

~~Natasha~~

They took a taxi home. She sat in the middle, and peeked left and right during the ride. Matthew the giant, and Arturo the devil; and, also quite huge. The tiny Mekhet disappeared between them, and she smiled a little smile as she took a slow breath through her nose in the proximity of their bodies. She could smell the arousal.

Much of the night had been spent looking at half-naked men, women, and then eventually completely naked men and women, the humans being brought up to orgasm for the joy of the Kindred feeding on them. Supposedly, you could taste it in the blood. And she had to admit, when she was sleeping with Jessy's ghouls, there was a change in the flavor when the man had just cum. So subtle you could mistake it for a placebo.

Kindred treated it like humans did caviar, or fine wine, or similar extravagant food. She could understand why.

With so many of the Kindred indulging in such a luxury, it'd created an overwhelming sexual atmosphere. At least any Kindred that wanted to could simply not blush life, and hide their arousal, but her poor boyfriends could not. And she couldn't blame them for peeking at all legs and breasts and penises being stroked and vaginas being fingered. At first there'd been only one or two, almost hidden as they sat in the seats while nearby Kindred leaned over them to touch them. By the end of the ball, many of the kine had enjoyed at least one orgasm, and at least one pair of fangs in their neck. Jennifer's targets — all women — had enjoyed far more, and had been reduced to exhausted, sweating messes, mewling and whimpering. Was she trying to impress Beatrice? It'd seemed so, with how often Jennifer kept glancing at her fellow witch.

She'd impressed a lot more than just Triss. Natasha hadn't been able to stop herself, or her boyfriends, from staring at the sight of one of the women lying down on a table, completely naked, while three Kindred gently drank of her blood. Until the poor kine had slipped into a post-Kiss coma, Jennifer had fingered her until Natasha could see the girl's juices trickling down her thighs.

"That Jen," Art said. "Girl must have been on his mind, and she couldn't blame him, not after that display. "Got the impression she was trying to get everyone's attention."

"N-Not everyone's, just... Beatrice's."

"Yeah?" Matt said. "Thought she was with that Invictus dude."

“She is. So I d-d-don’t know what she’s up to.” Maybe she was just trying to get into their bed? Or something more devious, and break them apart? Doubtful, but she didn’t know the witch well enough to make that call.

Once they were out of the taxi, outside Natasha’s apartment building, they walked in and took the elevator. Still a couple hours until sunrise, and she’d made a promise. So, she stood in the elevator with her two boyfriends, and tried her best to hide her grin. Two boyfriends, hehe.

Her two boyfriends were drunk! Or at least tipsy. She could smell the alcohol on their breath, and their movement was a little sloppy. And, they kept sneaking glances her way, and looking her up and down like she was a snack; they always did that, but tonight their glances were a little less devious, a little more obvious. If only she could indulge in liquid courage like that.

She was hungry though. Seeing all those kine getting Kissed, drained, and all she’d had was a glass of blood. Not terribly satisfying to a vampire when it wasn’t fresh; still good, but not as filling. So, as much as Art and Matt smelled of arousal, and kept looking at her like food, she was doing the same to them. She wanted to bite them, sink her fangs into them, fill her belly with their essence.

And have them inside her while she did.

She opened the door and let them into her apartment, before turning around to lock it as the two wolves stepped around her. Always locked it of course. But, as she locked she, she heard a growl behind her.

She turned around, and squeaked. Both of the werewolves were approaching her, shoulders hunched and knees bent. Prowling!

Matthew reached out for her first, and she tapped into the vitae in her body to spur on some speed. A reflex, a life saving reflex, and she ducked under his enormous arms to try and get behind him.

“W-Wait!” she said, and stopped short as she almost ran into Arturo, who’d jumped back in anticipation of her.

The evil man only grinned, and tried to grab her. But she ducked again, and went through his legs. Being tiny has advantages.

She squealed as she darted around to the other side of the couch, and put it between her and the two wolves. “N-Now, boys! We were... thought we were... going t-t-to... not be so—”

Again, she squeaked as the two of the beasts came at her, walking fast and blocking off both pathways around the couch. Closing in on her, surrounding her, like... like wolves! And they weren’t

listening either. Their eyes were squinting a little, and their lips were raised in small growls that exposed their teeth. They were both grinning.

They dived. Squealing, she tried to jump over the couch, but Arturo saw her plan coming. His hand was waiting for her, and she ran straight into it. Arm hooked her stomach, and pulled her in so she was trapped with her back to his chest, her feet dangling a foot from the floor.

“You,” Matt said, stalking in closer, “should blush life for us.”

“I won’t!”

He growled, deep, rumbling in his titanic chest, and got in closer yet again. Art took her hands and lifted her by them, so now she dangled two feet from the ground instead, eye level with the giant Matthew. Or almost.

The blond-haired beast reached down, and started to slide up her dress. “After what Art and I just went through?”

“Pure torture,” the devil man behind her said.

“I... I s-said it’d be... sexual...” Trapped. Trapped trapped, unable to get away from her two boyfriends. Why would she want to? Cause they could get scary! So massive, and strong, and when they were hungry like this, it sent a chill down her spine. She remembered what it was like, in the tunnels when they chased her.

The giant continued to pull up on her dress. Higher, and higher, until she was wriggling and squirming as the man exposed her bare sex. They worked together to strip her, until she was dangling there in nothing but her shoes; but even those were taken from her a moment later.

Art brought her higher, and higher, and set a kiss on her ear. And then, her neck. With her naked, and him holding her up like this, she felt like a bug. A tiny, wriggling little bug.

“Blush for me,” Art said.

“N-No! You t-t-two are...b-being... mean...” Her voice died, melting away as Matt also stood in closer, leaning down to kiss the opposite side of her neck.

“Blush,” he said. Rumbled. Matt, being forceful, being insistent? God, she blinked up at him, and did her best ‘please be nice’ eyes. They only made him growl, louder, until she felt the vibrations against her naked body.

She swallowed on nothing, and blushed.

The two animals rumbled their pleasure, and set her back down onto the floor. Art turned her around, and with his hands reaching down for her hips, held her tight to him as he leaned down, and kissed her. Matt moved with the flow, and reached down to squeeze and knead her ass while Art buried her lips in a rather forceful, powerful kiss, physically powerful. And as Art squeezed her tight, held her, buried her in his kiss, Matt set his lips on her neck, massaged her back, her shoulders, and her ass once again.

And then Art started to move down her body. His hands reached lower, and so too did his kisses, finding her neck and threatening to bite it out with a playful nibble, before his lips went lower to her breasts. Her nipples were hard, and she reached out onto Art's shoulders to hold on as he suckled on the tiny buttons. Warm, wet lips on her nipples. Each kiss along her areola sent tingly little sparks into her chest, until she made a tiny mewl. He didn't stay there long, and continued going down, and down, and down.

The man, on his knees, reached out for her legs, and squeezed on her thighs as he brought her in closer. She was standing, but Arturo was so tall compared to her, that as he brought her in closer, he lifted her. She whimpered at him, pouted her best pout, but to no avail. The man sat down on his butt and knees, and set her feet on his legs above the knee. With her height raised, standing on his quadriceps, he brought her closer yet again, and set his mouth upon her smooth pussy.

Tongue. Hot, wet tongue found her folds. No hiding it, she was already wet. In just a minute since her blushing, the two beasts had her wet, and mewling, and whimpering, and now she was reaching out to hold onto Arturo's head as the beast began to devour her.

Matthew disappeared, and she turned her head to try and find where the giant was going. But pressure, hot and dripping pushed along her folds and along her clitoris, ripping her attention back. The man between her legs was grinning up at her with his eyes, and she squeaked when he set his teeth against flesh. But he didn't bite, thank god, and resumed licking her. And growling against her smooth lips, rumbling, he licked harder.

"Art! S-Slow down... p-p-pl... you..." Too much, too fast! She needed to warm up first; or she should have. But her body knew better, and for all her begging, her nipples were hard enough to almost hurt, and her juices were already on her sex. She was all over Art's lips.

"We've been dating for several weeks now Tash," Matt said, returning, with a bottle of lubricant in his hand. Oh no. "We know what you look like when you want sex."

"I d-don't know y-y-nnng!" She squeaked, and dug her fingers into Art's hair as the man suckled on her clitoris.

Matt came up behind her, and also got down on his knees. “Hold still.” An order, from Matthew, big, gentle giant man! He didn’t shout it or say it with any harshness, but there was no doubt the man was giving her a command.

She tried to express her discontent, but it just kept coming out as whimpers. Art wouldn’t stop licking her, and no matter how hard she tried to pretend it wasn’t true, her body was on fire already. Embarrassing, to be so aroused, so quickly, and for the two men to be able to know it just by looking at her. And as Matt set his hands on her ass again, her whimpers turned into an outright moan as Art slipped two fingers inside her aching, squeezing depths.

“Art, p-please... sl...” He wasn’t listening. He gazed up at her from between her legs, lips still pulling on her clit between bouts of licking, and his fingers starting to press forward toward her belly. And he pressed hard. A bump showed along her lower abdomen where the beast pressed against her g-spot; a flat stomach, subtle abs, and very tiny body frame meant every bit of pressure the animal pushed against her depths toward her stomach was shown along her skinny belly, below the navel.

It drove Art wild, and he started to finger her harder, push against her g-spot further, all while soaking her already dripping folds with his tongue. All she could do was hold on as the pleasure forced her muscles to squeeze.

