

~~Antoinette~~

Three months later.

She stared down at the corpse, and sighed. Sigh turned to frown. Frown turned into snarl. In her youth, she would have likely elevated to outright rage, and destroyed all in her vicinity. But she had long learned to control her anger, and she quelled it now as she stood, confused and frustrated.

Blood seeped out over the lines of the ritual circle, over the dark tile, and around her feet. She stepped about it effortlessly as she motioned to Daniel.

“It does not come.”

“No,” her sheriff said, “it does not.”

“We did the ritual correctly.”

“If the book is to be believed.”

She snatched the book off the nearby table. Deep in the tower’s basement’s basement, she was free to explore the darkest, most sinister, vile experiments, free of watching eyes or worry of contamination. Down, deep in the earth, surrounded by metal and stone, only she, her sheriff, and her tools existed.

The summoning circle was the same as it was before, though all electricity had been disabled. Only candles would do for this ritual. And the corpse, a woman, a murderer, was not old. The younger the sacrifice, the stronger the resonance.

Antoinette was not happy to kill someone so young, but dealing with Black Blood was too important. Dolareido was built with such options in mind, that it would have an underbelly where black hearts could enact their desires, only for Kindred to capitalize and use such kine for whatever purpose they wished. The city was a utopia for paranormals, not for kine. But she tried. She had found a balance, after all. There was less crime in Dolareido compared to similar cities, and what crime was committed was often untraceable, allowing Kindred to make problematic kine simply disappear without drawing the attention of the media.

But she did not enjoy using such a tool. Several criminals still sat within her cells, and she did not enjoy their presence. And killing them was never a joyful act. Worse was killing a young woman, a troubled girl who had killed her ex boyfriend and his new girlfriend in a fit of rage and madness. A crime of passion, and Antoinette did not enjoy being the judge, jury, and executioner for the woman.

But a body was needed. Black Blood was summoned by death, by decay, by corpses and blood and lifeless mounds of flesh. She could not contact the spirit without it. And yet, even as the girl died in the circle, spared the horror of death as she had been unconscious for it, there was nothing. The dark mist and oozing black blood, it did not appear. Antoinette and Daniel were left standing in candle light, in deathly quiet, with only the spreading blood of the corpse to remind them they were not frozen in time.

With a heavier sigh, Antoinette flipped through the pages of the tome. A terribly old book, she had had to encase each and every page in protective plastic, lest a gentle breeze destroy the parchment. And the cover, a leather of some kind, was encased in the clear plastic as well. Laminating or varnishing had been options, but she worried it would damage the rituals themselves, to permanently alter the book that held them.

A dragon was no dragon if they did not attempt to eliminate unknown factors from their experiments.

Alas, the experiment was for naught.

“Do you want to summon it normally?” Daniel asked.

She shook her head. “I summon it to attempt to bind it. I do not desire another pointless conversation. The damn monster made it perfectly clear last time we spoke, it will not parlay with me. And... I do not wish to kill another soul this night.”

“Then I’ll call the clean up crew.”

She nodded. They could not let the thralls see the ritual circle, however, thus Daniel and Antoinette took steps to alter and damage the ritual. Once the site was sufficiently ruined, they left, and several thralls stepped past them into the room, armed with an assortment of cleaning tools.

No one was allowed to see the rituals she cast, save for Daniel. Not Natasha, not Elaine, not Samantha, and not her thralls or ghouls. These rituals were beyond dangerous, and only Elaine and Daniel could be trusted to have the mental fortitude to defend themselves from the prying minds of other Kindred. She did not share with Elaine for a different reason. It was best to keep her old friend out of this business with Black Blood and the tears, though as the months went on, that might change.

Daniel and Antoinette stepped into her main experiments room, where the resonance machine could summon spirits by amplifying the resonance of objects. No one sat within, so Antoinette sat with Daniel, and noted down her results, or lack thereof.

“I had meant to ask of Beatrice,” Antoinette said. “How goes her own experiments?”

Daniel sighed, but did not sit with her. He closed the metal door, locking them within the large room of black marble, the hanging chandelier and its blue light, and the nearby ritual circle of mathematical precision that decorated the floor.

“No sign of Julias.”

“Naturally. I am sure she and the flesh witch have finished preparing his body, but to pluck his soul from the afterlife? Every dragon in the world would beg to learn how she managed to accomplish such a feat.”

“And... a few women kine have gone missing. Some of them young.”

Antoinette sighed as she leaned back, and met her old friend’s gaze.

“What do you think will happen?”

“I think Mary is dead, and Samantha is going to... learn the hard way, that death is permanent.”

Permanent. So they assumed. Bold words for half-dead bloodsucking monsters of myth.

“Keep an eye and ear open for whatever catastrophe Samantha may unleash,” Antoinette said. “I will let her make these mistakes, but I will not allow them to break the Masquerade, or risk her life. Protect her from whatever creation or mayhem she may cause.”

Daniel nodded.

~~~~~  
~~~~~

~~Jack~~

The Carthians stared at him, some of them dropping their jaws. That was fine. A little shock and awe, and fear, would make negotiations go better, hopefully. Julias taught him how to negotiate, and his sire knew the value in using both good cop and bad cop techniques.

So let them think he was the bad cop for a moment.

He held the pub door open long enough for Scully and Mulder to swoop in, and the two birds circled over the heads of the dozen Kindred waiting inside, before they landed on his shoulders. One still had a broken neck, the other a broken wing. It only made the Kindred in the bar more nervous as they looked between Jack and his two friends.

Jack would have scratched and pet both crows normally, but it didn't fit the image. Right now, he was Jack, childe of Julias Mire, Right Hand of the Invictus, Jack the Cursed, Jack the Ripper, or as he sometimes heard down the grapevine, That Annoying Little Asshole. Whatever, as long as they listened, he didn't care. And with the hilariously expensive black suit jacket and vest, the red shirt underneath, a black tie with a hint of a flowing pattern of blood red lines, and the two crows on his shoulders, he looked like a mob boss, or the devil's assistant, or Viktor's grandchilde. They knew him by that title, too, and it was a valuable negotiation tool.

There weren't any kine in the bar, except for the ghoul bartender, and a few thralls and ghouls at nearby tables. The thralls and ghouls were particularly terrified of Jack at this point. He hated that. At least with the Kindred the fear was mixed with some predatory instincts. With the kine, they were straight up scared of him. If he grabbed one and threatened them, they'd freeze up. Viktor would probably have loved that.

Jack looked between the bar-goers without a pulse. Steve, Bella, Kass, and Garner were in the bar, Garry's four ancilla. He had others, but these were the four Garry used when things got physical. They were also the four ancilla Jack had thoroughly thrashed after killing Joe. Cory wasn't around. Good. He was still pretty young, and Jack didn't want to look that dude in the eyes, not after ripping a hole in his guts.

It was a typical bar, homely, with pictures of friends on the walls, and not all of them flattering. People knew each other's names here. He had to give that to the Carthians, they were better at fostering connections.

Lots of wood stools around dingy tables. Always stools, or chairs with short backs. Made it easier for people to socialize with each other, to quickly turn around and engage in new conversations. That was the point of bars, for people to drown in meaningless rapidfire conversation, something Jack doubted he'd ever be able to enjoy.

Jack walked up to the four ancilla. They sat at a table near the center of the room, and Jack grabbed a nearby chair from another table as he approached. He slid in close enough, sat down a foot back from the table, and leaned back as he looked between the four vampires. The whole room had gone deadly silent, everyone staring and watching, and more than a few Kindred put their hands closer to their nearby jackets hanging off chair and booth backs. Knives, guns, all of it hidden, all ready to come out if Jack got aggressive.

"I'm not here to follow up on my promise," Jack said. "I'm not going to kill anyone. I don't plan to, ever."

Bella snarled at him. Tan skin, a bit tall, with curly long black hair. And most importantly, Gangrel.

“You were pretty adamant you were going to kill us.”

“The curse gets vocal. Sorry about that.”

“More than vocal.” Steve leaned forward, put his elbows on the table, and glared at Jack. “Gonna apologize about Joe?”

“No.”

Bella’s stare lit up like he’d thrown gasoline on a fire.

“You killed our friend.”

“Joe came at me and mine with fire. Bruce is dead because of him. And from what I can tell, that attack wasn’t something Garry told you to do, was it?”

The four of them looked between each other, angry, and wearing their thoughts on their sleeves. No, the attack hadn’t been Garry’s order.

