

~~Jack~~

Two weeks later.

“She sounds like she was an amazing woman,” his mom said.

“She was a total hard-ass and a bitch. But, yeah, she was pretty amazing in her own way. Fiona’s wrecked. I haven’t seen Athalia since, but I bet she’s taking it worse.” He took a sip of his red. “It had me... feeling a little sad, and thinking about us, you know? We don’t talk as much as we should.”

“You’re Invictus. I’m Ordo, sort of. And you have big responsibilities. I’m just a fledgling, trying to learn the ropes.”

“I know I know. But still, we should talk more.”

She nodded, smiling as she sipped from her glass. The two of them were in his mansion, but not in one of the rooms. So many rooms, rooms he didn’t need. They sat on the stairs in the lobby, in front of the big double doors, with a cool bottle of blood and a couple wine glasses. Both in suits, too. They looked ridiculous, and they’d laughed about it the first time. And the second time. By the tenth time they saw each other in suits, they’d gotten used to seeing each other in expensive clothes. How quickly one grows accustomed to wealth, Antoinette would say.

Well, he couldn’t grow accustomed to a bunch of fancy rooms. He liked the stairs. Did in his old home, and he did here.

“My mom wasn’t like her at all,” she said. “A lot softer. I guess I got a lot from her.”

“And granddad?”

“Quiet guy. Reserved. Bit like you. But this was the 50s, right? The only time a man was allowed to be emotional was when he was drunk.”

“Heh, don’t feel all that reserved these days.”

“Me neither. But your girlfriend changed life for the both of us.”

He glared at his mom hard, until she raised a brow and took a sip.

“What has Antoinette been telling you?”

“What? About what?”

“Sex.”

She coughed up a bit of the blood, but managed to keep the glass close and sputtered into it instead of all over his very, very nice stairs.

“You want to have the sex talk?”

“Ugh, no, not really. Just hearing you say ‘sex’ makes me clench. I think we should just both accept we’ll never really be comfortable with each other’s sex lives.”

“You think?”

He nodded. “I think. I’m never gonna be comfortable knowing my mom has a sex drive. And Dad’s dead and gone, so I get it, but... bleh.”

Laughing, she took another sip, conveniently avoiding eye contact.

“Talking about our sex lives is probably a little weird for a mom and son to do. But at the same time, sex seems to be the most common topic in Dolareido. At least in this part of South Side. And with vampires.”

This part of South Side was half of the whole damn city. Jack grew up in the other half, closer to the Carthian half.

“True, true. It’s hard to talk about anything really without it coming back to sex in Dolareido. Or with vampires.”

His mom grinned, took another sip, and raised the glass to him. “So we can avoid talking about it, at least when it comes to each other. But a little bird told me you have a very satisfying sex life, and are quite the lover.”

“Mom! The fuck!?”

“Hey! No cursing in front of your mother.”

He squirmed, groaned, took another sip, and damn well did not look her in the eye. “It’s pretty great, yes, okay? Happy? You’ve scarred your son.”

“Very.”

“Well, a little bird told me someone’s been in the spotlight of a few orgies. Center of attention and everything.”

“Jack!”

“Hey, I can play dirty, too.”

She scrunched up her nose at him, total chipmunk mode. Kinda reminded him of Natasha.

“At least I’m not building a harem.”

“It’s not a harem! It’s one girl!”

“So far.”

His turn to scrunch up his nose. “You’re a Daeva. You’ll build something like one eventually.”

“Like your girlfriend?”

“Well, I mean, she has two ghouls, and—”

“Girl ghouls. That must have been fun.”

His mom wanted to keep teasing him about his sex life. She’d changed. Either her new life was rubbing off on her, or her Daeva blood was emerging. It all mixed into a weird concoction on the subconscious, how the bloodline emerged in personalities. Jack always had a bit of a superiority complex, and he had no idea if it’d grown because it was just who he was, or because he was Ventrue.

“It was fun! Okay? Lots of fun. And you’ll get a couple ghouls you’ll get attached to that you’ll bring along to your orgies.” There, that earned another nose scrunch from her. Point for him. “I’m sure Antoinette’s told you about that.”

“Yeah. And Othello is super attached to his ghoul Madison. Only feeds off her.”

Jack leaned in toward her. “How many times have you fed off her?”

“Madison? Um... uh... a few times.”

“Uh huh.”

“Ok, maybe ten times.”

“In the middle of sex?”

“... maybe.”

He laughed. Ok, maybe this wasn’t so bad. If Mary could talk to his mom about this, maybe he could too? They were all adults. Well, he was barely an adult, but he was getting there.

“Ok well, I have one girl. You have zero. Is your first thrall going to be a boy or a girl?”

“What? I don’t know that!”

“Mom, I’d be lying if I said most girls in Dolareido weren’t, uh, swinging both ways. Which includes you, apparently.”

“That is... not something I’ve thought about. Getting a thrall, I mean. Not even a year embraced.”

“That hasn’t stopped some vamps. Vinculum works no matter how old you are. It’s a big responsibility to have a thrall, but some Kindred, like Jessy, got themselves some sex slaves the moment they could.”

“Sex slave? That sounds horrible.”

He rolled his eyes. “Yeah I used to think the same thing. It’s, um, a pretty popular fantasy for a lot of people. A lot lot... lot of people.”

His mom squirmed and looked back down at her drink. “That’s just a fantasy! We shouldn’t force things on people.”

“More than a few vampires have taken a thrall or ghoul against their will. Much as it sucks, they’re prey, and we’re the predators. We get to do what we want to them.” He didn’t like that. Julias didn’t like that. And his mom didn’t like that. “But, there are ways to offer it to them. If they say no, you can get a Ventrue to wipe their memory of the conversation. No harm no foul.”

“Antoinette told me about that.”

“And normally, you tell them they can become a vampire eventually if they accept the deal. Veronica’s on the same deal.”

“Aaaand the sex slave deal?”

“She isn’t a sex slave. She’s my thrall.”

“Uh huh.”

“It’s true! Veronica is not—”

“Master? You called?”

Veronica walked into the grand entrance lobby of the mansion, dressed in her maid uniform. Except, not the more modern, sophisticated maid uniform, which was a borderline suit. Nope, she came out in a maid uniform you’d wear if you were looking to play the role in a porn film.

Samantha blinked at her, blinked at Jack, and then back at Veronica. Veronica blinked at Samantha, at Jack, noticed Jack vehemently nodding for her to go back the way she came, and she one-eighty’d and walked away.

If there was one way he was going to die, it was from awkwardness about sex stuff around his mom.

“That, was not my idea,” he said. “Antoinette got her those clothes, and sometimes she, uh, randomly puts them on.”

“Uh huh. It won’t be long before my son has a bunch of servants to take care of his mansion and his sexual needs.”

“I have a girlfriend!”

“Who’s probably encouraging this degenerate behavior.”

“Degenerate? I—” He stopped. She was smiling. She was teasing him. So he did the only thing he could do. He laughed. He’d changed a lot, but so had she, and in more ways than her sexual tastes.

It was still kinda weird, thinking about his mom having orgies with the witches. Thinking of his mom doing sexual things to Madison, while drinking her, probably touching her, while Jacob did things to her? Yeap, skeeved him right out.

But it was still nice to talk to his mom about stuff, about life.

“I think getting a thrall might be a bit much right now,” she said. “I’m still trying to wrap my mind how to hunt, and how to make sure I avoid the sun. And Antoinette has me reading history books about cults and stuff. Takes up a lot of my time.”

“Interesting?”

“Kinda yeah. Apparently reading about dark cults scratches the same itch watching crime documentaries does.”

“Sounds like it would.”

“Yeah. The stuff I read about is pretty scary, and knowing it actually happened makes it so much more interesting to read about.” She took another sip as she looked up, hunting for a new thought. “The Prince is happy you put a stop to the war.”

“Azamel put a stop to it.”

“Aw don’t say that. Antoinette says it was mostly you.”

“I... guess it was. I couldn’t seal the deal without Azamel.”

“I should talk with Athalia.”

“What? Why?”

“She’s lost so much, you know? She lost her daughter, and now she’s lost her mother. Mother figure.”

“Antoinette says her relationship with Daniel’s progressed quite a bit.” The Prince basically forced Daniel to go to Athalia’s side after Azamel died. Apparently it worked out pretty well. “I—”

A message buzzed his phone. Something from Antoinette.

~I would like to go out tomorrow night. To Bloodlust perhaps, with your friends, and mine.~

~Like last time?~

~Ben oui.~

~Uh, with mom?~ Please no please no. Talking about sex with his mom was hard enough. If everyone got topless again, and his mom was there, the awkwardness really would get lethal.

~Your mother has a prior arrangement.~

~Oh thank god. Sure, I’ll be there.~

~Wonderful.~

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~~Antoinette~~

“So Michael and I will stop trying to kill each other. For now.” Garry shrugged, and leaned back in his chair.

