

~~Jack~~

There was still plenty of time before sunrise, and Antoinette felt like pampering him a bit more. To the pool they went, but instead of using the pool, they stepped down into the hot tub.

“I’m... pretty drained, Antoinette,” he said. “Came twice, you know?”

She laughed, and reached out to touch his nose as she stepped into the water. “I am sorry, my love, but I know you drank of both my ghouls only a couple hours ago. I suspect you have much sexual energy left for me to feast upon.”

“I... I mean, yeah I guess.” There was usually some more give and take in their sex, but tonight, Antoinette wanted to do all the giving. He’d asked if she’d wanted him to do more for her, but she’d insisted she wanted to treat him a thousand times over. He could only resist that sort of temptation for so long.

The water level of the hot tub was set to shallow, so when he sat in one of its seats, the water stopped at his knee, and cut halfway along his thighs, covering his testicles but not reaching up to his shaft. Antoinette got on her knees in the water, smiled up at him as she wet her hair, and pulled the long, soaked, heavy strands of white over her breasts. Wet hair, god he loved wet hair.

“I have opened the door for covenants to begin siring again, my love.” She crawled through the water toward him, put her hands on his knees, and eased his legs apart. “Do you have any kine that you wish to see enter their second lives?”

“Um, n-no, not really. And I’m way too young for that, don’t you think?” Though, it would be an interesting thought, to maybe sire some of his family. Recipe for disaster, but the thought was there nonetheless.

He gulped as he stared down at the tall, busty queen while she crawled in closer, and got snug between his thighs. She had to use her hands to lift her breasts, and set them onto his pelvis, each pressing against his legs with his cock between them. With how close she was, and him leaning back like he was, her stomach brushed up against his testicles, and his cock pointed up from between the two enormous, heavy pillows.

“Far too young. I would not encourage you to consider siring until you were at least twenty years embraced, and preferably fifty, to enter your ancilla years. But, you grow strong, quite quickly my little Ventrue.” While her heavy breasts pressed down on the groove of his leg and pelvis each, weight causing them to mold and fit tight to him, she smiled at him as she got comfortable. So, utterly, huge,

that gravity caused them to squish and spread out over his lower abdomen, his inner thighs, and his pelvis, their size burying almost every inch of his cock between them.

“Still think it might be a bit beyond me. And I wouldn’t have a clue on who to sire.” He swallowed again as he watched her, how she got comfortable, and adjusted where her wet hair covered parts of her breasts like a dress. She was leaning very far forward, so her ass was in clear view behind her, and the delicious shape of it swayed as she got cozy against him.

“With time, years, you will find yourself involved in the affairs of kine, and some will impress you. You may find them worthy of the embrace.” She reached up, and set her hands on the sides of his waist, her elbows against the hot tub seat he was on. Her smile never faded as she leaned down, and planted a kiss on the head of his shaft where it poked up between her breasts. Instantly, Jack shivered as the pleasure sparks filled his cock, her lips easing back and forth in a slow, succulent kiss, until they wrapped around the base of his glans.

She had cum with those breasts earlier. Actually orgasmed. His suckling, his massaging, had made her cum from having her breasts and nipples played with. He was going to do that every chance he got from now on, but she wanted to pleasure him right now, keep it one sided. And now that she had him in her grasp, he was perfectly ok with that.

“And y-you?” he said. It was the game she liked to play, to keep talking while they had sex. She was a lot better at it than him.

She lifted her head, and pushed her chest forward a little using her knees and arms to brace herself. Using only the sheer size of her bosom, and how gravity kept it squished to his pelvis and thighs, she gently rocked her body back and forth, and tit-fucked him. Gentle, soft friction, each back and forth motion causing her breasts to lightly caress his cock with their weight and nothing more. Normally she used her hands, or squeezed her arms together, to make the contact much tighter. But tonight, she seemed intent on pampering him with soft, gentle sex.

He was pretty sure the next time they had sex, she’d flip the coin and do something far more dominant, dominatrix, but tonight, gentle was the name of the game, and he was loving it.

“Non, it is not something I have considered as of late. Not since Tony have I sired someone, and it will be quite some time before I decide to again.” She slid her hands down from his waist, and pressed her breasts together with her palms. God, his cock completely disappeared inside the mountains of softness, and he shivered as the skin of her breasts pressed against his swollen, ripe glans. Precum rose to the top, and as the woman softly kneaded her breasts together, more joined it.

Satisfied, she let her breasts go, let gravity again cause their massive size to conform along his pelvis, thighs, lower abdomen, and let the tip of his cock poke out from between them. Her lips found it, and she began to suckle on it once more, head inching back and forth so her lips could caress along its sensitive edge where his glans met the rest of his cock. More pleasure sparks, each causing his inner muscles to flex, and each sending warm tingles through his length until he felt the building waves of warmth underneath his testicles again.

The heat of the water on his testicles, as the busty woman bathed his cock with her breasts, was euphoric.

He didn't last long. She was right of course, about the belly full of blood; a powerful aphrodisiac when combined with the right stimulus, like a beautiful naked woman rubbing her breasts on your body. His eyes nearly closed, but he forced them to stay open, so he could look into Antoinette's eyes as she grinned up at him, and raised her head.

She brought her hands back to her breasts, pressed them together, and buried his cock in the softness of her body. The delightful friction of her soft skin rubbing against him, of her breasts hiding and covering his hard girth as it twitched with need, sent more waves of blissful sparks down his length, each earning a hard flex of his inner muscles, and each of them earning a gush of his cum into her cleavage.

"I understand the Invictus plan to promote you," she said as she kneaded her breasts together around him. "Not that the Invictus deal in a simple employee structure, as you know. But I am sure they will provide you with something, beyond fortune. Perhaps a title?" She didn't stop, hands tight on her breasts, making sure each gush of his cum was trapped, until it coated her skin and dripped down onto his abs.

"I... I uh... maybe?" He squirmed, wriggled a little, and became one with the seat as he collapsed against it while Antoinette continued to milk him, until his cum pooled into her cleavage, and trickled down over the sides of her breasts, and down strands of her wet hair where they traced the contours of her tits.

Only when the final gush of his cum leaked out of him did she ease up her grip. She smiled up at him from her place between his knees, a smile so warm he thought he'd dissolve into the water, melting away. She set her hands back on his waist, elbows to the seat, and began to gently rock her body back and forth, her cum-soaked breasts molding to his pelvis and thighs once more. His cock still stood upright, poking up from the mess of his cum, while trickling drops of the white fluid slid down off of their bodies and into the shallow, hot water beneath.

The feel of his cum being gently massaged onto his cock, post orgasm while everything was still sensitive, forced him to groan, and reach out to set one hand on Antoinette's shoulder. She turned her head enough to plant a kiss on his hand, before she took his hand in hers, both of them, and set them both on the seat beneath him. She held his hands there, under the water and out of the way, trapped in her grip, as she gently fucked him with her breasts. With both their hands on the hot tub seat, only the weight of her tits provided friction. Gentle, slow, tender breast sex. He was in heaven.

“We should celebrate once it occurs, my love. The Invictus, as always, will be slow to act on such matters. But in about a month or two I presume, you will be honored, and I expect on that night, to celebrate with you.” She leaned down, planted a few kisses on his cock, and some exploring licks too. “Perhaps you should enjoy a night with Julee and Ashley at your mercy? I will be there of course, but I will give you free reign to order them to do whatever you could wish.”

“I... I admit... that time the three of you were... giving me a blowjob at the same time... pretty amazing.” Three sets of lips, fighting for room on the head of his cock? Felt amazing, and watching Ashley take every opportunity she could to turn it into kissing Julee instead was like watching a boy's sex dream come true.

“Understandable.” She worked her lips back and forth again, same as before, suction pulling at him and bathing his cock in bliss as her kiss massaged the sensitive skin. “I will leave the choice to you, my love. Anything you wish of them of them.”

“Anything?”

“Ha, anything within reason, but I suspect that will encompass anything you could want.”

So he could make Julee and Ashley do whatever he wanted. Kid in a candy store.

“So... if I... wanted one of them to ride me... facing me... and you sit behind them, and finger them and Kiss them while I'm inside them?”

She rolled her eyes, chuckled, and resumed the gentle rocking of her body. “Of course.”

“Or... maybe... I could lie down, head in your lap again... and the girls each giving me a blowjob, and—”

“Jack, whatever you wish, they will perform. And I will join them... to an extent, of course.” She chuckled, that womanly, dominatrix sorta chuckle, a chuckle that told him she'd only entertain requests to a point, before she took control. She did like to do that.

He could tell what she was up to, trying to put some zing back into him, get back that spontaneous, excited spark of his that he knew was suffering as of late. Well, he was a guy after all, and trying out crazy new things in bed was definitely a way to put some spark into him. And to offer him such bliss while currently massaging his cock inside a bed of breasts and his own cum, was catching him when he wasn't in a mindset to possibly say no, or be surly.

She let go of his hands, but he knew to keep them out of the way; it's what she wanted. Grinning, she raised her hands up, combed back her hair, and brought her hands down to press against the sides of her breasts. The soft mounds of perfectness were far too large for her hands to fully grasp, and her fingers partially disappeared into them as she squished his cock with them. Layers of his cum rose up from the tight contact, and trickled down the crevice of her tits once more, flowing down to land on his lower abdomen.

She started fucking him in earnest, faster, using his cum as a lubricant before it faded. Each tight squeeze of her breasts on him was heavenly, the cum-soaked skin gripping and massaging his cock, and sending more waves of bliss down the length of it as his glans disappeared into her cleavage.

He came again. So damn fast, but the sight was too intoxicating and alluring to not have him ready to burst just by looking at it. And of course, she was really, really good. His voice turned into pants, quiet groans, and he watched with wide eyes as another gush of his white cum flowed into her cleavage. She adjusted her grip, slowed down her thrusting, and smiled at him as she buried his cock until it vanished between her breasts. The slow, tight, massaging valley of her tits soon overflowed with his cum, and a small pool of it formed against her sternum, held by the slopes of their size. Hot, wet, tingling, he shivered as the pleasure sparks rippled outward from his legs, and flexing inner muscles caused another gush of his cum to spill onto her body. It trickled down over her skin as it overflowed, and lines of white traced along the outside contours of her breasts, to drip into the water.

