their minds swoon ‘awe’ at the two of them as they smiled.

He probably would have thought it too.