

~~Natasha~~

“Holy shit,” Jessy said, eyes wide, leaning forward with hands gripping together. The two of them were sitting at Natasha’s counter in her apartment, her new apartment, sharing a corner and a bottle of blood. Antoinette had lent her some of her thralls to serve as moving crew, and they’d done quick work, so all her stuff was set up and ready for breaking in.

Natasha didn’t bother pouring a glass. She drank from the bottle directly, something she’d never do normally, and slid it a few inches across the counter to her friend.

“Yeah... t-t-terrifying.”

“I mean, I knew about nasty shit like werewolves, but a giant spider monster? First it’s the Begotten, now it’s spider monster things taking over human bodies and... fuck. Fuck fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.” Jessy got up from her stool and shook out her legs as she rubbed herself down. “Feel like I got them on me!”

Giggling, Natasha waited for her friend to recuperate from her well-deserved fear of spiders, crawling up legs and getting into her clothes.

“It was s-s-scary... no d-doubt about that.” But, oddly fun. Well, maybe not fun. No, not fun, fun was not the word. And poor Art, poor Matt. Stephanie died on that hunt, and while Natasha didn’t—hadn’t like her, she got the impression her two new friends did. Or at least, thought of Stephanie as family; like a pack of wolves.

“Cool hearing the kid come through like that though. Glad he’s Invictus.” Jessy sat down beside her again and took a drink of the blood with all the grace of a drunkard downing beer. “Wanna come back yet?”

“... no.” She sighed and shook her head. Not after what Maria did, not after what happened. Not after seeing all these things, and needing some sort of answer. “Come on, d-don’t ask me that.”

“I know I know, just kidding. So, over a whole night trapped with two of those sexy dogs. How’d that go?”

“It was nice! We p-played cards and talked and stuff. And Art told me about p-pack life a bit, and Matt and him joked about... why are you looking at me like that?”

“You liiiiiike them.” Jessy grinned, and slid the bottle back toward her.

“I—well, um, I d-do like them, they’re—”

“No no, not this ‘they’re my friends’ crap. I mean you like like them. I mean want to wake them up with a good morning blowjob like them.”

“Jessy! Not everything has to d-d-d... d-devolve into sex!” This woman, ugh. Natasha entertained her friend’s sexual obsessions to a point, but she had a limit.

“I’m not saying it’s only about sex.” The Gangrel leaned in, frowned at her, and gave her a shove on the shoulder. “I talked to Matthew and Arturo earlier tonight I’ll have you know, and I got that impression. They like you, and not in your typical I-really-want-to-fuck-her way... well, I got some of that too, but I meant moreso the other kind.”

“You... you did?”

“Mhmm. You should go visit them.”

“Visit? Did they—”

“Yeah, gave me the place they’re staying at. Still no phones though.” Jessy reached out for her and scooped her closer, arm hooking her shoulders in a hug. “Much as I think those wolves aren’t much better than dogs, god damn they are cute.”

“You j-just like anyone with... b-b-big shoulders and whose tall.”

“I know what I like. And I know I wouldn’t like hanging out with those two much. Too much like me.”

Natasha raised a brow at her friend. That was an oddly self-aware statement for her. Weird. Maybe Jessy was getting wiser in her old age. Natasha sure wasn’t.

“... w-what should I do?”

“Do? Girl it’s not complicated, go hang out with them! Go say hello. Here, I got their address; it’s on the edge of South Side near North Side, Carthian district.” She grabbed a pen and a notepad — sticky notes were Natasha’s vice — and wrote down some numbers. “And get those dumbasses a phone. It’s the fucking teens of the century, and they don’t have smartphones?”

Go hang with them. She made it sound so easy, like you could just drop by someone's place without first arranging a meeting, setting up a schedule, or at least texting them to see if they were free. Randomly dropping by? This wasn't the 1800s!

But... maybe she could? They didn't have phones, so it wasn't like they were exactly modern age.

"I see those eyes shifting around, thinking up strategies." Jessy bonked her on the head, and Natasha whined as was custom, clutching her skull. "Stop thinking, and just go. Have fun. Be yourself."

"Be myself... b-be myself."

"Well, maybe a little more like your current self? You know, fun Natasha, horny and slutty Natasha! Natasha who I've seen enjoy some pretty sexy stuff. Natasha who I've seen ride dick, with two more in her hands."

"Jessy!"

"But also Natasha who went down into the tunnels with her two new friends. A little spontaneous, you know? Come on, go have fun!"

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Nervous nervous nervous. So damn nervous. Why so nervous? All she was doing was visiting a couple of friends and saying thank you. That's all. Nothing else to it.

So what if she'd drunk both of them? Felt their warmth in her body? Their really... really... warm, thick blood. Felt their heat on her fingertips, on her fangs, smelled their musk. Animals, wolves... men.

She shook her head, planted her palms against her eye sockets, and shook her head more until her hair was going everywhere. Grow up you big baby, and knock.

She knocked, and waited, and trembled. It was a different fear than being chased by monsters, but a fear all the same, the sort of fear that made her stutter worse, that made her mind race a million miles a second planning exit strategies.

But they deserved a thank you, and she did want to see them again. They were nice. At least Matt was nice. Art was... not nice, in a fun way. Pushy, but also sneaky. Jessy was pushy too, but with zero sneak

factor. With Art she could tell he was smart enough to trick her, but Matt counterbalanced his deviousness, made them enjoyable to be around. Being stuck in that tunnel for a whole night and then some had actually been sort of fun, when she forgot about the danger they were in.

The apartment door opened, and Matt's face lit up like a Christmas tree.

"Madam Vola!"

"Y-You... you know to call me Natasha."

"Right right. Sorry, come on in." He threw open the door and motioned for her to enter. "Art and I were just watching some TV."

It was a nice little apartment, something cheap and cozy. The whole pack had rented apartments in the same building, a favor from Garry to Avery, and cause the pack didn't want to ever be too far from each other. She understood that, sort of.

Arturo looked over the couch back, and grinned at her.

"Little vampire come for more blood?"

"N-No! No, that's... I came... c-came..." Arg, he was going to make this difficult, and smile at her the whole time. "Came t-t-t-to... to say thank you."

"Thank you?"

"Yes. For... for helping me, and sssaving me, and... and letting me... drink when I had t-to."

"Come on little vampire, you—"

"Stop t-teasing me!" She threw down her hands and stomped her foot. "I am... I am older than you. I have d-done things you could never understand. I have... I am not a child. Ssso you... stop b-being an asshole."

So much for thank yous. But Matt smiled, nodded, and motioned to Art. Neither of them had even winced with her sudden outburst. If anything, they seemed happy.

"We're just teasing you cause we like you Natasha. Both of us. Come on in, get comfortable," Matt said, before he sat down on the couch next to Art to resume watching the show. "After that fucking Azlu incident? Figured you'd know when we're just playing."

Art smiled at her, a new smile, the same sort of genuine smile Matt always used, and motioned with his head for her to do as his friend suggested.

Well, temper tantrum succeeded. She closed the door behind her, took off her shoes, and walked into the living room. Only the one couch, pointed at a nice TV showing a comedy drama. A witty one with dry humor, one she liked.

Should she sit down? The couch fit three people, but Art was a big guy, and Matt was an enormous guy; little room left in the middle of the couch. But Matt shifted over as best he could, and motioned for her again. So, she shrugged, took a deep breath, and sat down between the two werewolves.

Coming over to watch TV wasn't exactly the plan, but she liked the show, and she kind of enjoyed the simplicity of the interaction. And better yet, Art and Matt were both watching it, without looking at her. Comfortable to watch the show with her, like Jessy would be. Like friends.

Matt and Art were both wearing jeans, though Matt had on a tight white t-shirt and blue jeans, and Art seemed to prefer a gray shirt and faded jeans. Both were a far cry from the suit she was wearing, so she took off her black jacket and set it on the end table. Now in black suit pants and a white shirt, she got comfortable, and laughed at the TV.

Ten minutes later, show over and a new one beginning, she looked to both of them, and tapped a finger on one of her hidden fangs.

“D-Do you only eat cooked meat?”

“You mean us two or the pack?” Art said. “Some of us need it raw, some of us need it fresh.” Art turned in his spot a bit to face her. “Some of us prefer to hunt in Hisil.”

Hisil? Right, the Shadow realm, where spirits like Safe existed. She shivered as she remembered it, and compared the beautiful, amazing memory against the creature the Uratha called Azlu.

“Eat spirits?”

They nodded as they watched the TV. They didn't seem to mind that she was talking over the show either, and frequently broke eye contact with it to look at her. They were more interested in her than the show then.

Oh god they might eat Safe. She raised a hand to bring it up, but stopped herself. It was a big city, and she had no right to ask them what to hunt or not hunt in their world. Besides, Safe would stay safe, hopefully.

“... did... d-did you... umm.... Stephanie, I mean....”

Art and Matt both sighed, but Matt turned to look to her as he offered her something between a wince and smile.

“She died on a hunt, against the vilest, most dangerous prey. We’re sad she died, but—”

“But it was a good way to die.” Art peeked at Natasha for a moment, a crack of sadness there before he looked back to the TV. “Mason’s taking it pretty hard though.”

“Yeah.” Matt looked back as well, but she could tell he wasn’t really looking at the images anymore. “Those two hated each other.”

