

~~Jack~~

He went home. He didn't want to go home. Well, he did, because he wanted to see his thralls and crows, and make sure everything was going well. And much as it kinda irked him, he did feel possessive of his thralls. They were his pets, his, and any good owner took care of what was theirs. The Ventrue half of him loved that idea.

But at the tower, he spent all night in bed, recovering, and being the center of attention to Antoinette and Elaine. Antoinette, er, Ann, got in a pampering mood whenever Jack was injured, and considering how the confrontation with Black Blood went, combined with him now being as weak as a young neonate again, mostly, she was in a super motherly, pampering mood. He'd spent every night with his head on her lap, kissing and sucking on her breasts, while Elaine made sure he came over and over, until he had to feed on Ashley or Julee just to stay hard.

Difficult to walk away from that. But, as he stepped out of the car in front of his mansion, and Mulder and Scully flew down to land on his shoulders, he smiled. There was something empowering about coming home, even if he felt only a shred of the curse's power left in him. A shred was a shit load more than Elaine had expected him to have left, and he was damn happy to have it. He'd need it. Owning a mansion as a young neonate? There was a chance Michael or Garry would try and take the mansion from him, and he'd have to prove he could hold his own territory from pushy Carthians.

And he was kinda excited to do that.

He stepped into the mansion, with his mom, Damien, Beatrice, and Athalia following behind him. It was originally just going to be Damien and his mom, but he'd found her with Beatrice and Athalia, chatting away. And naturally, his mom had invited them, without checking with him, because it never even dawned on her that Jack might not want all the possible company he could have for his first trip back home.

That was fine. After everything that'd happened, those three deserved a little leeway from him, especially his mom. If she'd been anyone else, his mom would have figured out how to use the 'I saved the world' card to get whatever special treatment she wanted. But she was his mom, and the idea would never, ever enter her mind.

He loved her for that.

“I feel like I should be helping carry some bags of clothes,” his mom said as she followed him into the entry hall, big stairs in front of them inviting them to come upstairs if they wanted. Not yet. “Like old times, you know?”

“This isn’t a yearly trip to the university dorms, Mom.”

“I know. Still. Where’s the girls?”

Right on cue, all three girls stepped around the wall upstairs and stopped at the top of the stairs. He half expected to have a very awkward situation with his thralls standing there in sexy fake maid outfits, or bikinis, or nothing at all. Thankfully they were wearing more normal, modern maid outfits, and they all waved before hopping down the stairs.

“Master!” they said in unison as they ran up to him. Before he could say anything, they all hugged him, at the same time, and they made sure to squash him between them as they did.

Veronica with her blue hair was a bit shorter than Jack. Leilani with her brown hair was his height. Rachel with her short blonde hair was a couple inches taller than him. Having all three hugging and giggling was colorful and varied, and Jack did his best to hug them back while ignoring the judging looks he got from his mom and Athalia.

“Dude,” Triss said, and she held up a thumb. “Nice.” Which earned a small slap on her hand from his mom.

“It’s nice to see you too, girls,” Jack said. “Sorry I haven’t been here. I’ll make sure you get your blood later.”

Their eyes lit up like kids on Christmas.

“Yes master,” they said. They stepped back, gave him a small bow, and gave his mom a small bow, too.

“Thank you, Miss Terry.”

“Thank you.”

“Thank you.”

They bowed deeper, and left.

If she’d been Blushing Life, his mom would have incinerated from the heat of embarrassment. She stared after the girls, before looking back at him and the others.

“Don’t look at me,” Jack said, shrugging. “Probably something Antoinette told them to do.”

“You didn’t call them?”

“I did, but I didn’t really fill them in on the details.”

Nodding and sighing, she came in closer to him and gave him a quick pat on the arm.

“I know you don’t like to talk just to talk, but young girls do. Make sure you treat them nicely, even if that means just having a conversation with them every so often. Even if that means... sitting around and just listening to them talk.”

He raised a brow, and looked to everyone else. Damien shrugged. Triss shrugged. Athalia shrugged.

“Yes, Mom.”

And then they all laughed. Assholes.

“Think you can defend this place without the curse?” Damien asked. Leave it to him to be direct about the issue. One of the reasons he was Jack’s best friend.

“We’ll see. I know Michael’s gonna wanna talk about it.”

Athalia frowned as she looked around. “But you own it.”

“I’m Invictus, and this place was passed down from other Invictus. I don’t really own it. I mean, I kinda do, and I kinda don’t.”

“Stupid,” she said, shrugging, and walked off.

“Mom, follow her and make sure she doesn’t burn my home down.”

Athalia laughed, which was a pretty damn strange sound to hear from her. And kinda creepy, evil sounding, like she belonged behind some big computer screen with a countdown showing the seconds before her deadly nuclear strike wiped out the world.

His mom nodded and followed after her.

“I’ll show you around. This place is huge! Almost as big as my sire’s tower! Well, its basement anyway.”

Jack watched after them as the two mothers left, before he relaxed and sat down on the stairs. He clucked his tongue a few times up at Mulder and Scully, and the two crows nodded before flying after his mom and Athalia. Much as he trusted his mom, she could be a bit of a pushover, and he didn’t want Athalia rummaging through all his shit. The birds would stop her. Hopefully.

“How’re things with Sándor?” he asked Triss as she sat beside him.

“Pretty great, honestly. You’d think there’d be drama, considering how we met, and all the shit with... everything. But, no, the dude is so chill.”

“Yeah? Sounds kinda boring.”

She snorted a laugh as she shoved his shoulder, and slid him a few inches across the stairs.

“You’d think, but it’s not. He’s—wait, why do you care?”

“What, I can’t care?”

“No. You’re a guy. And you’re Jack.”

“True,” Damien said, nodding. “She makes a valid point. I couldn’t care less about how Beatrice’s dating life is going.”

Triss nodded and gestured to Damien, as if he’d said some universal truth. And Jack did kinda agree, but only a little.

Groaning, he rubbed his hair a few times. How to say this, how to say this.

“I care, because... shit’s happened to everyone. Bad shit. And I’m hoping people are recovering.”

Damien leaned against the railing beside him. “That’s also true. Fiona was a wreck when Sándor delivered a message to her from Azamel. She really was the grandmother Fiona never had.”

“That old bitch?” Triss asked.

Jack laughed. “She was an old bitch, but probably the kind who was super nice to her close family. I don’t know how Fiona got into that family, or Athalia, or Mark, but considering Mark was willing to die to see her again...”

“Assuming Jacob meant Azamel,” Damien said, “when he was talking about Mark.”

“Assuming, yeah. Athalia doesn’t talk about Azamel, Triss?”

“Nah. We keep the topics light, ya know? It’s her and Sam that get into the heavy topics with each other. I steer clear.”

“They do?”

She nodded as she looked down, tapping her boot toes on the floor.

“They’re the ones who know what each other’s going through, ya know? Sure, I’m Sam’s friend, and I guess Athalia and I can talk now without wanting to kill each other. But it’s those two that are gonna be best friends, given some time.”

Athalia and his mom, best friends. That was a weird thought, but Triss was right, it fit. Both moms who'd lost their daughters. Both had gone through a lot of other nasty trauma, too. His mom had lost her husband, and then killed the next man she'd gotten close to. Athalia, Jack had no idea what other sorts of troubles she'd faced, but considering the sort of shit Begotten had to go through just to survive, combined with having her own daughter hunting her down to kill her, it probably ranked similar.

"I wonder," Triss said. "I mean, I know what happened with Jacob is probably eating her up, and Athalia is the best person she could talk to. They both blame themselves for shit. But, Athalia's got a boyfriend."

Jack grimaced. Best head this conversation off before it went sideways.

"Mom's been through Hell. I think we should let her recover before—"

"Fuck no. Your mom is not that sort of person, Jack. She shouldn't be left alone to wallow in misery in a tomb with candles, listening to shitty emo metal, and drawing bleeding roses on her arms with a black pen."

Jack blinked, and looked to Damien. Damien blinked and looked to Jack.

Triss threw up her hands. "Yes, I've done that. You fucking assholes."

"Okay," Jack said, "you think we shouldn't give Mom time to recover?"

"I think some people need that. The super introspective types that can't get out of their own head." Predictably, she poked Jack in the skull, and he winced as her claw almost pierced skin. "But your mom? No. She's better off with someone in her life. She is the last person on the planet who should ever be alone."

"I can't even begin to wrap my mind around that."

"Of course not. You ever stop thinking, dude? You ever stop running thoughts in your head, around and around and around?"

