

~~5 Years Later~~

~~Jack~~

Never, ever ever ever, in the history of anything ever, did Jack ever think a bed with a woman already in it would feel empty.

“You miss them,” he said.

Antoinette sighed as she reached out and pat the empty spots on the bed beside her, both left and right. She lay on his lap between his legs, arms hooked over his hips, her head on his sternum, with the blankets over their legs. Naked, they were getting ready for their daily sleep, and for sex. But something was missing.

He kissed the top of her head. “Come on, they’ll be fine.”

“I have no doubt.” Despite what she said, the words came out heavy and sad.

“And I’m sure your first lessons won’t be a problem for them. They’re smart.”

“Indeed.”

“And you can visit them whenever you want. It’s not like you won’t see them casually anymore.”

“All too true.”

He laughed softly and kissed her hair again. With how long it was, it was easy to comb his fingers through its white waves up and over the sides of his legs.

“Ashley and Julee needed to sprout their wings. You said yourself they were ready.”

“I know.” She sighed, and let her arms go limp on the bed. “But alas, I will miss them regardless.”

He mirrored her sigh and traced his fingers down her naked sternum. In the middle of her giant royal bed and its black sheets, he pushed off the backboard, sat up straight, and looked down at her face.

“Are you gonna harshly judge whatever guy — or girl — they bring home?”

“For sex? Nonsense. They are vampires. They may sleep with whoever they wish. For romance? Of course I will judge!”

He laughed. Hearing Ann actually get worked up about something, and sound, dare he think it, normal and not queenly for a second, was delightful.

“I could invite my ghouls over, if you want.”

“It is not more limbs in the bed that I crave, my love. It is the voice of my familiar, cherished pets.”

Mostly true, but he was pretty sure a part of Antoinette genuinely enjoyed sex more if there were more people involved than just the two of them. Romantically monogamous, sexually orgy...gamous. He might feel the same way if he had five centuries of unlife and experimentation under his belt.

He didn't mind. Ann insisted on only having other women in their bed, insisted no vampires — except for Elaine — join them, and insisted that Jack was free to enjoy his ghouls even if she wasn't present. He never did. The idea didn't sit well with him, and because it didn't, Antoinette wouldn't sleep with her ghouls if he wasn't there to enjoy them, too. It was a weird relationship, sexually speaking.

“We could invite Elaine?”

“She is on the other side of the ocean, silly boy.”

“We could”—he grabbed his tablet, brought it around, and set it on her sternum as he pulled up some videos—“watch some Tash and Jessy?”

That managed to earn a chuckle from his lover, and Antoinette casually scrolled through the videos in the Tash and Jessy folder. There were a lot. Jack was pretty sure Jessy instigated every video, bullying the little vampire into sexual scenarios. He was also pretty sure Tash enjoyed being bullied.

Antoinette opened a video and forwarded to a point where Tash and Jessy were rubbing their pussies together on the bed. Eric was also fucking Jessy's ass from behind, and Art was fucking Tash's ass from behind. The group had gotten very good and very comfortable with some complex positions. And very comfortable with each other in general. Case in point, Matthew was getting a blowjob from both girls, taking turns between them.

“My love,” Antoinette said, “have you ever—”

“I'm not sharing you with anyone with a dick.”

Her chuckle returned. Good. The more he could make her laugh, the better.

“Men. Such jealous creatures.”

“The three in this vid don't seem to be.”

“Ah, but they are all close friends, and connected in strange ways. I doubt Eric would let Jessy let any other men touch his woman.” Ann sighed enviously as she forwarded again, and let it play over the scene where Tash got doubly penetrated by her boys, and gave Eric a blowjob. “Look at my tiny student, blushing from head to toe as if she had not done this carnal act a hundred times before. As if

half the city had not already seen her tiny body filled with the lengths of three men. As if the city does not know she climaxes at the drop of a hat.”

“I think she’s permanently shy.”

“Sometimes, I think I miss such nights, where new carnal tastes would surprise me.”

“I thought you couldn’t remember those nights.” And, of course, he did not say that very tactfully. Damn it, Jack.

“You wound me, my love.”

“Sorry.”

After a few more seconds of watching the video, Antoinette turned it off and set it aside, and Jack put it back on the nightstand.

“No, I do not think it is the sexual joys of having two pets in bed with me I miss, my love. It is their presence. Their voice and words. Their...”

“Endless enthusiasm? Ashley and Julee are so extroverted, it’s like staring into the sun.” Not exactly a safe pastime for vampires.

Ann nodded as she reached out, grabbed his hands, and brought them back to her sternum. With a sad sigh, she Blushed Life, tilted her head back so it rested on his sternum, and closed her eyes.

“Massage me.”

He smiled down at her as he Blushed Life, too, and did as ordered. His fingers slipped under her enormous breasts and gently caressed their undersides. Heavy and huge as they were, they pulled to the sides of her ribs, and he gently nudged them back up onto her chest, before letting gravity slowly pull them back. He traced his fingertips along her pale skin and drew circles around her pink areola, spiraling circles that grew closer and closer.

“I have five ghouls, Ann. All thanks to you.” And all busty, thanks to her. If it weren’t for Ashley and Julee, he’d have figured the Prince had a kink for busty women.

“Mmm.” She nodded, barely, as she melted into him.

“I’ve slept with them, Ashley and Julee, Elaine, and you.”

“Mmhmm.”

“You’re the only one with nipples this sensitive.”

She smiled, eyes still closed. “Perhaps they have simply not had as devoted — and breast obsessed — a lover as you to regularly pamper their busts every night?”

“And I’ve talked to Jessy about this.”

“Oh?”

“Yeap. She’s slept with hundreds of women, and says she’s only known one who had breasts as sensitive as yours.”

“A strange topic. Why did you ask her this?”

“Not sure,” he said, smiling down at his lover as he slid his fingers away from her swelling nipples, and instead caressed their outer contours again. “Guess I was just kinda looking to confirm how lucky I was.”

“Oh of that, there is no doubt.”

He rolled his eyes. Dangerous, but she had hers closed.

Without any lube or lotion, he didn’t want to get too rough with the massaging, but after years and years of fondling his lover, he knew exactly what to do to make her happy. How and where to be soft, how and where to be hard. For now, slow, deep strokes of the entirety of each breast, starting on the outside and pushing them up onto her chest, before working the inner contours. Soft, malleable, and heavy. Hypnotizing. And watching her pink nipples grow more and more swollen was equally hypnotizing.

“How is your mother?” she asked.

What a betrayal. She might as well have just shot him in the back.

“Uh... Really? Now?”

She grinned. Evil. Totally evil. She could think about his mom all she wanted and still enjoy a tit massage. He, on the other hand, not so much. But if he stopped now, she’d kill him.

“She’s... alright,” he said. “Still hasn’t found a man.”

“Five years is but a short time, for a vampire. Give her more.”

“Lot of vampires don’t find anyone.”

“True, if a touch cynical, my love.”

“And I guess a lot of vampires are pretty happy not having anyone. Except for a harem of ghouls, of course.”

Antoinette grinned and opened her eyes enough to give him the bedroom look.

“Naturally. All Daeva must indulge in a harem at least once in their second life, to truly be considered a Daeva.”

“I’m not a Daeva.”

“No. But I am enjoying your harem through you.”

He laughed. “They’re feeling pretty neglected, you know. Five women, but you’re the one that gets all my attention?”

“You need an extra penis.”

He almost choked. “Triss did tell me about Sándor’s Horror and how that sex works.”

“Oui, moi as well. I must admit, there is a delicious fantasy in the thought of being pinned by a creature of that size, and filled with enough flesh that I am torn between fear, a touch of pain, and overwhelming bliss.” Her arms slipped under the blankets. The rustling and moving bumps in the sheets gave away what she was up to.

This again. She did enjoy poking at him, testing him to see if he’d take the bait and get offended. If he played the game well, he would not only not be offended, he’d find a way to twist her words back at her. On one hand, he hated these kinda games. On the other, he enjoyed playing them, if it was with her.

“Something tells me a giant gargoyle wouldn’t really be able to give you the breast massage you pretend to not crave as much as I want to give it.”

She laughed, but nodded. A blissful, quiet sigh escaped her lips, and her fingers between her legs grew faster. And then slowed down again. She wanted this to last.

“It does surprise me,” she said, eyes closed again, “that Beatrice and Jennifer have found a way to share Sándor without a drop of drama. I admit, I had almost hoped to see a squall or two.”

“Maybe they do fight, and we just don’t see it?”

“I am sure they do, but only of minor things. If the nature of their relationship ever earned a sincere argument, it would appear in their expressions. I would see it, and I have not.”

“Pretty confident in your people-reading abilities.”

“I am indeed.” She blew him a kiss, subtle and almost unseen. “Sándor is quite the rock, able to withstand the extreme personalities of those two.”

“They were all over him, and each other, at the last ball. Nearly had the whole place turned into an orgy.”