Antoinette, seated at the head of her table in the grand Primogen meeting room, offered Garry and Michael thankful nods.

“I am glad you have set your differences aside.”

“I wouldn’t say that,” the Carthian said. “But tempers have cooled a bit. We can keep the peace, for now.”

“Agreed,” Michael said. “Xnomina and Terra Den will handle the expenses for damages.”

Men. Instead of solving their differences with words, they solved them with fists, punching each other as if each collision contained meaning, as if each jab was a point or counterpoint in a debate. It was a method of arguing that humans — and evidently vampires — had been using for thousands of years before the invention of language, men in particular. And perhaps there was something to it,

something to the raw exchange of brute force that spoke to a part of the mind she simply did not have, or had long repressed.

If that was what it took to get these two men to speak with each other again, with perhaps a rather harsh scolding from a young Ventrue, then she doubted she could have had the success Jack's plan had managed. She could have done something no doubt, tricked them in much the same way she had Viktor Honors and her old lover Tony. But to come to this result? Only someone young, and likely male, could have thought this plan would have worked, and be correct.

"And the dead Kindred?" Jacob asked. Once again, her old friend was dressed in his old, dark robes. To him, the Primogen meeting should have resembled the meetings of the ancient days, of vampires hiding in caves and casting dark magics around a cauldron, boiling, with human bones within.

Jacob and Antoinette both knew he looked handsome, dashing, and oddly appealing in a suit, when he chose to wear one. It was part of what made it so infuriating, as if Jacob enjoyed taunting her with the lack of a suit, more than he enjoyed wearing the robe. Though she knew he wore suits occasionally, when taking Samantha out to visit the more extravagant and expensive locations in Dolareido; it had many.

Of course, after such events, he took her back to his cave, where he and his witches indulged in an utter buffet of sexual delights. Suits had no place in an environment where sex was had upon fur pelts, and against sloped walls of stone.

"Three vamps dead," Garry said, "each. Yeah, it sucks. But shit came out even. We're not gonna throw fists over it."

"Agreed," Michael said once again. "Xnomina and Terra Den will negotiate some property contracts as well. Hopefully we can avoid issues with goods distribution, while maintaining some territory balance. The Mirrden District will be shared."

Maria lifted a single finger from the table. "The Masquerade remains intact. All in all, for these two Gangrels to stop squabbling, with such minimal damage to Kindred, the city, and the Masquerade, is quite a feat."

Antoinette offered the corpse woman a small nod. Even in Dolareido, where Antoinette did her best to foster a spirit of cooperation in its Kindred, elders included, they could still be quite callous with the lives of those within. Antoinette agreed with Maria, that six deaths was ultimately a small loss. Jack would not agree.

“Finally,” Jacob said. “I was worried about stepping outside my house, and getting shot up in a drive by.”

After that, the meeting went on as per usual. Maria spoke of the Lancea et Sanctum and her progress in reviving it. A dozen Kindred now came to the cathedral, and listened to her and Damien speak of Longinus and the supposed decree passed down to all vampires. Utter stupidity, but Antoinette let her speak. After, Garry and Michael spoke of the finer details of territory proposals, and how the Carthians and Invictus could handle the borders better, such as at the Border Bar.

Garry and Michael knew of Jacob’s potential allegiance to Black Blood, but they did not so much as look the man’s way; no more than usual. All the Primogen were talented actors, a necessary skill that came to any vampire that wished to live for centuries. Antoinette however found herself looking at her old friend, and doing her best to read his expression. He had an advantage, with a bandage wrapped around his head to hide his empty eye sockets, but regardless, she tried. Nothing. The only expression she found was his usual pleasant, teasing grins, a few aimed at her, no doubt meant to tease her over how he had somehow started dating her childe, and her lover’s mother.

Quite the intricate web. Quite the soap opera.

Everything was back to normal then. The Primogen conspired against each other, as they always did. Garry and Michael would no doubt pounce any opportunity they found to destroy the other, or at least castrate their position in Dolareido, but for the moment they put their claws away. Maria continued to slowly revive the infernal church. Jacob teased the three covenants over their silly goals, but otherwise did nothing to reveal his own goals. Antoinette did the same. The Circle of the Crone and the Ordo Dracul did not have goals relevant to Dolareido’s politics.

Forever Antoinette played arbiter, acknowledging whose arguments made sense, and who would receive her permission to carry on. The city had changed much, since the death of Viktor and Tony, and again now that Lucas was dead and Maria was given permission to revive the Lancea et Sanctum. While each meeting tested her patience, she had to admit, it was a pleasant meeting, compared to the past. Progress, in a strange, hampered way, but progress nonetheless.

Through it all, not a single hint of Black Blood was mentioned. No talk of tears. No talk of dark rituals being cast in her city. Above all, no notion that anything was out of place, except for what could be observed naturally, that the werewolves continued to hunt for strange things.

She had already spoken with Garry Tones and Michael McDonald in private. They both agreed to keep an eye open, but they also both agreed that preventing dark rituals being cast across realms was



not within their skill set. To their credit, they would try, and both realized how careful they had to be. All in all, a great step forward.

She had a moment to relax, for the first time in a long time.

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Tonight, she was going to have her little Ventrue, and every man and woman nearby, Kindred or otherwise, squirming.

“You seem oddly excited,” Elaine said. She joined the Prince in the changing room, and while the room was filled with dresses for Antoinette, Elaine now had many. There was no shortage of ways for a rich woman to acquire new dresses in Dolareido, and she brought them to Antoinette’s tower, by the dozens.

“I am. Despite the troubles that remain, things have been quite peaceful in my city for two weeks. Not only that, all the Primogen are cooperating. As well as can be expected, at least.”

“Your little Ventrue accomplished much.”

“With the help of Azamel.”

Elaine nodded as she slipped out of her suit, and admired her naked body in front of one of the many mirrors. Hangers decorated metal bars, each with a dress, all lined against the walls of black marble with white veins. The lighting above offered powerful contrast, allowing for even the most untalented eye to notice what dresses created what lines and curves.

“The old monster was nothing more than an annoyance the last time she visited your city, yes?”

“Oui, very much so. But she spent her last moments helping my love, and my city.” Antoinette came up behind Elaine, admired the tall, thin and curvy blonde in the mirror, before she looked to the dresses at the side. What dress should her friend wear tonight?

“I suppose even an old fossil can change.”

“You think she changed?” Antoinette plucked a black dress from the rack, and stepped behind Elaine. Her friend took it, stepped into it, and pulled it up over her body, eyes in the mirror watching how the soft, thin, black fabric hugged her curves.

“I do, for her family. Athalia became the daughter she never had, if I had to guess.”

“And Mark?”

“The son, someone she relied on.”

“And Fiona?”

“Her granddaughter.”

“And Sándor?”

Elaine grinned in the mirror as she tied the back straps of the dress. “The son-in-law she found herself forced to pass her legacy to.”

The roles were not perfect analogies, and yet the comparison was accurate for how Azamel likely treated the other Begotten. Poor Sándor.

“Fiona will be joining us tonight. Perhaps she will speak of Azamel.” Antoinette looked over Elaine’s head, admiring her friend’s reflection, but they both shook their head after a few moments. Elaine stepped out of the dress, and Antoinette hunted for a new one.

“Quite a treat, little Fiona. Her enthusiasm, her joviality, her body.”

“Damien is a lucky man.” Antoinette found another dress, and they repeated the process. “I hope he has been a solid foundation for Fiona to stand on, as she weathers the storm of Azamel’s death.”

“And Daniel to Athalia.”

Ah, a quick sneer in the mirror from her old friend. Antoinette laughed, and set both hands upon Elaine’s shoulders as Elaine tied the straps of the black dress behind her neck.

“Keep trying, old friend. Perhaps you will sneak your way into their bed?”

“I somehow doubt Athalia will be willing.”

“Then you must seduce Athalia.”

“Ha, easier said than done. She does not like me. And I am no Daeva.”

“Are you not?” Antoinette chuckled as she pressed her chest against Elaine’s back, set her chin on the woman’s shoulder, and hugged her around her stomach. Elaine was tall, but Antoinette was taller, and she smiled at her friend in the mirror as she slid her hands up Elaine’s exposed stomach. The dress was barely more than a flimsy strip of fabric across her breasts, that left her back and stomach exposed, with straps that cut down across her sides to connect to a minuscule skirt.

“I am beautiful, and direct. But to seduce someone like Athalia, now that she has Daniel, I believe I would need subtlety. Have you ever known me to be subtle?”

“Not in the least. But with time, I am sure Athalia will grow more comfortable with her relationship, and more comfortable with Dolareido’s ways. I am confident you could seduce her, with enough time, and alcohol.”

She laughed. “Ah yes, she is not Kindred is she? Alcohol will go a long way.”