When he finally finished, little aftershocks working through his insides, Antoinette chuckled, and sat back, heavy breasts falling off of his lap and jiggling against her chest. The shallowness of the water kept her bosom above the surface of it, and she smirked as she looked down at her bosom, and how it was covered in his cum, to the point some lines of the thick liquid were dripping off of the bottom of the heavy, teardrop-shaped mountains.

“Four times in one night,” she said. “I should let you feast of both my pets before our fun more often.”

“I... yeah, I mean... damn.” He tried to make eye contact with her, but it was really fucking hard when she was sitting right in front of him, enormous breasts weighing down on her chest, literally dripping of his cum. And he’d cum so fast the second time, the first coating was still there.

“I hope I have helped relax you, so that you may sleep well today.” She ran one of her hands down her chest to one of her breasts, and traced lines through the white cum, drawing circles onto her swollen nipple.

“I’m staying here to sleep until the city’s clear of these hunters, right? I’ll sleep well every day.”

“Good.” She stood up, and walked out of the hot tub. A minute later, she returned, and the water level of the tub started to increase, surface level rising until it reached Jack’s chin. She let herself sink below the surface until the water reached her shoulders, and washed away his fluids before she came back up.

“I have a confession to make,” he said.

“Oh?”

“I... really, really love the look of wet hair.”

She burst into laughter, almost a giggle, and swam over to sit beside him. “Hardly a secret, my love.” Her arm found him, hooked around his shoulder, and pulled him to her.

He turned his head enough to snuggle into her side, chin near her breast, and sighed. She’d drained him enough that he could go the next five minutes this close to her tits without turning into a sex-hungry maniac. Five minutes he could spend snuggling into her.

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They returned to her room, and climbed into bed. Still another thirty minutes until sunrise, but it was thirty minutes to hold each other, snuggle, and actually talk.

“No talk of the plights of Dolareido,” she said. “Talk of normal things, joyful or sorrowful, but of normal things, not of hunters or werewolves or monsters.”

He nodded. “Right, sure, I can do that.”

The two of them were facing each other, Jack in his boxers and Antoinette in a silk nightie, but not a see-through one though, thank god; needed to sleep at some point. She was more lying on her

back, and Jack was on his side, his chest pressed to her side, and one arm draped over her stomach. Hers was hooked underneath his neck and was stroking his back. The whole night made him feel like a mix between a woman's boy toy — no problem with that — and a wounded animal, being nursed back to health by the lovely nurse who found him.

“Been thinking about my family lately,” he said.

“Yes, I can imagine. You are newly embraced, after all.”

“Yeah, I guess. Little things just randomly slip in. I wasn't very close with my sister, but my mom and I, we... couldn't have been more different. We weren't close, but we weren't far, either.” His mother was a dumb person, no way around that assessment. Dumb, with a big heart, and with zero desire to analyze reality; he, on the other hand, couldn't stop analyzing it. “She was an airhead.”

Antoinette laughed, and her hand upon his back rose to find his head. Scratches, fingernails on the scalp, fingertips rubbing the buzzed hair. Euphoric.

“And you were close?”

“A little. Not sure why, we didn't have a single thing in common. But, I guess my constant complaining and unending attempts to make her do things more efficiently just washed off of her, water on a duck's back.”

“I am afraid she and I would not get along then. Such types frustrate me.”

“Yeah, she frustrates... frustrated me too. I'd tell her that too, but she'd shrug and smile, ask me if I wanted some juice, as she was already pouring the glass.” He laughed, and let his head fall, relaxed against the nook of Antoinette's chest and arm. “After dad died, she didn't grow bitter or pessimistic, like I did. She got sadder, yeah, and... and it never really changed. I moved out a few years after that.” Much of what he was saying, he'd already told her, as pure data for a conversation. This time it was different. This time it was him talking about his life because he wanted to share it with the woman he loved.

If she could remember the things that'd happened to her five hundred years ago, he'd love to hear about her life too. But, those long-as-fuck torpors elder vamps liked to take, to keep their blood-lust in check, fucked with their minds, supposedly. Maybe Damien's records might hold some information about her past? Doubtful, but there could be a hint about something, somewhere. Maybe they'd hold records about Viktor too? More likely, and worth asking about.

“And your sister?”

“Like repelling magnets, her and me. We never got along, but never really argued either. I... ran into her, not long after my embrace.”

“... that is a very dangerous situation to be in, my love. If she—”

“She didn’t. I... wiped her memory of our encounter.”

“You managed to wipe the memories of a kine, at that age?”

“... yeah.” Reached into her mind, broke it, warped it into a new shape, one with a convenient hole where that memory would have been. Probably the first time he noticed he was using the dominate discipline a bit easier than was expected of him.

“I am sorry that you had to do that, my love.” She hugged him, kissed his forehead, his lips, and his nose. “That must have been a painful experience.”

Yeah, it was. But as Antoinette kissed him, he kissed her back, and smiled at her. It was nothing he couldn’t handle, with a little support from his love.

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~~Julias~~

“Jennifer Denver,” he said.

“Julias Mire.” Jen offered a small bow, and a big grin. She stepped into his mansion as well, once he motioned for her to enter. “And please, call me Jennifer, or Jen. The Circle cares little for last names. How may I bet at your service?”

“Oh, you work for me now?”

“No, but Jacob does suggest I learn to become friends with Kindred stronger than I, more influential than I. That’s you.”

Perfectly understandable, reasonable, and something he would expect a manipulative snake like Jacob to say. It made him laugh, and he motioned for Jen to follow him. She was wearing a dark business suit, knee-length pencil skirt and an undone jacket, white shirt underneath. It would have been odd with how boring it was, if not for how she had only the single bottom button of the shirt done so it was open, no bra, her sternum and the inner sides of her breasts exposed.



He couldn't blame Triss for literally copping a feel of the woman; she bled sexual confidence, like a Daeva. Her body was a little softer than Triss's, similar shape but with a touch less muscle, larger breasts, and no crocodile mouth or snake eyes. Same hair too, raven black down to the jaw, though Jen had half of it combed back behind one ear. Her brown eyes were forever both playful and calculating; reminded him a lot of Jacob.

And that was part of his worry. Jacob played the long game, and it wouldn't have surprised Julias if Jen was manipulating Triss to get to him, in an effort to control him or sway his actions in some way. Time to test those waters too.

He opened the door to one of the living rooms, and once Jen stepped in, he closed the door behind them.

"Sit, please." He slid into the chair at a table, folded one leg over the other, and set his hands on the knee, fingers netted together. A pompous pose, like a wealthy PhD involved in a conversation about the latest rendition of a famous play. Bombastic. It served the conversation's purpose.

She grinned a sly grin, and slipped into the seat across from him. "A truly fancy room, Mire. How many living rooms does this home have?"

"Half a dozen, I think? Still haven't managed to map the place out, might take a few more months of exploration."

She chuckled, and he listened, and watched, for the telltale signs of misleads. The inflection was normal, and genuine. The change in direction of her gaze was normal, and genuine. The texture of the sound was normal, and genuine.

"I thought, perhaps, you wanted to talk about the troubles of Dolareido, these hunters that plague us," she said. "But now, I'm getting the impression this conversation is going to be more personal."

"Astute of you."

"Thank you."

"I wanted to talk about Beatrice."

"Delightful."

"You've managed to worm your way into her heart, in a strange way." He watched, and waited, expression casual but every faculty he had available to him digging into the girl's reaction.

The center of her eyebrow's raised slightly, and her lips parted a sliver as her smile softened. "... really?"

Despite himself, a small smile sneaked its way onto his face as well. She wasn't just glad to hear what he said, she was touched.

"Yes, your combination of honesty, sexual allure, and genuine interest in being her friend has worked. She may not realize it quite yet, but I can tell, she'd like to involve you in our relationship."

Jen almost started to shiver, like a young girl excited to go out to a party. "I wasn't sure she took me seriously. I admit I express my sexuality and enjoy it quite openly and often, and thought maybe it'd dissuade her."

"If she agrees, we'll both want you to tone that down. I haven't talked to her about this yet, but I imagine she'll want you to not sleep with any Kindred, or join other Kindred in sexual affairs, if you're going to join us under the sheets." Jen was a Ventrue after all, and she spoke a language he knew all too well: lawyer speak. Like negotiating a contract, he laid out the rules.

"Ah, poor Othello and Madison. But, yes, that makes sense. Honestly, if Triss really wants me in her bed, I think I'd be against sleeping with Othello and his ghouls or conquests anymore anyway. What about my ghouls though?"

"Yes, Triss tells me you have two ghouls of your own. Sleep with them as you like, they're yours, and you might not always be there when Triss and I decide to make love. I—"

"Make love." Jen swooned, and brought a hand to her sternum in a dainty 'catch me I'm about to faint' sort of way. "You two are so delicious together."

Julias smirked, and leaned back, unfolding his legs. "She's my everything."

Jen giggled. That deserved assessment, and he blinked once as he looked at the girl. A giggle, from Jen, when the topic came to romance? Like peeling an onion, this girl had layers he had not expected.

"She's become my best friend, Mire."

"I'm glad she has someone in her covenant. Far as I know, she wasn't friends with anyone in the Carthians. Not good friends, anyway."

"... and what of you, Mire?"

"Me? I think you're an attractive woman, very attractive, Den—Jen. Call me Julias, by the way," he said, and she grinned playfully as she nodded. "And I greatly appreciate that you are an intelligent person."

"A shame we never became friends."

“A shame.”