But when Matt started to press wet fingers between her ass cheeks, she squeaked, and looked over at the giant. He was on his knees too, and while one hand was prying open her butt, the other was pushing thoroughly lubricated fingers against her entrance. Always they both wanted her, always at the same time! And after that first time, their insistence, their need, their aggression, it was always so high, and overpowering.

It scared her, thrilled her. And her body had no such inner conflicts about it, more than happy to give away her arousal with copious amounts of her juices, and endless panting.

Her grip tightened on Art’s shoulders, and she whimpered for mercy as Matthew eased two of his large fingers into her tiny, squeezing body. Two sets of fingers, both wriggling, squirming, pushing and massaging against her insides, all while Art continued to gently suckle and kiss her clitoris, too soft to push her over the edge though. He didn’t want her to cum with her clit, he wanted to her cum deep inside, where the muscles would spasm, squeeze, and fill her core with waves of deep, rolling bliss.

The two werewolves were far, far too good at what they were doing. Natasha knew the two men must have had a very large sexual history, but with both of them filling her and pressing against her spots, those spots, it was hard to care about anything else other than the pleasure tremors in her pelvis. Art took turns pressing her g-spot forward toward her belly, and then reached deeper, pushing his

fingers against her depths toward her stomach as well. He knew where that spot was, deep inside, and he pushed on it hard enough to make a small bump along her abs just below her navel. All the while, Matt reached in deep as well, and pressed against her depths, finding the other side of her deepest place and pressing it toward Art.

It all left her a shaking, mewling mess. And a minute later, a cumming mess. She cried out, but her cries were quiet, without breath, nothing more than pants and whimpers as she held onto Art, and came onto his face. She could feel her juices, far more juices than there should have been, drip down onto him, and down her thighs. She could feel her inner muscles clench with all their might, before they convulsed in random spurts of bliss, and more of her liquids trickled out of her. The more they pressed against those deep places in her little body, the more her eyes rolled up, and the more she found herself teetering, body wanting to fall but unable to as the two beasts held her, and fingered her more, and more, and more.

When they stopped, she collapsed. Art and Matt both removed their fingers, and Art helped set her down on the floor, before the two of them stood up. In seconds, they tossed away their shirts, their pants, their underwear, their socks, until she was staring up at two very naked men. Her, on her knees, panting and trembling, while the two titans stood over her, members erect.

For a second, she thought maybe they would ask for blowjobs, and she didn't have the energy for that. She was still shaking, trembling, and attempts to stand failed as the pleasure coursed through her muscles and down to her toes. But, she knew they wanted more, and she tried to get away again as Matt reached out for her. Her attempt at escape was a pale comparison to last time, her legs refusing to work and all, and the giant only laughed as he scooped her up into his arms and cradled her as the two men walked toward her bedroom.

Arturo hopped onto her bed, grinned his evil bastard grin, and lay down on his back, his head on her pillow, and his hands out to motion for them to come to him.

"P-Please... need... break." Her voice was starting to come back. Still mostly pants and wavering squeaks, but at least it was there.

But they weren't listening, as if arousal had clogged their ears. Matt climbed onto the bed, set her down on Arturo's waist, and she trembled as she placed her hands upon his enormous chest. Hard, rock, muscle and blood. And as she sat there, shivering, staring down at his wide valley of strength, the wolf beneath her reached out and set his hands on her hips.

She whimpered as the beast forced her forward, so her clit, aching, swollen, slid along the veined girth. Back and forth, Art forced her smooth pussy to drag along his cock, until it was coated in her juices. She was soaked, and dripping, and she reached up to cover her face as she turned beet red.

Maybe she shouldn't have done that. Hiding her face behind fingers, she peeked through the cracks to find Art's face mad with voracious hunger, and sending more shivers through her spine. He forced her forward until his cock's head was pressing against the entrance of her, and angled her pelvis so the thick glans started to force her open when he pushed her back down toward his legs. And penetrated her. She gasped, reached down quick to grab his wrists, and held on as the man quickly sank his length into her. At least at first; he stopped once he had four of five inches inside her. With a few inches of his length still to go, she felt the man press against her depths, the swollen head of his shaft stretching her in deeper slightly. She meeped, and with a reflex, tried to push herself off of the enormous thing penetrating her, filling her, stretching her pussy taut with its thickness, and length. But Arturo growled, animal, vibrations she felt through her legs around his chest, and continued to push her down.

There was no getting around the size difference. She was a very tiny woman, and Arturo was a huge man. A huge, ravenous, overpowering man. She was thankful that, in the middle of what appeared to be borderline insanity, he still knew to take those last few inches slowly, to let her aroused body accept and adjust to fit him. It hurt, to have her depths filled like this. But in moments, her boiling insides sent powerful jolts of pleasure down her thighs and up into her core as the man sank her deeper, and deeper onto him, the head of his cock consistently but gently pushing and massaging against her depths. Pain faded away, and electric shocks rippled outward as she finally managed to take every inch of his length.

Whimpering, she forced herself to look down. Her little lips were stretched so wide, taut, struggling to fit the beast inside her, and her clitoris stood out from her smooth skin, swollen and aching. Whimpering turned into another squeal as Matt got comfortable behind her on his knees, and pushed her torso forward a little.

“Matt! P-Please... I'm... I need a b-b-break...”

He wasn't listening either. Just like Art, there was a look on his face, of ravenous need, of overwhelming desire that both terrified her, and had her body singing with arousal. They wanted her this badly.

The giant set his glans against her ass, and started to press against her tight muscles. His shaft was lubricated now, she could tell, and with how much lube had already been worked into her butt, it started

to slide in easily. At least, until the smallness of the hole, of her, her body, started to fight back against the man's girth.

She tried to sit up, to get back some measure of control, but as Matt began to sink his massive cock into her, he put one of his hands against her back, and pinned her. Wriggling, squirming, she could do nothing but lay there upon Art's chest, and tremble as Matt forced inch after inch of him into her ass. He was slow too, like Art, and knew how to make sure the lubricant and gentle, massaging rhythm worked together to allow her body to accept him. But she had no room! No space inside her, not for all this, for the both of them, filling her until she felt like she'd burst. Her sphincter squeezed down on the titan, the ring of muscle already taut with the girth of the man, but it did nothing to stop him. Pinned and helpless, Matt sank more of his cock into her body, more, and more, until she was sure the man was pushing into her stomach.

Somewhere, between getting pinned and Matt entering her, she'd started moaning. And as she did, she felt both the titans growl once more, deep rumbling sounds that sent vibrations through her. Trapped between walls of muscle and power, and all she could do was lay there, legs spread, and let the beast fill her.

Once her ass pressed tight against the wolf's pelvis, he removed his hand from her back, only to slide it forward over her shoulder, and around her neck. Matt scooped her toward his chest, again trapping her, but now with her back to his stomach, her head against his sternum — he was way too tall — and his arms around her. One of his giant hands trickled down her breasts, her belly, and down to her leg, while the other kept her neck in his hands.

His grip was almost big enough to completely circle her neck.

She looked down, and let out a quiet whimper. She was a skinny woman, with a touch of abdominal definition, and a small frame; which meant the sheer amount of girth filling her was causing a small bump along her lower belly, a subtle distension showing where the two beasts filled her to the point she thought she might split open.

“G... god...,” she said.

Matthew growled over her. With her head against his sternum, the power of his rumbling voice forced her eyes to roll upward, and she whimpered as she melted against him. The grip of his fingers did not loosen, almost tight enough to render her unable to breathe. She did not need oxygen, but that did not change that every muscle in her body started to go limp with surrender, and boil with need as the beast held her.



He started to fuck her. Slowly at first, easing out half of his long cock, before pushing it back into her. She managed to look down even with his grip, and mewled openly at the sight of the bump along her body shifting, becoming more pronounced as Matt sank his shaft into her to the hilt, and then eased out half of it once more. You weren't supposed to be able to see it! To see how they were stretching her insides like this. But, she stared wide-eyed at how the two men fighting for space in her quivering insides forced her lower abdomen to distend slightly around their girths.

She could feel it. Arturo seemed content to watch, to stare and gaze at her, her body, her hard nipples and her belly where the vulgar, obscene... hypnotizing site was, the bump. And it reached her navel.

She started to whine, and whimper, little sounds that were barely audible. Each stroke of Matt's cock into her awaiting insides pressed toward her belly, pressed against the wall of flesh between her two depths, pressed against Art's shaft within her, and pressed against her deepest places. Thankfully the giant kept it slow and gentle as he eased in every inch of him, and every so often, he stayed there, balls deep within her. Two men, buried to the hilt inside her, and she was helpless to do anything while Matt hugged her, squeezed her, choked her, and Arturo watched every bit of it.

The heat started to build again. Her whines grew louder, and her head fell back again to rest against Matt's chest as the man began to fuck her once more. She reached up with one hand to grab his wrist, but it did little to deter the man. He growled down at her, louder, and hugged her tighter to him as his fingers around her throat tightened as well.

For a split moment, she wondered how exactly Matthew was in the correct position for this. Kneeling would have put him too high. Maybe his knees were spread very far outward? That would have hurt the legs after a while, right? Her thoughts were ripped back to the present as a sharp jolt of pleasure erupted from her clitoris.

"Ar-nnn!" Her voice came out muffled, buried by Matt's grip, as Arturo began to massage her clit. Gently, he caressed the swollen nub, until the sparks traveled into her thighs and made her squeeze down on both of their lengths. Not fast enough to make her cum, but the consistent, loving pressure was more than enough to have her whimpering.