“Joe had a good point,” Bella said.

Jack shook his head. “I don’t care how much Joe hated Viktor.”

“You might, if you knew what Viktor had done to him.”

Yeah, maybe he would.

No, he would not pick up pain that belonged to someone else. Enough of that shit. Whatever issue Joe had with Viktor, it wasn’t on Jack’s shoulders.

“No, I wouldn’t. I’m not Viktor. I did everything I could to stop Carthians and Invictus from killing each other. And I’m here for one reason only.” He leaned in closer, and the four ancilla stared at him like he was ready to flip the table and start a brawl. “To tell you I’m not going to kill you. I’m going to make every effort I can to make sure the curse doesn’t kill you. Okay?”

Slowly, the four ancilla sat up straight and traded glances. He knew those glances, the kind that said a hundred things, but outside observers wouldn’t understand any of them.

“And Carter and Sheela?” Bella asked.

“Donny and Carlyle died in that fire, too. Our bosses agreed there’d be no repercussions. We were all idiots.” Some idiots greater than others. Thankfully, that hadn’t included Jack this time. “Be happy I’m not seeking revenge for Bruce. It wasn’t just Joe who killed him. You were all involved, and we

were the defenders in that fight. So I say again, I'm making a promise to not deliver on the curse's threat. But that's with the stipulation you pull your heads out of your arrogant asses and accept how much you fucked up that night. Do we understand each other?"

He glared at each ancilla, and Mulder and Scully both crowed once, announcing Jack controlled the conversation. He did control it. It was for everyone's benefit, because if it wasn't for him forcing these idiots to see reason, there was a good chance they'd stir up trouble in the future. If he had to force peace down their throats, he would.

It was times like these he realized how easy it'd be to become a dictator. It was so damn simple to assume he was right, everyone else was wrong, and if he could just force everyone to do what he wanted, everyone would be happier. A nice, lovely, cobblestone road of good intentions, with a big flaming gate at the end of it.

It took a moment for the ancilla to nod, after a fair bit of staring and more than a few sparks of anger, and fear.

"We understand," Bella said.

"Good." Jack stood up, adjusted his tie, and looked to the rest of the crowd. Everyone was watching, and more than a few of them still had mouths parted, like they'd expected shit to go a lot worse than it did. It could have. Even with a few months for everyone to calm down, tempers were still high between the two covenants.

But the Carthians responded well to direct, open dialog. So did Jack.

He stepped out into the night, and both his friends took to the sky before any nearby kine noticed the strange, small guy in the expensive suit with two birds on his shoulders. Ok, work done. Time to move onto good times. He had a couple people who were aching for a celebration.

~~~~~

He smiled at the three girls in the limousine with him. He sat beside Veronica, while Leilani and Rachel sat on the other side, looking at them, shy smiles on.

Jack had changed his suit. The black suit and tie with the crimson shirt were intimidating, and that wasn't his goal tonight. All three ladies wore dresses, dark as well, not crazy revealing like you'd find in Bloodlust or other nightclubs, but pretty nonetheless. They also had bags with them, with swimsuits

inside. Because apparently, that's what the girls wanted for a celebration for Lei and Rachel becoming fully enthralled in the Vinculum: a trip to the Elysium Tower. Elaine had suggested the pool, because of course she did.

Veronica pressed into his side, and nudged her shoulder into him a little harder than necessary. She smiled up at him, before looking at his two new thralls, and they smiled brighter. All three of them were under the same contract: serve faithfully, grow more intelligent and skilled in combat, allow Jack to drink of them freely, and they'd be elevated to ghouls, and eventually Kindred. Sex was not in that contract. Swimsuits were not in the contract either. But it was damn obvious all three were eager to show off their bodies, and do everything they could to have sex with him. He'd made it damn clear it would not affect how quickly he'd consider siring them, but that didn't seem to matter. The Vinculum was a powerful, binding force.

Ok, maybe it was a harem.

Veronica Tam was a short woman, with blue hair to her shoulders, and blue eyes. Pale, and with large breasts.

Rachel was a couple inches taller than Jack, with a pixie cut of blonde hair, grin eyes, and a thin but soft build. And even larger breasts.

Leilani was about Jack's height, tan skin on a lean, athletic body, with long wavy black hair, dark eyes, with a narrow and mischievous smile. Smaller breasts than her two fellow thralls, but still quite large, considering how lean she was. She almost looked like a bustier Clara, which was a pretty weird thought, considering Antoinette had picked the girls.

Jack had made it abundantly clear to Antoinette that he didn't want to pick thralls based on cup size. Yeah, he liked boobs, but picking who would be his servants for years, maybe decades, based on the size of their breasts? Pretty damn shallow.

She'd made a lot of good counter-points. They were kine, he was Kindred, and he was allowed to be picky. There were plenty of potential thralls in the city, and while he liked boobs, plenty of Kindred were perfectly happy to bind kine that didn't have huge breasts; some even preferred small. Those Kindred could have those thralls. And for the final point, that he was building a harem, and that meant sex. Lots and lots of sex. Why not go with the things he liked?

Of course he countered with how attractive he found Julee and Ashley, and despite trying his hardest to not, Natasha too. But Antoinette found him a couple more busty kine to enthrall anyway. And

honestly, now that people were visiting his mansion more, maybe having more than one helper was a good idea.

And as Veronica snuggled into his side, and Leilani and Rachel watched her with envy, he couldn't help but feel his ego grow. Yeap, he wanted a harem. He, evidently, wanted a trio of gorgeous girls to tend to his every whim while he and his lover lay back and enjoyed themselves. Hell, more than a trio. Ten girls fawning over him, doing anything and everything they could for a chance to touch him? Yeap, his brain had gone off to fantasy land, and was now thoroughly brainwashed and drowning in the Ventrue side of him.

He almost offered Lei and Rachel another 'you can go home if you want' ticket. He had already. But it was clear they wanted to come, and it only made them sad when he even suggested they didn't need to be with him. And it had them smiling and blushing when he even so much as suggested an order. If he gave them a proper order, they'd obey, happy to oblige and hoping for a reward when they did.

No wonder Kindred got full of themselves as they got older. Thralls and ghouls were like injecting pure narcissism and hedonism straight into the ego.

They stepped out of the limousine outside the Elysium Tower gardens, and both Lei and Rachel gasped as they looked the building up and down.

"This is where the Prince lives?" Rachel asked.

"I told you which building it was." Jack shrugged and motioned for them to follow. They did, side by side, each practically glowing with excitement, and fear. Veronica was a little afraid, and she always would be; Antoinette had that effect. The others had met Elaine and Antoinette, several times, but not as intimately as Elaine's first meeting with Veronica. They were damn scared of Elaine, and utterly terrified of Antoinette, the Prince, their master's lover.

Hopefully tonight would alleviate that a bit.

He took his time walking up to the building, letting the girls look at the garden maze. Jack took a moment to peek, too. Christ, four years ago he went into that maze with Antoinette, sat down on a bench with her, tried to Dominate her at her request, to test his power. Then Tony showed up, and Jack walked right past him, probably nearly getting himself killed in the process. Tony really hated his ex, and probably started plotting Jack's death at that very moment. Half to scorn his ex, half because Jack didn't act like the scaredy cat an elder expected a fledgling to.

Four years. Might as well have been a fucking lifetime.



“Oh my god,” Rachel said as they stepped into the building. “This place is huge! And pretty!”

Jack grinned at her as he looked at the walls of the huge lobby. Black marble with white veins of lightning. Columns stood around made of the same material, with dragons carved into them, coiling the pillars.

The stairway down had them gawking as well. It wasn't exactly common, a stairway that opened up into a larger stairway that went deep underground, but there it was. The stairway he'd been standing on, when he controlled Damien, and used him to kill Lucas. Jack took them deeper and deeper, and as they passed rooms, the girls took peeks. He didn't stop them. There weren't any important rooms connected to the main staircase, but there was plenty to see. Giant rooms filled with everything from computers, enormous TV screens, and giant speakers, to art rooms filled with paintings and sculptures.

Ashley and Julee waited at the bottom of the stairs, and they waved excitedly.

“Hi!” Ashley said.

“Hello.” Julee said.

Lei opened her mouth, but Ashley jumped in close.

“Oh my god you're pretty! Jack is lucky.” Ashley reached out, grabbed Rachel's hand, and immediately pulled her off toward one of the changing rooms. “Come on, let's go get changed! The mistress and her friend are already swimming.”

Jack's thralls looked to him, a little shocked by Ashley's outgoing attitude. But he laughed, shrugged, and motioned for them to go with her. They did, and he caught their excited smiles returning.

Jack rolled his eyes, and went to one of Antoinette's changing rooms to get into his swimming trunks. Why Antoinette picked Ashley and Julee to be her ghouls, he'd never quite understand. They were smart, but they weren't exactly wise. Antoinette couldn't talk to them about philosophy or politics. She couldn't talk to them about the existential crisis of being a vampire, or human for that matter. She couldn't talk to them about much, really. But she loved talking to them, cause they enjoyed life in a way she — and Jack — struggled to.

Antoinette and Julias would have had a lot to talk about. They both looked for the same thing in other people.