“Ugh, Julias! That wasn’t your queue to agree, that was your queue to offer ways we could.” She stood up from the chair, and stepped over to stand beside him. “I would be interested to learn your hobbies, your likes and dislikes, and perhaps share with you mine. I’m not looking to become a third wheel or tag-along, Julias.”

“... then what are you looking for?” Woman was surprising him every damn second now. Layers.

“I’m not like most girls. I’m not really interested in having a happily-ever-after ending for myself. Not interested in settling down, monogamy, or soul mates, or anything like that. But, to be friends, close friends, best friends, with two people who are? To share the bed of two lovebirds, my friends, as more than just a fling, but as something that will last? Call me weird, but that appeals to me greatly.” She leaned down toward him, and brought in her face until she was only inches from his. “Great writing fuel.”

He tried to smile, but after a while it turned into wonderment, eyes a bit wide and lips lightly parted. “You write?”

“I do. Don’t tell anyone, ok?” She set both her hands onto his shoulders, and slipped onto his lap, both of her legs off to the same side since she was wearing a skirt.

“What’re you doing, Jen?”

“I am.... how would the mighty Mires probably say it... testing the waters?”

“You don’t need to worry about proving you’re attractive, I—”

“Not about attraction, it’s about connection. Triss is my best friend, but there will be three of us in that bed, and I can say without a doubt, that I would like to form a connection with you, Julias.” One of her hands found one of his, and she guided it to her chest. His fingers found her sternum where her shirt was open, and she smiled down at him from her perch on his lap as she nudged his hand to the side further, and further. Her shirt opened more, and soon his hand found her breast, its size filling his palm, and more.

“You’re going to seduce me to make a connection?”

“No, of course not. But, like I said, I’m not most girls, and how you and I will connect will be a unique experience.” She set her hand upon his where it cupped her breast, and guided it in a circular, massaging motion. Even when not blushing life, Jen’s body was beautiful, and her breast large, skin soft, and he couldn’t help but get drawn into how pleasant it felt in his hand. He also couldn’t stop

picturing how alluring a sight it must have been when Triss had her claws on them. “For example, I would love to play poker with you sometime; I can tell you’d be great at it. And I wouldn’t even make it strip poker... the first time.”

He chuckled, and relaxed. She wanted to be friends with him, a real friend, and not just a set of legs like kine often wanted to be. She wanted more. He had to respect that. Hell, it was exactly what he was hoping for, that this Jennifer Denver wasn’t just looking for a mindless lay; there was a reason he almost never slept with Kindred, after all.

He looked at her breast, and gently nudged his thumb along her nipple, a little larger than Triss’s, with no piercing. It looked amazing, with the open shirt of a great suit nudged aside for him to massage it. And, as Jen lowered her hand back to his shoulder, he did massage it, a little more, and a little more, until the woman made a quiet moan and a small shiver to go with it. Yeah, he couldn’t blame his girlfriend for touching them.

There was no chance in hell he’d ever betray Triss, but he wasn’t about to invite Jen into their bed without seeing her reactions, without looking into her eyes and fishing out any deception, manipulation, or disingenuous desires. Did she really want to be his friend, Triss’s friend, and join them in the bedroom on that level, or was she just a smooth talker looking for a good fuck. The glint in her eye, and the warmth he found there whenever he said Triss’s name, suggested the former.

He set his hand down on his leg. “I’d love to play poker sometime. Maybe for higher stakes, like sexual favors? We’d have to invite Triss... though, if we did that, I’m pretty sure she’d just be under the table all night, serving the two of us.”

She erupted into more giggles, and slid off his lap as she pulled her shirt back across her breast to hide it once more. “Friends are hard to come by, Julius. I knew I’d like to be yours for many years now, but I didn’t think we’d have anything to talk about, any connection for a bridge to form. Now I realize that was silly, and I’m sure we do, and more than just Triss.” She leaned in again, and put a kiss on his cheek, another on his jawline, and then another on his neck. “Please, give me a call, when you’re ready to get Triss and I in the same room, hopefully on the same bed.”

He pulled out his phone, and pulled up Triss’s number. Thankfully, he knew Triss had already gotten her hands on a new phone. “Call you? I was thinking we’d get her over here right now.”

“Ha, typical man, no patience.”

Julius frowned; a mock frown, but he had a good mock frown, and he lowered the phone.

“No, wait! ...please?” she said.

He smirked at her again, and raised the phone back up as he dialed Triss's number. Jen could be cute when she wanted, really cute. He couldn't wait to hear how Triss reacted.

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~~Beatrice~~

She had not expected 'the' phone call, not at all. But, fuck it, if Julias was offering to share the bed with Jen, she knew the man would put in due diligence before agreeing to something like that. And she could not deny how excited the phone call had made her. Jen, that fucking fox, in their bed? Fucking yes. At least, hopefully yes, hopefully a good night. Maybe, probably. Should be?

Please don't be a bad idea.

"Finally! The bed of the great Julias Mire. Lot of Kindred ladies been hoping to get into this." Jen crawled up onto the bed of the grand master bedroom, and made sure to show off every curve she had as she did, before sitting in the center.

"You seduced my white knight, didn't you?" Triss said. "Got him to feel your tits and shit, and now you're taking advantage."

Julias rolled his eyes, but Jen put a hand to her cheek, like she'd just been accused of stealing a priceless artifact.

"I would never!"

"Grr, don't make me regret this you bitch." Beatrice crawled in after her, and pushed the woman hard enough to make her squeak, and bounce across the enormous bed toward the pillows. Had her giggling, a very strange sound to hear from Jen.

"No regret! This is still the bed only Beatrice has managed to get into for ages." A smirk and a wink later, she sat up on her knees, and started to slip out of her jacket, still in her white, open shirt. She knew what she was saying, that Triss was the first Kindred in a long time to sleep with Julias; which always made Triss feel a little prideful.

Beatrice scrunched up her nose and glared at her. "You better remember that, I—" She almost jumped as Julias dropped a big box on the bed. Her sex toys box. "Julias! You fucking bastard."

Her Superman grinned a very not-Superman grin, and slid the box in Jen's direction.

"What's this? Oh look at this!" Jen tossed her suit jacket aside, and beamed a smile as she stared down into the box. She kept her shirt on, distracted by Triss's secrets that her asshole boyfriend just exposed to the evil woman. "I see some very large toys."

"What girl doesn't have large toys?" Ugh, she was going to have to defend herself now.

Jen, smile getting bigger and bigger, pulled out what was probably Triss's biggest vibrator, massive, covered with various bumps and grooves. The plug shape of the bottom made its anal purpose obvious. Jen flipped the switch, and dropped her jaw as she watched the huge thing vibrate and swirl in her palm.

Triss slapped it out of her hands, but all that did was spur Jen to dig for new toys. Out came the other vibrators, the various lubricants, the arrays of piercings, and chains to go with them. The choker came out too, which Jen held in front of her for a few moments with wide eyes of wonder, before setting aside, as if it were too sacred for her to touch. She wasn't entirely off base, with how submissive Triss usually liked to be when she wore it, and how much of an intimate feeling that was with Julias.

Her boyfriend took off his suit jacket, tossed his tie aside, and pulled over a large, fancy chair to sit in reverse style, arms across its back. Not a word, just a big grin as he watched the two women on his bed.

"Oh, you have to wear this." Jen pulled out one of the nipple chains, and shifted the heavy metal from hand to hand as she slid in a little closer to Beatrice. "I don't have any piercings, and this just looks like it'd be so amazing."

Like a kid in a toy store. Triss couldn't hide the smirk; she knew the feeling.

"... fine."

"Yes! And this one too! And this one. And this one." First she pulled out a thin chain clearly meant to circle the waist and dangle freely. The next chain was much tinier, and was only a few inches long, meant to be dangled from her clit hood piercing. The final one wasn't a chain, but a tiny loop, meant to accent her navel piercing, without possibly snagging on anything.

"Going all out on the bling, aren't you?"

"You're the one who's got the piercings, not me." Giggling all the more, she reached out, and took the bottom edge of Triss's tank top.

Triss hesitated for a moment. A point of no return, letting Jen begin to undress her. She glanced Julius's way, and her knight smiled at her, warm, cozy. Her choice.

She rolled her eyes, and raised her arms. Jen didn't hesitate, and slid the tank top off of her before tossing it aside. Her eyes lit up all the more, and she stared at Triss's breasts as she reached down, and slid off her own pencil skirt.

Triss, wearing nothing but jeans, and Jen wearing a white shirt with one button done, and underwear, black lace. Much as this was Triss's choice, she had to admit it must have been a very appealing sight to anyone watching, and a glance Julius's way proved it. Man was glancing between the two of them, already blushing like hell and licking his lips.

The two Kindred on the bed blushed like hell as well, no words needed. And, despite herself, Triss felt the heat hit her body in moments. She was excited.

Jen slipped off her shirt and tossed it aside, a smooth motion Triss almost didn't notice, but the topless Ventrue reached out and started yanking on Triss's pant leg. Jen's breasts, soft, heavy, bounced with each yank. "More!"

"Settle down! Christ, you fuck a couple dudes almost every night. Figured this would be pretty norm for you."

"Hell no, they're kine. This is different. And you're different." That almost sounded romantic, if it wasn't for the mad grin on Jen's face as she pulled on Triss's pant leg hard enough for Triss to fall over onto her back on the bed.

"God damn it girl, fine already." Now she was laughing too. She rolled her eyes again, undid the button and zipper of the jeans, and instantly they were off before Jen threw them to the floor.

Jen was wearing black lace panties, the sort of lingerie that was expensive and meant to be admired. Triss was wearing a plain black g-string, because damn it made her ass look great, and she smirked as Jen stopped her almost frantic motions to stare and admire her body. Her hands slowly reached out, took Triss's thighs, and moved her legs to the side so they were across the sheets together, showing off her ass for the Ventrue. Triss let her.

"Hope your lover doesn't mind," Jen said, "if I kind of just... play with you for a little bit? God that body, like a fucking Amazon warrior."