“They d-did?” she said. “Then... w-why would he—”

“Hated each other like kids hate each other.” Art motioned to the TV, and the sitcom that had started playing. “Like a script from a show. I was sure they’d get together eventually.”

“Oh.” She hadn’t ever talked to Mason; hadn’t ever talked to any of them except for her two friends Art and Matt, really. Maybe she shouldn’t have brought her up. Yeah, that was dumb. “So, I should, uh... I should g-get going.”

“Already?” Matt said.

“You should stay.” Art reached out and put a hand on her arm. “Nice having you around.”

“... what? W-Why? I just... watched TV with you.” Touching her, he was touching her. And she wasn’t brushing his hand away.

“Trust us.” Art put his hand back in his lap, and smiled more of that frustrating smile. “Nice having you around, like talking to you. And the rest of the pack right now, after that double Azlu fuck up? Volatile as explosives.”

“That’s a common myth. M-M-Most explosives aren’t... v-volatile....”

“Well, it’s nice having you over anyway. Maybe we could try one of those Kisses again? Maybe a little normal kissing to go with it?” Art said, a sly smile sneaking onto his face.

Whoa whoa, what? She frowned at the bastard, whose smile had turned into an evil grin. A most evil grin, worthy of stabbing. “Is... is that why you think I’m over here?” Guess he wasn’t feeling too bad about Stephanie. Or maybe this was just how Art coped? Making bad jokes. A lot of people used humor like that.

“We’d be lying if we said we didn’t think you were attracted to us,” Matt said.

Us. Us? She looked over at Matt, and found the big guy smiling at her, excitement in his eyes. Art she could understand making bad jokes to hide mourning, but Matt? It wasn’t his style.

“I d-didn’t come over for... for more blood... or anything like that! I came over t-t-t... t-to say thank you!” She stood up, faced the two wolves, stomped her foot once, and folded her arms across her chest while she gave both men the harshest glare she could muster. It only seemed to make them smile more though, which made her frown more, which lead to a downward spiral she did not like.

“We were hoping you would.” Art reached out for her, and his fingers found where her shirt was tucked into her pants. She slapped his fingers away, and Arturo’s grin only grew. “But, we were really hoping you’d come over to just hang with us, not just say thank you, or that you’re sorry about Stephanie.”

“I w-was hanging!”

“And I hope you’ll stick around, hang out more. A lot more. With less clothes.”

The bastard! The slimy, conniving, manipulative, rude son of a bitch. He... he... wanted her naked. And he was so brazen about it. Rude and direct and... and looking at her like she was a piece of meat. Or at least, she wanted to think of him like that, like he was some lecherous bastard she could justify stabbing. But the man had saved her life, let her drink his blood before, protected her from the Azlu, all the things that should make her want to swoon like a damsel in distress being rescued.

She most definitely did not feel like she was being rescued. Felt like she was a lamb before the wolves.

“D-Don’t think... just because you... helped me that I... that I would...”

“What? No no, it’s not like that,” Matt said, hands up in surrender. “We like you. You’re smart, you’re clever, and you’re so damn cute.”

“You t-too? Do I... d-d-do I look like a... like a...” Like a whore, or slut, or some other stupid word that really meant nothing to any Kindred. “I’m not cute!”

“Could have fooled us.” Art got up, and started walking toward her. “We think you’re damn cute, and sexy. We’ve been wanting to do things to you for a while.”

She backed up, eyes going wide and staring up at the tall beast, and the hunger in his dark eyes. They... they had?

“You... you’re... ummm.” Her back pressed to the wall beside the TV, and her hands did as well. Trapped, completely trapped. She looked past Art to Matt, but the big dumb puppy only smiled back at her, the same hunger in his gaze. He gave her a tiny wave too, like this was all fun times.

“I like that you squirm.” Art leaned down as he approached her, and he licked his lips in a very I’m-going-to-eat-you sort of way.

“I... I um...”

“I like that you still act shy around us, despite the shit we’ve been through. I like that you’re smart, and clever when you start to feel comfortable. And I think you’re really sexy.” He got in closer, close enough she could feel his body heat as he leaned down to grin at her, penetrating gaze only an inch from her eyes. “And I’m really hoping you squirm the same way when I’m inside you.”

Find a knife, a sword, a pen, anything. Stab him!

“You two... can’t b-b-be serious. There’s... t-two of you!”

“So?” Matt said, shrugging. “Art and I have been friends forever, and we share everything. And sometimes we find a girl who enjoys two men. Though Art can come on a bit strong. Dumbass.”

Art just shrugged when he looked behind him at his friend before bringing his mischievous eyes back to her.

For a second, she wanted to accuse them of being playboys, sleeping around with any woman they found. She knew it wasn’t true though, she was just looking for excuses to get out of the situation. Just like with Jessy and her ghouls.

But these weren’t ghouls. And Jessy wasn’t here either. Completely different situation.

Completely.

“You uh... you t-two... do this often?”



“No,” Art said, “gotta like the girl first. And she has to like us. Avery and the pack have been roaming for a while, but I’m hoping we can stay here. Dolareido’s a great place. And we can get to know the little vamp with some bite to her. We really like her.”

Hehe, bite. No, don’t laugh at his puns!

“You like me?”

“Haven’t I been saying that all night?” Art reached down, and took her hand. She didn’t pull it away, and instead bit her lip a little as she felt the heat of his body warm her corpse fingers. After pulling her back to the couch, he sat down and grinned his evil grin. Bastard was so damn tall, he was eye level with her despite him sitting, her standing. Let alone Matt, who was a good five or six inches taller than Art, and probably eighty pounds of pure muscle heavier.

And they both wanted her. Both were looking at her like prey to be ravaged, but the more they kept talking, the less she minded.

“This... this isn’t... and... I... I um....”

Matt reached out, and took her other hand. Hers disappeared into his palm, like a little girl’s. She was older than either of them, but... but they were so much bigger than her. Trapped, trapped trapped, standing in front of the couch with the two wolves sitting down on it before her, her hands in theirs.

“If you say you want to go, we’ll let you go. This isn’t like that time we captured you.” Art’s eyes were only on her face half the time now, half the time running up and down her body. “You’re not our prisoner. You have to say stop though. That’s your safe word.”

“B-B-But... you’re....”

Her hands were trapped, one for each of them, while they each had a hand free. And they used them, Art setting his free hand on her outer thigh, while Matt put his hand on her hip.

“And we can stop anytime you want us to,” Matt said, winking at her. His drifting hand slid to the front of her pants, and found the button of her fly. “But, I’m really hoping you don’t want us to. Cause damn, I really want to eat you.”

All she had to do was say stop. Good, easy! Easily done. All she had to do was tell them to stop, and the two handsome, gorgeous creatures trying to seduce her would stop. Yeap. Just say stop.

She looked down at Matt's hand on her fly. With one hand he managed to slip the button out of the hole, while Arturo had his fingers in the waistband. She made another tug on her hands, harder, but still she couldn't get away. Harder again, still nothing. The werewolves refused to let go of her fingers, and they kept smiling at her as they started to slide off her pants. Matt's grin had all the sinister intent of a puppy, but Art's grin was as villainous as ever.

"I... you... p-please don't? You're..."

"Just say stop and we'll stop," Matt said.

Saying it wasn't easy apparently; it was hard! And the harder she tried, the more she struggled to get the word out.

The villain of the duo chuckled, licked his lips a little — so damn sexy it hurt — and slid her pants down to her knees. "Or," he said, "you can... think it's called blush?"

"W-Who... told you... about that?" Pants, around knees! They could see her underwear!

"Friend of yours."

"... Jessy!" Oh, that bitch. "She said... you t-t-talked with her."

"We did. Earlier tonight." Art continued to pull her pants down, and she tried to pull away all the more. Like trying to move buildings. They weren't that heavy, not for a vampire, but she couldn't move them at all. Her strength was gone. "She said you might need a little push."

They planned this. They planned it and Jessy helped them. Her so called friend was going to get a mouthful when she found her.

Reality yanked her back when she found pants around her ankles, and the two werewolves working together to lift a foot out of one pant leg, and then the other. Now all she had on was socks and her shirt, and her boring pair of white underwear. But her underwear didn't seem to bother either wolf, who stared at her and her legs, and roamed over the smooth skin with their huge hands.

They really wanted her. Two werewolves, massive beasts, dripping of life and heat and hunger, they wanted her. This was nothing like with Jessy's ghouls, who wanted her like... like an aroused man wanted what he was attracted to. Which, she admitted to only herself, she'd loved. But Art and Matt were... they weren't humans, or vampires, they were wolves, and as their fingers roamed her small legs, leaving her wriggling, squirming, and trapped, their eyes devoured her like... like prey.

“You... wait... p-please, I...”

“Not hearing the safe word,” Art said. His hand around her wrist pulled her toward him, until her legs were touching his and Matt’s. Matt’s free hand danced up to her shirt, and started undoing the buttons from the bottom, while Art’s other hand reached behind her. His fingers cupped her ass, squeezed it through her underwear, caressed along the small of her back and tail bone, before sliding under the waistband.

Stop. All she had to do was say stop.