It wasn't her clitoris that was going to make her cum, it was the friction of Art's cock against her g-spot, and the length of him forcing her depths inward, constant pressure against her deepest places. It was Matt, and how each deep stroke of his cock reached far enough she could feel her body fight to accommodate his length. How each stroke made his shaft press toward all her taut flesh, and how each stroke joined Art in filling her to the brim.

She started to cum. Arturo wasn't even moving, only tenderly massaging her clitoris, while Matt continued to trap her, hold her, squeeze her, and press her against his chest and abs. But she started to cum, and as Matt sank himself to the hilt inside her until she felt the head of his cock press against her deepest place with Arturo, she squeezed. Her mewls came through, louder, and Matt released some of the tension on her neck to let the sounds escape as she started to tremble upon their cocks.

Warmth. Wet warmth came out of her, and a peek down showed her juices leaking out of her smooth lips and onto the waiting pelvis of Arturo. The man set aside his fingers, held onto her legs as she came on him, and a quick peek at his eyes showed awe and craving. But her eyes rolled upward again, and half closed as she squeezed again, and again, each met with more of her juices soaking the wolf between her legs.

Arturo wasn't moving, but Matthew was. He growled down at her, and tightened his grip on her neck again while his other hand pressed on her chest, to keep her pinned to his colossal torso of rock. He stayed inside her, as deep as he could get, her ass molding to fit against his hips and pelvis, before he withdrew a few inches, and thrust back into her. She shuddered, managed to look up at him with begging eyes, before her squeezing muscles rippled waves of pleasure down to her curling toes. And more of her cum flowed out of her, until she felt it on her thighs, and her knees.

She was drenching him, as Matt continued to fuck her ass. And, each time the man forced his pelvis snug against her, until his glans was pressing forward so hard she could feel the bump along her stomach, she convulsed, and came. More juices, and more, until she felt it drip down Arturo's sides to reach her calves and feet where they were tight to his body. More, until she felt so embarrassed she would have made a beet jealous, and could do nothing about it as Matt held her tight in his grasp.

Finally, he stopped thrusting, and let her go. She collapsed, hard enough for her cheek to land with a quiet thud against Arturo's chest. Her arms were limp, hanging over the man's sides and onto the blankets, and a touch of drool escaped her mouth, dribbling onto his sternum.

"You overdid it, you dumbass," Art said. The sound of his voice through his chest, her ear against his body, was powerful, soothing, and she smiled as she tried to get her energy back. Whole body tingling, and her insides refused to stop with their random spasms, each earning a delightful orgasm aftershock. Energy was nowhere to be found.

"Yeah. Maybe. You ok Tash?" Hands found her, took her shoulders, and pulled her up. She didn't help. Nope, content to just be limp, and tremble as the tingling waves took their time fading away. "See, she's fine." Matt's arms hugged around her this time, one hooking around the front of her chest, while the other reached down to hold her hip. "Right?"

“Need... b... b-break...”

“Break?” Art said, and he forced himself up on his elbows. No room left for Natasha, sitting between the two beasts, still inside her, walls of meat and strength burying her. “I’m so close.”

“So am I,” the beast behind her said.

She whimpered, and forced her heavy arms out to touch Art’s chest. “Please, let me rest. I... still... t-t-tingly.”

Her touch sent Art back to the bed, and he made another growl as he set his hands on her hips; Matt moved his out of the way, and held her stomach inside. And then, the devil forced his hips upward.

She bounced, and squealed. “Oh! N-Not so rough! Please, p-please, slow... down.”

Again, they didn’t listen. Art continued to thrust upward, not so hard as to break her, but he wasn’t gentle either, and he was deep. So deep, every thrust stretched her inward, and she felt the thickness of his glans against her deep spot.

And Matthew held onto her, hugged her, squeezed her, while keeping himself balls deep inside. Every thrust from Art was met with her tightening muscles, and so little room left inside her with Matt taking up so much of it. With so much pressure inside her, so much flesh, each stroke forced her g-spot to drag along Art’s veined girth, until he forced his cock back into her to the base. And, with Matt no longer holding her neck, she was free to let her head hang, and watch the titan beneath her flex his hard abs, his broad back, and every muscle in his core as he pushed up to meet her.

Her poor, tender little pussy seemed more than happy with Art’s aggression, and continued to squeeze on the veined girth spreading her lips taut.

Matt finally let go of her, and she collapsed forward again. She had enough strength to catch her weight this time, and she set her hands Art’s chest as she continued to bounce on his length. Each thrust earned a squeak from her, sometimes a squeal, and sometimes a moan, until she could feel more of her juices start to leak from her. So much of her cum was soaking her, her legs, Art’s pelvis, she blushed brighter every time she looked down at the mess. Never made this sort of mess before, not with Jessy’s ghouls or by herself or ever, and every time the two wolves did this to her, it only got worse.

Art got faster, and started thrusting hard enough to hurt a little more. And, try as she might to tell him to stop, to slow down, to ease up, every time she opened her mouth all she could find was mewls, and panting whimpers. Pain melted away again, and her body, already boiling, melted away too.

Somewhere along the line, both men started to gently thrust. Art slowed down to almost nothing, giving her tender insides some deserved mercy, while Matt joined him, and the two beasts each fucked her in a soft, tender rhythm. More warmth was leaking out of her pussy, and not just hers. Arturo was cumming, and lovingly fucking her quivering body as he did, until his white fluid was leaking out of her, and soaking their connection. She hadn't even noticed when he'd started.

She tried to move her hands, or maybe join in and milk the man, but her arms were limp again, hanging over his sides and against the blankets. All she could do was lay there, wriggling, mewling, as both men fucked her.

"She's all mine now," Matt said.

"W-What? I—nnn!" She moaned as the giant behind her took her by her armpits, pulled her toward his chest, and lifted her. The dragging girth of Art's cock sent more shocks through her, but after a few seconds, the large phallus fell clear of her body, and landed flat along the wolf's abs. Coated in white, and her juices.

Art smirked, hooked his hands behind his head, and watched as Matt set her back down so her pussy rested along the underside base of Art's length. And once she was comfortable with her lips spread apart over the man's cock, pinning it to his abs, Matt started to fuck her again.

And Art watched. He grinned at her, gave her a devious little wink, reached out with one hand, and again began to caress her clitoris as she shifted back and forth over him a few inches. Matt held her tight to him, turning her into a tiny, limp doll against the vast wall of steel muscle and sweat behind her. Each thrust from the man was deep enough to force her ass snug against his body, but that wasn't enough for him. Matt hugged her tighter, bear hug tight enough that her arms were pinned to her sides, and he sank himself into her deep enough that each stroke forced her body forward, until Matt pulled her back.

She was sliding along Art's cock, while the man caressed her, massaged her clit, watched her and her soaking wet pussy slip over the cum-coated thickness of his girth. And each shift of motion was met with Matt, pressing his length toward her belly, hitting that deep spot through the walls of her flesh, her ass, her depths. Sometimes, he pulled out slowly, nearly all of his length so only the bulbous tip of him remained within her, before he thrust forward, the angle forcing his cock to press against her pussy, her g-spot, and the pressure reaching deeper, and deeper, deeper, until she started to tremble once more. Explosive pleasure hit her, robbed her of any body control, and reduced her to a quivering pile of bliss.

She looked down, and turned red from head to toe, for the millionth time. She was squirting.

Without Art's shaft within her, there was nothing to stop her muscles from clenching down with the waves of orgasm, and force the fluid to spurt out rather forcefully against him. Her cum washed over his cock and along his abs, mixing into the white of his semen and making a big, big, big mess of everything.

"Cumming this hard?" Art released her clitoris, and sat up again, still leaning back slightly with his hands behind him against the sheets. "How naughty."

"It's... n-not..." She wanted to reach out and hit him, but Matt's hug around her body was absolute. And even if it wasn't, she was struggling to keep her eyes on him, to not show how she was still mid orgasm, and that she wasn't overwhelmed by pleasure; it wasn't working. Her arms were limp, bear hug or not, and her head eventually fell forward, mouth open and her tongue nearly hanging out as she stared at another gush of her cum. Now that Art was sitting up, her pussy rested against where his cock met his testicles, and she drenched the base of him with her warm juices as Matt started to pump faster, and faster.

And then slower, and slower. The giant slowed to a few, hard, deep thrusts that forced her to squeak with each one, and another squirt of her fluids to splash against where her pussy was rubbing against Art. Matt was cumming, and she was cumming with him. She forced her head back, and then let it fall backward to relax against the titan's chest. So close like this, trapped in his arms, she could feel him breathing, feel his muscles tense and flex with each spurt of his seed he poured into her, and feel his rumbling voice.

And she could feel his heartbeat. Blood, gallons of it, pouring through the enormous man's body, and being moved by a giant heart beating hard against the back of her head. Deep, rhythmic, enthralling.

"... yeah, let's go again," Art said.

"W-What!? P-Please, I'm... so tired... need... to..." To rest! She'd never cum this hard, ever, or for so long. She needed a break before she passed out.

The two of them worked together, lifted her enough so Art could set the head of his hard cock to her shivering lips, and ease her down onto his length. She whimpered openly, and as Art lay back once more, she fell forward as Matt released his grip on her body.

But it did not last. Even as white cum trickled out of both of her holes, Matt reached out for her arms, took her by the wrists, and pulled back on them enough to force her to dangle from them, a foot

over Art's chest. With Matt holding her by the wrists, Art took her hips, and started to thrust upward into her, while Matt started to thrust as well.