"No problems here," the man said, still watching. Self control in spades. Any other man would have had his pants off and a hand in his boxers by now.

“So you’re both just gonna stare at my body the whole night, is that how this is going to go?”

Jen shrugged, and offered Triss’s ass cheek, the one over its partner and above the bed, a rather hard slap. Predictably, it jiggled slightly, and again Triss rolled her eyes, while Jen’s stared on in amazement, and hunger. Triss tried to be a little more subtle about watching Jen’s breasts, and how they dangled like heavy teardrops with the Ventrue’s sitting forward position.

The evil woman reached out for Triss’s arm, and helped sit her up again, only for her to dig through the pile of jewelry and find the nipple chain once more. Once she was in nice and close, legs touching, Jen leaned in toward her breasts, and used both hands to take one of them, remove the piercing already there, and replace it with one end of the chain. And then, the other, taking her slow time to slide metal out of her flesh, and replace it with fresh metal.

Only once the heavy, black metal chain dangled down almost far enough to reach Triss’s navel, did Jen stop to admire her work. Stare, stare, and stare at her some more.

And it was driving Triss wild. She had an exhibitionist side. She knew it, Julias knew it, and Jen was going to figure it out any second as every moment the girl stared at her, Triss’s body grew hotter. Her nipples were hard, her skin was starting to turn a touch red, and her voice was begin to waver a little. Just a little, just enough that she could notice it, and so could Jen.

“More!” Jen grabbed the waist chain, and hooked it around her. Small enough to rest on her hips without falling any further. And then was the navel piercing, a hoop that lay flat to her abs, larger and fancier than the tiny stud she had in normally. “Last one can wait, cause we have to do some poses.”

“... poses? Are you fucking serious? This isn’t a photoshoot.”

“No but, I know if I had the two most beautiful women in the city in my bed, I’d want to see them show off a little.” The girl winked at her, and then nodded with her head toward Julias.

Course he’d want to see that, he was a guy, and everything he got to see was a taste of what he’d get to experience once they got to that part. And Jen seemed more than happy to make it take a while to get to that part. Triss couldn’t help but smile a little at Julias’s own smile, and his rather uncomfortable squirming; dude was super horny and forcing himself to just watch. She and Jen would definitely repay him, but until then, yeah it would be kind of nice to show off.

Just thinking the idea was enough for Jen to giggle, reach out, and pull Triss toward her. Soon Jen was on her back on the bed, her legs spread, while Triss knelt over her, hands against the blankets by her shoulders, her knees between the girl’s thighs, and her nipple chain dangling and resting across Jen’s breasts.



Julias groaned.

A shiver went down Triss's spine, and she looked to her man to see what he was looking at. Her ass, and Jen's too, the both of them topless and wearing underwear that really showed off just how fucking awesome their legs and butts were. With Triss's back arched forward the way it was, it really put the S curve into the length of her body. The chain did work too, pulling on Triss's breasts enough to make her nipples stand out; not that they needed help, hard as rock by this point.

Triss looked down at Jen's body, and despite herself, licked some of her teeth with her long tongue. Raven hair to the shoulder, like her own. While Triss's body was lean and hard, Jen's was a bit softer, just as thin but instead of abs, a flat stomach. Just as toned of a butt, if a bit smaller than Triss's. And her breasts were larger, softer, all natural, and squished against the girl's chest with the angle. Her nipples were just as hard, standing out on swollen areola, and begging to be played with.

Didn't seem to be what Jen had in mind though. The girl reached up, and grabbed Triss's breasts instead, cupping them and letting the chain spill out between her fingers as she began to massage and caress them. Triss peeked at Julias in the corner of her eye, and shivered again as she saw how much the man was struggling to stay put, to not jump in and take her hard like he sometimes did. Jen could see it too. The girl was putting on this show specifically to drive the man wild, and Triss as well.

Triss hated how well it was working. Fuck, having Julias stare at her like that while another woman played with her breasts was getting her wet, and much as she tried to stop it, a little moan managed to escape her. Little moan turned into a surprised groan when Jen leaned her head upward a bit, and took one of Triss's nipples into her mouth.

Yeah, Jen was good. Jen was really fucking good at putting on a show, too. The girl's hands switched to roaming up and down Triss's back and sides, but also pulling her closer in so Jen had an easier time suckling on her breasts. And she was definitely suckling, pulling on them with suction and lightly shaking her head from side to side to make the chain dangle and bounce.

Triss didn't normally ask for breast play. It felt good, sure, but Triss didn't usually need the foreplay, embarrassing as that was. A kiss on the neck and she was ready to go. But, something about having some fun, letting Jen suck on her tits and rub her body up and down while Julias watched, was fucking intoxicating. And it was definitely too late to hide that she was enjoying being the center of attention. So, she spread her arms out a little, and pushed her breasts down toward Jen, giving the girl a free feast of her aching nipples.

They stayed that way for a few minutes, Triss leaning over Jen and letting out soft moans as Jen bathed her nipples with her lips and tongue, sending little warm sparks into her chest. Girl was good. God damn Ventrue, both of them, fucking sluts and really fucking good at it.

When the growing heat between Triss's legs was enough she felt her thong was starting to become wet, she pulled away. Blushing a little, panting a little more, she sat back on her butt, and looked down at her saliva-coated nipples. Girl had sucked on them hard enough to engorge them.

"Julias, get in here," Jen said as she sat up. "I want to see how you two fuck. Something slow pace."

Triss rolled her eyes; sure to be a common occurrence tonight. "Christ, why not just dictate the position."

Jen's eyes lit up. "Sure! Based on the toys, seems you really love anal. How about some anal spooning? That way I can have some fun with you."

Oh good god what the fuck was she thinking, hoping the sarcasm would be noticed by a Ventrue. She offered the control freak control, so naturally, she took control.

Julias seemed perfectly fine with it though, and he walked over to the bedside as he began unbuttoning his shirt.

"I don't... love anal," Triss said.

Both Ventrue raised a brow at her. And when Jen noticed Julias's disbelieving expression, she giggled again and clapped her hands. Christ she really was like a kid in a toy store.

"Alright, Julias's turn! I wanna see the—whoa." She leaned back a bit as Julias slid out of his shirt and set it aside on the chair. "Big man."

"Come on, don't stroke his ego. It's nearing a bursting point."

Then, with his usual jackass grin, Superman slid off his pants and socks, then his boxers.

Jen's smile only grew, and she started fanning herself with ludicrous overreaction. "Oh, he is a big man."

Ego successfully burst. Julias lay on his back, big smile, set his head on a pillow, hooked his arms behind it, and watched. The grin lessened with time, but only so he could keep it more subtle as he watched the two women near his body. Fucker was loving this.

Triss crawled over to him, got between his legs on her knees, and poked him several times in his flat stomach with her claw, each earning a deserved wince. “Stop smiling so much you bastard.”

“Sorry.”

“Ah Triss, come on.” Giggling, almost shaking with excitement, Jen reached into the box for some of the lubricant, and once she crawled over to kneel beside the man, she smiled a more subdued, manipulative smile, just like Julias’s. “Take off your thong please?”

“... you two god damn dirty rats.” Grumbling, frowning, she sat down, and slid it off and down to her feet.

“God yes. Please, put this on.” Jen set the final, small chain on Julias’s leg, since Triss was still sitting between the man’s knees.

“Yeah sure, whatever you want, princess.” Every attempt to glare and sneer at the woman backfired, as Jen’s eyes only grew more and more entranced watching Triss. And being watched like that was setting her body on fire. Worst of all, there was no hiding it as she spread her legs, and exposed her bare, wet pussy for Jen to see while she put on the new piercing, replacing the stud with the couple inches of dangling chain.

Triss shivered. The chain ran against her clitoris as it dangled from the clit hood, and each motion she made caused it to gently nudge against the swollen nub. She was wet, and it was blatant. And it was only getting worse as Jen gazed at her smooth, wet lips.

The evil woman scooted in closer, and licked her lips once for looking at Triss, and then again as she looked down at Julias and his relaxed body.

“I won’t cross any boundaries you don’t want me to cross,” Jen said as she took the lube again, and popped the top. “And no hard feelings either. Just tell me if I overstep.” She turned the bottle over, and dripped the thick liquid onto the man’s cock where it lay upon his hard stomach. With one hand holding the bottle, the other reached out, took Julias’s shaft, and began to massage the fluid along its length.

Yeah, ok, there was something really hot about that. For a moment Triss thought she might be jealous, seeing another vamp with their hands on her lover. But Jen was just so into it, into getting to join her in bed, it was like sharing a little taste of something special with a friend. And Triss stared on, only getting wetter as her friend worked her fingers on the man’s large cock.

“Your turn. Back that ass up over here.”

Oh god. Rolling her eyes again, and soon to be doing it many more times she was sure, she turned over onto her hands and knees, and backed up toward Jen. She had to get her legs over Julias's, so she was on her hands and knees with his leg underneath her, her ass right in front of Jen.

"This little chain is so beautiful." Hard to see what Jen was doing, but Triss craned her neck back enough to look over her shoulder behind her, and watched Jen reach in between Triss's legs. Immediately, jolts of tingling pleasure started to spread out from her clitoris, as the damn Ventrue started to jingle the dangling chain.

"That... isn't... preparing... my ass." Fuck fuck fuck. Her voice was a mess of wavering pants already. Not good.

"Sorry. Here." The girl poured a liberal amount of lube onto Triss's ass crack, and grinned a devil's grin as she put the bottle aside.

And then she began her work. Triss tried to frown at her, but after a few seconds, she had to let her head drop as Jen gently began to massage her ass open. Girl knew what she was doing, naturally. Ugh, total slut. Pot calling kettle. Triss sighed some fake annoyance, and looked over toward Julias to see what he thought.

His eyes were wide, and staring at her and her ass, where Jen had her fingers probing and massaging.

"You're just gonna fucking stare?"

"Hey, I'm only a passenger on this ride." He shrugged, mock innocence all over his face.

