

~~Natasha~~

It was the day after the trip into the Hisil, and Natasha couldn't stop smiling.

“Oh my god oh my god oh my g-god!” She vibrated as she bounced around, almost hitting Matt and Art with each step. “That was so d-d-dangerous!”

Art and Matt both nodded as they stepped up the stairs. They were in front of her apartment building, a place she rarely visited anymore. All those nights at the Prince's, it was easy to forget she had her own apartment, a nice one at that. It wasn't as fancy as Jack's, but it was still a nice, decorative place. They didn't hang in at it often enough.

Plus, she could be herself more in her own apartment, where the walls were hers, and she knew every creak, every inch and corner, every thing. No home like home.

First thing she did was throw open her laptop and send Jessy a quick message. The two of them were still doing their frequent check-ins with each other, and considering yesterday she'd just been in a literal different dimension, this check in would be interesting.

~Back from the Shadow Realm!~

~Eric was telling me about it, and you, you brave little girl.~

~Brave?~

~Talking to Black Blood? Yeah, sounded pretty fucking brave of you. You at home?~

~Yeah.~

Naturally, Tash's laptop started ringing, and she rolled her eyes as she accepted the call. “Hey J-Jessy!”

“Tash, I—oh, is that Matthew and Arturo?” Jessy leaned down toward her laptop and smiled at the camera. Eric was beside her on her couch, dressed in his Bloodlust suit, shirt undone and tie nowhere to be seen. Jessy was in a white tube top masquerading as a tank top with tiny straps, and her leaning forward was purposeful: showing off the cleavage. Not that she needed to, considering the tank top was almost see-through.

“Yeap!” Tash motioned to the boys, and they came to join her at her kitchen counter where she kept the laptop.

The two boys sat around her, and waved. “Hello there,” they said together, in unison, with eyes on Jessy’s display. So Natasha elbowed each of them in their ribs, because.

Eric caught on, slipped a hand around Jessy’s face, and pushed her back into the couch with enough force to make her bounce.

“This line secure?” he said.

Natasha nodded. “Y-Yes. Why? D-D... Did you want to talk about the trip?”

“I did, yes, assuming Art and Matt don’t mind.”

Art and Matt shrugged, got up, and started walking around Natasha’s kitchen. There was meat and stuff to be found, bought by them and deposited in her fridge and freezer. It was almost like a girl sneak-moving into her boyfriend’s apartment, except instead of makeup kits, toothbrushes, and feminine hygiene products, they’d brought food. She couldn’t help but giggle at that as she watched them start to cook up a bunch of steaks, with liver and hearts to go with.

“They d-don’t.”

“Right. So, Jessy wants to come on the next trip.”

“She d-does?”

“I do!” Jessy fought to get out from behind Eric’s hand, eventually being forced to push the man off the couch altogether. “Eric was telling me about the things he saw, Black Blood and shit. That sounds fucking freaky, dangerous, and a lot more important to Dolareido than I figured it was.”

“Important?”

Art raised a hand, and reached around to wave it in front of the camera from behind the laptop. “I’m guessing she’s talking about how one world affects the other.”

The Gangrel nodded vigorously. “Yeah! Like, Eric was telling me about the drug spirit he saw. If the wolves killed it, would drug activity drop in Devil’s Corner?”

“Probably,” Matt said, “assuming you could get away with it. Spirits have their own society, you know.” He had some raw steak in his mouth, and he swallowed it down mid sentence. Ugh, like a mom snacking while cooking, except with the stomach of a carnivore, capable of handling nasty bacteria.

“It’s not our j-job,” Tash said, “to police the kine. We’re supposed t-t-to let them d-do what they want, within reason.”

Eric leaned into the camera, and frowned at her. The man usually frowned, but never at people directly. He was the sort of man that frowned at circumstances, situations, never at someone, and never a vampire, from what she knew of him. The hard look on his face was unsettling.

“Not everyone lives the good life in Dolareido, Natasha. Just because it’s a good city on average, doesn’t mean it couldn’t be better.”

That was aggressive. She looked to Matt and Art, and she could see the two men were ready to get between her and the angry man on the other side of the laptop screen, but she gulped and shook her head at them.

“I know it’s n-not perfect, Eric. If you want t-t-to help the less fortunate, maybe... talk to Garry?”

“Garry? Right, the Carthians. I mean yeah, I guess I could do that, but I’d prefer to put my unique skills to use. If I have to be Uratha, then I should try and do what I can.”

She tilted her head to the side. “I’m n-not—”

“I suppose I’m talking to Matthew and Arturo here. I... want to try and clean up some the shittier parts of the city.”

“Why?” Art said, without leaving the kitchen so Eric couldn’t see him.

“Because some of us dealt with those streets growing up, grew up on them. I’d like to help the people still dealing with those streets.”

Matt stuck his head over the laptop from behind, so Eric and Jessy would have to look at an upside down face hanging in front of them. “Avery would like to do that too. That’s half the reason we’re hunting this Azlu monster you know. But, the Prince and Jacob both stick their fingers into spirit business, Eric. If you start fucking with things on the other side of the Gauntlet, they’ll find out.”

“Fuck em!” Jessy said. “If Eric wants to be Batman and clean up the streets, I say let him.”

Natasha couldn’t help but laugh at that, and her boyfriends did as well.

“We’ve been there, and we’ve done that sort of thing in our youth,” Art said, coming around to sit with Natasha. “Now we’re part of a family, and if any of us do something that annoys the Prince, we risk getting the boot. Which is why we’re helping you guys find the hunters.”

“Buuuut.” Matt set a couple steaks on the burner, hot enough Triss could hear the sizzle. “Eric isn’t part of the pack. If he wants to go vigilante, I say go for it. Like Art said, we’ve all been there. Getting his feet wet could be a good thing.”

Art nodded for the camera. “Next day off we get, Matt and I can show you how to cross the Gauntlet at a locus, and you’ll be free to do whatever you want. Just don’t come crying to us if you get killed.”

Jessy snorted. Her facial expressions said it all, but Tash couldn’t stop her from saying something dumb. “And you two won’t tell your mom?”

“Nope.” Art winked for the camera, before he came up behind Natasha, hugged her, and set his chin on her head. Oh dear, PDA! Natasha squirmed and struggled, but Art’s grip was absolute. After a few seconds of wriggling, she relented, and set her head back against his chest, while avoiding eye contact with the laptop screen.

“Oh, oh!” Jessy said. “You guys are so fucking cute, it hurts. I’m in literal pain. Did you do that thing that—”

Natasha closed the laptop.

Caught mid-flip of his steak, Matt raised a brow as he looked at her. “Thing?”

“A thing... it’s a thing. A thing... she w-wants me t-t-to do.”

Laughing, Arturo leaned down and kissed her head. “If it’s Jessy, I’m assuming this is a sex thing.”

“It’s always a sex thing w-w-with her.” And it was. If Jessy had her way, there’d be two vampires and three werewolves locking legs at that very moment, with a camera set up to stream it for every Kindred and ghoul to watch.

“Well,” Art said, “I’ll have you know, that if it’s with you, I’m down to do whatever you want.” His roaming hands slid down over her suit shirt. Her jacket was put away, and her shirt wasn’t exactly good protection against roaming fingers. She wore no bra underneath, and Art’s fingers didn’t hesitate to massage her chest. “As long as it’s with you and only you.”

The dreamy sigh she tried to suppress escaped her anyway. She slapped at his hands, but all that did was send them down lower. They teased at her stomach, and she rolled her eyes as she relented, leaning her head back against his chest again.

“Yeah,” Matt said while throwing his steaks onto a plate. He was a big man, and once he sat beside her, didn’t waste much time chewing it as he started to ingest. At least he used a knife and fork this time.

She still felt the tingle and zing of new information from yesterday, of expanding her horizons, of going on a dangerous mission and learning lots of tasty details. It may have been a day ago, but she didn't get to visit an alternate dimension often. It was making her feel bold, and she knew it. Maybe now was the perfect time to exercise that boldness.

“Well, um... J-Jessy, she suggested an idea. Um...”