~~~~~

He walked into the pool room, tugged at his necklace idly, and smiled as he spotted Antoinette and Elaine. They were in the pool, swimming, which was an interesting problem for Kindred. Without the Blush of Life, vampires had a habit of sinking. But both elders were already Blushing Life, and floating along easily enough. A wasteful indulgence for most Kindred, spending blood on the Blush like that, but they were beyond secure in their ability to get more blood.

That was one of the joys of Dolareido. Even young Kindred had an easy time hunting.

Jack grinned down at the two women as he came closer, walking past a dozen pool chairs over the white tile of the enormous room, before coming to the edge of the enormous pool. Not Olympic size, but close. There was a hot tub further in the back, and that thing was huge too, but it was empty, the only people around for the moment just Jack and the two most powerful women in the city. Probably the two most powerful women in the state.

“My love.” Antoinette smiled up at him and swam toward him. “I trust your thralls are changing?” She set her hands on the pool edge, but stayed in the water, its surface at her chin.

Black bikini. Black string, tiny bikini. Wet hair. So simple. So god damn hot. Plus the fact her boobs refused to sink, and floated up against her chest until they bobbed just under the surface of the water.

“Yeah. They’ll be here in a minute.”

Elaine swam up beside Antoinette, and put her hands on the pool edge too. Similar bikini, but red. With a decidedly more evil grin than Antoinette’s, she reached out and ran a finger down his shin.

“You will let me touch them this time, yes? You have had these two new thralls for a month now, and I have yet to taste.”

“I might.” He rolled his eyes, and sat down on the pool edge, both women parting so he could sit between them, his legs hanging at the knee in the warm water. “They’re both anxious to get physical.”

“Of course they are,” Antoinette said, and she hooked both her hands over his right knee, elbows hanging off, and set her chin on her hands, weight on his knee. “My love is a gorgeous and wonderful man. What woman would not wish to sleep with him? Especially after having, no doubt, heard stories of his sexual prowess from their fellow thrall Veronica.”

“Undoubtedly.” Elaine mirrored Antoinette, hooking her hands over his other knee so she could rest her chin on them, elbows hanging off either side of the other leg. “I presume you told them they are allowed to sleep with each other?”

“Yeah. I don’t think they have yet, but after tonight, I’m guessing they will.” Leilani and Rachel both knew the pleasure of the Kiss now, but not the Kiss when combined with sex. Ashley and Julee were on each other every single night, according to Antoinette. Veronica, Lei, and Rachel probably would be, too. “Any news about Garry?”

“Non, mon amie, nothing new.”

Jack nodded, before grinning down at Elaine. “Managed to fuck him yet?”

“I will have you know, I respect the man’s sexuality. He is entirely homosexual, and there is little I can do to change that.”

Surprising to hear that. Elaine kinda gave off ‘I can make anyone want to fuck me’ vibes.

“And Avery’s pack? Sleep with anymore of them?”

Elaine wiggled her eyebrows. Subtly, sexily, but a double eyebrow wiggle was funny, and he couldn’t help but laugh.

“I have, in fact. Mason and his Kindred girlfriend made delightful bedfellows.”

“Uh huh. He transform?”

His great grandsire shivered and half closed her eyes. “Oh yes. You cannot imagine how overwhelming it feels to be filled by something so huge.”

“Sounds painful.”

“At first, but the body adapts. You feel ready to burst, but then things swell, engorge, and the friction and pressure become orgasmic.”

“Uh huh. You know I have a perfectly average-sized penis, right?”

Elaine shrugged, chin still on her hands, still on his knee. “If large penetration was all I sought from sex, I would stay at home with some large toys.”

“Some girls do.”

“We are not those girls.” Antoinette laughed, reached out, and plucked at his trunks with a finger. “And how did your meeting with Michael fair?”

“The boss still leaves me alone, for the most part. I’ve been doing a lot of negotiating with Terra Den, and that isn’t exactly fun. Apparently I really pissed Jeremy Long off, when I threatened him about the incendiaries he was making. Guess he didn’t like my Ventrue attitude.” He had to be careful how he worded these replies. They hadn’t included Elaine in their search for answers about the tears

and Black Blood. She probably knew about it, considering who she was. And considering who she was, she'd probably concocted her own plans to take advantage of the situation somehow.

"Should I get involved?" Antoinette asked. "None of the corporations I control interact with Terra Den, but that does not mean they could not."

"It's fine. I can handle it. What about Garry and Michael at the Primogen meetings?"

"Dogs, barking at each other. But that is how it has always been. I am happy they are talking, even if it is little more than angry noise."

"Gangrels." Elaine sighed and rolled her eyes. "Mongrels."

Antoinette smiled at her friend. "Spoken like a Ventrue."

"Gangrels are good for little else than being at the forefront of a battle." Elaine shrugged before she set her hands on the pool edge beside Jack, and pushed herself up. Considering how little a string bikini covered, her breasts rippled against her chest quite a bit, and Jack watched. No point in trying to hide how much he loved that anymore. Elaine chuckled and sat beside him.

"That is hardly fair," Antoinette said, and she pulled herself up on Jack's other side. Same thing. She made sure to push her breasts together with her arms, showing off just how absurd they were as they jiggled, before she sat beside him, too. "I have known many Gangrel to be valuable. Two of them are my Primogen, after all."

Elaine laughed. "They started a war."

"That is hardly the fault of their blood lineage. Ventrue, Daeva, and Nosferatu are as equally likely to start wars, non?" Shrugging, Antoinette snuggled into Jack's side, and turned to face him. She leaned down, he tilted his head back, and she half closed her eyes as she brought her lips to his. "Blush for me."

He did. She sighed happily, and nudged her face into his, burying him in the kiss. He had to put both his hands back against the wet floor to keep from falling over.

A hand slipped its way under his trunks, and teased soft fingertips along his still soft member. He had to do some mental gymnastics to realize Antoinette's left hand was beside him, and her right hand was on his chest. Which meant Elaine was touching him.

No point in resisting, or being shy about any of this anymore, not after the stuff they'd done. He melted into Antoinette's kiss, and with her enormous bust squished against his arm and chest, along with Elaine's expert touch around his cock, he could already feel his fake blood begin to fake pulse.

“We’re not gonna wait?” he asked.

Antoinette sighed, but sat back up straight, and gave Elaine a soft slap on the wrist. She sighed, mimicking Antoinette perfectly, and sat up straight as well.

~~♥♥♥~~

They didn’t have to wait long. Giggles announced Ashley’s arrival, and the three vampires looked back to watch the five kine approach. Ashley wore a yellow bikini with blue dots. Julee wore blue, no dots. Both were very skimpy, almost as skimpy as their mistress’s.

And then there were Jack’s thralls. Apparently they’d decided to coordinate colors, cause they all wore white. Hell, more than just color, they all wore the same swimsuit. Bikinis, exact same brand. High hip bikinis, unlike Ashley or Julee’s, and just as skimpy as Elaine and Antoinette’s. Which meant every step they took included a fair amount of jiggle.

Much as Jack was instantly hypnotized by the sight of thralls, his thralls, strutting toward him with full intent on showing off with every step, it was their necks his eyes locked onto. All three of them wore chokers, white chokers that matched their bikinis. As thin as their tiny bikini strings.

Jack looked at Antoinette, and frowned at her. “Your idea?”

“Of course. They are your sex slaves, after all.”

“They’re not my…” He groaned and rolled his eyes, but he could feel his smile breaking through.

Antoinette grinned down at him, and motioned for the kine to come closer. “Veronica, Leilani, and Rachel, come, swim. The water is warm, and you need not stand on ceremony while in this room.” Her grin turned a tiny bit evil. “Elsewhere, I am Prince. But here, we swim, and relax.”

