~~Eric~~

“How the fuck did no cops follow us?” Eric said. Beatrice had to stop driving and let him take the wheel, before the dumb woman ended up getting them all killed. “I mean you nearly hit a hundred pedestrians, and I’m pretty sure you killed a dog.”

“I did not kill a dog, Eric. I’ll fucking kill you if you don’t shut up.”

“… I’m pretty sure you—”

“I didn’t hit any fucking dog!” She smiled as she said it, or, yelled it. For some reason, it seemed like she was enjoying this, both the life-or-death scenario, but also the bickering.

“We really going to Rich Side?”

“Yeap, my boyfriend lives here.”

“… your boyfriend lives in Rich Side.”

“Yeap.”

“You got piercings coming out of twenty different holes in your body, and you got tattoos covering probably half of you. How did you bag a rich guy?”

He expected her to punch him. He’d have deserved it too. Bitter, just so damn fucking bitter whenever the topic came to money, and women, and it went full on acidic when it was the two combined. He didn’t need a fucking therapist to tell him that. Part of the reason he told Ganders he didn’t want to the job was cause he knew what would happen if conversations ever steered in this direction. Didn’t know how to shut the fuck up.

But crocodile face laughed, and winked her snake eye at him. “He bagged me, you fucker. Now hurry up.”

Bagged her. Rich guy bagged the punk rocker girl. Sounded like something out of a trash romance novel, and considering the smile on her face, it may very well have been a happily ever after ending that would have made Eric puke. But circumstances being what they were, a giant shit show of blood and insanity, he let it slide.

She guided him up to one of the bigger mansions topping one of the smooth hills. He almost suggested she was lying, but she hopped out, pulled Jack out of the backseat into her arms, and started toward the mansion like she knew the place, like she knew the long walkways up to the huge doors, like she knew the guy who owned it like he was her lover.

Well, damn.

“Should I—”

“Come on, you’re helping me, in case I need some extra hands. And besides, I have to keep an eye on you. You know you’re the only human in the city who knows about us who isn’t on a leash?”

“A leash?”

“Brainwashed, dude. You really need to watch some vampire movies.” She adjusted the kid in her arms as they walked. A lifeless corpse. She said it was torpor, some kind of deep sleep for vamps, and the lack of heartbeat or breathing was perfectly normal. And it was, considering she wasn’t doing them either.

“That mean I can use garlic or a holy cross to—”

“Ahaha! Oh fuck no, oh my god please don’t. If you tried to fight off a vamp with garlic, they’d shove that shit down your throat. With a cross? Well, they’d probably stab you to death with it.”

“… lovely.”

“But, hey, Fiona’s a good friend to me and a bunch of the vamps down here in the trenches, Natasha and Jack and Damien, and apparently even that slut Jessy. You did her a solid, so I’ll do you one.” She stopped at the door, and knocked.

Thirty seconds later, it opened, and a man in a suit offered a small bow. “Madam Damor. I—oh my, is that the young Master Terry?”

“Yeah Alfred, it is. Julias’s gonna let him use the basement tonight, already unlocked the shit remotely.”

“Very good Madam. And is this a new member of the fold?” The dude nodded toward Eric. Pretty lame of Triss to call him Alfred; guy wasn’t even old. He didn’t seem to mind though, and he stepped aside to let them in.

He seemed kind of creepy too, and it only got worse as Eric stepped into the mansion. A few more people came by to see who had showed up, and they all had the same sort of subtle smile, the smile a person had when they were happy. Brainwashed? Brainwashed.

Eric couldn’t help but whistle. God damn this was a nice mansion, a classic mansion, the sort of mansion rich people had a couple hundred years ago, except now with air conditioning and LED lights instead of shitty old bulbs. LED lights in chandeliers, what a delightful statement of the sort of place Dolareido could be: classic meets modern; also more commonly known as: pretentious as all fuck.

“Come on.” Triss adjusted Jack in her arms, and continued down the hall, past the ‘humans’, and around a corner to find a door, that led to a hallway, that led to a stairway, that led down, and down, and down.

“Want me to ho… no, I suppose you don’t really need me to hold him, do you?”

“Fucking course not. Christ man, I’m strong enough I could rip you in half and I mean that literally.” She looked over her shoulder at him, and laughed. Not angry then, just boasting about how badass she was. Reminded him of that Jessy vampire, sort of, in a way.

“I guess, yeah. I… yeah.” Yeah, he was walking down the stairs of a mansion, with two vampires. The mansion was filled with brainwashed servants, or assistants, or whatever it was called when someone was both a housekeeper, and a slave. They seemed happy, but did it count if it was brainwashing happy? “So who lives here?”

“Not sure what name he uses for records and shit, but we know him as Julias Mire.”

“Doesn’t ring a… a…” Shit. He stuck out a hand to catch the hallway wall, and breathed deep. Stars speckled his vision, warning him that his blood pressure was low. Well, no fucking duh, he’d given a bucket of it to the kid in Triss’s arms.

Kid looked better, at least. Instead of looking like roadkill after a few crows had had their turns with it, now he just looked like fresh roadkill. All things considered, that was a pretty miraculous recovery. He still had no hands, but there were some weird lumps where the blood, flesh, and skin was at his wrists, like bone was trying to get out. Gross.

“Don’t pass out on me. Or I’ll lock you up in the dungeon until Julias can deal with you.”

“Dungeon, yeah ri—there’s a dungeon, isn’t there.”

“Yeap. Viktor, Julias’s sire, used to own this place. Sick fuck, powerful as hell, did some nasty crap, tortured people, shit like that. He was this kid’s grandsire.”

“You’re telling me an awful lot about your secret vamp society.”

“Nothing that’s dangerous, nothing you can use to prove we exist or somehow attack us. The fuck do you take me for?”

“A loud mouth punk.”

Again she laughed, and the two of them stepped into a tunnel. More tunnels, god damn it not more tunnels. At least these were well lit, with flat walls instead of the curved walls of the old abandoned tunnels. There were half a dozen gates, each that looked ready to kill him if he said the wrong password. But they were open, and Triss walked through them without fear.

“Ah, this is a nice bed. Was fucking Julias on it when we learned Jack here had disappeared. Hope he doesn’t mind.”

Imagining crocodile face having sex was a weird image. She had a killer body, the sort you’d find on a fitness model advertising her dance routine. Muscles, but no steroid abuse, lean and ripped but without hitting the point of amenorrhea. Probably could be one of those new internet ass girl sensations, putting pictures of herself in a thong online and letting the money roll in, if not for the claws and crazy eye and the teeth. And the weird, long tongue he got a glimpse of too.

He looked around the room. A rich man’s underground bunker, with a huge fancy bed, four poster, with big wardrobes on the wall, and a laptop.

“No bathrooms?” he said.

Dumb question, and she looked at him with a raised brow before laughing.

“Vampires don’t shit or piss, man. We’re dead. We drink blood and sleep during the day.”

“Right, right…” He leaned against the wall, and looked around some more at the indulgent decor while the woman put her friend on the bed. “He safe here?”

“We just need to close the gates behind us as we leave, and it’ll lock down until someone either undoes the locks remotely, or at the digital padlocks at each gate.”

“Sounds high tech. Not worried about a hacker trying to get in here while you sleep?”

“It’s also got some giant-as-fuck locks that you lock from the inside, big metal bars and padlocks and shit, old school. If we were staying in the room, I’d get those too, but Jack should be safe with the high tech shit until Julias returns.”

“… that is pretty damn secure. Next you’re going to tell me you sleep inside unbreakable coffins that are locked from the inside.”

“I don’t. Pretty sure my boss does, wherever he sleeps.” She set the kid down gently, and pat his head a few times. “God damn this kid, constantly getting into shit. Poor guy can’t go five feet without vamps or monsters or werewolves — or hunters apparently — fucking up his day.”

“… werewolves exist?”

“Oh yeah. You think vamps are strong?” She shivered, rubbed her arms, and motioned for him to join her as they left the kid in the bunker. “You saw the shit Fiona and Athalia were doing in that nightmare world. Imagine a ten-foot-tall wolf beast capable of doing that, being that strong, except out here in the rea—physical world. Fucking juggernauts.”

Werewolves. Werewolves. He started breathing faster, and his eyes went wide as he watched the girl’s back and followed her. Werewolves. Wolves. Shit, who had Fiona mentioned?

“… Fiona said something about a woman named Avery.”

“Yeah, pack leader of the werewolves here in Dolareido. Why’d Fiona bring her up?”

Shit shit shit. Quick, think fast.

“She asked if I’d seen her, said she might be looking for Jack too.” Fuck. Fuck fuck.

“Ah, yeah, she might be.”

Shit. Fucking shit fuck. Avery was a pack leader. Pack, leader, of werewolves. Wolves. Oh god, oh christ, fucking hell.

The moon, its voice… her voice. The taste of blood, of flesh in his mouth. The dreams, running around at night, hunting something. The hunt, the need to hunt, to defend his territory, to scout and smell and feed. He wanted to sink his teeth into something and tear it apart. He wanted to hunt.

Oh mother fucking hell. Every part of him wanted to faint, faceplant right there in the scary hallway underneath the vampire’s mansion; the low blood pressure didn’t help. But he held his weight up, hand to the wall, and forced himself to walk after the scary vampire lady.

“Still lightheaded?”

“Y-Yeah… definitely… need to get back home, rest, eat and drink, feed my cat, and call my boss.”

“Ah right, Bloodlust. Just tell your boss you were doing a favor for the Invictus and everything will be fine.”

“… Ganders works for the Invictus?”

“Eh the Bloodlust situation is a little weird. But for conversation’s sake, yeah, he does.”

“The fuck kind of world did I get pulled into?”

The two of them walked back up the stairs and back into the hallways of the huge mansion. Triss walked its massive corridors like she knew it inside and out; very much at odds with her punk rocker aesthetic.