“That is a line we have yet to cross. Nearly, but not quite. That could change, if you like? I would enjoy sitting upon your length, in the center of a dining table at the Black Hall, while the city watches. I would dance upon you, and slowly milk you of—”

“I think literally fucking in front of every vampire in the city might be a step too far for my brain.”

She smiled. Another evil smile. “Yet.”

“Is the plan to eventually set me up with a few dozen ghouls? Fucking in front of everyone in Dolareido probably won’t seem so crazy, if I’ve done that.”

“Alas, my plot is unearthed.”

He gently squeezed her breasts together, and slid his hands over them until his fingers found her hard nipples. Not just massaging anymore, he softly pinched and teased her nipples, and gently flicked his fingers back and forth over them. Antoinette shivered for a moment, which was a lot considering how easily Ann usually kept all her sex signals hidden.

“And you?” he asked. “It’s been a month since you sired Ashley and Julee. Spot anyone you want?”

“No, but I am in no rush.”

“I get that, but some people don’t do well without that support. Not that Ashley and Julee were your supports, but, I mean, if I went with the pet analogy, some people just need pets in their lives. If someone loses a cat or dog to old age, some people are better off waiting to get another, some aren’t.”

“Ah, I see. Then I suppose I am not sure which I am. After what Lucas did to my previous ghouls, I am... hesitant.”

If it were any other woman, the heavy talk would have been a mood killer. Not Antoinette. She could talk politics while literally being eaten out and fingered by a couple ghouls. They’d done it. So even as she let out a sadder sigh, he continued to massage her body, and instead took her sigh as a challenge to get back the sexier sigh he’d heard before.

“What sort of ghouls would you want, if you did want some new ones?”

“A couple of huge, strapping lads.”

“You can have Jessy’s. She neglects them.”

Antoinette chuckled. “Last I visited Bloodlust, I saw several of her ghouls enjoying the mouths of some young women. She may neglect them, but their physical desires are at least being mitigated.” She sped up her fingers. “But, no, I would not want male ghouls. As you said, you would not share me with another man.”

“True, true.”

“And, if such a day were to come that you must rest in torpor for years, perhaps even a decade or two, you would rather only other women to touch this flesh, no?”

“Oh, I get it. When I have to do a long torpor, you’re going to have orgies without me.”

“Only if I can persuade you.”

“That’s why I have five ghouls now, all chosen by you.”

“Of course.”

His turn to chuckle. “I admit, that idea you had about recording all the footage of you getting eaten out by a harem of young women, while waiting for me to wake up, is pretty hot. It’d be a nice surprise on waking up, getting to enjoy that, while also watching a recording of it. Pretty much maxing out on sheer sexual ridiculousness, FYI.”

She snapped her eyes open and glared up at him. “I beg your pardon?”

“Sorry.” Slang acronyms and initialisms were the death of language, according to the love of his life. He agreed, mostly, usually, kinda.

She nodded, satisfied, and closed her eyes as she resumed masturbating under the blankets.

“I am hosting another ball soon, my love. And I am expecting Kindred to bring their ghouls, for blood to be shared.”

He winced. “Good luck convincing a Ventrue to let another vampire drink from his pets.”

No matter how much she argued it was good for relations between the covenants, there was no way he could accept someone else sinking their teeth into his precious ghouls, anyone’s except for Ann’s and sometimes Elaine’s. Daevas, on the other hand, would only ever drink from their own ghouls, or the target of their sometimes dangerous, possessive obsessions.

“Alas, forever the contrarian, my love.”

“I’m a rebel.”

“Indeed.”

“And, what kind of ball is this going to be? Sexually speaking.”

She grinned again, but kept her eyes closed. “Delightfully indulgent. I am hoping to see Carthians and Invictus touching each other as much as each other’s ghouls.”

“Think you’ll convince Avery’s wolves to transform and put on a display? She still owes you for helping with that last azlu.”

“If only. I think I would enjoy such a sight.”

“She’s pretty convinced that weird lunacy moon thing would be a problem. Says it’s not safe.”

Ann shook her head. “Eric assures me the presence in the city that soothes their inner beasts in sexual encounters remains constant. Perhaps—” And there it was. She shuddered, arched her back, jutted out her breasts, and spread her legs as she grabbed the blankets.

He continued to massage her breasts, but eased his nipple play to much slower, gentler strokes of his entire hand. They grew sensitive when she came, but years of experimenting taught him just how much gentle touch to apply to milk her orgasm. Massaging and caressing his lover’s enormous breasts while she quivered and came? Didn’t get much better than that. He did it a lot.

“Perhaps,” Jack continued for her, “we should give it a little more time? Avery is still an angry bitch. And she still doesn’t like me.”

“She knows the tragedies that befell her pack are not your fault, my love.” Sighing, she shook her head and reached up for his wrists. “Come, join me.”

He grinned down at her, slipped out from under her, climbed between her legs, and into her.

They spent a long time cuddling and fucking. Some nights they fucked hard and rough, and sometimes Jack got to have some fun and finger Ann so hard she drenched his fingers. But after a nice long breast massage, they often defaulted to cuddly sex. Long, slow, taking ages to cum, with lots of nipple kissing and suckling to help push Ann over the edge, too.

But, as Ann held his head to her breasts, a peek up showed she wasn’t looking at him. Her mind was elsewhere. She was thinking about something.

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Mulder and Scully waited on his shoulders. Not a flinch, not a caw, not a thing. Undead animals were immune to loud noises, gunshots included.

Leiliana, Veronica, Rachel, Delilah, and Kaida pumped bullets into the distant targets. The Xnomina shooting range, deep in the building's guts, often had ghouls learning how to use guns. You weren't much use to a vampire if you couldn't defend yourself, or kill. And as much as ghouls were stronger than normal humans, guns were just too useful.

Besides, while a lot of vampires picked ghouls for physical prowess, a lot were also chosen for sexual compatibility. So while Jack's ghouls wouldn't be winning any melee fights against bigger, stronger ghouls, but guns made that point moot.

Delilah and Kaida were new. Delilah had dark skin and lips, with a black pixie haircut. Kinda short, too, no taller than Veronica. And of course, quite busty. Kaida, born and raised in Dolareido, looked of Japanese descent, with long hair, and was so tiny she could fit in his pocket like Tash. Unlike Tash, she was, of course, quite busty.

All five of them were damn hot, and cute, and pretty. Antoinette had a type, which was really just appealing to whatever his type was. But it wasn't like he would have minded having a ghoul with normal breasts, or barely any breasts at all. No one could deny seeing Tash's tiny body writhing and wriggling as she came in her porn films was scorching hot.

He clenched his eyes and wiped his mind clean. Not the time. Five years of peace had let everyone do pretty much nothing but fuck, fuck, and fuck some more, to the point it was blinding him to anything else. He was going to have to talk to Jessy about that. Or more like, discipline her, so she stopped making things worse.

He stepped up behind Delilah, reached out, and put his hand on hers where she held the gun in front of her.

“Master?”

“Like this.” He adjusted where she held the grip, where she put her fingers, and helped her re-align the sight. “Don't avoid the recoil. Tighten your grip and absorb it.”

“Yes, master.” She smiled at him.

He leaned in and put a small kiss on her cheek. Enough to earn a giggle from her, but she kept her grip consistent, and resumed firing.

A 9mm pistol wasn't exactly difficult to use, but there was a big difference between knowing how to use a gun and being proficient with one. Getting comfortable shooting them without hearing protection was important too, annoying as it was, but his vitae would prevent them from getting any hearing damage. And it was more important they get used to hearing his voice even with gunfire in the background.

"Master," Veronica said, poking her head out from her shooting booth, "I saw Beatrice last night. She snuck up on me while I was out shopping."

"People around?"

"A few. No one paid her any attention. I think she was doing that Nosferatu thing."

"No doubt. What'd she say?" He joined Veronica in the small booth, its two walls blocking off her left and right from view. Before them was the shooting gallery, with dangling target pictures in the distance full of bullet holes.

"Nothing, really. I think she just wanted to test my reflexes."

"She took a swing at you?"

"No. She came up behind me and literally said 'boo'."

He facepalmed. "God damn it, Triss."

"But I did take a swing at her!"

"Oh?"

"But... she dodged."

"Oh..."

"But! But, she was happy with me. Said I was fast."

He smiled. Of course someone in the Circle of the Crone would come up with the most ridiculous method of testing the ghouls of a friend. Chaos incarnate.

"I wonder if she's feeling antsy."

"Master?"

"She's convinced Aaron's still alive, and if he is, he might come after me for stopping Jacob. Which means he might come after my ghouls." Her jaw dropped. Not the most tactful way to say it, but if Triss was getting involved, it was probably time to lay on the hard truths. "Just, stick with the training, and if Aaron ever does show up, rely on the Masquerade and get somewhere public."

“But, after what happened, would Aaron even care about the Masquerade?”

“He’ll care.” He leaned in, put a kiss on Veronica’s cheek, and stepped out of the booth.

Five ghouls, all putting bullets into targets at long range. Lots of bullseyes, too.

He left the room, his two friends still on his shoulders. Outside waited hallways of metal, and several vampires drifted between other rooms to acquire or deposit firearms. They nodded to him, borderline a bow. Every one of them was older than him, but they respected him and his position as a Right Hand.