Ashley clapped, ran past Elaine, and jumped into the pool. Water splashed over Jack and the elders, but they were already soaked. Now that he was Blushing Life, there was the first shock of getting wet, but the water was warm, and he laughed. God, it did feel nice to relax. This whole night was going to be the sexual equivalent of bingeing on ice cream and streaming a TV series, a pure, ridiculous indulgence. And maybe an indulgence he deserved, after everything that’d happened.

Julee jumped in after, far gentler, and Jack’s thralls took the nearby stairs down instead. They each took excited glances at Jack, looking up him and down; Lei and Rachel hadn’t ever seen him near naked, and while Veronica had probably told them what he looked like, it was still a first. He was happy they were happy with what they saw. Not a night went by he didn’t thank Julias for making him bust his ass to get in shape.

Of course, their eyes got stuck on Antoinette and Elaine. Anyone with a pulse would get their eyes stuck on those two, considering their bikini tops only had enough front to cover their nipples, and nothing else. The fabric strained.

Jack couldn't help but smile at his thralls as they got comfortable in the water, and more comfortable with the situation. More comfortable as they looked steadily less afraid as Ashley and Julee started playing with some pool toys. But then less comfortable, as they grew more aroused. Old Jack wouldn't have picked up on the signs, the squirming, the flicks of hair over shoulders, the glances. And human Jack wouldn't have noticed the flushing skin, announcing increased blood flow.

He noticed it now, and he noticed they noticed. And he noticed they liked that he noticed their growing interest.

Ashley and Julee had fun, goofing around in the pool, jumping and swimming and diving and hitting each other with pool noodles. Lei, Rachel, and Veronica had fun too, but it quickly became apparent they were doing more than having fun. They were showing off. Every motion, every jump they made, every dive, every time they bumped into each other, they made sure to do it in a way that showed off their bodies. At first it was actually kinda irritating. He wanted his thralls to have fun, not spend every moment of the night trying to get his attention. But that was what thralls were, mental slaves, and it was stupid of him to expect them to ever do otherwise. Even Ashley and Julee made damn sure Antoinette got eyefuls of their lithe ballerina bodies.

It was the nature of a vampire and thrall or ghoulish relationship. It wasn't balanced, or a two-way street. His thralls would be obsessed with him, until either the Vinculum was broken — not an easy task — or they were embraced, ending the Vinculum in the moment of their death before they awoke as vampires. He doubted he'd ever get comfortable controlling them like this, but then again, they agreed to the contract, and eventually he would embrace them. If they proved themselves as thralls, they'd become ghouls. If they proved themselves as ghouls, they'd become his childer.

“Master,” Veronica said as she swam close. “Will you swim with us?” Brave of her to get this close, actually touching his knees with her hands. She even managed a couple shy glances up at the two elders.

“I think,” Elaine said, “he very much would like to join his pets. But let us move to the hot tub?”

Ashley swam up to them, and set both hands on Elaine's knees. “Yeah! Hot tub! So much better for sitting around, talking, and touching.” Much as Ashley loved her mistress, she and Elaine had grown pretty close, physically speaking.

“Agreed,” Antoinette said, and she stood up. Which had everyone pausing and watching. “Come.”

Jack got into the hot tub first, opposite of the two-step stair. Antoinette came in, sat on his left, then Elaine on his right, each strutting and swaying hips. Then came Ashley and Julee, who found random places to sit, only to drift to other places every few seconds. Then came his thralls, and they sat by the stairs so they could look directly at Jack, each of them biting bottom lips or fidgeting with their fingers.

It was like, a perverted, grown-up version of being a kid in a candy store.

Antoinette leaned down, and whispered to him. “Whatever you want, my love, they will do. And I would like to see that.”

Jack grinned up at his lover. Yeah, of course she would. She’d really, really gotten off on seeing him get more aggressive and dominant with Veronica. It was hard to be dominant with Antoinette, considering how much bigger she was than him, and curse aside, a dozen times stronger than him. But it was easy to be dominant with his thralls, and each time he did, it had Antoinette boiling.

“Rachel, Lei,” he said, “stand in the middle of the tub, and take off your tops.” He kept his voice solid, but quiet, almost teasing. He’d practiced this voice, the ‘sexy dominant man’ voice. Apparently it worked.

Both thralls sucked in surprised breaths, glanced at each other, blushed bright, and stood up.

“Yes, master,” they said together, before they walked to the center of the tub. Slowly, they undid the knots of their tops, first the bottom string so the small triangles of the tops dangled over their nipples, and then the top string. They let the tops float away in the water, and Ashley snatched them both up with a giggle, before tossing them out of the tub.

Rachel’s breasts were utterly huge, almost as big as Elaine’s. The blonde pixie cut combined with being a little taller than Jack almost made her seem like a smaller version of Elaine, too. Unlike Elaine, her nipples were pierced, with tiny studs in each.

Lei’s breasts reminded Jack of Jessy, considering both women were athletic, though Lei wasn’t quite as muscular as the Gangrel. But like Jessy, she had larger breasts than a woman as fit as her would normally have, and Jack licked a fang as he looked between her abs to her large, tan breasts and dark tan nipples.

You’re obsessed with breasts, dude. Just accept it.

“Come closer,” he said, voice darkening a little. Just playing, having a bit of fun, but both thralls shivered at his tone.

They came closer. Time to see if they really wanted to get in deep with how sexual these nights could get. They were allowed to back out, he’d made that clear.

“Veronica, come, and do the same.”

Veronica slipped between her two new companions, and made the same dance when taking off her top. Heavy pale breasts, with pierced nipples. More bottom heavy than her fellow thralls’.

“Now, come closer.”

They came closer.

“Closer.”

They came closer, close enough their knees touched his, and the knees of the two elders. Poor thralls. Veronica had been through this sort of teasing a few dozen times, and it always had her shivering and blushing with excitement. But for Lei and Rachel, this was entirely new, and they glowed red with embarrassment, and desire. He didn’t have to compliment them. He damn well knew his eyes told them how extremely hot he found them, and the erection pushing up against his trunks did the same.

“Now, press up against each other. Kiss, and touch. I want to see my pets... my slaves, pleasure each other.” Calling them slaves irked him, for a moment. But Antoinette was right. In the heat of the moment, with their hearts pumping and their nipples swollen, his thralls wanted to be treated like sex slaves. It was a fantasy. And a pretty damn compelling one, considering how all three girls shivered, despite how warm the water was.

They turned to face each other, kept him in the corner of their eyes, and hugged each other. Three girls, topless, in thongs and chokers, squishing their breasts together, all because he asked them to. Yeah, his ego was going to burst.

Jack slid his trunks off, earning some quiet sighs of delight from the girls, and he leaned back against the wall of the hot tub. He almost masturbated, but decided against it. Better to keep everything building up, so—

“Ashley, Julee,” Antoinette said, “join them.” She looked down at Jack. “If you do not mind, my love.”

“Not at all.” Power couple? Power couple.

Lei and Rachel gasped as they looked to the two ballerinas, but Ashley only giggled as she slipped out of her bikini, top and bottom. Before Julee could so much as say something, Ashley yanked her friend out of her bikini too, and pulled her over to join the three other humans.

Ashley set her body against Lei's back, pressing her breasts into her, and slipped a hand around her and under her thong. Julee did the same for Rachel. Veronica, between everyone, managed a quick peek at Jack, before she melted into the roaming, fingering hands of Lei and Rachel.

Rachel leaned down, and set her lips to Veronica's. With Julee's naked body against her, and fingers inside her, hidden under the bikini thong, Rachel melted quickly, and her kiss on Veronica was deep. Her hand under Veronica's thong grew faster, as did Lei's. Veronica managed to turn around, peeked at Jack again, breathing heavy, and she kissed Lei the same way Rachel had kissed her.

Five women, rubbing against each other, with the three in the center burying each other in slow, hungry kisses. It took every ounce of willpower Jack had to not jump and drink them right there.

Elaine took off her top. Antoinette did the same. Before Jack could say anything, both elders stood up, and moved into the group. He thought maybe they'd go to Ashley and Julee, but nope, Antoinette slipped in beside Julee, lowered herself down, and pressed her chest into Rachel. The blonde woman stared, eyes wide, but they rolled up and closed as Antoinette rubbed her body against her, and slipped her fingers under her thong. Elaine got behind Lei, wrapped a hand around her throat, and slipped her other hand under her thong, too.