“In here, come on.” She pulled open a door, and walked through. It was some sort of meeting room, or living room, or tea room. It was some kind of big waste of money, a room that obviously served no purpose other than to be fancy and entertain guests while they sipped expensive drinks and talked politics or stocks. He felt annoyed just being in it.

He sat down in a chair at one of the tables, and she sat down across from him, a strange expression on her he couldn’t place. Scrutinizing him was his best guess.

He could tell her, tell her he might be a werewolf, tell her about the dreams, tell her… tell her nothing. You have no proof, no idea if it’s true. Just shut the fuck up and don’t say shit.

“You’ve stumbled onto a big secret here, Eric.”

“So I’ve noticed.”

“It’s a vampire’s city, and I mean that. Vampires own this city, we run it. The Invictus in particular own and run it like a well oiled machine, all money money money, but they bow to the Prince, the ruler, who’s from a different covenant, not Invictus. And Jack? Jack’s the woman’s lover.”

“Prince? Woman?”

“It’s a weird title, genderless.”

“… right.” He set his elbows on the table, and clutched his temples in his palms. “So I’m in deep with the mafia now.”

“Well, I mean other than you owing Jessy a favor, the Prince and the Invictus now owe you a favor… though I wouldn’t push them on that. They won’t kill you or turn you into a thrall, and you should consider that the favor returned.”

“Guess I should be thankful then.”

“Very. Though a lot of thralls are pretty happy with their setup. Not gonna lie, Dolareido is probably the nicest vamp city in this country, Eric. You got lucky.”

Lucky, yeah, real fucking lucky.

“I ran someone over. Might have… killed her.” And that was going to make a lovely addition to his nightly nightmares about hunting, this woman’s face the moment the car hit her. Maybe she’d show up as a ghost in his next nightmare, and scare him to death.

“Heh, yeah, she went flying. Surprised that bitch didn’t crack her head open on the hood of the car.”

God damn this woman was callous. She shrugged at him, tapped a claw against her teeth, and waited for his response. This conversation was important; fuck it up and she’d drag him back to the other vamps for a thorough brainwashing. Or, let her know he was thinking he might be a fucking werewolf, and who the fuck knows what would happen.

“You’re being awfully informative.”

“I saw a random human keep it together and help out both a friend of mine, and a vamp with crazy teeth.”

“And a crazy eye.”

“Ha, this?” She pulled down on the normal eye’s cheek, and leaned in a little so he could see it more clearly. “Blood magic made this shit. It’ll probably melt away or something in a few hours and I’ll have to regrow my normal eye.”

“… oh.” The snake eye was the normal eye. Well. Fuck him. “So… what do I do now?”

“Not exactly sure. I can’t let you just walk out on the honor system. My boss would kill me, or the Prince would.”

“But you said—”

“Yeah yeah, I’m not going to kill you, but I do need to get you under surveillance. I don’t know where my boss is right now, and I can’t take you back to our lair. Guess that means we’re going to Elysium, after I give Superman a call and throw him a quick update.”

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~~Antoinette~~

Jack was alive.

She sat in her chair in her main office, and smiled. The Invictus were on the site of the violence, and were cleaning up the mess as per her rules as to how Masquerade risks were to be managed. Some of her thralls were there as well, mostly to observe and ensure the Invictus were doing things correctly. No doubt they thought their methods perfect, and they were methodical, but still, she had cause to make sure they did things correctly.

The video feed of three thralls showed the cleanup, and one of the thralls was standing shoulder to shoulder with the Invictus Kindred, to let them know of her presence. They were all friends after all, cooperative, the covenants in Dolareido. They had no reason to deceive her.

She smirked. Of course they did. If presented the opportunity, the Invictus or Carthians would take her head and then her city, and that was the spice in their relationship.

“How was he?” she said into the speaker on her desk.

“Well, Triss says it’s pretty damn surprising he’s still alive. Said he looked like you did after Lucas’s assault on your tower.” Julias’s voice.

That was hard to imagine. Such damage would kill most Kindred twice over, and to picture Jack with such horrible wounds made her withered heart ache.

“Does he need blood?”

“Triss got him a meal. He’ll need to sleep for a few days, and I’ll make sure he gets some more blood. He’s still young; regrowing his hands will take time.”

She squeezed on the arms of her grand chair, and grit her teeth as she imagined the sight of her poor little Ventrue with his hands chopped off. Such brutal, vivid imagery, one she was quite familiar with from a different age. But to imagine her love, torn, shredded, with hands removed and bones exposed, was too much, and she wanted to tell Julias that his childe should be with her, being cared for by her.

But that would be overstepping her boundaries. As Prince, she had no true boundaries, but it was to the respect of both Julias and the Invictus that they manage their Kindred’s condition, and ensure his recovery. Politics.

“Yes… I imagine it will. I trust you will instruct the boy to come to me once he has healed?”

The man made a small, warm chuckle. Julias was a delight when he wanted to be, when he put aside his new position as council member of the Invictus, and returned to his playful ways.

“I will, Prince. And I know it’ll be the first thing he’ll want to do when he can.”

She nodded, smiled at the speaker, and pulled her hair over her shoulder to begin combing it with her fingers. “I trust the Invictus are pursuing these hunters with every resource they have available?” A subtle nudge to remind him that the Invictus were ultimately under her control, here in Dolareido.

“Yes Prince. We… we fucked up pretty bad. We knew of the four hunters from investigating Barry’s death, but we didn’t know anything about this Jeremiah bastard until Triss brought it up today.”

Ah yes, the man with a name. The taint on her city.

“I will bring this up in the next meeting of the Primogen, Mister Mire. We can discuss the specifics then.”

“I see. Fair well then, Prince.”

She pressed the button to hang up, sighed, and eased her chair about until it was facing the window, and Jacob.

“Jeremiah,” she said. “I did not expect the man to come to this city.”

“You knew his name?” the old monster said.

“A human who has hunted monsters for many decades, but I know none of the specifics.” Trusting Jacob with such information was dangerous, but this problem was bigger than their squabbles, as Jacob proved when he came to her only an hour ago to share what he learned of his meeting with Azamel; or rather, what he was willing to share of it. “I did not suspect the man to come here, quiet as Dolareido is.”

“He wouldn’t have if not for that old bitch.”

She nodded, and sighed as she combined in her mind the joy of Jack’s safety, with the frustrating circumstances that continued to assault her city. Jack had been kidnapped, and not far from where the Invictus had had their ball as well. Was he betrayed? Her sources said the boy had gone to speak with Damien before his capture, but for all the possible reasons Damien might have to betray Jack, she doubted he would. Not for fear of death at her hand, but because the man was not Lucas. Maria, on the other hand, might have orchestrated his death, and adjusted events to make Damien seem the guilty party. But did Maria even know that the boy was the one who had killed Lucas, and would she respond to the knowledge by plotting the boy’s death if she did? Too many unknowns.

The old man headed for the door, and offered her a casual salute as he left. “I’m off. Glad your boy toy is still kicking.”

Boy toy. She smirked at the man, and offered a small wave. His meaningless barbs were just that, meaningless, and if anything, his insults were his way of showing approval. A typical man. The thought made her laugh; Jacob being typical was a pleasant surprise, and one that made her happy. So long ago, the two of them had been friends, of a sort, and perhaps that day could come again.

Alone once more, she let her mind drift to Jack. Daniel was headed toward the old prison, where he could put his mastery of auspex to use to perhaps find where this Jeremiah fool was hiding. How ridiculous, a human hiding in her city, and yet, how very problematic. Kindred, Uratha, and Begotten she could hunt down, use her tools and her sheriff to track down the strange tracks they often left. There were others too, other entities that either hid in the darkness, or in plain sight, such as the Prometheans, the Changelings, or the infernal Mages who forever reaped only chaos for their efforts. She was confident none of these were in her city.

But humans were a more difficult enemy to manage. How does one find and expunge a kine, hidden within the millions of her city?

She sighed, and grit her teeth. On top of all this, Clara’s words still echoed in her mind. Someone else was tampering with the realm of spirits, according to her, and it had the werewolf concerned. If it concerned Avery, then it concerned Antoinette.

A new mission for Daniel.

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“Beatrice Damor, and… Eric, was it?”

“Eric Tanverson,” he said, nodding. An elbow from Triss in the side was enough to get the man to bow in a similar manner to the Nosferatu.

“I must thank the both of you. If not for your interference, my beloved would be dead.” She waited, to see if either of them would speak, or if they understood that it was best for them to be quiet. Eric opened his mouth, but he caught on quickly, and closed it as she smirked, and stood up. “Miss Damor, I understand that you not only rescued Mister Terry from hunters, but that you went into the realm of the Begotten.”

“Yes, my Prince,” she said. Oh, delightful, that she was learning to play the game, titles and all. “Pretty terrifying shit, nightmare realms. Saw a huge cave, and a giant jungle with two moons. The scariest shit though was that Jeremiah person. Man knew what he was doing. Him and his hunters had special knives that seemed pretty weird, oddly dangerous somehow. And they were really good with their pistols, and Jeremiah himself had grenades coming out of his ass, and—”

Antoinette held up a hand, and nodded. “Hunters are forever experts at the tools of their trade, young Nosferatu. And to our chagrin, their tools have grown impressive the past couple centuries. Where once our largest worries were torches and swords, now we deal with rifles, flamethrowers, grenades as you mentioned, and worst of all, digital communication. In the past, for news to spread between hunters took weeks, or months, and through word of mouth, misinformation was common. Now, if one of these hunters manages to capture a picture of something important, they can share it with their associates anywhere in the world in the blink of an eye. Now, more than ever, we have to be careful.”

“I uh… maybe I shouldn’t have driven in there with a car then,” she said.