Art slid his head down beside hers, chin on her shoulder, and his hands ceased fondling. Instead, he adopted a hug, and buried her in it, holding her to his chest as he swallowed her in his arms. Big, strong arms, that made her feel protected and safe, and warm. And more bold, too. She wasn't meek little Natasha anymore. She was adventurous, daring Natasha! Smart, and fast, and sexy Natasha. Sexy had snuck in there at some point, because of Jessy, and Matthew and Arturo were determined to keep it that way.

“J-Jessy,” she said, “thinks we should... umm... uh... have sex... w-where someone can see.”

Matt, already finishing his meal, looked at her, surprised. His fork went clink, in the silence. “Really?”

“I know! I kn-kn-know, it's really rude of her! And... I d-d-d... d-don't know. It's—”

Art, with his head next to hers still, nodded a few times. Thank goodness he shaved, or sandpaper stubble would have destroyed her face. “Definitely a step outside most people's comfort zone.”

“I... I know.” Now she was afraid to ask. She wasn't going to ask to have sex in front of Jessy or anything, but there were things and options she had investigated.

“Course,” Matt said as he swallowed the last of his food, “this is Dolareido, city of experimentation. If Tash wants to, I'm down. As long as it's just us under the sheets, I don't mind.”

“Same,” Art said, setting kisses on her neck. Oh no, not the neck. She melted back against his chest, and a soft mewl escaped her as she put her hands on the countertop to keep from falling.

They were ok with it, actually ok with it. They wouldn't mind it if someone else saw them naked, and her naked, and with them inside her. She doubted they'd have troubles with performance anxiety, considering they were Uratha, and bursting with life and hunger. She, on the other hand, knew very well she'd be anxious performing live, terribly so. That was no good. But, if Matt and Art were ok with sharing how intimate and amazing their sexy times together were, she had ideas.

“Ok, um... uh... c-come with me.” She slid out of Art's arms, and started toward her bedroom.

The two boys blinked at each other before following after her. “Now?” they said.

“M-Maybe? Get m-m-my laptop.”

Nodding, Matt scooped it up and followed after her. “Wow, brave!”

She giggled as she stepped into her bedroom, motioned Matt to her nightstand, and started digging through her closet. He set the laptop down where she’d pointed, and watched as she began removing things.

Both boys were dumbfounded, looking left and right as Natasha brought out a couple lights on stands, and a light modifier, a big white umbrella shape to guide the light down at her bed. She brought out a camera too, very expensive, and plugged it into her laptop. A few moments and some clicks later, the camera was recording, she could see the video feed, and she started adjusting the lighting.

Art was the first to speak up. “Umm, you’ve given this some thought.”

“Jessy... she gave me an idea. I thought, m-maybe, since I d-d-don’t want to do this in person, I could... make a video? And I n-never half-ass anything!” Nodding, because her perfectionist nature was obvious and everyone should know it, she started adjusting the cameras. Project mode. The world disappeared, time vanished, and all that mattered was her project. It just so happened that this particular project was a sexy project, and one that Jessy, and Antoinette, would no doubt approve of.

Once everything looked perfect, she looked between the boys and the bed, and squirmed. “Are you sure... you d-don’t... mind... if someone... sees us?” She was almost hoping they’d say no, so she wouldn’t have to go through with this. It was exciting, and terrifying, like skydiving.

The boys shrugged. “Nope,” they said together.

Tash squirmed and wriggled, and eventually nodded as she turned around and set her hands on her wardrobe. “Ok, ok... I...” This was scary! But it wasn’t as scary as her trip into the Shadow Realm. And besides, she’d get to edit it later, or delete it, if she didn’t like it. That didn’t change that she was shivering at the idea of being filmed while having sex.

Little her, and her two big boyfriends, on camera. Someone was going to get to see her naked, and in all likelihood, having an orgasm, and being doubly penetrated. It was a thrilling idea, she had to admit to herself. Jessy enjoyed being seen, and the Prince enjoyed being seen. And Jennifer certainly enjoyed it, that was for sure.

Live sex was not on the menu, though! It was fun and addictive, doing it with Jessy’s ghouls with her around, but that wasn’t the same. Jessy was her friend, and the ghouls were only there for sex. With Matthew and Arturo, there was a growing emotional connection, and she wasn’t sure she was

comfortable with the idea of anyone else being there when she touched them, felt them, and came on them.

But a video was different. She could do a video. She could edit it and make it pretty and artistic and sexy. And she could remove unflattering scenes and stuff. Yes. Perfect plan. If it went well, she could even do it again, and use her growing knowledge of cameras to set up more, for multiple angles and things.

She gulped, nodded, and walked to her laptop on the nightstand. The software was expansive, but she'd swallowed down its details with her nerd obsessiveness, when she'd decided on the project. She could pilot its knobs and dials, and with time, she found good settings for the software.

The boys chuckled as they looked around the room, and touched the various lights and stuff mounted on stands.

“Sure you don't just want to hold a handheld camera?” Arturo said. “Or Matt could, or me, and we can just pass it around, get juicy shots.”

Juicy shots. If she'd been blushing life, her whole body would have lit the room red.

“No! N-No no. If... if we're going t-to do this, then I... I w-want to make it... pretty.”

Matt nodded, but Art laughed and shrugged.

“So Matt and I are porn stars now? In some new age, modern, artistic, femme-friendly porn?”

She frowned at him, but he smiled at her with that charming, infuriating smile as he walked up to her, slid behind her, and set his hands on her hips. It wasn't fair that a touch as innocent as that made her anger melt.

“No, not porn stars. B-But my friends, they... they w-want me to continue... growing. D-Dolareido is... The P-P-Prince has encouraged this city and culture of... sexual openness. I want t-to try it.” She reached into the wardrobe and started rooting through some things. Something pretty, or dignified, or sexy, or cute, or—

“I think,” Art said over her, hands still on her hips, “you should wear those pink thigh highs you wore that one time.”

“With the n-nightie?”

“But without the nightie. Seeing you and those smooth legs wrapped tight in pink, and they make just a little pinch around your upper thighs? The nightie is super cute, but when you're naked except for

the thigh highs, it's perfect." The man groaned, and pulled on her hips a little tighter to squash her butt to his thighs; so tall. "It's a great balance of girlish innocence, and womanly charms."

"Girlish innocence... that shouldn't b-be erotic!"

"Eh, I dunno." Matt, sitting on her bed, shrugged as he tilted his head from side to side while looking up at one of the two directional lights. "There's something really arousing about a young woman, just turned eighteen, who sleeps with stuffed animals and has kittens on her pajamas, having a man in her bed. I guess it's the contrast."

She frowned all the more. "P-Perverts." Ok, so she had both of those things, the thigh highs, stuffed animals, and kitten pajamas. And ok, she did really find the idea appealing, of a man in her bed, surrounded by her stuffed animals, holding her close and gently fucking her. But they weren't allowed to like it, too!

Sighing, she reached into a drawer, and pulled out the now infamous pink thigh highs, before turning around and glaring up at Art. He smiled. Jackass.

"Ok, so, t-tonight, I'm in charge. You... d-do what I say, ok? No... getting out of hand." At first, no getting out of hand at first. At this point in their relationship, she'd more or less accepted that the boys couldn't help themselves once they'd been at it for a while.

They nodded, and feigned innocent smiles. Jerks.

Nodding, she walked over to the camera, and adjusted it for the twelfth time. "Ok, um... get n-naked, and sit on the side of the bed." She looked at the display on the camera, and lined it up with the bed. Video footage wouldn't show her face normally; the Beast would find ways to hide it, either by subtly turning her head at just the right angle, or by ensuring scenes with her face had just enough blur to prevent identification. Hopefully, she could keep that Beast reflex suppressed when she wanted the camera to see her.

The boys did as she asked. Wow. A thrill danced up her spine as she watched through the camera display, and adjusted for height and depth. She remembered that time Damien had shown her his telescope, and she'd seen Jessy through her window, getting opened up by four sets of hands. There was a thrill to it, something naughty, something fun, about seeing a sexual act through a window or camera lens.

And of course, her boyfriends were gorgeous. Arturo with his tan skin and dark, sexy, mischievous eyes. Matthew, with his blonde hair and gruff, and heavenly blue eyes. The fact they had the bodies of Olympian strength athletes was undeniably appealing, no matter how much she tried to



think she didn't need a man to have muscles to be attractive. Abs were attractive, the V shape of their wide shoulders and backs connecting to their hips was attractive, and the girth of their arms was attractive. They had the bodies of buff porn stars.