The moment any girl didn't have someone pressing into her, Elaine or Antoinette arranged it so they did. Ashley and Julee frequently found themselves ducking down so they could bury their faces in all the breasts, either the vampires', or the thralls'. Ashley in particular was eager to taste the new women, and she spent most of the time with her lips around Rachel's enormous breasts, experimenting with her tongue on pierced nipples. Rachel loved it.

Antoinette took Veronica's hand, and guided it under her own bikini bottom, before taking the girl's head, and pressing it to her breast. Elaine pressed her butt into Julee, and Julee eased her fingers into Elaine. So many fingers, feeling, caressing, entering, with breasts pressing to shoulders and backs, and other breasts, in a mess of squashed skin.

But no one came. They got close, but always Elaine or Antoinette stopped them. Lei at one point clutched Julee tight to her tan breasts, and gyrated against Antoinette hard as her voice melted into whimpers. But whimpers turned into desperate mewls as Antoinette stopped fingering the girl.

For fifteen minutes, Jack watched all seven women get closer and closer to the edge. Every single one of them made sure Jack got to see everything. Fingers playing around underneath bikini bottoms. Breasts squished, molding against each other, malleable flesh conforming against other breasts, shoulders, and backs. And moans that got louder and more desperate. But the two elders made sure not a one of them climaxed.

Antoinette stepped back first, evil grin only growing. “Everyone is prepared, my love.” She let out a practiced, perfect hungry growl, and stepped through the water closer to him. Her pink nipples were absolutely swollen against her pale skin. “But hot water makes for terrible sex. Perhaps you would like to lie down?”

All seven women moved over to him, and they lined up, shoulder to shoulder. Every one of them looked ready to burst, though Elaine and Antoinette used it to look even more in control of their sexuality, while the five others looked like they were going to fall over and masturbate if someone didn’t help him.

“Yeah, I think I will.” He stood up, and got out of the tub. They weren’t the only ones who looked ready to burst. His cock was so hard, it hurt. It only got worse when his three thralls moaned — on purpose — as he stood up, exposing his body entirely. Water droplets trickling down the body did add to the sexy factor, no lie.

Antoinette nodded to her two ghouls. “Fetch us several of the thicker towels, if you please.”

The two ghouls jumped out of the hot tub, not bothering with the stairs, and returned with a mountain of very fluffy towels. Without missing a beat, they threw them on the floor by the tub, stacked them, and created a makeshift bed. They held out their hands, Jack took them, and the two ghouls lowered him down onto the towels like he was royalty. It was a game to them, one they’d played before and were excited to again.

Antoinette came out of the tub first, hips swaying with each step as she stepped over Jack, and grinned down at him.

“Pets,” she said, “prepare him.”

Ashley and Julee giggled as they got down beside him, each on opposite sides, and Ashley grabbed the nearby lubricant they used. Thick silicone-based stuff for fighting off water. The blonde ballerina wasted no time, and drenched his hard cock in it before she wrapped it in her fingers and spread the lube around it.

Antoinette stepped over him, and smiled like the devil as she lowered herself down onto him. Ashley shifted over to Jack's shoulder, held onto his cock, and shivered as she watched her mistress pull aside her bikini thong, and lower her pink slit down over his length. Jack shivered too. No matter how many times he had sex with the Prince, it was always amazing how she knew exactly how to move, how to squeeze, how to instantly bury his cock in pleasure with her gripping, wet muscles.

She straddled him, knees snug to his side, and looked to the hot tub still full of ladies.

"Come join me. If you are to serve my lover, your master, you should learn to serve me." She curled a finger at the three thralls. "Sit with me, and suckle upon my breasts."

"All three of them?" Jack asked.

"Ben oui. Come."

Jack chuckled, and motioned for his pets to do just that. They did, each of them blushing and quivering. Still on edge, still dying to have someone push them over, his three pets sat down beside Antoinette, Veronica and Leilani on his left, Rachel on his right. They gulped as they looked down at Jack, eyes sliding up and down his body before up Antoinette's, where her thong was pulled aside and her pink lips were spread around Jack's cock, before they looked up to the elder vampire's gigantic breasts.

Lei and Veronica, shoulder to shoulder, leaned forward. Lei was closer to Jack's head, and she had to put a hand down on Antoinette's thigh to get leverage, but she managed to get her lips against Antoinette's breasts, closer to the inside, while Veronica put her lips to the outside. After a few kisses led to an encouraging, blissful sigh from Antoinette, the two thralls brought their lips to her nipple. Jack couldn't see very well with Lei's head in the way, but from how close they were, it was obvious they weren't just kissing Antoinette's breast. They were kissing each other, with her swollen nipple between them.

Rachel stared at the sight for a few moments, before she leaned in to Antoinette's free breasts, and set her lips around the Prince's other nipple. And she made sure to stay out of the way, so Jack could see how her lips enveloped and pulled on his lover's areola until Antoinette's large nipple filled her mouth.

The reaction was instant. Antoinette loved to have her breasts played with, especially her nipples. To have three girls kissing them had her insides clamping down, hard, and Jack groaned. His three pets turned and looked at him, and each of them blushed and smiled as they realized what happened. They looked back up at Antoinette, fear and anxiety melting away, and resumed kissing and licking.

Jack turned, and watched Elaine slowly step out of the hot tub. Her eyes were on him, and she grinned at him as she made a showing of leaving the hot water, her long blonde hair flat to her back and shoulders. She reached up and slid her fingers back over her hair, draining some water from them, and looking exactly like a model doing a pool photoshoot as she did. Everyone looked at her, especially the two ghouls, and Elaine grinned at them before Jack again.

Elaine stepped over Jack's legs, and got down on her knees behind Antoinette. Antoinette leaned back against Elaine, and Elaine pressed her chest into Antoinette's back as she snuggled up behind her, reached around her waist, and slid her fingers down Antoinette's stomach, her bikini bottom, and onto her clitoris.

Antoinette held perfectly still, curled a hand onto the back of Veronica's head, another onto Rachel's, and held them closer to her, encouraging them to more thoroughly kiss her bust. With Elaine's fingers caressing and massaging her swollen clitoris, Antoinette's insides clamped like a vise. It was a game they'd played before, just not with this many participants. Jack had to hold still while Antoinette was buried in pleasure, forced to endure her powerful grip on his cock, and how hot and increasingly drenched her insides were. Boiling heat, combined with pulses of clenching muscles. She was going to edge him to orgasm.

"I trust, my love, that Leilani and Rachel will be joining us regularly?" Antoinette nodded with a motherly smile down at the thralls, and she ran her fingers through their hair as they continued to kiss her body.

"I—" He sucked in a breath as Antoinette squeezed, hard. Toying with him. "I plan on it."

The two girls managed quick peeks at him, more excited smiles, before getting back to Antoinette.

"Wonderful." Antoinette motioned to Ashley and Julee. "Elaine deserves pleasure, my pets. Come, take a leg each, and see to her needs."

Jack raised a brow as he glanced between the two ballerinas. Both crawled past his thralls, past Antoinette, past Elaine, and got behind her. Ashley sat over his left leg, Julee his right, and both of them lowered themselves until he felt their smooth pussies squash against his quads. He couldn't see what they did with their hands, but whatever it was, it required more lube. Ashley soaked her hand in it, and got to work on Elaine, while Julee had already been reaching between Elaine and Antoinette's body to get access to Elaine's front.

Julee was probably fingering her pussy, and Ashley was fingering her ass. Judging from the sounds Elaine made, it wouldn't be long before she came.

But Antoinette came first. She shuddered, and tightened her grip on Veronica and Rachel's heads.

"Stop," she whispered. Everyone did, though she still kept the two girls pinned to her breasts. For Jack, it was all he could do to not use his Kindred strength and drive his hips up into her to push himself over the edge. Her insides edged him closer and closer, but without enough friction, it'd take him forever to cum this way. Antoinette, on the other hand, had four other people pleasuring her.

The muscles spasms of her insides were so damn tight and pleasuring, it was almost torture.

Antoinette, coming down from her orgasm, reached over, and picked Lei up.

"W-What!? I—oh..." Lei bit her bottom lip as Antoinette turned her until she was facing Jack, before she sat the girl down on his lower abs, her ass snug against Antoinette's thighs and pelvis.