She pulled away again, futilely. The wolves weren’t letting her go, and they weren’t stopping. Their hands roamed her body, touched and massaged her thighs and ass, tickled along her ever exposing skin as Matt undid more of her buttons, and played with the edges of her clothes. Art’s fingers slid her underwear down a little, and she almost squeaked. But he stopped once they were only a couple inches down, and he grinned his smug bastard grin at her before his fingers reached higher, and slid her shirt off her shoulders with Matt’s help. Whenever they needed to, they switched hands off on hers without ever letting her go. All her pulling and tugging and wriggling did nothing to stop them as the two beasts undressed her.

She stood there, wearing nothing but her white underwear and simple little t-shirt bra, pouting her best ‘please stop’ pout. It only spurred them on.

“God damn you are beautiful,” Matt said, eyes stuck to her flat, toned stomach, her tiny breasts still hidden, her pale Kindred skin.

“It isn’t 1920 Matt. She’s sexy, and hot, those are the words you’re looking for.”

“I can’t say she’s beautiful?”

“Not if you’re trying to keep the mood.”

Matt just rolled his eyes, and pulled her in a little closer. She couldn’t get much closer than legs touching theirs, so she leaned forward a little, held upright by the grip they kept on her hands.

“Blush for me, please?”

Oh... oh god damn it. His eyes, big green puppy eyes. There was hunger there, ravenous, sexual hunger, but on top of it all he wore blatant sincerity that was too damn adorable. And handsome. She wanted to run her fingers through his long, dark blond, almost brown hair, touch the scruff of his face, kiss his lips.

And Art, Art she wanted to punch. After. For now, she stared at him, at the voracious need written on his face, his dark brown eyes, smooth face and hard jaw, his messy shoulder-length black hair, his... his everything.

If she said stop, they'd stop. She could leave, and go home. Maybe call Jessy, berate her, and then maybe have some fun with her ghouls. Or she could blush for the two beasts holding her hands, undressing her, touching her, and they'd ravage her. From the look in their eyes, she couldn't help but imagine them pinning her down, prying her open, forcing things into her, devouring her.

She bit her lip a little with one of her fangs. Didn't mean to, it just happened as she deliberated like a kid in a candy store, but it made both the wolves groan with blatant arousal, and then growl. A real, deep, quiet growl in the throat and chest that she felt through where they trapped her hands.

She blushed.

"... that is sexy," Matt said, eyes looking her up and down.

Even when blushing, she still had pale skin, but it wasn't her skin tone the two beasts were staring at. It was her breasts, and her nipples stabbing out against her soft bra. It was her flat stomach, and how the blush brought some life to her subtle abs and hips. It was her underwear, and how, only moments into the blush, a droplet of moisture was starting to form. Oh god.

She blushed a normal, human blush then, and her body went red. Head to toe, she felt the burn of red, and her cheeks wanted to explode.

"I think she likes it." Art leaned in toward her, still sitting so he had to crane his neck a bit to point his lips up at her, but they found her collar, her neck, her chin, and he put gentle, warm kisses along her naked skin, each accompanied with an electric tingle.

"I... I um... this... this isn't f-f-fair."

"It really isn't," Art said, kiss slipping down to her collar, and then her sternum. "Been wanting to get inside you since the first time we met. Fucking killing me."

Before she could respond, Matt's free hand took the waistband of her underwear, and slid them down to her knees. She meeped and renewed her struggles to cover herself, but they didn't let her. There was a tiny strand of wetness connecting her sex to her underwear until it finally reached her knees. Once the

white fabric was around her ankles, they again lifted her feet and forced her to step out of her clothes, like she'd become their doll.

“God damn,” Matt said, eyes glued to her thighs, jaw dropped slightly. “That is the sweetest little thing I have ever seen.”

“I am not a p-p-p-piece of meat!” More struggles, more futility. The two of them were staring at her sex, at her smooth mons, her puffy little vulva and hidden lips. Wet, and her clitoris was swollen enough to stick out slightly. Staring, and staring, until she was bursting with embarrassment and blushing to death. But they wouldn't let go of her hands, wouldn't let her cover herself, wouldn't let her escape.

“And yet, I really want to eat you.” Art's free hand hooked the front of her bra, and pulled it up over her head. Part of her wanted to be obstinate, and not lift her arms. But it was too late to be so petty now, and once the two wolves let go of her hands, she lifted her arms so Art could lift the thing clear off of her.

Naked. Absolutely naked. She was so small compared to them, and naked, and naked, and naked some more. She covered her breasts and privates with her arms, finally having them free, but she remembered what it was like with the ghouls, and how silly it'd been. So, with a deep, useless breath, she lowered her arms, and tried to stand there with some pride. Or defiance, not sure which.

Matt leaned in, and growled. She squeaked and blinked at the gentle giant, but the man's eyes were half closed and not looking at her, they were looking at her breasts. Art did the same, pulling her in closer as he leaned in from his seat. Matt was leaning down lower, and she could feel his hot breath on her nipple. Art was higher, his grinning lips only inches from hers, his eyes on hers. He took her hand again, and set it on his shoulder.

“Eat m-me?” she said, and she squeezed his shoulder a little. Didn't mean to, didn't try to, it just happened. He was so warm, and hard, and broad.

He came closer, closer until his lips were touching hers. Not kissing, not yet, but god damn she wanted to. His eyes, his damn, beautiful dark eyes, the heat of him so close to her, and much as she told herself not to, she breathed in his scent.

“I—” She squeaked again, loudly, and looked down at Matt. The giant had put his lips around her nipple, and was kissing it with the most tender, warm, wet lips. More sparks along her skin, tingly, electric. Her whole body started to shiver, and she squirmed as she tried to take a step back. Matt had one hand

holding her thigh, the other holding her butt, and he refused to let her back away as he lowered his kiss to the underside of her small breast, and planted warm little kisses.

For a second she was going to say something, maybe 'stop', but when she opened her mouth, Art's lips found hers. Time froze. Life and warmth on her face, on her lips, so close to her he... he was kissing her. You couldn't get much closer than kissing. He was kissing her, and nudging his nose into her a bit like a playful dog; his kiss was most definitely not dog-like though. His kiss was tender, and he plucked at her bottom lip after a few moments of her standing there like a statue.

"You're smooth," he said.

She gasped and looked down. Art's fingers had found her mons, and were caressing where her pubic hair should have been. The soft mound of skin molded to his exploring fingers, his digits tracing invisible symbols.

"I... I... shaved it a long t-time ago, and... chose to not regrow it."

"You can do that?"

"Mhmm. It—nn!" The bastard's fingers slid further down, and found her budding clitoris. She squealed, mewled, whimpered, and every sound she didn't want to come out of her came out when she looked down, and found the large man's hands caressing her folds. He didn't stroke her clit directly, only nudged against it, teased it as he massaged her labia, wet his fingers with her juices.

Art's head drifted lower, and Matt's head drifted higher. Natasha wriggled some more, but at this point she was having trouble focusing, on trying to remember who she was or what her original plan had been. All she could think about was a set of fingers massaging the tiny lips between her thighs, sending warm sparks through her body. Her nipples were so hard they hurt, and her breath came out in tiny pants, pants Matt smiled into as his lips plucked at hers. She blinked at him, sucked into the hungry gaze, and let out a tiny whining sound as Art's mouth found her other nipple.

Kissing. She was kissing him. Both of them!

"This... isn't fair," she said. "You t-two... you're...."

"Still dressed," Matt said. "Yeah, this is pretty mean."

And just like that, both of them got up, and stripped. Natasha stared, jaw dropping, eyes wide, arms dangling, as the two men threw away their shirts and jeans, their underwear and socks, completely comfortable with each other.

Jessy would have loved them. All the werewolves had such strong bodies, fit, powerful, and naked she could see all the muscles, the indentations and striations and abs. Abs, hard, chiseled, defined abs. Art wasn't as big or wide as Matt, but that was because Matt was a wall of meat that couldn't fit through a doorway. Art was a tall man too, big and lean and... and very hard, with his large member sticking out from his pelvis. She looked to Matt, and found the man's member growing to hard erection as well. She'd done this to them? She hadn't even touched them!

This couldn't have been happening. She must have been dreaming, and somehow stumbled into Jessy's dream.

Matt took her hand, and guided her toward the apartment's hallway.

"I... I um... you're..."

"You'll have to forgive us for being a little pushy with you," Matt said as he pulled her into the bedroom. Just a simple apartment, nothing fancy, white walls and a king-sized bed with some blue sheets. Perfectly innocent. "Jessy was right about you."

"J-Jessy!" That was right! This was all Jessy's fault! She tried to jump away, but Matt's hand was still holding hers, and he smiled as he sat down on the bed. The harder she pulled, the more he pulled her toward him, with all the urgency of a turtle. "You... you planned this! And Jessy, she... she... b-b-betr—"

Art appeared in the doorway, and he leaned against the frame as he folded his arms across his naked chest. "No one betrayed you, Natasha. We came to Jessy cause Matt and I really like you, but we know your situation is complicated, and... well, two guys one girl. Figured it was better to ask the girl's friend first about how viable this was, you know?"

"You—eep!" She'd never get a word out at this rate. Matt picked her up, laid her on the bed on her back, and he lay beside her on his side. But he was big, and heavy, and huge and big and mountainous, and the bed sank a little so he had to adjust to get comfortable beside her. She tried to get up and scamper away, but his hand found her shoulder, and he planted her right back down against the sheets.

"She said you liked us too, and that you'd be willing to have us in your bed, if we gave you a little nudge," Matt said, his lips to her shoulder, and planting delightful, warm kisses.