“Perhaps. No doubt the hunters are now educated to your presence and visage, but for the moment, my concern is more so about the revelations you have made to this man.” She gestured toward Eric. Like Beatrice, he was a mess, but unlike Beatrice, he was alive. Flesh, a man, who smelled of blood and the mud of a jungle. A strange odor, to be sure. “I understand that Fiona accidentally brought this man into the fold. Is that true, Mister Tanverson?”

“Er, yeah.” He squirmed. There was something to this Eric Tanverson, something odd, something she could not quite place her finger on. “She was looking for Jack, thought I might have seen him, since I work at Bloodlust. But she mentioned four people, and I had seen those. We managed to follow them, and… everything… went to hell.”

Sunrise was in an hour. It had been a long night for everyone involved, but perhaps no one was suffering the stress of tonight as much as this poor fool. Eric Tanverson, an attractive man, black, with a shaved head and face, and some grit to his dark brown eyes. Ganders no doubt hired him due to the sexual allure of his hard personality, the brooding, dark, handsome motif. The total opposite of Fiona.

Such a strange girl. First Damien and now this Tanverson. The girl was too young to understand these bitter fools were sexually appealing, but emotionally damaged, and often incapable of maturing past the point of that damage. She would learn some day, no doubt, about why a girl flirts with a bad boy, but does not bring him home.

“But, um,” Beatrice said, “I am worried about them, or Fiona at least. That Jeremiah fuck was… he wasn’t normal, my Prince. Didn’t feel normal at all.”

“The hunters have fled the abandoned prison, but I suspect you are right to fear this Jeremiah. I will direct my concerns to him, and see that Daniel’s eyes are kept open for this man.” She stepped around the desk, and began to pace to and fro in front of it, with the two visitors waiting on her word. It was clear to see that Eric was surprised by her; the white hair and red eyes were no doubt the cause, as well as her height. But the man adapted, and she smirked as he stood up straighter. “Have either of you spoken with the Begotten since the encounter with Jeremiah?”

“Um, no, my Prince,” the Nosferatu said. “But, she’s friends with a lot of us. And on our way out, Azamel said Jeremiah’s intrusion was probably just him testing the waters of the lair. He wouldn’t be able to get anywhere from his… uh, position in the lair? Whatever that meant. She was sure he’d run when Mark arrived.”

Antoinette sighed, a disappointed sigh, and emphasized the sound a little to let Beatrice know she was not happy about the lack of information. And Jacob probably would not be either. It had been a prime opportunity for the girl to learn something about this human named Jeremiah, and instead she had rushed toward her goal. Her goal to save Jack though; thus, Antoinette could only summon so much annoyance.

“And now we have you, Eric Tanverson, a human, who knows of us. A Masquerade violation on Fiona’s part. It—”

“It wasn’t a violation. Shit went to hell and the only way I could save her life was by getting her back to her nightmare world lair thing, or whatever. She—”

Antoinette sprinted into the man’s personal space, appeared there in but a fraction of a second, a window of time the man did not have the reflexes to react to, before she set her hand around his throat. She squeezed it as she glared down at him, cut through his eyes with her own, and forced the man to his knees as he reached up to grab her wrists. The need to breathe was a terrible weakness to have.

“Do not interrupt me, Eric Tanverson. In any other circumstance, I would either see you dead or a thrall at my whim. The only reason I spare you is because your interference has ultimately led to my beloved’s second life being spared. You are in my world now, child. I rule this city, and you are but a tiny cog in its machinery. I am the Prince of its denizens of the night, and people like yourself are normally food. Expendable. Understood?”

The fool man managed a nod, despite how tight her grip was, and despite how she could see the asphyxiation start to manifest on him, with veins bulging and eyes growing wide. Fear. Good. Fear was a powerful teacher.

She let him go, and he fell to his knees, coughing. No room to be kind, no room to spare his feelings, as every month brought with it new hardships that required a firm hand. Her city was falling apart underneath her, and she would have to fix it.

“You will be watched, Eric. I have eyes everywhere. If you so much as even entertain the notion of exposing our kind, then you will join my dungeon as a food source. I will remove your hands and feet, tie you to a wall, drip an IV bag into your veins, and give your blood to hungry Kindred for months before I finally decide to simply stop replacing your source of nutrients. I will let you die of thirst, cold, and alone. Do I make myself clear?”

Her words earned a greater fear still, proper fear, the cold sword strike of fear to the heart, that lasted and carved into the soul. She did not enjoy the use of its power, unlike Jacob, unlike Nosferatu in general, but it was a valuable tool nonetheless. He stood up, nodded, and adopted the most rigid, military posture she imagined the man capable of with his apparently damaged knee.

“Yes ma’am.”

“My Prince, Mister Tanverson. I am your Prince.”

“… yes, my Prince.”

Again, something told her there was more to this man, but she could not understand what it was. Perhaps the thrall she would have shadow the man would answer the peculiarity, with time.

“Now that you understand how we do business, here in the heart of my city, you may rest easy, Mister Tanverson. You have done me a great service and I will be sure no Kindred or Begotten or Uratha harm you. Given time, you may find yourself to grow fond of the night life, and of the creatures that live within it.”

“… yes, my Prince.”

Utterly, deliciously perfect. The man was afraid of her, and a terrified being was one that could be crafted, molded, altered to fit the desired role. Lucky for Tanverson that she was a kind ruler.

“Since you work at Bloodlust, you will no doubt encounter creatures of the night on a regular basis. They will undoubtedly come to know you, and you will come to know them. And now with the threat of these hunters knowing your face, I will instruct the Invictus to keep an eye on Bloodlust, with a constant Kindred presence. It is in there territory, after all.”

Triss raised her hand up to her shoulder height, like a child trying to get attention without seeming too obvious. How quaint. Antoinette nodded in her direction to give her permission to speak.

“Erik’s actually already in it deep with the Invictus. Jessy’s doing him a favor with some kine business, so now she’s got her eye on him. Pretty sure she wants to bang him.”

Antoinette laughed, and leaned back to set her butt against the edge of her desk as she folded her arms underneath her bosom. “My dear boy, if Beatrice speaks true, you will be bathed in the pleasure of sex and the Kiss all too soon.”

The man squirmed, winced, but nodded. Other men would jump for joy if they knew of the pleasures Antoinette spoke of, and even in ignorance, they would still be excited. Not Eric Tanverson though. No, as she suspected, the man had baggage, was emotionally damaged, and likely wanted nothing more than to disappear from all the changes in his life, these new twists that were thrust upon him against his will.

Perhaps a night with Jessy’s flesh wrapped around his member and her teeth in his neck would change his mind? Antoinette tapped a finger on her chin as she looked at the man, and considered. Probably not, but, the man’s presence would at least bring a new life to Bloodlust, in a strange way. She looked forward to seeing the results.

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~~Jack~~

Jack woke up.

Well, that was a pleasant change from what a part of him was expecting. How he knew he might not wake up, when he was asleep, he wasn’t sure, but there was a tiny part of him that was genuinely surprised that he got to open his eyes and see the ceiling of—where the fuck was he? Groaning, he sat up, pain working through him as the wounds of the previous night struggled to heal.

He had hands. Oh thank fucking god he had hands again. He wasn’t sure he’d be able to regrow them at his age, and might have spent a few years without them. Fingers worked, thumbs worked, he could squeeze and grip again, and he tested them all as held them out in front of him.

He was lying on a bed, a nice one, elegant, big. There was a desk against the nearby wall with a laptop on it, and the room had wardrobes and some curtains and a rug and all the fancy frills the rich liked to waste on decor. Seemed like Viktor’s sense of decor too, so that would make this the underground bunker in Viktor’s mansion.

He looked down. Still in the clothes he was wearing yesterday, and still with some very blatant holes in his body, flesh torn open, parts of his musculature exposed; Kindred insides were dried, withered things, and didn’t look very nice with the skin off. He slid his feet off the bed and tried to stand, or at least that was the plan, but the moment he tried to move his feet he fell back and groaned into grit teeth. The ankle still wasn’t healed, so he wasn’t going anywhere without a wheelchair.

No wonder he’d managed to regrow his hands. All his healing had gone into regrowing them, and hadn’t managed to fix anything else.

“Still alive I see.”

Jack twitched, and looked to his side. Julias slid off the bed, and straightened out his suit pants and his white shirt. The suit jacket was on a chair by the desk, and the man sat down as he put on his shoes. Must have slept beside him on the bed; it was certainly big enough.

“I want to say no thanks to Triss, she ran me over. But, considering the circumstances, yeah, I owe her my life.”

His sire smiled, nodded, and turned the desk chair around to sit in it reverse while facing him.

“The Invictus owe you an apology.”

“Because you didn’t see this coming?”

“Exactly.”

“Eh, they’re humans, Julias. Kind of hard to figure out what they’re up to when they blend into the rest of the city so well.”

His sire sighed, but nodded again. No doubt the man was feeling guilty, and every time he glanced Jack’s way, he winced.

“You managed to escape though. Maybe not fully escape, but you… managed to do some impressive shit, Jack.”

“… thanks.” Jack lay back on the bed, and gulped on nothing as he pushed aside the pain. Hungry, very hungry, all his vitae gone to try and heal, and he needed more. But Julias already knew that, and would get him a meal from one of his thralls or something. This conversation was too important to interrupt.

“Fill me in on the details.”

Jack nodded, and recounted the tale. He told him about Jeremiah and Angela with the glass eye, told him about being tortured, told him about the handcuffs, told him about how he managed to push past its weird magic, dominate the two hunters, summon an army of rats, told him about dealing with the backlash, running through fire, and told him about getting run over. What a night, what a horrible, shitty fucking night.

“I was… surprised,” Jack said, “about the rats. I… I didn’t expect that to happen, to be able to summon so many of them.”