No point in trying to deny it. He knew it. Damien knew it. And apparently she knew it.

"No."

"Well, your mom is not like that. She's a, dare I say it, extrovert. Dun dun dun!" She threw her hands up again. "I know, right? Other kinds of thinking exist. Not everyone is like you, or him," she gestured to Damien, "or Miss BigTits. Some people are like your mom, or Fiona, or Othello, or Harcourt. If they're alone, that's basically their own, personal Hell. They do better when they have

people in their lives most of the time, people to talk to.” She pointed at Damien. “What would happen to Fiona if she had to spend a week with no one to talk to, no one to text or call?”

“She’d die,” Damien said, nodding slowly as he looked up and went into thinking mode. “She talks to Jessy all the time, and Natasha, and Athalia, and others. When she’s done talking to one, she moves down the list.”

Jack had to fight to not laugh. Much as Damien was smiling at the thought of his girlfriend, he was also wincing. Fiona likely talked his ear off whenever her girlfriends were out of contact. And sure, Damien probably enjoyed listening to her... for a while. Jack knew the man pretty well, and Damien loved silence like Jack did. Why the man was so into Fiona, he couldn’t figure out, but the man clearly loved her. One of those mysterious examples of opposites attracting and actually working.

“So what’s the plan, then?” Jack asked Triss.

“I dunno. I’d thought about maybe asking her if she wants to fuck Othello and Madison again. Get some intimacy that way, but—”

Jack groaned and sank his face in his palms. “Why. Whyyy.” It was in his head now. His mom, naked, with Othello and his ghoul doing things to her. Argh.

“Oh shut up. Your mom knows you fuck those three girls who just hugged you and called you master. Fucking slut with a fucking harem. Imagine how she feels seeing that?”

“It’s not a... okay, fine. Mom has a sex life. I can accept that.” In some alternate reality. “But...?”

“But fucking Othello would probably bring back bad memories for her, what with Jacob.”

A mountain of will and mental fortitude later, Jack managed to not cringe.

“Maybe one of the werewolves?” Damien said. “Maybe Carter...”

Silence hit them like a snowball with a hidden rock inside. The azlu had killed Carter, the oldest werewolf in the pack alongside Avery.

“I don’t have anyone in mind yet,” Triss said, “but I figured I should say it. Your mom is not the sort of woman that should be left alone, but she’s too nice to actively go looking for company. So keep an eye open for any guys you’d think would be good for her.”

“Maybe a thrall?” Damien asked. “Or, you know, a few? She is a Daeva.”

Again, somehow, Jack managed to find the strength to not cringe or groan or even squint at the thought of his mom getting triple stuffed. Look at him, growing up.

“Honestly, Triss,” Jack said, “you’re talking to the wrong guys. I mean sure, she’s my mom, but I don’t really, uh... hang out with people and talk to them. I have no idea who’d be a good match for her.”

Damien lifted a finger. “The Prince would know. So would Elaine.”

It was Triss’s turn to groan. “I mean, I guess I could ask them. The Prince probably already knows, but sure, yeah, I’ll talk to her.”

“You’re going to be talking to her a lot,” Jack said, “if you’re going to be the leader of the Circle of the Crone in Dolareido.”

“Fuck me, leader? There’s three of us. The only one who actually does Crúac rituals is me. And I need another fifty years at the fucking minimum before the Prince gives the smallest shit about my opinion. I’m no Primogen. Far as she’s concerned, the Circle of the Crone doesn’t exist, and I’m just a hippie with a couple friends who like to dance naked around a fire in the moonlight, smoking random plants.”

Jack laughed. It was a pretty accurate description of what a pompous elder would think of anyone who called themselves a ‘witch’ in the modern era. It wasn’t accurate to what the Prince thought, though. Ann knew Triss was more than some deluded hippie.

“You know that’s not true.”

“Yeah, well, it’s true enough. And that’s fine. Maybe in fifty years I’ll have scratched the surface of the mountain of shit Jacob knew that he didn’t tell me, didn’t get a chance to teach me. The rituals. The... crazy weirdness. What it means to be in the Circle of the Crone.” She looked overwhelmed, like a kid hanging onto a piece of driftwood in a flood.

Jack was shit at this, but it seemed like the thing to do. He put a hand on her shoulder.

“You got a friend in me?”

“Oh my fucking god, you really suck at comforting people.”

His turn to throw up his hands. “Nevermind, then!”

He got up to walk away, but she grabbed his wrist and yanked him back down.

“Thanks anyway, dumbass. You seen Aaron?”

“No. No one’s seen him. I got the whole Invictus keeping an eye open for him, but so far no show. You sure he got out of the Great Below? You said he had no limbs left, and was in torpor. I can’t imagine he survived, Triss.” That’d be enough to kill any neonate vampire.

She shook her head. “Something happened. There should have been more ashes, and the other ash piles weren’t touched.”

“Crúac ritual?” Damien asked. “Something that yanked him out of the Great Below? Or maybe had some sort of reserve blood that allowed him to heal?”

“Probably. Or maybe a ghost came and helped him? Sabrina was full-on helping Black Blood, right? Like, she was convinced he’d help her get out of the Great Below. Could be the fucker had other ghosts under his thumb, too.”

“Got a place to sleep?” Jack asked. “Must be unnerving, knowing Aaron’s out there, maybe plotting revenge and shit.”

“Yeah I do. Jen and I have a little hideaway, something no one knows about. But it’s just a hole in the ground. Literally.”

“You could—”

“Nah we’re not staying here. Besides, I’m a fucking witch. I got ways of defending myself.”

“Witchy witch stuff?” he asked.

“Hell yeah.” She grinned and flicked her crow skull necklace a couple times. Mulder and Scully hated that thing.

“What about Sándor?”

“Yeah, he might be able to help.” She sighed dreamily, leaned forward, and set her elbows on her knees, chin in her palms. “Me and Jen been fucking the guy pretty much all night every night for a week, now. It’s been great.”

Again, Jack went through his sanity-saving routine of burying his face in his palms before rubbing his buzzed hair. But the beaming smile on the girl’s face settled him. She wasn’t just saying that to screw with him. She was happy.

“Glad it worked out for you two.”



“Thanks. Sándor’s great. Pretty damn hard to read, though. Super quiet all the time, making it a bitch to tell if he’s brooding or just thinking about how to play a song.” Her eyes drifted away, thinking up something she liked. “How about you, you little shit? You need help?”

“From Aaron?”

“Nah. If Aaron’s alive, and if he’s got revenge on his mind, he’ll be coming for me. I don’t think that’s what’ll happen, but who the fuck knows.” She stood up and paced around in front of the giant mansion doors. “I meant with normal vampire shit. If Michael gives you trouble about the mansion, I could cast a curse on him?”

Jack laughed. “I’ll find out later tonight.” A meeting he was not looking forward to.

“Garry gonna gank your ass for all the trouble you gave him?”

“Hopefully not.” He didn’t think he would. Michael and Garry were both assholes that liked to shove people around, but they weren’t colossal assholes. “Uh, put me a good word for me with your old boss?”

She laughed and shrugged. “Uh, yeah sure, I’ll try. What about that bitch Bella? She doesn’t like you.”

“I think my last conversation with her managed to settle things down a bit. I had the curse then, so maybe she was just biding her time. But, uh, hopefully once I talk to Garry and tell him about what happened with Jacob, Bella won’t hate my guts so much.”

“Assuming Bella wouldn’t have wanted Jacob to win,” she said.

There was that, and that was a pretty big if. The details of Jacob and Black Blood’s plot were still basically a secret, and usually summarized to others as ‘an apocalypse’. If people found out what Jacob had really been up to, some might be angry Jack and the others had stopped him.

“Playing damage control will be harder from now on, yeah, but I think I’m fine.”

“Maybe,” Damien said. “I’m worried about Isabella.”

“Ah shit, right.” Another facepalm and head rub. “I did kind of bully her, didn’t I?”

“Ice queen?” Triss asked. “Want me to deal with her?”

“She’s almost as old as Othello,” Damien said. “She’s strong.”

“With delusions of grandeur,” Jack said. “Pretty shit combination.”

“We could have her killed,” Damien said. That was ice cold, even for him.

Jack shook his head. "I'll talk to her, probably right after my meeting with Michael."

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Mulder and Scully perched on some nearby power lines. If something happened, they had specific instructions to tell the girls, and the girls were on standby to contact the Prince. He wanted the girls out of any situation dealing with Jacob or Black Blood, but typical Danse Macabre politics? They weren't just his food or pets, they were his backup.