Tall as Antoinette was, and with how utterly huge her breasts were, they pressed around Lei's shoulders and outside them, so Veronica and Rachel had no problem finding her nipples again. They resumed their work, gentler this time, letting Antoinette's hyper sensitivity settle. But it was Leilani Antoinette had her attention on now.

"My lover," she said, "is quite a handsome man, is he not?" She chuckled as she hooked her arms under Lei's arms, and then around Lei's stomach before reaching down between the girl's legs. Breasts ridiculously gigantic, her arms had to hook outside and underneath them so she could get her hands between Lei's thighs, causing her breasts to spill outside along Lei's shoulders and arms where Rachel and Veronica continued to suckle.

Lei looked terrified. She had no idea what was about to happen. Her tan skin glistened with water and sweat, and her large breasts and dark nipples shuddered against her chest.

"He is. I... I really like these." Lei pointed down at his chest, and his upper abs.

Jack grinned up at her, took her hand, and pressed it down against his stomach. Lei shivered, and ran a finger along the indentions of his abs. She had abs of her own, but they didn't have the same hard chisel Jack's did.

"Would you like to cum?" Antoinette asked. "You may cum for your master, while your master master cums inside me. I am sure he will enjoy watching you squirm."

"I—nn!" Lei gasped, and set both her hands against Jack's chest, as Antoinette slipped both her hands under Lei's white thong, and sank fingers into her body.

Jack reached up, wrapped his hands around each of Lei's breasts, and massaged them while caressing her swollen nipples with his thumbs. Normally he'd use his mouth, like Veronica and Rachel

were, but he couldn't sit up with Lei straddling his stomach. It was nice like this, lying back, and touching his thrall for the first time as she melted into the touch of his lover.

Lei came quickly. Her mouth fell open in a moan, and she leaned forward as she grabbed his shoulders with an almost desperate grip. She stared at him, eyes struggling to stay open, wet dark hair falling down around her face as she shook.

Chuckling, Antoinette reached up, hooked a hand around Lei's throat, and pulled her back up until she was pinned to her chest. Veronica and Rachel continued to suckle on Antoinette, growing bolder and using a hand to massage and caress the huge, pale pillows, but their eyes switched to Lei, and they stared as Antoinette tightened her grip around Lei's throat. And considering Antoinette was the greatest sexpert in the world, she knew exactly how to keep fingering the thrall during her orgasm. Antoinette would never be satisfied with her victim having a simple orgasm, one and done. She had to milk it, and turn the girl into a quivering mess riding the edge of overstimulation until she couldn't breathe anymore.

Jack smiled at Lei as she melted back into Antoinette, shaking, one hand around her throat, the other under her white bikini bottom. He continued to play with her large breasts, squeezing them softly, molding them to the shape of his palms, and enjoying how her hard nipples pressed into them, while the gorgeous girl trembled. But then Antoinette came again; Elaine hadn't stopped playing with her either. The tall blonde grinned over Antoinette's head, straight down at him, and pressed her body into Antoinette's back, smooshing her body into her, as she had Antoinette sighing in pleasure and clenching on Jack's cock.

And then Jack came. He lowered his hands, set them on Lei's hips, and smiled as he let out a small groan as Antoinette milked him. It was enough to have every single girl — except Ashley and Julee — looking at him. Apparently they liked his quiet groans.

Veronica and Rachel, after a gentle push from Antoinette, inched closer to Lei than the Prince. They leaned into Lei, pressed their bodies into hers, and kissed her.

Jack shuddered as he met Antoinette's eyes, and she blew him a kiss as she squeezed on his cock in rhythm. She moved, just a little, a small grinding motion that nudged her back and forth on him, and into Lei and Elaine's body, while she continued to finger the squirming girl. Pleasure overload. Jack's eyes fell back down to his thrall, and he groaned again as Lei's mouth found Veronica's. Veronica's hand slipped into Jack's, entwining with his fingers around Lei's breast. Rachel caught on and did the same, getting her fingers in with his around Lei's other breast, and soon she pressed in closer and

nudged her nose into Lei's neck. Lei turned to look at her, and melted into Rachel's kiss as the woman set her lips to hers.

Antoinette knelt up, and his cock slipped out of her, tight muscles milking him until his length pulled forward and pressed to Lei's butt. Before Lei knew what was happening, Antoinette lifted her hips up, and dropped her down onto Jack's cock with zero preparation.

"Nnng!" Lei managed a gasp, but it turned into a guttural groan as Veronica and Rachel lowered their kisses down her jaw, neck, and chest, until they wrapped around her nipples. Apparently whichever girl Jack was having sex with got the luxury treatment, two girls kissing and licking her breasts. Strong as Antoinette was, she also had no trouble taking the girl's hips, and pushing her back and forth, hard.

Jack shivered. He'd just cum, and his glans was still sensitive. Not as sensitive as Lei though. With three girls doing things to her, and his cock inside her, the girl melted in seconds, shivering again as her body slipped over the edge.

Jack sat up. Rachel and Veronica backed away, confused, making room for Jack as he slipped his arms up Rachel's sides, then behind her, and held the trembling woman to him as he gave into his hunger. There was nothing like how a woman's body squeezed when Kissed, and he growled into Lei's ear before doing exactly that.

"Master! Oh... oh god..." Pinned between him and Antoinette, with the Prince still forcing her hips back and forth, making the thrall fuck Jack whether she wanted to or not, Lei could do nothing. She went completely limp, and mewled openly as her body fell into the Kiss. Her quivering insides drenched him in juices. Her noises faded, growing weaker. Her legs quivered, even as her arms dangled. And Jack growled louder as he drained her.

Warm, thick blood coated his insides, and quickly shot out from his stomach into his limbs, pumping fake life through him as pure ecstasy. But he didn't drain her into a post-Kiss coma. He came close though, before he pulled back, licked his lips, and lay back down. Lei, still pinned to Antoinette's chest, sat there on his cock, trembling, whimpering, and drooling a little.

"That... looked amazing," Rachel said. "She's still shaking."

Chuckling, Antoinette worked the exhausted girl back and forth a few times more, but eventually slowed, and let Lei come down from her orgasm. Jack expected his lover to pick the girl up and replace her with another, but instead, Antoinette slid out from between all the bodies, and crawled over to Jack, giant breasts swaying underneath her. Licking her lips, she sat on her side and hip, and slipped her

thighs under his head, giving him his favorite thing: a lap. And the angle meant her breasts nudged against his forehead, but didn't block his vision.

Elaine replaced Antoinette, and lifted Lei off him. "Rachel next then?"

"Oh god yes." The taller of the three thralls straddled Jack, even as Lei, still trembling, lay beside him and snuggled into his side, breast against his ribs. Rachel's eyes were on his cock, and she reached down and guided it up toward her, before lowering herself down. Again, a new sheathe of drenched, hot, clenching muscle enveloped him. And with a belly full of fresh blood, Jack's cock was hard as stone.

Unlike Lei, Rachel didn't melt. She got hungry. She met Antoinette's eyes, and the Prince nodded to her with a playful smile, before nodding to Veronica. Some silent girl talk. Whatever they said, Rachel reached over for Veronica, and pulled the girl up onto Jack's stomach. Veronica let out a small squeak, but it melted away as Rachel pulled her in close, until Veronica was forced to get her legs over Rachel's. Whatever kisses Lei shared with Rachel and Veronica moments before was nothing compared to how Rachel locked lips with Veronica now, hugging and holding her tight as she ground her hips back and forth on Jack. And with how busty both women were, their breasts squashed against each other and pushed outward to the sides of their chests. Jack could see them rippling against each other, even with Veronica's back to him blocking some of his view.

And then Elaine came in closer. As if replacing Antoinette, she pressed her breasts against Rachel's back, put her hands on her hips, and helped grind her down against Jack. And she wasn't gentle. Before long, the slightly smaller blonde was bucking back and forth on Jack, with Veronica held tight to her, all at Elaine's whim. A minute later, Rachel held onto Veronica for dear life as she lost control, and came. Everyone held still for a few moments as they let Rachel tremble on his cock, her insides squeezing and milking, but Elaine forced her to move again before she'd finished recovering. Just like Antoinette, Elaine knew how to make a girl cum long and cum hard, until the toes curled and legs trembled.

Elaine came again as well. She peeked back behind her at Antoinette's two ghouls still fingering her, and grinned down over Jack's two thralls as they buried each other in desperate kisses again, but her eyes locked onto Jack. Whatever Ashley and Julee were doing to her out of sight, Elaine licked her lips with obvious pleasure. Like Antoinette, an orgasm wasn't enough to break her control, and she continued to make Rachel fuck him, even as she shuddered.