"You fucking bas—nnnng." Her body started to shiver, and her back arched down, pushing her ass toward Jen, whether she wanted to or not. Fingers were opening her, working into her, two of them massaging the lube into the skin and tight ring of muscle. It felt good, having that spot massaged, made smooth with lubricant, and filled with fingers. But Jen wasn't content to just prepare her, no. God damn Ventrue started to slip her fingers in deeper, and pressed them down toward Triss's abdomen as she did.

Pressure. God, that pressure sensation of something filling her, and pushing toward her g-spot through the wall of flesh that separated her insides. Every time, every god damn fucking time it sent sparks of pleasure down her thighs and into her toes. Made her groan. Made her moan. Jen pressed down in beats, like a slow, deep fucking motion, sinking her fingers into their final knuckle and pressing down each time.

Moans turned into pants, and more than a few mewls, as Jen's other hand again reached between her legs, and started to play with the chain. Soon her fingers on the chain rose, and Triss started to

quiver as the damnable woman started to caress her clit directly with two fingers. Icing on the cake, sweet delicious icing. It was the two fingers pressing her g-spot toward her abs, deep and far, that had Triss's body trembling though.

She fell down to her elbows, ass in the air, and body trembling as she felt the waves of orgasm start to build. Her thighs flexed, her toes curled, her feet panicked and kicked at the blankets a few times, and her insides gripped on the woman's fingers as hard as they could. Didn't stop Jen, only encouraged her. Triss looked to her lover for help, but Julias was awestruck, eyes wide and a smile on his lips as he watched Jen at work, his gaze devouring Triss's body.

She came. Jen was too fucking good, and Triss was helpless to it. Julias's hungry gaze only made things worse, and Beatrice glanced between him and the starving woman behind her, before the waves of climax started to work through her. She squeezed on the blankets, and on Jen's fingers with her sphincter as she felt her pussy clench like a vise. Sparkling heat worked through her, exploded outward from her pelvis, until her whole body was trembling, and her eyes rolled upward with the bliss of it all.

With nothing filling her slit, there was nothing to stop her from squirting hard. She knew a solid squirt of her cum must have hit Jen, probably splashed all over her wrists, but Triss had a hard time caring right then. She was still cumming, and Jen was still fingering her ass. She'd let up on her clitoris thankfully, the poor nub having gone super sensitive, but the fingers inside her were content to keep pressing down toward her g-spot, over, and over, and over, until Triss mewled openly, and squirted again.

"S... St..."

"Ah, yeah, sorry." Jen finally stopped, and removed her hands.

Triss almost fell over. Arg, she didn't want to cum this hard, not like this, so fast, so messily, right at the start. This was embarrassing! It only got worse as she, panting and mewling like a cat in heat, looked over her shoulder again to see Jen sitting there, ass between her ankles, smiling down at how breasts now glistened, soaked in Triss's juices.

"I... I um..."

"Triss, I think an apology is in order."

"What?"

"You call me a slut and whore, but here you are, four minutes into some fingering and you cum like a geyser." Jen reached out, and slapped Triss's ass. The large mound of firmness jiggled lightly

with the impact, and Triss glared daggers at the evil woman. It made Jen grin more. “You’re the most sensitive woman I’ve ever had my fingers on!”

“... I...”

“You can apologize later. For now, Mire, I want to see some of that spooning.” She snapped one hand’s fingers twice, pointed at Mire, then at Triss. God damn bitch was going to dictate everything tonight.

But instead of saving her from this embarrassment, Julias saluted Jen military style. Arg, where was his Ventrue pride when Triss needed it? He sat up, reached out for Triss, scooped her up, and turned her around so she was on her back along his chest. He rolled over to face toward Jen, Triss still with her back pressed to his chest, so now she was on her side as well, and also facing Jen. His cock was between her thighs, poking out from underneath her dripping cunt, and one arm was wrapped around her chest to hug her close.

“Oh this is perfect. Nosferatu, creature of darkness, in the arms of her valiant lover for some tender, heartwarming sex. Except, anal, because kinky girl need kinky sex.” Jen nodded to herself, tapped her chin a few times, and looked up on an angle for a couple seconds. Like a movie director planning out scenes in her head. Christ. “Can you hook your leg back over his, Triss?”

“What? That’s not comfortable.”

“Yeah but it looks better. I can’t see anything if you have both your legs closed.”

Kill her. Yeap, kill her. Later. For now, Triss snorted, and did as she was told, raising her leg and hooking the foot behind Julias’s legs. It put her pussy on display, and Julias’s cock along with it.

Jen licked her lips, crawled in closer, and reached out. Julias shuddered; must have had the girl’s fingers on his cock again. But a moment later, it was Triss shuddering as she felt her man’s girth start to open her ass. Lube, lots and lots of lube, and a thorough fingering had prepared the Nos, and she tried to keep frowning at Jen as the woman helped Julias ease his cock into her tingling body. Didn’t work. Her head collapsed onto the pillow, and she let out a quiet groan as her lover eased inch after inch of his large phallus into her ass.

“You ever see this?” Jen said. “God damn.”

“H... how would I be able to see this?” Triss tried to force the moans out of her voice, but Julias had already sunk every bit of him into her, and was busy trying to grind his body deeper into her. He liked trying to get balls deep inside her, and the size of her ass made that difficult sometimes.

“Well obviously you have to set up some mirrors. Or film it. Oooh.” Jen clapped once, hopped off the bed, wiped off her hands, and yanked out her smartphone from her purse. “Tada!”

“You can’t be serious.”

Jen climbed back onto the bed, sat on her knees and ass once again by Triss’s legs, and actually started to film her. A panning shot at first, aimed at Triss’s face; vampire face wouldn’t show up well on camera, but that didn’t seem to bother Jen. The Ventrue, smiling like a satisfied cat, continued to move the camera around over Triss’s body, aiming it at her breasts, her stomach, her piercings, her abs, until eventually it was pointed at her pussy.

Jen reached out, and with one hand still holding the phone, began to jingle the clit chain.

“H-Hey! Come on, I’m... still fucking sensitive.” She’d just cum two minutes ago after all. Make no nevermind that Julias was balls deep inside her ass, filling her, his cock pushing toward her belly and making her body sing.

“I thought Othello’s Madison was a kinky thing. You, are delectable.” Her exploring hand continued to play with the chain, little tugs, gentle bouncing of it along her fingers, before the Ventrue’s digits found the folds of her pussy and began to caress them. “Juices trickling out of you along your smooth lips, while Julias fills up your ass? Bet you can cum just from anal.”

She came from only anal all the time. She knew most women didn’t, but for her, it was that sensation of being filled, of having her depths pressed against that lit a fire inside her. And for some reason, combining that with the naughty side of it being from her ass, with the right angle to press things toward her pussy, usually had her cumming in minutes. Yeah, she usually came easily, and hard, and now Jen was going to get to see all of that, and fucking film it. Every moment of this was making Triss blush red.

Julias’s hugging arm reached a little higher, and his fingers slowly wrapped around her neck. Oh god.

“I wouldn’t mind watching that later,” he said, voice a whisper against her ear. Jen could still hear it, but damn the sound of whispered voice on the ear was sexy.

Neck. Neck. He was holding her neck, squeezing it lightly, that gentle choking that screamed ‘you’re mine’ and ‘I love you’ at the same time. She melted against him, mewled a little louder than she wanted, and held onto his arm with hers.

“O... ok.”

Jen almost squealed, and again began to roam the camera over Triss's body as Julias started to fuck the decidedly subdued Nos. Yeah, no escaping this, no hiding how good this felt, and how infuriating and intoxicating it was to be filmed during it. Exhibitionism fetish in full tilt now, god damn it. Triss tried to turn her head, to hide her face in the pillow, but Julias's grip decided different. It turned her head the other way, until she was facing upward, and her lover grinned down at her with that jackass grin of his.

He leaned in closer, and as his grip on her neck tightened, he started to kiss her.

Kissing was romantic. Kissing was lovey-dovey. Kissing was very personal, when done like this, in the middle of sex and in such a deep, passionate way. Triss was worried this would be the sort of thing Julias might be hesitant to do, to get vulnerable like this when a third party was in the bedroom. But, her lover didn't seem to mind at all. He hugged her, squeezed her, buried her in his kiss, and choked her in the way she loved, as he began to slowly, deeply fuck her ass.

Jen swooned, audibly swooned, blatant cliché sound and all, before she crawled over to sit in front of Beatrice's chest. Still filming, still grinning.

"I don't get any of this with Madison and Othello, and my ghouls are just dicks on legs. This is too cute!" She crawled in closer, and aimed the smartphone down at both Triss and Julias from above to get some panning shots. "More kissing please."

Triss reached out to swipe at the camera, but Jen was prepared, and dodged with a chuckle. And, despite Triss's protest, Julias guided her head back to him, and resumed kissing her. Even in the middle of this ridiculousness, her love wanted to love her, and show it on camera too. Christ that was fucking melting her into a puddle and she hated him for it.

Julias started to fuck her faster. Jen giggled, crawled down the bed to kneel in front of Triss's legs, and brought the camera around to focus on all the juicy bits. And Triss still had her leg up and hooked around Julias's, putting everything on display. Seemed to turn Julias on too, cause the man fucked her faster again, ramping up to a proper fucking speed pretty quick compared to his usual, slower pace. In a single minute he was up to a good, deep fucking rhythm, and his grip on Triss's neck only tightened, until she could no longer speak.

Her chains started to jingle, hitting each other as she rocked on the bed up and down, each thrust from her man shaking her body. They were almost like warning bells, getting louder as she felt the heat growing again, felt more of the tingling sparks start to build inside her where she felt his cock press against her depths. God that fucking spot, he hit it again, and again, and again. She tried to say something, but no words could come out, his grip on her neck absolute.



So she did the only thing she could do. She sank into him, one hand holding his wrist, the other squeezing the sheets, and closed her eyes as she felt the sparks build again.