Next time he had a minute for them, he'd do more than teach them how to load and shoot a semi-automatic pistol.

Sure enough, as he stepped into the Invictus HQ, repairs completed since the fire, Isabella cut him off before he could reach the elevator. Tall, busty, wearing a business suit with plenty of cleavage, her long dirty blonde hung behind her in a half dozen braids, she grinned at him with icy blue eyes and a very sharp jaw. Daeva doing what Daeva always did, using their looks to get their way, but he wasn't the simple little Ventrue who'd walked into this building an eternity ago as a naive kid.

This woman was a venomous snake, waiting for the right moment to strike.

"Mister Terry," she said, blocking him from hitting the call button for the elevator with her body. "How are you?"

He met her icy gaze with a solid, flat gaze of his own. He would not be intimidated.

"Madam Leuvion. I'm feeling a lot better, thanks."

"That's good. News got around about how badly you were injured."

"Second time getting torn up by werewolf claws. They hurt like fire. Literally."

That got a shiver out of her. Isabella was confident about a lot of things, but a physical brawl wasn't her strong suit, even as a Daeva. Mekhet would probably have suited her better.

"Not to mention losing your curse."

He narrowed his eyes. "Got your ear to the ground, don't you?"

"Of course." Her grin was absolutely evil. "I have to know where I should put my focus."

"Not on me, I hope."

Her grin only got more evil.

“And why not you? You are at the center of so many conflicts, many I didn’t even know about.”

“Not by choice, and not anymore.”

“You know full well you’ll end up in the middle of events in the future, Mister Terry. Be it with the werewolves, or the covenants, or even the nightmare monsters in our midsts, you’ll be put between it all again eventually.”

Much as he hated what she was saying, he couldn’t entirely disagree with her. It was still his job to play liaison with the different groups and try and keep peace as best he could. It was a job the Prince insisted he keep, and as far as he knew, Michael still wanted him to keep; probably not for its peacekeeping position, but the knowledge it made him privy to. A key piece in his game of chess.

“No point in dodging around it,” he said. “No, I’m not the freak I was before. Just a young Ventrue, now.”

“Very young.”

He smirked. “You could probably kill me in a fight, yeah.”

She blinked. Well well well, a hole in her armor: honesty. Typical.

“How will you defend yourself and your assets now, Mister Terry?”

“With the power, of friendship.” And of course, he made a rainbow-like gesture with his hands.

“What?”

“I got friends in high places, Isabella. And in dark places. You really think you’re a threat to me? You? Some ice queen bitch hiding deep underground with a troupe of actors who can barely throw a punch? I’m dating the Prince, and have been for years. My best friend is one of the stealthiest Mekhets around. My second best friend is a witch, and Jacob’s favorite, largely because she’s a god damn natural at being a witch. I’m close with the Uratha, and despite what you may think, we’re not on bad terms. We’re allies, and they’ll help me if I ask. Same for the Begotten.” He leaned in toward the staring Daeva, and grinned up at her. “You have any idea what Begotten can do, Isabella? Any fucking clue at all?”

She frowned, ground her teeth, and said nothing.

“No, of course you don’t.” His turn for an evil grin. “They don’t need to attack you physically. They have ways of getting into your mind, and terrorizing your dreams. Not to mention literally

showing up under your bed or in your closet. And trust me, you fucking sociopath bitch, you wouldn't last two seconds trapped in the dark with one of them." He raised a hand, and Isabella glared at it as he pointed a finger at her sternum. He jammed it into her chest, and she took a step back, giving him the space needed to press the call button for the elevator. "And you might not think it, but you'd be hard pressed to find a Ventrue my age who can do what I do. I'm not an ant for you to step on, or child for you to bully. It won't be long before I won't need my friends to grind you into ash myself.

"With anyone else, I'd be trying to make peace, but you are a cruel, heartless fucking sack of shit, and as far as I'm concerned, the city would be better off without snakes like you. But, unlike you, I have a heart. Stay out of my way, and you get to live. Follow whatever official orders I give you, and you get to live. Fight whatever war you want with Michael, and as long as you keep me out of it, you get to live. But cross me and I'll make sure Hella comes home to find your urn, nice and full."

Her eyes had widened, rage and surprise cutting through her usual icy mask, but he didn't have to keep staring at them. The elevator dinged, and he stepped on. Isabella didn't follow.

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"I have to admit," Michael said, "I didn't entirely believe my childe's report until the last Primogen meeting."

Jack nodded. The two of them stood alone in the usual meeting room the Invictus council always used, a big expensive black table near a wall that was actually a giant touch screen. It was off. No relevant data to show for this conversation.

"The night was pretty insane, sir."

"Insane doesn't begin to cover it. Everything in the report read like something I'd expect to see in a witch's book, or the bible."

"It was biblical in scale, no denying that."

Michael nodded as he slid his finger up his smart tablet, likely reading more of Jessy's report.

"Jacob is dead."

"Yes, sir."

"So's the Begotten Mark. The sheriff killed him."

“Yes, sir.”

“Your curse killed two werewolves, while one of those azlu monsters got another.”

The man wasn't trying to hurt his feelings, but damn, he was blunt.

“Yes, sir. Avery and Eric have since told me they've been working with the Begotten to find the remnant of that azlu, before it grows up. They're confident.”

“Good. Monsters in the sewers? Shit like that ends up on the news, and then we get hunters on our doorstep. More hunters.” Nodding, he scrolled some more. “Your curse is gone.”

“Yes sir. Black Blood's doing.”

Michael eyed him. “The report is pretty vague on the details of that.”

“It was a complicated situation.” How to word this without exposing sensitive information. “But, ultimately, Elaine had set up a trap to stop Jacob and Black Blood. She succeeded. Me losing the curse was a step in that plan.”

“I want more details, Mister Terry.”

“Sorry, sir. I was pretty beat up before I even got to Jacob, and missing an eye. Damien was a bit too far to see the nuances. Jessy and the others arrived in the middle of chaos. Elaine and the Prince, on the other hand, were in pristine condition, and hands-on with Jacob until the end. You'll have to ask them for the more intimate details.”

Michael knew he was lying, that much was obvious. But considering what Jack and the others had accomplished, there was a good chance Michael would let it drop. He did.

“Damien has spoken with Maria at length of the event.”

“Has he?” Jack asked with his best poker face.

His boss glared at him. “He has, but Maria is hesitant to speak of it.”

Jack nodded slowly. “I wonder why.”

More glares.

“Regardless, you and your companions have done well, Mister Terry. I wish I could have been there, if perhaps for a chance to speak to Roland. But, considering how he died, and how... shortsighted, my feud with Tones over his death has been, I am under the impression he would not wish to speak to us.”

Oh, shit, he was being honest.

“I... wouldn't know, sir. I only know his name wasn't mentioned by any of the souls.”

Michael nodded slowly, and shrugged. “Very well. This event will remain a mystery, as it always had to simple folk such as Garry and myself. How dare vampires such as the two of us live our second lives in the world of the physical, of blood and smoke.”

Jack said nothing. Hearing his boss be honest one moment, and sarcastic the next, was throwing him off. This was not the usual Michael McDonald.

“Next topic. Your mansion. Do you think you are capable of defending it?”

“I think I can. I am confident I can easily defeat a vampire of similar age in any sort of battle, without the curse.”

“Yes, but it won't be young neonates coming to your mansion to kill you and hide the evidence. It'll be vampires like Isabella.”

Jack frowned. “Isabella—”

“Is more of a threat to me than she is to you, officially. She wants my head, and my seat now that the council is gone. But she will forever be undermined by her passions, a slave to them. She is a pale shadow of Antoinette, and she knows it. That, however, does lead to a second issue: she is more of a threat to you than she is to me, unofficially. She does not like you. She envies you.”

“I can handle her. And if I can't, I have other ways.”

“Other ways.” That seemed to make Michael's night. He smiled bright, and leaned in toward him. “You mean you won't just bash your skull into her over and over again and hope for success?”

That reversal came out of nowhere, and Jack winced as he looked down.

“I've had to learn a lot of things over the past half a decade, sir. And, I admit, I resisted a lot of those lessons. But, yes, I now know if I have to make something happen, it's not always optimal to bash my head against the problem and hope for the best.”

“Good. Now, I will let you keep the mansion, Mister Terry, assuming you can deal with Isabella, and Hella, and Garry and Bella taking the occasional poke at you and your rather exposed property.”