She laughed at that, and the boys raised a brow each, before she dismissed it with a hand wave. "Keep going."

Shrugging, the two boys got naked, and she licked her lips as they slid out of their jeans. They'd trimmed their pubic hair down to almost nothing at her request, and it exposed more of the hard lower abdomen of the pelvis, the Adonis belt. It also made their members look bigger, and they were already big.

Looking at it through a camera display and doing inventory on their bodies, it really seemed like she was spoiled. Utterly, completely spoiled.

"Ok, that's good. Y-Yeah, I'll... yeah." Ok, time for the hard part: getting herself on the screen.

With a deep, useless breath, she started to undress. The boys watched, smiling, grinning, and a familiar fire lit in their eyes as she took off her shirt and suit pants. Ever since she'd started dating them, she'd grown more comfortable wearing fancier underwear, and instead of wearing what Jessy referred to as 'granny panties', Tash was wearing some black underwear, panties that bordered on a thong.

The boys whistled. She rolled her eyes and tossed her shirt aside. Bra-less. There was no need with small breasts usually, and unless she Blushed Life, her nipples would remain soft no matter how cold it was. And, considering how many times the three of them had impromptu sex in various places, one less garment between her and their fingers was a good thing.

She smiled at that thought. If Jessy could read her mind, she'd be teasing her incessantly.

As she slid out of the underwear, both men, each facing her, sitting on the bed with a few feet between them, began to masturbate. Their eyes were locked onto her smooth slit, and how its tiny lips were hidden. They used slow, gentle strokes, that soon had the large phalluses standing upright. Were they kine, she'd tell them to stop or they'd ruin things, cumming too soon. But they were Uratha.

Utterly spoiled.

She slid on the pink high thighs, and peeked a glance at her boyfriends as she did. They continued to masturbate, slow but steady, eyes staring at her, her small, thin body, and shaved smooth sex. Every so often, they rumbled, a bass-filled purring sound unique to these wolfish men, and it only grew as she finished putting on the high socks. Both stared at how it pinched slightly halfway up her thigh.

She reached into one of the socks, and snapped it against her skin lightly. Both men groaned.

“That is fucking amazing,” Arturo said, looking her up and down like she was a steak he was about to devour, complete with licking his lips.

“Agreed.” Matthew showed the same behavior, eyes locked onto her legs, her butt, and his stroking hand grew a little faster.

She Blushed Life, and they both rumbled. Instant heat flooded her, hardening her small nipples, and igniting little tingles along the skin between her thighs. The way they looked at her, like they were ready to pounce her, pin her, ravage her, and that her request was the only thing holding them back like a leash, set her skin on fire. If she pushed them too far too fast, they’d give into their instincts again, grab her, hold her, trap her in their embrace, penetrate her, and fuck her until she couldn’t feel her legs anymore.

The goal was to see if she could keep them under control for the camera. She fetched some lubricant from the shelf, set it on the bed, and climbed up onto the blankets between the two large men. And, without realizing it until she’d done it, she made sure to move in a more exaggerated way. Instead of just hopping onto the bed, she arched her back, stuck her butt out a bit, and crawled with a little prowl.

Having a camera on her was sending electricity through her body, leaving her surprised. She’d never done anything like this, and that thrill was palpable. Like that first night with Jessy, testing new waters had been an overwhelming experience mixed with so much jittery nervousness, it bordered on fear. And she still felt that, but instead of it burying her in anxiety, she found herself excited.

She wasn’t the same woman anymore. A lifetime of keeping her sexual adventures to a couple of very vanilla relationships, and otherwise a bunch of sexual exploration behind closed doors by herself, were days gone. Now, she’d been involved in what could only be called an orgy, on several occasions, with her good friend Jessy. Now, she’d been having threesomes almost every day, for months. Now, she’d given double blowjobs in dark alleys, been fucked on rooftops, spied on her boss giving her lover a tit fuck, and had, despite her best efforts to deny it, enjoyed a multitude of purely anal orgasms.

And now she was creating a sex tape for Jessy — and probably Eric — to watch. Good god what had happened to her?

Dolareido happened to her. Jessy, the Prince, and others who liked to wear their sexuality openly, like Jennifer and Isabella, they happened to her. Confident women who knew what they liked and had no issues pursuing it, women Natasha had never thought to compare herself to, once upon a time.

But now a camera was pointed at her, pointed at the bed at a slight downward angle, and she blushed profusely as she smiled at the lens while telling her Beast to let it get a peek at her. She got comfortable on the edge of the bed, motioned for Art and Matt to sit in closer, and slid a hand down her chest and stomach as they did. Both boys rumbled in their chests once their legs were snug against hers, and she reached out, set her hands onto the base of their lengths, and smiled a tiny, shy smile up at each of them, as she started to stroke them.

Heavy, hard girths filled her small hands, and she shivered as she squeezed lightly. The heat of their flesh sent the butterflies in her stomach into a frenzy, and the way their members, firm and huge, molded slightly to the pressure of her fingers, had her breathing heavy. The boys smelled of sex, and it wasn't long before some drops of precum rose to the tips of their lengths. The camera was having a strong effect on them too, or they were getting into it so quickly because she was. Both, probably both.

Matt's closer hand slid down her body, her breasts and chest, and down between her legs. Without thinking about it, she slowly looked from him to the camera, and smiled again as she inched her thighs apart. His fingers slid down underneath her, found the beginnings of growing wetness, and traced her juices up higher to find her clitoris. It was embarrassing, how quickly she got wet these nights, but embarrassment turned into a satisfied moan, as Matt began to lovingly caress her clitoris.

Art's fingers traced down her back, and a quiet pop told her ears that he'd opened a bottle of lubricant; she always kept some in her bedroom, these days. A few seconds later, he set his fingers back onto the small of her back, and then down further between her butt cheeks, and up, against the small rose of her ass. Lubricant pressed to the skin, and Art massaged it against her entrance until she found herself pushing her ass toward his hand.

She squeezed on their cocks harder, stroking with a little more firmness after spreading their growing precum around their glans. As much as she was already feeling the tingles begin to grow through her body, the boys had been masturbating for a little while already, before she got to touch them. With anyone else, she'd stop, to keep their arousal available. But the werewolves were a bundle of hunger and desire, and a single orgasm was never enough for them.

She was so spoiled.

Matt started to cum first. She let go of Art, and leaned in toward Matt, sneaking in underneath his arm so she could snuggle into his side, as her hand continued to stroke his length. The giant of a man shuddered for a moment, and grinned down at her, no longer stroking her clitoris so he could make room for her under the arm. He hugged her close to him, and she kissed his ribs and the enormous muscles that covered them, as she peeked a glance at the camera, before looking down.

His cum gushed up, announced by the flexing of his girth, and she set her hand over the head of his cock to keep the waves contained. The heat was immense, and she shivered, a small mewl escaping her, as she watched the waves of white fluid fill the crevices between her fingers. So much, always so much. She licked her lips and moaned as she moved her hand down, massaging the thick girth a lot harder with the newfound lubricant, and another wave of cum flowed out of him, slow and thick. With his girth aimed upward, it flowed down and onto her fingers, and she made sure to make a show of it for the camera.

Through all this, Art seemed quite happy to continue fingering her. He sank his large digit deep, to the final knuckle, and wiggled it around, adding more and more lubricant as he needed. It felt wonderful. It wasn't something she could cum with, not this early, and not the right angle, but it still felt great, how he massaged the inside of her ass, probing and prodding, and she couldn't help but wiggle. He earned a few mewls from her too, and she blushed again as she managed another peek at the camera, while still stroking Matthew through his messy orgasm.

“K, Matthew, um... lie d-down, on your stomach. I w-want... to sit on you. And Art can... you know.”

“Yes ma'am.” With a curt nod, Matt slid back onto the bed, and lay down. He was so huge and heavy, he sank the bed considerably, and she giggled as she struggled to not roll with the sudden indent in the mattress.

Art slid back as well, removing his finger from her body. With a little more cat prowling movement than strictly required, she got between Matthew's knees, her weight on her own knees, and her hands pressed to his lower abdomen. She set her cum-coated fingers around his girth, and her clean fingers too, and started to massage the long shaft again, as she lowered her lips to the tip.