“But give her time. She mourns for Azamel. In a couple months, perhaps renew your attempts to seduce Daniel, and include Athalia in your efforts.”

“She is a terribly attractive creature, is she not? A bit tall, quite slim, the dark skin, the long black hair, the soft yet thin face?”

“And eyes of ice.”

“Indeed. I do wonder what it would be like, to sink my teeth into her, perhaps while she sits on your sheriff.”

“If you wish to make that fantasy a reality,” Antoinette said, “you must learn to seduce her mind, not just her body.”

“Then I am afraid I am lost.”

Antoinette laughed, and undid the knot Elaine had tied. She slid the dress down her friend’s body, and cast a glance to the door as quiet footsteps announced someone approaching.

“Jack, my love. How are you feeling?”

“Fine.” Which was, of course, not fine. “I—” His eyes opened wide as his gaze found the two women.

Antoinette was still dressed in her suit, but Elaine was now quite naked as she stepped out of the dress, wearing literally nothing. Naturally, without any attempt to communicate their devious plan, Elaine turned slightly to face her body toward Jack, and Antoinette turned with her. She set her hands against Elaine’s stomach once again, and slid them up to cup her friend’s delightfully huge breasts.

“We were trying on dresses, my love.”

“Uh huh.” He stood there, a half grin on his face, unbelieving. Though his grin faded away as his eyes locked onto Elaine’s bare bust, and how Antoinette’s fingers slowly caressed her old friend’s pale vampire skin. And as Jack stared, Antoinette made sure to gently nudge the breasts up, hard enough they rippled lightly with their mass, before gravity molded them to her palms yet again.

It was the ultimate method to hypnotize her little Ventrue, and it never failed. The sight of a large breast rippling was his bane. But even as the boy stared on, Antoinette could see only a portion of the usual enthusiasm she would normally find. Still, a portion was better than none.

“Truly.” Nodding, Antoinette let go of her friend, re-racked the dress, and plucked another. “It is often better to trust the opinion of another’s eye over your own, where fashion for the self is concerned. Years of seeing yourself in the mirror distorts reality.”

“Indeed,” Elaine said, and she held up her arms while Antoinette slid the new dress down over her head, careful with her wavy blonde hair, of course.

Jack walked up to them, and sat upon a nearby couch. He attempted to avert his gaze, but after a few moments, he could not help but watch the display through the mirror. Considering Elaine now turned every motion into a sensuous, subtle dance as she slipped on the dress, Antoinette could not blame him.

They settled on a dress that consisted of a short skirt that reached up the back, tied in the front around the breasts, and also connected at the armpit for sleeves, while leaving both the shoulders and stomach exposed. The color? Nude. A dark white with a hint of flesh, almost the color of skin, meant to be worn with silver or white jewelry. It went well with her blonde hair.

“Uh, no underwear?” Jack asked.

Elaine shrugged. “The skirt covers everything. What use are panties or thongs, if others cannot see them?”

“I suppose hygiene isn’t a good answer. We’re vampires.”

The older Ventrue smiled and nodded, before she opened one of the large boxes sitting upon a vanity desk, exposing its many layers that raised sideways to show off its contents. Jewelry, necklaces and bracelets and rings, for arms and wrists, fingers and toes, and waists and throats. Tens of thousands of dollars worth of jewelry.

Antoinette had necklaces worth everything in that box combined, glamorous, and garish. She rarely wore them.

“What will you be wearing tonight?” Antoinette asked as she slipped out of her suit jacket.

“A suit.” He tried to say it gently, she knew, but a touch of frustration showed through. Not with her, but with his memories, with Azamel’s death, and the violence he suffered. With everything.

Poor boy. Azamel put a finger specifically on an aspect of his personality he suffered with, and now he battled against it, quite consciously. A battle she doubted he could win.

So she would distract him. And distract herself. Weeks, months of pouring through tomes, hundreds of experiments that summoned a myriad of spirits, and dozens of rituals tested. Combined with countless hours managing each and every report from her thrall spies, watching and monitoring Carthian and Invictus, and Lancea et Sanctum activities, she had had little time to simply stop, and go out. Perhaps she could host another ball for all paranormals in Dolareido?

No, not yet. Some Kindred would still be angry over the deaths of fellow Kindred. But soon. A month or three.

“Of course, a suit.” She chuckled as she slipped off the blouse, and the bra. Jack watched through the mirror, eyes locked onto her heavy bust, and she smiled at him in the reflection. “But perhaps a different color than usual? And without the tie, I imagine. Open chest.”

“I’m not exactly tall or big enough to really do that. The werewolves, sure, but me?”

“Well, that is half the joy of a suit, my love. It accentuates the shoulders.”

Elaine laughed, slipped on a thin silver necklace, and walked over to Jack. She sat beside him on the couch, reached over, and slipped a hand in through his shirt, undoing the first two buttons so she could caress his sternum.

“It is true women prefer a tall man. The fabled six feet.”

“Hey.” The poor boy scrunched up his nose as he squinted at his great grandsire.

“You are a small man, but with a wonderful physique. Show it off, childe of mine. Yes, women prefer tall, but they will also be delightfully surprised that the little man has taken care of himself physically, to the point of acquiring the body of a professional athlete.” She grinned, and leaned in, snuggling to his side as she teased her fingers up and down his chest. “And women find a man who has the determination and will to master his own body quite attractive.”

Jack squirmed a little, but did not stop Elaine. “I built the body, sure, but I only maintained it for like, a week, before I was embraced. I was hungry all the damn time before. I don’t do a thing to maintain it now.”

“The joys of being Kindred. Enjoy it, childe of mine.”

“Elaine,” Antoinette said, “come here and choose a dress for me, if you please.”

“Very well.” Elaine ran a finger along Jack’s neck, before she strutted her way over, each step ensuring Jack’s eyes drifted to her round derrière. Depressed as the boy may be, he could not help but watch. Understandable, considering it was Elaine and Antoinette toying with him.

“What color?” Antoinette asked, and she gestured to the hanging dresses beside her.

“Black.”

“Always with the black.”

“Black contrasts your white hair.”

“That does not mean I wish to wear only black for the rest of eternity.”

“Then you should not have altered your hair to be permanently white.”

“Perhaps I should dye it to be blonde?”

“Imitation is the greatest form of flattery.” Rolling her eyes, Elaine plucked a dress from the rack, and as Antoinette slipped out of her skirt and underwear, Elaine slipped the dress on over her head.

A loose thing, backless, with tiny shoulder straps. Barely more than a tiny, thin towel, meant to drape over the breasts, and hang before tightening to the waist and wrapping the hips and ass. It meant she would not be able to lean forward without her breasts falling free of the dress. Not that she usually minded, but it was an annoying dance, to constantly be aware of one’s posture.

Antoinette looked to Jack in the mirror. His eyes had fallen, and his mind drifted elsewhere, likely to dark thoughts.

“My love, would you like for Ashley and Julee to come, and pleasure you while Elaine and I change? This could take a few moments yet.”

“No thanks.”

Elaine chuckled as she looked to Jack in the mirror. “You could always masturbate while watching us change. There is a certain charm in that.”

“No thanks.”

The boy’s great grandsire turned and faced him. “I could take care of you, while she changes?”

“Girls, I’m alright, okay? Just thinking.”

Girls? Antoinette chuckled, slipped the dress off, and Elaine found her a new one. Similar to the last, this one surrounded and hugged her bust tight. Decidedly less slutty, and a surprise, coming from her old friend.

“Forgive us, my love. But it saddens us to see you morose.” Antoinette slipped out of the dress. “I feel like exposing skin tonight, but I do not want to have to dance with each step.”

“I see I see.” Elaine put the dress away, and found another.

She stepped into the dress, and pulled the black fabric up over her hips where it fit snug. The long, wide straps connected at the back of the skirt, crossed at the chest, and hooked behind the neck, the X over the chest hugging each breast snug. It was also just barely, slightly see-through.

“That looks pretty good,” Jack said. Both women looked at each other, and chuckled. “Hey, I know I don’t have any fashion sense, but I like—”

“Breasts,” Elaine said, and to prove her point, she stepped beside Antoinette, facing Jack while Antoinette still faced the mirror, and she cupped one of Antoinette’s breasts. The dress’s chest strap hugged it tight, while also having enough give that her breast was free to fill and conform to Elaine’s hand. “I picked the dress for this reason, of course. If you are going out with your busty lover, why not show off that bust?”

“You two are worse than Jessy.” Jack rolled his eyes, but he sneaked a couple peeks as Elaine continued to gently bounce Antoinette’s breast. Depressed as he was, he was a young man, and forever would be. A couple women willing to show off their bodies for him was one reliable way to distract him from his own misery. Temporarily, at least.

Antoinette gently slapped Elaine’s hand away, and turned to her own vanity desk. A black dress it was, so she had a wide assortment of jewelry that would match. Such was the wonders of a black dress.