The two of them, thrusting together, working like a machine of cogs. Both entered her, and then Matt withdrew several inches, and then Art a moment later. Matt would thrust into her, and then Art a moment later again. She could do nothing but bounce and whine as the two men fucked her, until the blush of life had her a sweating mess, and another wave of her juices spilled out over Art's cock.

She was in heaven. She couldn't say it though! Way too embarrassing, and with how overwhelming it was to have both men take her like this, she could never ask for it. But, trapped like this, with no way to stop the two wolves from ravaging her? Totally helpless to prevent their advances, aggression, and strength, as they fucked her pussy and ass? Part of her wanted to feel a little bad for indulging in such a stereotypical loss-of-power fantasy. A much larger part of her never wanted them to stop.

She came again. Matt didn't let go of her hands, holding them at his sides, so her torso dangled forward and over Art, shaking with each thrust. Her small breasts shook with the impact of their bodies against hers; not that they were fucking her too hard, but rather, she was so small that each impact made her whole body shake. The only thing keeping her in place was Matt's grip on her wrists, and Art's grip on her hips.

At some point, things started to blur. They weren't stopping. The only break she got was when the two of them both decided to thrust into her at the same time, and stay inside her as she came. Five seconds at most, of being allowed to cum without the two cocks inside her thrusting into her depths, before the two beasts started to fuck her again.

Matt let go of her hands. She collapsed, for what must have been the fourth time, and let her body rest along Art's wide body of iron as she came. Everything was soaked, and her insides felt tenderized, a little bruised, and would not stop convulsing in bliss. Each shock of orgasmic bliss exploded outward from her pelvis, reached up to her head, and down to her toes. Each had her quivering, and her squeals were reduced to pants and quiet whimpers as she struggled to get control of her body. It wasn't working. All she could do was lay there, and writhe.

Matt set his hands on her hips near Art's, and the two of them pressed down on her body. And as she lay there, trembling, they pushed down on her, trying to get as deep as they could as they came. Her pussy was already stretched to bursting, but Art wasn't satisfied, and he pressed down on her as he gently rocked her back and forth an inch, rubbing her clit against his soaked pelvis. Matthew did the

same, leaning over her and pushing her ass to him until she was sure he was trying to reach her stomach.

They rocked her that single inch, back and forth in a gentle manner as the two beasts filled her with cum again, as they made quiet, deep, rumbling growls that vibrated through her. She couldn't cum anymore, and she didn't want to. Too much, way too much. She was glad to have a real break, and simply let the two animals pour their cum into her while she tried to recover.

At last she felt Matthew start to soften, and then Arturo. With Matthew the effect was a little more obvious, as she felt her ring muscles begin to tighten into their normal shape once more, while also leaking copious amounts of the white fluid from her. Such a mess, all over her sheets. And unlike hers, theirs wouldn't fade away! She'd need to shower, and do laundry, and shower again, and try and clean herself out a bit, and... and she couldn't wait to do it again.

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The three of them, in her shower. She was renting a very nice place, so the shower was big enough to handle even Matthew, plus her and Arturo.

She was standing between the two of them, and stroking each of them, their cocks heavy in her palms and filling her grip. No getting around how big they were compared to her.

“How can you t-two... still be horny?” They'd both cum, fifteen minutes ago!

“Wet hair,” Matt said, and he ran his hands over her head and down the length of wet hair reaching to her butt. She did her best to not sigh with bliss.

“Definitely wet hair.” Arturo nudged his hips forward, and pressed his hard cock against her stomach. She still had the large phallus in her hand, but the angle and height difference gave him a lot of control.

Matthew took his friend's queue, and also nudged his hips forward. Both of them were tall enough that, when they got in very close so both of their cocks pointed upward while resting against her, they pressed to her breasts.

She was blushing life, at their request, just so they could see her get aroused right along with them; which also meant her nipples hard again, and despite herself, she rubbed the tips of their shafts along them. Tingly little sparks made her shiver, and smile.

They'd had far too much sex. Way too much... Way way way too much. She was sore, and tired, but her body didn't seem to mind, and she could feel her pussy begin to ache with need again as she held their enormous shafts in her tiny hands, as they pressed against her body.

"Sensitive, aren't you?" Matt said.

"... I... d-d-d—"

Arturo set his hand on her shoulder, opposite of Matt. "Been a while since we've had a girl. But, none of them hold a candle to you." His other hand's fingers found hers, and slipped between them so both of them had a grip on his cock. "And none of them cum as hard or as much as you."

Blushing life meant her dead heart pumped faked blood through her veins, made all the signs of human life show through, and that included blushing. Felt like her body would explode from all the embarrassment she'd suffered tonight.

She'd squirted all over Arturo, multiple times. Once from only anal! Soaked him in her juices. Lost control of all her muscles so she was just a writhing mess of pleasure, a live wire flopping and convulsing with the sporadic pulses of orgasm. And they knew it. Any and all pretense of disguising her, evidently, sensitive body were out the window.

Matt bent down, used his free hand to guide her chin up to him, and put a kiss on her lips. "Very sexy, very beautiful, and a total nerd."

"N-Nerd! I... grrr." She frowned up at the giant. His smile was too sincere and honest for her to remain angry for long though, and she sighed as she felt her own smile force its way onto her cheeks. One minute, they were hard men, rough, growling and rumbling and pinning her down. The next, they were boys, silly and dumb and horny.

She got down on her knees.

Both of the wolves let out quiet groans as she took their cocks into her mouth. One, then the other, a hand on each of them to continue stroking their thick girths, while she took turns suckling on their tips. A kiss here, a kiss there, and within minutes, drops of precum rose to the surface to be licked away by her roaming tongue. She couldn't swallow it, since it wouldn't just fade to trace amounts of ash like a Kindred's fluids would. But, she could still use her mouth, and look up at the two titans towering over her as she bathed their cocks with her tongue.

Soon, Arturo was cumming. She withdrew her lips so only the head of his cock was in her mouth, and she lightly slid her suckling back and forth along the ripe glans as waves of his cum poured over her tongue. It flowed out of her mouth, down her chin, her neck, and down over her body, her breasts



and stomach, only to all be washed away by the warm shower water that rained upon them. Then she took care of Matthew, turning her head to do the same for him, until his white cum was dripping down her body as well. And through it all, she stroked them both, tiny fingers squeezing and working their veined shafts, feeling the pliable but hard texture of them, the heat of them fill her palms.

Now, for her reward. Not that she didn't enjoy fellatio! Enjoyed it too much, to the point she could feel her juices mixing with the water as she forced herself back to standing, and reached up for Arturo's neck. He bent down, knowing what was coming, and grinned at her before his eyes disappeared beside her head.

She kissed his neck once, twice, and bit into him.

Warmth flooded her mouth, and she made her own, tiny, quiet little animal growl as felt a jolt of energy hit her exhausted body. Werewolf blood. Thick, powerful, delicious. The blood was so heavy compared to humans, so sweet, almost syrupy but not quite, and yet thick enough that she felt it coat her throat on the way down. Arturo let out a soft moan, and set his hands on her hips to lightly hug her, as the two of them enjoyed the Kiss.

At least at first. Another hand took her outer thigh, and then another found her pussy. She opened her eyes, but didn't stop drinking Arturo. No way she was going to stop, she was starving. But Matthew wasn't stopping either. In moments, he worked two of his fingers into her clenching insides, and his other let go of her leg only for his fingers to find her clitoris.

He started to finger her. Hard. She trembled and held onto Arturo's neck for dear life as Matt wasted no time, didn't build up to it, didn't prepare her for it, but simply took advantage of her already dripping hot state, and started to drive his fingers into her g-spot. The fingers on her clitoris were gentle, loving, caressing and massaging, while the digits inside her drove forward into her g-spot until her hips pushed into Art's legs. Not gentle, or slow!

In seconds, her body was quaking. Still she didn't let go of the wolf man in her arms, and she moaned onto his neck as she drank down the sweet red liquid. But, as she held onto him, her eyes rolled upward, and her legs started to tremble as her juices trickled out of her. How could her body want more already?

The only thing keeping her from collapsing was Arturo's hug on her hips, and the renewed strength his blood gave her. Much as the Kiss had her whole body feeling warm, fuzzy, and blissful, it also jolted her with life, energy, and pouring heat through her limbs. Mixed with Matt and his rough fingering of her insides, she moaned loudly into Art's neck, and let the waves of tingly bliss flow outward from between her legs, up into her head, and down into her toes. Waves like a wave pool, back

and forth, each flowing with the pleasure of climax. Each making her drip juices down to her ankles with the shower water.

Finally she let of the beast, and fell backward. Matt stopped, and caught her, letting her rest against his shoulder since he was kneeling, and her head dangled over it backward.

“Stop! Stop, p-please, I... I’m going... t-to be so sore tomorrow.” She was shaking, mewling, and hugging herself as she vibrated in the orgasm aftershocks. “T-Too much.” And it was too much! Much as she’d enjoyed it, at a certain point you had to call it quits. Otherwise they’d exploit their inhuman bodies and simply fuck all night, every night.

Art made a growl again, but when she opened her eyes enough to look at him, she sighed relief. He wasn’t aroused, at least not physically, and she could see the titan was struggling to stay standing. The Kiss, and blood loss, had a habit of doing that. He placed his hands against the shower wall, and let himself slowly sink down onto his ass, to catch his breath.

“I’m jealous,” Matt said.