“We were equally surprised by the amount we found. Jessy and I were there to monitor the clean up. Amanda was there too. No one expected to find what we found, to see that many dead rats.”

Yeah, dead rats. Sounded so simple to say, but he didn’t like that so many died for him. Killing humans, seeing them die, drinking someone to death, those were eating him up too, but the dead rats, that was different. The beast inside him didn’t getting them killed.

“… so… what now?”

“Now,” Julias said, “the Invictus act. The hunters underestimated you, and you hurt them for it. So now we begin the hunt, and start the search for their group. Jeremiah and Angela are the x-factors we didn’t see coming, but now we know about them. We won’t make that mistake again.”

“Guess we were too focused on the four humans to consider that something bigger was going on.” Jack sighed, and stared up at the ceiling of the luxurious bunker room. Weight pushed him down into the bed, and more than just his body’s. “… do you think Damien had anything to do with this?”

“Because you talked to him last, before you were kidnapped?”

“Yeah. I… have trouble suspecting him. After all the shit that’s happened between him and I, I can’t see him just betraying me like that. And he did warn me that something like this might happen. I should have been more on guard, more careful.”

“Hard to be on guard for humans, especially in Dolareido where there’s millions of them in a tight space.” Julias turned around, and typed a few things into his laptop before looking back to Jack again. “I’ll get a couple thralls down here for some food for you, kid. Drink up and sleep. You’ll need another two or three days of sleep to heal the rest of your wounds I imagine, at least to the point you can move again.”

Sleep, yeah, he could do that. He could feel it, feel his body, his beast, wanting to slumber and let the damage fade away; once he’d eaten.

“I—”

“I’ll look into the Damien thing, Jack. He might not want to kill you anymore, but Maria might if she ever found out about Lucas. Then again, maybe not. Last I spoke to her, she seemed to understand how vile a man he was.”

“Maybe… people in love don’t usually act rationally, Julias.”

“True, too true.” The man adjusted his suit, his tie, and started toward the exit. “You did damn good Jack, and it’s no secret this time. Every vamp in the city, and werewolf and monster too, is going to know what you managed to accomplish. The Invictus will honor this, promote you, give you a raise, and see that your future tasks reflect someone of your stature.”

“… Julias, give it to me straight… is this how Viktor started out?”

His sire froze. Rare, to see Julias freeze, to see his shoulders and limbs come to a dead stop, and his hand reaching out for the exit lever froze too.

“You’re worried about it too, then?”

“… I guess I am, yeah.” He raised his hands again, and squeezed at the air to make sure they were working, that they were real. “And you are too, apparently.”

“None of us will ever be able to predict where we’ll be in a century’s time, Jack. Viktor was a… different man. He changed with time, in strange ways, and—”

“I get it, I get it. I have no idea who I’ll be in fifty fucking years, after I’ve killed how many more people. Twenty-one years old, and I’m starting to build up a list.”

“… you had no choice, Jack.”

“I know. I know and I get that, and I don’t need you to convince me it’s ok for a Kindred to defend themselves. Hell you don’t even need to convince me it’s ok for Kindred to kill kine; we’re not the same species, we’re the predator, I get that. Just… fucking christ. I…” Maybe he did have some growing up to do. But he didn’t want to grow up into Viktor. Where the fuck did that leave him? What sort of stupid, sick, twisted game was this, walking some sort of knife edge.

Julias came back to him, stood beside the bed, and looked down at him with a strange look. An adult look. God, Jack hated that look. Reminded him of the conversations his mom would have with her friends, not long after their dad died. That serious, adult, sympathetic but serious look. A look he didn’t want to be on the receiving end of, but he knew he probably damn well needed it.

“Kid, you have me, and you have Antoinette. You have a lot of years to go before you ever have to worry about the things that made Viktor who he was. Honestly, I’m surprised you asked.”

“I… when I reached out to break their minds, those hunters, and I realized I could, that I could break them like puppets, I… thought of Viktor, I guess. I knew he could do that too, that he had a talent for it, and then I remembered all the rats he summoned, and… and I knew, if I wanted to get out of their alive, I had to be able to do what Viktor would do, and willing to do it too.”

His sire winced, reached down, and touched his shoulder. “It was a smart play.”

There was more. He remembered how much he wanted to kill them, these humans that had the fucking nerve to try and capture him, torture him. He remembered the taste of violence on his tongue, and how satisfying it’d been to wreak havoc on the hunters who had the audacity to try and kill him. It was the words, it was how his mind had formulated the thought that got under his skin, that made him think about Viktor.

‘How dare they.’

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~~Eric~~

He still had his job.

One call to Ganders, a five minute call after the meeting with the Prince, to get the situation sorted out. Apparently knowing the name ‘Invictus’ was enough to get Ganders nervous, and excited. When Eric mentioned meeting someone by title of ‘Prince’, Ganders about lost it, exclaiming things like ‘I knew you were the right choice!’ and such, all while Eric just listened. Man loved his job way too much. Dracula’s thrall then, maybe? Eric smirked at the thought of the man haunched over, saying ‘master, master’ over and over.

The only problem was Ganders was only willing to give him two days off. He had to be in for the third. Told him he could sit down for the shift, but he needed to be there, because if what Eric was saying was true, then the Invictus would want him there. Apparently, they’d probably have someone over to talk to him, and set things straight. Delightful.

So, he sat in a booth on the second floor, since the other three bouncers were downstairs, and he waited, and watched. The red lighting, the club’s white pulsing light that joined it like a heartbeat, and the darkness of the second floor combined to create an atmosphere he could let his mind wander in. Processing everything that had happened was difficult, and he was worried about Fiona. But as much as the redhead was on his mind, the bigger thing on his mind was the werewolf thing.

Was he a werewolf? Not like he could ignore the dreams and hallucinations, couldn’t ignore that the moon had spoken to him, told him to breathe. The moon was whole at first, but the subsequent dreams had shown him the gibbous moon, and those dreams had him out in the wild, howling, hunting. He’d been a wolf. A wolf. A fucking wolf.

Breathe. He just had to breathe.

Fiona said she saw something in him, and she knew about his dreams and shit. He’d love, just fucking love to chalk it up to bullshit, and dismiss everything, but the girl had turned out to be a literal monster. Why would a monster lie to him? Hell, the fact she was a monster meant her words had some credibility, a shit load of credibility, considering the topic. And fuck, that crocodile mouth vampire only had to say the word werewolf, and it clicked like someone turning on a light switch in his head.

Christ, his knee was killing him. If he was a werewolf, wouldn’t that fucking heal or something? He assumed if he was a beast of legend, maybe he’d heal shit like—

“Eric!”

A young, bubbly voice yanked him out of his thoughts. Waving hands, bouncing red hair, and a green dress jumped up and down a few times from the stairway top, before running over to him, slipping into the booth with him, and hugging him. Hugging him full contact too, arms wrapping him and body snug to his. Soft.

“Fiona. You’re alive.”

“Well dinnae sound too excited.” She rolled her eyes, and plomped down next to him, tight against his side. “Ugh, it got pretty bad after ye left. That… that Jeremiah beast, he managed to stab me, and Athalia. ‘twas horrible! But Mark showed up eventually, and we managed to force them to retreat. Took him a while to show up though, and Athalia got hurt. She’ll be fine though.”

Athalia, right, the other monster, the one with the daughter. He almost brought it up, but if Fiona wasn’t bringing up this daughter, he probably shouldn’t either.

“… I am glad you’re alive. Really.” He tried to look sincere, or at least happy, but it just came off as fake. So he adopted his usual, dry face, and Fiona giggled as she smiled up at him.

“She is alive, thanks to you.” Another voice from the stairway. Jessy was back, with Natasha too. Jessy was in a black dress that barely covered her skin, and Natasha was dressed a little more conservatively, a blue dress with a longer body. Why did this Natasha girl insist on coming, when it was obvious she didn’t like the club atmosphere, even a relatively tame one like Bloodlust?

“Thanks to me?”

“She t-told us… that you… got her t-t-to the nightmare, when she was… shot.” Natasha came up to the table and stood by its side, while Jessy slid into the booth, opposite of Fiona, trapping him. Jackass woman smiled every second she did too, and like Fiona, got snug against his side and pressed her breasts to his arm.

“A kine with some balls,” Jessy said. “And hey, now you know about us vamps, and even the monsters. That makes you special, only human in the city not on a leash.” She set one of her hands on his leg, and stroked the tender muscle. At least she was being softer than he expected of an aggressive woman like her.

“I understand that… the P-Prince has some ordered some… Invictus eyes here all the time now?”

“Yeah.” Jessy looked around, tapped her chin a few times in thought, then nodded. “Oh, right, that’s me tonight.”

His life was, apparently, in the hands of a buffoon. Lovely. It had Fiona in giggles, and she reached out over him to poke at Jessy.

“I need a drink! And ye said we get the booth, Jessy?”

“Yeap.”

“… Fiona, unless I’m mistaken, Jessy and Natasha aren’t going to drink, and I’m working.” Bloodlust wasn’t New Vegas, people didn’t come to the club to get bottle service, convince girls to sit with them, and waste their money on ludicrous expenditures, modern-day peacocking. People came to Bloodlust because, compared to other nightclubs, it was subdued, quiet, discrete. Hilarious in retrospect, but true. Bloodlust was a dark place, where people came to drink, do drugs, fuck, and do it all with plenty of elbowroom.

Now that he thought about it, Bloodlust was more a lounge pretending to be a nightclub, but it was a specific motif that attracted a certain clientele. And, as he looked at Natasha and Jessy, he smirked. Vampire. The motif was dark, slick, deceiving, sexy, and dangerous. Bloodlust was made with vampires in mind.