Not fair, so not fair. Helpless, vulnerable, exposed, and it was making her so damn hot. A minute later and the pleasure tremors started to work up and down her legs, forcing her toes to curl as her pussy squeezed hard. Bliss poured through her, flowing out from her pelvis and through her muscles, each accompanied by another clench of her cunt, and her ass around the cock that refused to stop drilling her.

She squirted again. A tiny one at first, splashing along her leg. And then another, harder, hitting the sheets, and probably hitting Jen too. Couldn't tell, not with Julias pinning her head to his chest, grip so tight he'd have choked a human to death; but not a vampire. She wriggled in his grip, tried to pull herself away a little, maybe get in a second to recover. But he just pulled her back in, and resumed fucking her, each thrust shaking both her and the bed, and making her ass jiggle with impact.

Fingers. Jen started touching her, her pussy, her lips. Triss braced for another clit massage, but instead, Jen only spread the lips of her slit with one hand, and continued to film with the other.

"Holy shit," she said. "You just... god... damn that's hot."

Triss so very much wanted to get revenge, maybe kick Jen really hard. But she was too busy, too busy cumming over and over and harder than usual. And Jen got to see it all. More than see it, she was filming a documentary, including close ups and a curious hand reaching out to expose more. Jen could see how Triss's cunt kept squeezing, and she could see how the pink flesh of her insides leaked juices between the harder squirts.

Julias finally let go of her neck, and eased his rhythm. He wasn't cumming yet, just doing his usual thing where he liked to mix it up, go hard then go slow, keep her on her toes. It was enough for Triss to get some control back, and pull her leg up off of Julias's so she could get into a more relaxed fetal position, and enjoy her orgasm aftershocks.

"Aw, now your shins are in the way," Jen said. Triss used one of those shins to give Jen a good kick in the thigh. "Ow! Ok, ok. Sorry. Just... I mean, at first I was impressed, but now I'm jealous. You two just curl up like this, and fuck hugging each other like this... and Triss cums her brains out." Jen set the phone aside, lay down on her side in front of Triss about a foot away from her face, and smiled at her. "I take a good ten minutes to warm up at least, and that's with two guys rubbing me down."

Triss listened, and quivered a little as the pleasure tremors worked through her. Julias was still inside her, and he offered the gentlest deep pushes of his body, so her body could continue to sing as the pleasure waves finally started to fade.

“You going to spend the whole damn night admiring how easily I cum?”

“Yes.”

God damn it.

“I know I do.” Julias leaned down over her, kissed her neck, her crocodile teeth where her cheek should have been, and her jaw.

“Ok, more poses! Mire, on your back,” Jen said. Bastard nodded, and did just that, rolled onto his back, and took Triss with him. Now she lay upon his broad chest, and had to turn her head to frown at Jen some more. “No no, no frowning! Come on, you have no idea how hot you are. You have the body of a fucking superhero, and you’re blushing and shivering with those good orgasm vibes! Looks fucking great on film.” Damn Ventrue grabbed her phone again, and started filming once more. “Mire, legs spread out. Triss, can you arch your back a bit, really highlight that lean body you got, show off those breasts and the chain and stuff!”

“... I’m currently in the middle of having sex, Jen.”

“Exactly.” Now that she had room, Jen scooted in closer, and while one hand was still holding the phone, the other reached out to land upon Triss’s abs. “Fucking damn I could wash clothes on these.” Her hand went higher, found Triss’s breasts, and began to massage one of them, fingers caressing and circling the frustratingly hard nipple.

Triss sighed, rolled her eyes again, and did as Jen said. She arched her back, pushed out her breasts, and rested her head and shoulders against Julias. And naturally, she bent her legs at the knee, feet on the blankets between Julias’s thighs. Posing like a glamour model, except, with a guy underneath her, and inside her.

“I can’t fuck like this.”

“No, but gimme a sec.” Jen got up on her feet, and started to walk around, blatantly holding the phone with both hands and filming everything in slow, panning shots. Eventually, she got down on her knees between Julias’s legs, and used one of her hands to nudge open Triss’s thighs. All on camera. “K, you can relax now.”

Triss groaned, let her legs collapse around Jen, and let her back flatten to Julias’s chest. Her arms relaxed too, her claws finding Julias’s arms so she could rest her hands upon them. Queue for Julias to resume fucking her, in slow, deep, wonderful strokes. They didn’t normally fuck like this, her lying on him on her back, but it probably did look good on camera.

Triss lifted her head, and raised a brow at Jen. Girl was sitting between her thighs, and staring at Triss's pussy, where Julias was penetrating her ass. Hunger in her eyes, and more than once the Ventrue licked her lips. She leaned in too, got right close to Triss's body, and set the phone aside so she could reach out with both hands, and pull apart Triss's slit.

"God damn you have a tight little cunt."

"F-Fuck... you..."

Jen almost purred with the sounds Triss was making; evil woman was loving this way too much. She leaned in closer, until her face was maybe six inches from Triss's pussy, and instead of purring, growled. Before Triss could say something, Jen put her lips onto her clitoris, and began to lick, tongue playing with the chain that dangled over the hyper sensitive nub. Gentle thank god, very gentle, and Triss let out a long moan as she melted against her lover beneath her while Jen kissed her clitoris.

Moan turned into gasp as she felt Jen start to press knuckles against her clenching entrance.

"Hey, what're you doing?"

"You know. You saw me doing it to Madison, remember?" The evil Ventrue woman laughed at the worry on Triss's face, and began to push knuckles forward, against Triss's cunt. "Damn you are tight though. This'll be tough to fit."

"W-Wait, come on, that's—" She gasped, and sat up, hands planting against Julia's chest as she stared down between her legs, at the woman sinking her fist into Triss's insides.

Jen knew what she was doing. It wasn't a punching fist, rather, one sort of compressed and with a thinner shape. But it was still a fist, and Triss stared at the sight of her pink flesh slowly spreading around the thickness of four fingers and a thumb.

She thought she might explode. Thickness, so much filling her, fighting for space inside her. She panted like a dog as her jaw dropped, and Jen's fist began to open her up. No need for lubricant, soaked as she was, and the fist of the Ventrue started to get into her, past the squeezing muscles and taut lips. A fist, inside her, along with her lover's cock.

Her groans turned into whimpers, as Jen pushed her fist in further, and further, until it completely disappeared inside Triss. Now her pussy was visibly wrapping around the woman's wrist instead, and a very noticeable bulge was on Triss's abs beneath the navel.

"... I uh... christ, I..." She sat up straighter, reached out, and set a hand on Jen's shoulder, the other still behind her and braced against Julias's chest. "Fucking... p-poor... Madison."

“She doesn’t cum at the drop of a hat like you do, though.”

“I don’t—nnh!” Attempts to defend herself of ridiculous accusations proved horribly pointless, as Jen started to move her fist. Knuckles, hard, but soaked in her cum and softened, pressed against her everything. Jen pressed upward, hardness against her g-spot, grinding, thrusting. But Jen didn’t stop there, pushing her fist in deeper, slow and gentle, but deep, very deep.

“You know, you really got that ‘like it so deep you can feel it between your tonsils’ vibe to you.”

“You fucking—” Pleasure, deep, overwhelming, hit her as Jen pushed her fist in a little deeper, causing the bulge along her abs to move higher. Triss fell back, and lay upon Julias as she started to cum. She could feel her juices flowing, her clenching muscles forcing her to squirt, for the millionth time, all over Jen’s wrist. Each pulsing wave of pleasure worked from her head to her toes, causing her legs to tremble, and her hands to squeeze onto Julias’s sides as she came.

Jen took the opportunity to keep pushing her fist into her, until Triss knew the woman had long ago reached the depths of her pussy, and was pressing against those deep places Triss really, really, really fucking loved. It hurt getting it that deep, but god, it fucking felt good, and the Nosferatu trembled all the more as she felt another gushing orgasm work through her. Cumming so much it was starting to get painful, muscles forever clenching, squeezing, and toes threatening to cramp from the constant curling, but Jen didn’t care. The damn Ventrue just kept working her fist back and forth in a deep rhythm, lightly rocking Triss on Julias’s body.

Somewhere along the line, Triss could feel Julias start to cum. She was vaguely aware that, as much as she was getting fucked by two rather large insertions, it must have felt great for her lover too, to be inside her while Jen fisted her. Bonus. But, as much as she tried to be happy about that, she could barely hold the thought as pleasure wiped her mind, Jen still fisting her, deep enough Triss was sure she’d skewer her stomach eventually.

Only when Julias stopped with his smaller thrusts, did Jen stop stretching Triss’s insides deeper into her. She kept the fist as deep as it could go, gently rocking it back and forth, but no longer tried to push it into Triss’s torso. Pleasant, delightful, and so damn fucking full, Triss lay there, and let another orgasm work through her, her trembling causing her clit chain to jingle as it bounced around on Jen’s wrist.

It took a little while, but Jen’s fist got slower, and slower, and as the tremors faded away, Triss sat up again, and looked down at the mess. Oh god, not only was the woman gently milking Triss of her orgasm shocks like a god damn pro, she was massaging Julias’s testicles in her other hand, with his cum. And her cum.

“Like that, Julias?” Jen said.

“Y-Yeah. That is damn tight.”

“Ha, isn’t it? Must be. How about this?” Jen pushed her fist down, and again started to gently fuck Triss’s insides with it, massaging Julias more than anything.

“Ok! Ok, that’s enough. God... damn, I’m going to break here, Jen. You... fucking bitch, arg.” Triss reached down, grabbed the girl’s wrist, and pulled her hand out of her. She stared down while she did it too, cause, holy fuck, it was a sight, to see someone’s hand sliding out of your trembling, clenching folds.

Julias sat up, slipped his hands underneath Triss’s thighs, and lifted her up enough to let her sit between his legs once Jen backed up, his cock falling out of her. “I’ll have you know, I was really enjoying that.”