"May I, Jack?" Elaine asked, and she nodded down toward Rachel.

Jack slipped an arm under Lei, and helped her cuddle into his side. "Sure."

Elaine's eyes lit up with a new hunger, a vampire's hunger. Before Veronica or Rachel knew what was happening, Elaine leaned down, set her lips onto Rachel's neck, and sank her fangs into her.

Jack knew it the moment it happened. Rachel's whole body went rigid for a single moment, before the overpowering pleasure and relaxing bliss of the Kiss hit her. Her insides clamped down and muscle spasms pulsed through every inch of her pussy, milking him hard as Elaine drank her, and forced her hips back and forth. To an elder, a Kiss was hardly enough reason to stop fucking.

Rachel's eyes opened wide, and her kiss broke. Veronica leaned in over Rachel's other shoulder, exposing Rachel's face to Jack, and she ground her body into her new thrall friend. Both Rachel and Elaine stared at Jack, Elaine's eyes lighting up with the pleasure and power of the Kiss. It left Rachel drained and slipping into a coma, but it lit Elaine's body on fire, and her eyes glared at Jack with predatory need. Rachel could barely keep her eyes open, and Jack found himself looking between the two of them, admiring the contrast as Elaine only grew hornier and more energetic, while Rachel slipped away, even as Elaine continued to make her fuck Jack with the strength of her hands on her hips.

Before Jack could cum again, Elaine broke her Kiss, and lifted Rachel off his cock. The feel of her quivering insides squeezing him as he slipped out of her almost broke him, and he ignored the pleasure as best he could. But, damn, he was going to burst the moment someone did anything else to him. And Elaine knew it. She grinned at him as she set Rachel down beside him, and the nearly sleeping thrall didn't hesitate to cuddle into Jack's side, opposite of Lei, squashing her breasts into his ribs and chest and resting her head on his shoulder as Jack moved his arm out for her.

Elaine grabbed Veronica, pulled her thong aside, and sank her down onto Jack's cock, still facing Elaine.

"Nn! M-Master, I—" Veronica stopped as she looked over her shoulder, and noticed Jack's expression. She probably recognized his O-face. "Master..."

Jack did his best to smile for her, but pulsing waves of hot cum shot up through his cock into her, and he desperately wanted to thrust his hips up. But he couldn't. Julee and Ashley were still both riding one leg each, drenching his quads and thighs in their juices. Elaine was straddling both legs near his pelvis, both ghouls pressed to her back and butt. Veronica sat on his cock, facing away from him, her body and breasts squashed into Elaine's. His head rested on Antoinette's lap, and Lei and Rachel were both snuggled into his sides. He couldn't move without disturbing the giant mess of limbs.

Veronica moved though. She ground her body back and forth on him, her groans getting desperate and turning into mewls as she milked him. Unable to keep looking at him, she clutched Elaine's hips

and buried her face between the much taller woman's breasts, as she did everything she could to milk Jack like Antoinette had taught her. All Jack could do was lie there, and watch the young woman dance on his cock.

"May I?" Elaine asked, again. Someone was feeling greedy tonight.

Jack forced down a groan, barely. "Yes. But slowly."

"Master? I—" Veronica squeaked as Elaine pulled the thrall's legs over her hips, clutched the small girl tight to her, leaned down, and sank her fangs into Veronica's neck. Poor Veronica erupted into whimpers and arched backward; Elaine was so much taller than her, she had to. One of Elaine's hands held the small of her back, and dipped her back as the other clutched her ass hard, and forced her to keep moving back and forth as Elaine drained her.

Thankfully, Elaine listened to Jack. She Kissed Veronica slowly, taking her time drawing the thrall's blood into her. Sex with Veronica had only just begun, and Jack would feel guilty cutting her fun short. Elaine knew exactly what Jack wanted though, and she made sure Veronica came her brains out. A very long, slow, drawn out Kiss, all the while making the girl grind, and even bounce on his cock, stimulation Jack desperately wanted.

But before another orgasm came his way, Elaine gently lifted Veronica off his cock, and set the exhausted, trembling girl atop Rachel. Gravity ensured she slid down onto Rachel's back, spooning her, and from the panting breaths, Jack knew she was thoroughly exhausted.

"Elaine," Jack said. "You are a greedy bitch."

Elaine laughed as she crawled forward, breasts jiggling underneath her as she got over his pelvis. With a wink, she undid the knot of her red bikini bottom, and tossed it aside.

"I am your great grandsire. You owe me tribute."

"Uh huh. I—" He sucked in a breath and watched, as Elaine lowered herself down onto his cock. He knew that angle.

He never considered himself an anal guy, but the way Elaine eased her round ass down onto him, leaning back as she did so he could see her empty slit shiver, even drip with juices from previous orgasms, as his cock slowly entered her ass, was glorious. Julee and Ashley had definitely prepared her.

His three exhausted, drained, barely conscious thralls all lifted their heads slightly, and stared with dreamy eyes at the sight of Elaine's empty slit hovering a couple inches over his pelvis as her ass molded to him, and her asshole took him to the base.

Ashley and Julee both slid in closer, and pressed their chests against Elaine's back as the elder vampire leaned back to let them both slip under her arms. With a devil grin Jack recognized from Antoinette, Elaine slowly ground her ass on him, dancing in a slow, swaying motion, as both of Antoinette's ghouls reached between her thighs, and slipped their fingers into her pussy.

All three of Jack's thralls let out tiny moans as they stared.

With Elaine leaning back, her heavy breasts partly flattened against her ribs, and they softly rippled with her dancing motions. The angle she sat at and leaned back on meant his hard cock pushed forward, toward her belly, and she made sure to keep every inch of him in her ass as she clenched the ring of tight muscle around the base of his length. She liked the feeling of his cock pressing toward her pussy like this, from inside her ass. And he shivered in bliss as she danced on him, as both ghouls slipped more fingers into her slit, spreading her and filling her. He could feel it through the walls of her flesh.

Elaine came again quickly. Probably her third or fourth orgasm, considering how long both ghouls had been playing with her. Ashley and Julee pulled their hands free, and almost like they'd planned this, they both gently pulled Elaine's vulva apart, just a little tension against the skin near the thigh, allowing everyone to see Elaine's insides and how they clamped with muscle spasms. A juicy orgasm that had more of her cum dripping out of her and down her skin, soon reaching her ass, her thighs, and Jack's abdomen.

Chuckling, Antoinette reached forward. She still sat on her side, one hip to the floor, legs bent slightly and creating a nice lap for Jack's head. But with one hand against the floor for support, she could easily reach forward with the other, breasts sliding over Jack's face as her long arm found her friend's pussy, and eased two fingers into her.

Ashley and Julee were extremely well versed in the art of sex by this point. But Antoinette was Antoinette. Jack didn't know exactly how she got it so perfectly every time, but she knew exactly how to curl her fingers, what pressure to use, what motions, to have Elaine cumming again in seconds. And unlike Ashley and Julee, she kept her fingers inside her old friend, fingering her through her orgasm.

"You realize Jack is my lover, before he is your great grandchilde, oui?" Antoinette asked, and she fingered Elaine harder, quickly bringing up another orgasm out of the very-slightly trembling vampire. Ashley and Julee slipped off Jack's legs, knelt beside him, and watched their mistress's work with hungry eyes.

"Blood before romance, dear." Only a tiny bit of husk came through in Elaine's voice, mid orgasm.

“I hardly believe that. And you are no blood relative.”

Elaine grinned at Antoinette, leaned forward, and set her hands on Jack’s shoulders. Antoinette removed her arm so Elaine was free to take charge. And take charge she did. Jack gulped as the tall woman’s huge breasts swung back and forth over his head, as his great grandsire rocked back and forth on his cock hard. Finally, a proper fucking rhythm. Every orgasm he’d had so far had been edged, or with Elaine or Antoinette grinding the girls back and forth on him, pleasure reaching almost painful levels before his body decided it was time to cum. But Elaine bounced on his cock with a purpose, and she grinned at him as she slid her hands down to his chest, and pressed down on him as she bounced.

He came. He grabbed her hips, and now that Ashley and Julee were sitting beside her and not on his legs anymore, he thrust up into her, managing to pull a few quiet moans out of her, before she came again as well. It was cheating, really. She’d just fed, on two kine. Her belly was full of blood and her body was on fire. A random feather on her back could have made her cum. But damn, it was still amazing that a tall, busty woman was riding him cowgirl, and cumming on him as he fucked her ass.