The giant's reaction was immediate. He growled. She smiled down at the lying beast, and worked her lips back and forth along his glans, as she moved her hair out of her eyes and over her ear with a hand. A small peek to the camera again, before she started to slide more of the enormous girth into her mouth.

She lifted her head with a jolt, and looked over her shoulder, as Art began to sink his cock into her ass. And despite herself, she arched her back downward, pushed her ass upward toward him, and wiggled her butt a little as she peeked back at the camera. Her eyes rolled upward, and she set her head down onto Matt's thigh, strength leaving her as she felt the length of Art's member filling her. Deep, deep, and deeper, until she felt the man's length pressing toward her stomach.

Art reached down, took her shoulders, and pulled her up so she was kneeling upright, back pressed to his chest, and he clutched her body as he began to thrust into her. And that spot, oh god that spot, deep and aching. Delirious with arousal meant that spot, that deep spot, made her body shake when he hit it through the walls of her ass.

“W... wai...” Her breath was gone, and she struggled to find it. But as Art slid his fingers into her pussy and started to finger her, the tiny amount of air she needed to make sounds fled, and she melted. With his cock hitting that spot deep inside her again and again, while his fingers curled up to press against her g-spot, she could do nothing but tremble.

Matt slid in closer, until his shaft was underneath her and ready to penetrate her wet slit. His right hand took his soaked length, and stroked it as he watched her. She was still on her knees, kneeling upright, so if Art would only lower her down, she would soon be doubly penetrated by her boyfriends; god, she wanted that. But Art didn't lower her. Instead, he continued to finger her, harder, and hit his pelvis against her ass hard enough to make her squeak.

She peeked at the camera again, knowing full well what was about to happen, and being horribly embarrassed about it. Heat flooded her skin head to toe, announcing the blushing she couldn't avoid, and she managed a small smile through the pleasure, as she started to cum. Art removed his fingers from her, but his thrusting didn't stop. Again and again, she felt his hard length hit that aching spot deep inside her, until her muscles clenched down hard. The pleasure coursed through her, rippling out down her legs into her toes, and up through her belly, causing her insides to tighten.

A look down revealed she was dripping. Several drops of her cum leaked out of her, onto the awaiting cock of Matthew. And then more, and more, as Art continued to thrust into her, the copious amount of lube allowing him to fuck her ass with enthusiasm. Only after his thrusts started to slow down, did she realize he'd been cumming inside her as she came.

Matthew groaned, masturbating a little faster as her fluids coated his length. But, he began to slow, eventually only using his hand to keep his length pointed upward, as Arturo started to adjust his position. The man behind her spread his legs, and helped lower her down, and down. She couldn't help him much, trembling as she was and trying to recover from her orgasm, but he kept lowering her anyway. Down, down, and down, onto the awaiting shaft ready to enter her.

As Matt's cock pressed against her tiny, soaked folds, she moaned openly, and forced herself to look at the camera again, as her body began to devour the man's length. A small tap of her fingers against Art's wrists caused him to let go of her, and she leaned forward, pressing her hands down against the giant's abs as she continued to sink downward. His girth spread her taut, and a peek down at

her slit showed how wide he was pushing her little labia apart. And as his girth dragged along her g-spot, getting deeper and deeper, she felt his glans press against her depths. The spot was already aching for more, after Arturo's treatment of it, and feeling Matthew's glans press to it as he stretched her deep, was euphoric. Tenderly and gently like this allowed her body to adapt, preventing any pain, and flooding her with sparks of pleasure in her core. She squeezed hard on his girth, earning another groan from the enormous man, as she slowly, very slowly, devoured him to the hilt.

With both men now fully inside her, she took some time holding still, fingers kneading on Matt's abs — too tall for her to easily reach his chest while sitting up — and her ass snug to their pelvises. Arturo's position couldn't have been comfortable, squatting around her, but he seemed ok with it, and he held onto her waist for balance. Both of them, balls deep inside her, stretching her deep and apart, but not moving. Good god.

She looked at the camera, licked her lips, and smiled down at Matthew, as she began to grind her hips back and forth. "Hold still f-for me, a little longer."

What would Jessy do in this situation? Or Jennifer? What would they do for a camera, with two men inside them? They'd probably get rough, bounce, get things full of tumbling thrusts that had them struggling to stay on the bed. Much as the boys liked to get rough with her sometimes, they never got that rough; she was too small, and stretched to the limit already. And honestly, she wasn't interested in getting tossed around like a ragdoll.

But, she loved the way the two men wanted her, desired her, craved her. She loved it when they lost control, and gave into their animal side; a little, anyway. The way they sometimes stared at her, and she knew they were imagining little her with legs spread wide around them, filled her with tingles.

What would Antoinette do, in this situation? Were it Jack underneath her, she'd probably show off for him, play with her breasts and stuff. Natasha had basically no breasts to speak of, but that didn't deter Matthew or Arturo's obsession with them. They'd covered her chest in their cum a dozen times. What else would Antoinette do? She'd probably...

Natasha sat up straight, reached up with both hands, and combed her long black hair back behind her with her fingers. She spread her elbows out as she did, emphasizing the shape of her torso, of her small, feminine, dainty frame, her tiny pale breasts and swollen, pink nipples. And she offered the camera a seconds worth of bedroom eyes, before she tilted her head up, and kissed the underside of Arturo's jaw.

Both boys groaned. Arturo's hands squeezed her waist with an almost desperate need, and Matthew rubbed her legs where her thighs were spread around him. As their voices faded, she leaned

forward again, put her hands back on Matt's stomach, and started to slowly, gently, grind her body back and forth.

"Fucking hell," Art said. "I'm dying here, Tash."

She chuckled, but it came out as squeaks. "You? I... I'm b-bursting." One of her hands found her stomach, and she pressed down underneath her navel, where the two men were fighting for room inside her. Leaning forward like this meant the bump along her flat, small stomach, that showed just how much she was bursting, was subtle. But she could feel it, the overwhelming pressure and tightness causing each and every inch she moved to fill her with the sensation of flesh rubbing against flesh. Her little clitoris was practically standing up, but it was her insides that were aching beyond reason, more of her juices trickling out of her as her body demanded more heavenly friction and pressure on her depths. The sensation of pressure on her g-spot through the sheer volume of girth filling her had her struggling to keep her eyes open, and the way the both pressed against her depths, stretching her inward, was making her quiver, and whimper.

And the camera was making it worse! Knowing that a lens was on her, that she was being taped, and soon someone else would be seeing her naked, on display between two beautiful men, was overwhelming her with heat. She moved a little faster, posing as she did; she didn't try to, it just happened. Her small frame, lost between all this muscle and testosterone, must have looked good on camera, right? If it didn't, she could edit it, or delete the video. If it did, she could show it to people, show that she was — despite her tiny size — a woman, with curves and a sexual appetite. She was gorgeous!

Antoinette had, apparently, gotten into her head at some point tonight, and started driving.

She reached behind her, took Arturo's left hand, and guided it up to her neck. The instant he squeezed, a solid and firm grip, every part of her wanted to turn into warm goo and melt all over him. She guided his right hand to hook around her waist in a hug; she was small enough, and him large enough, that he almost could hug her waist with nothing but his fingers. With Matt, she took his hands and guided them up onto her hips, so she was covered in palms and fingers, arms, and muscle mass.

She offered the camera another peek, before she whispered to the men around her. "Ok... f-f-fuck me."

Like well oiled pistons, or perfectly aligned cogs, or... experienced porn stars, the two men started to thrust into her body in rhythm with each other. Instant pleasure started to flow through her, more than she could get by moving on her own. Giving into it, especially after having teased them so,

was euphoric, and she erupted into tiny squeaks and mewls as the friction of flesh on soaking hot flesh filled her.

She wasn't Natasha anymore. She was someone naughty, and salacious, and comfortable with themselves and showing off. She was someone who could do something as insane as make a sex tape, with two boyfriends, and let people see her when she climaxed. It was like wearing beautiful armor, being like this, confident and happy. It made it so easy to get into it, to let the growing heat spread out from her center and into her limbs, until she couldn't help but move with the two men thrusting into her.

She managed another peek at the camera, before her eyes closed. Clenching muscles and a shortening of her breath announced her orgasm, and the two men slowed down as she started to cum. They slowed, but did not stop. The thrust slower, but deeper, making sure to sink both themselves to the hilt, at the same time, insuring she could barely get a breath, as her juices trickled down onto the beast beneath her.