Natasha squirmed all the more, tried to get up a few more times to no success, and frowned at the wolf beside her holding her down. But Art drew near, and her eyes lifted to stare at the man as he too climbed onto the bed, large shaft hanging between his legs as he crawled over and lay beside her, opposite of Matt.

Warmth, muscle and skin, their bodies lightly pressed against hers, touched hers, their hard members nudged against her legs with the position, and their breath was on her neck. The two of them were so giant compared to her, she disappeared between them, like two walls of flesh that closed in on her, trapped her, buried her, refused to let her go.

“You... y-you said you’d stop if I said stop.”

“Yeap. Moment you say it straight, we’ll stop.” Art leaned in closer, and put his lips on her ear. “I’m really hoping you don’t.”

“This is mean!”

“Yeap,” Matt said, his lips doing the same as Art’s. But his hands weren’t. While one of his arms was pressed to the bed underneath him, since he was on his side facing her, the other that had been holding her down eased up, and drifted down her chest. It tickled along her nipple, caressed along the underside of her small breast, before drifting down her belly and pelvis to find her clitoris.

And unlike Art’s infuriating, teasing massage from earlier, Matt’s fingers embraced her clitoris between two fingertips, and began to massage her.

She melted. She tried to find the anger, the frustration again, looked for some inkling of rage against Jessy for having betrayed her like this, for offering her up to these two wolves. But, as she looked between the two handsome men, lying on their sides beside her, she couldn’t find it anymore. Sharp sparks of bliss danced along her clitoris and pulsed through her pelvis, earning squeezing muscles that had more of her juices trickling down her pussy.

Her hands came up to her chest, and she kept them tucked under her collar, elbows to her stomach. They didn’t stay there long. Art’s hand was free, and he used it to take hers, and set it on his cock. Tall as he was, tiny as she was, his length was resting against her thigh above the knee. She couldn’t see, unable to raise her head with both wolves nibbling at her ears, kissing her neck, her lips. But she could feel it, the thickness of it, the subtle veins and grooves. The size. Matt did the same, stopping his caressing to take her



other hand and set it on his cock as well. And once she gave it the tiniest squeeze, the man resumed massaging her clit, until it was singing and her body was squirming.

Two men, two shafts in her hands. She could hurt them, do something horrible to them, make them pay for humiliating her like this. But as Art raised his head a bit more, and put a few of his warm kisses on the corner of her lips, she turned to look at him. He was smiling at her, waiting, expectant, hopeful, and... and... happy.

Maybe she could stab them later. For now, she closed her eyes, leaned in, and kissed him.

Art grinned into her kiss, but he didn't pull away. Good, cause it took everything she had to find that courage. They'd been kissing her, touching her, stripping her, groping and fondling — gently thankfully — her body, but she hadn't done anything to them yet. So she kissed Art, and started to lightly stroke his member. Her efforts earned a quiet, deep rumbling sound from the titan, and she trembled as the vibration of his voice filled her.

A soft caress of Matt's fingers along her dripping pussy's lips jolted her back to awareness. She opened her eyes, and Art pulled away with a wink before his free hand reached up to tease her hard nipple the way Matt was with her clitoris. Matt nudged his nose to her chin, and she turned her head to look at him. Those deep green eyes, god damn it. She melted all the more as Matt leaned in, and she brought her lips forward to meet his. A couple of massaging squeezes and strokes of his cock for him too.

Art's fingers drifted down, walking down her ribs, her stomach, her hip, and between her thighs. She thought he was going to replace Matt's hand, but his fingers cupped her thigh, and he pulled her legs apart a little. His fingers reached further up her thigh, knuckles no doubt nudging against Matt's hand; didn't seem to bother them. Without pause, Art's fingers started to press between her tiny folds, until they found her entrance.

"You are drenched," he said.

"Cause... cause Matt keeps... t-touching me." She frowned at Art, but it only lasted a moment before her mouth opened, and a whimper came out of her.

Whimper turned to loud mewl as Art pushed two of his fingers into her clenching pussy, and pressed them up against her walls toward her belly. Matt didn't seem to get the message though, and he continued to caress her clit as Art pushed against her g-spot in slow, deep pulses. And each made her clench down on him, body desperate to control the overloading stimulus of two hands playing with her.

“W-Wait... it’s—”

“So. Damn. Tight.” Art’s voice came out as a guttural growl, and Natasha’s eyes went wide as the wolf angled his head to set his teeth against her neck. No bite came though, except for the occasional playful nibble. As he kissed her neck, his fingers started to speed up, pushing up against her insides a little harder, a little faster, catching up with the rhythm Matt had already been working on.

Too much too much. Attempts to continue stroking their members failed, and she put her hands on their hips instead, holding onto something as the orgasm hit her. She looked up at the ceiling, and closed her eyes as the bliss worked through her pelvis. Her legs spread more, and her hips pushed toward their hands to meet them.

“S-Stop,” she managed to say between her squeaks. Too much, almost painful stimulation on her clit, and her insides were squeezing hard enough to leave her a wriggling mess. Matt and Art stopped, immediately at that, and she managed to crack her eyes open to see their smiling faces as she came on their fingers. She could feel her juices dripping down her body, on Art’s fingers, a lot of it, and she blushed until her face felt like it was on fire. She covered her face with her hands, but continued to squeak and mewl as the sparks worked through her legs and made her toes curl.

But, at least they stopped when she asked, and once the waves started to pass, she lowered her hands again. The two wolves had their heads propped up on their palms, elbows to the sheets, and they slid their wet hands from her pussy to rest them on her belly. Smiling, grinning, eating her with their eyes.

“Did you want us to stop completely?” Matt said. “Or just for a second?”

“... s-second.” She bit her lip, and looked down at their huge hands on her small body. Two hands on her at the same time, making her cum, making her blush and mewl and soak the bed.

Art reached behind him. She couldn’t see what he was doing, but she could hear the drawer of the nightstand open, and see his evil grin. He brought his arm back over her belly, and set something cool on her flat tummy.

She blinked and looked at the small bottle... of lubricant.

“Jessy insisted,” Art said as he leaned in, and put his lips on her earlobe again. “She really gave you up, said you enjoyed all sorts of experiments in your private time.”

“J-Jessy! I’ll kill her!” She tried to sit up again, but Art and Matt both had her pinned back down by the shoulders in an instant.

“Hey.” Matt’s lips offered her neck a kiss, and then her shoulder as he leaned back a bit. “Don’t have to do anything like that if you don’t want to. But, we know what we’re doing, and we think you’d enjoy it.”

Every inch of her was blushing red, and she raised her hands to cover her face again. No no no no no no no no this wasn’t happening. She’d told Jessy that in confidence, and she left out the details! That jerk didn’t know what Natasha experimented with... with.... She was guessing! Guessing, right?

Jessy did know her well though, and it wasn’t like Natasha was the best at hiding her feelings about things. Jessy pestered her about anal and double penetration stuff before, and Natasha dodged the suggestion. Dodging was as good as admitting for Jessy, apparently.

“You... you... you know what you’re d-d-doing? This isn’t porn! You can’t just... r-ram things in, and... stuff.” Oh god what was she doing.

“Gentle as you want,” Art said. He put the bottle back on her stomach — it’d fallen in her fury — and popped it open. The evil grin of his wasn’t going away, and it only grew as he turned the bottle upside down, and started to trickle the thick liquid over her sex.

She gasped with the sensation of the cool liquid over her pussy, which was boiling hot and dripping already. The wolves didn’t care about the blankets, evidently, and they coated her with the lube before closing and setting the bottle on the blankets.

Art was the first to put his hand between her thighs. He leaned over her as he did, smiling down at her. Big bad wolf and she was feeling more and more like Red Riding Hood every passing second. So cliché, but so very true; she was completely hidden on the bed, surrounded by muscle and heat and grinning beasts.

She shuddered, and frowned at Art as the man started to caress the rose of her ass. The electric tingles started up in seconds.

“You... you’re a... you’re mean.”

“Sorry,” he said. “Can’t help it. I really like you, and I hope to be doing things to you on a frequent basis.”

“F-Frequent? I—nn!” She covered her mouth with her hands, and glared at Art with as much malice and rage as she could muster as the man started to work a finger passed her sphincter. Her hands went higher, covering her eyes instead of her mouth.

More fingers found her, but she refused to look. Better to stay hidden, pretend this wasn't happening, that she wasn't trapped between two men and one of them was gently opening her ass. The other man's fingertips tickled along her drenched and coated lips before he sank his digits into her pussy, and pressed upward toward her belly. She squeezed on both sets of fingers, hard, and trembled. Not fair not fair not fair.

“Certainly hoping this isn't a one night thing,” Matt said. He pushed his fingers in deeper, and deeper, and pressed up toward her belly until she was gasping, until she felt the deepest spot inside her pushed up against her and making her whimper. That spot, deep deep, he pressed it up toward her stomach with a curled finger, and her ass raised to push her hips against him.

Couldn't help it, couldn't stop herself. Deep, so fucking deep. But pushing her hips up tightened her ass, and Art's probing finger was forced to stop as Matt stroked her insides.

But, Matt stopped. She still didn't expose her eyes, refused to look, refused to meet what was undoubtedly some very evil grins. He gave her a moment to let her butt come back down, and Art used it to sink his finger deeper into her. And deeper, finger finding the insides of her ass. Matt seemed content to only lightly press against her depths now, while Arturo started to slide his finger back out. Only to start pushing two in.