“N-No you’re not.” She turned around and smiled at the juggernaut. “I’ll get you next t-time, ok?” Even with Matt on a knee, he was still tall enough to almost be eye level with her. Just meant she didn’t have to bend over very far to kiss him.

Kissing two boys, two different boys, was such a weird sensation. Part of her felt guilty every time, but the boys didn’t mind it at all; as long as they were both there when the clothes came off, they seemed perfectly happy with the arrangement.

“You really soaked us,” Matt said, and his hands reached out to take her shoulders to brace himself as he stood up. “Don’t remember you squirting like that on our first night.” So brazen, to say it so directly, and the man didn’t flinch or grin or blush or anything.

“I... it... it was... r-really good.”

“Turning into a little hornball,” Art said.

She looked over her shoulder, and gave the exhausted man her best death glare. He only chuckled, and grinned at her.

“I have to admit, it is really, really hot,” Matt said. “Really... really...re—”

“No!” She poked the giant in the abs, his big dripping wet abs — focus! — and glared up at him. “It’ll be sunrise in thirty minutes. I n-need to check my messages, and go to the t-tower right after!”

Sleeping at Antoinette's place, trial run sort of thing. Had her nervous, very nervous. "You know K-Kindred die in sunlight, right? I have to hurry." Wouldn't even have time to check her messages.

"Fine, fine," they said in unison, complete with annoyed sighs.

Ugh, boys. Dog with a bone.

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~~Antoinette~~

Jack did not come to her tower.

She checked her phone again, and again, to see if her love had messaged her and she had not noticed. But there was nothing. She messaged him, and waited for his response. But there was nothing. She paced, long nightgown trailing behind her along the marble floor around her bed. Plans to hold the boy in her arms and fall asleep to the rising sun, dashed, as unease crept up her body. Where was Jack? Why was he not answering his phone?

Twenty minutes until sunrise, and Jack should have been in her bed, safe and sound. She glared at her phone, and squeezed it until she could feel the glass and metal within begin to bend. But, she did not break it. She needed it, in case the boy messaged her. And, she would need it, to receive Daniel's messages, once she sent him on the hunt to find him.

Cold knives stabbed her feet into the black floor beneath her. Perhaps Jack was with Clara? The woman was interested in him, was beautiful, and the two had made some sort of connection during that incident with the ancient monster that had somehow manifested in her city's tunnels. A mystery she was investigating; yet another hole in her knowledge. If Clara and Jack had—no, stop being infantile, silly woman. The boy loves you, Clara said so herself.

Antoinette grabbed the juvenile fear, strangled it dead, and tossed it aside. Jack was not with Clara, or if he was, it was not romantic. His disappearance was the cause of something else.

She marched out of her vault bedroom, and into a neighboring room where computers stood, ready to be used. The Invictus could be messaged with this, as she had long ago established the need to be able to communicate with the covenants by technology, in emergencies. And this was an emergency.

Was it though? Perhaps the boy was preoccupied, and... no, Kindred were calculating and careful. They did not simply forget their arrangements or to check their phones. And with Barry's disappearance, now was not the time to be timid with conclusions.

First Daniel, then Natasha, then the thralls under her control. Then Julias. Then, the rest of the triumvirate. She messaged them all.

Jack is missing.

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~~Julias~~

The bunker. It was a stretch to call it a bunker though. Viktor spared no expense, and had crafted himself a room of grand design, with an enormous, four poster bed of vermilion, a mirror to reach the ceiling of embroidered wood, wardrobes, and more. It was just as adorned and indulgent as the master bedroom of the mansion, except fifty feet below it, with a dozen gates of varying strength, each posing threats of their own. Traps with spikes and bullets and the like. And within the bunker room, an escape tunnel that lead into a random section of Devil's Corner in South Side, where the escape hatch was a hidden thing in a random wall of a random building in a random street.

Perfect for the ever paranoid elder vampire. Perfect for he and Triss to sleep, after they'd made love.

The two of them were facing each other, each on their side. She had her leg draped over him, the other parallel to his out along the sheets, with one arm snug between both their chests, the other reaching to hug him and hold him close.

He gently eased his hips forward, and sighed contentment into her hair as her pussy clenched down on him the whole journey. She'd already cum twice, and he was nearly to his own.

"Figured you'd want something a lot rougher and kinkier," he said, "after the sights we saw tonight." Antoinette must have said something to her that had changed her mood. Something about her seemed gentler, far gentler than he'd expected after the sexual madness of the ball.

"Yeah, but... I like this. Can think about things while we fuck." She leaned in, kissed his collar and neck, and smiled a shark smile up at him.

“I was hoping you’d be thinking about the sex you’re currently having.”

“I am! I am.” Chuckling, she squeezed him with her arm and leg, and pushed her hips forward to meet him. He could feel the metal piercing in her clit hood rub against him, along with her nipple studs. “But sometimes, a gentle fuck is the best fuck.”

He nodded. True, very true, and he hugged her with his free arm as he continued to ease his hips back and forth. Like this, he could feel his warm cum building and building, but unable to escape, while drop after drop of his precum trickled out of him into her taut, massaging insides. Each drop was blissful, sending tingling waves of pleasure down into his pelvis, and he sighed with more pleasure as he again came near orgasm, and again slowed down to let the fluids settle.

“Did... you notice how Jennifer was trying to get my attention all night?” she said.

“I thought I noticed that, yeah. Lot of looking at you, while she put on a show for everyone.”

“She has great tits doesn’t she?”

He chuckled again. He knew where this was going. “I admit, they looked nice. But I think I prefer ones with piercings and tattoos.”

More chuckles. Yeap, he found the sweet spot, words hitting her ego with just the right brevity and gentleness to make her smile, and put her weight on her elbow so she could prop her head up, inch a little away from him, and caress her breasts with her free hand. All the while, she kept her leg hooked over his hip, and her dripping lips sliding back and forth an inch around the base of his cock.

“My piercings are pretty awesome.” She caressed one hard nipple, and then the other, before tracing the snake tattoo. “Still... her tits were... really soft.”

Oh my.

“Touched her, did you?”

“I... did. Sorry! Just, she was all over me when we were getting dressed.”

“Did she cross a line?”

“Just a little. But she backed off. She... I don’t know, really wants to get between my legs.”

Maybe he could prod her a little, tease her. A little humor could go a long way to helping someone say what they wanted to say.

“Not attracted to me at all, is she? Seems she only wants you.”

“What? She is! She plenty is, really. Sure she would do you in a heartbeat. Just really seems to have her eyes on me. Dog with a bone.” She laughed again, and set her free hand on his chest to trace his muscles. “And... she uh, genuinely does want to be my friend. Friend with benefits.”

“Is that so?” He grinned at her, and reached out for her shoulder. Licking his fangs, he pressed over and onto her, and then lay upon her, trapping her beneath his wider shoulders and body. All the while, still inside her, still gently fucking her so he could feel her depths stretch against the head of his cock. She liked deep, and he liked being deep inside her. And sometimes, it was nice to just bring the sex to a slow crawl, and stay that way for minutes at a time.

She smirked at him, one of those devious smirks, that made her look like an evil, seductive demon with her extra teeth. A moment later she had a pillow under her butt, and her arms around his neck and back.

“Sunrise is in, what, twenty minutes?” she said. “Hurry up.”

“Fine.” He feigned annoyance, groaning frustration, and it earned a chuckle from her. But chuckling turned into squeezing muscles, and she pushed her hips up to meet up as she purposefully clenched on him.

They hugged each other, melted into each other, and fucked a little faster, a little harder, just enough to cause the stirring warmth beneath his cock to build again. And this time, they kept the pace, until sweet release hit him and each clench of his muscles squirted the hot fluid into her soaked, squeezing body. He sighed, maybe even moaned a little, and she returned it with her own as she forced her hips up against him. A few strokes later, she was cumming, and Julias held her tighter as he felt her insides spasm and squeeze in random spurts, milking him until the pleasure was almost painful. Gentle, slow orgasms for the both of them, the sort that let them indulge in holding each other as much as the pleasure itself.

They held each other, hugged each other, and gently rocked their bodies back and forth as they each let the orgasm aftershocks work through their cores, their legs, thighs, and everything in between.

He sat up on his knees, and eased out his cock from her soaked, gripping lips. She had a tiny chain on her clit hood, dangling down half an inch, enough to tickle along her clitoris with every motion. And she mewled bliss as he rubbed his cum-soaked glans against it.

He rolled onto his back, lay beside her, and set his closer arm up behind the pillows so she could snug into the side of his chest. She did, and kissed his chest once, twice, and then nibbled on him a couple more times.

“Cumming at the same time? Ugh, so romantic it hurts.”

“Been a long time,” he said, “since I’ve had a woman I could do that with.”

“Maybe... we could um... see if we could get a third person... in that rhythm?” Her attempts to be sneaky were so adorable, it almost broke his poker face.

“Like a kine on the regular?” he said.

“Um... no... come on you know who I’m talking about.”

“The Kindred with the nice, soft breasts?”

“Yeah, her! She who shall remain nameless.”

“Jennifer.”

Her frown was so large he could almost feel its aura. “You suck at this.”

He pulled her closer, so she had to slide up onto his chest a rest her cheek on his sternum, her arm draped over his body completely.

“Beatrice, I love you, and it’s not because of the sex, amazing as it is. You want to bring Jennifer into the bed? Go right ahead.”

“I know! I know ok, you just... need to convince me.”

“Not like you to be so indecisive.”

She whined into his chest, quietly, and knocked her forehead against his sternum a few times, hard, and not so quietly.