They rolled over, or rather rolled backward. Soon she was on her back on Art's chest, and Matt was leaning over her, fucking her. He brought his chest down over her, squashed her between him and Art, and he took her thighs, bringing them up to her shoulders. Only then did she remember she was wearing pink thigh highs, and she managed a small giggle between her squeaks.

The only thing the camera would be able to see now, were her pink legs bouncing around, sticking out from between two massive bodies, and two enormous shafts, plunging into her again, and again, and again.

Utterly. Carnal. She could edit it out later. Or, more likely, leave it in.

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~~Jack~~

Three Kings Cemetery. It was a beautiful place, and Jack instantly felt comfortable once he stepped through its gates. The Beast in his guts purred, happy to be surrounded by monuments that respected the dead, especially on a cloudy night with a cool breeze like tonight. It felt normal, felt right, to be walking among enormous tombstones with amazing sculptures upon them, angels and knights,



horses and coat of arms, and some reaper-like figures. Some vampires probably lived in cemeteries like this, sleeping in locked mausoleums, and drinking of visitors. He understood.

It was the sort of cemetery that belonged in Paris or London, hundreds of years ago, and it didn't really fit into the modern-rich atmosphere of Dolareido, with its clubs and casinos. But Antoinette and the others had made sure a chunk of South Side was separate from all the money and vices, and Lucas and Maria had made sure to preserve the tradition. It led to things like the Grand Cathedral where Maria slept, and Three Kings Cemetery, where the dead got to indulge in dramatic presentation, and Gothic atmosphere.

The dead, the truly dead, didn't give a shit of course, but the fake dead like Jack couldn't help but be drawn to it. He stood in front of one headstone, with an angel sculpture standing behind it, raised upon a platform, and he smiled as he noticed it was worn with time. The features of the eyes and wings were smoothed out, but the magnificence of it wasn't. Another tombstone had a smaller angel, a baby or cherub or something, floating upon a basket. A child's tombstone.

Graveyards struck the perfect note of sadness and serenity, to soothe any soul, but if he had to guess, vampires probably enjoyed the atmosphere more than anyone else. The only reason Three Kings didn't have Kindred hiding in it right now, was probably because of Maria's nearby presence, or because of the strange shit Jacob did here. Rumor had it the cemetery was haunted, and he was sure that was entirely Jacob. And this far out from South Side central, it was quiet enough that the breeze rustled the leaves of nearby trees, planted in the graveyard. It did feel haunted.

Someone was watching him.

His new strength, powers, abilities, all joined to heighten his senses. It'd be hard for anyone to sneak up on him now. Elders must have walked around like this, like rocket launchers at the ready and held by itchy trigger fingers, knowing full well they could, and should, shoot anything that looked remotely suspicious. It was scary, being this strong now, knowing he could tap into the curse without issue anymore. It was scary, having his Beast whisper to him things he didn't notice before, like the presence of distant kine, the flapping of bird wings, or the fact someone was hidden in their Cloak of Night, and was watching him.

Jack wore his coal suit tonight, with a slick coal business coat. For some reason, he wanted to remind himself that his life didn't have to be about colossal alien entities, ancient curses, and otherworldly realms. He was a vampire first and foremost, and that meant skin, bones, blood, and the hunger for it. He was a walking corpse that looked great in a suit.

He looked over beside him, and the darkness hid his small smile. There was someone over there, a kine, standing at a grave; she wasn't the person who was watching him. Whoever that was remained hidden. The woman, in her forties, was texting on her phone. Attractive, and dressed to please the eye with a coat covered in fluffy white fur, and black high heels visible below.

Jack started toward her, and used a hint of vitae to keep his motions quiet and suppressed. Instinct had kicked in, told him this was a hunt, and he let his instincts guide his actions in a way he never did before. He was over two years embraced now, and hunting prey came easily to him, even without his newly inflated Beast steering him. Walking up to a stranger and initiating conversation would have been a daunting prospect in the past, and it still wasn't a fun time for him, but he could get over that hurdle without too much trouble now.

The woman only noticed him once he was beside her, and she jumped away from him with a startle. Her phone fell, and Jack snatched it out of the air before it landed.

"Oh! Oh Jesus Christ, fuck me, I... hello," she said. This close, the darkness peeled away to reveal her long, flowing dark hair, and her dark skin. She reminded him of Athalia, though without the height. "You saved my phone!"

"I shouldn't have startled you," he said softly as he handed it back to her. No need to talk in hushed tones, but it added to the atmosphere of the moment. It was a graveyard, after all. If he'd been doing this in a library, he'd have done the same thing. No reason to disturb the ghosts.

"No no, it's fine. Surprised to see anyone else out at this hour, in a graveyard."

He struggled to not grin at that. "Me too." A glance down at the tombstone showed a man's name, Harry, someone who died a few years ago. "May I ask who this is?"

"My husband."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Much as he hated this small talk, it was a skill, and a valuable one. Chewing-the-cud dialogue was as painful as taking a cheese grater to his testicles, which was a big reason he avoided chitchatting with strangers. But in a graveyard, the talk was likely to have a little more depth, or at least, not hop subjects every fifteen seconds.

"It's fine. He was an asshole. Cheated on me." Well, that was blunt of her. Her eyes hardened as she looked at the tombstone, and she sent another quick text off. "He doesn't deserve to be buried here, honestly. Three Kings is too good for him."

"Why is he?"

“His parents are rich.”

“Yep, that’ll do it in Dolareido.” Where the money runs like blood.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I’m Felicia. And I really shouldn’t be telling this stuff to a stranger.”

“Talking to a stranger can be freeing. And I’m John.” John Smith, naturally. “Hit me.”

“Hit you?”

“With more about”—he glanced down at the tombstone again—“Harry. Or rather, why you’re here visiting him.”

“Heh.” She shrugged and shook her head. “I’m here because I’m dumb. We were in the middle of a divorce when he died. I guess it’s just left me... left the situation unresolved.”

“I’m guessing there were good times, along with the bad, if you still visit his grave.”

“Of course. I married the fucker, after all.”

“It’s good to have some good memories of the people we lose. They have a habit of sticking around for a long time.”

*Why all this small talk? Just take her, drain her, and leave the corpse on her husband’s grave. Perfectly poetic.*

Fuck you, I’m not killing her. Kindred in Dolareido don’t kill without reason.

*Kindred kill. Kindred are predators. And you even have the Prince’s permission to kill, as long as you don’t violate the Masquerade. Go nuts. Kill her.*

No! Fuck off and shut up.

“You ok?”

“What?” He raised his head. He must have lowered it at some point without noticing, probably to hide the expressions on his face; they couldn’t have been pleasant ones. “Y-Yeah, fine. Just thinking about... an ex-girlfriend. She’s not dead, but we were together a long time, and I don’t know if I’d be doing what you’re doing, if she died.” God damn, lying was easy once you gave yourself over to it. “Needless to say, it did not end well.”

“Ouch. I’m sure you’d feel differently if it happened, though. I mean, at the time I wanted to kill Harry, but now... seems... like a waste.” She took a peek at him a few times as she sent off another text, noticing his nice coat and suit. Confidence plus suit plus politeness equals easy hunt.

*Maybe turn her, then? You have no thralls or ghouls. A lovely lady like her would be a valuable set of eyes and ears.*

I have Scully and Mulder for that.

*Then fuck her. Turn her into a ghoul, and make her your personal hole to fuck.*

The fuck do you care for sex? If you're... a voice for the Kindred half of me, or whatever, the fuck does sex mean to you?

*Drink her during sex, Kiss her. Make her your own.*

I have a lover, the love of my life. Idiot.

*She has ghouls, so can you. Grow your army. Start with her. You can drink her and fuck her, and invite that so called Prince.*

Jack shook out his head again, but when Felicia caught it, he made sure to catch her eyes. She was intrigued by him, the small guy who showed up out of nowhere, in a graveyard, to talk with her. It wouldn't be hard to turn her into a thrall or ghoul really; a single command and she'd drink his blood. A taste or three, and she'd be a thrall, devoted to him. If he put his will and vitae into it, she'd become a ghoul, devoted to him all the same, and immortal, as long as he kept feeding her the will-infused blood every month.