Or, maybe they feared him.

He fetched a pistol from the firearms room, several magazines, and stopped. Slowly, he squeezed his left hand, and stared down at the shape of his fingers pressing into his palms. The tingling was there. He squeezed tighter. It inched its way up his arm into his spine. It burned so delightfully.

He took a deep, useless breath, and closed his eyes until it went away.

“I know that sound.”

Jack almost spun around, but after getting caught unawares by Damien a few dozen times, he’d gotten better at not trying what Veronica had tried and taking a swing. Instead, he put the magazine into the pistol, manually loaded the first bullet, and slowly aimed the gun at Damien’s chest.

“You keep doing that and someday someone a lot more dangerous than me is going to get you with a shotgun.”

Damien winced. “That would be problematic.”

The huge room had no one to dispense firearms. If you had access to the room, you were trusted enough by the Invictus to use the firearms responsibly. Shelves upon shelves of all sorts of weaponry, with lockers filled with different ammunition. Explosives, too. They even had flamethrowers, though any vampire caught using one was basically a war criminal except in the most extreme circumstances.

“How’s Maria?”

With a heavy sigh, Damien leaned back against the wall near the door, and folded his arms across his chest. He wore a black suit like Jack did, a somewhat recent development for him, but it wasn’t the typical high power business suit Jack wore. It looked more like a slick trench coat than a suit. It suited him.

“Better, I think. I don’t know if it’s because she’s an elder, but it’s definitely taking a while for her to accept how things have changed.”

“She still want to kill me? I know she doesn’t think she should, logically. Emotionally...”

“No. No, I don’t think so. She knows deep down you did the right thing. No, it’s not Lucas that bothers her. It’s... I’m not sure. Bringing herself back up from the pit of despair, I suppose, and trying to climb out of it. It’s difficult for her.”

That was understandable. Jack had been in a dark place, when the curse had been ruining his second life. He knew what it meant to be suicidal. For someone as old as Maria, getting out of that hole might take decades.

“But,” Damien said, “Matthias says she will be fine.”

Matthias, Maria’s ghoul. A deformed man with a hunchback. Decades, maybe centuries old, for all Jack knew.

“I’m glad she has a couple friends, then.”

Damien smiled. “And you? How are you doing?” He gestured to Jack’s hands. “You were doing it again.”

Damn. Jack looked down at the gun in one hand, the empty palm in the other, and squeezed it.

“I’m fine.”

“Uh huh.”

“I mean it. It’s been five years, and I haven’t heard any voices, or felt any crazy power rushes. It’s just a weird... tingling sensation.”

“That feels like the curse did.”

“That’s like calling a light drizzle a tsunami.”

“Regardless, the fact the curse left anything in you at all is cause for concern. What does the Prince say?”

“She says it’s common for weird, magical things to leave a residue on objects — or the people — they once possessed. As long as I don’t start having wild dreams about butchering people and laughing about it, she says I’m fine.” And that had not been a pleasant conversation. He’d been tempted to keep the whole thing a secret, but you can only make so many stupid decisions before you inevitably smarten the fuck up.

He did feel powerful, though. Unusually powerful. As powerful as he'd once been, with the curse fueling him? Not even close. More powerful than a Ventrue not even ten years embraced? Definitely.

Time to pivot the topic.

“And how's Fiona?” he asked.

Damien squinted at him for a second, before caving.

“As bright as ever.”

“She eating well?”

Damien tilted his head. “Why do you ask?”

“Haven't seen much on the news about random deaths.”

Nodding, Damien came up beside him, and gathered a pistol and some magazines, too.

“Vrall knows which targets are best chosen, and how to manage her appetite to avoid unwanted attention. Fiona, not so much, but she's getting older and wiser.”

It was true. Fiona had definitely matured, still a bubbly, fun woman, but with just the barest hint of self control she didn't have before.

“She messaged me,” Jack said. “She wants to hang out at Bloodlust.”

“Naturally. I think she's determined to drown her newfound wisdom in drink.”

“Probably. She convince you to get a ghoul yet?”

Slowly, Damien sighed and nodded. “She has.”

Jack raised a brow and gave Damien the most quizzical eyebrow lift he could muster. They both chuckled, but the Mekhet's wasn't nearly as joyful. Nervous laughter.

“Who's the lucky man?”

That got a better chuckle out of him.

“A woman. Though, Fiona did say she'd enjoy me having a male ghoul.” No need to explain. Enjoy meant having two dicks in their bed. “But, she's certain she'd enjoy a female ghoul as much, and knows I'm... barely comfortable with that idea, let alone sharing her with another man.”

“Share isn't really the right word, but I get ya.” He adopted a French accent. “Men are selfish creatures, non?”

Damien rolled his eyes, far more subtle than Jack's world famous eyerolls.

“I think Fiona is upset so many vampires acquire women for ghouls.”

“Ha. Tell Jessy that. Nah, there are plenty of women, and a couple male vampires, who’re drowning in ghouls every night. They just don’t advertise it as much.”

Chuckling, the two of them stepped back into the hall, and walked back toward the shooting range. But Damien paused at the door.

“Maria suggested someone for me to ghouls.”

“Maria got involved?”

“She did. She... suggested a rather interesting woman. I was hoping you could come and give your opinion.”

He sounded unsure. Much as Mekhets were the skeptical sort, it wasn’t like Damien to not speak with a solid, neutral tone.

“Yeah, sure.”

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Not Bloodlust. That actually surprised Jack. Almost every vampire, save the Carthians, used Bloodlust frequently for food and for considering ghouls prospects. They didn’t go to Bloodlust, or any club or night lounge or strip club or casino or anything like that.

They went to the library.

Dolareido didn’t have libraries, but recently a sort of communal tech facility opened up. PCs with limited bandwidth speeds and no graphics power, but hundreds of them, all set up for easy access to official libraries, and news sites, science sites, everything academic. More importantly, the place was merged with a coffee shop and some fast-food joints, and groups of friends came by to eat pastries, drink coffee, have a burger, and browse the internet or do schoolwork.

Naturally, a lot of the students who came were high.

Jack and Damien sat at one table in the back corner, and watched maybe a dozen people sit at the computer stations or other group tables. A quiet place, with a few floors. People who called it the library really weren’t far off.

Mulder and Scully sat on the rooftop. Much as Jack loved his undead crows, he couldn't risk damaging the Masquerade. Some people trained crows and became friends with wild crows, true, but those crows didn't have broken wings or necks.

"I gotta keep an eye out for some female ghouls for Antoinette, too," he said, scanning around.

"I've seen Ashley and Julee about. They're... very unsure of what to do with themselves, now that their Vinculum with the Prince is broken."

"They say anything about Ann? Sometimes I worry they might hate her, now that they have the ability to." Like his ghouls might some day, if and when he sired them.

Damien shook his head. "Nothing like that. But, they're not sure how to live without her, or their addiction to her."

"Dependent?"

"Maybe. I was thinking, they must have been so used to doing everything in context of her, because of her, for her, they don't know how to do things for themselves."

"Yeah, probably," Jack said. "But they got eternity to figure out."

"And the Prince? I understand that Daeva become quite obsessed and attached to their ghouls, and only drink from them."

"Yeah, it's been pretty rough on her. I convinced her to at least drink of mine, but even that was problematic. Definitely not a sexy situation, for her."

With a flick of the wrist, Damien whipped out his phone, pressed a few buttons, and put it away.

Jack grinned. "Fiona?"

"Yes. Checking up on me."

"How sweet."

Damien glared at him, but couldn't stop from smiling a little.

"What sort of ghouls would the Prince want?"

"Not sure," Jack said. "Ashley and Julee are a lot like Fiona, plus a lot of academia on the side—don't tell Fiona I said that."

"Never." Damien put up a hand and crossed his heart.

“If I had to guess, Antoinette wants ghouls who are joyful and impulsive. Very extroverted. I think she likes how those sorts of people are easy to get along with, easy to work with.”

“Then why date you?”

Jack gave Damien the finger. “Predictable joke.”

“Sorry. But, it had to be said.”

Rolling his eyes, Jack turned his chair enough to look out from the table back out to the many low-wall booths barely hiding the computers and people sitting at them.

“Something’s bothering her,” he said.

“The Prince?”

“Yeah. She hasn’t told me yet, but she’s not exactly trying to hide it, either. Something else is bothering her, and I don’t know if Ashley and Julee have anything to do with it.”

“Something to do with the Ordo Dracul?”

“Maybe. But Mom hasn’t said anything about that.”

“Speaking of,” Damien said. “It’s almost unheard of for a Daeva to not acquire a ghoul fairly early. Your mother hasn’t found one yet.”

“Yeah, and that’s a whole different thing, one I can’t help her with. ‘Cause how the fuck could I help my mom pick someone to drink from regularly? In Dolareido, that’s pretty much guaranteed to get sexual.”

“It may be best you leave that up to—”

“To me.”

Jack and Damien both spun their heads as a woman’s voice cut in.