Jack watched as the two women tried different forms of jewelry. Bracelets, necklaces, rings, and earrings. Predictably, he grew bored, no longer distracted by them as they lost themselves in the joy of fashion experimentation. Antoinette came up from her desk fifteen minutes later, finally having settled on some subtle earrings and a more pronounced necklace. Pearls. A timeless classic, arranged in a helix-like pattern beneath her collar. But alas, Jack’s eyes had drifted down yet again, and his expression had soured.

She would have to work hard to distract him tonight.

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It took the two women half an hour of trying different suits and jewelry on the boy to find a nice balance while also experimenting with the new color, and Jack stood there, obviously annoyed with being the center of their fun. But a small part of him enjoyed it, she knew, and every time he rolled his eyes as they stripped him out of a suit, unsatisfied, she laughed.

They settled on a dark blue suit for the young man. Very dark, with a hint of green. Double breasted, no tie, with a black shirt. And to finish the ensemble, a silver necklace, a couple silver rings, and a rather beautiful silver watch. Handsome, professional, but also playful and a touch mischievous.

They entered Bloodlust, and immediately all eyes found the three of them. Of course. They were gorgeous. Many of the denizens were used to seeing Antoinette and Elaine these days, but it had been a little while since they had last visited. The men and women of the club watched, eyes wandering over the two women, and the boy that stood between them. Newcomers were, unsurprisingly, surprised that a young man like Jack had two tall, curvy, gorgeous women on his arms, but now that the war was over, they would be seeing such a trio more in the future.

Bloodlust was an unusual place. A club, but not truly a club. And while the bottom floor had tables and booths, it also had a bar, and dance floor, where the prey danced to the heartbeat music. And upon the second floor were the large booths, capable of fitting ten people or more, where the music was a tad quieter, and the patrons were willing to spend thousands of dollars for service and space.

Arturo, Natasha, and Matthew already sat at the table. Beside Matthew sat Jessy, and beside her sat Eric. Elaine took advantage of the situation, slid into the booth first, and set herself beside Eric, quite close, shoulder touching his.

“Hey, bitch, he’s mine.” Jessy leaned forward over the booth table and gave the ancient Ventrue an angry glare. She knew very well Elaine was ten fold her age, and yet she felt comfortable enough to be aggressive. How playful.

Elaine chuckled and dismissed Jessy with a small swipe of the hand. “Hello to you too, Gangrel.”

“Jessy.”

“Yes, of course, Jessy.”

Jack rolled his eyes, and slid into the booth, leaving Antoinette to sit beside him close to the outer edge of the booth. Normally Antoinette sat in the center of the group, but to sit on the outside edge was a novelty she had not tasted in some time.

“Natasha,” Antoinette said, nodding to the little Mekhet. “Arturo, Matthew, Eric, Jessy. You all look lovely tonight.”



Little Vola smiled and waved. While her boyfriends wore loose button shirts with most buttons undone, and black jeans, she wore something far more scandalous. A tiny black skirt, terribly tiny, that left her hips and the hips of her thong exposed. And for her chest, a dangling piece of black fabric that tied to the neck with a small silver chain, and hung over the chest loose, unattached to anything. A glorified necklace, large enough to only barely cover her small breasts. If she leaned forward, everyone would see her delicious little torso.

Eric wore a purple suit. Bold. If he also wore gold jewelry, it would have been both hilarious and quite handsome, but no jewelry. Instead, a white shirt underneath the purple jacket, two buttons undone, simple and direct. Fitting for Eric Tanverson. The purple was likely Jessy's idea.

His mate wore something quite simple and direct. A black tube top, and a short black skirt, similar to Natasha's, though unlike her little friend, she wore no underwear. Natasha wore no jewelry on her neck, as her top was already essentially a necklace, while Jessy wore one piece of jewelry: a choker, thin, black, with a tiny silver heart dangling from its front center. The message was clear: Jessy was a hyper sexual creature. She woke up and went to sleep every night — day — with sex on her mind. If Eric had not become an Uratha, he would no doubt struggle to match her sex drive.

"Prince," Matthew and Arturo said, at the same time.

Eric nodded deeply. "Prince."

Jessy, perhaps a little reluctantly, eventually nodded toward Antoinette, a little deeper than she no doubt wanted. "Prince."

Antoinette returned their nods, with less depth, and smiled at the group.

"Where is Young and Burksen?"

"Young?" Matthew asked.

"Fiona Young."

"On the way," Jessy said. "Only been a couple weeks since Azamel died, right? I've talked to her a few times since, and she's been taking it pretty hard. Can't even say her name without the girl tearing up."

"Damien says the same thing," Jack said. "But she'll come. Probably."

"And we've prepared." Arturo gestured to the several bottles of whiskey on the table. Scotch, how drôle.

“She may be a paranomal,” Elaine said, “but she is still partly human. Take care she does not kill herself with the bottle.” Bloodlust did not provide bottle service in the same manner as other clubs. Acquiring a bottle and glasses was possible however, especially for an employee. Privacy was important in a Kindred-run night club that was half lounge, after all.

Eric reached out and grabbed one of the bottles. “It’s a sipping whiskey. You really shouldn’t shoot this. Enjoy the taste.”

Jack shook his head. “Something tells me she won’t sip it.”

Arturo shrugged. “Far as I know, her Horror thing won’t let her body get liver disease or alcohol poisoning. Probably not.”

“Hard thing to know,” Matthew said.

“Damien,” Jack said, “is confident Fiona can recover from most injuries pretty quick. Not Uratha or Kindred quick, but quick enough.”

“Probably a good thing,” Jessy said. “She told me Damien drains her multiple times a week. And—oh hey, speak of the devil.” The Gangrel waved as Damien and Fiona stepped into view.

Damien wore what everyone expected, a rather dark and professional, but subtle and quiet suit. No tie. Fiona had likely convinced the silly man to leave it behind, and undo the first two of his shirt buttons as well. If the man ever embraced his almost feminine beauty, he would be a force of pure seduction. Alas, like Daniel, it would never be.

Fiona on the other hand seemed quite eager to express her beauty. Not merely eager, excited. To her, it was a fun game, not to be won but to be shared. She was a delightful mixture of innocence and carnal salaciousness, as was her dress. Of course the tiny, busty creature walked up to the table, and slowly turned, fully expecting everyone at the table to admire. They did.

Green, yet again. Antoinette did not blame her, as the color contrasted her red hair, freckles, and pale skin beautifully. A backless dress with tiny straps of silver chains that hooked to the dress front that hugged her bust before holding her waist snug. The skirt was not as short as Jessy or Natasha’s, but it was split at the right side, and the split reached up past her hip, exposing much of the green thong she wore. And of course, cute green heels, two inches.

The three werewolves, apparently communicating telepathically, all clapped, earning giggles and smiles from the tiny ginger, before she slipped into the booth entrance opposite of Antoinette, and slid in close to Arturo. Damien followed her in, bringing the total amount of people at the booth to ten.

Damien Burksen. Fiona Young. Arturo Ibarra. Natasha Vola. Matthew Wilson. Jessy Herrington. Eric Tanverson. Elaine. Jack Terry. And Antoinette.

Quite the group. Sometimes she wondered if she should invite Jacob and Samantha, but that was not what Jack needed right now. Othello and Aaron? Othello was a gorgeous man, and Aaron was oddly beguiling, but Antoinette knew little of the two men. Beatrice and Jennifer then? Perhaps. They would certainly bring spice.

But considering the people in the booth as was, there was plenty of spice already.

“Scotch?” Fiona rolled her eyes, poured herself a glass, and shot it. “Ye racist bawbags.”

Natasha’s werewolves blinked at each other, and Fiona burst into giggles as she poured another glass. But instead of drinking it, she slid it to Eric, who caught it with the confidence of a man who had caught many drinks in such a manner. She did the same for Matthew and Arturo, and they made a larger effort to ensure they did not get their pants soaked.

“Fiona hasn’t had anything to drink in a couple weeks,” Damien said. “She’s making up for lost time.”

“I!” Fiona waved her left hand in the air, finger up, as she shot another glass. Oh dear. “Am celebrating. Azamel is gone, and she told me I shouldnae be sad! I won’t be sad anymore.” Nodding, she poured a third glass. “To Azamel!” Before she could down the alcohol, Damien stopped her, which earned a sigh and nod from her. She sipped.

It had been some time since Antoinette had last tasted alcohol. Many Daevas Blushed Life and ate human food, only to vomit it later, and Antoinette did on occasion, but not for many years. She could barely remember the burn of alcohol on her throat, but she knew better than to shoot whiskey with such gusto. Fiona was apparently quite impervious.

The men grinned at each other, raised their glasses, gently hit them together, and held them out to Fiona.

“To Azamel,” they said.

Fiona beamed, did the same, and the men shot their glasses for her.