“W-Wait! Wait, please!”

“Not the safe word,” Art said. His lips found her ear again, under it, and trailed kisses along her neck as he started to work two of his fingers passed her sphincter. He went very, very, very slowly thank god, massaging the lubricant into the sensitive skin, and spreading the two fingers apart between nudges, stretching her.

He didn't stop until he'd sunk his fingers in to the final knuckle, and started to press up toward Matt's fingers. Two sets of fingers, inside her, filling her, and now pressing up against her. Matt resumed fingering the deepest spot of her pussy while Art pressed against it from deep in her ass; almost felt like they were in her stomach.

They pressed harder, working their fingers together in a rhythm motion, each press of their digits reducing her to a mewling mess. So deep, so full, and they knew how to get her body to respond whether

she wanted it to or not, using that deep pressure that made her muscles clench and hot sparks run up and down her legs. And they worked with each other, each taking turns feeling her depths, massaging places she only ever touched with her toys normally. They were gentle, but persistent, curled fingers bathing her insides in pressure.

She lowered her hands from her eyes, and eventually set them back on her chest, palms over her nipples. Trying to hide the shame of her arousal, pathetic as it was at this point. She was whimpering, squeaking, and pushing her hips toward the two men's hands. Her juices were joining the lubricant, and her legs were spreading on their own, until they couldn't get any further apart with the two massive men's bodies blocking them.

They both set their lips on her neck, and started kissing her again, nibbling gently on her jawline, or kissing her when she turned her head ever so slightly. And as they did, they moved their hands a little faster, a little harder, fingers opening her up and stretching her deeper. They found a new rhythm, the two of them pressing up against her depths near her womb, toward her stomach at the same time, making her ass lift off the blankets a tiny inch with each thrust.

For a moment, Natasha remembered the sight of Jessy through Damien's telescope, and how it looked seeing the woman being opened up by the fingers of four men. Did she look like that right now?

Too much too much. She closed her eyes and pressed her arms tight to her chest as she came. The two men continued to kiss her, the heat of their bodies flooding her until she started to sweat slightly; the blush would let her do everything she did while alive, even the embarrassing things. And, as powerful waves of pleasure worked outward from her pelvis and into her clenching muscles, she squealed. They weren't stopping. They kissed her, suckling softly on her neck, while their fingers continued to fill her, opened her, stretched her ass and pussy with their deep, pressing fingertips.

Her squeals turned into broken things, barely more than squeaks as she felt more of her juices soak down the fingers of the two men, and down her thighs and butt. The bed was wet, and only getting wetter as the werewolves fingered her through her orgasm.

“Stop! Stop!”

Instantly, the two creatures stopped.

She reached out with her hands, and set them onto the hips of the two huge animals lying against her sides. Had to hold onto something, to brace herself as she continued to convulse and spasm, continued to

clench on the fingers inside her and leak more of her cum onto them. They stayed inside her as the pleasure pulsed, but at least they'd stopped fingering her.

After a minute of horribly embarrassing noises and juices, she opened her eyes. The two wolves were smiling down at her, hunger in their eyes. Hunger, actual hunger, the sort that made her meep, and stare.

"Th-Thank you... for... stopping," she said between pants. "I... couldn't... umm...." She'd started seeing stars, but she couldn't say something that awkward. No way.

"We weren't lying. Any time you want to stop." Matt set his lips on hers, and nudged them in a slow, circular sway. He was a good kisser.

"Though I'm hoping we can continue," Art said, his lips finding her ear, even as Matt's lips danced on hers.

"... ok." Trying to think straight was pointless. She understood that. She was swimming in arousal and orgasm aftershocks and surrounded by heat and blood and muscle and she was dripping with sweat and so much cum and she still had two men's fingers inside both her holes and... and she wanted more.

Art smiled down at her, slipped his fingers free of her squeezing muscles, and grabbed the lubricant once more. He spared no expense with the liquid, and thoroughly coated his large cock with the clear liquid. Natasha sat up a touch on her elbows, and trembled at the sight of him working his length, spreading the lube along the veined girth and over the ripe glans; he'd been leaking his own droplets of precum before, and she could smell the arousal coming off of him.

He took her hip with his wet hand, and turned her onto her side. She squeaked again, and stared at Matt as Art turned her to face the blond man, her butt against Art's hip. They had to adjust positions to accommodate the height difference; she was tiny, they were very much not. So her head was only at chest level with Art, and Matt, and she had to look up to see the giant's warm, smiling face, as his bastard friend slipped his thick girth between her thighs. She quivered when she looked down, and found the bulbous tip poking out from underneath her pussy.

"You... you're uh... y-you...."

Art pulled his hips back a little, grasped the base of his cock, and nudged the swollen glans along the crack of her ass. She shivered all the more as he took his time, nudging it along her wet skin before easing it between her cheeks, and resting its soft tip against the rose of her sphincter.

“Just relax,” he said.

Relax. Relax! Easier said than done. She was about to take a large phallus in the butt. On the first date! It wasn't even a date!

She lay there on her side, and stared at the wall of muscle before her that was Matthew. The giant's free hand reached out for her, guided her chin to make her look up at him and his sweet smile, before it drifted down her naked body and down between her legs again. Fingers found her dripping entrance, and began to again gently massage her labia, riding a pleasant line between stimulus and relaxing.

Art pushed against her ass a little, and Natasha pouted up at Matt as he did. Couldn't help it. She squirmed slightly as the man behind her began to ease the head of his cock passed her muscles, still stretched open by his fingers from earlier. But she still had to take a breath, relax, and let her muscles loosen as the wolf began to slide his shaft into her. Matt didn't stop massaging her as his friend began to penetrate her, he only smiled, and adjusted his fingers to include her aching, swollen clit in his gentle caresses.

“You... you're both... s-s-s-so... mean, and... and...” She reached out with both hands to press against Matt's chest. Solid iron. She turned her head to look at the man behind her. Art had his elbow down against the blankets, hand raised to hold his cheek as he smiled down at her, while his other hand held her hip and kept pulling her toward him. She thought she was surrounded by men before, but as Art gently sank another inch of his cock into her ass, she gulped on her fear.

It felt amazing.

Once Art had the glans of his shaft inside her, he paused and eased back a little, giving her the room she needed to relax her muscles again. He went deeper, pulling her body across the blankets closer to him. The angle pushed his cock's head up toward her belly, toward her pussy, and she shuddered as she felt the pressure sensation work its way deeper. Again, another inch, and Art let her relax before he pulled her in more.

“Mean?” Matt said. “You look like you're enjoying yourself to me.”

“I... I am.” She blushed again and looked away from Art's evil grin. At least Matt looked less insidious. “But, this... we've... jumped like... t-t-ten dates worth of build up.”

“Sorry,” Art said with the most insincere pout she'd ever seen.

But before she could reprimand him, he sank deeper into her, deep enough she thought she could feel him in her belly. She pouted up at Matt again, silently begging for some help, but it only seemed to spur the man on, and his fingers continued to caress her soaked clitoris until the pleasure was building again. Art worked with the motion, and eased her onto him another inch between her muscle clenches. So full, she was so full, so utterly full.

Art leaned down over her, and growled, deep in his chest, when the cheeks of her ass molded to his body. Balls deep. She whimpered openly, until Art took one of her hands, and brought it down between her legs. Matt moved his, and Art placed her digits where his cock was spreading her open, where his girth had stretched open her small hole, where his testicles were pressed against her ass and inner thighs. All soaked.

“You feel amazing,” he said.

“I... I...” She tried to hold still, but every breath the blush of life brought on made her shiver. Art was stretching her deeper, wide, and his cock pressed toward her belly relentlessly. He wasn’t even moving and she could feel his hard shaft rubbing against her walls, each passing moment causing her insides to adjust to take in his girth. And, despite herself, she reached down and touched where his cock opened her, teased her fingers down the hot, wet skin and veins.

Matt slid himself in closer, until his chest was almost touching Natasha’s nose. As if the heat wasn’t already overwhelming, now each breath was a powerful concoction of musk and sex as the werewolf put the wall of muscle of his chest inches from her. And from so close, his cock rubbed its wet tip along her flat stomach.

“You... you’re....”

Matt growled. God, so close, she could feel the rumble in his chest. It made her clench on Art’s shaft, made her wriggle and panic, made her whimper, and leak cream down her thighs.

Art’s fingers, still wet with lubricant and her own cum, found her pussy, and started to massage her clitoris the way Matt had just been moments ago. The sparks were building again, making her squeak despite Art’s refusal to thrust. But, Matt and Art must have known what they were doing. Without words they were in sync, and where Art continued to caress her labia, massage and bathe her aching, swollen clit in tender strokes, Matt moved his hips down, and at the same time took her leg. With her on her side and one leg pinned to the blankets, Matt’s wet fingers found her thigh, and he pulled her knee over his massive



leg while his cock slid down her belly, massive glans leaving a trail of precum down her stomach, her bare mons, and down to her clit where Art moved his hand out of the way.

“Wait... wait, it’s... t-t-too much. I can’t b-breathe, I...”

“Vampires don’t breathe,” Matt said, and he pushed the head of his cock against her entrance.