“I can.” Especially once his three thralls were not only trained in firearms, but conditioned into fit fighting machines. He didn't have the luxury to pamper them, like Antoinette did her ghouls. It'd be at least a hundred years before Jack had the sort of defenses the Prince did.

“Very well. I hope you'll do Julias proud.”

“I will, sir.” Even if you hate him for it, Michael.

“Now, the next topic. Carthians have been poking around in Madam Goldman’s and Mister White’s brothels in Devil’s Corner. They expect confrontations in the future. It will be up to you to—”

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Mentally. Exhausted. One day back on the job and he was already tired. Yeah sure, he had a lot of catch-up work to do, getting his bearings and figuring out who was arguing over what again, but he didn’t expect to have it all dumped on his lap so quickly. Combined with having to worry about Isabella and Hella being thorns in his side, his brain was done. He wanted to curl up in bed, and do absolutely nothing.

A car in his mansion’s driveway told him that wasn’t going to happen.

“Recognize the car?” he asked Mulder on his shoulder. Mulder nodded, cawed once, and shared a mental image of the Prince. One of her cars, then. Trust a scavenger bird to remember details like that.

Scully cawed a couple times, loudly. She wasn’t too happy with the Prince, not after what she did to Jen. It’d take some time for her to get over it, and apparently for crows, that could be a while.

He opened the door to find Elaine and Antoinette standing and chatting with each other in front of his big staircase, both dressed in business suits. On the stairs, Ashley and Julee slid down the railing, literally, both girls wearing some casual jeans and t-shirts, and giggling away as they half rolled off the railing at the end to avoid the ball-top post. They were very lithe and agile, far more than their silly attitudes suggested.

They were in their thirties but looked in their twenties, thanks to Antoinette ghouling them, and they had a large education in a lot of subjects. He didn’t know if their giggly attitudes would last forever, but he knew for a fact they’d have lost it by now if they hadn’t been ghouls. You didn’t get to your thirties busting your ass in sports and academics and stay so cheerful. Or at least, he certainly wouldn’t have.

“Elaine. Ann.” Wow that still felt super weird to say. “What’re you doing here?”

Ann walked over to him and gave him a quick kiss, both elders wearing a rather playful grin. For a second, Jack thought maybe Scully would peck her, but she wasn’t that stupid, and instead she flew

off and landed on one of the huge curtain rods, holding up a ridiculously massive red curtain over a window. Mulder followed her.

“We are visiting,” Elaine said. “The girls have not seen much of the mansion. And neither have I.”

“You’ve been here.”

“Yes, but I have not explored. I would like to do so. Is that alright, childe oh mine?”

He rolled his eyes before looking up at Ann. She still had that playful grin on. They were gonna tease him about the mansion, how hilariously old fashioned and gaudy it was, and shit like that.

“Fiiine.”

Elaine nodded. The two ghouls clapped. Ann gave him another kiss, this time on the forehead.

“I can see that you have had a rough day,” she said. “We will make it up to you.”

He eyed her suspiciously. “Oh?”

“Of course. Summon your thralls, if you would please, my love. I have a request to make of them.”

He did. The girls came running, wearing maid uniforms with some blatant cleavage, and they smiled for him as they lined up. Which of course invited some rather hungry stares from Ashley and Julee; they loved large breasts as much as he did.

Antoinette stepped up to Veronica, Leilani, and Rachel, and whispered something to them. They all giggled and blushed, gave Jack a few inviting glances, before they nodded and left.

“You’re not going to tell me what you told them, are you?”

“Of course not.” Nodding, Ann gestured down the hall. “Come, show us your mansion, my love.”

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“This place, is boring,” Ashley said, and she stomped a foot like the declaration needed to be carved into the floor for all time.

They were in one of the rooms. There were a lot of rooms, and most of them were absolutely, utterly, ridiculously pointless, with hilariously fancy old-fashioned furniture that was less comfortable to sit on than a torturer’s wooden horse. Lots of golds and reds, huge curtains hanging on walls, couches



with curvy wooden legs and undersides, chandeliers, tables with fancy cloth that looked like they were begging to be covered in fancy cutlery, and a bunch of variations on those themes. Some rooms were huge with tall ceilings, taking up two floors instead of one, and one of them had giant bookcases filled with big, ancient books. Another had a giant poker table that must have been 150 years old.

Currently, the five of them stood in the live theater room. Yeah, it was a big mansion. Having three people around twenty-four-seven to keep it clean sounded ridiculous at first, but now, it seemed necessary. The floor was some sort of black tile, and the walls were draped in blood-red curtains, thicker than the others. A dozen small circle tables lined the walls, ready to be pulled into the center of the room when it was time to host a small party, if you could call fifty or more people small. There was a black wood stage with red curtains hanging, and a bar nearby with lots of bottles on the walls. Empty bottles, or fake bottles, Jack didn't know. Useless to a vampire, except in keeping up appearances. The chandelier was, of course, gold, but at least it was subtle and went with the gold and red curtains that hung from the high ceiling a couple feet, likely for acoustics.

Viktor definitely had a taste.

“Boring?” Elaine asked.

“Boring. I mean, super pretty, but boring.” Nodding, Ashley approached the stage and hopped up to sit on it, facing the four of them. “Where’s the pool!?”

“Sorry,” Jack said. “No pool.”

“Where’s the gaming room!?”

“Sorry, no gaming room. Unless you like poker.” He did actually have plans to fix that. He missed video games.

“Where’s the... the... secret basement room filled with computers, where you can solve crazy mysteries and stuff?”

He blinked at her. “I... what? I’m not Batman.”

“I like it,” Julee said, and she slowly twirled a couple times under the chandelier and the gold light it reflected around the otherwise dark room.

“As do I,” Elaine said. “And I believe Viktor kept a dungeon, Ashley.”

“Ooooh!”

Jack put up his hands. “Not ooh. Nasty. People died down there.” It was also where he slept when not in the tower, in a sealed off room you couldn’t get to without a mountain of explosives and thermite.

Ashley grimaced as she scrunched up her nose. “Nevermind.”

“Quite,” Ann said. “Come, let us explore upstairs. The bedrooms are far more appealing.”

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He rolled his eyes, but it wasn’t long before they came back down to stare at the sight, hypnotized.

Veronica, Leilani, and Rachel, all three girls sat on his big bed, naked, and all three of them were locked in an embrace. Hugging, rubbing, touching and massaging, and kissing. Veronica, shortest of the three, lay on her back, blue hair on a pillow, and legs locked like scissors with Rachel, who sat on one of Veronica’s legs, other leg under one of Veronica’s. She was holding both the blue-haired girl’s hips, and grinding her pelvis into hers. Scissoring. Leilani lay on top of Veronica, squashing their breasts together, kissing, and rubbing her pelvis back and forth over Veronica’s free leg.

From the quiet mewls and moans, the three women were obviously horny out of their minds. They squirmed and writhed on the giant red bed, little whimpers escaping them as they panted with effort, and as Jack took a step closer, he could see the coating of juices Lei left on Veronica’s leg.

“Master.” Rachel, tallest of the three, a bit taller than him or Ashley or Julee, short blond hair. She grinned back at him, and it melted into pleasure as she continued to grind her slit against Veronica’s. “Please, come join us? The Prince told us to get ready.” She lightly tugged on a thin piece of black rope hanging from her neck, silently asking him to come hold it. A leash, attached to a choker. Not a choker, a collar. And the other two girls had them as well, both leashes lying on the blanket, waiting for him to take them.

“I did not say you were free to begin without us.” Ann rolled her eyes, and mimed Jack’s tone and body language to a T. “Alas, young women. Worse than men, in these modern times.”

Leilani sat up, half sitting on Veronica’s stomach and high on her thigh, and she pouted as she looked back at the watching vampires and ghouls.

“Master hasn’t had fun with us in weeks.”

Christ, she did her sexiest pout — very sexy — and ground her hips about as she looked at him with begging eyes. Yeah, it sounded hilariously cheesy, the whole sex slave fantasy. Except not so cheesy, when three naked women were grinding against each other, literally leaking juices all over each other and his bed, while looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered.

“I... have been neglecting you,” he said, and he sneaked a knowing glance up at Ann. She knew he had been. Hell, even his mom knew he had been.

Ann put a kiss on his lips, slipped a quick, practiced moan into it, and gently pushed him toward the bed.

“Do not neglect your thralls, my love. They deserve your attention, as well.”