Beatrice. Dressed in a white tank top and black jeans, the Nosferatu grinned and winked at them as she joined them.

“People just sneaking up on me left and right, tonight,” Jack said. “You’re getting good at that.”

“Gotta practice.” She yanked out a chair, spun it around, and sat down reverse style. “I saw—”

“She told me,” Jack said. “Said she even took a swing at you.”

“Ha, yeah. Slow as shit, but pretty good for a tiny ghoul you got just for her tits.”

“That... is not fair.”



“Ha, yeah it is.” She reached out and gave Damien a gentle punch in the shoulder. “I also found out Twilight here has been looking for a ghoul.” Damien frowned, but said nothing. Which, of course, Triss took as an invitation to keep poking the bear. “Fiona convince you? I bet she’d love to have a Jacob to match her Edward.”

“Jacob?” Damien asked.

“Different Jacob.”

“A different Jacob?”

“Oh god, fuck me nevermind.” Laughing a little louder than was good for the pseudo library, Triss leaned in over the table, scanning the area. It was a good thing she was Cloaked. “Fiona probably wants a girl ghoul, right? Just to keep you happy, I bet. All the guys get themselves multiple girls. Bunch of assholes.”

“You telling me you don’t want a bunch of male ghouls?” Jack asked.

“No... Well, I mean, maybe, but not like guys want their harems.” She gestured his way. “Case in point.”

“Hey, that was all Ann.”

“Uh huh.”

“It was.”

“Sure.”

He rolled his eyes. “If Sándor was okay with him and six other guys fucking you at the same time, you’d take it.”

“Pffft.” Not exactly a denial. “Jen, on the other hand... She’s brought it up a few times, but Sándor didn’t bite. Those vids of Tash getting treated like a dirty little whore have her really envious.”

“Ah yes,” Damien said with a small flourish of the wrist, “the dream of every woman.”

“Don’t give me that shit.” She poked him in the chest with a claw. “Fiona talks.”

With a dismissing cough, Damien squirmed a little in his seat, and checked his phone.

“How’s Jen?” Jack asked.

“She’s alright. Kinda pissing me off, though. She’s sure Aaron’s gone and isn’t coming back, and I know that shit isn’t true.”

“No signs of him?”

“No signs. But, I swear, it’s like an itch in my guts. He’s out there, somewhere, and I don’t know what he’s going to do. I—” She nodded toward the rows of little booth walls, short enough people’s heads were visible at the computers. “Ooh look at that one.”

Damien and Jack looked. A young, petite black woman wearing a white t-shirt and blue jeans, with a book bag over one shoulder covered in various ‘goth’ and ‘metal’ paraphernalia. Her hair was cut short in tight cornrows.

“I like the metal,” Jack said.

“Fuck yeah.”

“That’s not her,” Damien said.

“Fiona got someone picked out already?”

“Not Fiona. Maria.”

Triss tilted her head. “Uh, ancient corpse lady? You trust her taste in ghouls?”

“Matthias has been her devoted servant for over a century,” Damien said.

“Yeah but there’s no sex in that relationship, right? And last I checked, Fiona’s got a sex drive that puts even a lot of Dolareido to shame.”

Damien squirmed a little more. “True.”

“So, uh, you think Maria has taken that into account? You know what the ghoul looks like?”

“I know she has long blond hair, and—”

Triss groaned and rolled her eyes. “Ugh.”

“And wears glasses. She will likely sit in a back corner booth, and research articles on the computer about history, religion, and the occult.”

“A nerd, eh? Could be interesting. But it sounds like Maria picked her for her mind, not her body, and you know Fiona wants the body.”

“Come on,” Jack said, shaking his head. “Fiona is older now.”

“Older a woman gets, hornier she gets,” Triss said, grinning and winking at him. “The last time we all gathered at Bloodlust, what was the first thing she did?”

Damien sighed as he looked down and put away his phone.

“Groped the Prince.”

“She fondled the fucking Prince.” Laughing again, Triss reached across the table and gave Jack a poke in the shoulder. “Which she didn’t stop, by the way.”

Jack put up his hands. “Hey, Ann can defend herself. But, she is feeling a bit lonely, not having ghouls anymore. And Fiona probably reminds her of them.”

“Makes sense, I guess,” Triss said, sitting back. “It was a fun night, though. Fiona’s a fun drunk. And seeing everyone’s tits is fun.”

It had sorta become a... thing, that Jack and his friends did every so often, apparently. Go to Bloodlust, gather around in the second floor back booths, fit far more people than was reasonable in the booth, and get half naked. Without Elaine around, they had a little more room to work with, and Triss, Jen, and Sándor — poor Sándor — replaced her.

That didn’t leave enough room in the booth though, so the first time it’d happened, Ann had put Jack on her lap, and everyone had laughed. They’d stopped laughing, when Jack had leaned back, slid down, and Ann put each of her absurd breasts on his shoulders.

“How’s Athalia?” Jack asked. “And Mom?”

“Easier to do Athalia first. She’s good.” Triss shrugged. “Like, really good. I think her relationship with the sheriff is probably the best thing that’s ever happened to her. The dude is so just so fucking boring, it’s really helped settle her nerves, you know?”

“Sándor is—”

She held up a claw. “Sándor is not boring, just quiet. There’s a difference.”

He smiled and gestured for her to continue.

“Your mom, on the other hand, is... going through phases, I guess. Sometimes she shows up randomly in the cave, and before I know it, she’s got Othello’s dick up her ass and Madison eating her out.”

Jack winced and groaned and died, forehead to the table.

“Did you have to say all that?”

With an evil cackle only her Face in the Crowd discipline let her get away with, Triss poked him in the head.

“No, but I wanted to. And besides, it’s her therapy.”

“I figured after Jacob, she’d avoid him, considering what... what you told me those two did together... to her.” His whole body cringed. It didn’t matter if he was a thousand years old. Thinking about his mother getting double-stuffed would never be easy.

“Eh, there was never any emotion between Sam and Othello, just sex. And Othello is just a loveable dumbass that’s easy to get along with. Your mom likes that. Plus, he’s really, really good at the sex thing. I’ve seen enough to know.”

“I’d rather she find some ghouls of her own and—”

Triss shook her head. “She’s not ready to have a pet, yet.”

Jack opened his mouth, stopped, and laughed. A small tingle on his skin told him Triss or Damien dialed up the Cloak of Night to keep the sound of his voice from echoing out through the huge, quiet room.

“What’s so funny?” Triss asked.

“Just, my mom said those exact words to me when I was a kid, begging for a pet.” The nostalgia journey put a smile on his face and it wouldn’t go away. “Now I have five of them, and she’s worried she’s not ready for one herself.”

“I have zero.” Triss shrugged and gestured to Damien. “He’s looking to get his first one.”

“True,” Jack said.

“And—oh hey, that’s probably her.”

It was her, no doubt about it. A Caucasian girl, average height, large thick glasses and blond hair tied back into a very unassuming braid, stepped into the big room and immediately headed toward a back corner computer booth. Average height, she looked fit and healthy, with average proportions. She wore a pink t-shirt and blue jeans, with a backpack with... cat cartoons on it. Oh no.

“I’m sorry, Damien,” Triss said. “She’s DOA.”

“What?”

“Dude, you can’t ghoule a girl like that. That is a guaranteed ditz.”

Damien shook his head. “Maria insisted I shouldn’t judge her by her appearance.”

“By her appearance?” Triss asked. “You can tell a lot about a person by their fashion choices.”

“Maybe,” Jack said, “but not always so obviously. Just because she likes cute things doesn’t mean she has a hollow skull. Natasha has a mountain of stuffed animals, and likes her bubblegum colors, and thigh highs…”

The evil smile Triss put on was familiar, way too familiar. That was a Jacob smile, chaos incarnate again.

“Been watching Tash get off?”

“I didn’t say that.”

“Yeah? ‘Cause I’m pretty sure Jessy sent out a vid just a month ago of Tash, taking three dicks, and if I remember correctly, it was a vid of her on her bed, surrounded by stuffed animals, while only wearing her cutest thigh highs.”

“That…” Damn. “Ann likes to watch them, sometimes.”

“Uh huh.”

“She does! She likes the whole contrast, Tash looking all sweet and innocent—”

“And young,” Damien said.

“And young, while three guys have their way with her.”

“The Prince is a pedophile?” Triss asked, a little more Jacob showing through. “That explains you.”

“Shut up. Damien, we checking her out?”

Sighing and nodding, Damien got up, and Jack and Triss followed. There was no rush, plenty of hours of night left, and no need to worry about being spotted with a Nos and Mekhet cloaking them. And no need to worry if they had to make this conversation disappear from the girl’s memory. Jack was good.

Jack was better than he should have been.

“Mila Turing,” Damien said, with a voice oddly… smooth. Jack and Triss glanced at each other, an eyebrow raised each. Maybe he was taking the Twilight jokes to heart?

Mila lifted her head up from her work. Cute, in a bored college nerd kinda way. Not startled either, despite three people appearing out of nowhere. Interesting. And she didn’t bother to tab out of her current browser tab or anything.