She put her hands to his chest, her elbows tight against her ribs as she braced for him. But he didn’t thrust like she expected. No, the beast only prodded, nudged his fat cock against her clenching opening, and eased in the thickness of his glans between her squeezing spurts. She mewled, loudly, and leaned her head forward to rest her forehead against Matt’s sternum as the wolf gently started to push himself into her body.

And Art! The bastard Arturo started massaging her again, two fingers pressed to her clit and caressing her, even as his friend began the long journey of sinking inch after inch of his girth into her. She had no room left inside her, everything was tight and stuffed, and she could feel Matt stretching her apart, opening her far more than his fingers did. Bumps and grooves, the slight give of flesh against her squeezing, soaked muscles, his thickness fighting for room inside her. She squeezed, hard, but the man continued to fill her up.

“W... wait...,” she said. They weren’t listening. And she didn’t want them to stop.

Matt slid in closer, until his legs were cozy with hers. She had one leg still straight out from her body, and both of Art’s against it. And now, both of Matt’s against it, while her other leg was hooked over his leg, and held there by his hand. They clearly had no trouble dealing with the intricacies of this, of threesomes, of dealing with six legs fighting for space, of getting... very... very close. Matt kept getting deeper, until she was sure maybe he’d get self conscious about being so near Art’s body. But, he kept pulling her toward him with her leg, and shifting his hips closer to her, until she was looking up at him, touching his chest that was an inch from her lips and chin, and silently begging for... something.

Matt looked down at her, and smiled, big and warm. And so hot. So dreamy, and hot, and handsome, and god damn it. She reached out with her arm further from the blankets, and hooked it around his waist, his massive body, his muscles, and hugged him close as the wolf started to stretch her deep. She’d run out of room, but the beast kept pushing in, and she squeaked as his cock started to press up against the deepest parts of her.

“Gentle! P-Please, gentle... gently... it’s... nnnn!” Attempts to communicate with the deadly creatures came to a quick end as Art started to stroke her clit harder, even as Matt continued to push into her, pressing against her depths, pushing her flesh deeper, stretching her apart. But he was being gentle, despite Art stroking her clit harder as his friend spread her open.

Art only stopped once Matt had sank himself balls deep into her tiny body, and she was on the edge of orgasm. Squealing, she pressed her forehead to Matt’s sternum again, hugged him tight with both arm and leg, and hyperventilated, panting into the beast’s body. So close, so close she could taste the pleasure on her tongue. Just a few more strokes, a few thrusts, anything and she’d cum. But they’d both stopped, and both stayed inside her, buried to the hilt.

“You ok?” Matt said.

“Am... am I ok?”

“Yeah.” Art reached behind him with his free hand. She couldn’t see what he was doing, but after rustling around for a moment, he put his hand back on her body, now dry. Must have wiped it off on a towel, or maybe the blankets. That hand, big, strong, evil, crept up her naked body, and hugged her to his chest, his elbow to her hip while his palm cupped one of her breasts. “Never had a woman as small as you.”

“As small? I... I-I’m just... one of your conquests! I...” She managed a frown, but it melted away as Art’s hand drifted higher, higher, and his fingers found her collar. Soon, powerful fingers wrapped her throat in a soft, huge grip, and she turned her head to look up at Art.

She expected an evil grin, but the man was giving her the same warm smile as Matt.

“Not true,” he said. “Like we said, not a one night thing. I like you.”

Matt nodded. “I like you too.”

She looked down, blushing, somehow still able to blush despite the absurd lechery of her current predicament.

Blushing turned into more melting as Art squeezed her neck. Just a little, just enough for her to feel the strength of his fingers, a little firmness, a huge grip, just enough pressure for her head to press back against his chest. Enough pressure so she felt completely exposed. Vulnerable. Defenseless.

Her hug on Matt loosened, and she put her hands back on his chest as her body went limp. Utterly defenseless. Trapped, captured. Trying to do anything, with two werewolves pinning her, fucking her, penetrating her, would have been futile. Right?

Her hand started to circle Matt's chest, just the little bit in front of her, the bit of hair she found, and she smiled despite herself. It was useless to try and escape, she might as well just... moan.

Moaning earned two growling rumbles from the beasts. Deep, bass-filled noises that she felt vibrate through her body. With their chests, their whole bodies squishing her in a sandwich of flesh and muscle, she felt more than just their animal noises. She felt their breathing. She felt their heartbeats, powerful, getting faster. She felt their blood pumping through their titan frames.

She felt them both start to move. "Oh... god."

Matt kept his hand around her leg so it remained hooked against his body, and he started to push into her. With the whole of his length already inside her, his motion rubbed his body against her, his cock against her depths, against... against Art, against how his girth was filling her up too. No room at all! Every gentle rock of Matt's tender motion was making her whimper, especially as he started to ease his cock out of her, and her muscles clenched down as hard as they could. The friction of his girth along her drenched, taut insides, and how Art made everything so, damn, tight, was filling her body with tingling waves until she started to see spots again.

And Art started to move too. Matt gently fucked her with long, deep strokes, but Art stayed inside her, deep, deep enough she could feel him pressing toward her belly, toward his friend. Art's motions were shallow, fucking her in slow thrusts only an inch deep, but staying as deep as he could, deep enough her ass was pressed tight to his pelvis. All she had to do was lay there between them, with Art's fingers around her throat, with Matt's hand around her leg, and try to survive.

Easier said than done. As Matt sank every inch of himself into her, until again, she felt him stretching her deep, her breath caught in her chest. If he had thrust hard it would have really hurt, but he kept it slow, gentle, the thick head of his cock rubbing against her deepest parts and pressing against where Art's cock was pressing against too. Too much, way too much.

She came. Hard. Her arm hugged Matt tight, her other underneath her gripping Art's wrist, and her leg hooked Matt's thigh, as the pleasure started to rock her. The two beasts sank themselves into her again, to the hilt, and slowed down for her. But they didn't stop. They continued to fuck her, gentle, tender

thrusts, as she came all over them. Each spark of pleasure rippled out from between her legs and down into her toes, making them curl, making her body squeeze and tremble, making her eyes close and her voice come out in whimpering squeaks again.

Her cum came flooding. She whimpered into Matt's chest and hid her face against it as she quivered between spasms, each forcing her muscles to clench and for more of her fluids to leak out of her. She tried to stop, but the two wolves kept thrusting into her in a gentle, consistent rhythm, in sync with each other and each of them insuring they were both fully inside with each motion. Like cogs working together, working more of her cum out of her, until she could feel the warmth of it trickling down her thighs, over her legs, and soaking the sheets. She was leaking, all over Matt's cock.

The two beasts slowed to a stop, and she spent the next thirty seconds doing nothing but squirming on their cocks as the pleasure waves continued to work up and down through her body. She managed to look up at Art, and his fingers loosened into more of a caressing grip, fingertips and thumb stroking the soft skin of her neck, as her ass squeezed on his girth. Matt did the same, grip on her leg softening but keeping her snug to his body, even as his fingers started to massage and knead the muscles of her thigh.

"You soaked me," Matt said.

"I... I-I-I... um...." Good god she had soaked him. She didn't normally do this, get this wet, only if she was very, very, very aroused, and feeling experimental. Not even with Jessy's ghouls had she ever made a mess like this though. No use in denying it.

"You really like this sort of thing," Art said. Before she could respond, or protest, he started to slide his cock out of her, only to push it back in once he'd removed half of himself. Her body fought to create room, to accommodate so much filling her up, until she was reduced to whimpers again as the head of his cock pressed against that spot, that deep spot where the head of Matt's cock was stretching her inward.

Her insides felt like they were going to burst. They were both big guys! And she was a small woman! It was... it was a lot of flesh trying to fit inside her. Warm, living, hard flesh, stretching her and... filling... her.

"You... please, d-don't... tease me."

"Us, teasing you?" Art chuckled

“You do tease her,” Matt said. His hand around her leg slid along her thigh, up her ass and waist, up her arm to grab her hand and bring it to his lips. Her fingers traced the scuff of his cheeks before Matt put her fingertips between his teeth, and ever so gently nibbled on her.

“I—nn!” She tried to say something, but Matt pulled out of her, and thrust back into her with a little more force. Not hard, not like a normal sex rhythm might find, but with how big he was, and how little space was left inside her, a gentle thrust was more than enough to make her squeak, and make her arm and leg hug him tight.

They both started to fuck her. They’d been content before to keep their strokes gentle and deep, but now they were pulling out a large amount of their length, and again sinking into her. She could feel every inch of them sliding in and out, friction against the sensitive parts of her, aching, swollen, coated in more and more of her cum as she panted against Matt’s chest.

Slowly, the two started to go faster. Over minutes, Matt started to thrust into her hard enough she felt her ass hit against Art. Thank god Arturo kept his pace reasonable, gentle. Rough anal sex was a no no for her, and Art knew it. Maybe he wasn’t so evil. But Matt felt no such limitations, and he started to thrust into her harder, faster, each thrust earning a squeak. His thrusts were no longer as deep, giving her tender depths a break, but that didn’t stop each stroke from rubbing along her squished flesh, from dragging along her g-spot until her body started to writhe.

She hugged the giant, and came again.

“You are a sexual little thing aren’t you?” Art said.

She couldn’t dignify him with an answer, only squeak with each of Matt’s thrusts. They were hard enough to make her body bounce a little between the two of them, hard enough she could hear the slap of wet flesh, soaked in her cum. Hard enough to make her body spasm with each wave of bliss and heat.