He smiled at her, before some squirming drew his attention. Ashley and Julee stared at the three busty thralls like they’d been starving and someone had dropped a dessert buffet in front of them. They hadn’t been getting much action lately, either. Jack, Ann, and Elaine had been all over each other the past while, but only the three of them, no thralls or ghouls included.

The Prince noticed, and after a confirming glance with Jack, she gave both her ghouls some pats on the ass.

“Go, enjoy yourselves.”

“Yes!” Ashley threw off her clothes in record time, and literally jumped onto the bed. It took Julee a second to register what was happening, but eventually she blushed red, slipped out of her t-shirt and jeans, and crawled onto the red blankets after her best friend.

Jack came closer, and watched. There was something between Rachel’s ass cheeks, and he shivered as he recognized the anal plug; gold, because it went with her blonde hair. He remembered what it felt like to fuck Veronica when she’d had one, how it made everything so much tighter. A quick peek underneath her showed Veronica was wearing a blue one, and glancing around Rachel, he saw Leilani was wearing a black one.

He threw a grin back at Ann, and she returned it as she watched him. She’d sent the girls to go get cleaned up and put in anal plugs. It was a wonder she didn’t have them wearing anal-plug cat tails.

Sometimes, it was great being a vampire. Sure, he’d gone through Hell, him and Elaine and Antoinette, and had dealt with some extreme pain, physiological and psychological. Sure, every night

was either an overt or covert battle for life and death, as his rant at Isabella embodied perfectly. But, there were some things that made being an undead creature of the night worth it.

He reached up, undid the knot of his tie, and his three thralls looked to him with widening, excited eyes. They didn't care he didn't have the curse anymore, he was still a powerful vampire, and their master. His pets wanted him, now.

Some day, he'd give them the choice. He'd break their Vinculum and wipe their memories. Or, elevate them to ghoul, and eventually, vampire. But for now, they were his dotting sex slaves. And the Ventrue part of him loved that.

"Don't stop," he said, smiling. "And let Ashley and Julee join in." An order, not a request.

The three girls blushed, but nodded as they looked to the two naked ballerinas climbing on the bed with them. Ashley didn't need any encouragement, and she pounced Veronica, lying down with her and snuggling into her side so she could bury the woman's closer breast in suckling kisses. Instant mewls. Julee was a little slower to join in, but once Rachel caught the look in Jack's eyes, she reached over to the ghoul, and pulled her in close.

Five women, squirming and wriggling. Rachel didn't stop scissoring with Veronica, but she also used her height and strength to help Julee climb around onto Veronica's other side, and crouch over her, but facing Rachel. And with a little encouragement from the taller woman, Julee giggled, and wrapped her lips around Rachel's huge breast and nipple.

All the while, his thralls snuck glances Jack's way, eyes devouring him as he slowly got out of his suit. Something about undoing a tie and setting it aside, sliding out of his suit jacket, and slowly undoing his buttons, while five women fucked each other as they waited for him, was the perfect ego stroke. The Ventrue in him sang.

Elaine and Ann undressed in the same way, both of them taking their time and undoing buttons on their suit jackets as they watched the girls. No rush. No one had anywhere to be or anything to do. No immediate concerns, at least none that put a wet blanket over everything, or made them feel like they were dodging a responsibility. No reason whatsoever to not focus purely on the moment, and make it last. It was freeing.

He undid the button of his pants, and his thralls paused to stare.

"Keep going," he said, voice stern.

His pets nodded, eyes half closed, desperate and hungry, and they set their eyes back to each other. Leilani sat up and ground her pussy against Veronica's leg harder, and Rachel ground her pussy

into Veronica's with the same enthusiasm. Ashley and Julee had a smorgasbord of hot flesh to indulge themselves, and both girls smiled brightly as they switched between targets. Ashley spent a good amount of time suckling on Veronica's breasts, before she sat up and massaged the huge pillows, flattened with gravity against her chest. Then she switched, and did the same to Lei, before slipping a hand between the girl's thighs, and into her.

Ashley Ashley Ashley, forever overstepping her bounds. What a brat. She was fun.

Lei squeaked, and looked to Jack with begging eyes, as if he'd save her from the sudden assault. He didn't. He grinned at her, and slowly slid off his pants, making sure she knew he was quite happy with the sight of her getting fingered to orgasm. It didn't take long. She erupted into more squeaks and clutched Ashley close, burying the ballerina's head into her large, tanned breasts, as she writhed on the ghoul's fingers.

Jack slipped off his boxers, and Blushed. Instant erection. The girls whimpered as they watched him, even Lei, who managed to keep her half-closed eyes on him as she wriggled on Ashley's fingers. They must have been grinding on each other for a while before he arrived, because Lei's pussy let out more than few drops of her juices onto the assaulting fingers, and her fellow thrall's leg.

"Too fast, Ashley," Elaine said, and she slipped onto the bed, naked and smiling, huge breasts gently swaying underneath her before she sat near the bed's side, opposite of Jack.

Jack chuckled, a far more confident, manly, quiet and dominant chuckle than he'd normally make. Nodding, he climbed onto the bed, and the five girls separated enough to give him room.

"I think," Ann said, "the master should relax first, before he satisfies his thralls properly. Non?" Nodding as well, she climbed onto the bed beside Elaine, did the same cat crawl that had her enormous breasts gently swinging, before she sat against the headboard and leaned back over some pillows. She held out her hands for him.

They'd done this position before. Usually just with Ann and her ghouls, and sometimes Elaine, but never with seven women in bed. He licked his lips as he crawled up to her, got between her milky thighs, turned around, and lay back against her. She hugged him and helped him get settled, until his head was on her sternum, her breasts resting on his shoulders, and his ass was on the bed between her legs.

He held out a hand to his three watching, starving thralls.

"Give me your leashes."

They all gulped, blushed more, and did as commanded. He gripped the long, thin black leashes, and all three girls sighed happily at the sight of his fingers holding their tethers. They liked how it looked in his grip.

“Now, Rachel, lie between my legs and put my cock between your breasts.”

The tall blonde — almost like a mini Elaine — did as ordered, eyes sliding down his body and Ann’s breasts, to his abs, and finally to his cock where it stood mostly upright, half pointed toward him. She got comfy on her stomach between his legs, and inched forward until she put her elbows down around his hips, and his cock jutted up between her two heavy pillows.

“Veronica, lie on my left. Leilani, my right. Press your breasts into Rachel’s.”

His blue-haired thrall nodded as she smiled brightly, and lay almost perpendicular to him, her legs almost touching his since they were spread out. It took a little angling, but she squirmed in over his left hip, and set her two huge breasts on his lower abs. Leilani did the same. Her tan breasts were a bit smaller than Rachel or Veronica’s, but considering how big their breasts were, that didn’t matter much.

It wasn’t long before the three thralls had their six breasts squashed together on his pelvis, and his cock stuck up between them, only the pink, swollen glans visible. Considering how their leashes dangled from their necks, and gently rested against the huge mounds, before crossing his abs and disappearing into his right hand, the sight was glorious. Six huge, malleable pillows of soft, heavy silkiness, squashing each other into round and bending waves, trapping his hard cock until the friction was perfect. And with them on their stomachs, breasts raised up onto his pelvis and lower abdomen, the huge pillows nearly hit their chins.

“Now, make me cum. Grind your breasts against me. Slowly. I expect to be here a while, and you’re going to make this last.”

His poor thralls. At least Leilani looked a little satisfied; he’d punish her for cumming so soon later. But Veronica and Rachel looked delirious, and they whimpered quietly as they looked at him, and then each other.

“Kiss,” he said, earning some more hungry peeks from them.

They obeyed. His three thralls leaned in closer, burying his cock in softness as their lips met each other. First, Veronica and Rachel, the two of them obviously desperate for any kind of stimulation. They kept their eyes on Jack at first, but it wasn’t long before they were looking into each other’s eyes as they kissed, girlish pecks turning into slow, deep kisses, with bits of tongue eventually joining as

they moaned. With them leaning into each other like that, his glans disappeared between the squashed layers of breasts.

Lei watched, and let out a jealous whine. Veronica giggled, and kissed her, before Rachel did the same.

Watching his three thralls make out while they slowly ground their six breasts around his cock, their leashes in his hand, was enough to have precum leaking out of his glans already. It was too perfect. But with the pace they moved and ground against him, the stimulus was minor. He'd cum eventually, but it'd take a while.

Elaine nodded, almost like she was proud, before she slipped in under Ann's right arm and half leaned against the pillows behind the Prince, half turned to face in toward her and Jack.