And she was attractive. Age treated her well; or botox, he wasn't sure. Cosmetic surgery was the norm in Dolareido, with fake breasts and fake butts, worn by fake personalities. That didn't mean Felicia was like that, but considering her fancy coat and heels, in a graveyard no less, she lived the high life. He wouldn't have been surprised if she was one of the couples he noticed fucking on their balconies, doing lines and showing off jewelry naked.

No. Making a thrall was something to be calculated, with an eye for the effects, short and longterm. Would she be valuable? How many secrets could he trust her with? Hell, just telling her he was a vampire was a huge danger, to him and his kin. A ghoul was more reliable, someone that could heal from grave injuries, exercise great strength, and supposedly, even perform some Kindred feats, if they were old and strong enough. To create a ghoul was a major investment, and he wasn't about to do that to a random woman.

The only reason he was even thinking the thoughts, was because he could feel his Kindred instincts kick in in self defense. His sire was dead, and that truth weighed on him until it fucking hurt, until it was breaking his back and pinning him to the ground. He had to be more paranoid, more careful, not let the curse make him do anything stupid, but also plan for the future better than he had been.

Kindred caution was telling him that, if he wanted to outlive his sire and grandsire, he had to be better, and build an army.

Julias didn't die because he made a mistake, Jack. He died because you did. The only mistake he made was helping you.

Jack pushed the thoughts away, smiled at Felicia, and reached across the empty space between their eyes with his thoughts. Vitae, the energy in his blood, let him bridge that gap. It was magic, an ancient, disturbing, twisted, dark magic. Blood magic, he supposed. He hadn't thought of it that way before, when he'd first become a vampire. It wasn't magic to him, just an extension of his abilities, same as he had when he was kine. Now, after seeing werewolves, monsters from a literal nightmare realm, rats summoned en masse by Viktor's hand, after seeing Lucas summon a bolt of lightning, and so many other things, magic was the only word he could think to use.

Fucked up, horrible, powerful magic.

Felicia's mouth parted slightly, and her arms hung limp at her sides. The resistance she provided him was beyond small, so small it was like stepping on an ant. Is this what it felt like to be an elder? Using Dominate felt ten times easier now, and apparently, he'd been a natural at it from the start. He could break this woman's mind and turn her into a vegetable, with the smallest modicum of effort. The giant creature in his guts, inflated by the curse he never wanted, was giving him the power to use fully automatic rifles, when he'd only just got comfortable with BB guns.

With great power comes great responsibility, so he'd heard. All he wanted to do with it was get revenge, and then seal it away. Not exactly a superhero, was he?

"Come here," he said, barely more than a whisper. She complied without hesitation, her face blank, and her mind as well. "Come closer. I will drink of you, Felicia." He almost added what would have inevitably been a horrible attempt at the classic Dracula accent.

She succumbed. He breathed in the smell of his meal, her perfume, her flesh, and he gently sank his fangs into her neck as he did. His hands took her in an embrace, and he growled quietly against her skin as he let the thick, warm, divine liquid pour over his tongue. Delicious. It didn't taste like metal, not really, not like a kine would have tasted. To him, it tasted amazing in a way he couldn't put to words. Fulfilling, warm, sweet. Maybe like hot chocolate, but thicker, and the more he drank down, the better he felt, like an energy drink. No, food descriptions didn't work. Kine blood was too amazing, too addicting. He gave up thinking about defining it, and just reveled in the moment of a successful hunt.

Felicia moaned, but he didn't drag the Kiss on. He drank quickly, sucking the blood out of her instead of letting it flow into his mouth slowly. If he was going to turn this into a sexual affair, slow was better, but he'd never do that; not without Antoinette present to enjoy it with him, at least. Done quickly, the Kiss was plenty enjoyable, but Felicia was borderline comatose before she could truly enjoy it. She went limp in his arms, and he gently lowered her down onto the tombstone as her energy vanished. A couple of licks onto the puncture marks in her neck, and they sealed, hiding the evidence of his hunt.

No gods, no alien creatures, no nightmare monsters, no spirits or ghosts or goblins. Just a vampire, having a meal in a cemetery. Long ago, he was terrified of this. Now, it was a moment's reprieve before he was thrust into the insanity awaiting him.

"I can remember," a woman's voice said from the dark, "when you had trouble doing this sort of shit."

He wiped a thumb along his lips, put his hands in his pockets, and looked to the source of the sound. Beatrice was standing beside a sculpture, a huge one, an angel with sword in hand, and she managed a small wave for him as she caught his eyes. She must have been the one hiding with the Cloak of Night, and revealed herself when he was done. The presence of a hiding vampire, one as old and strong as a vampire like her, was something the old him would not have been able to detect. Not true anymore.

"I had people like you to help me," he said. He walked up to her, and managed a small smile once they were a couple feet apart. "Taught me how to hunt, right?"

"How to hunt in alleys and shit, yeah. I didn't teach you how to flirt with strangers."

"That wasn't flirting!"

"Any woman her age who gets approached by a young guy in a great suit, who's making flawless chit chat, is going to assume you're flirting, at least a little. But hey, she looked interested."

He frowned at that, looking down as he held his chin between his fingers. "You're right, I guess. Antoinette has taught me a lot about talking, how to be suave and stuff. And... Julias did too."

If she was going to flinch, she hid it well. "I'm sure he did. Fucker was a smooth talker." Her smile grew, and Jack matched it. It was a fun memory, thinking of Julias and how frustratingly smooth he could be, when he wanted to. The good memories always last. "You really want to wear that?"

"I... Shit, is it going to get messy?" He looked down at his nice clothes, frowning all the more.

“Probably.”

“Well, I mean I’d prefer to keep it from a blood soaking, but if it gets ruined, I guess I’ll just replace them.”

“You Invictus fuckers just love to waste money.”

He shrugged, and adjusted the shoulders of the jacket in a very ‘look at me I’m gorgeous’ fashion. “True dat.” Distant noises called his attention, stone shifting on stone, and he looked to the mausoleums in the back of the graveyard. “Jennifer?”

“Good ears.”

“Yeah. This curse comes with benefits.”

She nodded, snake eyes looking down as she ran the toe of a boot back and forth along the path beneath them. “Good. And... how’s your stomach?”

“My stomach?”

“Going to ask you to do something pretty... fucking horrible, honestly.”

He closed his eyes, took a deep, useless breath, and nodded. “What is it?”

“We have seven sacrifices waiting downstairs, alive but unconscious.”

“Jesus...”

“Jacob’s down there, preparing, but he doesn’t think it’ll be enough.”

“Enough for what? How’s this going to work? I don’t even know what we’re doing.” And if seven sacrifices wasn’t enough to fuel this ritual, holy fucking shit, how deep did this rabbit hole go?

“Crúac is... weird. It’s fickle, and it can be random. We’re trying to track down the hunters, right? Jacob knows rituals that can track people down, so do I, but we’re trying to catch a target hiding inside a weird flesh chamber. It’s... it’s difficult. It’s like we’re digging for items in the sand, except there’s other items in the sand, and some of them are sharp.”

He raised a brow. “That sounds difficult. But, I’m not sure what I can do.”

“We need a new ritual.”

“Sounds tough to do.”

“More than tough, impossible, without a... a... sign, I guess.”

“Sign?” He glanced back at the unconscious woman he left, hopefully fine until she recovered in four or eight hours. It was damn unlikely for thieves or whatnot to come visiting Three Kings Cemetery, not after the last time, when a few of them disappeared. Probably sacrifices for Jacob’s disturbing hobbies.

“What we’re doing tonight isn’t a Crúac ritual, not really. It’s an... offering, to the Crone. For guidance.”

“Guidance...” He winced, and when he met her eyes, she winced. She knew what it sounded like, then. “You believe there’s a Crone... thing, out there, listening to your prayers?”

“I didn’t, when I first joined the Circle. But after all the shit we’ve seen, Jack, how can you not think there’s something out there, things, listening to us? Big things, godly things, things that look at human existence like flies buzzing around a rotting corpse, and vampires are the cockroaches.”

He couldn’t help but smile at that, and her nasty but effective metaphor. “At least you have a humble view of yourself. Does Jacob share the same view?”

“He does. Hell, much as he likes to act big and tough, I’ve seen him pay more respect to this mythical entity he’s never seen more than I have.”