But, at last, the giant came to a stop. He pressed his cock against her depths, and gently eased himself in further, stretching her deeper and deeper as he sank himself into her pussy until he was balls deep. And then, as he buried himself to the hilt and stayed there, more warmth began to leak out of her.

“Oh... M... Matt,” she said. Matt was rumbling, rumbling like a beast, and with his chest and throat not even an inch away from her face, every note filled her. So much life, heat, and the lulling glow of orgasm. She could feel it from him, even as she coated his cock in her cum. His own cum was filling her, coating her with each gentle nudge of the beast, and soon it too was dripping down her thighs. A lot of it. A

lot lot of it. She would have peeked down to see if she had the room, but she could feel thick, flowing waves of cum pooling along her pussy's lips and down her thighs to join the mess on the blankets.

Part of her thought maybe she should try and make his orgasm better, maybe try some of those things Jessy talked about, squeezing and milking and stuff. A much bigger part of her couldn't get past her own pleasure as the bliss tore through her, as she gushed on his cock and hugged him tighter.

Art wasn't stopping. While she came, while Matt came, the wolf behind her continued to thrust. He still never went hard, never hurt her, but that didn't change that he was gently sinking his cock balls deep into her ass in a tender rhythm, while the two of them came. Every time the softness of the head of his cock reached that deep spot inside her, she moaned, a mewling loud sound, straight into Matt's chest.

Only when Matt had stopped cumming, and she had finally stopped cumming, did Art give her a single, slightly-hard-but-not-too-hard thrust, and started to make his own rumbling groans. His hand around her throat tightened, and he pulled her back toward his chest. She was already against it of course, being pinned between the two beasts, but Art held her throat tighter, much tighter, and Matt slid his chest back a few inches to give her room.

She squeaked, just a helpless little mouse, as the two beasts filled her. Matt was done, but still hard enough to resume his gentle thrusts. Just to make her whimper no doubt. She couldn't stop whimpering! Couldn't stop mewling, and whimpering, and squealing and squeaking and getting juices everywhere, and now that Matt had pulled back enough for to see his chest and face, she blushed horribly. He was staring at her as Art came inside her, and dragging out the whole process with his gentle thrusts that had her melting.

Art's grip around her throat made her feel so... powerless, defenseless. Vulnerable and unable to stop what they were doing to her. Not able to stop Matt from smiling at her as he gently fucked her taut pussy. Not able to stop Art from pinning her to his chest, from tenderly fucking her ass and pouring his cum into her. Not able to stop from mewling, rubbing Matt's chest of stone with her hands, and quivering as she squirted a little more on his girth. She forgot what the safeword was.

Slowly, Matt slipped his softening length out of her, and set the large thing on her thigh. Soaked, dripping with fluids, of several sources. The giant chuckled, a warm and inviting sound, and leaned down while shifting his body down as well, so his lips could find hers. Kissing. Tender, warm, delightful kissing, complete with his own quiet groans as his lips played with hers, tugging at them. And with Art still holding

her throat, still milking the last few drops of his cum and pleasure into her ass, being kissed by Matt was... so... strange, and... naughty.

At last, the evil man taking her from behind stopped. And when he pulled his cock out of her, she mewled into Matt's kiss. Warmth poured from her, flowing down her ass cheeks and joining the huge mess of fluids. He let go of her neck, and she looked down at her pelvis now that Matt was giving her room.

"... you... you t-two... are... animals." Her jaw dropped as she stared at the mess, at the thick streaks of white that lined her inner thigh of the lower leg, and at the literal pool of white beneath it. She looked over her shoulder and down toward her ass, only to find the same massive mess, the same coating of white along her cheeks.

Art shifted down the same as Matt had done, and leaned over to take her lips into his. More kissing, more gentle, tender kissing. Kissing, as his hand roamed her naked body. Kissing, as Matt's hand did the same, caressing her leg, her hip and waist, her breasts.

"I think," Art said into her mouth, and winking at her when she opened her eyes, "we could use a shower."

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"Oh g-god oh my g-g-god."

She paced left and right on the living room carpet, towel wrapped around her. The shower had given her time to reflect, to think, to get the cum out of her. Very hot in the moment, not so hot in the aftermath. She frowned at them, then the carpet of the room, then them, then the room again.

"You ok, Tasha?" Matt said.

The two men returned from their showers, quick ones, but long enough to get the mess of sex off their bodies. Wearing nothing but a pair of jeans each, they sat down on the couch, and watched her pace.

She took a couple of peeks at them. Something about fit men wearing jeans and nothing but jeans was very appealing. And all the Uratha were fit as hell, built for fighting and hunting and tearing and clawing and ripping things open. Matthew and Arturo were no exception, and she had to force herself to stop staring at their bodies, their abs, their shoulders, their chests.

Like a young girl looking through a dirty magazine. The fuck was wrong with her? Blame Jessy!

“I’m... I d-don’t know! This is v-v-very not normal. This is... two guys!” She pointed at them with one hand, index finger for Art, middle finger for Matt.

Art shrugged. “So?”

“So! S-So, it’s... weird. We, we’re... this—”

Matt put up a hand. “You didn’t enjoy yourself? Felt like you did.”

She wasn’t blushing like anymore, thank god. She’d be a beet otherwise. “What about after sex! What about w-when we... want to watch a movie, or g-g-go out, or... or cuddle, and be romantic, and stuff.”

They both shrugged. “I like you,” they both said, in unison, again.

Art smirked at Matt, elbowed him in the side, and reached out to take Natasha’s hand into his. “Stop worrying about that. Matt and I are best friends, and we’re used to sharing everything.”

Yeah, she got that. Threesome sex was always fraught with complications; she knew that from her diligent research. Men were rarely comfortable with it, and that lead to problems. Then there were problems with positioning, where to put your legs and stuff. Then there were problems with the actual penetration, and how to go together at the same time, and things touching each other.

Matt and Art apparently had no issues with any of that. They were very comfortable with double penetration, and very good at it.

She yanked her hand free and used it to hold her towel tight to her body. “That’s not romantic! You d-d-don’t g-get it. I’ve always wanted... a romance! A m-man t-t-to hold me, and... and be... kind and tender with me! You know? Hold my hand, and c-c-c-comb my hair, d-do my nails, and... kiss me.” And doing all that stuff with two guys was weird. Weird!

They didn’t seem to agree. Matt took her right arm, Art took her left arm, and they pulled her toward them. The towel fell, and she struggled to try and pick it back up, but they didn’t let go of her hands again. Just like last time.

Naked, with her wet hair wrapped in another towel over her head. She looked ridiculous, but the two wolves didn’t seem to notice or care. They looked her up and down like a meal, and pulled her in close until she was between their knees.

“We’re not human, Natasha. Neither are you,” Art said, grinning. “Think we give a damn about normal?” The evil, beautiful bastard put a kiss on her nose, then her lips, before kissing her fingers in his hand.

“Art can comb your hair, and I can do your nails.” Matt, grinning the same evil grin as Art, also put a kiss on her lips.

“But... b-b-b-but what if... another girl... you know.”

“No other girls.” Art let go of her hand. Matt too, only for Art to grab her by the waist and pick her up.

“H-Hey!”

Like a child, Art laid her across his lap so her head rested on his arm, her butt fell between the two wolves, and her legs fell across Matt’s. She tried to get up, but of course her rebellious efforts were quickly squelched, Art using his other arm to pin her back down, and Matt pinning her legs down on his with ease.

“It’s an exclusive relationship,” Matt said. “Sorry if it’s odd for you. But we really like you, and we’re not letting you go.” His hands took one of her heels, and he raised her foot before putting a kiss along her ankle.

Exclusive relationship. No one else, just her, and her two werewolves. She stared up at Art, and then at Matt, as the two huge beasts chuckled and smiled. It was going to be a very, very weird relationship.

God, they were going to spoil her rotten.

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~~Antoinette~~

Her. Alone. Floor twenty-seven of her Elysium tower. Around her, her circular desk, and upon it a dozen screens, each portraying information. There were news reports about the tunnels, what little information she let escape into the news. There were Invictus reports that she had acquired through her many fingers, and Carthian reports as well, though those were often word of mouth from her spies. She had

blueprints of her city up, and many highlighted points where the Uratha and the Begotten had been sighted, where deaths occurred, and the degree of which each was a threat to her city's veil.

Many of the monitors showed live feeds; her kine servants wore glasses with cameras in the frames, and others wore breast-pocket cameras, subtle, hidden. With her in her seat, she turned to face one monitor for a while, and digested the information it provided. Eyes on the Carthians, upon a group of them sitting around a corner near a territory the Invictus were building. Another monitor showed live feed of the Invictus, and their attempts to set up monitoring of their own on the Carthians.

None showed the contents of the abandoned tunnel section. None showed the areas where Fiona had been finding her prey, where the Azlu took advantage.

She frowned, then sighed until the frown faded. Leaning back in her chair, she brought up her hands to her lips, fingers netted together, elbows to the arms of the chair. Had she been foolish to trust the Uratha at their word? Perhaps, but not because the Uratha were lying; they had not. Rather, it was foolish to trust others that events will progress as they predict. Thus, it would have been prudent to begin monitoring the tunnels beneath Devil's Corner after Avery's message to Jack. But she had not; it would have been terribly difficult to monitor the tunnel depths without the Uratha knowing.