It was almost enough to make Antoinette envious. Uratha were so effortlessly cooperative. Every act and motion was made knowing their kin were there to support them in some fashion or another. Kindred would never behave in such a manner, no matter how hard she tried.

“Did you wish to speak of Azamel tonight, Fiona?” Antoinette asked.

“Nae, I dinnae think so. I talked a lot with Athalia and Mark and Sándor. Damien and Jessy too.”

The group looked to Jessy, eyebrows raised.

“What? I can be supportive, you fuckers.”

They all laughed, even Jack.

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“How is your father, Eric?” Elaine asked, wearing her devious grin.

To Eric’s credit, he did not so much as blink. He sipped the scotch, his fifth glass, and nodded toward Jessy.

“He’s fine,” Jessy said, returning Elaine’s grin. “Pretty damn happy, I might admit.”

“Oh?”

Eric sighed after another sip. “Jessy’s been giving him pictures of herself topless.”

Matthew coughed, nearly spitting out his drink.

“Hey, fuck you.” Jessy displayed her middle finger to Matthew before looking back to Elaine. “Dude was a hard-ass, and I’ve dealt with hard-asses like him plenty of times. Eric was basically trying to yell him out of bed to start taking care of himself. Any idiot would know that’d never work. What the man needed was a carrot.” She jutted out her chest.

“Soap opera drama,” Natasha said. “You g-going to sleep with him too?”

“Fuck no. He’s old, and I’m dating his son.”

“Sounds like good television,” Arturo said.

“The fuck kinda television you—no, wait, I know. Hope that last season doesn’t burn you too hard.” Her smile was utterly nefarious.

Jack leaned forward and set his elbows upon the table. “You all need better taste.”

Fiona giggled and shook her head after sipping on her drink. “Sounds like good television tae me. She could say things like ‘that isnae how yer da does it’.”

Everyone in the room visibly cringed, and Antoinette found herself chuckling a touch louder than the rest of them. They all looked to her, and she waved a dismissing hand.

“Vampires live long lives. I have known a few to have indulged in the parent, and then the child, once the child was of age.”

Arturo shot his drink, struggled to manage the burn in his throat, and poured himself another. “Well, as far as weird sex goes, I suppose that isn’t all that weird if you measure your lifespan in centuries.”

“I am 78!” Jessie again displayed her middle finger to Arturo, for perhaps the fourth time that night. “I ain’t no old bitch.” Elaine reached across Eric, and flicked Jessie in the arm. “Ow! Hey.”

“Be kind to your elders.”

“Ha, why? Cause you’ve got experience? Old and wise?”

Elaine’s smile was positively serpentine. “Because we could kill you with a single finger.” And to seal her point, she lightly tapped a fang with the finger she used to flick Jessie.

The table froze for but a moment, before Fiona burst into giggles. Laughter from the others followed soon after. What hint of seriousness Elaine may have held in her warning was quickly lost and forgotten in Fiona’s joyful, drunk laughter.

“So, Jack,” Arturo said after setting his glass down. “I hear you’ve got a harem now.”

“It’s not a harem!”

“Yet,” Antoinette said, earning some more giggles from Fiona.

“Ah think ye deserve a harem!” Fiona said. “And a’m wantin’ tae see movies about that, too.”

“You—wait, too?”

She nodded. “Jessy showed me the sex tapes.” Fiona sipped her drink, sipped it again, and again, before leaning forward and grinning at the small Ventrue. “That’s a lot o’ booba.”

Poor Jack. He squirmed and wriggled in his seat, glanced up at Antoinette with a hint of annoyance in his face, before he shared it with the table.

“Y’all have seen the tapes, haven’t you?” he asked. Everyone nodded. “Damn it Jessie.”

“What?” Jessie said. “Come on, it was awesome. Not Natasha quality, but still awesome.”

“Indeed,” Antoinette said.

Natasha squirmed between her two boyfriends. “Well, I mean, lighting is s-s-super important.”

Jack raised a finger from the table. “If Tash wants to become the next porn star—”

“H-Hey!”

“All the power to her. But it’s not high on my list of priorities.”

“Fiona my dear,” Antoinette said, “do not fret. I am sure Jack will agree to more videos. He owes Jessy for her valiant efforts to distract the Carthians. Damien as well.”

Damien shook his head. “I’m good.”

Fiona laughed and elbowed her boyfriend before leaning over the table, eyes wide with wonder as she looked at Antoinette. “Aye?”

“Ben oui. Jack always repays his debts.”

Jack groaned and slumped back into the booth. “I was hoping I could pay her back with money or something.”

“The boss fined you,” Jessy said. “You really got money just sitting around?”

“... no.”

“Then porn please.” She set both hands on the table, palms up. “Please sir, I’d like some more.”

“Aye! More!” Fiona said, and she did the same.

“Ugh, fine.”

“Yay!” Fiona giggled up a storm, seduced everyone at the table to laugh with her, before she took another sip of her drink. Indeed, she and the werewolves had drunk quite a bit, and were now either tipsy or drunk, but they had drunk enough to render a kine comatose. A joy of being a paranormal creature, and still alive, unlike Kindred.

But they would never know the joy of the Kiss, and that made a Kindred’s undeath worth it.

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The bottles neared empty, and Arturo poured himself another glass. He missed, but corrected quickly. His aim was off, but he had also been watching Elaine.

Antoinette’s gorgeous friend grinned at Jessy as she undid the front knot of her dress, where the sideways chest strap covered her breast and tied at the front before connecting into sleeves. With breasts

now exposed, she turned toward the Gangrel slightly, enough to nudge her right breast into Eric's left arm, but her eyes were on Jessy.

Poor Eric. The man was drunk at this point, but he held his liquor well. Not well enough to not gulp as the tall blonde pressed her breast into his arm as she leaned in toward his girlfriend.

"You really don't hesitate to whip those out." Jessy said. "You could have said 'truth'."

"I am half a millennium old, young vampire. I have indulged in carnal delights you cannot fathom. You cannot seriously think this dare would give me pause."

Jessy rolled her eyes, and pulled down her tube top, revealing her own breasts in their entirety. While they were not as large as Elaine's, they were plenty large still, considering Jessy had the leanness of a fitness model, complete with defined abdominal muscles.

She had not even been dared to remove her top. But the Gangrel would not be undone, naturally.

"Bitch please, I can fathom a lot."

"We're doing this again?" Jack asked.

Ah, Jack. Sometimes his honesty devolved into foolishness. The most assured way to have a friendly group tease you, was to call out their behavior.

"Aye, again!" Fiona giggled as she slid the back strap of her dress up and over her frizzy hair, and let it drop to her lap, revealing heavy teardrop breasts. Damien rolled his eyes, but a smile sneaked its way through his annoyed expression.

The table went through the same dance as last time. Some shy glances from Natasha were soon dashed, and she pulled the hanging top off, slipped it past her hair, and set it on her lap. The men who had suit jackets on slipped out of them, and they undid their buttons enough to leave the entirety of their chests exposed. Jack complied, eventually, exposing his delicious muscle definition that rivaled the larger men.

Antoinette went last. Far be it from her to judge others based on the size of their breasts, but she must have been quite vain long, long ago, to give herself the body she had now. How terribly shallow of her. But, far be it from her to not indulge in what she had.

She leaned her head forward, reached behind, and pulled up the strap of her dress that hooked behind her neck. Slowly she pulled it up over her head, past her hair, and then down onto her lap, letting the X strap of fabric across her breasts fall with it.

The group went quiet as they stared at her body, men and women alike, and Antoinette grinned at them all. Even after centuries of drawing eyes and hypnotizing others with her crafted beauty, it still pleased her to do so again.

“I refuse to believe those are real,” Jessy said. “I mean, Fiona and Elaine? Yeah, some girls just got really huge tits. But you?” This woman, with all the subtlety and wit of a drunk young man. But her honesty was delightful refreshing. Poor Jack groaned and glared at his comrade, but he did not realize that while his honesty took a different form to Jessy’s, they were still both honest souls, and Antoinette enjoyed that.

“Centuries ago, I am sure I changed my body in some way, for... obvious purposes.” Antoinette caught Eric’s eye, before she leaned in toward Jack, and further, until she had to use her hands to lift her breasts and set them on the table. They were in the way. “You have seen the videos, non? You said as much.”

“Yeah, I did. Fucking waterbeds. But still, I...” Jessy gulped as she realized what Antoinette was doing. “I can touch?”

“Oui, you may touch.”

Jessy outright groaned hungrily, leaned out far over the booth table, and scooped a hand under one of Antoinette’s breasts. Of course doing so meant she pinned Eric against Elaine’s side, her breast pressing into the man’s chest, but Jessy did not mind. Like a child in a toy store, she wanted to touch, and everything else vanished from her simple mind.