"Having your slaves take care of our every sexual whim," Elaine said, "is quite a Daeva thing to do, little Ventrue."

"I learned from the best." He nodded as he looked up at Ann.

He expected to see her smiling back down at him, so they could trade a knowing grin. But instead, her eyes were locked onto the three thralls around his cock. She liked what she saw, and her large pink nipples swelled. She really liked what she saw. Something about his pets being under his command and at the mercy of his every whim, now working together to make their master cum in the way he wanted, really seemed to turn her on.

Elaine noticed. She winked at Jack, before she leaned in a little more, slowly and gently slid her lips and nose along the outside of Ann's breast, and slipped the engorged, pink nipple into her mouth.

Ann let out a quiet, deep groan, and finally tore her eyes away from the display so she could look at Elaine.

"Fiend," she whispered.

Elaine chuckled and shrugged, but didn't stop suckling. If anything, she had some fun with it, gently working her head around a little before pushing her face in toward it, and toward Jack. Considering how big Antoinette's breasts were, it didn't take much for the motion to have the breast squashed against the side of Jack's face. Elaine didn't stop. She smiled at Jack from around the Daeva's areola, and pulled back enough to draw his eyes so he could watch how she teased the nipple with her tongue, then some gentle kisses, and then again, deep, devouring kisses that sucked the nipple into her mouth.

Ann sighed bliss.

Jack grinned at his great grandsire, and looked to the ghouls. Ashley stared down at Jack's waist and the three thralls, probably looking for some way she might be able to jump in and join the fun, despite the lack of space. Julee, on the other hand, didn't have a clue where to go or what to do. So Jack reached out his free hand to the brunette ballerina, and motioned for her to slide into his and Ann's left side, opposite of Elaine.

She smiled, thankful for some direction. She got underneath Ann's arm, snuggled into hers and Jack's side, and set kisses on her master's breast on Jack's right shoulder. Kisses traced down and along the huge breast's shape, before finally enveloping the engorged nipple, inches from Jack's face. The skinny ghoul traded a thankful glance with Jack, and even set her hand on his chest to half rest her weight against him — and caress his muscles — as she focused on sucking on her mistress's nipple.

Ann relaxed back against the headboard and pillows, stroked the backs of the two women suckling on her, and looked back to watch Jack's thralls. Jack did, too. Feeling his lover quiver underneath him as Elaine and Julee brought her closer and closer to orgasm had his own juices boiling, and it wasn't long before the warm tingles of orgasm crept up on him. Each flex of inner muscles prepared more heat underneath his testicles, until finally he couldn't hold it in any longer.

The first squirt of cum shot up high, and splashed against Rachel's chin. She pulled her head back from Lei's lips, and stared down at the tip of his glans between the six huge pillows, sticking out just enough that each flex of Jack's cock caused a heavy spurt of white to shoot up. The three girls mewled quietly, like kittens, as they pushed their breasts together harder, milking him. More cum splashed up onto them, soaking their breasts in white until the lines of cum pooled between them. Jack melted back against Ann's body, but kept his eyes on his thralls, and nodded encouragingly to them, all while still holding their leashes.

He almost didn't notice Ann's suppressed moan. Maybe she didn't want to detract from him being the center of attention, but he could feel her quiver slightly, and both Elaine and Julee eased up suckling on her. She was cumming, too, and a quick glance up showed she was still staring at the three thralls as she did. Seeing him coating his thralls' breasts with his cum and getting milked by them, was apparently really good porn for her.

He smiled up at her before looking back at his pets, and gave their leashes a small tug.

“Again. And take turns kissing my cock. I want to see cum on your lips, before you kiss each other.” No one could say he wasn't getting into the spirit of things.



His thralls gulped as they looked down at the small pool of cum trapped between their breasts, and his soaked glans in the middle of it. They were so horny, they almost salivated. Rachel leaned in and did as ordered, kissing his cock until she fit most of his glans in her mouth, nudging her chin into her own breasts, and her cheeks into Veronica and Leilani's breasts. The feel of her hungry lips suckling on his swollen cock's head, so soon after climax, was enough to send another jolt through him. But when she pulled up her head, and a heavy glob of his cum dripped off her lips onto her breasts, his body told him it was ready for round two.

Rachel leaned into Lei, and the brunette happily kissed her. Both girls closed their eyes as they pressed against each other, and his cum shifted over both sets of lips before dripping down, and falling on their breasts. Veronica took the opportunity to kiss his cock, and spent more time than needed suckling on it, burying her face between the six breasts while the other two thralls made out. She licked him, ran her tongue in circles around him, and slipped her lips back and forth along the sensitive base edge of his length's bulbous tip, drawing more pleasure sparks out of him, until she suddenly lifted her head with a squeak.

"Master!" Veronica's eyes went wide before she looked back over her shoulder at the blonde ballerina who'd suddenly decided to sit between hers and Rachel's legs.

Jack couldn't see well from the angle, but Ashley's fingers were inside Veronica, pointed down, and the girl was smiling like an evil queen as she pumped her hand down against her. The blue-haired thralls eyes rolled up, mouth open, and she melted against Rachel's side as she came in seconds. Ashley probably knew how to finger her better than Veronica herself did, considering how many years she'd spent doing exactly that to other women.

Jack grinned at the brazen ghou. She really was a brat. Well, he'd punish her, or Ann would. For now, he shrugged, and gestured to Rachel, who'd stopped kissing Lei and was staring at the woman cumming her brains out beside her.

Ashley didn't lose a beat. Kneeling between the two women, she had no trouble reaching down between Rachel's ass cheeks with her other hand, and slipping her fingers into the woman's pussy, again pointed down. She grinned at Jack as she pumped both hands down, working them together like pistons, until she had the huge bed creaking.

The noise was lost under the sounds of Rachel and Veronica mewling as they both came.

"Wow," Julee whispered, resting her head against Antoinette's breast — and pushing it into the side of Jack's head — so she could watch Ashley work.

“Leilani,” Jack said, and the tan thrall looked his way, eyes lost in hunger and envy. “Kiss me until I cum. Lift your head when I do. I want to see my cum coat my three slaves.”

“Yes, master.” She managed to tear her eyes away from the two girls beside her long enough to lean down, and bury her face in the sea of breasts. Like she’d been taught, she enveloped his glans, and slipped her lips up and down its base edge, all while gently suckling and licking. With Rachel and Veronica squirming and wriggling, layers of soft breast brushed up against her cheeks and nose again and again, but she didn’t stop, eyes closing as she moaned around his cock.

“Rachel, Veronica. I didn’t say you could stop.” He gave their leashes a small tug. “Keep kissing.”

Rachel peeked back at Ashely before looking to him with begging eyes. “But master, she—”

“Now.”

She eeped, nodded, and leaned back into Veronica. Both girls were a panting mess, cum dripping down their lips, chins, and necks, and seeing them struggle to keep their eyes open, let alone kiss each other, was delicious. They managed, both leaning into each other as they locked lips, only to whimper into each other’s kiss as Ashley got back to work.

Lei opened her eyes long enough to look up and see her two thrall friends melting away as Ashley gave them no mercy, before she buried her head between six breasts again. It wasn’t long before she pulled her head up again, his cum dripping down her lips, as a heavy gush of more cum shot out from his cock and onto her breasts. Veronica and Rachel didn’t notice. They were still kissing, or trying to, as Ashley grinned madly and made them cum until their knees bent and their feet kicked the bed a few times. Their enormous breasts rippled with their writhing bodies, and Jack’s cum poured up over the huge mounds before trickling down onto his abs.

Ashley stopped, and the girls got to breathe again. They stared down at the new pool of cum coating their breasts, looked at Lei, and then to Jack. They’d liked that they’d cum the same time he did.

“I think,” he said, and he slowly sat up, “that my lover deserves some pampering.” Nodding, he slid out from between Ann’s legs, and motioned for his three stunned, soaked thralls to come closer.

Their eyes shot open. It was no secret his pets were deathly afraid of the Prince. That was part of the fun. They squirmed like frightened puppies as they came closer, and Ann couldn’t help but chuckle as she watched them.

“I do feel like being lackadaisical tonight, my love.” Nodding, she spread out her arms where Elaine and Julee were still snuggled into her sides. “How shall your slaves pleasure me?”

He thought about it for a moment. So many possibilities. Dozens. Hundreds. He'd have to narrow it down, and try the others in the future.