“Let the girl have some fun, Eric.” Jessy shrugged, reached out across him to return Fiona’s poke, and laughed. “Just tell the bartender that Jessy sent you and you can get whatever you want for free.”

“Really?”

Oh good god he was going to get puked on before the night was done.

Fiona, giggling, hopped out of the booth, and ran downstairs. Only one waiter or waitress in Bloodlust usually; didn’t fit the vibe to have more, he guessed. People tended to themselves, and they enjoyed their privacy. Semi privacy, considering it was still bright enough to see nearby booths, and the people in them, a little anyway.

“… now that I think about it, I have trouble imagining this place making a profit,” he said.

Natasha chuckled, a couple squeaks almost lost in the repetitive heartbeat music. “It d-doesn’t.”

“No?”

“Nope.” Jessy leaned back, folded one knee over the other in a very obvious manner, and winked at him. “Invictus keep this place running as a place for Kindred to feed.”

“Kindred?”

“Our word for vampire.”

Guess he was right on the money then. The club was made by vamps, for vamps. And he was a bouncer for a place that didn’t need a bouncer, for a place concerned far more with creating dark corners for these creatures of the night to get their blood fix.

Sweet mother of fucking god, he was pulled into this crazy world before he ever even met Fiona.

“I’m g-going to go downstairs, Jessy, to talk to Ganders. P-Please be nice to Eric? He helped saved Jack, and—”

“I am going to be nice to him, in all the right ways.” She winked again. Too many winks. Woman had seen far too many movies, nineties movies by the look of her hair, her dress, her attitude, everything.

But, she was gorgeous, no denying that. A little tall, the short blond hair, the built body, muscular and lean but still feminine, but at the same time with broad enough shoulders to show should could throw a mean punch. And she was rubbing his leg.

Natasha rolled her eyes, and walked back toward the stairs, dodging Fiona as the Scot came back up to join them, a bottle in hand. The redhead jumped back into the booth, and set the bottle down on the table. Vodka. He almost laughed. Shouldn’t have expected something sweet with a swirly straw, but he did.

“Dinnae judge me!” She poured herself a shallow glass, and took a sip. “See, I can be sophisticated too.”

Uh huh. His smirk, or smile, stuck to him and refused to go away, even as the girl frowned at him, all the while sliding in closer on the booth, and taking a proper gulp of the drink.

“You know,” Jessy said, “this is a rare opportunity for us.”

Eric raised a brow. “Is it?”

“Not for you, for me, and Fiona. You’re the only human in the city that knows about us, who isn’t one of our servants.”

“What… does that mean for us?” Fiona said, a bit of coyness to her voice; she knew he wasn’t human. And judging from what Jessy and Natasha had said, they didn’t know he wasn’t. It was their little secret then. Or, huge secret, that could get him into serious trouble if he didn’t tell the vampires who now controlled his life.

Eh, he’d hold onto it, and see where this new life took him first.

“That means we can have some fun with him. Kindred manipulate kine all the time, but they’re always oblivious to it. With Eric here, we can make him dance to our tune, and the best part it, he won’t be oblivious to it.”

“And… I’m supposed to just sit here, and be manipulated?”

“You are, if you don’t want to wind up pissing off the vamps who have been so courteous as to leave you with your freewill intact.” Her hand found his leg again, and then his crotch. “I don’t think you’ll mind the sort of fun I plan to have with you though.”

Giggling all the more, Fiona took another gulp, and reached across with her other hand to slap Jessy’s hand. Which made Eric wince, as impact against his crotch was never a welcome feeling. Both girls giggled.

“Sorry,” Fiona said, and she raised her hand to rub his arm while the other got some more vodka into her. “Jessy, ye hae to be so aggressive, with sex and aw that?”

“Hell yeah. Besides, I took care of that Montoya business, told him to wipe Eric free of his debts and to leave him the fuck alone.” Her hand raised, and she took his chin a bit to direct it toward her, and shake it lightly. “So now he owes me.” Her dominant, assuming gestures would have been offensive, if the woman wasn’t eye-fucking the shit out of him as she did them.

“You took of Montoya, just like that?” He snapped his fingers in front of him.

She mimicked him, snapping her fingers, and gave him yet another wink. “Just like that. Invictus own him. Hell, if there’d been a real problem, I could have paid him off anyway. Not like you owed him that much.”

“… it’s a lot, when you have nothing.”

“Well, now you got something. Did the Invictus a favor, so we’ll keep you here at Bloodlust, making decent money and access to all the pussy you could ever want.”

Decent money, fucking hell. He was making great money now, and this woman was treating his new job like it was pennies. How fucking rich were these Invictus vamps?

“Somehow I doubt pussy is going to just walk up and—”

“Eric, really, you have got to get your head out of your ass. Ugh, the dark and brooding thing gets old after a while.” Jessy put her hand back on his crotch, and began to rub, massage, and caress in a surprisingly perfect way, enough to send the signals to his body, and make his shaft start to harden.

Damn, his body was going to betray him that fast? Shit, maybe he did need this more than he thought.

“He does ‘at a lot,” Fiona said. Girl was already getting tipsy.

“So I’ve noticed. Eric, serious question, you want to have sex? With women?”

“… I do, yeah, but—”

“And do you want to have sex with me, right now?”

Ok, aggressive was not aggressive enough of a word for this woman.

“… you are… attractive, and… I mean, I’d be lying if I said—”

“Good. So, servant boy, you are going to get a fair dose of pussy right now, and I’m sure plenty more in the future. Mine, and others.”

He gulped, and blinked several times at the blond next to him. Girl wasn’t blushing, hell she didn’t even flinch, or break eye contact as she met his stunned gaze. She batted her eyelashes a few times in ridiculous flirtation, and continued to rub his crotch until the hardness of his erection grew uncomfortable in his pants. Her abrasiveness and honesty was damn refreshing, and he had to admit, a real turn on.

“… ok, what do I—”

“Do absolutely nothing, just sit there and let us girls show you a good time. I’ve been a vamp for over half a century, and I can promise you, you ain’t fucked until you’ve fucked an older woman.” The grinning beast hiked up her skirt, and slid off the thong. She tossed it to Fiona, who giggled, already getting drunk and teetering a little, before she put it in Jessy’s purse on the table.

He gulped again, and waited. Part of him was a little afraid, as he realized this woman must have been at least seventy years old. Holy shit.

“Ever wonder why these booth seats are so damn huge?” Jessy said.

“… figured it was to give the place a bigger-than-life feel.”

“Maybe that too, but I was here when the old shit in here was taken out, and Bloodlust put in. Sex was the name of the game, and you can’t fuck in a tiny booth. Now, no more talking while I have some fun.”

He’d expected the brute of a woman to start mindlessly rubbing and really trying to be sexy without knowing how to be graceful or precise with her movements. He was wrong. He wasn’t dealing with some young woman who had a bit of a power trip, he was dealing with an older woman who just happened to look like a younger woman, who had a bit of a power trip. She knew exactly what she was doing, and her hand rubbed up against his crotch in angles toward its base that quickly had his breathing shortened.

Pulsing blood flowed into his crotch, and he looked down to watch as the shape of his erection started to show against his pants.

“If I was a Daeva or Ventrue, I could snap my fingers and have some chick over here sucking you off in seconds. Not really a Gangrel’s thing. Wouldn’t want it to be. We like to get our hands dirty, sink our teeth in, get sweaty.” She chuckled, and leaned in closer to put a playful bite long his jawline. “Well, sweaty when we’re blushing life anyway.”

“Think Julias does ‘at wi’ Beatrice?” Fiona said. Despite the blushing she was radiating, she didn’t move further away. If anything, she was getting in closer, pressing her body against his other leg, and a moment later she turned toward him enough that she put a hand on his leg. Every bit of her smelled of arousal.

“I know he does. Hell I’ve seen the two of them with a woman kine now and then, Kissing them in here, fingering her or having her pleasure the two of them under the table.” Jessy laughed, loudly, not a care in the world for the nearby booths where some people were starting to glance their way. ‘The bouncer getting it on with one of the customers?’ they were probably thinking.

Eric was powerless to stop his present circumstance. And, maybe for once in his life, that was a good thing. Just lean back, relax, and have sex with the beautiful woman who’s done nothing but favors for you. She’s not Sheryl, she’s not deceiving you; manipulating you sure, but all her manipulations were laid bare for him to see and evaluate. No lies here, just a hot girl taking advantage of you in a way you can’t really say you dislike. If Fiona had protested, he’d have protested too, but a glance down to the small girl beside him showed the opposite. Girl was terribly horny, her heavy breasts pushing her hard nipples against her dress, and her hand on his leg unable to hold still, stroking his thigh slowly.

She stopped stroking, and stared, as Jessy undid his shirt buttons to expose his abs and chest, then undid his pants, and pulled out his shaft. Damn woman winked at Fiona, and gave his hard length a few strokes. Eric had to fight the reflex to cover up, being in a public place, but Jessy’s grip and hungry eyes forced him to hold still.

Fiona stared at his member, and licked her lips. But when she tried to say something, she just let her mouth open, slightly parted, and watched the vampire stroke him.

“Slide forward.” The vampire woman climbed up onto his lap, and put her weight down against the booth with her knees.

He gulped, and slid forward half a foot. The booths were plenty big for it, and he had to admit, it was a more comfortable way to lean back and relax against the back of the seat.

“You’re a damn handsome man, Eric.” Jessy lowered herself down, spreading her legs out a bit more, and a bit more, until the smooth lips of her pussy brushed against the underside of his cock. Wet. God damn. “I look forward to our continued partnership.”

“Hey, he’s nae thraw.” Fiona frowned up at Jessy, but frown melted away as the girl stared at Jessy’s slit, at where the girl’s pink flesh was spreading further and further apart as she sank her weight down onto Eric.

“Yeah, no thrall. I’ll keep him vitae-free, s’long as you keep him on a leash, girl.”