The Gangrel lifted Antoinette’s right breast in her left hand, and her groan turned into a moan, as she bounced it in her palm. Of course, considering the size of Antoinette’s breast, it overflowed Jessy’s hand, spilling over her fingers and palm, hiding them in its softness as her breast spread out over Jessy’s wrist. As much as Jack usually tried to dissuade Jessy’s crass behavior, he stared at Antoinette’s bust, and how it jiggled in his comrade’s hand. Everyone stared.

“And you can cum from these?”

“As I said, you saw the video. I have sensitive nipples when I Blush Life.” She did not Blush, but she was tempted to. “I have cum many times from Jack’s lips around my breasts. And often, with Elaine’s, or Ashley and Julee’s, while Jack is—”

Jack coughed and gently nudged her side with his elbow. How adorable. He looked frustrated, but in a pleasant way, a friend being teased by friends, in a friendly game.



Naturally, Jessy did not stop touching her, even as Antoinette spoke. Hypnotized by the Prince's flesh, Jessy continued to experiment, shifting her hand and fingers in various ways, and outright bouncing Antoinette's breast. And lost to her own desires, her hand did more than touch. It caressed. Her wandering fingers stroked the underside of Antoinette's breast, and her thumb teased up onto her nipple.

At least until Jack intervened. He grabbed Jessy's wrist, and slowly pushed it back toward her as he glared at her.

Jessy laughed and shrugged. "Sorry dude. But, holy fuck, yeah I'd have my head between those tits every minute I could if I was you. So soft, and heavy, and..." Groaning, Jessy pushed herself into Eric, bare breast squashing against his arm, and she sighed up to him. "I need a boob job."

"You don't need a boob job." Quite the sum of willpower in Eric, considering how intoxicated he was.

"I want giant tits."

"You have large tits, Jessy, especially at your bodyfat percentage."

Frowning, Jessy reached across Eric's chest, and reached under Elaine's breasts. Elaine was still snug to Eric's side, and she only chuckled when Jessy gave her breasts the same treatment as Antoinette's. Though, Eric did not stop his girlfriend, unlike how Jack had. He leaned back, and took a deep breath to relax himself as he looked between Jessy and Elaine, and how they were both still snug against his sides.

"J-Jessy!" Tash said at last.

Jessy rolled her eyes as she lowered her hand. "I was just window shopping."

That earned a several happy chuckles from the group. But everyone ceased their laughter, when Daniel and Athalia walked up onto the second floor and stepped into view.

"S-Sire?" Tash squeaked and covered her breasts with her forearms. Silly girl.

Daniel raised a brow as he looked at everyone, before he looked down at Athalia beside him, his expression unreadable to everyone else. But Antoinette could see a hint of a smile teasing its way along his lips.

"Uh, why is everyone topless?" Athalia asked, gesturing to them. While Daniel wore a suit, no tie, Athalia wore a red, sleeveless dress that covered her chest up to her collar. Though as she turned a little,

Antoinette could see the dress was backless, and the skirt quite short. The woman had a playful side, after all.

Jessy snorted on a laugh, and shrugged. “Because we’re all hot?”

“Here here,” Art said with a gentle slap of a hand on the table. Not too gentle, causing some of their drinks to spill over their edges.

Fiona giggled as she sipped her drink. “Because this is Dolareido, ‘n ‘ere, we have fun! An’ a game o’ Truth or Dare gaun off the rails, as usual.” Her accent grew increasingly thick, and Antoinette was convinced it was partly on purpose. But it was also delightful, and had the group laughing yet again.

Athalia rolled her eyes, clearly quite familiar with her fellow Begotten’s rather noisy personality. And while Athalia tried to look annoyed, Antoinette saw past Athalia’s mask, and to the sad woman beneath, trying to forget her woes. She had likely seen a side of Azamel none of them ever had, of a protective mother, both trying to take care of her child, but also teach and prepare her. It would take her longer to recover than Fiona. But she was also happy to be here, and happy in the arms of her lover.

A practiced elder could tell much from the quick glances of a poor poker player.

“I’d say this is just a ploy to get the girls to take their tits out,” Athalia said, “but I’m guessing the girls are behind this insanity.” She eyed Antoinette, Elaine, and Jessy, with an abundant amount of disdain. Too much disdain. She was not serious. A classic personality type, to use exaggerated anger as a form of humor. Difficult for people who did not know Athalia well to understand, but once people did, Athalia likely had an interesting side to her Antoinette had never seen.

Daniel had seen it.

With a playful squeak, Fiona pushed on Damien’s shoulder.

“Make room for them ye knobs!”

Damien and Daniel both rolled their eyes, Daniel far more subtle, and everyone complied. Soon, they had somehow managed to fit everyone in the booth.

Daniel, Athalia, Damien with Fiona on his lap, Arturo with Natasha on his lap, Matthew, Jessy, Eric, Elaine, Jack, and finally Antoinette.

And predictably, most of them looked to the two newcomers expectantly.

Daniel shook his head. “I don’t think—”

Athalia reached up, and slipped the strap of her dress up over her head, past her long, thin black hair, and eventually down onto her lap. Everyone's eyes widened as they not only witnessed the dark queen's naked, beautiful breasts, but the adornments they wore. The woman wore a silver necklace, but the dress hid that the necklace dipped down to her sternum, before branching and hooking both under and over her breasts before disappearing behind her as two chains.

Jewelry, meant to be worn with more revealing clothes, but jewelry with one express purpose: to make a woman's breasts look beautiful, sexual, and regal, when naked or nearly so. And it worked wonderfully, silver contrasting against Athalia almost onyx skin, and highlighting the length of her slender form.

Fiona clapped her hands, clumsily. "Ye bought it!"

"Shut up." Athalia frowned at her companion, but a grin broke through it with time. "Christ, what a fucked up city, everyone with their tits out."

Jessy laughed and shrugged. "Well, I mean, this would just be another Friday night in this place really, if it weren't for Elaine and the Prince. Kinda mixes things up a bit when big important people show skin. Speaking of." Her eyes fell to Daniel.

The sheriff looked to Athalia, and when the Begotten rolled her eyes and nodded, Daniel undid the buttons of his shirt, and exposed his chest.

Jessy whistled. "Damn dude, you're a washboard."

Daniel was that indeed. A touch thin, but not enough to damage the appeal of his athletic, muscular physique. Muscle definition from head to toe.

Athalia smiled, unable to hide that she was quite happy with her boyfriend's body. "There, we've all seen each other's tits, man tits included. Happy?"

Elaine leaned forward as she returned the grin. "We are all gorgeous, and I for one delight in seeing that beauty. I am quite happy. Your body, and choice of jewelry, are exquisite."

Athalia tried to maintain her half steel, half sarcastic grin, but it slowly melted away as blush fought against her dark skin. "You're all horny twenty-four-seven, aren't you?"

Jessy and Fiona both raised a hand, noticed each other, and burst into laughter, Fiona's laugh closer to a pleasant bird's singing, high pitched giggles that had Damien smiling.

"Th-They are," Tash said.

Of course, the moment she said it, Art slid his hands up to her breasts, and cupped the small things in his large hands. She squeaked, but instead of tearing his exploring hands away, she shivered. A trained reaction, perhaps. Her pornographic videos had grown increasingly themed around reluctance and other domination fantasies, and it was obvious the theme was her own choice. For Art to touch her so, without her permission, in front of all these people, tickled something inside her.

“I,” Matt said, “am pretty damn happy with Dolareido. We should have come sooner.”

Art nodded, even as he continued to cup and caress Tash’s breasts. Eventually she melted back against his chest, letting the others see that the man was playing with her rather sexually. He did not stop, and Tash smiled sheepishly as she looked down.

“Well, I’ve been here for a while,” Eric said. “Didn’t really get to see the good side of it until recently.”

“Same,” Jack said. The boy was more comfortable this time, compared to the last time they did this. And to Antoinette’s delight, he even offered Tash some interested gazes, which had Tash smiling and squirming.

Antoinette tapped a finger on the table, gathering attention. “A shame. I feel I have done well with my city, but it is not perfect. And has an obvious bias for its paranormal denizens.”

Athalia took several peeks at Natasha, before she nudged her shoulder into Daniel. Soon, the sheriff slipped his arm up and over his girlfriend’s shoulders, and Athalia snuggled into him, pushing back his undone shirt so she could press her naked side into his naked side. While Fiona was obviously aroused, with swollen pink nipples against her pale skin, Antoinette did not expect Athalia to respond so quickly. But she did. She acted nonchalant, refusing to draw attention to it, but Antoinette could see the woman’s body language change, squirming slightly in her seat as her dark nipples hardened.

As if to justify her reaction, Athalia reached out, poured herself a glass of scotch, and shot it. And then two more, each earning a loud gasp from her. Evidently the younger redhead could handle the flavor with ease, compared to her senior.

“If I’m going to try and blend in with all these sluts, I’m going to need to drop a few IQ points.” With a sinister smirk, she poured herself a fourth, hesitated to shoot it, and sipped it instead.