“Yes, I’m sure getting your cock massaged through my god damn insides must have felt amazing. Ass.” She could feel Julias’s cock against the back of her now, and as he scooted forward a bit, his cum and lube-soaked length rubbed against the small of her back as he put his chin on her shoulder, and kissed her ear. His cum was leaking out of her, and he was snuggling her like he loved to do when that happened. And Jen was watching it all.

Much as Triss was bad mouthing the two of them, she couldn’t deny she was really enjoying this. And, having Jen there, watching her, getting involved, even smiling her intrigued smiles as she watched Julias get romantic with Triss, was... oddly enjoyable too.

Triss shivered a few times. Still had tremors working through her, and she turned a bit to hold Julias’s arm with one of hers, so she could hold him while the tinglies continued to work through her. Loved the tinglies, the little sparks that worked through her thighs, made her feel vulnerable and a bit clingy. It was a part of her worry, that she wouldn’t feel comfortable being like this, holding Julias while she came, getting vulnerable and girly with him, when she usually acted like a badass rocker chick in front of other Kindred. Jen was getting to see her girly side.

But Jen wasn’t teasing her about it, like Triss suspected she would. Hell, if anything, Jen’s smile, her grins and smirks, they all faded, and as she watched Triss and Julias hug, her eyes filled with wonder. Fucking wonder, like seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time. She even pulled one knee up to her chest to hug as she watched the two of them, gaze stuck on them. Like seeing a young girl watching a romance movie, and adoring the happily-ever-after ending.

Ok, Triss was touched. Jen deserved a reward.

Smirking, the Nos turned her head, and put her lips to Julias's ear. "Fuck the shit out of her."

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~~Julias~~

Everything was going well, and better than he could have hoped for.

Triss was loving it, having Jen in the bed with them. His fellow Ventrue fed right into the sorts of things Triss liked, even if the Nos didn't want to admit it. She would later, he knew; she'd matured a lot since their first date.

The thing he was worried about, and he knew Triss was worried about, was whether having another vampire in the bed would damage the intimacy. Triss liked to play the badass girl, and Julias liked how that melted away when the girl snuggled with him, particularly after some great sex. Kissing, hugging, holding hands, he thought maybe Jen's presence would make doing any of those things awkward, and he knew Triss was doubly worried about it. But, it didn't. Something about Jen's genuine interest and sincerity about the nature of their relationship made it feel safe to be intimate and vulnerable.

Plus, being inside his lover's ass while another woman fisted her, so he got to feel every bit of it? Yeah, could not deny, that felt amazing. He was still hard, hungry for more, and Triss wanted him to fuck Jen, hard. He could do that.

Triss giggled — holy crap an actual giggle — and grabbed Jen's wrists, before pinning them to the bed in front of them both, so Jen was on her knees.

"Um... what?"

"Oh, nothing," Triss said, chuckling.

Julias rolled his eyes, but found himself chuckling soon after as he crawled along the bed, and got behind Jen. The Ventrue blinked at the two of them, several times, before she started wriggling to try and free herself. Not happening. Triss was far stronger than Jen physically, even if Triss was still shivering with post-orgasm bliss. It made it all the hotter, watching Jen try and get out of Triss's grip while Triss herself still quivered, her nipple chain dangling and trembling.

Julias got behind Jen, pushed her knees together, and then put his down outside hers, trapping her knees between his.

“What’re you doing back there, Mire?” Jen said, looking over her shoulder at him with a raised brow.

“You know Jen,” he said, “you are a very attractive woman. You had almost every Kindred in the city staring at you during the ball, Triss included.”

Jen smiled, pride showing through with the typical subtlety of Ventrue pride: none. “I am fucking gorgeous, I don’t blame her. How about you? Were you staring?”

This woman, ha. Even trapped between two Kindred stronger than her, she acted like she was in charge. He looked to Triss, whose smile only grew, and she nodded back to him with a wink.

“I was,” he said.

“That, is damn hot.” Jen swayed her ass a little, its glorious curves still hugged by her black lace lingerie. “I’d be lying if I said I didn’t think about the two of us having some fun together too, Julias.”

“Pretty sure you feel that way about everyone,” Triss said.

“Not true! I’ll have you know I rarely sleep with Kindred, sometimes Othello. You two though? God damn.”

Well, color him surprised. Triss too, by the way her eyebrows raised. She didn’t let go of the woman’s wrists though, and licked her lips with her long tongue as she looked between the trapped Ventrue, and Julias.

It really was too damn perfect. Julias took Jen’s underwear, and slipped it down to her knees. Several trails of juices connected from it to Jen’s pussy, where the smooth, pink lips were coated with wetness. Her clitoris looked swollen, and her legs trembled lightly. The girl was on the edge, close to cumming; must have been masturbating between bouts of playing with Triss, or him.

He’d planned to finger her to a couple orgasms before taking her, but like this, and with Triss staring at him, hunger in her eyes and excitement making her almost bounce, he couldn’t stop himself. He took his cock into one hand, pressed the dripping, hard shaft against the girl’s quivering cunt, and started the long, slow journey of sinking himself into her awaiting insides.

“Oh... g-god...” Jen shook like a leaf, and let her head fall between her arms as she wriggled. “F... finally...” Soon she was on her elbows, ass in the air, and head turned to peek up at the girl holding her hands hostage.

Julias thought Triss might have taken the opportunity to tease Jen, to rub it in the girl's face that she was breaking so easily, that the woman was so obviously ready to cum from so little done to her, like she had to Triss. But instead, Triss stared on, snake eyes looking up and down the curve of Jen's back, as the girl was down on her elbows now. Jen's attempts to keep her smile on faded away, as did her grinning eyes, replaced with a parted, moaning mouth, and eyes rolling upward.

Her insides felt divine. Soaked, quivering, squeezing. She didn't squeeze as hard as Triss did, or start pushing toward him as eagerly as Triss did. Jen seemed to prefer to wait, to let someone else do the work, like a spoiled Ventrue would. Supposedly the girl was being pampered by two ghouls on the regular, and while she was certainly a pro at sex, she wasn't used to losing control.

Triss wanted to make her lose control, and as Julias felt the woman's drenched pussy squeeze on him in gentle spurts, he could feel the urge hit him. But first he'd take his time, and see how Jen responded as he, slowly but surely, sank every inch of his cock into her shaking body. Lot of girls didn't like it deep. Triss did, and as Julias felt the head of his cock start to gently stretch Jen in deeper, and deeper, her trembling and squeezing told him she did too.

He squeezed her hips tighter, and after drawing his cock out of her until only the head of his length kept her dripping folds open, he slammed himself balls deep into her, hard.

"Oh! Oh, oh f-f-fucking... fuck! Not so hard! Fucking... god."

Triss grinned down at the trapped woman, leaned down, and put a small kiss on her ear before sitting up again and blowing Julias a kiss. "Go nuts."

"W-Wait, come on, you—" She squealed with the impact of another thrust, and started to tremble, a lot. Julias stayed balls deep inside her, filling her, stretching her, and smiled as he felt the woman clench on him until her juices were dripping down his testicles. Jen fell, elbows giving out, chest and head coming to rest on the blankets between her pinned hands.

"Two strokes and you're down," Triss said, crooning. Not a tease from the way she was staring, but rather, admiration.

"Not... not fair, you—nnng!"

Julias didn't wait long. He started to thrust into her again, grip on her hips tight and absolute, forcing her balls deep onto him with each stroke. Each earned a wet smack as his testicles slapped into her folds and clitoris, and each pulled more mewls from the woman, growing increasingly high pitched. He wasn't gentle, he thrust hard, with his grip yanking her hips toward him fast enough for her ass to jiggle with each impact.



It didn't take long for a second orgasm to hit the woman. She tried to pick herself up again, to push herself onto her hands, maybe get back some control, but Triss put a hand on her back, and pushed her down, pinning her chest to the blankets. Again Julias expected her to chuckle and tease, but instead, Triss stared at him, at Jen, at where her ass was bouncing against him, and she licked her lips and crocodile teeth with increasing fascination.

"P... lease... slow... down..." Cumming, trembling, she squirmed and twisted with all the power of a worm on a hook. Her moans ripped away what little strength she had, and her fingers waggled in the air, pinned by Triss at the wrist, desperate for freedom.

He didn't give her any. He pounded her hard enough to make the bed creak, to make her squeals melt into exhausted pants, and to make her insides squeeze in random spurts as another orgasm tore through her. The only break she got was him deciding to sink himself into her to the hilt, and stay there, stretching her depths inward and enjoying the tight spasms of her pussy around his length as she came.

"Hey Superman... flip her over."

God yes. Julias flipped the girl over, and grinned down at her. Exhausted, trembling, and still squirming with attempts to sit up, maybe escape, but Triss didn't let go of her wrists. Even as Triss got down beside her, she still held Jen's hands, and snuggled into the girl's side as she pinned Jen's wrists over her head inside one of Triss's hands. With her other hand now free, she squeezed Jen's nearest breast, cupping it, as she placed her lips upon the girl's nipple, and started to run her long, long tongue along it. Not just licking her breast, but devouring it, like she was ravenous for it.

Julias was a gentleman though. As much as this was very much a loss-of-power scenario for poor, whimpering Jen, he knew how to make the position work for her pleasure. He grabbed a couple of thick pillows, put them under her ass, and spread his knees to get a bit lower. He slipped off her underwear too, and grabbed her legs. With her thighs hooked around his hips, he slipped his cock back into her dripping folds, and slammed his hips forward again.

"W-Wait! Fucking... god... christ... merciful... fucking...nnng!" Jen twisted left and right, but couldn't get away from Triss, from her claws, from the long tongue bathing her breast. And, as Julias continued to thrust into her, she let her head collapse back onto the blankets. Triss wanted him to fuck her hard, so he continued to fuck her hard, each slam of his body forward causing Jen to shift back and forth on the sheets, and for her free breast to bounce along her chest.