“My god,” Lei whispered, and she nudged her head against his chest as she looked to Elaine’s thighs, and where her empty pussy dripped a couple more drops onto him as he pounded up into her. Hot, thick gushes of cum his flowed out of him with each hard clench of his muscles, filling her ass until he could feel it leak out of her and join hers.

Elaine slowed as her trembling came to a stop, and Jack slowed as his pleasure sparks finally died down. The damn woman timed it, a rhythm to make sure they came together. Christ it felt amazing.

“There. I think I am satisfied.” Nodding, Elaine knelt up off his cock, and slid in behind Lei. The kine gasped, scared again, but eventually melted into Jack as Elaine pressed up against Lei’s back.

Jack looked to his left. Rachel had moved down so her head was on his chest, snuggling his side, and Veronica behind her scooted up a bit so she could rest her head on his shoulder, squashed to Rachel’s back and Antoinette’s leg. She wanted to be touching him too. Lei shifted down so she could snuggle into his side lower down, giving Elaine the room to snuggle in over Lei’s head, and rest her head on Jack’s shoulder, opposite of Veronica, both of them close enough to nudge their heads into his jaw.

Ashley and Julee blinked at the six of them, then at each other.

“Oh my god!” Ashley clapped her hands, and giggled like a mad scientist as she crawled onto Jack. “We survived.”

Julee's eyes widened, realization kicking in, and she clapped once as she followed her friend onto Jack.

"We never survive."

"Come now my pets," Antoinette said, "that is not true... is it?"

They both nodded.

"We always get Kissed early on," Ashely said. She beamed as she gestured to the three thralls.

"Not tonight!"

"Sorry," Jack said. "I didn't—"

Ashley grabbed his cum-soaked cock, and sat on it with all the grace of an ox. Well, that was sudden. He winced for a moment as she handled him with far too little gentleness; an erect penis wasn't exactly immune to pain. But once he was inside, he shivered as the excited ghoul bounced and danced on him. She was dripping wet, and very, very tight.

Ashley grabbed Julee, and pulled her up onto Jack's stomach, facing her. With more giggles, Ashely pulled Julee in close, until she was pressed up against her like Veronica had been to Elaine or Rachel a bit ago. And in the same way, she hugged her close, and set her lips to her friend's.

Antoinette chuckled, but didn't interfere. Normally she'd have said something, to remind her pets they weren't to do things without her permission. But they were right. They rarely got to 'survive' a whole night.

Everyone watched as Ashley and Julee took turns, neither of them going more than few minutes before they traded off who rode Jack. It suddenly became a game for the two excited ghouls: who could make Jack cum first. Julee was, naturally, horribly embarrassed by the game, but both girls had been on edge so long, it didn't take much to have them getting into it, and cumming seconds later.

They really did like each other. Maybe even loved each other. They were intimate friends before Antoinette found them, and watching them now, it was easy to imagine. They kissed each other, hugged, massaged, and ground against each other, as they traded off who had Jack inside them.

And with a belly full of Lei's blood keeping him hard and boiling, they both got to make him cum once each.

~/♥♥♥~/

~~~~~

Jack took his thralls back to his mansion. They had their own rooms, and now that Leilani and Rachel were fully bound by the Vinculum, they were invited to stay as well. It wasn't easy, getting his exhausted, drained thralls into some clothes so he could take them outside and into the limousine, and the fact all three girls took every opportunity to drape themselves on him made it even harder. Almost like drunk girlfriends who couldn't stand under their own power. Three of them.

But he managed. With Elaine's help, he got them into the limousine, and they went back to his place. The moment the car pulled up into his long driveway, two crows circled above, waiting. Once Jack opened the front door, Mulder and Scully flew down, and into the mansion.

"Your pets serve you well," Elaine said.

Jack, with Veronica in his arms, looked back to her and nodded toward the limousine. "Wanna help?"

She blinked at him, like he'd just suggested she pick up dog shit with her bare hands.

Jack rolled his eyes. "Mulder. Scully. Go back and keep an eye on my thralls please?" After a few annoyed caws, his two friends flew back out, and landed on the limousine. "Thank you."

Elaine grinned at him as she followed through the mansion halls. "I am your great grandsire, an esteemed dragon, and elder Kindred. I am not your assistant."

"Uh huh."

It took a minute to get to Veronica's room, big as the damn mansion was. He'd given her free rein to decorate it however she wanted, and she'd taken that to heart. Gone was the rich red and royal golds, now replaced with pinks and blues; she had a thing for sky blue, hair included. Stuffed animals, a laptop with stickers on it, a white cabinet with color trinkets and toys inside. Decorations on the walls, felt pictures with words of vague, meaningless advice on them. But at least one of the cute posters was funny. 'Wake a sleeping princess at your own peril.' He'd laughed when he saw it.

He tucked her into bed. She tried to stay awake, to say something, but all she managed was a quick smile before she passed out. A glass of water and some multivitamins stood on the white nightstand beside her bed. She'd need them.

Time for the other two.

He scooped Lei out of the car next. Fast asleep. Their rooms weren't setup yet, and he didn't want them waking up disoriented and confused, in a room they didn't know. So, he brought Lei into Veronica's room, and tucked her into bed with her new colleague.

And then of course his mind wandered. Ashley and Julee had been all over each other, while riding him. That'd been damn hot. And the way his thralls had been all over each other had been basically every man's dream. He hadn't expected them to get so into it with each other, but he did tell them they were free to be sexual with each other, whether he was around or not.

So of course now he had images in his mind of his three thralls fucking each other, and then him and Antoinette walking in, catching them by surprise, and punishing them appropriately.

One more to go. After retrieving her from the car, he tucked Rachel into the bed, and smiled down at his thralls. Three beautiful women, all deceptively smart and aware. And with some more years under their belts, ghouls, trained in weapons and martial arts. And sex. He really was living the dream.

A dream with a nightmare looming around the corner. They still didn't know what to do about the tears. They'd investigated, found some of the ones Natasha had predicted, but no way to seal them. So while Natasha and the werewolves looked for ways to do that, Jack, Damien, and Antoinette looked for ways to deal with Black Blood.

He kinda wished they switched jobs. Sneaking around, looking for any information he could on how to deal with Black Blood was like cutting random wires of an active bomb. A nuclear bomb.

"Does the necklace continue to serve you?" Elaine asked, following him back into the lobby. Damn woman hadn't lifted a finger to help him, and had enjoyed every minute of watching him do the labor.

"You know it does."

Mulder and Scully sat on the stair railings, one on each, and they both cawed at Elaine; once, and quietly.

"That is good. And I do believe I have uncovered something that may be of interest to you, in regards to the curse."

"Shit, really?"

"Mhmm."

"Anything to do with how you got rid of the curse?"

“I...” Sighing, she sat down on the lobby stairs. That, was strange. She knew he liked to sit on the stairs often, but seeing her do it was straight up odd. “I have information regarding that as well, but I do not think you will like it.”

“Oh.” Jack sat down beside her. “That’s why you came with me tonight.”

“Indeed.”

He took a deep, useless breath. “Alright, hit me.”

“With which information?”

“What information did you get about how you got rid of the curse?”

He almost wished he didn’t ask. Try as Elaine might, she couldn’t hide the look of shame and guilt. They were subtle of course, just tiny hints in her eyes, unnoticeable to someone who didn’t know her. But he’d been around her for many months now. He knew her well enough.

“I committed diablerie.”

Jack slowly looked away as he flexed his arms, hands clutching at his knees. He stood up, and paced in front of her, both his birds watching from the front railing posts. Black Blood had been right, then.

It wasn’t like Kindred didn’t commit murder. Jack had killed before, and diablerie was killing another vampire. Except it was more than that. He didn’t know if souls existed, or if some kind of energy at a level beyond human consciousness existed, or any of that shit. But he knew something did, and Julias had explained to him in no uncertain terms just how fucked up it was to commit diablerie.

You drank another vampire to death, and beyond death. You drank them until everything they were, everything deeper than skin and flesh, was consumed. It was the most fucked up thing a vampire could do. And far as Jack knew, any Prince in the world would have a diablerist executed.

She was trusting him a lot, telling him this. God damn it.

He took another useless breath, and after a minute of equally useless pacing, he sat back down beside Elaine.

“Alright. Tell me more.”