That was a plus in Jacob’s favor. If he didn’t consider himself to be an important figure in the grand plan — or whatever — of his Crone’s existence and intentions, then it was less likely Jacob was just manipulating Beatrice in a pyramid scheme.

“... I miss the old days,” he said, “when all I had to worry about was working up the courage to talk to strangers.” With a gesture to the unconscious kine behind him, he started pacing, hands in his pockets and head looking down. “Now we’re worrying about hidden gods and scheming devils. Now we’re worrying about alternate fucking dimensions, monsters from literal nightmares, and psychopaths with flesh magic.”

“You’re telling me. Fuck, what I’d give to just curl back up in J... Julias’s bed, and... yeah.”

Her eyes fell, avoiding his gaze. If he’d looked at her with sympathy, with any empathy, she’d probably have burst into tears, and left. It was something they had in common, that they didn’t want sympathy, even if it would have been good for them. Nope, fuck that, just power through their misery, even if they broke their nose and bones on every wall in the way.

“So, I’m here. What do you need me to do?”



“Right, right.” She took a breath, licked her crocodile teeth with her long tongue, and looked up at the cloudy sky. “Jacob’s been talking with Black Blood, and they both think we need more... sacrifices.”

“More?”

“More. We’re trying to summon something’s attention. We think last time, we managed to get somewhere, and this time we have seven sacrifices like I said. But it’s not like we can just linearly scale up how many we sacrifice until the Crone, or whatever’s out there, responds. We’ll run out of people eventually, or the Prince will interfere, or—”

“So you want to sacrifice a lot more people, to make sure this is the one time you need to do it. Prudent, if you were running a business. Psychotic, if you’re, oh I don’t know, killing people.”

Her snake eyes cut into him hard, and she came closer to him as she ground her teeth together. It made her crocodile teeth click as they shifted grooves along each other.

“Dolareido has plenty of people the world won’t mind disappearing.”

“Not so many that you can just wipe out dozens of people. And besides, they’re still people. You’re really ok with slaughtering humans like this?”

In the past, he’d have been afraid. Beatrice was a strong Nosferatu, strong for her age too, a Kindred who’d exercised her powers far more regularly than her fellow Carthians. Jacob recruited her for a reason. Once she was old enough, the whole city would fear her as one of the most powerful elders to ever emerge from its streets. She was strong, good with the Cloak of Night, and he knew she could bestow nightmares if forced, the unique ability of Nosferatu.

But now it was different. He wasn’t afraid of her, she was afraid of him, and she was acting aggressive because of it. He didn’t want to fight her, and the only thing he was afraid of was accidentally hurting her if it came to that.

“It has to be done!” she said.

He winced, looked down, and gulped. Lot of wincing tonight, and he doubted it’d stop any time soon. “You’ve killed people, Triss, on hunts and stuff. I’ve never killed anyone outside of a battle, you know?” When he raised his eyes back to her, she’d taken a step back, and she looked shocked. “I still think about Mrs. Pavala sometimes, and the interviews I saw on TV with her family.”

“That... that’s different! She was an innocent, and it wasn’t your fault. We’re only sacrificing scumbags.”

That earned a frown from him. “We’re flirting with a line, Triss. I’m terrified of crossing it.”

“The fuck? I thought you were willing to do anything to kill Angela.”

“Anything except sell my soul down the river.”

“... are you going to help or not?”

He sighed, dug up a small smile from somewhere, and nodded. “Yes, I’ll help.”

Kindred only kill kine when they need to. This was one of those times.

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Predictably, they went to Devil’s Corner, not too far off from the brothels Vicky and Parker ran. Jacob had his fingers in this district, and probably had thralls and ghouls no one knew about, running side businesses and keeping their eyes open. The more he dealt with shit like this, the more he didn’t blame the elders for rarely sticking their necks out. One wrong move and an elder could find themselves in the middle of an explosion a rival set up in a random building years before. Boom, gone, no more rival.

He struggled to think Jacob would actually kill Antoinette, but he had to swallow the painful truth that Jacob might, if he could without risk of retaliation. And he definitely would kill any of the other elders if given the chance. They’d probably kill him, too. What about Garry though? He had some sort of relationship with Jacob, but he didn’t know the details of it, if it extended to friendship or purely business.

He laughed and rolled his eyes. Kindred instincts were kicking in, warning him of the Danse Macabre, and that he should start playing it. He should be creating thralls no one knew about, setting up spies, surveillance, maybe connecting with some animals. He’d never given Scully or Mulder his blood, but it was a thing he could do, to turn them into devoted servants. The idea irked him, but another part of him said it was just the way the game was played. Animals, kine, they were like money and property, tools to be used to extend his life as long as possible, so the Kindred believed. Ugh.

A glance upward spotted Scully and Mulder, flying from rooftop to rooftop, power line to streetlight. He didn’t know if Triss noticed them, but he wouldn’t have been surprised if she had. She wasn’t a Mekhet, but she was still surprisingly talented for her age, more than she probably realized.

“I’m surprised Jacob isn’t doing this himself,” he said to Triss as they walked the sidewalk. She had them wrapped in her Cloak of Night, or rather its gentler cousin Face in the Crowd, which let kine see them without actually noticing them. It meant they could walk through the street crowds of Devil’s Corner without issue, no one noticing her face, or his suit.

“I guess he’d have a harder time doing this than you. And it’s probably a test of your commitment.”

“Mmm, love all this cult talk.”

“Jack, it’s not a cult. You know what’s going on.”

He shook his head and frowned at her. “I don’t know what’s going on, and neither do you. You can’t honestly believe Jacob or Black Blood are telling you everything.”

“They’re... telling me more than I bargained for.”

That caused him to raise a brow, especially as she avoided eye contact. He almost followed up with more questions, but her eyes had grown cold, glaring, staring ahead, and he pulled back. No need to be aggressive with her, it wasn’t like he was in a position to judge.

“Any ideas where we can pick up people we don’t mind killing?”

“Jacob says there’s a new fucker pushing in on Devil’s Corner, some human with delusions of grandeur, setting up trafficking rings. Innocent people are getting hurt. You know the deal.”

“I guess, yeah.” He didn’t always know the deal. Once upon a time, the idea that humans were capable of killing each other over drugs, or territory, or prostitutes, was alien to him. And his parents thought the city was a safe place to live, according to the statistics. It was, but not nearly as safe as he thought, when he was still alive. Disappearances happened all the time in Dolareido, and the Invictus or the Prince covered it up when it suited their purposes.

“Think you can handle Dominating that many?”

“How many is that many?”

“Probably four of five.”

He shrugged and nodded. “Easily.”

That earned a raised brow from her. “Really?”

“Even without the curse, I’m sure I could convince a few kine to follow us without issue. Maybe not to their deaths, but we could just lie until we knocked them out. Now though? No problem.”

Again, she looked surprised, and her eyes flicked from him to the sidewalk and people ahead of her. “That’s damn impressive for someone your age.”

“I... had a great teacher.” He didn’t stop to catch her reaction. Better to talk about Julias and move on, not let it weigh them down. “And it was a natural talent, same as my sire and his sire, and I presume his sire and her sire.”

“Still can’t believe you actually got to see a vision of Viktor’s sire, and her sire. What’d they look like?”

“Beautiful women, honestly. Susanna, the... source of the curse, she was short, slim, long dark hair. Beautiful, in a petite, and maybe a little psycho kinda way. And she sired her childe in the middle of a threesome. Her childe was taller, blonde, very curvy and busty with a slim waist. Definitely got some Jessica Rabbit vibes from her. I... I saw her siring Viktor, and she was having sex with him against a wall in what I can only assume was a street in 1600s, England.”

That made her laugh, and Jack blinked at her as he waited for her to regain her composure.

“Sex is in your veins.”

“I guess it is.”

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Finding the people was easy enough. Four tough guys and one punk girl, wearing clothes that were stereotypical. He hated that it was a stereotype, how it gave perfectly nice people a bad image, but there was no denying the baggy clothes and tattoos were common among the worst Devil’s Corner had to offer.

But, that wasn’t a fair analysis. In his world, the biggest scum, the dirtiest fucks, the most horrible people that deserved slow, painful deaths, were often the most well dressed. They enunciated and spoke eloquently. They hosted wine tastings, art showings, and hedged stocks. They wore suits and dresses worth the same as a car, and they were very, very good at hiding how fucking horrible they were.