“You remember the first time we went out?” she said. “You said you didn’t sleep with other vamps anymore. But you slept with me. And... I... I don’t know. For me sex is more than just fucking. I like this connection we have.”

His closer arm hugged around her shoulder, and his fingers traced along her back, her shoulder blades, before sliding up into her hair to comb it and massage her scalp.

“It’s up to you. Jennifer can get in the middle of this, but she can’t get in the middle of this.” The former being sex, the latter of course being what they were doing right now, hugging, snuggling, talking about things with emotions laid bare, unguarded.

“I think she likes me.”

“I think she likes you too.”

Triss raised her head, set her chin on his sternum, and looked at him with her snake eyes, curious and wary. “Think maybe she’s interested in me romantically? Cause that could get super weird.”

“Honestly? I doubt it. But you’d be better off asking Jacob.”

“Jacob... asking that snake about romance? Can’t even begin to imagine how that’d go.”

She’d never met Minerva, she didn’t know what sort of man Jacob could be.

“I—” His laptop dinged. The joys of modern technology meant that, even down deep in the Earth, he had a computer connected to the internet via ethernet cable. And the unique ding sound was set up for one very specific person. “Shit.”

“Shit?”

“That’s the Prince.” He sat up as Triss moved aside a little, and reached for the laptop. He couldn’t let Triss see the contents, potential Invictus secrets and such, but she was smart enough to not peek anyway. “... Jack’s missing.”

“... seriously? Like missing missing?”

“Missing.”

“Sure he hasn’t—”

“He was supposed to go to the Elysium tower, both for Antoinette, and because it’s going to be his sleeping den until the city is secure. If he’s missing... shit. Shit shit shit shit.” He jumped out of bed, and started to pace, naked and all. “Shit.”

“It’s like twenty minutes until sunrise Julias. We’ll have to—”

He put the laptop down on the desk by the bed, sat down, and got to work. Twenty minutes until sunrise? More than enough time to have every thrall and ghoul in the Invictus looking for him during the day.

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~~Jack~~

Pain sucked.



Waking up from a hole in the chest was a weird sensation. But, there was no denying that's exactly what it was, a hole in his fucking torso, and enough awareness came to his groggy, pain-ridden mind to manage a peek at his chest to see the hole closing. And a moment later, more realizations kicked in. He could see his chest, which meant he wasn't in his suit anymore. Still had his pants and shoes on, but no jacket or shirt, so he was topless. He was sitting. It was dark. And, he couldn't move his hands.

Movement in the shadows, in the blur of silhouettes. He should have been able to see in the dark, at least a little, and he felt he should have been able to in this room as well, but his body was too busy healing the hole jammed through his ribs and the heart. Scalding pain, incinerating, like molten lead being poured into his chest. Felt like it was melting his intestines and boiling his lungs. He didn't need them anymore, vampire as he was, but they still felt pain, and the gargled groans of agony slipped out of him. A few moments later, they silenced as the pain faded to only a harsh ache. He was healed, at least enough to cover the hole and have his heart back to its correct, withered shape.

He looked to his left and right. Darkness, but no longer total darkness as his eyes adjusted. A tiny seam of light poked out at him from underneath some sort of door in front of him, taunting him with the subtle, glowing white. As his groans died off, the silence around him was broken only by the heartbeat and breathing of nearby humans, and as his eyes started to work, he could see their bodies against the walls of his dark enclosure. They had pistols in holsters at their hip, blurry in the black but enough he could see and recognize the shape. And, something in their hands glinted, caught the tiny bit of light from under the door. Large knives maybe, or small swords like many Kindred carried.

They weren't vampires. Vampires blushing life breathed and had heartbeats, body warmth, all the good stuff from their first lives, but it took more than that to suppress the aura a Kindred carried with them. An aura that, once you were close enough to feel it, any paranormal creature seemed to carry. Werewolves all felt like being near a Goliath with a lust for raw meat, and the Begotten felt like cold death crawling under the skin, like black venom swimming in shadows.

The strangers had none of that. He could smell the blood, the breath, the body odor of living things, but none of the extra stuff that came from the monsters that bumped in the night. They were human.

He sat up a little straighter. Metal chair. He tried to move his hands, and the rattling of metal on metal rung through the room. Concrete room then, based on the sound flutter. Room definitely needed some acoustic panels to help with—

“He's awake.”

“I’ll get Jeremiah then.”

Jack winced as the darkness split, and a light cut across the dingy walls. Yeap, concrete.

A woman disappeared through the light and outside; enough time with the door open for him to see the door was metal, and outside the room he could see metal bars. A prison? There was a prison in Dolareido, and an old abandoned prison as well, in North Side. That’s where he was then.

Shirtless, chained to a chair, in a prison, after getting stabbed in the heart. Yeap, kidnapped. Ugh, why him? Why always him?

God damn it Damien, you jinxed it.

The woman who’d walked out of the room wasn’t wearing a trench coat or leather jack, and didn’t look like one of the women in the memories the crows had shared with him. Neither did the man still standing in the room. They both looked strong, and were armed with shotguns, and like he thought, large knives and pistols, complete with tattoos, scars, and worn street clothes. If he didn’t know better, Jack would think he was looking at Carthians.

Maybe the two crows would come to his rescue, like Lassie or something? Doubtful. Animalism forced them to obey simple commands, and communicate with him. They weren’t loyal. But, that could be kind of cool, loyal crows? Maybe he should try training some.

Entertaining fantasies to ignore the reality of the current situation. Wonderful.

A man walked in, and this guy was wearing a trench coat, brown. Still, not one of the four Jack expected either. This man was old, with pale skin sporting a few too many scars across his face and short, gray beard. Short gray hair combed backward showed a scar or two cutting across his forehead as well. And, Jack could see a hint of tattoos starting on his neck before disappearing underneath his black shirt.

Silence. The man looked at him, watched him, took the time to check him up and down and analyze the vampire. Gave Jack time to look him up and down, try and figure him out, figure out his situation. Other than the lighting from beyond the door, which was dimming now that his eyes were adjusting, there was no light to be had. He still had his shoes and pants, but he couldn’t feel the weight of his phone in his pocket anymore. He was alone.

Alone, with humans, who knew what he was. For a second, he worried for the Masquerade, and what these kine might do with a Kindred in their possession. But then they’d have to go public, and they hadn’t done that yet, hopefully. Find out later. First, find a way out of here.

“Hello Jack,” he said. Gravely voice, hoarse, a bit deep, like he’d been smoking his whole life and singing too hard.

Jack met the man’s gaze. Whoever this old man was, his faded blue eyes were hard, the sort of hard Jack figured you’d get if you were exposed to horrible things on a regular basis, like those movies set in the Vietnam war showed. Maybe military then, someone who’d worked their way up from private, and seen all the horrible things the barrel of a gun could accomplish?

Or the man just had that sort of look to him, and exploited it.

“Hello.”

“Suppose you wonder why a bunch of humans have kidnapped you.”

He called himself human. Guess that meant he knew he was a vampire for sure then. Made sense, stake in the heart and all that; or whatever they’d stabbed him with.

“You could say that.”

The old man stood straight, and started to pace, combat boots landing lightly on the concrete. He was a little tall, this old man, and he had some thickness to his shoulders men his age usually didn’t. Far as the beast in Jack’s gut could tell, he was just plain old human through and through, except, that something was off. Like that time he had some tacos when he was younger, and something was off about the taste but he couldn’t quite put his finger on it.

Food poisoning sucked. Not as much as a stake through the heart though. Delightful comparison.

“You’re taking this pretty well,” Jeremiah said. “Young guy like you, figured you’d be at least a little nervous.”

He was nervous. He was very nervous. But he was getting a lot better at his poker face. Besides, once he had a moment to get his bearings, he was going to brainwash these idiots and get the hell out of here.

“Not sure what to say to that.”

Jeremiah shrugged, and grabbed another chair beside Jack to sit in it reversed, facing him. “Don’t think we’ll kill you?”

“I… guess you might. But you did kidnap me, so, I doubt you’ll kill me.”

“Yet.”

“… yeah, yet. Until I tell you what you want to know.”

“Exactly.” Jeremiah kept his gaze, and kept the door open too. Wasn’t trying to hide where they were then. “First, how much do you know about me?”

Jack remained silent. He knew nothing about this man, except that he was probably linked to those four humans he was on the lookout for. But he had to keep some control of the situation, and not letting the man know what he knew or didn’t know about him was better than nothing.

“... ok, Ventrue, try it.”

“W-What?”

“Try it.” The old man leaned in closer, and after pausing for a moment, slid the chair closer so he was only a foot from Jack, and staring him in the eyes. The man’s poker face was infinitely better than Jack’s; or he was just that sure of himself. “Try dominating me.”

Jack pulled his head back a few inches, but couldn’t get very far with the chair behind him not moving. It wasn’t moving? He looked down, and groaned. The feet of the chair were bolted to the ground. He turned his head again, and now with some light, he managed to look over his shoulder and get a glimpse of the handcuffs on his wrists. The cuffs holding him weren’t regular looking handcuffs, and they had weird, white symbols etched into the black metal. Normal hand cuffs he might be able to break, but these laughed at his attempts to even bend them.

Not good. Very not good. And, when he looked back to Jeremiah, tried to meet the man’s gaze again, he could feel the wall in the man’s eyes. A steel wall. Jack tried, stared into them, reached down into his gut with vitae as best he could, but nothing happened. He dug harder, groaned, growled as he let the beast in his guts fight against the barrier. Nothing happened.