“… ah… aye… ok.” Fiona stopped moving, stopped responding, and stared on as the vampire started to shift her hips back and forth.

So. Fucking. Warm. Wet warmth started to coat his cock, and a small groan escaped him as he melted into the booth while the beautiful, deadly creature grinned down at him.

“Since you know about Kindred, I don’t need to give you any BS about going bareback.” She slid her hips forward, pressed the opening of her pussy against the head of his cock, and then slid herself back down until her wet lips were snug against where his cock met his testicles. Not penetrating, not yet, girl wanted to tease him apparently, and rub her swollen clit up and down the underside of his length.

He was about to fuck a vampire. Or rather, get fucked by a vampire. He gulped again, and blinked a few times up at the creature as she grinned down at him, her grip on his shoulders and her legs tight around his. Five minutes in and she was wet enough to coat him, for him to feel her hot juices start to trickle down his length and get onto his abs and testicles. Girl really got off on being in charge.

“Fiona, hold him up for me would you?”

“W-What?”

Jessy laughed, winked, and raised her hips. “Come on, it’s fun. Take his cock in your hand, and point it up for me.”

Eric almost said don’t, like maybe it’d have been the nice thing to do, to defend Fiona from this girl’s ridiculous request. But, he didn’t. Maybe he realized Fiona had wanted to explore her own sexual side more, or maybe he was just a man and couldn’t deny how hot it’d be to have the beautiful little redhead next to him get involved in like that.

Her shock and surprise turned into a giggle, a very drunk giggle, and with a shaky hand, she reached out and took his shaft into her grip.

“Oh… warm…” She offered him a few, testing squeezes, and bit her bottom lip as she shifted her hand up and down the base of his length. “An’ wet.”

“I’m dying here,” Jessy said. “Come on.”

More giggles. Fiona squeezed him a few more times, gentle, and tilted his cock back and forth along his abs. Like a cat playing with a toy. Or a drunk girl playing with one. But, after yet a few more giggles, she solidified her grip, and kept his cock pointed upright.

Jessy laughed too; the Scot’s joy was contagious. Hell, just having the redhead next to him, leaning in, snug to Jessy’s leg, and smiling at him, was making him smile back. Smile turned into a soft moan as his eyes came back to his cock, and watched the vampire begin to sink herself down onto him.

Tight, wet, hot flesh coated him all the more, and he struggled to keep his eyes open as the woman devoured him. She danced a little, swayed her hips from side to side, made each inch send sparks of pleasure down his length as her squeezing insides massaged his glans. Purposeful squeezes, muscles clamping down in spurts, milking him as she worked inch after inch into her.

When her lips found the base of his length, she let out a long sigh, and ran a finger down his cheek.

“I can tell just by looking at you that it’s been a while.” She reached up to one of her shoulders, and eased off the strap. Then the other, easing the strap off until both were falling down her strong arms. She slipped out of them, let them fall off her hands, and she smirked at him as the dress turned into nothing more than a belt around her waist.

Eric gulped, stared, and nodded. Been a while, yeah, and his eyes were locked on the beauty of the creature like an awestruck kid. Jessy was strong and built like Beatrice, but a little taller with a little more muscle to go with. A lean, strong body, muscle, a hard, flat stomach, and somewhat large breasts that almost looked odd on her muscular body. Odd, but beautiful, and the vampire winked at him as she brought a hand up to one of those breasts, and began to cup and massage it in a slow, teasing dance.

“Normally I prefer a rough fuck, beginning to end, but Fiona’s here and I don’t want to frighten her off.”

“H-Hey… I’m… nae frightened.”

“Yeah?”

“Aye! Seen worse than this in mah hunts ‘ere in Dolareido.”

“Then…” Grinning a grin Eric recognized, the ‘evil woman concocting an evil plan’ grin, Jessy reached out, and slid two of her fingers into Fiona’s neckline. “Then take ‘em out.”

“… I… ye…”

“You got an amazing looking rack, Fiona, and I for one would love to look at it while I work a couple of orgasms out of your new boy toy here.”

This woman, holy shit this woman. She talked about sex like it was a sport, something to play with, boast about, master. And god damn had she mastered it. Eric could do nothing but sit there, and try and stop gawking so much as the woman began to slowly grind her amazing body back and forth against him.

Fiona peeked left and peeked right. Very dark on the Bloodlust second floor tonight, almost as if Jessy had planned this. Fuck, she had planned this. It wasn’t so dark they couldn’t see each other’s bodies or the other booths, but it was dark enough that people outside the booth would only see silhouettes. The silhouettes would have been blatant though, and there’d be no denying that a near-naked woman was riding Eric’s cock as he leaned back and enjoyed it.

The Scot hiccuped once, peeked twice, and then slid her hands up to her shoulders. Her open-back dress was easily undone, a lift of the strap along her neck up and over her hair, and then down onto her waist to let the chest of the dress fall to her legs, and expose her.

They were huge breasts, with swollen, puffy pink nipples against white skin. They were already large, but against her tiny body, they appeared massive, and both Eric and Jessy groaned at the sight of them.

“That,” Jessy said, “is an amazing set of tits.”

Eric nodded his agreement. He wasn’t supposed to speak, but if he could, the only thing he’d have to say would be shitty compliments that didn’t do the small, curvy woman’s beauty justice.

“… thank ye.” Fiona was blushing, but she wasn’t covering herself back up either.

Jessy leaned in, planted one hand against the back of the booth beside Eric’s head, and tilted her body toward Fiona a little. And, grinning that same evil grin, she reached out, and cupped the girl’s nearer breast.

“God damn.”

“H-Hey! Jessy ye wank-stain, ah dinnae say ye could touch!”

“Yes you did. Your nipples are standing up like they’re giving an ovation, Fiona, begging to be touched.”

“I—” Jessy put her finger against his lips before he could say anything.

“Ah still… dinnae… say…” Fiona’s voice faded away as she looked down, and watched Jessy’s fingers. The vampire seemed content to bounce Fiona’s breasts, pressing up on one of them hard enough to make it jiggle, to make its softness ripple against Fiona’s chest, before she did the same to the other. The little woman looked up at Eric beside her, and offered an embarrassed smile.

How easy it was to overpower someone’s brain when they were horny. Drunk and horny made it far easier besides that, and the young woman beside him was definitely both of those.

“Come on, it’s supposed to be fun, Fiona. Do whatever you want. Touch yourself if you think it’ll be hot.”

“Touch myself? Ye stole mah date! Ah’m watching ye fuck ‘em right now!”

“I’ll give him back when I’m done with him. Then tomorrow you can fuck him all you want.” Jessy ran her other hand up and down Eric’s chest, and made some animal growls as she leaned back, letting her hand fall from Fiona so she could put both her elbows upon the booth table behind her. “Unless you’re too scared to get sexual?”

Eric winced. Ugh, dirty, so dirty, and ruthless this Jessy. Fiona definitely had a large sexual need, but it was plain to see she was shy and new to all this. Jessy was super old, human and vampire years combined. Not a fair contest.

But Fiona blew up her cheeks like a puffer fish, and snuggled in closer, pressing her body against Jessy’s leg and Eric’s side.

“Ah should… do whatever ah want, ‘en?”

Jessy nodded, and started her dance again, but with her elbows still on the table behind her, so her leaning back position had her whole body on display. God damn that stomach, crunching and sliding as the woman squeezed down on his cock and slid her ass back and forth a couple inches.

“Anything you want. I mean, I’m not gonna stop fucking Eric till he’s good and dry, cum and blood. But yeah, anything you want. Join in. I think you’re fucking gorgeous, so does Eric, and the man has no choice but to listen to us.”

Woman didn’t know that Eric may have been something far less manipulatable. Fiona did, but she giggled and nodded, going along with the game apparently. Not like, even if he was a werewolf, he could stop these two women in his current predicament. Trapped.

Fiona turned to him, and slid her closer arm under his, hooking them at the elbow, and pressing her bare breasts into his suit. God damn they were huge breasts, soft except for the puffy nipples pressing into him. She twisted enough to face him more directly, and with her further arm, reached out and across to run her fingers down his body, his exposed chest and stomach.

“Is it horrible o’ me tae say ah absolutely loove men wit’… these?” She traced the lines of his pectorals, lean and defined. “Or… these?” Down they went, to trace the lines of his abs. “Or these? Ah… ah loove these.” Her fingers found his hips, exposed as his jacket and shirt were open and spread, and she traced the iliac furrow of his hips and pelvis. Her accent was getting thicker as she got drunker, and it made Eric smile. She sounded lovely.

Jessy laughed, and reached down to grab her dress at her waist. She slid it up and off with all the grace of an ox, and put it beside Eric on the booth as she got comfortable again, leaning back against the table. Completely naked, in a club. If she weren’t a vampire, Eric would probably have Ganders up here telling him to make it a little more discreet.

“I think it’s ok for women to indulge in a little objectification of men’s bodies every once in a while.” The vampire reached out, and set one hand on Fiona’s back, since the girl was so close. Fiona flinched, but no dismissing shrug or pushing hand followed; rather, a quiet moan. She wanted to be touched. “Well, I mean for me, I do it all the damn time, but I’m a bitch like that.”

The redhead giggled, and turned a little to face more toward Jessy again. “Yer built like an Amazon warrior, lass.” Her exploring hand traced a few more muscles on Eric’s chest and stomach, before they inched their way onto Jessy’s leg where it was snug to Eric’s side. Like a sneaky spider, she took small steps with her fingers, and walked her hand down Jessy’s leg, down her thigh, and onto the woman’s stomach as well where she began to do the same thing.