“Ashley, join Julee. Elaine, come join me back here. Veronica and Rachel, replace Elaine. You two are to suckle on my lover's breast. Leilani, you are going to eat her pussy.”

“M-Me?” Lei knelt up straight, eyes wide, new levels of fear working through her.

Elaine laughed as she got up, and with not-so-gentle hands, forced Veronica and Rachel into the groove of Antoinette's right arm and shoulder. Both thralls looked terrified, but when Ann laughed and rested her arm on them, they calmed down. A bit.

Ashley laughed with the same merriment, cuddled into Ann's left side with Julee, and both girls leaned into do something they'd done together a hundred times: kiss her nipple at the same time. Lips overlapping, half fighting half massaging and caressing, they covered their master's swollen areola with kisses and licks, and took turns softly suckling it, pulling it into their mouths. Ann sighed blissfully.

“Veronica, Rachel,” Ann said, grinning down at the two newcomers. “Do rub your breasts into mine first. I want to see you lick your master's cum off me.”

God damn. Sometimes he thought he went overboard, and got lost in this whole ‘master’ role. Then Antoinette said something that made him look tame, or at least, not mad crazy with power compared to her.

His blue and blonde-hair thralls looked at each other, her, and then at Jack for a quick confirm nod, before they both leaned their heavy dangling breasts over the mighty, scary Prince. Then they both lowered themselves down, and gently slid their chests around, dragging lines of white cum along her enormous right breast. Ashley and Julee stared from the other breast, hypnotized.

“That is enough,” the Prince whispered.

The two thralls nodded, took a peek at the two ghouls to see how they managed the position, and the two of them snuggled half into each other, half into Ann's side. Their lips found the large, cum-soaked nipple, and slowly, carefully, they tested their master's lover with kisses. A smile from Ann and a practiced moan settled their nerves, and they moved from tiny kisses to proper, deep kisses, burying her pink areola in between the two of them. Their lips met each other as much as the hard, swollen nipple, and they kissed each other, sharing his cum between their lips as it ran down their necks and dripped off their huge breasts squashed into Antoinette's side.

“Master,” Lei said, “I—”

Jack give her leash a tug, and she fell forward toward Antoinette's legs. And with a little guiding help from him, the girl was soon on her elbows and knees between the Prince's long milky thighs.

"Eat her," Jack ordered.

She whimpered quietly, and Elaine, probably the most evil out of all of them, chuckled as she reached down past Jack and gently pushed on Leilani's head. The brunette froze for a moment when her face was suddenly pressed to Ann's slit, but once Ann made a tiny, inviting moan, Leilani relaxed, or at least stopped shaking like a leaf.

And then Jack grabbed her hips, and slammed his cock into her.

"Master!" She sat up with a jolt and looked back at him, only for Elaine to again push her head back down.

It was an interesting position, for sure. Ann, half lying on a mountain of pillows, half sitting back against the headboard. Ashley and Julee were snug under her left arm, both cuddling into her and kissing her left breast. Veronica and Rachel were snug under her right arm, kissing her right breast. Lei was on her elbows and knees between her legs, eating her out, ass in the air so ripe Jack could see her dripping slit grip his girth, and he could see the — likely very large — anal plug above it.

One thrust confirmed. Whatever she had in her ass, it was large, and it buried her tiny pussy in more tight pressure he could feel all the way to the tip of his length.

Moaning hungrily, Elaine came up behind him, got on her knees like him, and pressed her breasts against his back as she hugged him from behind him. She was more than tall enough to look down over his shoulder, and watch Leilani's tight slit grip his cock as he rammed it into her.

"Let me, childe oh mine," she said, and slid her hands under his. With a heavy growl he felt, Elaine tightened her grip on his thrall's hips, pulled her snug to him as she pushed Jack into the thrall's ass, and forced them to grind together. She was stronger than him now, a lot stronger. He was trapped.

It left Jack's hands free. He still had his thralls' leashes in hand, but now he could use his other hand to give his slave a hard slap on the ass. Lei squeaked into Ann's pussy, earning a happy chuckle and sultry moan from his lover as she looked down at the quivering thrall's eyes.

"Ashley," Ann said, "hold her."

Ashley grinned up at her mistress, then back at Jack, and then down at Lei as she slipped her fingers into Lei's long brown hair. Giggling, she gently pinned Lei's head down so the girl couldn't so

much as take her lips off Ann's pussy, before she turned back in and buried her face into Ann's breast again.

No need to worry, then. Jack gave his slave another hard slap on the ass, and shivered as she clenched on his length. Elaine moaned into his ear, and apparently decided foreplay time was over. She drew her hips back so Jack moved back with her, and slammed her hips forward, driving Jack's cock back into her, her grip firmly on Lei's hips. Power fucking. Poor Lei didn't stand a chance.

The brunette tried, she really did, earning a few practiced moans from Ann, but it wasn't long before it was obvious she was faceplanting into Ann instead of eating her out, while her insides clamped around Jack's cock and drenched him as she came.

"She failed," Elaine whispered. With an evil laugh, she forced Jack to keep power fucking her, and Lei's arms gave out. She fell onto her chest, cheek on Ann's pelvis, mouth open and drooling. Ashley could have held her head in place better, but the girl wasn't that mean. It was clear Lei was cumming hard, squeezing as hard as she could, and everyone stopped what they were doing to watch the brunette tremble, and her ass jiggled each time Jack's pelvis slammed into her.

Jack couldn't help himself. Even as Elaine continued to power fuck his thrall with his body, forcing her to drench his cock until her juices dripped from his testicles, he slapped her firm ass again. Again, she clenched, her tiny mewls turning into gasping pants as she struggled to breathe between her pleasure tremors.

Elaine was ruthless. She stopped power fucking the girl, and helped pull the girl up. Jack was feeling a bit ruthless, too, and he hugged the girl with one arm, hand squeezing her breast roughly, while his other pulled on her leash until her back was pinned to his chest. He turned her to face Elaine, and the two of them buried her body between them, as they each took a side of her neck, and drank her. The rush of warm blood filling their stomachs had Jack and Elaine groaning.

The poor thrall left a wet spot on the blankets a foot wide.

Both Ventrue set the exhausted and drained thrall aside, before both setting their hungry eyes on the rest of the orgy.

"Rachel," he said, and Rachel sat up with a tiny lip tremble. He pulled on her leash. "Replace her."

Gulping, Rachel did as ordered, climbed over Ann's leg and got on her knees between them. Again, Ashley — apparently vibing on the power wavelength the Ventrue were indulging in — slipped her fingers into Rachel's hair, and pinned the girl against her master's pussy. Ann was content to watch,

right hand holding Veronica's head to her breast, left holding Julee. And Elaine did the same as before, getting behind Jack, and guiding him toward Rachel.

This time, Elaine used her hands, wrapped his cock, and aimed him against Rachel's soaked lips. He took her shivering hips this time, and slammed his cock into her hard enough the bed shook, her ass rippled against him, and she groaned into Ann's slit. Jack fucked her on his own, slamming his hips and pelvis into her at rapid speed, while Elaine, still snug to his back, gave his thrall several harsh slaps on the ass. Each time, Rachel clenched down hard, but did manage to work her mouth against Ann's body enough to earn a few approving sighs of pleasure from her.

That stopped when Rachel's body began to tremble, her insides buried his cock in random spasms and clenches, and a fresh coating of juices drenched him. He almost didn't realize some of those were his, until a glance down showed white coating her pussy's lips. He didn't slow down, powering through his orgasm until Rachel collapsed, same as Lei.

Again, Elaine picked her up, and again, the two Ventrue took a drink, forcing the writhing thrall to soak Jack's cock until her juices flowed down his thighs.

Veronica lasted less time than either of them. Ashley replaced her on her master's right side, and now that Ann's ghouls had both her breasts all to themselves, they were familiar enough with her body to help bring her to another orgasm quickly. Which meant Veronica was eating the Prince's pussy as she came, and trying to find a balance of stimulating and not overstimulating, while Jack fucked her hard. More than a few times, Ann shuddered as Veronica probably licked her a little too hard mid-orgasm, and Jack made sure to punish her with a hard ass slap. And when he didn't, Elaine did.

He smiled up at his great grandsire, and motioned for her to go to Veronica. She did, sharing his evil grin as she helped pull the girl up to kneel straight up, and press chest to chest with the much taller vampire. Elaine sank her fangs into Veronica's neck, and Jack did the same. This time, he fucked his slave as he did, not able to thrust hard with the angle, but more than hard enough for his tiny thrall to cum again as two sets of fangs buried her in the bliss of the Kiss; not to mention the giant anal plug making her pussy so tight, every thrust drove his cock straight into her g-spot.