An article about corpses? Disappearing corpses, and corpses with strange markings.

“Yes?” Her tone was so flat, she belonged in a late 90s, early 2000s cartoon playing an unusually jaded, cynical, and perpetually bored teenager.

“I’m Damien.”

“Like, the son of Lucifer?” She tilted her head slightly and lifted an eyebrow the barest sliver. Anymore might have taken some effort, and judging from this girl’s personality, effort for someone else was not something she was willing to do.

Jack liked her.

Triss laughed and pulled up some chairs. Only when Mila looked at her did her eyes finally snap open.

“Um... is that...”

Damien waved a hand, a subtle, dismissive motion, and he took one of the chairs. Sitting half behind, half beside the girl and her computer, he crossed an ankle over his knee, while Jack and Triss sat in their chairs reverse, facing the girl and completely blocking off her escape from the booth. If she wanted out, she’d have to climb her desk and jump over the short acoustic booth walls.

“My superior... master, if you will, has sent me to investigate you.”

“What? Investigate me? Why?” She turned her chair slightly and looked at him. A random man registering as intriguing was probably a first, for her.

“Maria insists you’re... interesting.” Damien dialed up the mysterious tone enough Jack and Triss glanced at each other yet again. Had he done this before? Practiced in the mirror, maybe? “She says you were hanging out in her cathedral.”

“Her cathedral? I... I don’t know...”

“She says you discovered information about some events that occurred in the city several decades ago.”

Mila’s eyes continued to widen with each word, and her slender neck showed the nervous gulp.

“Uh...”

“She also says you’re intelligent. Very intelligent. Something worthy of testing.”

“I didn’t agree to any test. I—”

Beatrice pulled her hair aside, turned her head to aim her cheekless cheek toward the girl, and opened her mouth wide. Inhumanly wide.

Mila froze and slowly set her eyes on Damien. Damien raised a lip and elongated his fangs.

“... figures.”

“Figures?” Jack asked.

“I finally find some evidence the supernatural exists, and a couple vampires and a monster chick show up to kill me.” Her shoulders slumped, she turned her chair enough to face the three of them completely, and she folded her arms across her chest. “Life sucks.”

Jack couldn't help but laugh. “Damien, you sure Maria didn't suggest her just because she's an emo child?”

“Says the short ‘king’”—she literally air-quoted king—“wearing a suit his lawyer ‘daddy’ got him.” She air-quoted daddy, too. Wow, mean. He really liked her. When Jack was her age, this level of sheer disdain for people's feelings was a goal he could never achieve.

He smiled and looked to Damien.

“I'm starting to think she's not taking us seriously.”

“I think you're serious,” she said. “But, whatever. Nothing I can do about it.”

Ah, ‘whatever’, the default word of people who tried to act calm, like nothing bothered them, and like they didn't care about other people. This girl was fresh out of high school, barely eighteen. Fiona would have fun with her.

“Maybe,” Triss said, “you should have approached her in a dark alley, with lots of shadow.”

Mila gulped again. She tried to hide it, but she did.

“Maybe,” Damien said. “But I can see why Maria suggested we investigate this girl. She's digesting this well, and faster than most.”

And, of course, Mila did her best to hide a subtle smile.

“Yeah?”

“Yes,” Damien said. “It's my job to make sure my boss is correct, and that you're worth not killing for getting so close to our secrets.”

Oh, that was the angle. Scare the girl to death. It was a good angle. If a ghoul could keep their composure when facing a vampire and the threat of death, on their first night, at the same time? Yeah, good chance they were someone worth considering.

Mila froze again, and her eyes widened again, too. But, to her credit, she didn't panic.

“So, you didn’t kill me, just so you can decide to kill me later?”

“Maybe,” Triss said, winking and licking her teeth with her long tongue. “No lie, your attitude is tempting me.”

“I’m still half convinced this isn’t happening,” Mila said. “I’m probably dreaming.”

“Then let’s go for a walk,” Damien said.

“I don’t want to.”

“I wasn’t asking.”

Triss silently whistled and glanced Jack’s way. This wasn’t the Damien she knew, but Jack had seen this Damien before, a long time ago. Serious Damien. Business Damien, complete with an icy glare and overwhelming confidence, the sort of confidence you found in a killer preparing his thirtieth victim.

To Mila’s credit, she didn’t crack. But she did shut up.

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The emo woman let out the tiniest squeak and covered her hair as Mulder and Scully flew down to join them. Mulder on his right shoulder, Scully on his left, Jack reached up and scratched the backs of their necks. Despite a broken neck, Mulder didn’t mind. He enjoyed it just as much as Scully, though they’d never enjoy it as much as they did when they were alive. An undead pet was never the same as a living one, smarter but missing a piece of what made them alive. Case in point, both crows sat on his shoulders perfectly still, and when they craned their head to look around, it looked robotic.

“What the fuck?” Mila said, looking up at Jack’s crows. She was a couple inches shorter than him.

“Don’t worry about it,” he said.

“But, uh…” Mila adjusted the strap of her backpack as she looked around. “People are gonna notice a dude with two crows on his shoulders. Not exactly healthy looking crows.”

Mulder and Scully both looked at her. They did not like what she said. Cawing, they both flapped their wings, and Scully’s broken wing was no barrier. Their undead, ghoulded bodies didn’t care about the injuries they suffered in life. They suffered no pain, and only minor inconveniences with aerodynamics.



They were zombies. Intelligent zombies. But it was that or let them die, and he wouldn't do that. Maybe in the future, someday, he'd let them decide what they wanted to do, like his five human ghouls. For now, they were his pets. They were his friends.

"I have cloaked us," Damien said. "No one will notice."

"Cloaked?"

"Vampire stuff," Triss said.

"Oh... And, uh... those crows... looked at me like..."

"They understood you," Jack said. "Be nice."

"They understood me? Um, they're crows. Sure, corvids can mimic speech, but actually understand language?"

"Mulder, get on her shoulder. If she says something you don't like, bite her ear."

Mulder hopped over, landed on her shoulder, and the poor girl froze as Mulder cawed once in her ear as he got comfortable.

"He's... not going to poop on me, is he?"

"He hasn't pooped in over five years."

"What?"

"He's dead." Jack gestured to the bird. "And my good friend."

"Dead..." She pulled on her backpack straps and forced herself to look back at Damien. "Okay. I'm your prisoner. What now?"

Damien said nothing, and held his mysterious face as he pulled out his phone, leaning into the fantasy Fiona no doubt would have loved to have been a part of, despite how she didn't fit the macabre vampire universe at all. It was probably a good thing she wasn't here. She'd have been fawning over how suddenly 'sexy' and 'tall, dark, and brooding' he was being.

And of course Damien didn't answer her. That added to the mysterious man fantasy. It also made him a bit of an asshole. But, hey, a lot of women responded nicely to that when handled well, and he was handling it well, so Jack said nothing. Jack couldn't do the mysterious, sexy asshole thing at all. Just, asshole.

A limousine pulled up, and Mila, in her pink t-shirt and blue jeans, still clutching her backpack straps with its cat cartoons that didn't fit her personality at all, stared at the huge black car.

“Uh...”

“I’m out,” Triss said. “I’m gonna check up on Sam, Jack. We’re going hunting tonight.”

“Hunting, or hunting?” he asked.

“Just hunting. But, hey, she is Daeva, right? Maybe she’ll get lucky. With the Prince’s blood, she’s got enough power in her she could probably seduce three guys, and handle them all at once, no problem.”

“Please stop.”

Laughing, she gave Jack a buddy punch on the shoulder, thought twice, and gave him a hug as well.

“Don’t worry. I’ll make sure any guys who get their dick in her deserve it.”

He groaned, which of course earned some more laughs from the Nos. She scratched the back of Scully’s neck with her claw, and headed down the street. And like a heat mirage, she vanished.

Mila gaped. Damien opened the car door.

“Get in.”

“I—”

Mulder cawed and opened his mouth inches from her ear.

“Okay okay!” Sighing, she climbed in.

Jack closed the door, earning a raised brow from Damien.

“She’s young, dude.”

“I know. Aren’t your ghouls young?”

“Yeah. That’s not what I’m saying. A young ghoul can be a great way to raise someone to be a great helper and maybe eventual Kindred. The older they are, the harder it is to teach them.” He carefully avoided the word ‘groom’. There were some pretty nasty realities with acquiring ghouls, and while Antoinette wanted Kindred to treat ghouls with care, it wasn’t a rule. Jack treated his ghouls well, and he knew Damien would, too. But Mila was scared shitless, even if she wasn’t showing it.

“Oh. You’re saying I shouldn’t be so harsh with her?”

“I’m saying... yeah, maybe ease up a little? She’s barely an adult, and obviously has some juvenile attitude issues that’ll take some maturing to overcome. Keep pushing like this and you’ll scar her.”

Damien set a hand on the car door top and frowned just slightly. Jack knew that frown.

“The Prince’s ghouls were killed, by Lucas. Perfectly innocent girls.”