“Nice cuffs, right?” Jeremiah reached out, and took him by the chin. “Daeva or Nos might be able to break them with some raw strength. You though?” The old man squeezed on his chin hard enough to hurt, and shook his head around a little before letting him go. Hard fingers.

A small twitch of the man’s eyebrow gave away that he was thinking about something else as he said it. More than just the cuffs then? What other tricks did these people have? He knew about the bloodclans, which meant he must have been doing this hunter gig for a long time, and was good at it.

“... how’d you sneak up on me?”

Jeremiah shook his head. “Secret.”

“I’m your prisoner. And... and I’m guessing you’re going to kill me once you know what you want to know, I—”

The man smirked, and shook his head again. “We’re not here for you vamps, Jack.”

“... you’re not?”

Jeremiah shrugged, like the conversation was casual, breezy. “No, we’re not.”

“How do you know my name anyway?”

“We’ve been watching.” He shrugged again, and reached into his pocket to pull out a smartphone. Not Jack’s though, his own, and he brought it up to show Jack a picture of a burned building. Barry’s.

“Barry, you—”

“Your fellow vamp stumbled onto my work. Couldn’t let him see where I was setting up shop.” Jeremiah nodded a few more times, each subtle, each weighed with some secret or hint Jack couldn’t piece together, each painting a picture of history from his face, of killing vampires on the regular, like it was natural.

And the man had a powerful face, the sort of face you might expect to find behind a cigar’s tiny flame in the dark, with a knife in one gloved hand and a severed beast’s head hanging by the hair in the other.

“I’ve seen your shop though, so you’ll—”

“This old prison? No, this ain’t where I work. But it made for a decent site in an emergency like this.”

“... what about Barry?”

“That vamp? Shotgun to the head.” He shrugged, like he’d squashed a bug. “He resisted, and you don’t trust a vamp. You act fast, before they slip away into the dark, like the cockroaches you are.”

Jack pulled his head back, and stared. The man said cockroaches as matter-of-factly as someone describing literal cockroaches. Jack expected to see some hate there too, but if there was, it was the hate people had for ants. This man, this human, would kill Jack not because he hated him, but because he didn’t give a shit about him. This man considered his life as valuable as an insect.

The shivers started, trembling in his feet. Cold, like ice, started to work up his naked spine, and he felt the old urge to breathe in pants come back. He didn’t pant, didn’t show that he was starting to panic, didn’t show the stabbing ache that was starting to creep up through his muscles, the urge to flee tensing them. But the rattling of the cuffs was more than enough for the man to know what was happening to him.

“You burned down the apartment building.”

“I stirred the nest killing a vamp, so I watched who would come check it out. You can learn a lot by watching the fallout.”

This guy came watching? But he wasn't one of the four. Or were they his lackeys? The man and woman he saw in his cell weren't the four either though.

“... what do you want?”

“You kid, are going to tell me about Azamel and Athalia.”

Oh fuck.

“I... don—”

“Let's skip this part of the interrogation, and jump right to the good stuff, ok? I already know you've talked with Athalia and Azamel. I already know they're monsters.” The old man leaned in closer, and stared him down. “Angela, get in here.”

The door creaked, and another person walked in, a woman, a bit tall, a bit thin, dark skin and short black hair, very short, almost buzzed like his. She too was covered in scars, including one across the eye. It cut deep, and Jack inched his head back as he realized the eye with the scar was a glass eye. The softness of her face didn't match the steel, hard gaze.

She had a blowtorch in her hands.

“Angela here doesn't really care for vamps.” Jeremiah shrugged, got up, and started pacing, body crossing the line of light that cut across the floor and onto Jack's helpless body. “Bad history.”

Yeah, he was hearing that a lot lately.

“I don't know anything about Azamel.” He sighed, shook his head, and struggled a little more. But as he struggled, Angela came in closer, and smirked at him as she took Jeremiah's seat for herself. And just like Jeremiah, her eyes shut him down, locked him into his mind, put a dead halt on any attempt to break her with a domination discipline. It had to be the cuffs, right? Then why did it feel like it was Jeremiah and Angela blocking him instead, the same way an elder Kindred might if Jack was trying to dominate them.

Who the fuck were these people?

The woman smiled at him, took out a lighter, and flicked on it a few times, each creating a spark, each dancing along the blowtorch she held it near.

“You were seen talking with Athalia.” Jeremiah came up behind him, and set his hands on Jack’s shoulders. “And we know that, at some point, you took a visit to see the old monster yourself, down in the tunnels.”

“How...” How did they know that? How long had they been in Dolareido? What the fuck was going on?

“Nevermind the how.” Jeremiah walked around some more, slowly circling the captured vampire and the crazy woman with the blowtorch. Easy to tell she was crazy, or at the very least eager to do things to him with that blow torch; it was in her eyes. “Tell me everything you know about Azamel and Athalia. Mark too, while you’re at it.”

Mark. Azamel’s other companion that Jack had never seen. No mention of Fiona though. Good.

“You can’t seriously think she told me anything important.”

“Why not? Seems you’re pretty important. Had the Prince’s attention.”

How the fuck did these hunters see into the Invictus ballroom? How did they get so close to him with Damien near?

Or, did Damien betray him? That was a possibility, and one he wasn’t eager to dwell on. If Damien had betrayed him, decided to get revenge for Lucas, handing him over to some hunters after Azamel was an easy way to make that happen. Or worse, he’d told Maria what he did to Lucas, and the two of them had betrayed him.

No proof though. Don’t jump to conclusions like a Gangrel.

“The Prince and I are a couple. But I have no pull with her or Azamel or Avery.”

“Avery?” Angela said. First time she’d opened her mouth, and Jack flinched back when she said it.

They didn’t know Avery? Oh shit, shit. Think think think think.

“One of the Invictus, from another city, I... I can’t tell you anymore.” Poker face, do your best god damn poker face before these fucks cut off your fingers for lying.

The old man snarled, but shrugged, and rubbed a thumb across his beard. “Probably someone on Forner’s radar. Not my business, and I don’t want to step on his toes.” He came closer again, and put his hand on the back of the chair Angela was sitting in. Pupil, maybe? “Describe to me exactly what you saw when you visited Azamel.”

He could tell them, but then Azamel would find out. From what the others told him, if he pissed her off, that meant dead Kindred, that meant a monster they were trying to hold at bay with explosives flipping the fuck out and going on a rampage.

“I... can’t do that.” Christ he wanted to. He knew pain, he knew what unbearable agony felt like when Viktor had split his face and chest apart. He didn’t want more of that, he just wanted to get back to Antoinette and curl up in her arms. “You don’t know what she’s capable of. If she finds out I’ve betrayed her, she’ll—”

“Don’t know?” The old man laughed again, hoarse, gritty. And as he laughed, he pulled out his knife, a large knife, and slammed it down against Jack’s leg. The resounding ding of the metal blade hitting the metal chair, after having passed through his femur, resonated against the concrete walls.

It took a few seconds for his mind to realize what just happened, and then, bury him in the waves of torrid pain. A second later, for a scream to break through.

“Kid, you don’t know shit about Azamel.”

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~~Eric~~

The woods.

He shouldn’t have been in the woods. He should have been in his apartment, feeding his dumb cat Kat, and getting ready for his job. New job, right. Bouncer, or something akin to.

But he wasn’t doing that. He wasn’t in his suit. He wasn’t smiling at his bank account numbers. He wasn’t worried about any of it either. The only thing on his mind, was his territory, and the pursuit of prey.

He looked down. Paws. Fur. He looked around. Rocks, earth, grass, and the moonlit sky. And he sat upon a rock, a large one that overlooked some of where the forest met the mountain, where he could get a feel for his territory before he resumed looking for food.

He was an animal, a beast, and with his pack, they’d bring down mighty prey.



Except, there was no pack. Just him. Just him, sitting on the rock, and caring for himself, alone. Something wrong with that. Something comforting about that too.

He looked at the moon, and let its grand light encompass him, bury him until his breath came to a halt. Tonight, the moon changed shape constantly, quickly, blinking her gaze over him as it revolved through its different phases. Tonight, the moon spoke to him, angelic, overwhelming, burying, and crushing.

Demanding.

“Breathe!”

And all at once, the moon stopped upon the Gibbous phase, and slammed him into the ground with blinding light.

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He sat up in his bed, fast, almost whiplashing his neck, and sending his cat darting across the room. Sweat soaked his sheets, more of the same, cold sweat. Nightmares. Or not? He didn't mind the dream. If anything, he wanted to go back to it. Then why was he having this cold sweat again?

He looked at his hands in the dark. Since he'd started working night jobs, he'd started using blackout curtains to block out the light. But it wasn't enough, and he'd set up Velcro tape on the curtains to make sure they were snug to the wall, to block out all the light, every shred of it. So dark he normally couldn't see much beyond silhouettes once his eyes adjusted.

Now, he could see far more than silhouettes. He could see the grooves of his knuckles, and he could see where his heartbeat was pounding against his wrist, the radial pulse, like it was trying to jump out of his body.

Breathe, just breathe.

Groaning, he turned and set his feet to the tile floor. Cold, but not cold, like someone was running ice up and down his back, while his feet and hands and head were boiling. His body didn't like it, and neither did he. He groaned some more, and turned on the light.

“Fuck!” He threw his hands up to his eyes to block out the scorching flash. Searing pain dug into his eyes until they were filled with tears. He leaned forward, rested both hands against the wall, and

forced his eyes open to stare at the floor as he opened the door. The pain slowly faded, but not before he felt his pulse in his eyes as well. At least it was slowing.