He didn't cum, though. Almost, but he stopped shy. There were still four women on the bed, and he wanted to keep going. The two Ventrue set the exhausted, basically unconscious women next to her fellow thralls on the foot of the bed, before looking to Ann and the two ghouls nuzzling their faces into the sides of her breasts.

"How many times have you cum?" Elaine asked, gesturing to the Prince. "I thought this was about Jack. And yet here you are, the center of everyone's attention."

Ann rolled her eyes. “A few, if you must know.” Before Elaine could retort, Ann pointed a finger at Elaine’s pelvis. “You would have done the same. You are dripping like the whore of Babylon.”

Elaine groaned — playfully — as she looked down at herself.

“Jack and I have both just drank. Three times.”

“Well then, I think it is time for you to take the spotlight.” With her arms still behind each of her ghouls’ backs, she motioned to the nearby desk. “Lubricant, for you.”

Elaine grinned, slipped off the bed, fetched the lubricant, and crawled back, again doing the cat crawl thing specifically for Jack’s benefit. Ann was right. The woman’s thighs were soaked in her juices. Well, Jack wasn’t much better off. A belly absolutely full of blood, his thralls’ blood, had him ready to fucking explode again.

Ann motioned for Elaine to come to her, earning a raised brow from Elaine and Jack, and a laugh from Ann before she gestured down at her stomach and spread legs.

“Come lie upon me, silly woman.”

“Oh my.” Elaine licked her lips, turned around, and lay on Ann just like Jack had done earlier. She snuggled in, made sure to shift around until both of the Prince’s huge breasts rested comfortably on her shoulders, before she handed Jack the lubricant.

“Girls,” Ann said, “do treat Elaine well, would you?”

As Jack poured lubricant on his cock, Ashley and Julee slid down Elaine’s body, and Elaine closed her eyes as the two ghouls wrapped their lips around the elder Ventrue’s nipples. Without a glance, Elaine spread her legs wide, putting her bare, empty, smooth slit on display, and the copious juices dripping from it. A few Kisses and a belly full of blood would do that to any vampire, let alone watching an orgy from a foot away.

Jack slid in close, got his knees under Elaine’s thighs, and guided the tip of his cock down to her asshole. Slowly, he pushed his cock’s head against the entrance, and took his time spreading the lubricant around and around using his glans. Both him and his great grandsire groaned quietly with the sensation.

He poured a little more lube onto his cock, tossed the bottle aside, and slid in closer. Each inch he came forward was another inch of his length slipping into her squeezing insides, a tight ring of muscle that clenched and unclenched in spurts. She was toying with him.

He took his time, and let the pacing of the night slow down so they could enjoy it. He'd fucked his three thralls into comas, but with a little concentration, a mental reset allowed him to slow down to a crawl, and shiver in bliss as his great grandsire's ass milked his length. He slipped his hands around her hips, and inched forward again, until he was balls deep inside her.

"Girls," Ann said, "make her cum."

Ashley giggled, Julee mewled, and both girls slid their hands down Elaine's flat stomach and onto her swollen clit. Julee stayed there, caressing and teasing, but Ashley knew what she wanted, and she slid a finger into Elaine's squeezing slit. A new drop of juices eased out of her, and down onto Jack's cock. Elaine sighed bliss, until Ashley slipped another finger into her. And then a third. Her sighs turned into moans, and she melted back against Ann's body, as the two ghouls played with her.

Jack barely moved, easing his hips back just enough to feel a bit of friction of her insides, of her ass's ring of muscle squeezing the base of his length, and of his swollen cock's head pressing against her depths. It'd take a long time to cum like this, but he'd already cum three times. Elaine hadn't cum once. He could wait. And besides, he wanted to focus on watching.

Elaine didn't so much as lift her hands, leaving them to both rest on the girls' hips, while she enjoyed being the one pampered. She was rarely the center of attention whenever they had these group sessions. It was wonderful, watching her eyes close and her mouth open as she drifted away into pleasure. She hadn't cum, not yet, but it wouldn't take long at all, and Jack smiled down at her as he fought the urge to fuck her hard.

Without warning, Ashley started finger fucking her hard for him. Elaine's eyes snapped open, and she glared down at the blonde ballerina sucking on her breast, but Ashley didn't stop; probably out-of-her-mind horny and beyond saving, considering how long they'd been going and no one had so much as touched her yet. She'd pay for her brazen behavior later, and she knew it, too, but that didn't stop her. She finger fucked Elaine hard enough they all heard the slapping sounds of her fingers hitting the woman's inner wall. And Jack felt it, too, the jackhammer motion of the ghouls' fingers hitting the back wall of the woman's pussy, straight down into his cock, before up again against her g-spot.

She only slowed down when Elaine came. She came hard. Fluid flowed over Ashley's hand, and the little ghouls giggled as she withdrew her fingers, and let Elaine's clenching muscles force more juices to leak out of her empty pussy until it flowed down over his cock, beneath it, and down her ass and his testicles. She'd drenched him. Holy shit, Elaine had really been wanting that.



“You little devil,” Elaine said between pants. “You—” She quivered and stared down at her beautiful, empty pussy, as Julee’s hand slipped past her clitoris, and sank three fingers into her as well, stretching her insides apart.

Ashley moaned into Elaine’s breast, her own eyes closed, barely aware of what was going on, as she found Julee’s hand, and worked past it. Another three fingers forced their way back into Elaine’s pussy, and the elder watched, mouth ever so slightly parted in unprepared pleasure, as the two ghouls stretched her wide while bathing her breasts in suckling kisses. A belly full of blood had her whole body blushing, her pussy and nipples swollen like crazy, and every motion the girls did had her quivering. Breathing too hard on her neck would have been enough to make her cum, let alone two girls fingering and pounding her insides.

Jack couldn’t wait any longer. With six fingers inside her, everything was so damn tight, wriggling sensations from digits that fought for space inside her pussy he felt in her ass. And when Ashley and Julee started finger fucking her properly, enough to have her huge breasts rippling against their faces, Jack fucked her, too.

He grabbed her hips, pulled his hips back, and slammed them into her. It was a poor angle for anal sex, at least for her pleasure, but that didn’t matter with six fingers opening her up and slapping up against her g-spot again and again. She came in seconds. He didn’t stop.

“Jack!” The powerful, deadly, normally so very confident and in control Ventrue, looked at him with just a hint of desperation in her eyes. “Slow down!”

He didn’t. He grinned at her, and winked at both ghouls. They didn’t stop, and he didn’t stop. Elaine at one point actually tried to push the ghouls away, but Antoinette got her arms out from behind her ghouls, grabbed Elaine’s wrists, and pulled them up over her head.

“Harlot,” Elaine said, voice wavering as she looked up at her old friend.

Ann looked absolutely drunk on pleasure, her eyes constantly drifting between Jack and Elaine. A far more honest expression than she’d normally ever let herself show.

Elaine squirmed and writhed on Jack’s cock, arms still held up over her head so Ashley and Julee had free rein, and she glared at him for a whole half a second before she closed her eyes and melted back. A fresh coating of juices leaked out of her, drenching him. He didn’t stop.

He tightened his grip on her hips, and knelt up straight. Elaine managed to open her eyes again to look up at him, back arched, head still pinned to Antoinette’s sternum. The ghouls had to adjust slightly

to deal with the new angle of Elaine's ass being in the air, but they did quickly, and continued to devour the elder's breasts as they fingered her. And now Jack had the angle he needed to fuck her properly.

He thrust forward, hard, hard enough he felt his great grandsire's ass ripple against him, and her huge breasts jiggled underneath the pinning faces of Ashley and Julee. Her ass squeezed, only the copious amount of lubricant allowing him to keep fucking her, as she trembled on his cock and came again.

It wasn't long before he flooded her insides, her relentless milking of his cock draining him and sending jolts of pleasure through his core, under his testicles, and down into his thighs. Each flex of his inner muscles poured more cum into her, and more, and he gave a hard thrust with each, waiting a full second between thrusts to make sure he drained every ounce of cum he could into her.

And then he did it again. She was going to punish him later, and Antoinette was going to let her, no doubt. He was just a young neonate Ventrue. How dare he do something so absurd like fuck his great grandsire until her whole body was a trembling mess, and every few moments she clamped down like a vise, and soaked him? Yeap, Elaine was gonna make him pay for this.

Worth it.