“Things are better, aren’t they?” the sheriff said, glancing to Athalia before everyone else. “Now that Garry and Michael are leaving each other alone.”

“Aye!” Fiona nodded as she peeked at Tash, and immediately grabbed Damien’s wrists. After taking a moment to plant his hands underneath her large breasts, she nodded, as if she had put on a

uniform, and she set her hands upon the table to resume drinking. Poor Damien was left with the duty of breast holder.

Considering how aroused Fiona was, and that she was sitting on Damien's lap, the vampire was no doubt fighting a desire to sink his teeth into her and drink her right there in front of them all. Drink her, and fuck her. And considering the sort of personality Fiona had, she would have no doubt loved that, to be pinned on the table and rendered helpless and put on display in front of everyone, as Damien Kissed her, and fucked her until she was a mess of sweat, quivering legs, and cum.

Antoinette met Damien's eyes, and grinned at him. He tried to hold her gaze, but as he realized she knew what dirty fantasies were no doubt going through his mind, he looked away.

"Better," Athalia said, nodding. "Azamel's gone, and that hurts, but she did good. Mark doesn't talk about himself much, but Fiona and I have it better than we ever have, here in Dolareido these days."

"I suppose I get little thanks in that," Antoinette said. Athalia looked at her, a touch shocked, but Antoinette waved a dismissing finger over the table. "I jest, young monster. It is indeed Azamel's efforts that accomplished much for your kind, and for my love."

"Agreed," Jack said, and he gave Athalia the best respectful nod he could manage from where he was, sitting half naked between two half naked women.

"We toasted tae her awready," Fiona said, "but ye werenae 'ere. Again!" She raised her glass.

Athalia and the werewolves raised their glasses, struggled to keep them steady, and all five of those with a heartbeat shot their drinks.

"So, Jack," Athalia said. "Your mom's not here?"

Antoinette eyed Athalia for a moment. The Begotten was difficult to predict when it came to how aggressive she chose to be. Would she seek an argument? Would alcohol bring it out of her?

"Uh, that would be a bit awkward." Jack gestured to the table and everyone in the booth.

"Ha, true. But from what she told me last night, I don't think it'd be that uncomfortable."

"Oh god, what'd she tell you?"

"That she's having a very satisfying time with the witches."

Jack groaned and rolled his head from side to side for a moment. "Yep." Oh ho, tactical of him to maintain a cool head as Athalia poked an uncomfortable spot.

“Then again, from the movies Fiona showed me, I guess like mother like son?”

Jack jaw-dropped, before snapping his gaze at the redhead. “Fiona!”

“What? Hey, yer a handsome lad! ‘Twas a very sexy scene! The way aw those girls buried yer dick in tits.” Fiona leaned forward, and grinned at him, the grin of a blissful drunk, before she nodded toward Antoinette. “Jessy said it. ‘Twas like ye were fucking a waterbed!”

Athalia laughed. “Sorry, not trying to be mean. Can’t help it.”

Antoinette met Athalia’s eyes for a moment, and smiled. Athalia attempted to return the smile, but despite herself, she too found herself looking at Antoinette’s breasts. And from the way she quickly tore her eyes away, she had no doubt remembered the video, and how Jack had looked when making love to Antoinette and the others.

Athalia and Jack had a very fragile relationship, and had probably never occurred to the woman that Jack was quite attractive, and looked even more attractive with his length buried between Antoinette’s bust. To see the Begotten squirm with the memory was pleasing. How did she treat Daniel in bed? Antoinette knew the beautiful woman wanted the sheriff to play the role of tall, dark, handsome, and dangerous, to pin her, or hold her tightly and take her. Outside of bed, it would be the reverse, with Athalia being the dominant, loud personality, and Daniel happy to follow along with whatever she wanted. An interesting pairing, to be sure.

Mental note, Antoinette. Tell Daniel to spend time painting Athalia’s breasts in his cum soon. It would undoubtedly appeal to the dark corners of her mind, considering how much she now struggled to look, and not look, at Antoinette.

“I didn’t plan to make a bunch of sex tapes,” Jack said. “And I didn’t plan to make a harem.” He again gently nudged Antoinette’s side with an elbow. “But when in Rome, I suppose.”

Fiona clapped, leaned back and set her head back against Damien’s shoulder as she turned into his jawline. “Can ye make a harem?”

“I could,” Damien said.

“Will ye?”

“No.”

“Aw, why nae?”

“Cause you’re drunk and you’ll change your mind in the morning.”

“Nu uh! Ah want a dozen lads tae take care o’ me!”

He rolled his eyes as he pressed his cheek down against her frizzy hair. “Twelve boys, and me?”

“Aye.”

“For sex?”

“Maybe.” She grinned a terribly cute chipmunk grin, earning a chuckle from Athalia.

“I agree with the harem idea,” Jessy said, nodding, and she gestured across the table to the sheriff. “You got a harem, Mister Sheriff?”

“No.” The man did not so much as glance at Jessy’s breasts and beautiful abs. Or anyone else’s breasts. Forever a stone.

“Ever had one?”

“Not to my recollection.”

Jessy frowned. “Ever think of building one? You’re as old as these two.” The Gangrel gestured to Elaine and Antoinette. “And now with a girl on your arm, I can personally guarantee she’d love to have a couple guys or girls to help with the fucking.”

“I think I’m happy with just the two of us,” Athalia said. Everyone went quiet as they looked at her, expectantly, until she groaned, shook her head, and sipped her drink. “For now.”

Jessy beamed with pride, as if she had just seduced Athalia to the ways of Dolareido. Perhaps she had.

“And you, Jessy?” Elaine asked. “Does Eric not want to share you with four men?” Throughout the night, she had leaned closer and closer into Eric, until now her closer breast was completely squashed against his arm. And Eric, drunk as he was, did what he could to ignore her, but everyone could see the man had only so much will. Elaine was utterly breathtaking, and considering Jessy seemed happy to trap the man between herself and another topless vampire, there was no one to save him.

“Nah, he’s not. It’s a guy thing, I guess.” Shrugging, Jessy mirrored Elaine, and pressed her closer breast into him as she teased a finger down his chest. “I get it, not every dude wants to share with other dudes. Not every girl is as lucky as Natasha.”

“I’m... p-pretty lucky, aren’t I?” Natasha said. She smiled brightly at Jessy, only for Arturo to again set his hands on her breasts, cupping the small buttons and gently teasing her nipples with

roaming thumbs. Natasha shivered yet again, but remained sitting upright, as if being fondled was no reason to stop a conversation. How the little woman had changed.

Matthew grinned down at Tash and sipped his drink before looking to the rest of the group.

“Art and I have been best friends for decades. And we always kinda just, got along and shared everything, pretty much from day one.”

“Soul mates?” Antoinette asked.

“Ha! Maybe? Never really thought of it like that.”

Fiona took a peek over at the tiny vampire beside her, at what Arturo was doing, before she took Damien’s hands, still cupping her large breasts, and nudged him. Damien glanced around at the party for a moment, before succumbing to his little girlfriend’s desires. No longer simply cupping her breasts, Damien caressed them, letting their size and weight fill his hands while index fingers reached up and around to tease her thoroughly swollen, pink, large nipples. Unlike Natasha, Fiona was fully alive, and every touch Damien made upon her earned little shivers from her aroused body.

Antoinette glanced down at Jack. He struggled to not look, but Natasha and Fiona were wonderfully beautiful, inviting women, sitting directly next to each other on their men’s laps, being fondled. And of course, Fiona was quite a busty creature, with breasts as large as Elaine’s despite her short stature. Jack was Jack, he could not help his kinks, and he glanced at Fiona’s bust more times than he probably realized.

“I have been dying to know,” Elaine said, “what werewolf blood tastes like.”

Jessy grinned. “I bet you have.”

“Be a dear and share with me?”

“Nope.”

“Why not?”

“Cause I love my man, and he’s drunk. He ain’t making any decisions tonight.”

“I am... kinda drunk,” Eric said, half smiling. But despite himself, he took another sip.

“I see.” Nodding, Elaine turned to face Natasha’s boys, even as she continued to press her chest into Eric’s side. “Natasha dear? Consider it a favor to a fellow dragon.”

Natasha blinked at Elaine before looking to Antoinette. To which of course, Antoinette simply shrugged and smiled.



“Elaine’s blood lust is harmless,” Antoinette said. “Though do not be surprised if she clamps her legs around the first wolf to give her some blood.”

“Well unlike you, I am single. Single and loving it, I believe is the expression?” Elaine shrugged as she looked over her shoulder to Antoinette, but eventually ceased her relentless teasing of Eric. She sat up straight, and look to Daniel and Athalia. “And you two? How does Begotten blood taste?”