“Kat, you ok?”

She sat by the open door, and meowed.

“Right. Food.”

His body was heavy, and he had to brace himself along the tiny hallway wall as he walked toward the kitchen. God awful little apartment, and he couldn't wait to get a better one, once he started getting paid, once he got Montel and his maggot Pitt their money.

He perked up, and smirked as he reached for some coffee grounds. That Jessy woman had said she'd take care of that for him; and, despite himself, he believed her. This random stranger, who really seemed like nothing more than a horny woman, a bit younger than him, trying to show off her attitude, had something to her he couldn't dismiss. He felt it from her, from the other tiny girl, and even the redhead; something different from her, but something similar too. Not that it meant they were trustworthy, but he couldn't dismiss the feeling that she wasn't bullshitting him. And they'd known who Montoya Montel was too.

It was a nice change of pace. People bullshitting him was as common as breathing, back when he was a professional. Hopefully that trend in his life was over, or at least abated.

He went through his usual routine. Scooped the cat litter, drank some coffee, ate some shit food, took a shower, brushed his teeth, got Kat some fresh food, and then started the new routine. First, a treat in her food while he went to put on his suit. And then, once he was changed, a laser pointer to keep her at a distance and cat hair away from his suit. Another treat in her food bowl — poor girl was going to die young and fat at this rate — and then out the door while she was distracted.

Time for another night of standing around, surrounded by sex and drugs and money and everything in between.

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The lovely sound of pulsing music and pulsing hearts. Ugh.

He stood in a corner, and tried to keep to himself. Ganders wanted him to socialize, but tonight, socializing wasn't feeling like too good an idea. Which, as Ganders predicted, seemed to invite the

attention of a certain clientele. Single women, and the occasional man, sought his attention, tried to engage in conversation with him, and the more he tried to tell them to go away without quite saying that, the more interested they became.

So tonight he tried staying in the dark, and just watch.

The four people came in again, the two men and two women, each with eyes glancing around, reading the environment, the people around them, like any dangerous animal would. And as he stared at them, he adopted an innocent stance, pretended he wasn't watching them; at least, not watching them anymore than the rest of the club. They glanced his way, he offered the same semi-nod he offered everyone, and he turned his head to watch randoms, while keeping them in the corner of his eye. These four were not like the others, and he needed to watch them.

The other bouncers didn't notice. He could see they were watching the more obvious dangers, the big guys who got handsy, the women who leaned toward their purse like they might have something in there that wasn't legal or safe, and all the people who crept around more than was normal. It was a hard job, spotting those subtle nuances, when everyone at Bloodlust was all over each other, and everyone was at least some degree of sneaky, shady, or drunk.

But these four were different. All the others, every one of them, he could safely slot into his mind as not a threat; maybe annoying, but not a threat. The four though, with the jackets, the scars, the way they walked, the way they watched people in the corner of their eye without actually looking at them, like Eric did, these four were most definitely a threat.

And yet, they did nothing. Hell they didn't stick around for very long. They made some hand motions, subtle, mostly near their hips or when their hands were resting on tables, and the others picked up on it without ever moving their head to directly stare at the movements. Always about subtlety with these four, the sort of people who didn't just have things to hide, but were very practiced in hiding them.

He could smell the strange smells again. Metal working, wood, odd smells that didn't belong to Dolareido, that didn't mix in with the smell of life and alcohol. How he knew what smells didn't belong to Dolareido, he had no fucking idea, but the instinct was there, in his mind, screaming for him to notice. These people didn't belong, and they were dangerous. And, he could only relax once they were gone.

He sighed as they left, and forced himself to breathe. Just breathe, in, out, relax.

Five minutes later, Fiona came in, and his muscles tensed all over again. She wasn't wearing the same green dress as last time, and instead opted for a white tank top and black pants. It might have been a bit boring, if not for her vibrant red frizzy hair, and the large breasts filling the top.

This place really was doing a number on his brain. Half the time he was looking for threats, the other half the time he was doing his best to push down his sex drive.

Fiona looked around, and around, and then around some more. When her eyes found him, she grinned, waved, and hopped over through the dancing and bumping bodies, past the drinks and fondling and dance floor.

“Eric!”

“... hello.”

And like they were friends, best buds, she grabbed his hand and pulled him into a nearby empty booth.

“Eric! Have ye seen Jack?”

“... Jack?”

“Jack! Wee lad, buzzed head, adorable. Oft has a very tall woman on his arm.”

Little guy, buzzed head, tall woman? Didn't ring any bells.

“Oh... wait.”

“What, what what!?”

“The manager mentioned the woman. White hair?”

“Aye!”

“Mentioned her, said she was to be given her space and treated with respect. That was it. I've never seen them though.” Plenty of types came into Bloodlust. Short, tall, small guys with tall girls, small girls with tall guys, and everything in between. But the manager had been pretty insistent about this super tall girl with white hair. Stay out of her way, or you get canned.

“Oh... damn it.” She whined, threw up her hands, and grabbed his wrist. “I have to find him! Everyone's looking for him! Damien said there were these four folk, and they might have taken him. And—”

“Four people?”

“Aye! Two men, two women.” She scratched her head a few times as she thought about it. Girl wore her thoughts on her sleeve, like her emotions. “One dark skin, two with tan skin, one with white skin, I think he said. Some scars on them too.”

Yeah, that was them. He winced, and looked out to the crowd, to the jumping people, to the numbing sound of the heartbeat music. Tell her? Not tell her?

He took a moment to look at the panicked girl beside him. Yeah, those four people were dangerous, with edge that screamed hidden knife. As a fighter, he knew to fear the quiet guy who could look you in the eye. The loud ones were all talk, and the ones that couldn't maintain eye contact were pushovers, but it was the quiet ones that stood their ground that got his skin crawling and adrenaline jacked. Those four sent the same chills along his skin and up his spine, got him looking for when one of them would strike out, like a quiet snake waiting for the right moment.

And then there was Fiona. Bubbly, silly, ridiculous, curvy little Fiona. Fiona that looked so delightful and innocent, and fun. Fiona that made him want to avoid the shadows, afraid she was hiding in them, ready to rip out his innards. He couldn't tell why, couldn't see why, couldn't smell or hear or notice anything about her that made him think she was dangerous; and yet, he knew she was. Her friends Jessy and Natasha were dangerous as well, in the way a prowling, hunting animal was, and that was a danger he could understand. Not sure why they were dangerous either, but it was clear to see in their movements, their stances, the way they looked at people, that they were dangerous too. Christ, so many people he wouldn't have noticed before, and now they were sticking out like sore thumbs.

But with Fiona, every instinct he had told him she was more than dangerous. She was terrifying.

She raised a brow at him. He wasn't talking, he was thinking, and staring into the crowd. And he wasn't breathing. Just breathe. He forced his lungs to move, and looked down at her.

“Ye do that dark and brooding thing very well,” she said.

“... takes practice.” A stupid little joke.

Stupid little joke worked. She erupted into laughter, and pat him on the arm. “Ye dobber!”

He tried to smile, but it didn't work. Tell her, not tell her, tell her, not tell her. God, what the fuck happened? In just several days he'd gone from driving a taxi, to being surrounded by sex, drugs, bad music, and the sort of people he was sure were doing crazy shit by moonlight. And, as for moonlight, he was going out of his god damn fucking mind, and the moon was haunting him every dream, every nightmare. And for the fucking life of him, he could not stop this overwhelming urge to... to who fucking knows what. Something with ripping, tearing, biting.

“Ye’re doing it again.”

“Sorry, just... I have seen those four.”

“Oh? Tell me, tell me!”

“Just ten minutes ago.”

“Perfect! Let’s follow them!”

“... I’m working. And my shift just started.” The night was very young.

“Yer boss wulnae mind!”

“... and they’re long gone by now, how do you expect me to find them?”

Fiona raised a brow in confusion, but soon raised both as realization dawned on her face. No what idea what she was realizing, but it had her scooting in closer on the booth seat, and leaning in to whisper.

“Ye dinnae ken, do ye?”

“... know what?”

“What’s happening to ye.”

He drew his head back, frowned, and glanced around. “Nothing’s happening to me.”

She rolled her eyes and elbowed him in the side. “Come on! Ye can tell me. Avery must have... must have... have nae talked to ye, has she? Does she even ken who ye are?”

He stared at her. Avery? What?

“Fiona I don’t—”

“I shouldnae intervene! Nope. Nope nope nope. But... but I need to find Jack.” She leaned in closer, and reached to pull down on his shoulder until his ear was to her lips. “Help me and I’ll tell ye why ye feel different. Why ye’re... why ye want to hunt things.”

Hunt. Hunt was the word he was dancing around, refusing to acknowledge, keeping at a distance. He wanted to hunt. He wanted to chase something down, sink his teeth into it, rip it apart, and devour it. He wanted to know his territory, scan for threats, chase them off, and own his land. He wanted to... do the crazy shit he was seeing in his dreams.

“How do you know that?” Should have kept denying it, but she’d nailed the feeling so accurately, he couldn’t just ignore it. How the fuck this girl knew what was happening to him, he couldn’t imagine, but then he couldn’t figure out why he was so fucking scared of her either.

At this point, he was totally mind-fucked, and this girl seemed to be the only one offering an answer.

“I’ll tell ye... if ye help me follow those four.”

“But I told you they’re gone.”

She shrugged. “Follow yer nose.”

Oh god, she was serious.