He was usually surrounded by suits. Being down in the dirt, behind buildings, in dark alleys, and under the homes of pimps, was a change of pace for him. Carthians dealt with this particular half of humans usually, and would be better at recognizing the signs, at knowing which kine were dangerous and which were up to no good. All he had to go on was whatever Beatrice told him.

“I’m looking for Clarence,” Triss said.

“You found him.” One of the kine stood up, and the rest of the group followed, each reaching behind their back, but leaving their hands hooked behind and out of sight. Hands on their pistols, no doubt.

Jack took a step forward, made eye contact with each of them, and sighed. “Leave your weapons behind, don’t say a word, and come with me.”

The more complicated the instruction, the more difficult it was to get across. Three commands was tough, but doable. Doing it to five kine at once was very tough for any neonate Ventrue, especially one as young as him. His natural talent, and his powerful bloodline helped, but it was the curse that made it easy. Their minds broke like twigs. Not a hint of resistance. He had to pull back, yank on the reins of the force that flowed out of him and crashed into their minds, or he’d have damaged them. They were open to him, and he could turn them into his puppets with ease. He could rewrite their memories until they were empty pawns.

They set their pistols down, and walked up to him, eyes void of anything.

“You... you hit them hard,” Beatrice said.

“Yeah, too hard. I’m still trying to get used to this.”

“I didn’t realize you could just use this curse thing on command, so easily.”

“I couldn’t before, and I wish I couldn’t now. But, it’s like someone took my toy gun and gave me a rocket launcher, and didn’t bother to teach me how to use it.”

“That sounds dangerous.”

“Yeap. I’m a menace to everyone around me.”

They both laughed. It was good to laugh, like laughing at death. Helped alleviate the cruel, cold truth of reality that he was walking out from behind a building with a bunch of kine that were going to be dead before the night was over.

“Before you say it,” Triss said, “yes, I do wonder what Julias would say right now. I’m guessing he’d be pretty upset we’re doing this.”

Ouch. Jack looked back at the criminals, and checked for a reaction. Normally he’d have to be careful to not let them know what he was doing, if he was going to make them do something they didn’t want to do. If a kine realized the orders they were following were dangerous, or suicidal, they’d try and fight to escape his control. This wasn’t that. This was full on hypnosis with layers of memory wiping.

He had damaged these kine. If they managed to get free somehow, he doubted they'd get full function of their minds back for days.

Christ, in the past using Dominate was like trying to smash through drywall. Sure it was tough, but certainly not impossible. Breaking these kine had been like trying to smash through a glass wall, with a tank. It'd been a struggle to stop his forward momentum, and not accidentally topple the whole house.

He waited a minute before nodding. "Yeah, he would be upset. Julias loved the kine."

"Yeah, fucker did, just like Superman." Her voice choked for a second, and she looked away as she took a deep breath. "He was envious of them, of how they enjoyed life in the moment, you know?"

"Yeah, I know."

"And here we are, performing rituals to dark gods so we can win a war for our survival, and revenge. And after that, we'll be continuing our stupid games with the covenants, and other shit. It's comical."

"Yeah, it is." He looked back at the group following him again. Triss had extended her Cloak of Night enough to hit all of them, since its weaker form Face in the Crowd was easy to use. Anyone watching would have seen them and their strange group, but no one would care.

"How's Sándor?" she said.

"Still a vegetable. I think I could break into his mind, but it'd be like building up pressure on a dam to break it."

"It'd... break everything behind it once the dam went down."

"Yeap," he said. "No one has any ideas of how to get the seal off him. Best I can figure is we kill Elen."

Triss shook her head. "We want to capture her. If we kill her, it might not break the seal. If we capture her, maybe we can force her to remove it."

"Or better yet, maybe if we capture the flesh mage, we can have her do all sorts of crazy shit for us." He made sure the sarcasm was dripping.

"You know everyone wants her. Jacob isn't alone in that. Your bosses want her, and so does your girlfriend."

“Yeah, I know. But I’ve already fucked up twice with these hunters. I’m not going to make a mistake and let them escape again, because our bosses are elders and obsessed with getting their hands on every angle of power they can.” He glared at her, squinting until she was forced to look away. “We’ll capture her if we can, Triss, but if you had to pick between that, or killing Angela, which would you take?”

“Not even a fucking question... unless...”

“Unless?”

Triss rubbed the back of her neck. Something was bothering her, for sure. It squirmed out of her, making her fidget until she broke.

“Jacob and I have been talking... about... resurrection.”

Full stop. Jack blinked at her, several times, before looking back to the group following him. “Forget this conversation ever happened.” They nodded in unison, his faithful zombies, and Jack looked back to his friend with wide eyes. “You can’t be serious.”

“We don’t need Elen, but I’ve seen the sort of shit she can do, in that weird flesh chamber. It... it’s... possible, that maybe she could do something. Maybe she could help us revive people? Julias, Mary, and I’m sure the others would—”

“Don’t.”

“What?”

“Don’t. Just don’t. There’s no reviving the dead, Beatrice. We can’t get them back. Christ, how many movies, how many stories, how many fucking comic books do we have now showing how bad an idea that is?” He turned and pointed at his zombies. “Any of you got a car?”

“Yeah,” the woman said.

“Take us to it.”

She nodded, stepped up, and guided them down a different street.

“The fuck we need a car for?” Triss said. “Let’s just carry them and run to Three Kings.”

“Easy for you to say. Even with this curse, I’m still short and light. Physics are a thing. And don’t change the subject! You can’t honestly expect this resurrection idea is possible. We have some of the oldest, strongest vampires in this city, and two of them have been fucking with shit well beyond our understanding for centuries. If it could be done—”

“It can be done! It can, it fucking can. It can it can it...” She came in closer to him, shoulder to shoulder. If she’d wanted to, she was close enough to hit him, and she sounded like she wanted to, but she sighed and just shook her head. “It is possible, but doing it is insanely hard. It’s just not feasible unless you’re ready to cause a biblical catastrophe.”

Wait, what? He put every shred of control he had into his poker face, and kept his eyes ahead of him as he walked. “Biblical catastrophe?”

“I’m trusting you with a huge secret, Jack. Swear you’ll keep the... the little I tell you, to yourself.”

Good fucking god. This was not good, not good at all, but he needed to know. He ground his teeth until he felt his jaw bone threaten to crack.

“I swear.” Fuck. Fuck fuck. He meant it when he made an oath, and she knew it too. Fuck.

“Jacob knows a way to at least attempt resurrection, but he hasn’t tried it, because it’d pile the bodies to the sky. Fucked up as he is, he won’t try that.”

Jack looked to Triss, and he knew he wore shock on his face. She’d think he was shocked that Jacob had actually learned of a way to resurrect someone. He was shocked because holy fucking shit that fit so damn well into Azamel’s warning that it made him want to scream. No. No no no, oh fucking god no.

“You’re... sure he wouldn’t try it?”

“Pretty damn sure, Jack. Jacob’s a twisted bastard but he loves this city. There’s a reason he calls it his, instead of Antoinette’s.”

That was true. Jacob did love the city, in his own strange way, in an Erik and Christine sort of way; Dolareido being Christine in that fucked up relationship. And Minerva died a long time ago. If Jacob was willing to destroy the city in order to revive Minerva, he’d have done so already. Right? On top of that, Dolareido was his source of food and shelter. Kindred spent centuries setting up their nests to be safe and sustainable. It made no sense for Jacob to ruin that.

But, what about Maria? Her lover had only recently died, and more than few things pointed to her being up to something. If Jacob knew how to resurrect someone, and wasn’t willing to do it, was Maria?

*Kine are sheep, Jack. Any elder will gladly sacrifice tens of thousands of them to bring back a loved one.*

There are millions of people in Dolareido!



*The number is meaningless. Susanna piled the bodies high, because kine are nothing more than bags of blood that inconveniently move around.*

Jack squeezed his eyes tight, and forced the voice away. “You trust Jacob?”

“I... I do, more than I should, but I do.”

“Alright then. When it comes to Jacob, I’ll trust you, Triss. If you tell me I don’t have to worry that he’s going to do something insane, I’ll take your word for it. But promise you’ll tell me if that ever changes.”

“Promise.”