“That...” Shit, that was true. “Yeah, but that was then. You... think I should be harder on mine?”

“Yes, I think you should be.”

Jack tilted his head to the side a bit as he watched his best friend. They didn’t have disagreements often, partly because they got along and shared views, but also partly because Damien was usually content to shut up and go with the flow. This was different.

“Maybe I should.” Jack nodded and stepped back slightly.

Damien nodded in return and opened the door.

Say one thing for a good friendship, it had room for disagreements.

Mila clenched her fists tight on her lap and glared at the two of them, sitting in the back while Jack and Damien sat with the driver to their backs. She’d been shivering before they entered, but stopped once they sat down. She was terrified and trying to hide it. But it was also true she wasn’t freaking out. The fact a bird with a broken neck sat on her shoulder would have been enough to have most people freaking out or passing out or whatnot, but she was still processing information. That’s what you needed in a ghoul if you wanted them to be useful, the ability to process new, ridiculous information, and do it quickly.

“So far,” Damien said, “I’m impressed. But the night has just begun.”

“W-What’re you gonna do to me?”

“Nothing directly. I’m going to show you some things, and if I’m satisfied with your reactions, you will be given a choice.”

“A choice?” She summoned enough courage to frown. “You mean, serve or die?”

“No. You’ll survive the night, unless you do something ridiculous.” Damien raised a hand and tapped on the glass window behind him. It opened. “Take us on a tour, Lance.”

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Tour was a nice way of saying ‘scare shitless’. They visited the Grand Cathedral of Dolareido first, and Maria made an appearance, in shadow and blurry vampire fogginess. Mila didn’t crack.

They visited the Devil’s Corner, and Damien showed her a scene with a vampire enjoying an orgy from some less-than-clean kine. Mila didn’t crack.

They visited the Carthian district, Avery’s apartment building in particular. Clara had a place in South Side again, but to get the proper Uratha experience, it was best to see the pack. Avery didn’t play ball, but Matthew did, and he transformed just enough to have the potential ghoul disappear in his shadow. Mila didn’t crack.

They didn’t visit Clara. Harcourt had only just recently left, and Clara was torn about whether to go with him. Her pack, and all packs of that type, didn’t like moving. They enjoyed picking a location and owning and controlling it. They’d never be able to do that with the Prince around, but they’d arranged a strange truce. But with Harcourt leaving, Clara now had two reasons to maybe go with him.

Three, if you included Jack.

Maybe he should talk to her? Fucking christ, what would he even say to her? ‘Yeah, the pack is never going to control Dolareido, Harcourt’s gone, and we have this weird relationship that’s never going to feel normal. Might as well leave?’

The next visit was Vrall’s home. Not Fiona’s. Vrall’s. Much as many people in Dolareido had a thing for the macabre, it was always in the context of tombs, Gothic things like cathedrals, or maybe creepy villages like in Sándor’s lair. They never thought about what a significant portion of the world considered the ultimate nightmare: out in the jungle, at night, where literally anything and everything could kill you in a million different ways. Spiders, scorpions, snakes, insects, big cats, angry apes, the plants alone could spell horribly painful deaths, let alone everything else.

And when Vrall the oddly sexy, oddly beautiful, definitely terrifying spider woman, slowly and silently climbed down the jungle trees with the corpse of a woman hanging from one hand, Mila didn’t break. Though, at that point, Jack wasn’t sure if that was because she was too scared to even move.

Back in the limousine, they began the drive back to Mila’s apartment.

“You... know where I live?”

Damien and Jack looked at each other before giving the girl a ‘are you serious?’ look. She shrank in her seat.

“You’ve impressed me so far,” Damien said. “I offer you the pact.”

“The... pact.”

“You will drink of my blood. You will become my ghoul. Maria is convinced you will serve the Lancea et Sanctum well, and so am I.”

It was a strange pick for a ghoul for the Lancea et Sanctum covenant, a group devoted to God and a purpose that made no sense to Jack. And far as Jack could tell, the girl wasn’t even religious. But then, maybe she was? A lot of religious people didn’t wear their religion on their sleeves.

“Drink your blood? I’ll... become a vampire?”

“No. You will become my devoted servant.”

“Kinda sounds like a raw deal.”

“As long as I continue to feed you my blood, you will be immortal, and enjoy strength and health greater than a human.”

“Oh. Better.”

“As Maria said, the Lancea et Sanctum is devoted to our Lord. Your duties will be to serve me, while mine are to serve Him. And, if you prove your worth, with time, I or another Kindred will sire you, embrace you, and turn you into one of God’s monsters.”

She stared. “God’s monsters? Uh... You mean, like, become one of the Damned?”

“Live long enough, serve God long enough, and you will live to see His return. Not so Damned, in a sense.”

“Fucking... fuck. And... and if I say no?”

“Then my good friend will wipe your mind of tonight’s events.”

And like someone had just told Mila her house burned down, she set her eyes on Jack, frozen.

“You can do that?”

“Yeah, I can.” Not something a vampire his age should have been doing, but he’d done it before and could do it again.

Did the curse leave a remnant, a residue, something that gave him a power boost? It left something, that was for sure. And after five years, he’d just accepted it. Besides, he was a Right Hand. Even with some natural talent, he couldn’t deal with assholes like Isabella without some might, or go around wiping memories like Julias used to.

“Can I—”

“No, you can’t sleep on it,” Damien said.

“I... suppose that makes sense. I might do something, write something, say something.”

“Exactly. So, make your choice, here and now. Are you willing to serve?”

Damien conveniently left out any mention of sex. Well, to Damien, it probably wasn’t going to happen. Maria wanted him to recruit a ghoul for their usefulness, and if she was the one giving the suggestion, sex probably wasn’t the reason. Besides, she was pretty young.

But, Vrall had shown interest in the girl. Mila was definitely cute, and Fiona would show interest, too. Sex was on the menu, once she was a little older.

“There’s more than just immortality, to being a servant,” Jack said. “A ghoul. You have protection. You’ll have money. And...” A quick glance to Damien to see if he minded Jack jumping in. He didn’t. “And pretty healthy sex life. I know one redheaded girl that’ll be doing everything in her power to get you in the bed as soon as possible.”

Mila raised an eyebrow, until Jack whipped out his phone and showed her a picture of Fiona, mid strip at Bloodlust.

Damien sighed. “My girlfriend.”

The barest hint of a smile showed through on Mila’s face, and her eyes sparkled.

“Oh.”

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“Were you trying to make a point?” Damien asked. They stood outside the limousine. Mila sat within, her first dose of Damien’s blood spreading out into her veins and warping her mind to love and adore her master. Jack wasn’t sure what plans he had for Mila, to take her home or maybe keep her at his place for a night before giving her her second dose. Maybe Fiona would come and keep an eye on her.

“Point?”

“I was being very direct with her, and... and we could both tell she was going to say no.”

“Ah, that.” Jack shrugged. “Yeah well, some people need a nice carrot.”

“Immortality isn’t a carrot?”

“Not one most people can really appreciate. But money? Extra freedoms? Frequent, awesome sex with a ridiculously beautiful, busty little redhead and her tall, pale vampire boyfriend? That’s something a young woman can wrap her mind around a little more easily.”

“Sex was never the intention.”

“No, but you know Fiona is gonna want to make it happen. Jessy did it with Eric and Marge.”

Grumbling, Damien sighed and nodded. “You’re right, of course. I should have listened to you.”

“Nah, you had a point. I’m being too soft with mine, and it’s going to bite me in the ass. If there was an elder out there to worry about, I’d be coming to you for tips.”

Damien smiled. “Well, you persuaded Mila well enough. But, now I’m worried she’s going to—”

“Not doubt about it. A ghoul, doting on you, vying for your attention? Yeah, Fiona’s gonna take full advantage of that. Enjoy.” Knowing Damien would do everything he could to resist having such a young woman throw herself at him, only for Fiona to encourage the ghoul to do so, was hilarious.

The poor Mekhet grumbled.

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Back in bed with the most amazing woman in the world, same position, same time. Her, lying back between his legs, her head on his sternum, enjoying a breast massage. This time, though, she already had the tablet.

“Jessy has sent us a new visual feast,” she said, summoning a smile he didn’t quite trust. But before he could say something, she brought up the video, and set it on her sternum, aimed up at their faces.

Yeap, that was Jessy and Tash alright. Jack continued to massage his love, arms reaching around hers so he could caress and squeeze her breasts behind the tablet; it was a large tablet. Would she have enjoyed this porn so much if Tash hadn’t been her student? Probably not. Ann enjoyed seeing her little pupil indulge in sexuality, which was probably half the education Ann gave her in the first place. Ordo Dracul stuff, and sex stuff.



Tash's tiny body was the focus again. Jessy seemed outright addicted to it, given it was the usual theme. The two were scissoring on Eric's bed, and whichever guy was controlling the camera spent a lot of time zoomed in on their smooth, wet slits rubbing against each other. Far as Jack could tell, it wasn't the guys who wanted to do this, it was the girls, probably Jessy overtly and Tash secretly wanting to, refusing to admit it, but allowing Jess to bully her into it.