“I know, right? Built for fighting and fucking. The Gangrel way of a second life.” She reached up to get her arms over her head, and showed off her figure, her proportions, her muscular body that worked with her feminine curves and tight waist, and her plentiful breasts that she made jiggle with a few bounces. “But hey, got some soft parts too.” Grinning an animal grin, she reached down for Fiona’s hand, and nudged it down lower, and lower, until it found the smooth mons of the girl’s body, and then, her clitoris.

“… Ah… oh…”

Eric stared on, and didn’t try and hide the groan that came out of him. Jessy leaned back again, and began to grind her hips back and forth in slow, deep, perfect sways, each accented by a hard squeeze of her insides that had pleasure sparks dancing down his cock. But Fiona’s touch on the animal’s clit was what had Eric awestruck. A woman, massaging another woman’s clitoris, while said woman rode him, so he could feel every clench, squeeze, shift, grind, and twist of her body? He had no idea, no idea at all how good this would feel, how arousing it would look, and how much it’d make him melt. No blood left to power his brain, to think about all the shit happening in his life, when all the blood he had available to him was currently between his legs.

“I know that look too,” Jessy said. “That’s the ‘first time with two women’ look.” Again she laughed, even as her pace grew faster, and some moans started to slip into her voice. “Or at least, first time you’ve ever enjoyed two women at once, who’re actually enjoying themselves.”

Not allowed to talk, not allowed to defend himself. Other than a failed threesome that had been awkward, his sexual history had always been one on one. So, he really had no defense anyway. Damn woman was such a jackass about it though. A really, really hot jackass.

Jessy raised her elbows, gripped the table edge with her hands, and increased her speed. Back and forth, she pushed herself faster, fast enough Eric started to move with the impact of each thrust. And then faster again, until what was once an almost hidden bout of sex in the dark, became an obvious affair of rough sex for anyone nearby to notice. And people did notice, though as far as Eric could see, anybody nearby who were staring, stared only long enough to get aroused, and begin their own sexual experiences in their booths with their partners.

Despite Jessy’s increased speed, Fiona managed to keep her thumb on the animal’s clit. She had to lean in snug to Eric’s side, her closer arm still hooked behind his, and she braced against him to keep steady as she kept a thumb against the swollen nub of Jessy’s pussy. The blond was half fucking Eric, half forcing her hips forward to rub herself against Fiona’s thumb, and the longer she went on, the wetter, and wetter she got. But she didn’t blush, or so much as glance over her shoulders to see if anyone was staring. The animal grew faster instead, and growled down at Eric as she squeezed on him hard enough to almost hurt.

Just as the pleasure sparks were starting to grow, and he could feel his warm juices begin to build underneath his testicles, Jessy slowed down. Her insides clamped down, and as the random spurts of clenching waves worked through her muscles, Eric made a quiet moan as he felt her cum start to coat him.

“Feels… fucking… amazing… doesn’t it?” Talking mid orgasm, Jessy winked at Eric as she continued her dance at a slower speed, still holding the table to brace herself as she pushed her hips back and forth. Showing off. Each wave caused her flat stomach to roll with the motion, a wave of perfect skin and sexual allure flowing back and forth on his body, all the while trickling more of her juices onto his cock. Her orgasm earned some dark, quiet animal growls, and she quivered a few times, making her breasts bounce lightly against her. But she didn’t stop dancing, only slowed down as she milked the waves of her orgasm aftershocks.

“Ye’re… making me jealous…” Fiona set her hand aside, resting it on Jessy’s leg and giving the woman’s clit a break. Or, maybe the Scot just wanted a better view of where the blond’s cunt was spread open on Eric’s cock. So very wet.

“Aw, don’t be like that. I’m four times your age, Fiona. I had to work my way up to this level of awesome. Besides, nothing hotter than a young woman learning what she likes.” Jessy sat up straight, set one hand on Eric’s shoulder again, while the other reached out to touch Fiona’s leg, and slipped a hand underneath the split of her skirt. “And you, Fiona, I bet you got a wild girl side, right? I think a part of you wants to meet Mister Right, curl up in bed, and have slow, tender, loving spoon sex all the time. But another part of you loves the idea of suddenly finding yourself sitting next to a man and woman having sex in a booth, while the woman reaches under your skirt, and starts to finger you. The thrill of not knowing what might happen next.”

Fiona opened her mouth, but instead of a protest, she gasped. Gasp turned into mewl as Fiona turned straight on toward Jessy, pressed her back to the booth, her side to Eric’s arm, and began to ease her legs apart. This Jessy was too damn good. A young woman having a wild girl inside of her who wanted to experiment was pretty normal, but to be split between that and a girl who wanted a far more vanilla sexual life was a bit more unique. And Jessy seemed to see that, catch onto it quick, and delight in seeing the conflict on Fiona’s face as she eased her hand underneath the girl’s underwear, forced it down enough to expose some of the girl’s milky skin, the tiny, trim bush of red hair, and then slip her fingers into the girl’s body.

Much as this Jessy was a brute, a bully, and an almost savage woman, she certainly knew her way around sex, both physically and mentally. Fiona was helpless to stop her, and stared on at the animal and how her palm was upturned while two fingers eased their way into her folds. Her underwear was still on, but Jessy had managed to pull down the front of them enough for her hand to have free access, and for Eric to see everything, juices included.

Jessy started her dance again, grinding her hips toward Eric’s body, grip tight on his shoulder, while her other hand’s fingers probed upward against Fiona’s insides. And Fiona, snuggling into Eric’s side, drunk and topless and so horny he could smell sex coming out every pore on her body, raised her further arm from him to her breasts. While her other arm was hugging his, the further arm reached up to cradle one of her breasts, and began to caress one of her nipples with circling fingers.

Too much, too damn fucking much. He closed his eyes for a moment, breathed deep, and focused on the pleasure starting to flow down from his cock, between his legs, and into his pelvis. Jessy’s muscles were working his length without break, back and forth, stroking, massage, soaking, wringing pleasure out of him with practiced perfection. He was helpless, totally outclassed, and could do nothing but force his eyes open, and watch the two beautiful women as he started to cum.

“Hey, you dick.” Jessy slid the hand from his shoulder to his neck, and gave it a gentle squeeze. “Not even a warning?”

“… s—”

She put the hand against his lips, shook her head, and laughed as she slid it back to his shoulder, and continued to grind against him. Each pulsing wave of pleasure forced his inner muscles to flex, forced a gush of his cum to pour up his length, and forced him to tremble ever so slightly. And as he did, Fiona turned, and stared at him, his body, and his cock where the vampire’s pink lips were spread around his dark skin. His cum was starting to leak out of the vampire, spreading over his skin as her clenching pussy milked it out of him.

Fiona started to squeak like a dog’s chew toy, a bunch of little squeaks, adorable, cute, and very sexy, as each squeak made the woman tremble, and hold his arm tighter as she came onto Jessy’s fingers. Her breasts shook with her, jiggling with their heavy size, and the softness of them, no longer held in her hand as her free arm reached out to hold onto Jessy’s wrist. The vampire growled a little louder, hungry, and she leaned in to Eric until she was only a few inches from his face. She never stopped her dance, muscles squeezing in spurts, each timed with her swaying, and each timed to milk the fluid out of him as it filled his length before flooding into her.

What sort of fucking insane sex world had he been dragged into? A warrior, fucking him dry, while a soft, beautiful little creature clutched his arm, squeaking and mewling, as said warrior fingered her harder. Dolareido was sometimes called Slut City, but fuck, this was a new level of sexual confidence than he was prepared for.

It was sort of amazing.

“If we were back at my place or something, I’d get messy, and rough, you know?” Jessy withdrew her hand from Fiona’s insides, and raised it up to set it along the girl’s breasts. Poor Fiona was gasping, panting, trying to get oxygen into her as she quivered, all while Jessy left wet lines over her pink nipples, alabaster skin, and a splattering of freckles, lit by the pulsing lights. “But I think this will still work.” The vampire reached down for Eric this time, his free arm, and set his hand on her ass. Firm, hard, and large. She took his other as well, and pulled it forward, out of Fiona’s embrace, then back and over Fiona’s head so he could lay the arm upon her shoulders and behind her head.

He almost opened his mouth again, but shut it quick. Not the game. Jessy wanted him to nod, to submit, to just do whatever she told him to do. And hell, he kind of wanted to do just that.

He looked down at Fiona beside him. With her dress pulled down and skirt opened and pulled to the side, she was basically naked, and he gulped as he stared at her body, her short, curvy figure, her huge breasts, and listened to the sound of her panting and exhausted moans. Her underwear glistened with how wet it had become.

“Jessy, ye… ye’re… a real slut, ye ken?”

“Yeap.” The vampire took Eric’s hand dangling about Fiona’s side, and guided it to press it to one of her breasts. “Feels good, doesn’t it? Nice, big, heavy, fills the hand. Play with her while I make us all cum again.”

So. Damn. Soft. With his arm out of the way, Fiona was pressing against his side, and only Jessy’s knee between them prevented any major contact. It didn’t stop Fiona though, and she snuggled into him as best she could as she looked up to him.

“… Ah think… Ah may be a bit blootered,” she said.

He rolled his eyes. Yeah, no duh.

“B-But, Ah… came to Dolareido for a few reasons. Mah home town was boring, an’ Vrall needed prey. But, ‘twas also boring for me too, and Ah needed… something… wild.” One of her hands found his where it rested on her breast, and she helped press it to her body, her hard nipple, until the softness of the alabaster breast overflowed his hand. The Red Shoe Diaries confession would have been horribly cheesy and ridiculous, if he wasn’t smack dab in the middle of it, with his hand caressing her breast and his other holding the ass of another woman riding his cock.