And, again, Jen came. For all her teasing of Triss's rather sensitive body, she was cumming easily as well. A night of playing with Triss's parts must have set her on fire far more than Julias could have anticipated. And as he forced his cock into her, despite how much her squeezing muscles were trying to

get him to stop, her juices renewed, enough so drops of her cum trickled onto his testicles. Forcing his cock into her as she clenched, with the angle of her hips on the pillows forcing his cock upward toward her belly, he knew each thrust was hitting her spots and forcing her to cum. The girl had probably never been fucked like this as a Kindred, forced to cum like this, hard, pinned, unable to escape, unable to stop the two people in the bed who wanted to see her cum her brains out. Triss was loving it, moaning as she licked up Jen's breast like chocolate. It was surprising. Triss really enjoyed it when they invited a kine into the bed, but she never went crazy with lust like this, groaning into Jen's skin like an animal, while her free hand slid out to grab and massage her further breast.

Julias groaned as well, as he felt the warm pleasure build between his legs again, fluids rising as Jen's flooding insides massaged the length of him.

"I know that groan," Triss said, finally pulling her tongue from the girl's breast. "... yeah, cum inside her."

He smirked at his lover, and looked back to Jen; she was almost weeping, little tears in her eyes as she struggled to make any sounds, efforts to speak proving futile as her panting and whimpering left her breathless. She couldn't stop shaking, and between each of his hard thrusts, she managed a wavering mewl. Her legs were trembling to the point he had to move his hands from her waist to her thighs again, and clutch them from the outside to keep them hooked on his hips. But he couldn't stop, the need to cum rising as he felt the waves of pleasure growing stronger, glans growing more and more sensitive, more swollen, as it pressed against the girl's depths.

As he felt his cum start to gush, he slammed the girl against him. She squealed, and he kept her there, balls deep on him as the cum poured into her. He thrust again as another wave of his cum poured into her. And again, and again, each a hard thrust, each making the woman shake on the bed, each earning a loud squeal from her and another squirt of his cum. But, after the first few thrusts, he kept her against him, his cock buried inside her, and lightly shifted her up and down an inch to milk the orgasm.

As his pace settled down, he managed to focus his eyes again, and he stared on as Triss let go of Jen's hands. She didn't move them, not at first, her body trembling like a leaf, and her breath still a mess of pants breaking her whimpers. And as she recovered, Triss's lips raised from her nipple to her neck, where she began to suckle, and kiss, and lick. Her hand caressed Jen's nipple, growing softer, less squeezing, more gentle massaging, all while the woman snuggled into Jen's side.

To say it was a visual feast to gorge on, while he enjoyed the bliss of orgasm and Jen's quivering, clenching, soaked, hot insides, would be an understatement.

“I... I... mmn. You... big, bad man.” Jen threw one hand up like throwing a baseball, only for it to bounce on the sheets beside her, limp. “Tender.” The orgasm aftershocks were still working through her, and Julias continued to gently pull her hips up and down an inch against him to spur them on, each causing her insides to milk his length of his few remaining drops of cum. He could feel it, hot, thick, dripping off his testicles, each joined by several of Jennifer’s juices.

Triss, without removing her lips from Jen’s neck, raised a hand and motioned for Julias to come over. He slipped his cock out of the woman’s clenching folds, and shifted around to kneel beside Jen, opposite of Triss. His shaft was covered in cum, coated and dripping of it, a large pool of it thick and resting along the topside of its base. Triss at last raised her head, and moaned openly as she looked at his shaft.

“I... have to admit Jen, I really loved this, a lot more than I thought I would. Lot... lot... more,” she said.

“Glad... you... liked... it.” Poor girl was still trembling. Had it really been that long since she’d been fucked that hard, if ever? He almost felt bad. Almost.

Triss motioned Julias forward with her claws, and pointed down at Jen’s lips. Smiling, he scooted in closer, leaned forward enough that he had to place a hand on the blanket above Jen’s head for balance, and guided his cock down to the Ventrue’s lips with his other hand. His shaft was still mostly hard, still soaked, and he groaned quietly as he placed his glans upon the shivering vampire’s lips.

Jen blinked up at him, surprised, but managed to open her mouth after a few moments, and offered some weak, exhausted kisses.

“You’ve shown restraint, leading up to this point,” Triss said. “Well, a little, anyway. And... I... yeah, really want you back in this bed. Frequently.”

Oh boy. Julias did his best to contain his smirk.

“Yeah?” Jen said, a cock on her lips and soon coating them in white, and her own juices.

“Yeah, and... I... fuck it.” Triss leaned in, and started to kiss her.

Did not see that coming. Julias’s cock hardened fully within seconds as Triss set her lips upon his glans, and began to bathe it in kisses, while pressing it into Jen’s lips at the same time. Triss’s lips were perfectly human from the front, and she used them, suckling on him, offering him little licks, and moaning onto him as her kisses met Jen’s. The woman’s eyes had opened wide for a moment, but seconds later they half-closed like Triss’s, and soon she began to smile as she got control of herself, exhaustion passing.

She returned the kisses, managed a peek up at Julias as she did, and winked at him. Woman loved it when a plan came together, a feeling any Ventrue knew all too well.

After a few more licks, Triss pulled her head up again. “Just to be clear, I’m still Julias’s girlfriend, and I love him. But... I mean... you know? I... kind of... wouldn’t mind you being a part of this.”

“Friends with benefits,” Jen said, one arm reaching up to comb aside some of Triss’s hair over her ear. “Best friends, with the best benefits.”

This was a strange circumstance to be in. Should he say something? His girlfriend had basically invited another girl to be a part of their relationship. Someone who had, over the months, become her best friend. Someone who liked Triss on every level, monster parts included. Someone who Julias had to admit, he liked. Girl bled confidence, and she was far smarter than she often let on. And, she was utterly, fucking, beautiful.

Triss put her lips to his glans once more, and guided it down to press against Jen’s lips again. Her hand found the base of his cock as well, and she used it to guide thick globs of his cum down onto their awaiting mouths. The kissing resumed, constantly burying, massaging, and caressing the head of his cock, until the stimulation was almost painful. He couldn’t look away, awestruck by the waves of white that coated their lips, that connected the two women, and soon started to run down Jen’s jawline. Triss licked it up, and set the cum back onto Jen’s lips before she resumed kissing her, and his cock’s tip.

They didn’t stop. For ten more minutes, they played with each other, tested kissing each other, tested kissing him, tried different ways to suckle and lick on him at the same time, until his cock was completely clean of cum. Jen’s juices had long washed away any of the lubricant before getting to this, so they didn’t hesitate to take turns wrapping their lips around different places on his length with wandering, caressing licks. And as the tingling of impending orgasm started, he began to gently nudge his hips forward; the girls parted both their mouths just enough so two sets of lips trailed along the sides of his cock’s head as he did.

As more of his cum started to flow down his shaft, he forced himself to hold still, and let the persistent, suckling sets of lips begin to milk him. Triss turned to catch the first wave, and she smiled up at him as it landed gently into her mouth. Instead of swallowing it or wiping it away, she let it flow back onto the head of his cock, and down onto Jen’s mouth, who returned the favor with parted lips, suckling on his glans at the same time. Cum overflowed once again, too much for Triss to lick up, and she chuckled as it ran down Jen’s chin and jaw to flow down the sides of her neck. More thick, warm cum escaped him, coming out in slower waves now, filling Jen’s mouth as she let it slip between her lips,

and as Triss guided it into them. They kept at it until his orgasm was done, drawing more drops of white out of his cock, and moving it around with their lips before letting much of it slip into Jen's awaiting maw.

Julias sat back, and stared on. No need to say anything, no need to comment on how amazing that had been, how pleasurable, how lascivious. No, he just sat there, shivered a few times, and watched on as the two ladies smiled at him, before looking at each other. They started to kiss, plucking at each other's lips, and letting their tongues graze each other. Jen's mouth was full of his cum, and she pushed small waves of it up to catch Triss's lips, so as she raised her head, strands of his cum connected the two women. Triss kissed her again, slowly, playfully, and took a few peeks at Julias as she caught more of his cum on her lips from Jen's, earning another strand of white.

And just when Julias was sure this couldn't get any kinkier, Jen forced herself up onto her elbows, and opened her mouth completely. His cum flowed out of her, off of her chin, off of Triss as she sat up as well, and it trickled down over the Ventrue's large breasts.

Seeing streaks of white run down Jen's heavy tits was apparently too much for the Nos. Triss climbed up onto Jen's waist, straddled her, and cupped both of the woman's breasts, catching the trickling rivers of white, and massaging it into the woman's nipples. Jen trembled, and fell back again, setting her head on a pillow and shivering as Triss rubbed the white cum into her swollen nipples, and around the underside of each breast.

"Are you trying to kill me?" Julias said, gesturing at the blatant male fantasy playing out before him. "I don't think I can go a fourth time."

"Oh, um... uh... shit, yeah." Triss raised an arm to wipe away his cum from her lips. Jen did as well. Though, despite that, Triss put her hands back onto Jen's breasts, and continued to grope them, massage them, and work his fluid into them. "Just... gimme five minutes."

"This go well, Julias?" Jen said, voice breaking a bit as Triss massaged her. "Wasn't sure if I overstepped during this. I know you're not normally a fan of Kindred in the bed, or... you know, one of them kissing your girl."

Julias waved a hand, dismissing her worries. "I like you, and Triss really, really likes you."

"But!" Triss raised both her hands, as if in rebellion. "Julias explained the rules. You cool with those rules?"

"I am, I very much am, cause... yeah, I'm a bit surprised, and... and this has been one amazing night. Haven't had a night like this in forever." Like a kid given permission to go play outside, Jen sat

up straight with Triss still straddling her, nudged her nose into the woman's breasts, her nipple chain, and set her lips onto Triss's nipple.

Triss moaned, and looked at Julias. Asking for permission, or at least, agreement, with her offer to Jen. He nodded, and lay down beside them as they touched each other. The night really couldn't have gone any better than—

“Shit, my phone!” Jen reached out blindly, fingers tugging at the blankets. “Must take pictures!”