Whatever the dynamic, those five had grown very close. Not exactly swinging, since they were always all together when something like this happened, according to Jess, but comfortable enough with each other Art climbed onto the bed, got on his knees beside Jess, and set his cock on her breasts. Eric joined him on the other side, and Matt filmed while Art and Eric covered Jessy's breasts in cum.

Around and around it went. The two girls continued to rub slits, something that didn't seem quite enough to get Jessy off, but poor Tash couldn't help herself. Blushing and mewling, the tiny Mekhet came easily, and had to beg Jessy to stop rubbing so hard on multiple occasions, while at the same time the boys took turns covering the ladies in cum. It wasn't long before the girls dripped with it, thick white streaks that ran down their hard nipples and slender stomachs. And of course, Jessy pulled out a long, double-ended dildo, set it between the two girls, and pushed it into the both of their asses. Not their pussies, like Tash squeaked and begged for, but their asses.

Tash, beyond embarrassed despite having done this sort of video dozens of times before, came again. Whether she liked anal, or just liked being that dirty and erotic, Jack didn't know. Asking his friend how much she liked it up the ass was definitely crossing a line, for Tash and him. Jessy would have boasted about how she could come purely from anal if he asked her, no doubt.

Ann sighed blissfully, and Jack followed suit.

"I'm surprised you haven't asked those five to join us," he said.

"Come now, you know that is not my desire. Elaine is the exception, not the rule. No, for us, the bedroom is for lovers and their pets."

"I'll send Elaine a message. Say you're lonely."

Ann grinned up at him, looked back at the tablet on her chest, and scrolled to another video. Quickly, too. She had one in mind.



A video from Jack's point of view, aimed down at the two women snuggling up to his legs and pelvis and fighting to fit their giant breasts on his body. Ann, and Elaine, squashing their breasts together, his hard cock between them. Ashley had recorded the video, and both her and Julee's legs were visible, the two of them cuddling into Jack's arms off screen, both watching the two elder vampires pleasure him.

Ann jumped ahead to a specific spot. Jack, cumming and soaking their breasts in cum for the second time, and Elaine quickly leaning in, and putting a wet, white kiss on Antoinette's lips. The video made it all too clear that Jack had liked that maybe a little too much, as his abs flexed hard and a spurt of cum shot up from between their breasts when she did that.

"I told Elaine I would not kiss another, as you and I are lovers." Ann sighed again as she melted back into Jack's massaging touch, but kept the video going.

"Yeap."

"And yet, it seemed to entice you quite a bit, that rascal woman sneaking kisses."

"I uh... I mean..."

Ann forwarded the video a bit more. Both girls had pulled their chests back a bit so their cum-soaked breasts mostly slid off his pelvis and hips, giving them the room to lean in and give him a blowjob. Two tongues, sliding up and down his length. Two sets of lips, kissing it from top to bottom, and then to top again. They spent a long time on the top, the two of them wrapping his ripe glans in their lips. And in the video, when Jack came again, both made efforts to keep his cum from escaping, covering the tip with their lips.

More than a few times, their lips brushed against each other, and the video picked up Jack's groans. He didn't usually groan like that, or make tiny gasps, but the sight of Ann and Elaine borderline locking lips as they milked his cum? Yeah, that'd been so stimulating, he'd almost grabbed their heads and pushed them together.

Both elders gave him a moment to recover, and both had a twinkle in their eyes. They leaned back in, picked up right where they left off, but this time, Ann didn't resist Elaine. They kissed each other, and while they usually kept Jack's cock between them, they didn't always. Sometimes their lips only grazed his sensitive skin, while the two five-hundred-year-old gorgeous, beautiful, sexy women kissed each other, as his cum slid around their lips or dripped from their chins.

"I should have stopped her," Antoinette said, pausing the video.

"It's not like she was trying to ruin our relationship."

“No, but she should know better than to tempt so. You and I are lovers. Ghouls are our dear pets. Elaine is a friend. She is not to you and I as Jennifer is to Beatrice and Sándor.”

Aww, she was worried about their relationship. Was that what'd been bothering her these past few months?

He kissed her forehead, reached out, and grabbed lube off the nightstand. He dripped some onto each of her breasts, and with flowing hands, he massaged it into her skin, from top to bottom, contours in and out. And with everything wet and sleek, he had the freedom to really massage and squeeze her breasts and make them spill over and under his palms until her swollen nipples again slipped into the groove between thumb and finger. With how wide her soft, pink areola were, and how engorged they became, it was easy to milk them, and have Antoinette sighing with joy.

“Ann, you could have literally had a make out session with her in front of me, while I did nothing but watch, and I wouldn't have thought for a second she'd somehow damage our relationship.”

“To you, perhaps. But I know her better.”

“Maybe.”

“Maybe? Well, you have certainly grown in confidence in your ability to read people.”

He grinned down at her, and squeezed around her areola a little harder, the lube causing his fingers to slide over her soft, wet skin. She sighed blissfully again.

“I am pretty smart.”

“Indeed.” Chuckling, she resumed the video. It only grew more carnal as it went, with Ann and Elaine consistently rubbing their lips on his cock's tip until he came all over them. When he'd grown too sensitive, they backed off, and Elaine had, of course, leaned back in to kiss Ann some more. Ann managed to look at Jack in the corner of her eye, and Jack, off screen, had shrugged and smiled at her. The Prince in the video half closed her eyes, and kissed Elaine back.

The fact his cum thoroughly coated their lips pretty much turned it into the most erotic, sizzling kiss in the history of anything ever.

“It's not like I'm saying I'm cool with her trying to get into your pants when I'm not around,” he said. “But, kissing each other like that? Um, yeah, that's ridiculously hot.”

“And you were not concerned Elaine would whisk me away?”

“Not even a little. But at the time, I don't think I had a single thought going through my mind.”

Ann chuckled, but it melted into a quiet sigh and moan as he squeezed around her areola a little harder, bringing his fingers forward to her nipples in a milking motion, before again sliding his hands around the contours and undersides of her breasts.

She changed videos. Veronica had filmed this one, and it was of Delilah's first night with Jack, and Ann, and Elaine. It was also the girl's first night in general. Losing her virginity in an orgy of one guy and nine women was pretty insane, but Ann and Elaine had decided to make it a special night. They'd set Jack down on his back on the bed, had put Delilah down on him, cock in her pussy, and both vampire women had sat on Jack as well. They smooshed the small, black ghoul between their pale bodies, and had both spent a long time massaging her, her huge breasts, her clitoris, everything, while working a toy inside her ass.

Delilah had cum so hard so many times she passed out when Elaine finally Kissed her. Ghoul stamina was impressive though, and she'd awoken again seconds later, still squashed between the two much taller women, still getting caressed and massaged and fingered and probed and everything else, still on his cock.

"How about," Jack said, "maybe a video of Fiona? You like her."

"Damien does not appreciate being filmed."

"Yeah, but you know his girlfriend does."

Chuckling, Ann changed to a video Fiona herself had taken at Bloodlust. No sex, but a bunch of topless people sitting around the booth. Drunk Fiona didn't have the best aim, but she managed to keep the film aimed at everyone at the table well enough to get chests and breasts in focus.

Athalia was there, breasts out as well. She did her best to look like she didn't really want to be a part of the silliness, but Begotten bodies couldn't lie like a Kindred's. Hard nipples gave her away, along with her slight shifting and wriggling into Daniel's side.

The shifting and wriggling was far less subtle with Natasha, who sat on Art's lap. Since Fiona sat beside him, she had an easy time angling the phone down and to the side a bit to get a peek of what Art was doing under the table. His hands were on Tash's hips, and he was sneakily grinding the tiny vampire's ass against him.

Fiona whipped the camera around at herself, and giggled as she bounce in Damien's lap. Subtlety did not exist in Fiona's vocabulary, despite how Vrall personified it. She giggled some more and made sure the camera was aimed directly at her huge, pale, freckled breasts, and very hard nipples. And like

she'd taken what Art and Tash were up to as a challenge, she grabbed Damien's hand and put it on one of her breasts's nipples.

Damien, to his credit, rolled his eyes but also began massaging the breast. He tried to keep it subtle, and Fiona was such a horny thing, it was enough to have her blushing all over and leaning back against him.

"I'm not sure who's to blame," Jack said, gesturing to the tablet Ann still held on her sternum, "for corrupting everyone the most. You, or Jessy."

"Jessy corrupts those around her." To prove her point, Ann changed to another vid, another one with Tash and the boys. "I corrupt cities."

Jack chuckled and nodded. Well, say one thing for Antoinette the Prince of Dolareido, she didn't lack for confidence or ego.

Instead of staying on the vid of Jessy, Tash, and the three werewolves, she switched to another video Veronica had filmed. This time, of Ashley and Julee.

"Ann..."

Ann didn't listen. She sighed, but melted into his touch regardless as she watched her two once ghouls squirm on the bed. Julee sat on Jack's cock, Ann behind her, choking her, and stroking the poor girl's clit to what must have been a painful orgasm. Of course, Julee loved that. Jack could remember what it'd felt like having the tiny — relatively speaking — ghouls squeeze on his cock so hard she'd have hurt him if she'd been a vampire.