“Great!” Fiona said with a squeak. “Damien says so. It gets him very aggressive, ye ken? He’ll hold me down ‘n growl ‘n stuff.” It was hard to tell whether Fiona was blushing due to embarrassment over her words, or her arousal. Most likely the latter.

“Oh my.” Elaine smiled at the tiny Scot, before her devil’s grin found Athalia and Daniel again. Daniel held Elaine’s gaze without so much as a glance down, but poor Athalia, she did not have her man’s resilience. As Elaine leaned forward, Athalia’s eyes drifted down to Elaine’s enormous bust, before she righted her gaze. Several times.

“Daniel says I taste great, yes.”

“Taste, but...” Elaine nodded toward Fiona, eyes still on Athalia.

Athalia groaned and looked to the side. Of course doing so set her eyes on Fiona, who was still being fondled by Damien. And unless Antoinette was seeing things, Damien’s touch was slowly growing more playful. The music was not too loud on the second floor, and to anyone paying attention, Fiona’s moans were audible.

“Elaine,” Daniel said, “don’t—”

“It’s fine.” Athalia leaned in, the jewelry dangling around her breasts hanging forward slightly over the table. But before she said anything, she looked back to Daniel. “Can I tell her?”

Daniel smiled, a subtle thing, almost invisible, and adjusted his glasses with a single finger. “Alright.”

Athalia grinned back at Elaine. “We don’t know why, but when a vampire drinks a monster, like Fiona or me, they get very... aggressive.”

Elaine purred. “How aggressive?”

“Fiona said it, growling and pinning. And... choking. And spanking. And... some hair pulling.”

If Elaine had been Blushing Life, the woman would have grown wet. A Daeva in a Ventrue’s body. The old dragon groaned as she wriggled in her seat, and slowly cast her hungry gaze toward Daniel as she leaned further forward until her hanging breasts rested on the table.

“Water everywhere and not a drop to drink for me.”

“Come now old friend.” Antoinette leaned forward and toward Elaine, and gently pulled her back to sitting upright. “You—oh. Moreno. Harcourt.”

Jack, who had been watching Athalia — and her naked body — with a strange fascination, as if he had never considered before that Athalia had a sex drive, snapped to attention and looked beyond the booth. Clara Moreno and Brace Harcourt walked up to the stairs, and upon noticing the large booth utterly filled with people, stumbled over.

Stumbled indeed, they were both drunk. Harcourt wore a white shirt, loose and mostly open, while Clara wore a white dress, a skimpy thing with two straps that hung tightly over each breast before connecting to a skirt. A terribly beautiful woman, and an exquisitely beautiful man.

The two of them stared wide-eyed at the booth, and the twelve people within with their torsos fully exposed. But before Clara could understand what was happening, Brace took her hand, and walked over to the table. Well, he was a man, and intoxicated at that. Antoinette could not blame him for wishing to see. And the cherry on top, Brace had less social awareness than a beetle.

“Wow. Um, whatcha guys up to?” Brace asked, Clara at his side. The werewolf blushed horribly, but she was also perhaps a touch too intoxicated to stop herself from admiring the sights before her. Her eyes lingered on Eric and Daniel’s body, and Jack’s as well, before eventually settling on the myriad of breasts to feast her eyes on.

Antoinette expected her to look at the Prince for longer than she did. Yes, Antoinette was beautiful, but she was also unusually tall, unusually buxom, and had white hair and red eyes. It was a perfectly normal reaction, to stare at something statistically odd. But it was Natasha, and how her pack mate Arturo continued to tease and fondle her body that had Clara gazing. Had she seen the tiny creature’s pornographic films as well?

Jack sighed and shrugged. “We were celebrating Azamel. But apparently we’ve also developed a bit of a ritual now. Get together, get half naked, drink.”

Harcourt raised a brow. A considerable feat of dexterity, considering how he wobbled.

“Vamps don’t drink!”

“Not alcohol,” Antoinette said, and she licked a fang.

Clara noticed, and managed a small frown. But the frown vanished when Harcourt slid behind her, and slipped his hands around her waist to hug her. As if someone had just fed her decadent, delicious

food, she melted back into the man's arms, and smiled. Either alcohol agreed with her, and she agreed in return, vehemently at that, or something had occurred between her and Harcourt over the past few weeks. Most likely both.

Jack noticed. He frowned, for a moment, but the frown faded quickly, replaced with the first real smile Antoinette had seen him wear since Azamel's death.

"We," Fiona said, raising her glass as she did, "are bonny sluts! We deserve tae party 'n have fun."

"Fun includes tit fondling?" Clara asked.

"Aye, it does."

She nodded, grinning at the little redhead. "Glad everyone's happy, then." She shared a knowing glance with Jack, and the boy returned it, before she stepped a little closer to the table, Harcourt still behind her. "I admit, you are all pretty sluts. Matt, Art, seriously?"

Matthew shrugged, and sipped his drink. "Hey, I'm happy to be surrounded by a bunch of handsome dudes and very, very hot women who don't mind showing some skin."

She glared at him. "And you call yourself Canadian."

"Canada, I'll have you know, is slightly less concerned about boobs than the USA." He shrugged again, took another sip, and grinned down at his little vampire lover, who was still the subject of Arturo's attention.

"Uh huh." Clara turned her glare to Arturo. "Dude."

"What? We're all having a good time." Arturo, perhaps a little more drunk than his companion, slid his right arm around further to hug Natasha to his broad chest, caress and cup her left breast, while his left hand slid up her naked chest to her neck, and slowly wrapped her throat.

Natasha was, of course, not intoxicated, but the poor girl struggled to contain her doubtless growing arousal. All in the mind, without the Blush of Life, but it was enough. She did not stop Arturo, and melted into the man's huge arms, hands, and chest, as the werewolf hugged her tight. And the sight of the huge beast clutching her so intimately, had the entire table, Athalia especially, staring.

Clara watched her for a few moments, a few moments more, gulped, and slowly turned her increasingly distracted eyes to Athalia. "I uh, thought you wouldn't be down for this."

Athalia cast side glances at the two women being caressed and massaged beside her. She sighed, shrugged, and shot another glass of scotch before erupting into more gasps and coughs. She had only had half what little Fiona had had, after all, and was perhaps trying to catch up.

“They sold me on it,” Athalia said, finally look to Clara. “I mean, yeah, they’re all a bunch of sluts, but no one’s getting hurt, and it’s actually kinda liberating. They’re just tits.” With a playful grin Antoinette previously thought the woman was incapable of, Athalia leaned back, and shook her chest a little, causing her moderate breasts to jiggle side to side, and for the beautiful chains that clung to her chest around her breasts to sway as well. Considering her dark nipples were quite swollen, it was quite the sight.

Harcourt looked at her for perhaps a bit too long, and got a playful elbow in the gut from Clara. But then she and Harcourt both turned to the Prince, and took a few moments staring directly at her breasts. How quaint.

Clara said, “those are—”

“They are entirely real,” Elaine said, and she leaned across Jack, cupped Antoinette’s closer breast, and bounced it in her palm. The werewolf and hunter stared, hypnotized.

Jack of course rolled his eyes, but he did not stop Elaine. If anything, he could not help but watch as well. For Jessy to touch Antoinette perhaps annoyed him a touch, but for Elaine to touch Antoinette was quite normal at this point, and a regular part of sex for the little Ventrue.

“Damn,” Harcourt whispered. “That’s, uh, pretty insane.”

Clara rolled her eyes, but sneaked a few more glances to Antoinette as she faced the rest of the group.

“You know, there’s something to be said for hiding the goods.”

“Fuck that.” Jessy shook her head, and gestured around to the group. “We’ve got it right. And besides.” The Gangrel leaned forward and offered Clara a rather evil grin. “You enjoyed my gh—”

Eric elbowed her in the side. Jessy frowned at Eric and returned it, perhaps a tad harder than he had. So naturally, the man twisted enough so he could face her, and give her a playful shove of the shoulder. Which earned a dramatic jaw-drop from her, a glance to the group with a ‘can you believe this?’ expression on her face, before she returned the shove.

And the two of them grappled with each other for the next few moments, which soon had the group chuckling. Their antics were strangely adorable.

Harcourt whispered something into Clara's ear, earning surprised eyes from her, but also, a strange grin. Part offended, part excited. Harcourt, drunk and riding the waves of joy the atmosphere exuded, slipped his hands over Clara's breasts and pulled the two snug chest straps to their outer sides.

Clara managed a tiny squeak, and a squirm of surprise, but she made only a small effort to cover her breasts with her forearms, before eventually lowering them. And as she realized twelve more people were looking at her naked chest with obvious desire, she hardened herself, took a step forward, her moderate, tan-skin breasts still on display, poured herself a glass of scotch, and shot it.

Which left her coughing and struggling to swallow the drink down. Eric did not look happy to see another person wasting the drink.

"Smooth," she gasped.

The group laughed. And most importantly, Jack laughed.