Jessy had all the control, and she used it, bathed in it, grinned at him as she started to ease her body back and forth again in a slow sway, each causing her stomach to roll. Those abs, holy fuck. Each slow, rocking motion of her body was joined by a long, massaging squeeze of her cum-soaked insides, and Eric shivered as he felt her warm juices renew. So damn warm, tight, and her squeezing muscles knew just what to do to leave him breathless, each motion causing her wet pussy to massage along his swollen, sensitive glans, and every inch of his length.

But as much as she was fucking him again, she kept it slow, teasing; it was Fiona who was getting the brunt of Jessy’s aggression. The vampire slipped her two fingers back into the little woman’s slit once again, and began to finger her, but this time she pulled the hand up with a rough motion that caused the tiny Scot to bounce slightly in her seat. She was going to finger the curvy little woman, and finger her hard.

Eric gulped, and watched, hand still holding onto the redhead’s breast as she began to mewl. To hold a woman, hold her breast, feel her snug against him, as another woman fingered her hard and fast, was really hot, no two ways about it. He went comatose mode, mouth parting a sliver as he stared down at the tiny thing beside him, her bouncing breasts, and her spread legs.

“Consider this your introduction to a Kindred’s world.” Jessy chuckled, and continued her harder fingering of the tiny woman. Relentless. She started to work her own body a little faster, but it was all secondary, an afterthought, based on where her eyes were: Fiona. Both of them were staring at Fiona, and listening to her bubbly mewls. Such a young thing compared to either of them, and drunk; made Eric feel a bit guilty. But she was more than just a young woman, and Eric forced himself to remember she was more than human too.

Hard to focus on the non-human element, when the very human, very beautiful half-naked woman was cumming again. So soft and curvy, her free breast jiggled and bounced, while the other in Eric’s hand struggled to free itself of his grip as Fiona’s trembling grew. He didn’t let it. He began to caress it, massage it, two of his fingers circling her puffy nipple while the others held the large shape of her breast secure.

Fiona reached out, and grabbed Jessy’s wrist with one hand, while her other pressed against Jessy’s leg. “S… slow… doon…”

The vampire did, for a moment. But after a sinister chuckle, Jessy resumed fingering the curvy redhead, fingers thrusting upward hard enough to make all of Fiona’s body shake against the booth, and for her squeaks to return. Squeaks, and juices. Even in the darkness of the club, Eric could see how wet Jessy’s fingers were getting, and he could smell sex, smell the body and heat and need coming out of Fiona. The small woman’s grip on Jessy’s wrist was futile, and the vampire continued to finger her, despite her mewls and squeaks growing quieter, becoming breathless pants as the girl ran out of air.

He held her as she came, felt her heart beating a million times a second, and felt her soft body quivering in orgasm, while bouncing from Jessy’s forceful fingering. And through it all, Jesy’s dance on his cock got faster, shifting back and forth in a rolling tide. The impact of her arm was making her own body tremble, and Eric’s eyes drifted to Jessy, her hard stomach, her smooth lips spread open by his cock, her shaking breasts, and her sinister grin. It felt good. It felt really good.

He was starting to get a picture of what these vampires were like. Maybe it wasn’t a very accurate picture, given the few vamps he’d ever known, but this Jessy girl had so much confidence in herself and what she was doing, all Eric could do was watch, and let her shaking, dancing body work him toward a second orgasm.

Fiona went silent. Not because she passed out, but she simply had no air left. Jessy, perhaps feeling a bit lenient, slipped her hand out of the girl’s body, and set her soaked fingers onto Eric’s chest. The small woman’s squeaks returned, as did her trembling, and she leaned her head onto Eric’s shoulder as she shivered.

“God damn she’s a firecraker,” Jessy said. “Look at her, shaking like a leaf. And she drenched me.” She traced Eric’s chest with her fingers, drawing lines with Fiona’s juices along his muscles. “Your turn.”

“I—”

“No no, no talking. Just sit back, relax, and cum all you want while I get a drink.” The vampire leaned in, grinning the whole way, and put her lips to his neck.

A part of him, the animal in him, wanted to push her off and fight her. She was dangerous, and that new instinct in him was feeling fangs on the neck, feeling vulnerable, feeling exposed, feeling like this dangerous animal might take advantage of him. But, the man in him was a bit too busy melting in a bath of pure sex to care.

When the fangs pierced him, there was a split moment of pain, so short he almost didn’t notice it. And then, pleasure. Overwhelming waves of relaxation flowed through him, pouring up and down his body, his tense muscles, settling the pain in his knee and all the bruises. Pleasure amplified, turning the pleasant, massaging grip of her pussy around his cock into an overpowering bliss. Orgasm came moments later, and he let out a low, quiet groan as his cum started to gush out of him once again.

“Jessy, Ganders says we—what are you d-doing?”

Eric forced his eyes open, and looked out to the open space between the booths. Natasha stood there, hands on her hips and a chipmunk frown on her lips.

Jessy’s head was on Eric’s neck, between him and Fiona, so Eric got to watch Natasha stand there, tapping her foot and growing more and more annoyed. Eric, on the other hand, was doing his best to not pass out, as the vampire’s suckling lips poured a strange euphoria over him. He couldn’t focus on anything anymore, could barely see Natasha beside him, only aware on the relaxing waves working up and down his body. Each waved earned a gush of his cum, and he made another small groan as he felt the warmth of it coat the vampire’s tight, soaked insides. And, as she suckled, her own juices joined his, her insides trembling and squeezing in random convulsions, milking him of his cum.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

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~~Natasha~~

Oh god damn it.

“J-Jessy, you… you’re naked!”

The evil vampire woman chuckled, raised her lips from Eric’s neck, and wiped a hand across her lips. She was shaking, in a way Natasha knew meant she was cumming. Right in front of everyone!

“God damn this fucker tastes good.” And of course, not to be deterred by a conversation, the animal woman talked, and moaned at the same time.

“D-D-Don’t drink too much! He gave Jack some b-blood, remember?”

“Yeah yeah. Still, seems he’s got a good amount of blood. I’m pretty happy with him.” Jessy raised her hands, then leaned back as she ran fingers down her breasts and abs, little orgasm tremors still working through her. “Mm, nice and full.”

Natasha stepped around a little closer. Yep, suspicions confirmed. Jessy wasn’t just drinking the man, she was fucking him. Natasha couldn’t help but stare at how her pink lips were spread over the man’s dark skin, and how… utterly delicious that looked. And then they drifted over to Fiona, and Natasha squeaked as she realized the redhead had her dress down, legs spread, skirt hiked up, underwear pulled down a couple inches, and looked exhausted.

Fiona was only four inches taller than Natasha, which barely put her into the five foot range. A small girl like her, but wow, Fiona had large breasts. The Mekhet smacked herself in the forehead, and shook herself out. Now was not the time to get drawn into Jessy’s insatiable sexual appetite.

“Sat-t-tisfied?”

“I’ll have you know, I am. Since you won’t play with me anymore, I’ve been lonely! The boys have been lonely too. Needed to spice up my life a bit.”

Right, cause sleeping with four ghouls, at the same time, and on a regular basis, wasn’t spicy enough for Jessy. As if to prove that true, Jessy started to work her hips back and forth, hands holding the table behind her, and moans escaping her fangs.

Natasha watched her for a few too many seconds before she reached out, and flicked the naked woman in the shoulder. “Come on, get dressed! And… cleaned up.”

“Fine fine.” Jessy slid off the man, slowly, teasingly. Natasha again couldn’t control her eyes, and watched as Jessy’s pussy slid off of Eric’s cock, and the thick phallus fell loose against his abs. Traces of juices, and white cum, joined its veins and girth. It was enough to have Natasha craving some alone time with her boyfriends; thank god she wasn’t blushing life. Jessy reached into her purse for a wetnap, and wiped away all the sex that had accumulated all over them, in mere seconds at that, her decades of practice showing through. Nice of her. She half expected Jessy to force the two exhausted victims to clean themselves up.

Fiona and Eric were still conscious. Fiona was understandable, but for Eric to still be awake was surprising, given how much blood he must have lost, feeding two Kindred, and how one Kiss was normally enough to pull a kine into a blissful sleep.

“S-Sorry about her, Eric,” Natasha said. “She um… she’s… she’s a slut.”

“Hey, don’t poke the bear. Think I don’t got some juicy stories I can share about you?” Shrugging, Jessy stood up on the floor for everyone to see, slipped on her thong, and then her dress. She made a show of it too, offering a few enthralled viewers a wink.

It probably was best to not poke the bear. Jessy could easily begin a tale of Natasha’s sexual exploits with the Gangrel’s ghouls, and all the kinky things she’d done with them. Apparently, all a precursor to her new sexual life with two werewolves, that Jessy had somehow orchestrated. She was dumb brute of a woman, and yet, frustratingly intelligent and manipulative when she wanted to be.

Jessy cleaned up Eric, pulled up his boxers and pants, and did them up to hide his privates. And then she began to do the buttons of his shirt, smirking at the bouncer with each one.

“You ok there, man?”

“Yeah, just… very… drained.”

“Ha! Yeah, Kiss will do that.” Jessy pat the exhausted man on the hand, and then walked around the booth to slide in with Fiona. And just as with Eric, she helped put the girl back together. Fiona had not been Kissed, and yet, she looked spent, as if someone had forced a dozen orgasms on the girl; no doubt Jessy had. Well, Fiona had wanted to experience the sexual side of Dolareido, a side she said she’d seen a lot of, but had never actually partaken of.

A first time with Jessy was like learning how to swim in the deep end.

Natasha smiled at Eric as the man struggled to regain his composure. “D-Don’t… be embarrassed, ok? This sort of stuff happens here in Bloodlust all the… t-t-time. In fact, um, if you’re single, I suggest you… enjoy it.”

“Aye!” Fiona shouted, earning a small jump from Natasha. The girl had a bottle of some alcohol, and she poured herself some more of it to drink. “Ah think ah will!”

Oh no, Jessy had corrupted her.