She wasn't the only one on him. Ashley was draped across his chest and getting thoroughly fucked by Elaine. Arguably she was having a rougher time of it, trying to fit two very large toys Elaine insisted could fit into the ballerina's body. They did, barely, and Elaine spent way too long drilling them in and out of Ashley's small holes until she'd been reduced to an exhausted, sweating, defeated mess across Jack's chest. And through all this, Leilani, Kaida, and Rachel knelt around them, masturbating and rubbing each other while Veronica filmed and simultaneously rubbed her huge breasts into Jack's face. No Delilah yet, at the time.

Seeing her ghouls cum and cum hard in the video was enough for Ann. She held onto the tablet with both hands, but it trembled, and the woman shivered from head to toe. She spread her legs, and as pleasure tremors flowed out from her nipples into her chest with Jack's touch, she finally reached down under the blankets with one hand, and caressed her hidden pussy. They'd done this enough times for

Jack to know she just liked the extra stimulus on her clit, but there was no denying the busty Prince had such absurdly sensitive nipples, she'd cum from a breast and nipple massage.

“You're going to make yourself sad, watching that.”

“Oui, but... I will be fine.” Her voice, wavering slightly, carried just a hint of vulnerability mixed with bliss. How much of that vulnerability was just talking mid orgasm versus her being sad about her two ghouls, he couldn't tell. “Perhaps you would like to watch something that appeals to you?”

“Pretty sure everything you've shown appeals to me.”

“Ha, but not to your truest desires, non?” She forwarded the video to the next scene.

Yeap, he remembered this one. They'd taken a butt plug out of Julee's ass, and set her butt on Jack's cock instead, Julee facing him, empty slit dripping on his pelvis. With Ashley out of the way now, both Elaine and Antoinette had fun with the girl, spreading her legs and forcing many, many fingers into her pussy, all while her ass wriggled and milked Jack's length. On more than one occasion, they'd choked the poor girl while spanking her, each earning a hard clench, and soon soaking Jack's pelvis as she creamed their fingers.

Then Elaine got out of the way, Ann turned Julee around, and pushed her until she lay on Jack's chest. She pressed her body down against her, buried the ballerina's body in her huge breasts, and Kissed her. With some blood still in her mouth, she kissed Jack over Julee's shoulder, before going back and drinking her ghoul some more. Rinse and repeat, until Jack filled the whimpering, wriggling, climaxing girl's ass with his cum, as her master filled his mouth with the girl's blood.

It was one of the most strangely intimate bouts of sex Jack and Ann had ever had. And sure enough, watching the video now got him so damn hard his cock pressed up painfully against Ann's back.

“Come,” she said.

No need to explain. Ann sat up, moved over, Jack put his legs together, and Ann climbed on top of him. With a familiarity that came from having sex almost every single night for almost a decade, she slid his cock into her slit, and Jack melted back into the sensation of her squeezing, hot insides wrapping his length.

But then Ann grabbed the tablet again, set it on his sternum and chin so it pointed it up at her, and resumed the porn.

“Do not move, my love.”

“Uh...”

With the tiniest grin, she gently ground her hips back and forth, and tapped through some more videos. He didn't want to touch the tablet with lube all over his hands, either. So, frowning behind the tablet so she could only see the furrowing of his brows, he reached up and squeezed her breasts. Hard.

Attempts to hurt her failed. She chuckled, and leaned forward into his grip, while simultaneously squeezing his cock hard enough to bend metal.

“I give, I give!”

“Good. Be gentle with my breasts, my love. You know better.” Nodding, she ran her fingers along the tablet, found something she liked, and jumped ahead.

Jack couldn't see it, but from the sounds, it was Elaine again.

“Whatcha watchin'?”

“I am enjoying the look in Elaine's eyes as she climaxes, while you fuck her breasts and I devour her sex.”

“Sounds like she was enjoying herself.”

“She did indeed. And the look in her eyes as she climaxes is beautiful. She let a piece of herself show that she would not, if she knew I watched her. But on film, I can witness something she shows only you.”

“Only me?”

“Indeed. She—” Antoinette shivered as she leaned closer to him, and pressed her hands to the pillows around his head. Her giant breasts hung underneath her chest, huge teardrops he cupped in his hands, and he exploited the easy access to her swollen, large nipples to milk them. If she could lactate, she'd have squirted all over his chest and the bottom of the tablet.

Her insides clenched hard, and she smiled as she came, eyes still on the video. Wow, that was fast.

“You orgasm upon her,” Ann said, eyes on the video, hypnotized. “She helps you coat her breasts in white, only for you to resume, and fuck her breasts again. Your ghouls kiss and suckle on her nipples, and help keep her breasts tight around you. And her eyes half close as she cums. Vulnerable. She lets herself be vulnerable with you in a way she does not with me.”

Jack, still massaging his love's breasts, barely had to do a thing anymore. Ann was on fire, and she ground herself back and forth with increasing need. At one point she grabbed the tablet with a hand so it

wouldn't fall off his chin and chest, and rocked back and forth hard enough she came again, and brought him over the edge with her. He bit back the groans, and instead let the moans of Elaine in the video fill the silence, as he filled his lover with cum.

Ann stopped, put the tablet aside, and smiled down at him. They weren't done, and with vampire stamina, they had the leeway to slow things down and drag sex out, which they often did. Ann dipped her hips left and right, and slowly danced on his cock as she teased her fingers up and down his chest and abs.

"Were it not for me, would you have ever let Elaine touch you? Perhaps become your lover?"

Whoa, strange question. Dangerous question.

"She's ridiculously beautiful," he said, knowing full well Ann would agree.

"Indeed."

"And very persuasive, manipulative, and aggressive."

"Oui."

"But... no. Not my type. Maybe a little too much like me, in some weird ways."

Nodding, Ann leaned in for a kiss before sitting up again, taking his wrists, and guiding his hands around her breasts.

"She is your great grandsire, after all. As stubborn as you, in her own ways."

"Yeah that's what I was talking about."

She laughed some more, but there was some weight to it, something distracted, something sad. It didn't stop her from enjoying sex, whatever it was, and she sat up straight, ran her fingers back through her hair with elbows up in the air, and showed off for him as she rode him.

"My friendship with Elaine was once romantic, in a strange way, as you know."

He nodded.

"And sometimes I wonder if, perhaps, she came to Dolareido not only to steal the curse for herself, but to steal you to slight me."

"I mean, maybe? Whatever her original plan, she changed her mind once she got to know me."

"Of course. You do seem to have that effect." Chuckling softly, she picked up the pace, and put her hands on her hips to balance herself. Jack had free rein to massage, stroke, caress, and milk her breasts as she brought herself to orgasm again, and eventually him again, too.

Was Elaine what she was thinking about?

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Ann, now the small spoon in a cuddle session, pressed her back into his chest, and kissed his hand before putting it back on her breast. Sex over, he wasn't stroking and caressing her breasts to get her off, but to enjoy how soft and heavy they were and how amazing they felt spilling over his palms. He'd never get tired of them, and Ann seemed perfectly happy about it.

He kissed her head before relaxing against her back.

"Something's bothering you, something that isn't Ashley and Julee. Is it Elaine?"

She sighed, and nuzzled into him a little harder.

"Non."

"Not Elaine? You've been bringing her up lately."

"Oui, that is true. But it is not her or her absence that bothers me."

"Then what is it?"

"I..." She turned her head enough he could see her saddened red eyes. "It is not a concern for now."

"Even if it's not a concern right now, it's bothering you. Which means it's bothering me. What is it?"

She looked away again, but he knew to give her a minute to think about what she wanted to say. Ann wasn't the type to dance around the topic. She'd either tell him, or tell him she wasn't going to talk about it yet, with no juvenile expectation from him to pry her for more information. It was one of the reasons he loved her.

"It... It was inevitable."

"Inevitable?"

"It has been well over a century since I last entered a long torpor. I can feel the blood lust begin to grow. I fear... I fear I will soon be forced to begin another long trial of unconsciousness."



“Oh... Oh.” He hugged her tight and kissed her cheek. “Shit, I didn’t think it’d happen so soon.”

“Neither did I. Perhaps siring two childer so soon after siring your mother caused it. I do not know.”

“How long until you think you’ll need to go under?”

“I do not know that, either. Perhaps another five years?”

He breathed a sigh of relief. Ann did love to think long term. Not the sort of woman to ignore small problems until they became big ones.

But elders taking a long torpor was terrifying. They went down for years, sometimes decades, and they didn’t always wake up the same person. Ann insisted the Ordo Dracul, and her in particular, had developed techniques and tools to keep the torpor dreams from ravaging their minds, but it was still something no elder wanted to face.

She hugged his arm to her chest, and he hugged her tight.

“I’ll be there when you wake up,” he said.

She smiled. “I hope with videos to share of you enjoying your five, perhaps ten ghoul?”

He groaned, laughed, and kissed her.