But maybe she should have. Doubts crashed against her, water upon the rocks of her mind. And they broke with time, as they always did. No, she had made the correct choice, when her two choices were poor. She had to entertain the Uratha their hunt, and be oblivious to it without the means to survey their work in those tunnels.

And that infuriated her. For so long she managed the silly games of her fellow Primogen, their spies, their espionage, their cold war. Dealing with their webs of deceit, and defeating them at their own game, was her world for so long. Such blatant violence from the werewolves, claw and muscle and savagery, so direct and aggressive that it made her methods inadequate. She would have to do better, adapt, break the wolves if necessary. If she could not, she would have to banish them. If they would not leave, she would have to kill them.

She reached across the desk and picked up her sword. Not since after Simon's departure had she created the blade, a short thing of maybe sixteen inches, with the simplest of handles: black, with a spiraled grip. The sword blade was silver, mixed with other metals to keep its hardness intact. More than strong enough to cut through muscle, sinew, and bone.

She put the blade down, and turned to look at Daniel

“I do wish I could meet Simon another time. I would plunge this blade through his idiot skull and be done with it.”

“... understandable,” the man said, pressing his glasses to the bridge of his nose with an index finger. “But, Avery seems more reasonable.”

“Yes, she does. A pleasant, if unwanted surprise. I do wonder what happened to Simon; I should ask her. But I fear upsetting her....” Saying the word fear earned a scowl from her, and she slammed both her hands onto the flat side of the blade before her. “I should not fear her.”

“Fearing a werewolf is understandable.”

“I do not fear her strength.” For all Avery’s power, Antoinette felt confident she could best her. Indeed, she was more than capable of taking on that Goliath of raw, animal strength. It would not be the first time she had fought a werewolf; memories long faded, blurry, and filled with blood and pain. And this time, she was properly armed.

“But you fear the damage she can do to your city.”

“... yes.”

Daniel nodded, and started to pace in spot, slowly, eyes staring ahead like a statue, gloved finger to his lip. “Based on what you told me, this isn’t the same situation.”

She sighed, sat back in her chair, and pulled her hair over her shoulder to begin combing it with her fingers. “But Avery is still Avery. Eventually, Jacob will get involved.”

“I looked where you told me. Far as I can tell, Jacob was involved, but only after the arrival.”

“After.... There were two of those monsters, and Natasha assures me that that was, allegedly, a very unusual development. Perhaps Jacob is the cause?”

“Maybe.” Daniel stopped by the window and looked out over the city. The glass was a particular sort in its one-way distortion; they could look out, but others looking in saw only blurs. “He’s been doing something with his blood magic, as you suspected. But I could not figure out what.”

“... you could not?”

He shook his head. “I know whatever it was, was aimed at Avery.”

“Did he speak to Azamel?”

Daniel nodded again, and reached out to pluck her sword off her desk. No doubt Daniel had fetched his own silver sword, for the inevitable need. It was undoubtedly hidden within his drab trench coat even now, perhaps strapped next to his usual sword, far larger than hers, unwieldy and, in her opinion, almost absurd. But the man was comfortable with them, and had proven his skill a thousand times over during their partnership.

And as if he was unsatisfied with the size of hers, he swung it around a few times, each swing a perfectly balanced and natural movement. She raised a brow and watched him, and smiled after a time as Daniel nodded to himself, slashing the air a few times more for each nod.

“I’m not sure what he said to her either. Or Garry.”

“Garry.” She sighed and squeezed on her hair, before she resumed combing it. “I fear your outing was for naught then.”

He shrugged and set the short sword back upon the table. “Except we know Jacob has been talking to those two.”

“His talks with Garry are inconsequential. His typical games, pitting the Carthians and Invictus against each other.”

“Maybe. He talked to both, and then returned to perform his crúac ritual.”

“The same night?” That was unusual. She turned toward one of her monitors, and using the touch screen, expanded the view the camera had of the canyon at the edge of her city. Night vision, to deal with the darkness Jacob harnessed there. All quiet on the western front. Of course, Jacob’s gift for obfuscate rivaled Daniel’s; if he wanted to be hidden, she would have to catch him with her own eyes to find him, not a camera.

Daniel came around the opening in the surrounding, circular desk to stand beside her and look at the camera feed. It was pointless, but nevertheless. “I know,” he said, “that he’s pushing Garry to fight Turio, McDonald, and Mire about the Mirrden area. More so, as of late. But what he spoke to Garry about that night he visited Azamel, I do not know. And of the ritual, I heard only mention of Avery.”

“... no mention of Minerva?”

“No. But why else would he mention Avery’s name, other than in pursuit of revenge against her?”

“Why would he mention her name at all? Jacob is intelligent, and forever aware of his actions. He does not react, but acts. If he said her name, it could have very well been due to suspicion of eavesdropping. You did miss a Primogen meeting after all.”

He nodded, and turned to look at a different monitor. Antoinette followed his eyes to the live feed of one of her servants, and the thrall’s feed was pointed at Natasha’s new apartment building.

“She... wasn’t there, when I visited.”

“Ah, then I imagine she is enjoying the company of her two new friends in Avery’s Meninna pack.” The girl seemed prepared to step out of her comfort zone with those two, and based on the details Natasha shared with her, the two wolves both had an interest in her. More than the tiny Mekhet realized, Antoinette was sure.

“Is that wise?”

“No. Nor was it wise for her to join them on a misguided excursion into the awaiting webs of monsters. But she felt confident in her two new friends, and that she could trust them. Perhaps it is us who are biased and blind?” As painful as admitting it was, she had to concede that Natasha, perhaps foolish in her choice, was not a foolish person. If she felt she could trust the two Uratha, maybe there was a bridge to be built from that friendship. Antoinette had assumed Jack would be the tool for such political machinations, but maybe Natasha would be instead.

“Perhaps...” The man reached over his shoulder and withdrew his sword from behind his back, where it was hidden within the coat. Impractical place to hide a sword, but the man had half a millennium of practice. “I’m not convinced. Avery did not just kill Minerva, she tore her apart.”

The Prince steeled her gaze and looked her sheriff from sword to glasses. A silver sword, like her own, custom made and infused with other metals, but still mostly silver; the intent was to cleave werewolf flesh, not wood.

“... we will remain vigilant. If Avery oversteps her bounds, then... instead of escalating to exile, it may be in our best interest to simply kill her and her pack.”

“Including Natasha’s new friends?”

Antoinette sighed, and motioned for Daniel to put the sword away. “A last resort. But, they are a pack. What one does, they all do.”

“... indeed.”

Indeed. They did not want to say it, and the two of them stared at the monitor displaying four different camera feeds of the apartment building the Uratha had been granted by Garry. And beside that monitor, two more, again with live feed from a host of hidden cameras and several of her thralls. And Antoinette was not the only source of eyes upon her inflow of visual information; a host of thralls within her tower devoured it with a fine-tooth comb, for any and all pertinent information.

It would soon be time for her to expand her purview from information, espionage, and politics, to also include brutality and violence. Not since the purge had she embraced such measures. But with monsters and wolves stirring chaos, the necessity was becoming apparent.

She sighed, and let her mind drift to Jack. If the boy could soothe the hearts of others as he did hers, perhaps violence with the Uratha could be avoided. But it did appear that the wolves were staying, and eventually, no matter how hard she or her love tried, sooner or later someone would respond against the other with violence. And, above all, she suspected Jacob.

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~~Beatrice~~

“Wow,” Jennifer said. “You’re like a super hero.”

Beatrice raised a brow at her friend, and shoved her in the shoulder. It was the two of them, sitting in her alcove and watching some trash show on her laptop. Not exactly what she should be doing, considering all the fucking insanity going on in the city right now, but she felt she deserved a break.

Still hadn’t told anyone about Damien though. Better for everyone that way.

“Don’t be fucking stupid. It was trying to kill me, and I was trapped. Did the only thing I could do.”

“If you weren’t trapped, would you have run and let your friends die?”

“No, but—”

“Hero!” Jennifer sat back up straight and got in close, legs nudging, before she started watching the show again. The girl always seemed ready to jump Beatrice, try and kiss her or something, but she never did. Must have respected Julias’s wishes, at least a little.

“I—” She stopped herself as she heard some clap clop of shoes to the stone, and a few words from Aaron. Jacob was back then.

Sighing, she got up and walked out of the alcove. Time to talk to the man, maybe get a second earful. Maybe some garbage about risking the Masquerade. Which wasn’t garbage, but the Prince was overestimating the threat of pissing off the wolves; they wanted secrecy as much as the Kindred did. The Begotten, on the other hand, Beatrice couldn’t put her finger on. Not Azamel, at least.

“Jacob,” she said, as old eyeless came walking past the blood bowl. New blood was in it, still wet, despite that Jacob had been missing for a couple days now. The fuck was he up to? “Suppose you know already.”

“Yeap.” He smirked at her as he walked past, and gave her a half reassuring, half condescending pat on the shoulder. “Surprised you’re still alive.”

Wow, she liked her new boss. Should have known he’d let her make her own mistakes, and not yell at her for them like some sort of dad.

“It was quite the shit show, but everyone lived... except that one werewolf, Stephanie.”

Jacob stopped once he was a few feet past her, and took a moment to glance over his shoulder. The grin on his face froze her to the core.

“I know.”